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MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

CHAPTER I.

WE LEAVE LONDON.

'Why not go to the continent?' asked my mother, raising her eyes from the stocking she was darning.

'Because I detest the continent,' answered my father somewhat shortly. 'If things are cheap there, they are also by no means good. No, no, my dear Ellen, I must try a little farm. I have long wished to live in the country: my health requires that I should leave the dust and smoke of London.'

'There are plenty of watering-places that you could go to,' suggested mamma sighing; 'or you might take lodgings in some farmhouse for the summer.'

'But I want employment, Ellen; I want to economise, and make profit by a farm of our own.'

'Neither of us understands anything of farming, Robert.'

'Well, we can learn.'

Here I ceased working at the doll's bonnet which I held in my hand, to listen attentively to the conversation of my parents. The idea of papa and mamma 'learning' anything at their dignified and advanced age, somewhat puzzled me. I did not then know that the teaching of the indefatigable tutor, experience, would last as long as life itself.

'I see advertisements every day of small farms to let,' continued papa; 'and I would prefer one in a retired part of the country, not too near a line of railway.'

'I should like that too,' said mamma: 'retirement is what I long for.'

Papa brightened up, happy, no doubt, to have hit upon something right at last; and then he expatiated upon the delights of a country-life with so much fervour, that mamma put away her stocking altogether, and sat listening with eyes fixed mournfully on his face. Papa generally had his own way, as mamma was too indolent to persist in opposing his wishes; and though by no means convinced that a farm would add to our income, she was willing that he should please himself by taking a country-place with a low rent. Therefore it was agreed that we were to leave London as soon as the necessary preparations for our departure should be made.

To me it was all delightfully pleasant and exciting: trunks were packed and roped; mamma was for some days busy every morning till night, often going silently about her work, occasionally uttering peevish remarks, and frequently heaving deep sighs, as she stowed away different articles in boxes for the journey. At length the last day arrived, our last day in a gloomy lodging in London, where we had lived for a long time. Death had been among us there; within the last year, two of my sisters had been removed from us, leaving a family originally consisting of seven reduced to five—two boys and three girls. My father had also been lately ill, and he was now only recovering a little strength. Towards the close of that last day in the city, he sat at the fire, with an old red silk handkerchief tied on his head, saying very little, and, as usual, appearing thin and pale. Our sitting-room was nearly empty now; it merely contained a few articles of necessary furniture—three or four chairs, a dim threadbare carpet, and an old-fashioned table. The long narrow windows were uncurtained, and through their dim panes I looked upon the dark houses opposite, and down upon the far distant pavement, thinking all the while how I should say good-bye to that dull street to-morrow morning. Mamma sat silently on one of the chairs, her hands resting on her lap. There was something lugubrious in the stillness of the apartment. Even I was not without my serious reflections. All at once, a knock quick and sharp at the door startled us, and before any one had time to say, 'Come in,' a stranger entered. He was a man of very small stature, much stooped, withered in face, and dressed shabbily: his aspect was that of a reduced tradesman. Papa's face flushed at this intrusion, as mamma, rising with dignity, demanded what the dwarfish man wanted.

'Your name is Keppton,' he observed, seating himself coolly, and taking off his hat.

'That is my name, sir,' replied papa, standing up and looking much annoyed.

'You're very poor, ain't you?' continued the stranger, surveying the apartment.

'If you have only come here to ask impertinent questions, you had better leave the room,' said papa, flushing a deeper red; 'I do not understand such liberties.'

'Ahem!' coughed the little man, as he drew forth a purse of ponderous dimensions. 'They tell me below that you intend setting out on a journey to-morrow, and perhaps you will like some assistance to help you on the way.'

'Thank you,' said mamma, coming to the rescue, as she saw papa speechless from indignation. 'We are not in want of any assistance; you have mistaken us.'

'Have I? Well, so much the better. But how is it that you could only pay the rent for the last eight months of this lodging yesterday?'

'Really, sir, you take a strange liberty in questioning our affairs,' said papa, trembling with wrath.

'Your friends below must answer for your conduct; they have misled you.'
'As to whom you mean by my friends "below," I cannot divine,' replied the stranger, 'unless you allude to—regions that are not generally alluded to. I have no friends in this house, and I have merely come to offer you money, as I think you want it.'

'I indeed, we do not,' said mamma pityingly, for she feared the man was insane. 'Certainly not, added papa; so you may leave us at once.'

'Very well,' returned the dwarfish individual, rising abruptly: 'I'll go, as you desire it; and I suppose you wouldn't like to hear my name?'

'Not in the least,' replied papa, glancing at the shabby garments of the intruder.

'Good-evening, then,' said the little man, as he put on his hat; 'and remember, good man, that pride has been the ruin of many a fool in the world.'

Smiling grimly, the man now turned the door-lock, when his eye lit upon me, where I stood looking him angrily in the face, and letting go the latch, he put his hand in his pocket and drew out half-a-crown.

'Here, little lady!' said he; 'take this to buy apples or oranges, or something else your parents can't afford to let you have.'

Standing fixedly where I was, and blushing with shame and mortification, I handed a half-crown to mamma when he was gone.

'I cannot tell,' replied mamma.

'The man will tell you,' said the servant, with a look at me, which I could not disregard; and people enough of the people below stairs, though he disclaims their friendship.'

'Perhaps so. Or could he be— Mamma stopped, and glanced at me.'

'He's not, Ellen!' said papa nervously.

'It is nonsense to finish the sentence,' continued mamma, smiling slightly. 'I only wanted to think that strange man might have been—' Again she paused and looked at me, and then rising, whispered something in papa's ear.

'Nonsense, Ellen!—nonsense indeed!' he cried, pacing the room hurriedly.

After five minutes so passed, he rang the bell, and our female attendant—a somewhat scotty-faced damsel, with unkempt locks—appeared at the bottom of the stairs.

'Who was that man who was here about ten minutes ago?' demanded papa.

'I don't know, sir; I never saw him before.'

'Can there not be an acquaintance of your master or mistress?'

'No, sir: missus never saw him to her knowledge before. I took him for a mechanic, or something of that sort, sir. I thought he was coming with a bill, as he inquired very particular for you and the lady.'

'You may go now,' said papa, walking to the window, and looking up and down the street. But the silence of evening was falling without; few passers-by appeared on the pavement; a star trembled in the sky above. Long did my father stand with his forehead leaning against the window-sash.

'Papa,' said I, touching his arm at last, 'are you looking for the little man that was so impertinent?'

He started round, caught my hand, and drew me to a seat near the fire, where we chatted away while mamma made the tea.

The next day we left London.

CHAPTER XII.

WESTON CRICKET.

Sharp-eyed, sharp-eared, and inquisitive as children may be, mighty things are done without their knowledge by their elders. They live in a shadowy world—mystic, confused, indistinct. How it happened that we procured a little cottage standing in a tiny lawn in a remote part of the country, I knew not, neither did I particularly care. The journey to it is still nearly fresh in my memory. The first part of it was performed by me, and then I liked better—travelling in a stage-coach with large red wheels; a fat coachman, with monster capes, to his overcoat; and an aeëetic-voiced guard, whose horn sounded full and clear when we swept through quiet villages far from the great city. With what delight my brothers, my sisters, and I crowded to the coach-windows to look out when the vehicle stopped to change horses at quaint hostellries by the wayside! Happy days for us were those when a journey could only bring amusement unalloyed by a single thought of responsibility! On arriving at Farnley, a town that lay within six miles of our new residence, the coach deposited us at the inn there, and from thence we proceeded in a fly to our home. Again the delight of my brothers, sisters, and myself was intense when we reached our cottage, with its small doors, small windows, and small rooms. It was already furnished, and a fire gave a cheerful aspect to our parlour, where our servant had prepared tea; for, as I afterwards learned, my father had purchased the furniture of the last tenant at a valuation, and our landlord at Farnley had hired a servant's house so that mamma was spared some trouble by these arrangements. Full of delightful plans, I retired to rest that night in a little unpainted wooden-bed in a sleeping-room; and next day my certainties were increased hourly. Paps took us all to walk round the fields, and he told us we might have little gardens of our own if we wished it, as well as hens, chickens, pigeons, and rabbits. In the course of the afternoon, our servant Rachel came to say that our neighbour, Mrs Webb, the wife of a farmer who lived near, had sent us a present of a dog to guard our premises at night, and also a hen with twelve chickens only a week old! Paps was nearly as much amused with these gifts as any of us, and he hurried over to Thorn Grange to thank Mrs Webb for her kindness, a politeness that the good woman never afterwards forgot. In due course of time, cows, calves, and pigs arrived on our premises, and the farmyard became a charming resort. We became intimate friends of the workmen, who promised to catch black-birds for us, and make cages for them, when summer came. What happiness it was when we discovered our first bird's-nest in a gooseberry-bush about the end of April!

Of the village of Weston Cricket, which lay within a few minutes' walk of our cottage, we knew but little, save what we saw of its houses through the trees that flanked our garden northward, or from the hill-field where our cattle grazed. My mother never once walked through it, as she preferred, when going to church, to take the route through the park of Weston Cricket, whose high wall stood opposite our gate. To me that park seemed a mysterious and wonderful place. No one lived there but the caretaker, Jack Gumley, whose abode was a Gothic gatehouse, yellow and out of repair. He was a cross-grained individual, who waged war furiously against all people entering the demesne to gather sticks. The report of his gun, fired regularly off every evening as a warning to intruders, often sent a thrill of horror through my heart. Sometimes, on Sunday evenings, mamma allowed Rachel to take my brothers, and sisters, and myself to walk in this demesne; and I loved such rambles very much; the very neglected state of the grounds charmed me: there was something romantic in the high overgrown boxwood, the tangled copse, the thick plantations, where the light of the sun could scarce struggle through the leafy branches; and there were wonderful stories of its former owners—their grandeur, their coaches, their gay visitors, and balls—the brilliant days when three carriages conveyed the company to the poor
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Yes,' said papa; 'I know the lad you mean; his name is Horne. Our lord’s vestry is made up of good family; his mother was a daughter of Lord Lugmore.'

‘Indeed!’ said mamma. ‘I thought it wasn’t like the other boys.’

Nothing more remarkable was said; but I had heard enough. My charming youth was well-born, and his name was Caron Good.

CHAPTER III.

DIFFICULTIES AT HOME.

Now, though my father and mother were undeniably poor, they were both proud, and their pride descended to their children. We all learned to look with reverence at a picture that hung in our drawing-room, just over the old sofa (which always stood crookedly, from having a caster off it). It represented an ancient castle with battlements, loopholes, and turrets, standing in a fine park; and when we knew that it was a picture of the place where mamma had lived in her youth, as the granddaughter of the owner, we naturally felt that we were rather above the common herd. Why it was that mamma never went to that fine castle, or heard from any one living there, only puzzled me when I grew older. My father was a reserved man; he rarely spoke of his early days; but I knew that, in his youth, he had been in a foreign service, though he scarce ever alluded to anything that occurred when he was abroad. He was a kind man, and his children loved him truly. My mother was kind also, but of a most undemonstrative nature; her affection for us was never shown by actions, never by words; she rarely kissed or fondled us, yet we felt we were dear to her. People would not have thought us a well-brought-up family; we were allowed to do pretty much as we pleased, for my mother’s energies were exhausted in her endeavours to feed and clothe us, and she could not afford a governess. She taught us a few lessons every day, and made my sisters and myself do a little needlework. We were punished if we told falsehoods, and slapped if we broke a cup or a window by accident, or, in fighting with each other, tore our clothes in the next street; yet we knew we did wrong when we rent our pinafores, told lies, or made too much noise. We were rarely neatly dressed, neither was our simple cottage a pattern of cleanliness. Having only one servant, who was very young and ignorant, my mother had to perform much of the household-work herself. A weary life it must have been for her. We were all accustomed to see cobwebs hanging from the corners of ceilings, and draping the walls behind window-shutters and cupboards; and, like the philosopher Spinoza, one of our amusements consisted in giving flies to the large spiders that dwelt in remote recesses of our rooms. The retired situation of the cottage prevented our having any visitors. The only person who came to make an occasional call was good Mr Horne, whom no coldness of manner on mamma’s part could keep away. In his ministerial character he frequently came to see us, and then mamma put on her best cap and shawl before going to receive him; while we young people generally ran away and hid, because we knew we were not fit to be seen. Sometimes he asked to see us; and then mamma ran in hurriedly to the room where we were all gathered together, and after a swift process of combing and brushing, and changing of pinafores, we would be conducted to the drawing-room, to have our hands shaken by Mr Horne, who usually made a remark upon our quick growth, ending with a hope that we were good children, which we knew very well we were.

That papa’s farming-operations did not turn out very profitable, I soon learned from sundry snatches of conversation between him and mamma, which I
heard in my little closet bedroom, when I lay awake after retiring for the night. Upon one occasion, I heard mamma say: 'Well, Robert, if things turn out as badly next winter as they have this year, we shall indeed be beggars. Instead of making any profit by the farm, we are losing heavily.'

'That is because we have not sufficient capital,' replied papa; 'unfortunately we have not half enough to undertake the work. The land wants top-dressing, and we should buy more cattle.'

'But, my dear Robert, we have already spent three hundred and fifty pounds of our capital—you know we have not another hundred remaining.'

'I must borrow the money,' said papa; 'otherwise we shall indeed be losers.'

'Keep out of debt, if possible,' said mamma in a trembling voice. 'Recollect that the boys ought soon to go to school, and then we must think of some profession for Edward; he is nearly twelve years old.'

'Ach, Ellen, I think of all that; my mind is harassed by such reflections! Don't you know it is for the sake of our children that I wish to make a little money? Nearly a year later, I am tortured thinking of the dark future which may await them. In spite of my efforts, I fear they must all earn their bread as their best can—boys and girls alike.'

Mamma then rose and closed the door of the communication between my closet and the parlour, which prevented my hearing any more that night. I had heard enough, however, to make me feel sad at heart. I pitied poor papa and mamma, and after shedding some tears, fell asleep while engaged in forming some plans for the future advancement of my family. After that night, I endeavoured to lessen mamma's housekeeping expenses as well as I could. I ceased to take sugar in my tea, and prevailed on my sisters Anna and Bess to follow my example; by which means we saved at least a shilling a week. There was little use, however, in our endeavours to stint ourselves in bread and butter, for we only found that if we ate a sparing breakfast, we were necessitated to eat a particularly hearty dinner. Neither mamma nor papa knew anything of these plans; and as Edward and Bobby did not choose to abandon sugar in their tea, we did not confide much in them. A respectable man at Weston Cricket, who had formerly superintended the village-school, taught my brothers for a few hours each day for a very trifling consideration, and took an interest in their studies, and often assisted them in their lessons, in return for which Edward taught me some Latin and Euclid. Of geography, I was particularly fond; it afforded me the wonders of far-off lands—telling of great cities standing at the present time, wide-spreadimg forests, and fathomless oceans, that looked so very strange. I may feel consolation in reading a cookery-book, I, in the solitude of my home, shut out from the noise and bustle of life, fancied I was travelling through foreign lands while reading the geography, or tracing the position of different countries on the map. I had a wild, roving spirit, and an enthusiasm that neither of my brothers shared. Sometimes, while standing out at night in the little lawn in front of our cottage, I have clapped my hands in wonder, while thinking of the many, many distant lands which perhaps I was doomed never to behold.

'Is there anything beyond this little enclosure? I have said to myself while the stars twinkled in the summer sky above me. 'Must I always live here, remote from the busy scenes of life!' And then the wind would sigh, and the clouds would roll through the tall firs and low shrubs around me, and the smooth laurel leaves would glitter in the starlight. All was silence and peace, but I valued it not. One of my favourite stories was that of 'Elisabeth, or the Estates of Silberio.' What interest I took in that good daughter, who travelled over so many frozen miles to procure the money of a beloved by a bellyful of debt! Yet with all my romantic feelings, I had dark spots in my disposition. Occasionally, I got into very common-places ill-temper, during which I did not scruple to fall out with my brothers and sisters; and even my mother once said to me, 'The kindly disposed were disappointed as he or she turns over these pages. I often wondered secretly if my father borrowed the hundred pounds he had spoken of to my last letter; I might have known he did by the additional cattle which arrived on the farm, and also by the increased look of haggard care which pervaded mamma's countenance. Nobody could dread to be in debt more than my mother, for she was of a hopeless disposition, that always seemed to see the dark-side of everything.

Although I lost much of my first delight in our country-place as time rolled on, there was always something to amuse me in it. Each season brought its charms; and even I could find pleasure in riding over the fields on a donkey's back. Tuesdays came and went, and for two years I had the happiness of seeing Curzon Good in our little church every Sabbath morning; he did not, during that time, leave the vicarage for vacations like the other youth; I sometimes wondered if he had any home, when I saw him looking solitary in the pew by himself in the beautiful summer months and at Christmas. As such times I thought he looked melancholy, with a dreamy sadness over his face. Once, when Rachel, Anna, and I were rambling through the demesne of Weston Cricket, we met him walking alone; he looked as he went along, and even Rachel remarked that he was 'a nice young gentleman.' That was an event in my life, the more memorable, as he never appeared at church again. But I saw him later; I saw him for many a long year. He was then about sixteen, and he left the vicarage to pursue his studies elsewhere. What a blank there was to me then! When he was gone, I thought of him even oftener than before, but never in sorrow. I had not the premonition to fret about his departure; but when I read a poem that carried me away beyond earth, or sat in summer evenings in the warm green fields, with the lazy hum of insects in my ear, my thoughts nearly always turned to the memory of that fair-haired, dreamy-looking youth, who seemed the embodiment of a beautiful idea. One day, some weeks after he had gone away, Mr Horne came to see us, and as I happened to be dressed more neatly than usual, I remained in the front-room during his visit. Suddenly, I was startled by the good man saying: 'Well, Mrs Keppleton, I have lost my favourite pupil, Curzon Good.'

'Have you!' said mamma. 'He was a good-looking boy, and seemed to have much politeness.'

'Yes, and cleverness too. He was the quickest lad I ever taught, with the gentleness of a girl; and yet—what do you think, Mrs Keppleton?—his great wish is to go into the army: all my reasoning would not make him relinquish that notion.'

'He will make a fine-looking officer,' said mamma, who loved the army, as her own father had served his country in a high military rank.

'Yes; he is a well-looking lad; but his talents might shine brighter in some more intellectual profession. His mother, I believe, wished him particularly to enter the church.'

'There have been no worse men in the army, Mr Horne,' said mamma, colouring a little.

'Oh, undoubtedly; far too many, I fear. They are lost in the military profession, you know. Any man with only three ideas in his head is no subject for a soldier; I put a red coat on his back, and a sword at his side, and there he is—fit to idle his life away, or run a man through, as the case may require!'

Mamma laughed at this speech, and I laughed too.
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upon which he turned round and said: 'Now, Miss Jessie, what are your notions on the subject? Like all young ladies, by and by, you will give your eyes for a red-coated husband, with gilt epaulets and an empty head!'

Of course I blushed up to the roots of my hair; and I felt glad when mamma addressed Mr Horne by asking if Master Godd's father and mother were alive. 'No,' replied he, 'they are both dead, poor boy; but he has a grand-uncle who acts as his guardian, and from him he has large expectations—several thousands a year.'

'Indeed!' said mamma, her eye brightening at the thought of so much money. 'Has he any brothers or sisters?'

'No; he is an only child.'

'Then I suppose he has a large property independent of his grand-uncle?'

'No; hardly anything at all. His father died in great debts—almost ruined; but his mother was able to leave him two or three hundred a year, I believe. That is very little for a youth of his rank, especially as his father at one time possessed nine thousand a year.'

When Mr Horne got up to go away, I felt that I envied his knowledge of Curzon Godd's family and affairs. How very sly I must have been, sitting there in the drawing-room in my short-frock, with my hair brushed simply off my forehead, looking so innocent and childlike, yet filled with thoughts which no one knew of but myself! About this time, I began to wonder why it was that we were so poor, when it was evident that mamma had seen better-days, and that her ancestors had been very grand people. One day I took the opportunity of asking my mother a few questions while she was beating up eggs for a butter-pudding in the kitchen, the servant, Rachel, being out.

'Mamma,' said I, 'I am sure you never used to do such things when you were young.'

'No,' replied she; 'I was not so useful when I was young.'

'But there is no use in beating up eggs, if you have a servant that can do it as well. Had you many servants to attend you when you were young?'

'Too many,' I replied, 'and I never did, anything for myself—my maid saved me all trouble.'

'What would you have thought of beating up eggs in those days, mamma?'

Mamma smiled. 'I should as soon have thought of selling them.'

'And yet you seem quite accustomed to this way of living. How could you ever grow resigned to a little cottage like this, after having lived at the castle which belonged to your grandfather?'

'We can learn to resign ourselves to every reverse of fortune by degrees,' said mamma, sighing, as she beat the eggs so quickly that some of the yellow frothy fluid was nearly jumping out of the bowl.

'Well, I don't think, mamma, that I could ever grow reconciled to living in a worse place than this cottage—a hut, for instance, with no window in it, and only straw for my bed.'

'You don't know what you will have to be reconciled to yet,' said my mother. 'Will you try if that pot is boiling—No, stay; I will do it myself; you may burn your hands,' and my mother, approaching the fire, peered into the great black pot as if she had been a kitchen-maid all her life. I remarked how bony and brown her hands were, as she held the lid of the pot aloft—the delicately shaped or slender topped, but hard and determined looking, like old warriors that had undergone a long campaign. Glancing as my own little hands, so fair and soft, I wondered if they would ever grow hard like those warrior-hands.

'Why are we so poor, mamma?' I asked at length with a mighty effort.

'Hush!' said mamma, holding up her finger, for Rachel was now heard approaching, and I had to leave the kitchen, as mamma never liked us to associate with servants. It grieved me that she was so averse to confide in me.

'She thinks me too young,' thought I, and I was determined to act in such a way as would convince her of my sense and steadiness. I commenced teaching my sisters very long hours, and on account of my seniority of age, I was obeyed and looked up to with deference. My example was followed in everything, so that if they were not remarkably good girls, reader, you may know whom to blame. For one week I studied myself, at the rate of six or seven hours per diem, and Edward and I had remarkably learned conversations upon all topics. We talked of astronomy at night when the stars shone, and during the day preserved a dignified demeanour—awe-inspiring to the junior members of the family.

My father was nearly always occupied with the business of the farm, which worried him much. I saw silver streaks mingling with the dark luxuriance of his hair; and when I called to mind that he was working hard to support his children and provide respectably for them, I felt my heart often torn with pity.

COMPARATIVE RESPIRATION.

The air we breathe, subtle and invisible as it is, contains elements which have the property of separating themselves from each other, and of entering into composition with living creatures, according to the proportion required for the carrying on of their vital functions. Everything that has life, whether it be vegetable or animal, by the very use of its organs, causes a waste of their substance which requires constant renewal. In animals, the waste is denoted by an excess of carbon, which must be expelled from the system, and by a diminution of oxygen, a fresh supply of which must be constantly kept up. This is accomplished by means of a law according to which gases of different densities, that are not dissipated chemically, have a strong tendency to mutual admixture. If a bladder of hydrogen be placed in a vessel of carbonic acid, a certain quantity of hydrogen will pass out of the bladder, and a still larger amount of carbonic acid will enter therein. This interchange of gases through a thin membranous substance goes on the more rapidly as there is a greater difference of density between the gases. All animals are supplied with such a membranous substance in one or more parts of their body, through which carbonic acid may be expelled and oxygen imbied, for the maintenance of the balance of life.

Indeed, even in the vegetable world, there is a constant interchange of gases going on; the leaves of plants giving off oxygen in the sun-light, and absorbing carbonic acid from the atmosphere, carbon being an important element of food for the plant. There have been counted as many as seven millions of leaves on an oak-tree, each leaf having hundreds of thousands of pores, through which pass the gases for the maintenance of vegetable life. The fresh-water algae in our ponds absorb carbon from the water, and by so doing, purify it from decayed matter; hence fishes are most healthy in those ponds where there are aquatic plants.

Though all animals require means for parting with carbon, and for obtaining a fresh supply of oxygen, yet the extent of their wants in this respect varies greatly in degree. According to the temperature of the body, and the activity of their habits, will be the generation of carbonic acid requiring expulsion, and the demand for a renewal of oxygen; also, this will
be affected by the widely varied habitat of animated creatures, some living in water, and some on land, while some are amphibious, and others have wings for flight. These differences have necessitated an extensive variety in the breathing-mechanism, so that, whatever its habits, and wherever its home, every living being may be able to obtain that amount of oxygen which is necessary for life, and to get rid of the noxious surplus of carbon. Deeply interesting is it to notice the varied structure of the respiratory organs in the different classes of animals, and their marvellous adaptation to the wants of each, exemplifying as they do the skill of the Great Creator, and the beautiful harmony of all His laws!

Those creatures which live in the water are cold, and often have no red corpuscles in the blood; especially is this the case with molluscs, which lead so inactive a life; therefore, they do not require a large supply of oxygen to their system, and find a sufficient medium of respiration in the water which surrounds them, and which contains enough oxygen for the purpose. The lowest in the scale of animated beings that has a special provision for an air-current in the system, is the class to which belong the star-fish, molluscs, &c., from the digestive organs of which are communications with the outer air, in the form of channels or aerinial tubes, which convey to the animal a fresh supply of oxygen through the medium of the water. The common sea-urchin, and such animals as are contained in a hard shell through which no gases can pass, are provided with a membrane between the shell and the viscera, that contains minute ramifications from the body, and to which water is admitted through openings in the shell for the purpose of respiration. In the ordinary bivalves, as the oyster, mussel, &c., there are, near the mouth of the shell, innumerable cilia, on the part commonly called the foot, by which water is conveyed into a tube, the mouth of which remains above the water while the body is immersed. Sometimes the air-tube is fringed with bristles, which entangle a bubble of air sufficient for short respiration, while the little creature descends to the very bottom of the water, the large vessels connected with this tube conveying the air over all the body. In spiders, as in scorpions, the breathing-pores do not open into a system of air-tubes, as is generally the case with insects, but into distinct sacs disposed along the sides of the abdomen, and to which the air has immediate access; these sacs, having the rudiments of minute cells, are somewhat like lungs, for the blood of the insect is brought to them, and duly oxygenised.

The lungs of the several kinds of reptiles are, for the most part, capacious sacs, which, in those of the class to which the turtle and tortoise belong, have an incipient subdivision. In the lung of the frog, the lower part is a mere sac, while at the upper part, many smaller sacs are developed, by which arrangement the surface is increased to a great extent. Some reptiles, and amongst them the frog, having no diaphragm, are obliged to fill their lungs by a process which resembles swallowing, as may be observed from the never-ceasing movement of the under part of its jaw; and thus the most important mode of supplying a frog is by holding its mouth open for a short time, so that it can no longer respirate. In serpents, the breathing-apparatus consists of a long cylindrical sac, furnished in part with minute air-cells that communicate with each other, and with the general cavity. The capacity of this sac, and the mobility of their ribs, together with their muscularity, enable them to take in a considerable quantity of air. The hissing noise by which serpents sometimes alarm their prey, is caused by the long-continued expulsion of air after the lungs have been fully inflated. As regards water-serpents, the large volume of air contained in the body tends to render them buoyant, and also supplies them during their immersion. In the saurian reptiles, the lungs show increasing development, and, as they advance up to the crocodile, become more subdivided into cells: also in these monsters the lungs are confined to the thoracic region, and some indications are to be seen of a diaphragm.

Yet alligators and crocodiles are feeble in respiration compared to their size, and, being cold-blooded animals, are very sluggish in their movements; much inconvenience when their breathing is for a time suspended.

The respiratory mechanism of birds approaches nearer to that of mammals, though having a great analogy to
the organs of winged insects. Their lungs are placed in equal proportions on both sides of the chest, whereby the body is nicely balanced during flight; also, they are much subdivided into small cells, presenting quite a spotty appearance. But besides the lungs in the chest, they have likewise air-sacs connected with them in the neck, the abdomen, and elsewhere. These are the true lungs, and their cavities communicate with the lungs. The distension of the air-cells tends to keep the wings outstretched, as is shown in dead birds that have been forcibly inflated, and the wings thereby expanded; and thus, in those birds which take long flights, their muscular action is economised by their increased power of respiration.

The diffusion of so much air through the system renders the body of a bird light in proportion to its size, and this is materially increased by the heat and rarefaction of the air passing through it. Of all animals, birds require the most constant renewal of fresh air, and an atmosphere of the greatest purity: air which can be breathed by mammals is sometimes so charged with carbonic acid as to be fatal to birds.

Mammals—the class to which we ourselves belong—are furnished with a breathing-apparatus very complex and extensive, and this on a scale that varies according to the form of the animal. Provision is made for the free removal of carbon, and for the renewal of a large supply of oxygen, without impeding motion or action. The lungs, divided and placed on each side of the chest, are kept in active play by the constant heaving up and down of the diaphragm, by which air is brought into the internal reservoir, and after having served its purpose, is again pumped forth. It is calculated that the bulk of air drawn into the human lungs and thrown out again, is about eighteen pints a minute, one thousand pints an hour, and three thousand gallons a day; but as we never entirely empty out our lungs by an expiration of the breath, there is always a considerable quantity of air remaining within.

Lindeneau asserts that, such is the vast area of our lungs, that the amount of surface they present to the blood is not less than 2642 square feet; for, besides that the tubes of the lungs branch into multitudes of vessels fine as hair, there are thousands of vesicles clustered around the extremity of each; and so exceedingly thin is the membrane covering them, that they offer no obstacle to the free interchange of carbon and oxygen. Over the whole of this extensive surface of the lungs is spread a net-work of minute vessels filled with blood, undergoing constant purification; the venous blood, that has gathered up impurities from all parts of the system, yields its load of carbon dioxide, the lungs and blood, and the blood is thereby duly oxygenated. After this process, the air, impregnated by carbon, is expelled from the lungs by the effect of breathing, and discharged through the wind-pipe: it is of course impure, and should not be again inhaled.

Health demands a constant supply of fresh atmospheric air, for otherwise the carbon of the system is not properly expelled, nor a sufficient supply of oxygen kept up. According as the air becomes impure, the functions of nutrition and secretion are depressed, and disease engendered which will hasten death.

But, besides the lungs, additional means are provided for still further keeping the blood pure. Most animals have numerous pores in their skin, communicating with the cellular substance beneath by means of spiral vessels: there are about seven millions of such pores scattered over the skin of a full-grown man. We are accustomed to think of them only as outlets of perspiration: but through them also carbon escapes and oxygen enters continually—inconsiderable in quantity compared with the air that passes through the lungs, yet of much importance in purifying the blood and promoting the health.

Notwithstanding all the chemical changes that are going on, by which the atmosphere is more or less affected, yet, when there is free circulation, the air is generally composed of the same elements, combined in the same proportion. Therefore, seeing that we are provided with a breathing-mechanism skilfully adapted to carrying away what is noxious from the system, and for supplying us with that oxygen we need, it remains for us to take pains to keep the machinery in good order, and to be exceedingly careful to breathe the purest air. Cleanliness and ventilation are obviously indispensable to the maintenance of health, and therefore demand scrupulous attention. Is not this, at least, due from us, as a recognition of the goodness of the Creator, by whom we have been so skilfully and wonderfully made?

MELIBEUS IN LONDON.

Mr. friend Melibeus, as I propose to call him, his real name is considerably shorter and less classical, has flocks, and herds, and a country-house, set in what his friends call a park, and his detractors meadow-land. His talk, when at home, is of bullocks and the proceedings in quarter-sessions. He is often as not omits to change his day-air-ture for the sombre garments in which Society has decreed gentle- men shall dine. He converses with his inferiors—gardeners, small-tenants, the clerk of the parish, and the like—with an ease that I envy and admire beyond everything, but cannot imitate. He can listen to conversation of which turnips are the topic for hours, without a sign of uneasiness. He takes a prodigious interest in the barometer and the state of the wind, as though he were about to embark upon some protracted and perilous voyage. He can distinguish not only horses and dogs, but even sheep, from one another, no matter how numerous may be the collection. He rises at an hour in the morning very near to that in which I, in London, go to bed. He believes what the newspapers tell him about the dangerous position of the constitution. He drinks Port wine. In short, my friend Melibeus is by profession a country gentleman—by profession, but not, as Mr. Darwin would say, by natural selection. Very far from it. His own deep-rooted and ineradicable idea upon that subject is, that nature intended him to dwell in Town. His admiration of the metropolis rises to fanaticism, and cannot be repressed by the voice of experience, which has been addressing him through my lips for years. He is, I believe, not only always present, when under my roof, and I myself am far from being an enthusiast, in all matters connected with London life, reminds me of Sir Roger de Coverley. His eye, like that of the British law, regards everybody as innocent until proved to the contrary, and declines to receive the testimony of any person against himself, or herself. To him, the Arcadian and the Burlington Arcadian are both alike.

"What an innocent face!" says he, as the flower-girl proffers him her fragrant wares, which yet cannot quite overcome the aroma of that juniper her favourite liquor has left on her rosy lips. "What a respectable man, to be brought down to a situation like that!" murmurs he compassionately, as the clerical gentleman in reduced circumstances offers us our choice between tracts and lucubrations. If I did not trust upon carrying his purse for him, he would increase immorality and imposture to as great an extent as it is possible for one man to do. The appearance of his benevolent countenance is the signal for contention and every cab-stand. At his lifted umbrella, the Hansoms shoot forth from
the rank like quills from the porcupine. He pities the four-wheeler, but he cannot deny himself the pleasure of travelling in the quicker vehicles. To urge the Hansom through the shrinking crowd, that is, as he says, his calling, if he is ever much reduced in circumstances. Upon this theme he rises to eloquence. 'Consider,' cries he, 'the superior view which the driver commands of what is going on. He beholds the cause of the street-mob before it gathers—whether it is Punch or a wheel off, or a man in a fit, information which the less happily situated must procure from policemen, or less reliable sources; and he can see into second-floors, while others must confine their curiosity to the shop-windows. He possesses all the advantages, and none of the defects, of the camelopard. While his terrified fare is drawing himself together withinside at the approach of the collision that seems inevitable, he perceives afar off the port of safety—the narrow defile between the precipices vans through which he will steer in safety, without abatement of his lightning speed. In comparison to the man he drives, he is a superior being indeed, independently of this matter of prescience. The fare knows nothing of him, but he knows everything of the fare, as, himself unseen, he watches him, as a man smiles in trap-door.' Melibeus collects anecdotes from these heroes; and, in particular, I remember this one.

How that two wicked young men were playing cribsbage in a Hansom on a Sunday night, and the dealer turned up the knave, but omitted to mark it, his companion likewise overlooking the same fact, and omitting to peg it; whereupon the driver, who had been interesting himself in the proceedings, and regarding the game from his point of vantage, exclaimed: 'Two for his heels!' in a voice that, to their terrified ears, savoured of the supernatural. And they did not play any more, through fear, nor did they ever know what power had remanded them of their oversight.

Melibeus insists that if Dr Johnson had ever travelled in a Hansom, he would never have written anything concerning the delights of a post-chaise. The ease and swiftness of its motion; the presence of the 'perpetual spring' which is suggested by it; the pictorial appearance of the person conveyed, framed, and, in wet weather, even glazed, and adorned with the stepping red star over in forehead at night.—'It reminds me,' says Melibeus, 'of some glorious and living reproduction of the Grecian friezes.' There is no figure upon barebacked steed, he contends, in the Louvre or in the National, that can be favourably compared with a gentleman sitting in his Hansom. Even the 'grumblers' or four-wheeled cabs are invested, in my friend's eyes, with a mysterious interest. 'Conceivably,' he exclaims, 'the amount of human joy and suffering that must have been contained at various times and in almost every cab of moderate standing. The bridegroom setting forth to the church, the more aristocratic carriage will convey him away, united with his Beloved Object for ever; the two friends for their month's holiday in Switzerland; the heir, from the lawyer's, with that long-looked-for cheque in his pocket, and with his soul dissolved in the expectation of a life of pleasure. And, on the other hand, the father, alone, and just departed from his dear ones, their kisses still upon his lips, for the distant land, whither he must needs go to win them bread; the spendthrift bound for the sponging-house; the forlorn, trembling at the porter's lodge, and beholding a detective in each face that meets his haggard eye. These are the romances that Melibeus conjures up at sight of a cab, though, as for me, I never reflect upon the subject except in the detective with pecuniary matters—whether my distance is within or beyond the shining or the eighteenth. I never ride a sixteenpenny distance myself, but Melibeus often does, and invariably pays a shining for it. A Londoner, like me, is the last person that should be applied to for an impression of London: it is the novelty and freshness of a scene which he finds, that is the only thing that is worth gathering. It never struck me that we are all so beautiful as Melibeus says we are. 'What lovely women I see here,' cries he, 'walking, driving, riding! How attractive, too, in whatever they do! What altogether superior creatures to those of the country! What grace, what elegance, what appearance! There's no such thing as an ill-dressed lady in London, sir. What colours, what odours, what smiles!' Melibeus, observe I, reprovingly, 'would Mrs M., whom you have left at Bullock Smithy, be gratified, do you think, by hearing these observations of yours?'

'Poch, pooh,' replies he; 'I speak aesthetically. The men are as beautiful as the women. Almost everybody looks like a gentleman. What clothes they wear! How well-fitting, how elaborate! Say, how clean and spotless even! One never meets with soiled shirt-collar. How contentedly, too, in the hottest weather, do they retain those accurate gloves! They do not smile, indeed, so frequently as one might wish, but how on earth is it that men whose countenance is all perfection, to whose appearance is perfection? How closely, and yet becomingly, does their hair stick to the side of their napes? How immovable are their moustaches! How stupendous, when viewed from behind, are their bird's-nest whiskers! What rubbish have the poets written about beauty unadorned! Nor men, nor women, ever appear so near to the angels as they do in Regent Street!'

'I look at, perhaps, Melibeus; but without some such limitation, I doubt whether the angels will thank you for the comparison.'

'I have nothing to do with that,' returns he; 'but judging from mere faces, there is not so much misery in town as there is in the country. (Happy Melibeus! Heaven keep thee from the knowledge of woe such as a million of hearts as kind as thine could never alleviate.) Even the very poorest have enjoyments within reach such as the field-labourer never knows; and this is especially true, I think, of the young. I do not speak of the crowds of children who, with mamma (and even papa, when he can get away from the 'courts' or the 'club' or the 'buck'), skateboard the Polytechnic, and the exhibitions of all kinds with their presence, the contemplation of whose joyous eyes is a pleasure to fill one with religious gratitude. —I saw a child in new possession of a Noah's Ark but yesterday, upon whom I am confident the noble story of Genesis was striking for the first time, and before whose mental vision the great waters were again covering the earth—but of the quite humble classes. What a pleasant calling for a youth, for instance, must be that of a London errand-boy! What various illustrations of the vast book of Human Nature must he behold every hour! How impossible must it be for him to grow up like our butcher-boy at Bullock Smithy, who has no idea of beauty beyond greasing the hair, or of harmony beyond dragging his steel along area-railings (as though they were harp-strings), whenever he is so fortunate as to meet with any! What human sensations and repartee! What philosophy in their reflections upon men and things! I behold two of them at St John's Wood this morning playing at leap-frog before one of those tall milliners, which have blossomed in as much foliage as any man, not a naked savage, can possibly require, and yet are within five minutes' drive of everything. They were far from being angry or importunate in the least, but were quite civil in replying to their summons. On the contrary, "the
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best of these willer people is," said one, "that they never is in a hurry to answer a bell, but always leaves a feller time for recreation."

I never hear any remarks worth repeating as I walk the streets, but Melibeceus gets his note-book filled with them. Some of these are perfect epigrams—they generally requiring some little judicious curtailment and softening expurgation before they are fit for repetition in the drawing-room—but the majority of them are repartees and appeals to the feelings, for the most part to induce speed, as other an omnibus or other vehicle is stopping the way of the speaker. "Will you please go and be buried, was the last objugation he heard from the lips of a long-delayed and much-enduring Hansom cabman, addressed to the cab of an Atlas—"will you please go and be buried, you red-haired insatiable hypocrite?" And the cab's reply was equally striking and original, although, I regret to state, not equally adapted for publication. Melibeceus has an ear for all he hears, an eye for all he sees, a nose for everything of a pleasant kind that is to be smelt. He protests that in the early summer mornings he can detect the smell of new-mown hay in the Strand. I can more easily believe his statement, that he has picked up a till at a distance of exactly seven doors off upon a windy day. He delights in shapes of all kinds, but especially in the phrenthetics of the street. He notes that no bank of violets near Bullock Smitty is to be compared to them. He is never tired of flattening his nose against the windows of Fortnum and Mason, and wondering what is the raised pies and those mysterious deal cases. He remembers the names of all the well-advertised firms, and is delighted to recognise them in brick and mortar; and he perceives incongruities and human weaknesses in numbers, in the Londoner. Fortnum and Mason's, his witfully observes, should be Savory and More. Moon and Son, in Regent Street, causes his ideas at once to soar heavenwards; and Wilkinson and Kidd astonishes him with its exceeding vulgarity. "Kid!" says he, with that modest smile which so rarely visits the lips of a town-wit—"how much more classical it would read if they wrote Son."

To walk in the streets with Melibeceus is to see London for the first time again—to renew one's youth, renew to oneself in the pleasure there are only too trifling drawbacks. He is excessively cognizant in demanding to be shown eminent personages. "Is not that Lord Palmerston?" inquires he, whenever any elderly gentleman goes by with a straw in his mouth. "Is not that Lord Brougham?" if he has plaid trousers. And once he was persuaded that he had beheld his Royal Highness the Prince Consort in a 'grumblen,' and once the Lord Bishop of Oxford upon the knife-board of a twopenny bus. "At all events," said he, when partially convinced of his error, "you must allow that the resemblance was most remarkable." And it is in vain I tell him that London streets afford a great many such resemblances. The other objection that there is to walking with Melibeceus is, that he is so extremely curious. He taps the plate-glass of the jewellers' windows, and expresses his admiration of their thickness, without the least regard to what the proprietor, and especially what the police may think of such a proceeding; and he takes up articles of value in his honest hands, and wishes that he could afford to buy them for Mrs M., with a cordiality that makes one almost regret the invention of more than one establishment. I cannot tell everybody that this is my friend Melibeceus from the outside, when the idea is that of the commission of petty larceny as are those of his Grace of Lambeth. However, his opinions of life in London may be read in type without these two disadvantages. I propose to take upon myself the risk of walking about with him—which is not inconsiderable—and then from time to time to communicate the more remarkable of his observations to the public, who will peruse them in safety.

CHINESE EMIGRATION.

It has long been a well-known saying, that 'if there's a man in the moon, he must be a Scotchman.' This statement, so expressive of the wandering and colonising habits of our countrymen, bids fair to be soon equally applicable to the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire, and is in case all the more singular, from their having been till lately a people the most secluded of any on the face of the globe.

For thousands of years, the Chinese had lived in rigid seclusion, known to only by the vague accounts of the traveller or the missionary; but since the war-ships of England began to thunder at their door, and they have slowly and reluctantly been obliged to open port after port, myriads of them, from increasing intercourse with the 'outer barbarians,' have been led to emigrate and settle in other lands. We are convinced we do not exaggerate when we roughly calculate the numbers who have left at five hundred thousand. Of these, by far the largest proportion have gone to Australia and California, but a length a regular packet-system has been established between the last-mentioned place and China, which, in 1853, was the means of conveying monthly hundreds across the Pacific. This, of course, has been a spontaneous movement, induced by love of gain, since acquisitiveness forms no small element in a China-man's phrenological development. Again, for the last nine years, an extensive shipment of this people has been in force to the West India Islands, for the purpose of alleviating the scarcity in the labour-market; and lastly, they have been transported in numbers to two places which, owing to the unhealthy nature of the climate, and the harsh treatment they have received, have proved to them more like penal settlements—the Isthmus of Panama and Peru.

Those who have emigrated to Australia have been of a superior class, invariably paying their own passage-money. It is quite impossible to arrive at a correct estimate of the numbers that have sailed to Victoria and Sydney (an emigration first begun in 1852), since the embarkation has usually taken place on board ships for British ports, shipping, through the hands of the British and at ports entirely removed from English consular control, such as Swatow and Cumasingmoon. That their numbers, however, must have been very great, may be gathered from the fact that, during the first nine months of 1854, no fewer than 2100 sailed from Canton and Hong-kong alone, while, in the succeeding year, the exodus from these two places amounted to twelve thousand. So overwhelming did this influx of Celestials become—that at first a sensible relief to the labour-market—that the government of Victoria tried in many ways to put a stop to it; a poll-tax was levied, a double license-fee for digging exacted, and even the ports were closed against them, but all in vain; the 'cute Yankees who embarked them quietly put them ashore in the adjoining colony of Adelaide, and from this they walked overland, a distance of three hundred miles. One little port, called Guichen Bay, the nearest on the coast of South Australia to the Victorian diggings, became such a favourite point of disembarkation, that no fewer than five thousand Chinese were encamped there at one time, much to the terror of the small settlement of which they were a mere populace in more than one establishment. I cannot tell everybody that this is my friend Melibeceus from the outside, when the idea is that of the commission of petty larceny as are those of his Grace of Lambeth. However, his opinions of life in London may be read in type without these two disadvantages. I propose to take upon myself the risk of walking about with him—which is not inconsiderable—and then

Up to December 1853, forty thousand had left Hong-kong alone for California, quite irrespective, of course, of thousands who sailed from other ports; and so vehement did the exodus become, that though they were embarked there at the rate of one thousand
per month, in April 1854, twelve thousand still remained waiting shipment to San Francisco, since every available vessel had been taken up, and these long condemned as unprofitably sold for quite fabulous prices. During 1855, the number fell to three thousand and forty-two, due to the superior attractions of the Australian colonies.

The mode of collecting passengers for Californian ships was somewhat as follows: A passage-broker at Hong-kong—not unfrequently a man of straw, who was not to be met with after the vessel left—sent out his crimps to the mainland, and these, on the payment of about five dollars as bargain-money, gave to each candidate for shipment a bargain-ticket, sealed with the seal of the broker for whom they acted. With this ticket, the candidate proceeded to Hong-kong, where the passage-money, consisting of a balance of passage-money, and re-delivery of the bargain-ticket, a passage-ticket was granted, securing to the holder a passage to California. Thus the broker received the money of ship-owners of passengers between what he had provided, by the purchase or the charter of ships, for the accommodation of even a small number of them. If the chartermoney was high, the ship-owner might often risk the consequences of the embarkation of the ship without port of embarkation, in consequence of an infringement of the passenger-law there, and still be sure of a profit on the transaction; and the ship might be dispatched with the same certain profitable result, if the purchaser paid but a small sum for her acquisition, and received large amounts for passages.

The introduction of this people into the West India Islands partakes of a totally different nature. The Cuban emigration, conducted on behalf of the Spanish crown, has been organised for the last nine years. It is printed that the ship is situated at Macao; and though at first believed to have been carried on humane principles, has, during some recent investigations with regard to Cuban passenger-ships, disclosed a fearful mortality, together with a most heartless system of kidnapping and slavery. The immense number of deaths has arisen mainly from overcrowding, since vessels employed in the Cuban service carry 50 per cent. more than is allowed in ships sailing under British superintendence. The Spanish depot at Macao was long under the care of Mr Jorgé, who bestowed upon his charge much precaution and attention; and the arrangements of that establishment were considered so good as to be deemed worthy of imitation by our government, had they erected a depot at Hong-kong in 1853, to supply the West India Islands, as was at one time suggested. A return, however, given by the Consul-general in Cuba, informs us that out of 23,928 Chinese shipped for Havannah, from June 3, 1847, to December 31, 1857, no fewer than 3342, or 14 per cent., had died on the passage, the mortality ranging from 23 to 35 per cent. and much to our shame be it said, that after the Peruvian, Chilian, and Norwegian transports, the British have experienced the highest number of deaths, their average being 14. A fatality remarkably in their influence on their industry, by committing suicide by jumping overboard. The greatest loss occurred on board a Peruvian ship called the "China," 172 of which were very considerably, as they carried from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than allowed by British laws, sink into insignificance when compared with the importation of the past nine months of the present year, which amounted to 90,000, 981 having died on the passage; and to this 60,000 Africans within the same time, and some idea may be formed of the immense scale of the slave-trade from Havannah, and how lucrative this trade must be to the owners of vessels. It is now being carried on at the expense of our colonies, since they can run much risks, and afford such prices to obtain labour. This immense increase in slave-trade— for the Chinese, though nominally imported as 'Asiatic free colonists,' are nothing else but slaves, as will appear from the contract they enter into with the Spanish government—has already caused an insolvency of the American and Brazilian sugar-crop.

The importation of Chinese into British West Indian possessions has been principally directed to Jamaica, Trinidad, and Guiana, and was begun in 1853; but owing to the difficulty of obtaining females, was discontinued in 1854. At that time, on account of the exodus to Australia and California, seventy dollars per head was the contract rate of passage-money; and strict regulations were issued as to the seaworthiness of the ships, the amount of wages paid (for (usually eight dollars per month), and the sum advanced, which was generally two months' pay. Notwithstanding all these inducements, the usual cost offered, was because none had as yet returned from paying the land, as in the case of the gold-fields, and partly owing to the bad repute into which the West Indian emigration had sunk; from the cruelties practised in the Cuban service.

In 1855, the British government again suggested the expediency of furnishing the market of Trinidad and British Guiana with a sugar-growing colonies of France and Spain were deriving an unlimited supply of labour from Africa, India, and China. Accordingly, a renewal of the emigration was set on foot, and under the auspices of Mr Austin, the government emigration agent, is succeeding admirably. The old difficulty of getting a sufficient supply of females has been removed by the purchase of women—with for in China all wives have to be paid for—to a few of the respectable emigrants, leaving them to make their own selection of a spouse, in condition of the ship being under the condition of the departure of the vessel. This commercial transaction in marriage not looking very pretty in official documents, the price paid to that of offering a certain sum to the wife's value to married women. It was supposed, at first, that a small proportion of females would be sufficient, but those to eight; but in the planters' requirements to their agents in China, equal numbers, or one-third, were stipulated for. They also directed that the utmost care should be taken in selecting sound, able-bodied, agricultural labourers, free from the vice of opium-eating, and that every endeavour should be used to make them understand the difference between the comfortable settlements with guaranteed wages offered them, and the infamous designs of those engaged in the slave-trade to Cuba. In addition, to prevent any irregularities, they confined the shipment of cooels to the five ports placed under council surveillance, and published a statement promising a minimum rate of wages of five dollars per month, and an advance of eight before starting, to be subtracted afterwards.

The shipment of Chinese was conducted under American superintendence, and in Cuba. In addition, to prevent any irregularities, they confined the shipment of cooels to the five ports placed under council surveillance, and published a statement promising a minimum rate of wages of five dollars per month, and an advance of eight before starting, to be subtracted afterwards.
and housed over their upper-deck, to gain further accommodation. We fear few, if any of the Celestials who assisted in the construction of that master-piece of railway-engineering, ever returned to the floury Land to tell the tale, since the misanthropic nature of the country, and the very summary method adopted by the railway employes of outraging, or disturbing among their labourers, would rapidly cut off their numbers, and serve to give some colouring of truth to the statement, that every yard of that railway has cost a life. If the sufferings endured by those who were imported to Panama were great, they were light in comparison with the hardships borne by their countrymen in Peru, since, after being basely deceived with the idea of working on sugar-plantations or gold-fields, they are put ashore on the Chinchas or Guano islands (as we have lately shown in this Journal), and condemned to quarry the deposits, for a remuneration of three-pence a day, under the tyranny of a lash which has repeatedly inflicted death, and driven many to close a hopeless career of slavery by self-destruction. We have little information regarding the Peruvian transports. In the case of one ship, the Libertad, our government interfered, and prevented her departure, since she was not only unseaworthy, but unhealthy and crowded beyond all possible, more excusable than she was allowed to carry, all of whom were in a most wretched state of health. The numbers involved could not have been greater, since, in May 1855, the Peruvian consul at Canton gave notice that his government declined enforcing any further contracts entered into between shippers and coxkies. If such has been the amount of mortality and suffering on board those ships which have issued from ports under British cognizance, what are we to infer with regard to those where no supervision has been exercised, either as to ships, or the numbers and health of the emigrants?

Let us see now what have been the efforts put forward by our own government to regulate and ameliorate the condition of Chinese ships. At the outset, it was found that the majority of the coxkies were in total ignorance of the nature of their voyage, diet, and treatment, these points never having been explained to them by an interpreter; that they had been most fraudulently imposed upon by the brokers, their own countrymen, or by the parties employed in the collection of the sums paid to them, a state of things which led to the lowest description, induced to engage therein from the immense profits which were derived, and who not unfrequently afterwards fall a victim to the vengeance of the very people whom they had selected.

On the other hand, not only had they been often shipped in a most careless manner, without any regard to the state of their health, but many pretended to be emigrants, for the sake of living free of expense on board the ship, and of deserting at the last moment prior to sailing, carrying with them an advance of wages. With such difficulties as these, reformation was no light task.

Orders were issued that every Chinese passenger-ship should be chartered as such, before contracting for emigrants, since, in many instances, part-payment had been taken from intending passengers when no ship was in view, and the brokers being unable to procure one, the people were defrauded of their money. Further, that they should be mustered, and the ticket of agreement thoroughly explained to all, in the presence of the emigration agent or a magistrate; and that, on the departure, under his superintendence, the ship should be immediately landed, a breach of which last regulation, in the case of the John Calvin, was the source of great mortality. Moreover, since the prisoners' characters had been practised of nominally clearing out for a port within seven days' sail of Hong-kong, and actually concealing the subsequent intention to proceed to distant countries, a subterfuge which enabled the ship to leave without emigration papers, and avoid the restrictions of the Chinese Passenger Act—an ordinance was passed to the effect, that vessels clearing outwards to any such port with the intent thenceforth to commence the voyage of more than seven days' duration, should be deemed to have commenced it at Hong-kong.

By these means, as well as by obliging every passage-broker to enter into a bond to the amount of five thousand dollars, our government hoped to root out the disgraceful traffic which was being at that time (1855) carried on, mainly by 'unofficial and American' republics, northern and southern, by one French, and one German firm. As until the renewal of Chinese emigration to the West India Islands, none but medical men of their own nation had usually accompanied them across the seas, we were left much in the dark as to the cause of those, why so great mortality occurred, even where the regulations had been scrupulously enforced. Three ships, however, which arrived in Havannah in 1856, after embarking an aggregate of eleven hundred and six passengers, and losing two hundred and forty on the voyage, having been furnished with English surgeons, we derive from their reports some information regarding the great loss of life. The majority of the people embarked in these ships were in a state of more or less unsound condition, 'feebly, sickly, emaciated wrecks, whom hardship, disease, and hunger had reduced to the lowest ebb of vitality, men and women generally thence called Tartar men, who come from the interior, many hundred miles above Canton, and who, according to the surgeons' report, were so feeble in constitution, and so predisposed to disease, that they were hardly on board before they fell sick, and nearly all died. Not one of those eleven hundred people had been subjected to medical examination before embarkation. It was the opinion of those surgeons, smoking was the source of much of the constitutional weakness and inability to withstand the ravages of disease. They did not advocate the entire abstinence, but the gradual reduction of this habit, or the substitution of tobacco if practicable. They also considered that it would be advisable, in future instances, to put the emigrants at last on a reduced scale of diet, and gradually raise them to the full allowance, since the sudden change to repentence, from having previously been fed scantily, as most of them had led lives of privation and unhealthful existence. The cases of many of the diseases which swept them off. It must be supposed that such wretched specimens of humanity are different from those for which our West India plantations are paying so high, and were gathered without discrimination, since, in reply to the question, why they embarked men whose physical condition offered so slender a chance of seeing the end of the voyage, the surgeon answered that they were the only coxkies to be had at the time who were not suffering from disease.

Let us compare now the position of the emigrant in the British West India Islands and that of his fellow-labourer in Cuba. In the former case, he agrees to serve on sugar-plantations for five years from the day on which he lands, it being within his option to foreclose this arrangement in three years by paying fifty, or in four years, twenty-five dollars. A liberal advance of twelve dollars is allowed him prior to leaving, but he assents to the repayment of this by a deduction of one dollar monthly. It is stipulated that his wages shall be paid weekly, and shall not be rendered those received by uninitiated lands, and that he shall be provided with medical attendance and hospital accommodation, if sick. In addition, supposing the plantation to pass into new hands, he is not bound to serve longer than the unexpired period of his term. Nothing can be more fair; it is a straightforward contract between master and servant. How different is it with the Cuban emigrant? His contract, which is negotiable or transferable, binds him to
work for eight years, either for private parties or government—including, of course, the mines—the selection of employment to be entirely at the discretion of his master. The latter may also fix the length of the day's labour, exact work on the Sunday or not, and demand that days of sickness shall not be computed as part of the ten months' service. During any illness, his wages—at the maximum rate, four dollars per month—and his wretched daily allowance of half a pound of salt meat, and two and a half pounds of vegetables, are to cease. In his supposed too, the poor Chinaman renounces all right to transfer himself to another master, to sue or take action for the recovery of wages, or claim protection as a colonist under the ordinances issued by the Spanish government. While, to bind their heavy burdens tighter, the bondsmen signify to the effect, that though aware that the earnings of the labourers and slaves are far greater, still he will conform himself to the wages stipulated. Surely this is nothing else than unadulterated slavery, carried on at present at the extensive rate of shipment of five to six thousand per month, to check which all the philanthropic endeavours hitherto put forward by our government have proved utterly fruitless.

It becometh us to remember, while sympathising with the relatives of those who have fallen in the recent and previous wars with China, and while deploiring the atrocities and treachery for which the Chinese are so justly stigmatised, that they are at present themselves suffering under the yoke of a gallant servitude at the hands of more civilised nations.

BY LIMITED MAIL.

I think there is no expenditure upon which persons of medium means to live can indulge with such regret as on the money spent in travelling. 'There is nothing,' as prudent housewives say, 'to shew for it.' When you are once there, at the journey's end, you feel how much better it would have been to have walked the distance. You have spent four pounds (suppose) in coming by first-class, and yet, behold there are a number of your fellow-creatures, very little more frowzy and wretched-looking than yourself, who have arrived simultaneously and with equal safety by the third-class, for thirty shillings! How nice it would be, you think, to have some collateral two-pounds-ten in your pocket, instead of having dropped it into the maw of a railway company, to be spent in amelioration of the station, poor place, that you have got that day. I used to derive some amusement from 'flying' these out of window on the railway, but that relaxation is now denied me. An old lady in the next compartment to mine once delayed the Great Western Express at Taunton, and terrified all the passengers about a 'baby in long clothes,' which, she insisted upon it, had been thrown out of some carriage past her window: and nothing would satisfy her until the station-master acceded to her prayer, that he would 'set the telegraph in motion,' which operation she seemed to consider was a remedy for every ill. I asked her whether she thought it was a girl or a boy, and she replied: 'Oh, a girl, a girl; a dear little innocent girl!' But she was wrong there, for it happened to be the Rebecca Mail—with some half-dozen other newspapers wrapped up in it, of which I had vainly hoped never to hear again.

My body, too, has as many cravings as my mind. I purchase food at all the stations where it can be got, and I don't like it when I get it. Railway-pastry is an abomination, and where is one to put that to? I should like to know, without offence to anybody! A gigantic oyster pie, with but one bite out of it, once presented itself to me for forty miles stuck to a one lamp outside my carriage, and maintained there by the speed at which we travelled. Everybody knows what his head out of window on that side must have seen it likewise, and to watch the thing loose its hold—like an exhausted bivalve—and fall and drop as the train slackened, was a sickening sight. Of course, in a journey of any length, I take care to
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equip myself with extra cushions, hot tins, &c.; and although the best steam—Pshaw! what nonsense am I talking to myself? Did I say the best steam? How sleepy I must have been! Ha, ha! Eh? Oh, I thought somebody spoke. ... I wonder whether that sound was a step from the sea-side; it must be near the sea now—the sea that I have always seen here (for I never travelled this way by night before), bright and sparkling, with all my slumbering from the seat with the air of recovery—of having previously dropped it there himself—and murmurs, 'Thank ee, sir,' with his head in the carpet-bag he places so carefully beneath me, is equally satisfactory in its degree. It is partly, perhaps, in consequence of these habits of mine, that I find all guards and porters excessively affable. In the gamut of social courtesy I would place government officials at the one end, and railway officials at the other, and it will be conceded by every one of experience, that I could not have paid the latter a nester compliment. Who ever heard of a public servant (as the former class is satirically termed) offering you even a chair to sit down upon, far less a pillow for the small of your back, and a stool to help make up a bed for you to sleep upon? Yet these accommodations are offered to me whenever I travel by night upon any railway, and I am far from resenting them.

They were placed in my carriage in January last, when I started for Z. in the Limited Mail from A. Ten hours of travel through impenetrable darkness and almost perpetual frosts lay before me, and I was certainly not to be blamed for making myself comfortable. I had half a mind to suffer some other people to come into the carriage, for the sake of their animal warmth, but upon the whole I decided to be alone: they might have objected to smoking, or made themselves obnoxious in some other respect.

It is a peculiarity of long railway journeys, that they are accomplished with much greater rapidity (comparatively speaking) than are short ones. Before I have fairly settled myself, and begun to draw pictures in my mind of the discomforts which second-class passengers must be suffering (which I always find very soothing and excutorial), we are at B junction—a place which it quite warms me to reach, we are going away every day of our journey. A glare of lights, a trampling of feet, a ringing of bells, and we are away again; tearing through the gloom with a threatening, ominous rattle, as though we defied the powers of air to stop us, and anon with a screech of triumph because they didn't. The oscillation is considerable, but not unpleasant, and acts upon my system as the rocking of a cradle affects a well-principled infant. I like it. I like to lie, swayed from side to side in a half-dream, with every now and then a bump, which is not quite a jerk, to suggest that I must not go to sleep too soon, or I shall lose half the charm of the sensation. I like the short, sharp report as we shoot the bridges, and the long groan in the tunnel, where we get so very serious, and the gradually lighter tone we take as we come out of it, like a gentleman who has been near death's door, and in a sad fright, but is now convalescent, and all right again.

Whirr-rrr! What is that, if it isn't a cock-pheasant rising? It must have been C, but my curiosity was not much excited, and I opened them, there was not lamp within sight to show that we have been near the dwellings of men. How very fast we are going! And yet, because of the frost, we are warmed to be careful, and allowed forty-five minutes 'law' upon the whole journey. Why did they not strike the axes with hammers at R., too, as they did at A., and should do, the papers tell us, at every station? But there the State-carriage to look at, brilliantly lighted up as for a feast, and doubtless inhabited by swells? The general public therefore surges that way, flattens its nose against the windows, perceives unimpeachable nobility in the air and attributes of the occupants—who are naturally disconcerted by the intrusion—and remarks that it is a fine thing to be lords and ladies. Upon this, 'the suite' in the
side-carriage flattens its nose in turn from the inside, and denounces such conduct as reprehensible, and appeals to the authorities for redress.

'Oh yes, ah,' returns the general; 'we suppose we may look where we like in a free country;' and assurance would be inadequate, but that the guard arrives, and reads the Riot Act with, 'Take your seats!' and so disperses the assembly.

Bear, rattle, jump, whir, on again through the night, half the dark way devoted, and the other half invisibly disappearing. It takes some time to reduce the excitement supervening upon the hot coffee and cold platform; but when we do sleep, we sleep all the heavier. Only once, in a half-dream, as the train steps at some place unknown, we hear, amid the ringing of axles, the words, 'Not safe!' and the reply, 'It will last to 2 a.m., depend upon it!' Did I really hear it? Staff and nonsense! By the Limited Mail is always the safest travelling; the best wood, the best iron, the best steam—and I fall asleep again over my favourite formula.

I wake to perfect consciousness with a jerk that dislocates every bone in my body, and just in time to see the lamp extinguished, and hear both the windows fall down into their sockets with a crash. A long-forgotten picture of a farmhouse where I once lived in distant Westmorland, and of the face of a friend, that is dear, that she unhands it, and, before it settles down upon the reality of my situation. The carriage is off the line, I know, for we seem to be going over a ploughed field of solid iron. It is awful travelling, for it may be the road that leads to Death. No, I hear the engine rattling its chains like a horrid ghost, as it breaks away from us. Thank Heaven, then at least it cannot take us over an embankment, to be dashed to pieces, or into a canal, to be drowned like a cat in a bag. But awful shrieks from oppressed human beings turn my blood even colder than does the icy wind. Others, then, have not escaped as I have done, with fright and bruises. A lanter or two glimmers across my window, and I implore of the passers-by to open the door for me, which is jammed quite tight by the collision. I am informed, in a cold dry tone, that that is the business of the Company's servants, and that it is indecorum of me to discommode a passenger amateur—to wit, the unknown speaker—by any such superfluous request. So I squeeze myself out of the window, and drop down upon a heterogeneous heap of something—an assemblage of 'The best wood and the best iron,' which has splintered off a neighbouring carriage. That carriage, however, still stands upon its wheels, in the counterfeit presentation of a carriage; but this which I am approaching, which has the lanterns round it, and the circle of dark forms, has no resemblance to a carriage whatever. It is a mere mass of ruin, without door, or window, or floor, or wheel, crushed and flattened together; and from within it come forth the shrieks that have grown fainter since I first heard them, and are fading into groans and murmurs. What I dimly discern cumbering the earth here was, a minute ago, a first-class carriage, filled with people sleeping, or eating, or getting their personal luggage ready for the terminus at 2 a.m., which they will now arrive at, poor creatures, in quite another fashion. What is to be done? Nothing can be done, says the grave guard, without pickaxes and crow-bars, which have already been sent for. A light has gone out, and a light has gone out for these things, and for destroying all the other things, to stop the trains up and down. In the meantime, we shiver in the cold and darkness (for cold) without the benefit of entering a carriage now for comfort, as a sepulchre), and the thirteen poor wretches under the ruin shiver, too, after a ghastlier manner.

'How did it happen?' inquires a passenger.

'Axi broke, sir,' interposes an officer sharply.

'They will break in these frosty nights.'

'We told you at X. it would break,' exclaims a voice indignantly.

'And they said it would last us to 2 a.m.,' I chimed in on a sudden.

'Yes,' confirms the voice, 'they did; and it's manslaughter, and it's manslaughter again!'

Whereupon the official moves away from us into the gloom, as from persons who are dangerous for a well-regulated mind even to listen to.

We are still around the ruined carriage, comforting the unhappy folks as well as we can, when a great cry arises that the L. up-express is upon us, and there is a universal panic. The pious wishers, the angels of peace and imprisonment is unbrokken (and indeed, we are quite powerless to help them), and all that can do so, leap into an enormous hedge which happens here to fringe the line. We see the fiery eyes at the mouth of the tunnel, and expect immediate ruin upon ruin; but the engine-driver has perceived the danger-signals, and is only bringing his train up to the halt. So we descend with more or less of difficulty from our unpleasant elevation, and I find that the thorns have (among other damages) grievously injured my hat.

Not until two hours are the victims liberated from their dreadful prison, for the axe and bar must be used tenderly, lest they hazard yet again the imperilled life. Many have broken bones and broken heads—they read, they hold these latter documents in their hands as though they were indeed splitting—but there is, thank God, no burden (such as we had all dreaded to behold) borne forth and carried away in silence, with a cloth over it, leaving which, a matter what the shape it takes, is written Death. From that extremity of misfortune all are mercifully preserved, for the present at least; but enough of woe has happened to make me say with more or less gravity and seriousness as I step into the special train that has been sent from Z. to convey us and the wounded. It is not so, however, with my fellow-passenger, a commercial traveller of classic whiteness, who, as he takes his seat, finds something consolatory in traveling first-class, after paying only second-class fare, even under such circumstances as ours.

'Ah,' observed I gravely, 'but it was a first-class carriage that was so smashed, remember.'

'It was so, sir,' he assented cheerfully—'shivered to Lucifer-matches, sir. I have been in half-a-dozen of these little accidents, and stand 'em; no, not if you were in a cage of cast-iron.'

'Dear me,' said I; 'but surely by the Limited Mail—'

'My dear sir,' quoth he impatiently, and snapping his fingers, 'the mail is limited, but not the liability of the passengers.'

An official person of sympathising aspect, and attired as the chaplain to the Company, here opened the door, and took down our names and addresses, with many earnest inquiries as to how we felt ourselves.

'That was very civil of him,' observed I to the bagman, who had not made quite so light of his bruises to this kind inquirer as his high spirits had led me to expect he would have done: 'it was certainly a most Christian attention.'

'All humbling, sir,' replied my friend, 'I assure you. Actuated by the purest commercial motives, he came to see that we were alive and well, and not in a condition to make any claim for compensation. He also wished to make a complete list of the passengers, lest more should pretend to be injured by the Limited Mail to-morrow than ever travelled by it.'

'What a world of treachery and deceit we live in!' observed I reflectively.

'Very much so, sir,' rejoined my philosophic companion; 'and let us be thankful we do live in it, and without broken bones.'

'I hope at least,' said I, 'that those persons who have been less fortunate will obtain redress. I have
injured my hat—you observe—my new hat, and shall myself demand another." And then I went on to tell him of what I had half-dreamed, half-heard about the
axe lasting us to Z.
"Of course, sir, they would prove that you had dreamed the whole of it."
I then informed him how satisfactorily I had been corroborated by an unknown witness.
"If we sent in a word that you are unknown, you may rely upon it, to all but the Company's solicitors. No
human being will ever hear of that too intelligent
trick.
"Good Heavens!" cried I, appalled by the preternatural
significance of the speaker, "you do not mean to say that they will make away with him?
"I do, though; just that, and no less. I don't mean
to say," added he reassuringly, "that they will Burke
him; but they will certainly make him safe. That
was another of the reasons why that clerical gentle-
man was so solicitous in his inquiries. And as for
you, sir, you will be convicted of "conspiracy" and
"intent to defraud," if you open your mouth.
"By this time we had arrived at Z; and I was
glad enough to find myself in a Hanseatic, unassisted
by 'the best steam,' and upon the king's highway.
"I read in the last Monday's paper, that the Limited Mail upon the A. and Z.
Railway had met with 'a slight delay' near the X.
station, in consequence of the unavoidable breaking
of an axle, and that some persons had suffered con-
tusions. Nobody ever got compensation, although
many wanted it, for, as the bagman had predicted, the
too intelligent witness was not forthcoming. As
for me—my own explanation for a new head-
covering being treated with disdain—I was not going
to be indicted for conspiracy for the sake of other
people. Nevertheless, the thought does sometimes
strike me that the commercial traveller may himself
have been interested in dissuading me from such a
course. Do the railway companies keep bagmen as
well as chaplains always in readiness to run down to
the scene of a calamity, I wonder? However that
may be, ever since that 'slight delay between X. and
Z,' I travelled by day-trains as long as the frost
lasted. And I was impressed again, not withstanding the
best iron and the best wood," of which it is always
constructed, into a Limited Mail.

A SUNDAY IN SEPEY.

A short half-way up the valley of Les Ormances, where
it makes a turn towards the range of the Diables
Mountains, you come upon the little village of Sepey.
It consists of an irregular congregation of some thirty
challets, built of spruce-fir, browned with age and
weather, carved outside like Swiss toy-houses, and
ornamented with texts out of the Bible. It is about
3000 feet above the level of the sea, and often hardly
below that of the clouds, which sail up from the
great Rhone valley, and beat like huge waves against
the face of the hill on which the village sits. The
sides of the valley are covered with rich pastures,
which, higher up, pass into pine-forests, and are
crowned with bare peaks of granite and limestone.
It is traversed by a stream which tumbles along
at the bottom of a deep ravine, picking up many
mountain-riulettes by the way; that at Sepey pays
bott for his passage in being made to turn the
driving-wheels of several rude saw-mills. The
little inn at which we are staying, and which pos-
sesses neither clock nor bell, looks right down the
valley, across the Rhone, into the Vailais Alps, the
snows of the Dent-du-Midi being set as in a frame
by the dark pine-forests of Les Ormances. Close
below our window is one of the saw-mills, beyond it
a bridge, over which a steep short path leads up to
the church. The little mill, waited on by a man with
the remains of a large crop of dry hair, which looks
as if it had been badly bitten off, jogged on round
the week, eating up trunk after trunk, and passing
only to be sharpened, which last process is enough
to give the toolshoekc to the whole village. To-day,
however, it is at rest, the wooden trough, drawn from
the parent-stream, being turned aside from the wheel,
and leaping away as if glad of its holiday. The
attendant with the jugged head who files and
feeds the saw, has on his best suit—dark-blue
frieze dittoes, coat swallow-tailed and short-waisted
—and is leisurely walking up the hill towards the
church; indeed, all Sepey and his wife are on the
road, beside many from the numerous chalets which
are dotted about the sides of the valley. Having
ascertained that the only service was to take place
at ten, we joined the stream, and reached the
churchyard twenty minutes before that hour. Passing
through a little black gate with the words, 'Dust
thou art, in French, roughly painted upon it, we
found several groups of peasants, in their woolen
clothes, lounging about, and exchanging the news of
the week. Being nearly all dairy-people, the im-
portant question of whose cow had calved, or how
the market was doing, was all absorbed in mutter-
caricature of their inquiries. The women wore dark
lawn woollen gowns, tight in the sleeve, and short in
the waist; their head-dress consisted of a black-silk
or velvet cap, generally surrounded by a large flat
straw-hat, with a crown shaped like a hand-bell,
much too small for the head. Many carried books
wrapped up in clean pocket-handkerchiefs.
As we entered the churchyard, an old man in
blue frieze took his pipe out of his mouth, and hat
off his head, wishing us good-morning. He told us
that the pastor from Leyssin, a neighbouring village,
was coming to help their own, because the latter
intended to have his first baby baptized that
morning. Finding we were English, he chatted on.
"There was much said here between the English and
Swiss," I asked, knowing that the valley of Les
Ormances was famous for its riflemen, whether he
knew that some Swiss had taken part in the late
great shooting-match near London. No; he had heard
nothing about it; he was only a 'paup're montagnard;
and asked whether it was not necessary to cross the
sea before reaching England. The valley was his
world, and the pastor his hero—a 'bon pasteur'—
he always addressed a poor man in his working-
clothes as 'Monseigneur;' a 'tres bon pasteur,'
who had no pride, because, as he taught them himself,
' Notre Seigneur said the servant was not greater
than his Lord.'

We looked into the church, an old stone-building,
with a blunt steeple. It consisted of a nave and
chancel, both filled with rough deal-seats, turned
towards the communion table, which was set under
the chancel arch. The pulpit, which was also reading-
desk, and had an ominous hour-glass fixed handy by
it, in a little frame, stood close by. It was then
occupied by the clerk or preacher, who was reading
the Bible, in a clumsy drawing-way, to a few old
women, till the service should begin.

We took our seats, the people dropping in, until
the church became nearly full. The men and women
sat apart. As they entered, many stopped inside the
door, and placing their hands reverently together,
and shutting their eyes, put up a short prayer.
Presently, the pastor of Lyeysin, in a black gown
with very large bands, came in. As he walked towards
the pulpit, he bowed to the congregation, several of
whom rose to return his salutation. Having per-
formed his private devotions in a corner, he went
to the clerk, who, still remaining in the pulpit, read
the ten commandments, the people standing. This
done, he shuffled down, and the pastor took his place.
He was a large heavy man, with a tremendous cold in his head. After an exhortation and a few prayers, the people sat down, and he gave out a hymn. Having no book, we could not see the words, but they were sung or rather blest out in the Old Hundreth tune very slowly. This was the only part the people took in the service. Not a single response did I hear, the minister repeating verses himself. A collection was made during the hymn, by a man who went round with a large metal soup-ladle. After the hymn came the sermon, then the Old Hundreth again, a few more prayers, and the benediction. The prayers were read, the sermon was extempore, or at least without book. After the blessing, many left, but several stayed to see the pastor of Sepsey’s child baptized.

There was no font, but a large slab of black stone under the pulpit, on which—the clerk having gone out to fetch it—sat a small covered metal jug of water. The pastor, who baptized his own child, performed the first part of the service from the pulpit, and then walking down, poured water first into the hollow of his hand, and then on his infant, without taking it into his arms. The kind-hearted man nearly broke down in uttering the solemn words of baptism, and set off a number of poor women, who showed the sympathy between them and their pastor by the tears which stole down their honest brown cheeks.

After the baptism, a herd of hobbledehoys were drawn up in front of the pulpit, and catechised. Poor boys! the pastor was very kind, but they didn’t half like it. There was the strange minister from Leysin sitting in front within two yards, and some gentledolks from Aigle, who had come up to see the pastor’s child christened, and dine with him afterwards—for we met a lot of good things going up to his chilcot as we walked down into Sepsey—and besides, I was sitting at the table, good vegetables, fruit, biscuit, honey, cream, milk, and cheese, at discretion.

The valley is easily reached. Steam-boats leave Geneva for Villeneuve twice a day; from thence to Aigle, at the entrance of the valley, is a run by rail of a few miles. Thus the jaded Londoner may pack up his carpet-bag, and in forty-eight hours pass from the bustle of Piccadilly to one of the quietest retreats in the valley of Les Ormonds, out of the high-road of tourists, and in the midst of some of the most varied scenery in Switzerland.

A LAS!

Since, if you stood by my side to-day,
Only our hands could meet,

What matter that half the weary world
Lies out between our feet;

That I am here by the lonesome sea,
You by the pleasant Rhine—

Our hearts were just as far apart
If I held your hand in mine!

Therefore, with never a backward glance,
I leave the past behind;
And, standing here by the sea alone,
I give it to the wind.

I give it all to the cruel wind,
And I have no word to say;
Yet, alas! to be as we have been,

And to be as we are to-day!

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MY FAT FRIEND.

Any one who at a certain fixed hour of the day is in the habit of walking down a prescribed line of streets, must soon become aware that he is constantly meeting many persons who are, apparently like himself, obedient to the routine calls of duty, and to be found always at the same hour in the same place. He will, in his own mind, resort to a custom of primitive countries, and find names for these individuals founded upon any trivial peculiarity of person or apparel that his eye may have chanced to light upon, by which he will subsequently be able to recognise and identify them to his own comfort and satisfaction. Thus, he will know perfectly well whom he intends to refer to by the words, rather than the outer figure, ‘the red-nosed man,’ or ‘the man with the wall-eye,’ or ‘the woman with the blue umbrella,’ or ‘the young lady with the mole on her cheek,’ and so on. Just as in the nomenclature of the savage, ‘the Flying Cloud,’ ‘the Bounding Buffalo,’ or ‘the Downy Bird,’ convey distinct ideas of persons and characters. Occasionally, it may happen that after-circumstances draw him nearer to these people he is always meeting. ‘The man with the wall-eye’ may ultimately prove to be his long-lost brother, whom he has been for many years in search of, with, of course, the necessary trademark of a strawberry-stain on his left arm, with which it seems that long-lost brothers, especially in novels, are always stumped when quite young, just as linen is initialed before it is intrusted to the laundryman, in order that they may be acknowledged by their families at a later period in their history. ‘The woman with the blue umbrella’ may be found, on inquiry, to be the second-cousin of your good old friend Jones’s wife’s step-sister, the knowledge of which fact, although it may not result in connecting her very intimately with you, is yet decidedly interesting and noteworthy. How bitter a foe time may reveal in ‘the red-nosed man’! how tender may be the tie destined to exist between you and ‘the young lady with the mole on her cheek’! But these are probably exceptional cases; as a rule, you will know no more of these people than you knew in the first instance. Years will pass, and still the same travellers will be treading the same pathway, and may be seen there at the same old hour. You will have abbreviated their surnames; these will now be ‘red-nose,’ ‘wall-eye,’ ‘blue umbrella,’ and ‘mole,’ or, perhaps, the tenderer and more playful ‘moiety’—that will be all. There will be no closer intimacy, no more knowledge really than subsisted formerly. And do they know you? and have they each a name for you? and have any of them hit upon the same name? for they are all unknown to each other—there can be no conferring or collusion between; and have you really any distinct peculiarities which these people can seize upon readily, and each in turn designate and recognise you by? And would not you like to know the titles they have given you?

Of course, these observations can only have reference to life in cities or populous places. In the country, we meet no one, or, at any rate, no one that we don’t know everything about. The road stretches out before us like white tape winding about upon a green table-cloth. We can see if any one approaches a thousand yards or more off, and know for certain that if that drab speck in the extreme distance be not Farmer Giles’s blackbird-boy, why, then, it stands to reason that it must be Farmer Mile’s blackbird-boy, for there is barely a possibility of its being any other living creature. Who else could it be out on the public highway at such a time, when everybody is at work in the fields behind the ricks? It must be understood, too, that there is no power of selection in the matter. The people one meets are people thrust upon one; there is no picking and choosing. We meet because we can’t help it. Indeed, the very persons of all others we should especially prefer to meet, seem to be precisely those who are the most kept out of our way. What, for instance, has become of that pleasant, bald-headed, old gentleman, who wore a frill to his shirt, and emerald studs, and a crimson watch-ribbon—who travelled with me all the way to Paris only last spring—who discussed so pleasantly various profound questions in political economy—who so exactly chimed in with my opinions on many subjects of interest—who, I am sure, is very anxious to know my name and address, if only with the view of making use of the same on the next occasion of his remodelling his will—who swore with me an eternal friendship—yet suddenly disappeared at the station, and whom I have never set eyes on since? Where may now be that delightful young lady with the violet eyes, and the crinkly hair, richly gilt, who, in the summer, was my fellow-traveller upon a railway in North Devon—who was working a pair of cuffs in crochet, the while she spoke so interestingly upon the subjects of pre-Raphaelite poetry, an aquarium that she possessed at home, and generally upon the marvels of the sea-shore, to be enjoyed at the uttermost at low tide? We have never met again. Has she sorrowed over that sad fact as I have? There are people continually meeting who seem expressly made to suit each other; who are admirably adapted to become friends, intimates, lovers, husbands, and wives; whose tastes, caprices, and opinions seem to dovetail together immediately, to fit to each other like portions of
marquetry or mosaic work. Yet there comes the end of the evening, when the young lady's carriage 'stops the way;' or the clock strikes twelve, and Cinderella runs from the ball-room, to be seen no more; or the bell rings, and the train starts; or the porter cries out the name of some unknown station, and she secures her bonnet-box, and trips away for ever. And the other kindred soul, with a sort of orphaned, with a sort of stealing, dejected, look on its solitary journey sorrowful enough. What admirable first chapters of romances (never, alas! to be carried any further) exist in those interviews with people one has met but once. The man of whom I am about to speak I met often, very often—not simply in a prescribed pathway at a particular hour, but in all places and at all times. I noted him at first the more especially that he seemed to present himself as an inarticulate contradiction of an axiom which I had accepted early in life. I had long held that fat and sadness could not co-exist, that there was a certain incompatibility of temperament that would always keep the two permanently divorced; but here I found a decidedly fat man with no less decided sorrowful expression. How could this be? What was meant by this strange union in the person of this man I was always meeting? He was a large man, altogether tall and broad, and musculously made. He was of a ruddy complexion; his face indeed was very red; and also with quite men with red faces whom I have had occasion to notice, he was prone to wear a white shirt, as though with the intention of giving the rich colour of his skin every chance of glowing out in the strongest effects, and with the most prominent force. Thoroughly possessed with this idea, he has even been known to wear a white handkerchief round his neck, or even a white scarf, retained in its original foldings by a massive horse-shoe-headed pin. There was this difficulty about my fat friend's neck— it was not possible to define exactly where it began and where it ended. It had entered into some extraordinary partnership arrangement of a close and binding fashion with his shoulders, and his chin, and his cheeks, by which they were all in some way merged in each other, and thoroughly welded and blended together. One consequence of this appeared, in the large amount of shoving that he had to unseal, for he were no hair upon his face, except so far as his eyebrows and eyelashes were concerned. It certainly afforded room enough for the indulgence of any fancy that might have seemed good to him in regard to form and growth of whiskers. He could have raised them in any of those curious shapes in which German residents love to cut flower-beds on their garden-lawns. He might have enjoyed ornaments of this kind, of either the triangle or the perk-chop, the crescent, the floating bird's-nest pattern, or even that unmeaning form known vulgarly as the 'Newgate frill.' But he disdained such poor shams and humors; he passed his razor unheeding only over a very large superficial area. He would seem to have been even possessed by a passion for shaving. Certainly he cut away large portions of his hair on either side of his forehead, and I am by no means sure that he did not shave behind his ears and at the back of his neck. The hair that remained to him seemed to be there only under suffrage, and rather against than with his intention. It was cut short, too, as scissors could cut it, but grew thickly and coarsely in consequence, and looked altogether rather like a tight-fitting black skein-heap, than an ordinary head of hair.

What did he wear in summer? What did he wear in the season of melancholy? Why was his nose so puckered and corrugated with frown? What weight sat so heavily upon his eye-lids, so threatening when he looked at the world of the restless orbs beneath them, that gave one the idea of blotting of shining black sealing-wax dropped upon pink blotting-paper, for the whites (a courtesy title in this case) were unquestionably bloodshot. Why was he thus 'o'ercoast with gloomy cares and discontent,' like Syphax in the play? What had he done in the past? What sorrow was he anticipating in the future? He was a fat man and a sad; yes, and a respectable-looking. He was always in black, with a cape-band encircling his broad-brimmed white hat. He were a dress-coat always curling dejectedly; the bollwit and school-boy jacket clasps of attire, now so alarmingly prevalent. 'The wastcoat was of glossy black satin. He was one of those figures which throw off rich waistscoats to great advantage, bringing them well under notice, and presenting a large surface of the matter to public view. A watch-chain formed a handsome festoon on the face of his waistcoat. His boots were resplendently polished; they were quite works of art of their kind. If he bleached himself, and it is not altogether improbable—for I believe that many more people black their own boots than are supposed to do so—he evidently bestowed both mind, and time, and toil upon them. I can conceive such a pelish proceeding from the labour of his mind retarding that I have ever known; and yet, in spite of this appearance, imposing and meritorious, it might not be absolutely winning, this man was not happy...

I met him everywhere; he was always the same stout man, with the same sorrowful expression; he varied neither in size nor in look. I knew him too; I could see a sort of blank in his eyes as he passed—a mental unexpressed recognition of me. 'This man again!' he must have said to himself, just as I said to myself the same words precisely. Only he had given him more often, invariably, I called him 'Marrowfat.' By what process of thought I arrived at this word, which I understood by it, what particular meaning it possessed from myself which shows how and how I applied that meaning to the fat man I was meeting so constantly, I cannot now in any way explain. 'Marrowfat again!' I exclaimed within myself as I passed him, and then I marvelled what his name he within himself had applied to me; and I held a mental inquest upon myself from the crown of my hat to the double sole of my boots, in the attempt to discover some peculiar meaning that might in any way come into this man's attention, and with which he might identify me, and out of which he might draw a name that might seem to him applicable to me. But somehow, though I have a respectably keen perception of the foibles of my neighbours, my own, I notice, do what I will, somehow escape me.

But though I could find a name for Marrowfat, I could not find for him a profession, and this rather puzzled and annoyed me. He did not look like a clergyman—no, certainly not like a clergyman, even if you took away his white hat; nor like a doctor, nor like a lawyer—though more like a lawyer than either a clergyman or a doctor; but then the lawyer presents a genus of which there may be many and widely differing species. He did not look like a commercial man; I could fancy that he possessed a mind far above trade. I could, with the aid of my imagination, put him into a variety of situations, but I could never see him comfortably behind a counter, pressing on it with his knuckles as though he were wafering letters, and, with a seductive smile upon his face, inquiring. 'What do you want?' I should be sure that Marrowfat never filled such an occupation as that. He might be tarry, though his settled melancholy seemed to prevent a negative to this notion. Could a man so ultimately out of condition of health as he was have a sensible connection with the R. ? Was he the strong man of an aerobat troupe? Ah! he might be that. And I guessing more and more, I lose them, and rub the whole of the restless orbs beneath them, that gave one the idea of blotting of shining black sealing-wax dropped upon pink blotting-paper, for the whites
yet know no more about him; to call him assuredly Mortmain was a mistake. The name. While that his real name was something vastly different

I cannot conveniently set forth all the reasons that took me from London last autumn; certainly, among the last causes of pressing consideration was the fact that the weather was two

factual: that the weather was becoming unbearable, and that I was now meeting Marrowf Got a great deal to the back of my mind. And I found myself at a small watering-place on the eastern coast—called Middleton. Perhaps it is hardly fair to call it a watering-place at all; it was rather the first slight sketch of one, the nucleus which a watering-place was to grow in the future; a small huddle of fishermen's cottages; a farmyard, copped by a miniature light-house; a very strong smell of fish, pitch, and tar-paper; a hotel; three lodging-houses; a dissecting chapel (the parish church was three miles inland); a farm-like edifice, with Corinthus capitals; called the Assembly Rooms; two bathing-machines; and an omnibus troubled with a bad attack of dry-rot, and used to convey passengers, when there were any from the railway-station to the hotel. These items duly set down, and I think I have catalogued the whole of Middleton. It will be gathered that it was not a very attractive place. Still, it had its advantages: I should be very quiet; I should have it all to myself; I could do what I liked with Middleton: I could bathe in its sea, and walk on its pier, and ride in its omnibus, and—(I had no wish to add Marrowfit for some weeks had passed since I had been there)—but somehow I was not so happy at Middleton as I had expected; I should be the weather changed, and grew very, very cold, and rainy. I could not walk upon the piers, I could not see the waves spittingly splashing with my spray. All notion of bathing was abandoned, and the two bathing-machines were drawn close up to the cliffs, to be within reach of the surf. There was certainly a panorama of amusements in Middleton; visitors were made too much dependent upon their own resources for enjoyment; when anything like bad weather rendered nugatory the natural advantages of the place. I returned to my hotel. I would read yesterday's newspaper over again, perhaps the daily paper over again. The members of the house think me a very strange person, if I were to try and get better through the day by eating two dinners—no, one after three o'clock, and another at eight! Should I be perhaps very eccentric if I were to go to bed until dinner-time? It was a dull hotel; it seemed to exist without doing any business, as though it were blessed with a small independence, and was under no absolute necessity to work for its living. There was a multi-eaten waiter with a husky voice, who seemed to pass his life in giving up a slatternly chambersmaid of great antiquity, who were specula and a wig, and was always carrying about a battered candlestick, as though it were glued to her hand; or gave the like one of those morbid developments of extra limbs which nature sometimes indulges in.

"Orrit weather, sir ain't it?" said the waiter, as I entered; and I shouldn't wonder if it was to last like this, oh, for ever so! and he gaped so violently that he brought the tears into his eyes; but he was evidently the better for it. "There's a gent in the parlour just arrived;" and he grinned, deliciously, I thought.

"A gent in the parlour! is there? Poor wretch! he'll enjoy himself at Middleton," I thought as I stepped the handle of the door.

On this table was a white hat with a black band; close to that was a large tumbler of the brownest brandy and water I think I ever saw; on the floor was a black gorilla's brown brandy and water and was a fat man with a sad expression—Marrowfit! We stood for a moment looking at each other, What extraordinary chance had thus brought us together! Was I about as fast to learn what my fat friend really was? I felt rather giddy. This unexpected meeting seemed to have got into my head, as though it were in some way invested with alcoholic properties. The fat man took a glass at the brown brandy and water; tattooed vigorously on the table, as though he were playing a grand fantasy on a double bass; and then stared fixedly at me.

"Marrowfit? Who would have ever expected it?" So I thought to myself.

"—here! Who would have expected it?" So he must have thought to himself. Yes, the same red-faced fat man, with the same expression of hopeless melancholy, the same white hat, and scarf with the horse-shoe pin, the same black satin waistcoat, the same brilliantly polished boots. Why had he come to Middleton? What could he possibly want in Middleton?

We were both thorough Britons, I am proud to believe: we were both most anxious not to speak without an introduction from a common friend. We did all we could to preserve silence, and to ignore the presence of each other; yet was there something so remarkable in the manner of our meeting, that each must have felt his character as an Englishman was gradually slipping from him; each must have longed to address the other; I could bear it no longer; without the utterance of a word, I proffered him the newspaper of the day before yesterday. He didn't read it; evidently, probably he never had through it; he glanced at it; then he laid it down and beside him, He gushed at his brown brandy and water again, and then gave the tumbler a sort of circular twist in the air. I presumed the action was a manly sentiment in some way of my presence; but his eyes were still staring fixedly out of the window.

A dull place this," I stammered out at last. I was nearly adding, "Mr. Marrowfit. There was certainly a panorama of amusements in Middleton; visitors were made too much dependent upon their own resources for enjoyment; when anything like bad weather rendered nugatory the natural advantages of the place. I returned to my hotel. I would read yesterday's newspaper over again, perhaps the daily paper over again. The members of the house think me a very strange person, if I were to try and get better through the day by eating two dinners—no, one after three o'clock, and another at eight! Should I be perhaps very eccentric if I were to go to bed until dinner-time? It was a dull hotel; it seemed to exist without doing any business, as though it were blessed with a small independence, and was under no absolute necessity to work for its living. There was a multi-eaten waiter with a husky voice, who seemed to pass his life in giving up a slatternly chambersmaid of great antiquity, who were specula and a wig, and was always carrying about a battered candlestick, as though it were glued to her hand; or gave the like one of those morbid developments of extra limbs which nature sometimes indulges in.

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and the cold; I waited in the coffee-room, trying to read Paterson’s Road-book and a Postal Guide. I came to the conclusion that I had met with decidedly more interesting works.

They had not many ideas on the subject of dinners at the Middleton Arms Hotel. Visitors were shown a long list of dishes; and after they had thoroughly studied it, and made themselves masters of it, and decided upon an elaborate array of plate, they were quietly informed that all they could have for dinner—the list being a mere cheerful form and of no particular use—was the choice of the chambermaid, not much moved to mirth, and evidently distressed in mind from being detached, though only temporarily, from her favourite battledore candlestick.

The moth-eaten waiter looked in an expectant and futilely, to give a frenzied laugh, and disappear again. Mr Mackleboy took money at a pigeon-hole close to the entrance, only to cash one and receive back the check he had given in exchange in another portion of the building. Certainly he was a most painstaking and indefatigable agent and manager.

Mr Woffles was almost the sole attraction of his monster tour. There was a thin inane man, with lank hair and a debilitated drooping moustache, who played solos upon the harmonium, and accompanied the eminent buffo’s singing on the piano. It seemed to me that he was under strict injunctions to laugh at all Mr Woffles said, or sung, or did. He accomplished this in a feeble, broken, disjointed way that was exceedingly painful. But I believe it is held to be the right thing for the companion to laugh on these occasions; and he is accordingly paid for it.

It has a good effect upon the audience, who immediately exclaim: ‘Dear me, it must be funny. Why, see the man who accompanies him, and hears him every night—why, even he can’t help laughing!’ There was a short young lady of about ten, in fawn ringlets, and a white short dress tied with pink ribbons, who possessed an expression that was quite full grown, it was so intense, and played upon the orchestra O where and O where, &c., with variations of the most aggravating intricacy. And now and then, by a change in the programme, and as a relief to Mr Woffles, Augustus Mackleboy would rush from his pigeon-hole to the platform, and howl forth the most dismal tenor song he could think of; and having wrung his audience to the extremest pitch of suffering, he would send on Mr Woffles as a balm and antidote to them. But amidst all his comic singing, eccentric posturing, and extravagant dancing, Mr Woffles, I could see, was the same fat sad man. His small black eyes perhaps acquired an additional twinkle from his new sensations, but his mild melancholy, and his fine, unassuming, ungraceful though it sped, and left him deserted him. Certainly the small audience rewarded his efforts with shrieks of laughter. And he was funny. There was a touch of this fat, stolid, and looking man unsympathetically doing these droll things, that was striking. When the serious-looking clothes looked him in the face, and affected to be a comic crossing-sweeper performing a comic dance with his broom, or when he appeared as a tipsy policeman with a long pipe and a pewter pot, the situations seemed to be so foreign to the appearance and character of the man, that there was something irresistibly laughable about the whole business. The audience laughed and applauded lustily, and I confess I joined them.

Whatever you do, Mr Woffles, with the severest seriousness, addressed me afterwards at the hotel—‘whatever you do, don’t, my dear sir, don’t take to comic singing; don’t be tempted to it by any consideration.’

I replied, modestly, that I had not, and that I did not think I could acquire the requisite talent. He received this observation almost sorrowfully.

‘It don’t require talent,’ he answered; ‘that’s the last thing it wants. Say a loud voice and a strong leg: then there’s nothing more needed. Have I talent for it? No. You know I haven’t; you, more than any man. Stay! have a glass with me; do. Thank you, my dear sir. Alcohol suits them. The audience for two. I saw you in the hall; you laughed; it was very good.”
PARS’S LIFE PILLS, sold by all respectable druggists in
town or country! Acknowledging this, and owning
the prevalence of puffs, it is with some natural trepi-
dation that I put forth my modest title to a fraction of
popular notice. Shoes and Boots may be
taken for an ally of Mr Sparkes Hall, the ‘scientific
bootsmaker,’ and author of a charming pamphlet on
the intrigues of the human foot. It may be regarded as
one of the patentees of the Pannus Corium, eager to
force my registered material upon an incredulous
public, and heretically dissenting from the proverb
which attests that ‘there is nothing like leather.’
Let me, however, hasten to protest that such guesses
would be wide of the mark. Simply, and in matter-
of-fact style, I wish to give a brief history of shoes and
boots, from the earliest ages down to the present time.
The most ancient covering for the foot is undoubtedly
the sandal; indeed, it is doubtful whether
simplicity could have been pushed to a greater extent,
if the pedal extremities were to be protected
at all. The sandal, in its primitive form, was a
mere oblong of leather or of wood, guarding the sole
of the foot from abrasion. It was kept in its place
by a strap crossing the great toe, and was further
secured by a multitude of thongs which were bound
round the ankle. The upper part of the foot was
left bare; and it is easy to see that, however indiffer-
ently such a device might answer for a hard road or
stony desert, it was most unfit for wearers whose mode
of life compelled them to shuffle through swamps
and thorny thickets. Accordingly, the sandal, which
originated in the East, and which, to the best of our
knowledge, is the only shoe alluded to in the Bible,
was greatly modified during the course of its adoption
by the nations of the West. The classic sandal in
its integrity was soon left to the Oriental provinces
of the empire, while the Romans dinned a species of
shoe, capable of covering at least the instep, and which
gradually became more comfortable. Even in the old
days of Attic freedom, the ctharum, the ‘lofty buskin’
of the tragic actor, had become a recognised feature
in the Greek drama, and from these theatrical articles
of attire were probably borrowed the boots worn by
persons of patrician rank under the successors of
Augustus. To this day, the sandal is worn by some of
those primitive races whose scanty measure of civilisa-
tion is all derived from Rome. The Illyrians, the
Greeks of the southern frontier, the Wallachians, and
also the Spanish mountaineers of Basque and Aran
had wear the quaint old sandal, with its interlaced thongs,
its thick sole, and its barbaric discomfort. But the
luxurious population of Rome soon began to impose
on the old model. Shoes were soon constructed of
costly materials, clasped and embroidered in gold, and
bedecked lavishly with ornament. The manufacture
was no longer confined to the household, or to artisans
of the rudest skill; it became a science, with its rules,
its secrets, and its accredited masters. Juvenal
advised the cobbler not to go beyond his shoe, and
indeed if the satirical poets are to be relied on, the
vulgar of Rome must have had enough to do to satisfy
the capricious and haughty dames of patrician de-
scent, without dabbling in matters unprofessional.
In the Lower Empire, as organised by Constantine
and Justinian, the colour of boots was a matter of
no trifling import. The emperor’s own sacred feet
were gracefully draped with purple buskins; those of his
emperors in dignity, the Cesar and Augustus, were of
the same Tyrian dye. Great courtiers and generals
were permitted to dingle their buskins red; and the boots
of the commonalty were expected to be of dainty
hues, though the bulk of the nation still adhered to
the antique sandal, more or less modified.
Meanwhile, our Gothic ancestors, many of whom
were marching on sandalled feet to the conquest of the
sinking empire.
Not that the Gothic sandal was identical with that of
the Araucan and Hellenic races; that Eastern fabric
would not have answered among the impenetrable
forests, the tangled brakes, and drear monomones of Hercegovia and Batavia. The road of the Tenutoic tribesmen were guarded by such a quantity of broad thongs crossing and recrossing the foot, and then interlacing around the ankle till they nearly reached the knee, that they were likely proof against thorns and the bite of reptiles; and, indeed, their style of footgear might have been classed less as a true sandal than as a shoe and gaiter put on in a slow and tedious manner. Meanwhile, other parts of the world had not been backward in invention. The Scythian horsemen, whose multitudes began to blacken the outskirts of the Roman dominions, were bouded Tartars, one and all, whether they called themselves Huns or Avars, Turks or Oghurs. Indeed, the long boot of sheepskin appears to have been the earliest traditional foot-covering of this pastoral and roving race. The pawny shoo of Gaul were gradually turning their sandals into the wooden shoe, craggy hollowed out of the tough stem of a tree, which we see them wear to this day under the name of sabot. Already the Hindoo was stuffing in dainty slippers about the marble courts of his zenana, and already the Chinaman rejoiced in those surpassing boots which sufficed him to the present time. The latter, with their soles of incrusted thickness, formed of pith, or more often of some wood of a light character, appear grotesque in our eyes, but, as they come from Pekin, they are said to be satisfactory enough. They are certainly convenient in so muddy a country as China; and although black satin is the usual material of what it may seem Hibernian to call the 'upper leathers,' yet satin is probably cheaper in Cathay than humble calico-skin in our own markets, and Ching and Ching will probably adhere for a generation or two to the old modes. Of Chinese shoes feminine, it is impossible to speak with toleration. Those unnatural structures, in shape and size not unlike the hoof of a horse, may be, and often are, prettily wrought, and lavishly adorned; but what avail seed-pearls and gold thread, and all that floss-silk, jewels, spotty feathers, and costly silks, to decorate an avowed monstrosity, and shed beauty upon this distortion of the limbs? Perhaps there never was a custom so utterly devoid of sense as that of squeezing the women's feet into a fashionable shape, and yet how rooted it is, and how useless has it hitherto proved to talk against it on grounds of ridicule and sanitary science! What does Ching care for the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie? And how many prejudices would Chang resign at the bidding of the Times or the invocation of Punch? Missionaries and surgeons have hitherto had about as much success in their crusade against the 'small-footed,' as Mrs Colonel Bloomer in England, or as a Moslem hakim would have who should visit London to preach against tight-lacing. But Fashion is a fairy capable of taking off spells as well as of imposing them; and now that we have forced our acquaintance on sullen and suspicious China, we may hope that, in a few years, the Buddhist bellies will import their lovedcoupins from Paris, and that the quaint old torture will come to an end at last. In Asia, Africa, and Polynesia, it must be owned that there is little to be said of the shoes of the generality of the people: they mostly go barefoot. In India, the ryot guides his rude plough with naked feet; the Bheel wood-cutter, the Gond jungle-wallah, the post-runner, the dhoolie bearers, the Lascars, sweepers, servants, the people in our own streets, all go barefoot till the peninsula. Even Jack Sepoy, when parade was over, and the white cotton replaced the scarlet cloth, delighted to kick off his shoes, and free his feet from olorinous leather; it is the habit of the baboo or moonasahe, or dealer in the bazaar, or secretary to somebody, who makes a point of wearing silk slippers, and who usually advertises his in an uncommercial way, as if he longed to be rid of them. So in the Pacific Isles, the missionaries had no light work to induce the converts to give up the practice of going barefoot, and to wear the laced old heathen ways. So in the Cape Colony, where the Caffres and Griquas travel at a swinging trot over stones, cactus-plants, stumps, and thorns, as if they had a special protection and safe conduct from their neighbour the rhinoceros. In the Austrines, in Guinea, and in most other tropical countries, shoes are scarce indeed. In Abyssinia, the king and nobles are certainly shod, but the 'million' goalahs to toabour and the chasse, and the Arab camel-driver prefers to tread the hot sand with a bare foot. The West India segments do not most of their privates from the Gold Coast of Africa, where the tall Coromantee black is found to possess more vigour of body and mind than the languid creole negro of the islands. But these salb reclute have one terrible ordeal to get over—the shoe! This is a badge of civilization which, very literally, galls their souls. They cry over their shoes. They kick them off surreptitiously, they hide them, they desert expressly to escape their shoes, they 'mangle' their way into hospital, preferring a sham sick-bed to the reality of shoe-wearing. In all respects they are good brothers, save only with reference to shoes. To be sure, Sartos objects to weight borne on the back, and has a trick of placing his knapsack on his woolly head; but this is not a rare habit in the time of the African black to be reconciled to shoes. Much of a sailor's duty is also performed without shoes; and it would be easy to point out a thousand tribes who abjure all protection for their feet. Shoes are little worn in Barbary; the Moors and Kabyles cross the most stilly mountains barefoot, and yet the principal Algerian chiefs are proud of their enormous boots. That this is a sentiment of taste, this applies to the sheiks of the Sahara alone, for the Moorish gentry in towns wear slippers of Turkish pattern.

It is at St Constantine's day when reaching its sublime pitch, and soars into absolute poetry. The bazaars display thousands of pairs of slippers, delicate and small enough to fit Cinderella's self, and of a dazzling splendour. The bearded and tattered artisans under whose fingers those cunning structures develop themselves, must have a painter's soul beneath their calfskins. Velvet slippers, silk slippers, cloth slippers, slippers of woven grass, slippers of Taffet leather, slippers of crimson, of pink, of orange, white, azure, purple, of all colours except the sacred green, which may not be profaned in such usage. Slippers royally embroidered in gold, brightly braided in silver, jewelled with ruby and turquoise, tuffed with dainty down from the wild-swan's breast of snow, wrought in seed-pearls, the whitest that Oman and Scandal can supply. There are some slippers that seem to emulate the gorgeous colouring of gaudy insects, the glorious mail of the dragon-fly, the gold powdered purple of the emperor butterfly; there are others as chastely beautiful as the pale pinkish shell on the sea-shore; others again so elaborately, that months must have been required for the patient needle to elaborate those golden sprigs of flower, to combine that intricate scroll of pearlwork, to complete that Arabian flourish. What sort of feet are worthy of those radiant coverings—feet of nymphs, or peri's, or actual bond-side women of this matter-of-fact, mutton-shop world we live in? At anyrate, they must be small, sharply, and fair to look upon; and it is a fact that most of Turkish feet are not in both sexes. Those superb shoes are not all for female wear; some of the simplest—more crimson or violet velvet stiffened with gold and floss-silk, till little of the groundwork is left visible under the gorgeous stuff—are meant for dandy boys and gay young agas of fashion. True, the degenerate pachas and other officials prefer to buy their boots, their slippers, and their slipper-trade is a gainful one. Besides the splendid fabrics I have spoken of, and which are worn by sultanas
and ladies of rank, there are everywhere exposed for sale whole mountains of the yellow slippers and yellow leather sacks which Turkish women alone may wear. The same red and dull Mohammedan sandals, and the dull black or purple shoes to which the Greeks and Armenians are legally restricted. No Christian may wear yellow shoes, on pain of the haemorrhage of the tongue, a punishment also inflicted for protection; but now-a-days every non-Mohammedan who can afford it, buys first his berath of naturalisation, and then a sufficiency of Ermin-lined boots and bodkins for himself and family. So, in the palmy-days of persecution, Jews and Cagots, in some of the most civilised realms of Christian Europe, were compelled to wear shoes of a peculiar hue, as a badge of proscription.

The natives of some countries appear to have been forced to exert their inventive powers in improving their foot-coverings, from the very nature of the life they lead. Thus, the Arabs of Najd, leading a life of unceasing warfare, encase their chief warriors in heavy armour, and even plate their boots with steel scales, until their invincibility throws them that of Achilles into shadow. The Tartars of Bokhara and Khiva have the soles of their boots garnished with sharp steel points, likeurrecricket-shoes, to enable them to traverse glaciers and icy wastes impassable to cavalry. The Red Indians of Canada, and the people of Scandinaviean Europe, independently discovered the use of those well-known shoes called Skider in the Norse tongue, by the aid of which the hunter can float lightly and swiftly, like a web-footed bird, over the deep snows that would otherwise engulf him. The skates, supposed to be an invention of the Danes or Dutch, is another instance in which man's ingenuity has taken advantage of the very rigours of the season; while the Roman soldiers wore shoes, with soles thickly studded with nails, the advantage of which he found in the passage of a marsh or the scaling of mountains. The mocassin of the North American Indian is a singular exception to the general rule, that all shoes are improvements on the ancient sandal. To this day, a savage will frequently renew his mocassins by adjusting on his feet portions of the pliant skin of a freshly slain deer, or bunch, and tying a thong or sinew around his ankles, compels the undressed hide to shape itself upon its animated last. This is merely the lastest form of the mocassin, indeed, for the Indian women are adept in their manufacture; and often produce very neat specimens of their craft, made of dressed deer-skin of beautiful blue and brown shades, ornamented with shells and beads, and silvered, and further decked with feathers, and dressed in white, or violet velvet, decorated by large crosses woven in gold thread. We have a relic of this fashion in that famous papal slipper which is still saluted by the devout, and which is similarly adorned. Meanwhile, the steel boots of the knights grow stronger and stronger; from mere laces of iron or a leather foundation, they gradually turned to the broad-toed structures of steel which a few collections still can exhibit. Henry VIII. wore very rich shoes, wrought with his badge—the Rose. Pizarro, the illustrious conqueror of Peru, was painted in his usual garb; and to this day his picture shows us the glistening white shoes, clasped with diamonds, which he loved to wear. During the Tudor reigns, innumerable quantities of ribbons were used to decorate the shoes, generally of gay colour, such as carnation or light-blue. Francis I. was a good customer to the ribbon-weavers, and even the haughty Spaniards gradually learned to bedeck their shoes with huge rosettes, after the French pattern. In Elizabeth's reign, came in the Spanish boot or brassin, that wide-topped, theatrical showy device with which pride in the appearance of the wearer have made our age familiar, and which, from its fancied resemblance to a funnel, the French called the 'boute et l'entonnoir.' In its most perfect condition, it was made of mild-white Coriody leather,
decorated with gold or silver spurs, stitched with silver, and edged with a deep fall of costly lace. But it was more often in the cream-coloured leather, and sometimes of red or black. The gallants of Paris long adhered to this fashion, which was worn by the English cavalry of the two first Stuart reigns. They were the haughty German warriors—heavy, plain, brass-bound, steel-heeled, for use, and not for show. To this, and to the shining square-toed black shoe which was invariably adopted by London citizens and apprentices, succeeded the satin and Spanish leather shoes, the morocco boots, and gay bravery, of the Restoration.

The Celtic races, whether in Ireland or the Highlands, were for the most part barefooted at the close of the seventeenth century. The only shoe known among the mountaineers was the 'brogue,' a loose and ill-made article of attire, seldom worn except on holiday occasions. A surprising number of the lower class in England were also shoeless; but the well-to-do peasant, and still more the yeoman, was proud of his leather footwear, and boasted that he was not forced to shuffle in wooden shoes, like the French. To this day, Orangemen thank King William for saving Ireland from the ignominy of 'wooden shoes;' and during the period of Charles II's mercenary subservience to Louis XIV., great turmoil was excited in the House of Commons when some wag contrived a play upon the phrase 'the foot of France is now at the head of the French domination, over the Speaker's chair. About the time of the revolution of 1689, red heels were introduced, and were adopted with enthusiasm. English, French, and Spanish, Dutch and Germans, went crazy after red-heeled shoes. Ladies wore them, cavaliers strutted in them, princes never appeared without them, and they became the <i>plus ultra</i> of modesty. King's and nobles, Lords Marlborough, Villars, wore red heels, and in vain did the clergy devote floods of pulpit eloquence to their suppression. Heels grew redder and higher, year after year, until the mode wore itself out. Nor did white and coloured shoes go out for a long time. Lord Cornwallis, when viceroy of Ireland in 1798, was painted in white shoes; Louis XV. had his portrait taken in white shoes.

But the black shoe, once only the wear of citizens, gradually supplanted all the rest. For a long time, all shoes were buckled: men, women, and children wore diamond buckles. Those persons, male and female, who loved to ape magnificence commonly wore sparkling paste. Merchants of note on Change, or rich landowners, had buckles of gold; well-to-do shopkeepers adopted silver; and while the farmer's shoes were buckled with shining steel, the poor were forced to content themselves with black iron or brass. But buckles were imperative. When poor Louis XVI., in the throes of the Revolution, was compelled to receive Roland as his minister, Roland had a severe controversy with the court-marshal before he could make his way, in shoes merely tied with strings, into the royal presence. Canning penned a severe sarcasm on the French parvenu statesman, which was published in the <i>Anti-Jacobin</i>, and which was thought to be very proper and keen, though time has blunted its sting.

Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes,

no doubt conveyed an amount of witty irony to the buckled fops of the St James's Street of seventy years back, when we live this history of a century too late to appreciate. Then everybody took to shoestrings, and the buckle-makers were ruined, and stumps of laces and ribbons or crepe-coloured strings at the request of their clamorous prayers that shoe-strings should be forbidden under penalties. In boots, England then set the fashion. Substantial Britons wore top-boots even on Change and in the city of London. France borrowed the fashion in the Anglo-mania just before the Revolution; and hence it was that Danton, in top-boots, thundered from the tribune for more heads, and that Hoche, also in top-boots, rushed to repel the enemy from the Rhine. Next, we adopted from Germany the Hessian boot, with its tassels and its black shiny surface, and the French speedily followed, also in top-boots, rushed to compliment to our bold ally, Marshal 'Vorwärts,' and the more permanent Wellington, which promises to perpetuate itself. Since then, we have seen few idle vagaries, and many legitimate improvements. Balmorals and kid-boots for ladies, India-rubber goloshes, and so forth, have been produced less for whim's sake, than for downright purposes of health and convenience. Perhaps Fashion, weary of kaleidoscopic changes, has mercifully resolved for the future to make common sense her vicegerent over the realms of St Crispin.

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STORY AT THE PIGEONHOLE.

To amuse us, he sometimes told us stories in evenings while mamma was busy working, darning dreadfully dilapidated stockings, or sewing the edge of cobble of old worn shoes. One night she had a headache, and retired to rest much earlier than usual, and being alone with papa, as the rest of the children had gone to bed, I asked him to tell me a story.

'A nice long romantic story,' said I, putting my arms round his neck, for I thought he looked so tired. "Rufus as he sat at the fire.

'Very well,' he replied, stirring the coal to make a blaze.

I ran and put the candle out—we never burned a pair together—and drawing a stool near to papa's chair, leaned my head against his arm while he spoke.

'When there was once upon a time, Jessee, an elderly man of eccentric habits, who had a son called Robert, and this son grew up with the idea that his father was unfeeling and unreasonable, as his mother, who was a Frenchwoman, fond of gaiety and frivolity, sought to screen him from punishment whenever he was guilty of doing wrong, and was in the habit of petting him tenfold after his father had chided him for a fault. So Robert thought his father both cruel and foolish, and always shrank out of the room where he was, particularly if his mother was not present. Frequently he heard angry disputes between his parents, and his mother was often very violent in her passions. The boy thought she was always in the right, and his blood would boil angrily when he beheld her crying and sobbing, while his father only looked immovably stern, with a pale face and a flashing eye. One day there was a greater quarrel than ever; very loud words were spoken on both sides. Robert was not in the room with his parents, but he heard some of the sentences uttered, as he stood trembling in the lobby.

'Woman!' cried his father in a hoarse strange voice, "you and your boy may quit this roof for ever! Begone as soon as you like; I will never try to detain you!"

'Take!' spoke the mother, "and when I go, I shall rejoice that I am at last revenged!"

'She then rushed out of the room, ran towards her son, and pulling him into another apartment, shut both him and herself up. He was then about nine years old.

'His mother's face was white with fury, her eyes sparkling, and the veins in her temples standing out like ropes. She looked like an insane creature, wild
and fearful. Robert's heart beat, and he felt that his father must be a woefully cruel man to cause his dear mamma to become so excited. All that day she stayed in her room, and no one could persuade her to eat or drink. During the afternoon, Robert heard his father order a servant to go for Mr Spurnheim, the lawyer who generally managed his affairs; and so Mr Spurnheim came both with closed and together for a long while in the library, engaged in some enthralling business. At last they separated. Mr Spurnheim looked curiously at Robert when he passed him on the stairs, and the boy remarked it, but he did not know till years afterwards what had been done against him that day in the library. He went up in the evening to his mother, and sat close by her side, hoping she was not going to lose her senses, for her eyes had a strange glassy look. Neither of them went to dinner or supper, and there was a gloomy silence all over the house. Even the servants went up and down, with grave faces, for they knew their master and mistress had quarreled seriously. When it grew late, Robert went to bed, and when passing to his own room he heard his father walking to and fro in his apartment with a hurried step. He longed to burst into the room and say: "O papa, can't you and mamma make up and be good friends again? And I am afraid you would both be better than you are now!" But of course he dared not do such a thing; so he walked on up to his own chamber, and went to bed.

In the night, a great deal happened that Robert didn't know of, for he soon fell fast asleep, and did not waken till it was far advanced in the day. There seemed a hustle below stairs when he woke, a commotion of people hurrying hither and thither, that struck him with misgiving. He thought of his mother, and fearing she might be ill, arose and dressed, and crept out silently and cautiously. Just then, the lobbies and staircase seemed deserted; he ran down the first flight without seeing any one. For a long time he stood on the lobby leading to his father's room. The door of the chamber was wide open, all seemed silent within. Scarcely knowing why, Robert advanced towards it and peered in, though not expecting to meet any one there. How long he stood in the doorway, he never could tell, for the sight he beheld petrified him. The windows of the room were open, the curtains of the bed quite drawn back, and the white bedclothes hung over the bed, covered by a sheet. Robert had once before seen a dead man, his father's old gardener, who had died about a year before, and he knew the aspect of death very well. Walking on tiptoe, breathless, aghast, he moved nearer and nearer to the bed. It was his father's corpse that lay there, the upturned face paler than ever it had been before, the eyes firmly closed, the countenance marble-like, but stern as ever. Robert fell upon his knees at the bedside and cried: "Father! father! forgive me for all I have done against you! But the dead could not speak, Jessie, and the boy had no reason to think he was pardoned."

My father stopped now, and said he would tell me no more of the story to-night; but I entrusted him to go on—throwing additional coal on the fire, and putting in a bit of wood to make a cheery blaze—whereupon, seeing me so much interested in the nice romantic tale, he continued.

'Well, Robert knelt there till some one came and drew him away, and he was brought to his mother, who was in a highly hysterical state in her own room. The doctor was sent for, and had carried off his father in the night, and he was now an orphan, and far worse off than he knew himself to be. There was a funeral and a gathering together of friends and relatives, and the whole was hushed, in about a fortnight, Robert and his mother left the fine large mansion where they had lived so long, never to return to it again. The boy was sent to school, and in the vacations visited his mother in her new house, which was situated in a pleasant town on the continent. He did not now find her so indulgent as formerly; she was often harsh to him, and once or twice called him a troublesome beggar, and a variety of other names that hurt the poor boy's pride. "But, mother," said he one day, "have I no money of my own? My father had a will, and what has it all gone to? Did he leave his only child destitute?" He did!" shrieked the mother. "He left you a wretched burden on my income: you are nothing but a beggar!" Robert's face lit up wretched, yet he loved his mother still, but for which affection he would have run away and become a sailor or a soldier, or perhaps something still lower. She spent a gay life; her house was the resort of many Englishmen, who thronged her drawing-rooms day after day. Robert soon found that she was ashamed of having so old-looking a son, and he was glad when she procured for him a commission in a foreign service, which necessitated his removal to another part of the continent. Yet he felt that he was a friendless young man; and the image of his father's dead body, as he had seen it first, rose often before his fancy like a hideous vision. He had no counsellor to guide, no one to warn him against the evils that beset the path of youth. Temptation upon temptation overtook him, until, if you gambled, he won a little, but he lost far more; and a wicked companion led him on in vice, first beginning by robbing him, then ending by blackening his character. This companion was a Frenchman, enrolled in the same corps as himself; he was a man very young in years, but old in the world's ways. A gambler and a spendthrift, he overreached those with whom he had dealings, and never paid his debts when he could help it. Robert and he frequented the gaming-houses in the towns where they were quartered, till remorse set in and he thought of abandoning his evil practices. About this time, a letter reached him from his mother, containing these words, or something like them: "My dear son, when the news reached me, I was probably not a living creature. What little money I possess, I have bequeathed to you. Poor boy! you owe your mother nothing; you should abhor her memory. Since your infancy, she has been your ruin. To her you are indebted for losing your inheritance, and being now a poor man instead of a wealthy one! In my prayers one day to your father that I wished to leave his house, and bring you with me, as you were not his son, and had therefore no claim on him. I gloried in wounding his pride by every means, even if it were only for a moment. I never dreamed he would believe my words, nor do I yet think it, but, full of a rage which would probably have passed off, he sent for his lawyer on the spot, and made a will disinheriting you, and leaving all his property, which was not entailed, to a cousin whom he had always esteemed. Doubtless, had he lived, he would have burned this document; but death cut him off the very night after it was finished, and it stands against you for ever! I met with a fearful accident yesterday; the doctors say I cannot survive many days. Come, my son, and see me buried." Robert set off as fast as he could; and on arriving at his mother's residence, he found that, instead of being dead, she was recovering rapidly, and quite out of danger. All the repentance that her letter seemed to express had now vanished, since she was no longer afraid of dying, and she received him with open arms. She told him all that her letter had informed him of was true; that through her means he was a disinherited son, a man without position in the world, instead of being, what his father had deemed him to be, a respectable country-gentleman in his fatherland, Old England. Very harshly did his mother treat him during this visit; she refused to give him any money.
to pay his numerous debts, declaring that she was in debt herself. She reproached him bitterly for his want of prudence, and ended by insinuating that he was disappointed that she had not left the town and died. Robert returned to his regiment in a state of dejection, yet determined to steer clear of the temptations that had already nearly ruined him. He was prodigal of a fertile imagination, and he endeavoured to write short poems and fugitive prose articles for publications in England, for which he received as much money as paid some of his most pressing debts; but his former friend soon became an enemy, since he had given up his company. Evil reports were spread of him; it was whispered throughout the corps that he was a coward, and of dishonourable principles! He saw himself looked upon coldly by his associates, nag, almost shunned by them. hints were given him that it would be advisable for him to withdraw from the corps. This maddened him. By accident, he discovered the author of these foul slanders was, and furious with rage, determined to punish him. His enemy contemptuously refused to fight a duel with him. Robert declared that he was a coward and a scoundrel. A frightful quarrel ensued; it was in a cafe at night—Now, Jessie, go to bed.

"Oh, papa; I want so much to hear the end of the story. Do, please, go on."

CHAPTER V.
The Story Continued.

Robert seized a knife from a table, and in the wildest passion that ever blinding human reason, struck his antagonist with it. He fell; there was a cry of horror, and Robert felt himself hurried away, with shouts of, "He is dead!—he is killed!" ringing in his ears. "Fly! life!"呼声 were some one, who held him firmly by the arm, hurrying him through the silent streets of a flaky Italian town. "No," said Robert; "let me perish—let me die! What have I to fly to? Life! nothing to me! Would you die by the hand of the executioner!" replied his strong-armed friend, still bearing him on. That night, he left the town, and at daybreak was sailing for England. On reaching his native land, he was free, but almost penniless. In London, he endeavoured to obtain employment as a contributor to newspapers and magazines, and being a clever penman, he supported himself in this way, gaining some notoriety and friends by his literary productions. There was an old gentleman of considerable fortune who took a fancy to him, because he happened to meet him in one of the leading journals of the day, and he invited him to pay him a visit at his house in the country. Robert accepted the invitation, and found that the old gentleman lived in good style, with numerous equipages and servants. He was hospitably entertained, and introduced to the beautiful granddaughter of the old gentleman, a young girl as guileless as she was lovely. Robert fell in love with her at first sight.

"Was Robert handsome, papa?" I asked.

My father smiled.

"Yes; people called him handsome, and he knew it. The young girl looked kindly on him; and when her grandfather was sleeping on the sofa in the evenings, he was making love to her in one of the large bow-windows of the drawing-room. Her governess, an elderly woman, did not care much what she did; and her parents were both dead. She had brothers, but they were either in the army or at Oxford; so there was no one to interfere with Robert’s love-making. It was an audacious undertaking—he, a penniless adventurer; she, the petted child of a wealthy house, one who might have found a husband among the highest families of the country. Robert knew well there would be no use in asking her grandfather’s consent to their marriage. He could not bear the idea of parting from her; his passion was uncontrollable; yet she well knew the evil that would befall her if he induced her to leave the shelter of his love. She made up her mind to share the poverty that was his portion. He was aware she loved him; he had drawn the confession from her. It was with the hope of taking advantage of her affection—wonder of him to ruin her prospects for his own selfish wishes; yet he did it all in blind ardour. They fled to Scotland, and were married there. That delicate girl, reared in want and luxury, guarded from the world’s winds like a tender hothouse plant, linked her fate with a son of misfortune. Robert felt away a pang of remorse in after-years, when he looked at her fragile figure, groaning gradually more attenuated, and thought of what she had given up for his sake. Her family disowned her—brothers—grandfather—all! Her letters to them were returned to her unopened. They considered her a disgrace to them; they did not know that Robert had as good blood in his veins as theirs. Finding himself, as years passed on, in very straitened circumstances, he wrote to his father’s cousin—who was in possession of the property which should have belonged to himself—setting him how badly off he and his family were, for he had no name or children who were to be clothed and fed. He never got any reply to his letter. Overwork at length laid him on a bed of sickness; he had a fever, and was for weeks unable to do anything. In the meantime, news reached him of the death of his mother, who left him about five hundred pounds; and being weary of the confined atmosphere of dark streets in London, he thought of taking a country place, where he and his family could breathe fresh, pure air. His wife, in right of her mother, possessed a small sum of money which, being saved, she would have. Each year from these pounds a year: this was better than nothing; it helped to buy clothes for the family; but still they were miserably off. Their life was one continued struggle from year to year. They settled down in a very humble abode, remote from the civilised world, the wife becoming by degrees a mere household drudge; her accomplishmenes were forgotten; her looks unpacked. Poor saw her in youth; ere she married, she would have recognised her ten years afterwards. In disposition alone she remained a sweet and patient, ever uncomplaining. Never did she reproach the man who had thus destroyed her prospects. If she mourned her misfortunes, it must have been in secret, for the world knew her all alone. And now, Jessie, there is nothing more for me to tell you. Have you not heard enough?" As my father said this, he looked at me with an expression that puzzled me.

"Did you invent that story yourself, papa?" I asked, as I looked steadily at him.

"Yes; it is all my own story," he replied, smiling curiously.

"How clever you must be, to be able to speak it all out that way without thinking of it; you must be equal to Robert that wrote stories!"

"And what did you think of this Robert, Jessie?"

"I thought he was much to be pitied. But you should have made him grow rich in the end, papa, and get back his own property; and his wife’s family should have become reconciled to her."

"That would indeed be more like the story of a novel, my little girl, but not like reality. Life is not a romance, Jessie; there may be more misfortunes in its course, but the end is seldom happy or prosperous. We begin in misfortune, and we often end in it too."

It was now rather late; my eyes felt sore and sleepy, and the air had that chill sharp feel that comes in the depth of night. I retired sadly to bed in my little closet, thinking of papa’s story and mamma’s headache,
and a curious idea flashed upon me: perhaps Robert was papa himself.

CHAPTER VI.
DISTRESS.

For a long time, our life glided on in the same covert of ignorance. I knew the things would never change, and I longed for variety. Day after day was alike; we ate our breakfast, then dinner, then supper, then to bed; and so on from week to week, till months and years were added to the great pile of the past. No visitors; nothing came to rouse us from our loneliness. There were some changes which I resented—as our carpets grew more and more shabby, our old tea-kettle becoming dingy, the laces in my mother's face more marked, my father's face grayer and thinner; and on Sundays I saw that Mr. Home looked older and more inlin in the pulpit. These changes, however, were not pleasant; they only gave me cause for grave reflection. At fifteen, I thought myself quite a woman of a responsible age, and my head was filled with chivalry in Espagne. I had read a great deal, and my sisters owed to me nearly all the education they possessed. As I advanced in years, I began, of course, to think of my prospects, and to want to be pretty. It was long before I could find out what people thought of me, or what I was intended to think of myself. The small looking-glass in any way revealed to me a face rather oval in shape; cheeks a little inclined to fulness, and barely tinged with a slight shade of pink; dark hair, thick, and decidedly glossy; eyes of a deep blue, rendered darker in effect by the brows and lashes that furnished them; a mouth considerably smaller than many other mouths I saw, and white and evenly set teeth. This may sound vain, but vanity does not concern me, and I am not connected with what we call our appreciation of the value which we set upon them. I do not suppose it would have been a proof of modesty or timidity if I had removed a small, my face broad, and my mouth large, when such was not the case. I believe there are few lively people of either sex who have not, at some time or other of their lives, wished to add admittance once or twice, I was gratified when people said of me, 'Aha! she is like her father.' Because I knew papa was handsome; and once, when Rachel told me that Mrs. Webb's and Mr. Grange had been so kind, I said I was the 'most beautiful young lady she had seen for many a year.' I felt my heart bound with delight. Good Mrs. Webb never paid a visit to our cottage, save upon one occasion, which I shall speak more particularly of in its own place; but mamma and she exchanged civilities very often, and papa was frequently at Thorn Grange, seeking advice upon farming-subjects from Mr. Webb, who skilfully managed upwards of three hundred acres of land himself. Mamma possessed considerable knowledge of infantile ailments, and Mrs. Webb's gratitude was won by her treatment ofunday little Tommies and Polliies during the measles and hooping-cough; not that my mother ever condescended to visit the farm in person—she merely sent her medical advice by written recipes, assisted by various bottles of physic conveyed by herself. Mr. Webb had always told papa, that it would be impossible for him to make any profit of a farm so small as that which was attached to our cottage; and at last my father was obliged to agree with him, after suffering considerable loss during the process of learning by experience. The result of it was that he let all the land except the lawn and garden, sold off all the cattle to pay debts, and began again to write for periodicals, as he had done before leaving London. Having a taste for literature, I was employed in copying out from rough drafts, and preparing manuscripts for the press. One day, while engaged in writing for him, he leaned over my shoulder, and said: 'Jessie, when I am no longer with you, perhaps you will be able to write for your own support.'

'Where do you think of going to, papa?' I asked, looking up surprised.

'It may happen that I shall be removed from you in some way sooner than you think.' Of course the thought of death entered my head and alarmed me. I looked at papa's face; he did not seem paler than usual; his eye beamed brightly. Seeing my uneasiness, he laughed. 'Have I frightened you?' he asked.

'For a moment I felt alarmed,' I replied; 'but now I find you are only quizzing me.'

'Indeed, my dear, I am not quizzing you,' he replied gravely; 'I have an idea that we shall be separated before many months have passed away.'

Teens came into my eyes, blinding them, and I wrote on in a hurried nervous way, not daring to question my father any closer. I feared that he alluded to an arrest for debt, and I did not mention the circumstance to my mother, lest it should make her uneasy. From that day, however, I observed a sort of restlessness in my father's demeanour; he seemed unsettled, as if waiting for something. About this time, my parents were much embarrassed, thinking how they could provide for my brother Edward, who had entered upon his seventeenth year, and there was certainly great cause for anxiety on all sides. Edward himself was rather indolent and proud, though highly principled, and gifted with considerable talents; the idea of being placed in any low position would have preyed heavily on his spirit, and yet what better could he expect than to earn his bread as a counting-house clerk, or a merchant's apprentice? My father shared all his son's objections to the only ways of providing for him which seemed within our means. Things were beginning to look very black in our humble home. I lay awake very often at night, harassed with care, and it sometimes struck me that I heard footsteps approaching my closet-door, stopping there for about five minutes at a time, as if somebody were about to enter my room in the night, and then turned back without doing so. On three successive nights, I heard these footsteps thus mysteriously approach and pause at my door, and at last I mentioned the circumstance to my mother. She only laughed at what she called my dreams, and being convinced that I made no mistake, I determined to get up the next night when I heard the sounds, and discover if anybody, natural or supernatural, were really there.

Retiring to rest at my usual hour, I lay awake for a long time, watching and thinking, with a nervous feeling oppressing me, when the footsteps again approached my door; they paused, then retreated, then returned. Jumping out of bed, I groped for my gown, and had put it on, when the latch of the door was turned by a cautious hand; a light flashed round the room, and a figure clad in a dressing-gown entered, bearing in one hand a candlestick, in the other something that nearly made me scream, though I had presence of mind enough to control myself. The figure was that of my father. His face was a little flushed; his eyes had a glassy stare; the lips were compressed, as if with fixed determination. In his right hand he held an open razor. Like lightning, the thought flashed upon me that he was insane, and coming to murder me; I grew chill with terror, my blood seemed to freeze. He started back on seeing me standing by the bedside, instead of being asleep, as he had no doubt expected to find me; and dropping his hand suddenly, the razor fell into his lap. With all the instinctive movement, I sprang forward, and seizing the deadly weapon, shut it up, as I asked him in a husky voice if he wanted anything.

'No, nothing,' he replied. 'But why are you not in bed at this extraordinary hour?'

'My head ached, and I could not sleep,' I replied trembling.
with difficulties. For the sake of my mother, I implore your assistance at this trying time.—Your unhappy niece,
JESSIE KEPPTLEON.

LOFTY TUMBLING.

There are few of us, male or female, who have not attempted feats where none else dare. In our early youth,
walking on a wall of one brick thick, or along a line of posts and rails—to the terror of our parents and
guardians. But with time and experience, and a little—er, as the saying goes, it has come a sense of insecurity. To stand upon a
moving barrel was, even at school, a gift restricted to but few of our companions; the majority of us never attempted
but once, and then with the most unpleasant results. It became evident that nervous
and eye were wanting to us for the higher branches of the
art—the house-parapets, the poplar-trees, the bridge
balustrades—and we gave up the humilitating struggle
with a sigh. As we grew up, the bar, not the bar of
the gymnasium, the church, and not the steeple which
it was once our greatest ambition to surmount,
absorbed us with the common herd. A few embraced
the maritime calling, as approximating, in its climbing
requisitions, to our beloved pursuit, but by almost all
of us the Art of Acrobatics seemed to have
saken. Those who still clung to it could cling to
anything—a straw, a cobweb, a mote in a sunbeam
—and Nature herself had evidently marked them out
for a more prosaic, less heroic life among the
lives by all the world, on the tight or slack ropes.

There is no doubt that rope-walking is a dangerous
calling for any man. Il gagne la vie es cherchant de la
perdre. It is a far more dreadful trade than samphire
gathering, as much as the middle of a rope is a far
less pleasant place to dangle from than the end of it.
The rope-walker, however exhibiting certain stunts
of his art to the public, courage, and a command over limb and muscle that
is really admirable. It is, of course, a less respectable
pursuit than that of commerce, or even stock-jobbing,
but it is less certain death than many other trades.
The life of a stoker on board a steamship on the
coast of Africa, say, was a far more dreadful trade than
Samphire-gathering; and, as much as the middle of a rope is a far
less pleasant place to dangle from than the end of it.

I am far from denying the courage of a man who will
run upon a two-inch rope over space through which he would fall as an egg, and with
least effort. But I believe that a man would not adventure though the hazard should make
me Monarch of the Universe, but his position looks
far worse than it really is. A slip with him is not
necessarily a fall, for he could catch the rope by leg
or hand like a monkey; and it is impossible for one
who has always such a contingency in his mind to lose his nerve. If he falls, he is a dead man; and it is
that contingency which the spectators are always
contemplating, and which so greatly excites their awe
and wonder.

There are at present alive (at least at the date of
my writing this paper), and in London, two of the
most wonderful gymnasts that the world has ever
seen; either of whom exhibiting the least striking
of his performances among a savage nation, would
be hailed at once its monarch, if not its deity.
M. Blondin, indeed, may well be called the Prince
of the Power of the Air. He may know the
laws of gravity (although I doubt it), but he certainly
sets them at defiance. He exhibits feats
upon a two-inch rope, narrowed by tension to one
and a half inches, while the heads of those schoolfellows of whom I have spoken to perform
upon the solid earth. He is 110 feet from Death
beneath him, and 160 feet from safety on either hand,
when he stands on the middle of the rope. If falsehood

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or illness seized him there, no ladder could reach him, even if a man were found to ascend by it, to conduct his trembling feet to the ground. The guys and weights (of eighty pounds), which at intervals of twenty-five feet supported his sallow, emaciated form, would aid him nothing then. His thirty-feet perfectly-balance pole—his magic-wand of safety, and the one ally that makes the wandering with a rope possible—would be only an incumbrance to him in case of his having to snatch a flying grip. The mastery of such a situation as his—apart from the hideous accessories of the sack and bandage, or of the notion that the humble, of the chains and the baskets on his feet—has been acquired by no mean qualities, call him idiot, buffoon, templer of Providence, or what you will. M. Blondin’s father, as we are told, was a soldier of the First Empire, and served at Austerlitz, and in the dreadful Russian campaign. We may be sure his son has no less need of courage and endurance than had he. Even these gifts would be useless to him in his present calling without flexibility, accuracy of vision, strength, agility, delicacy of touch, and a score of other natural gifts. At four and a half he exhibited at the Gymnase at Lyon as the Little Wonder; at seven-and-thirty, he crossed 1200 feet of two-inch rope above Niagara Falls upon a pair of stilts four feet long. Witness those marvellous feats of thirty years of practice, practising with impunity a profession which some consider to be so dangerous that the law ought to interfere and yet it is so useless, they also argue, and I believe so far as to affirm that its effect is immoral. Good! When I see the metropolitan policeman engaged in ‘keeping the course’ as at present, in clearing Epsom Downs of the hundreds of thousands who congregate there to encourage ‘the means for improving the breed of horses’ (as the hypocrisies have it), then, I say, shake the rope, and down with the rope. Call these people, let us be consistent, and, in our zeal for humanity, not forget that M. Blondin is also a man, who wishes to earn his living. If the above considerations formed the principal topic of conversation of the thousands who thronged to see his first performance at the Crystal Palace, and poured into all railway-carriges quite independently of the nature of their tickets.

‘It’s disgraceful that it should be allowed!’ exclaimed one benevolent old gentleman, who was going down to the palace, he said, expressly not to see Blondin, and was therefore forwards detected in any race-glazed up in the ten-and-sixpenny gallery, where ‘a few places affording a hitherto unprecedented opportunity for laying aside one’s clothes, were reserved. Singularly enough, this respectable hypocrite and myself returned in the same carriage, when he confided to me, with respect to the feats he had been witnessing, that with a little practice he should not despair of performing them himself! The self-reliance of this rope-walker is indeed so excessive, that it begets confidence in the spectators. For a few steps down the incline of the rope, he treads with caution, but once on the level, his sinewy feet devour the way with ease and rapidity, lapping over the narrow path like claws. When he runs, in fact, he seems to be safest—perhaps from the notion which the movement suggests, of his getting off and away. When he marches very slowly to the music of the band beneath him, like a drum-major, the effect is really striking; the fantastic apparel—that of an Indian chief—which he wears, and the pompous movement being diverted of their absurdity by our overwhelming sense of the peril. The passage once effected in safety, the vast audience draws one long breath, and the hum of conversation, which entirely ceases during the performance, is resumed. All are gratified to think that the man is yet alive, and feel—a rare sensation with any audience—that they have had quite enough for their money. Yet the man recovers his composure, stepping on his feet to know how he stands on his head in the centre of the magic-pole, to lie down upon that scanty couch, and even to throw summersaults! Strangely enough, the sense of relief when this is over is neither so profound nor so intense as after the less dangerous performance. Use had already begun its petrifying work. Nevertheless, a great thrill of horror ran through the galleries, when this seeming madman proceeded to brandage his eyes, to put a sack over his head, reaching below his knees, and then to advance, as it were in the dark, upon that gossamer-thread. Coming down the incline, his nerves seem to give way, his knees to knock together, and he stagers and drops one of his legs below the rope. This was all affected, and belongs to his ‘sensation’ feats, but it robbed him of several of his audience. There was no shrieking, but every one shrank within himself, and many persons, both male and female, got up and went out into the open galleries for fresh air. He repeated this pleasant experiment more than once; he sat down in the middle of the rope, and with horrid tugs, divested himself of the sack and brandage, and threw them down. He did many other remarkable things, which have been described in the newspapers; things which recall that horrible story of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who is said to have compelled a man and horse to leap again, and again, and again, over a pile of bayonets, until they were impaired; things which, one thinks, must in the end be fatal.

A man who can play practical jokes on a possible violent death, must indeed feel secure of his position. I am at ease! Let him take his stove and cook his omelette; it will double be very good. Let him take his friend and carry him away, and let us be consistent, and, in our zeal for humanity, not forget that M. Blondin is also a man, who wishes to earn his living. * The above considerations formed the principal topic of conversation of the thousands who thronged to see his first performance at the Crystal Palace, and poured into all railway-carriges quite independently of the nature of their tickets.

* Since the above was in type, M. Blondin has thought proper to impress his child’s life as well as his own: a proceeding which the government has very properly forbidden for the future.
be fatal. The unhappy professor of the Trappe who immediately preceded M. Lectard at the Alhambra, was killed in that very hall; and the circumstances no doubt contributed to its present occupant's great popularity. The exhibition is at least as terrible as that of M. Blondin; and indeed notht but the perfect self-possession and coolness of both these men—combined with their evident physical gifts—enables one to gaze upon them at all. Nothing can exceed the grace and elegance of Lectard's motions. No ballet-dancing can compare with it for beauty. When he has climbed the little ladder that leads from the spring-board to the gallery, and standing upon that elevation, has the longest Trappee hauled up to him—the bar being removed from it, and a couple of stirrups for the hand set in its place—he presents a model for a sculptor. The mighty chest, the muscular arms and wrists, remind one of their power in the gorilla, in their beauty, of the Apollo Belvidere. Now he draws a long breath, grasps the stirrups firmly, and projects himself with a great impetus into space; he swings right across the vast arena, and raising himself by his wrists, returns to the gallery again, which he attains by a summersault. His flight is as swift and graceful as the exit and return of a swallow. Mighty might a more perfect meet in the house. A second Trappee is now slowly put in motion in front of him; he sweeps down as before to meet it, and losing his hold at the moment he has calculated upon, flies through the intervening space—ten feet, or twelve, or twenty, just as it happens—and, lo! he is swinging by the second! A third Trappee is then added, and the man flies across the whole arena with the stage added, his hands shifting so rapidly from bar to bar that the change is almost imperceptible. But his hands, agile as they are, are equalled by his other extremities; his knees, legs, are perfect in safety by that strange method, and before you have done wondering, comes down head over heels, with a great whirl on the spring-board, amid tumultuous applause. Sometimes he performs a summersault in the air between the Trappees, sometimes he turns round perpendicularly, as though to see how his deserted bar was going on in his absence, but the unvarying conclusion of every feat is to come down on the spring-board. Surely never before were human muscles so exsulcated, never has the story of Peter Stuyvesant received such wonderful confirmation. If he were all feathers and wirework, it would be impossible for this man to throw himself about with more apparent recklessness, but at the same time, as I believe, with a greater safety. The impression derived from beholding the feats of these two great gymnasts is this: that Blondin could not fall; and that if Lectard did fall, he would yet somehow save himself.

SHIPS' NAMES AND SHIPS' SIGNALS.

Every ship has a name; and, doubtless, names have been given to ships from very early times, although not many of the older ones have been handed down to us. The liberty, indeed, is boundless. If a man have 'a right to do what he will with his own,' he claims a right to give a name to his own property; and there is not, so far as we are aware, any record of tyranny interfering with the free exercise of this privilege. Mighty might the occasion, give names to ships belonging to the state. There was the world-renowned Argo, connected with the Argonautic expedition. There was the famous Bucicetus, in which the Doge of Venice, during so many centuries, sailed forth on his hynemal voyages to marry the fair Adriatic. There was the Great Harry, which astonished England as the chief war-ship of Henry VIII; the Sovereign of the Seas; under Charles I.; and the Royal Prince, under James I.—all, in their way, 'first-rate.' Historians have been able to haul down to us the names of the ships composing the Spanish Armada; and the list is curious, as showing to how large an extent religious feeling, or at least church influence, was brought to bear upon that famous fleet. The states reigned in profusion. There were St James, St John, St Stephen, St Christopher, St Peter, St Philip, St Anthony, St Francis, St Bartholomew, St Barnaby, St Gabriel, St Andrew, St Jerome, St Laurence; while among female saints there were St Anne, St Mary, St Katherine, and St Mary; and besides these there were the religious designations Conception, Annunciation, Assumption, Holy Cross, Holy Trinity, and Holy Ghost.

In England, and in our own day, the royal navy is vast; but it is as nothing compared with the merchant navy. The vessels belonging nominally to Queen Victoria, but really to the nation—from the mighty Warrior and Duke of Wellington down to the smallest gunboat and slop-scoweers which may not particularly striking for their oddity or comicality; but in the thirty or forty thousand ships which, in some part of the world or other, hoist the British flag, and engage in trade, the names embrace all the wide range from grave to gaiety, from lively to severe.

As we may naturally expect, the famous seacaptains and admirals, who have brought renown to the British navy, are much patronized by the sponsors of ships. The Noli-me-Tangere, Collingwood, Howe, St Vincent, Rodney, Bemudal—all are there. Now is the sister-service at all neglected? whereas in the British general has gained distinction, there may we rely on sundry ships being named after him—not merely in the fighting-navy, but in the peaceful trading-navy. Marlborough, Wellington, Lusitania, Anglesea, Moore; and in more recent days, Harwood, Neil, Nicholson, Campbell, Caunter, Rogers, Ontonagon, room has been found for, and. The name of Hambrook has been an especial favourite within the last few years.

The most favourite names for ships are those of sweethearts and wives, or of women at least who may be sweethearts and wives. Their number is something prodigious. Look at the varieties under the letter A only: Affe, Ailsa, Alice, sixty-two; while the varieties of Ann, Anne, Anee, are to the formidable number of 596. The most prolific name, perhaps, is Mary, with its allied forms Maria, Marion, Marisana, Marianne, Marion, Maria, Marietta; those, with duplicate names beginning with Mary, figure in the mercantile navy to the amount of 1100! The loyalty, too, of the ship-namers is something to admirable; besides a goodly list of kings and emperors, princes and princesses, we have seventy-six queens and twenty-two queen Victoria, besides a sprinkling of Queen Adelaide, Queen Anne, Queen Caroline, and Queen Charlotte. There are other queens; too, whose regality is of a somewhat different kind—Queen Bee and Queen Mother, Queen Esther and the Queen of Sheba, the Queen of Beauty and the Queen of Triumph, the Queen of Clipers and the Queen of Freedom; as well as Queens of the East, West, North, and South; and Queens of the Sea, the Ocean, the Loo, the Isis, the Forest, and the Chase.

All the jewels, including the Koh-i-noor, have representatives among our trading-ships, as well as the Diamond, Sapphire, Ruby, and so forth; and all the flowers—such as Daisy, Forget-me-not, and Mimunette—that are familiarly known by name. As to astronomy, we have all the planets, from Mercury to widely distant Neptune; more than half of the asteroids,
such as Ceres and Pallas; and all the twelve signs of the zodiac, besides the word Zodiac itself. Of course, everything that relates to the weather is a very important element on which the ship is borne and seized upon.

Books, too, and heroes, and heroines of story, are not neglected; there might be a ship name for the Medusa, the Nereid, the Minotaur, the latter, the famous Greek hero, the first to show courage in the face of the Minotaur. Such ship names might give some idea of the character of the people on board.

Ships have been named with great care and attention. Some of them are

- Mayflower
- Mistral
- Minotaur
- Nereus
- Odysseus
- Poseidon
- Tempest
- Triton
- Ulysses
- Venus

These names are often associated with the sea and its elements, and they are chosen to honor important figures in mythology or history.

The ship's name is often a symbol of the owner's or the crew's identity, and it is a way of connecting with their past and their future. The name of a ship is often a combination of several names, each with its own significance.

For example, the name of the ship "Queen Victoria" symbolizes the queen's reign, and it is a symbol of the nation's pride.

The name of the ship "Titanic" symbolizes the grandeur of the ship, and it is a symbol of the sea and the adventure of the crew.

The name of the ship "Explorer" symbolizes the exploration of new worlds, and it is a symbol of the spirit of discovery.

The name of the ship "Admiral" symbolizes the ship's rank and status, and it is a symbol of the honor of the crew.

The name of the ship "Voyager" symbolizes the ship's mission to explore new territories, and it is a symbol of the spirit of adventure.

The name of the ship "Constitution" symbolizes the ship's strength and durability, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to overcome any obstacle.

The name of the ship "Intrepid" symbolizes the ship's courage and determination, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to face any challenge.

The name of the ship "Polaris" symbolizes the ship's direction and focus, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to navigate through any storm.

The name of the ship "Ganges" symbolizes the ship's connection to the land it sails on, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to adapt to any terrain.

The name of the ship "Columbia" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Spirit of America" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Constellation" symbolizes the ship's connection to the past, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to learn from the past.

The name of the ship "Caravelle" symbolizes the ship's connection to the sea, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to navigate through any storm.

The name of the ship "Clipper" symbolizes the ship's connection to the wind, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to sail through any wave.

The name of the ship "Victory" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Patriot" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Liberty" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Freedom" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Resilience" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Endurance" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Inspiration" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Motivation" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Determination" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Resolution" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship " Commitment" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Pride" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Honor" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Courage" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Bravery" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

The name of the ship "Valor" symbolizes the ship's connection to the nation it sails for, and it is a symbol of the ship's ability to represent the nation's values.

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remains on the register; and even when her career is run out, and she becomes broken up, there will not be any attempt made for many years to give that number to any other ship. If that particular ship be known by her symbol, it is HBCD, which symbol will continue to belong to that ship only.

The reader must not suppose that there is a multiplicity of the meaning here; the numbers are most convenient for keeping a written and printed register, while the symbols are the most available for signalling by means of flags. In the symbol, no letter is repeated; that is, all the letters in any one symbol are different; this lessens the chance of confusion and complexity in signalling by means of flags. The symbols are not given without some principle of selection; there is a system followed, by which the persons concerned can tell at a glance what class of meaning is intended, and can thence judge what sort of information to look out for. Thus, a symbol of one letter only is rarely used, for such signals as 'Yes,' 'No,' and a few others. A symbol of two letters, such as BD, KL, &c., denotes that the signal conveyed is something urgent and important, and must be attended to at once. A symbol of three letters, such as CKM, DFJ, &c., is always used for signalling the general topics which arise between two ships when they 'speak with' each other at sea, or between a ship and a signal-station on shore. A symbol of four letters, such as BDGM or EDPF, is used either for geographical words and phrases, or for the names of ships. The geographical symbols in four letters all begin with letter B. The symbols for the names of queen's ships all begin with letter G; and those for merchant-ships with some letter later in the alphabet than G, the very first being HBCD. It will thus be seen that, besides the particular meaning of each signal, a book, shall there be certain groups of symbols having a common character or general meaning, very useful to the mariner who wishes to know what kind of news to look out for.

Many being the numbers and symbols we have to see how these are rendered available. There have been published, under the auspices of the Board of Trade, a list of about 40,000 names of ships; and another list of about 20,000 words, phrases, and sentences useful to seafaring-men, and connected with the wellbeing of a ship and its crew. To every entry in the first list there is a number and a symbol, and to every entry in the second list a symbol only. There are, in fact, two lists of the names of ships—one alphabetical, and the other numerical. If the name of a ship be known, reference to the first of these two lists will give us the ship's number and symbol; if the number be known, reference to the second list will give us the ship's name; and as the symbol bears an easily understood relation to the name, any one of the three being known, the other two may easily be found. This relates to the mercantile navy list. The other book, the Code of Signals, contains about 20,000 messages, of the kind above adverted to, arranged in such a way that the mariner can readily find any one he wants, and can readily put an interpretation on any one signalled to him from another ship. If he wants to signal the message or information, 'Bound to New York,' he looks in his book, and finds the symbol that will denote this; if he sees a signal flying from another ship, he reads it by the aid of his book, and finds it to mean (we will suppose) 'Bound to Liverpool,' and thus the two ships 'speak' as they pass.

Lastly, we have to notice the signal-flags. These, as before stated, are eighteen in number, with another for subsidiary purposes. They are made up and sold in sets. Not more than four of these eighteen are used at once, or for one signal or message; but all are necessary, for it is never known beforehand what will be needed. The ensign of a ship is to be shown at the peak, when the signal-flags are about to be used. The eighteen flags represent the eighteen consonants mentioned in a former paragraph; and when four of these are hoisted, in a vertical line under and over each other, they denote the four letters which number the particular ship: when two, three, or four are hoisted, they denote the words or phrases already adverted to. Some of the flags are quadrangular, measuring about eight feet by six; some are square, and pointed at one end. There are mostly only two colours on each flag, but sometimes three. The devices are spots, stripes, bands, curves, borders, &c. If a flag of a particular shape is hoisted uppermost, that denotes the general class to which the signal or message belongs; while the colours and devices afford means for identifying the exact details of the message. The flags for the royal navy are slightly different, but are brought into harmony with the same general system. There is a subsidiary mode of denoting latitudes and longitudes, to minutes of a degree, by means of three flags and a ball. In order to catch the eye at a distance, the uppermost signal-flag on a royal ship differs in a marked way from that of a merchant-ship, in shape. All royal ships, and all ships carrying troops, emigrants, or government stores, are obliged to be provided with signal-flags after this new code; and the British merchant-ships are likely to be placed at a disadvantage unless they do so, for all the representative bodies have been lucky enough to concur in the adoption of it; moreover, they are offering every possible facility for foreign nations to do likewise. The Board of Trade will give a four-letter symbol to every foreign vessel, on certain conditions, and will take care that that symbol shall not be appropriated by any other ship. It is also proposed, for international purposes, that the same combination of flags, represented by the same symbol in every language, whatever the word may be in which that meaning is conveyed; each country being left to make its own vocabulary, to be used with the English code-book and signal-flags. If this be adopted, the benefit to mariners of all countries will be immense. Coasting-vessels, and other small craft that do not want to give or receive many signals, may dispense with the eighteen regulation-flags, and make use simply of two square pieces of cloth, two long slips of cloth, and two balls or bundles; the code-book shows how these may be used to convey the requisite signals.

THE LIVING DEAD.

We are surrounded by the living dead,
Men whose whole lives seem purposeless and vain.
They're bubbles in the air, husks 'mid the grain,
Mere walking flesh-piles without heart or head.
They're dead as those on whose old graves we tread,
Long years companioned with the flesh-worm.
To shew they're men, they've nothing but the form.
They are not worth their daily meat and bread.
The marv'ls of creation move them not;
As well preach 'tis due to a fleshless skull.
Surrounded by the grand and beautiful,
They're cold as icy stone of mossy grot.
Their life's a dream, a festering in the sun.
Sucked from this working-earth, who'd miss them?
None!

CHAMBER'S MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS being about to be issued only in volumes, those who may wish to complete their sets of the work should do so as soon as possible.

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 359 High Street, EDINBURGH, and sold by W. & R. BLACKWOOD, 23 Upper Sackville Street, DUBLIN, and all Booksellers.
MAJOR TRUEFITT ON THE IDEA OF AN OLD WOMAN.

The late Professor Wilson, visiting a dignified mansion in Westminster, was very kindly introduced to the family portraits by a venerable aunt of the proprietor. She was a plain-looking creature, as old ladies are apt to be—perhaps rather beyond the average in this respect; but the learned professor took no critical consideration of the appearance of his conductress till, coming to a portrait of a lovely young female, he asked with some eagerness, 'Who is that angelic creature? and was answered by the old lady, with a queer hesitating simper, 'O sir, that is Mrs!' Was fair—the professor must have thought the more appropriate tone, as he contrasted her prettier charms with the cleared and mumping image before him. And yet we cannot deny that the portrait was seen after all—a verity for its time. No blame to it or its painter that the original had changed. The only thing to be observed and allowed for in the case was that, whereas she was once a young, she was now an old woman.

Had I been upon the spot, with opportunity of making some inquiries, I should have been prepared to find that this lady, at the time her portrait was taken, was a gay, unthinking, ill-informed creature, who had never done anything in her life but sew a sampler, who could scarce write a well-spelled letter, and had no tastes beyond a dance at the county balls; who, nevertheless, wherever she was in society, formed the centre of attraction to all the younger part of the opposite sex—perhaps the elder too—who would be content to listen to her most childish prattle for an hour, as if it had been the perfection of wisdom. I should have been equally prepared to find that now, though a far more sensible person than she used to be, she was left, when out in society, very much to her own meditations; passed over at all selections for choice parties; in short, leading a life of comparative neglect. Her judgment upon anything long ago would have been listened to and discussed with at least a deferential badinage. Now, when perhaps experience and gravity had given her a chance of speaking far more to purpose, nobody above the grade of a school-boy, bribed with cake and half-crowns, would for a moment listen to her. Her ideas would be stigmatized as only those of an Old Woman.

And the ideas of an Old Woman have a proverbial character. Any silly fears, any weak and foolish notions, proceeding from a braced animal, are scoffed at as only fit for an old woman; or the utterer of these notions is pronounced to be only an old woman himself. The very last stage of driveling is thought to be thus correctly described. Now, how comes it? The woman of seventy is almost necessarily more of an intellectual being than she was or could be at twenty; yet men, who were delighted to listen to her at twenty, now treat her as the type of imbecility. Forty years ago, the soberest old gentleman would have gone as fast as his gout would permit on the most foolish errand she chose to impose upon him; and now the youngest resorts to every decent expedient for avoiding her. Again, how comes it? Viewed as a rational, conversable creature, she stands upon a far higher platform than she used to do: why are men so insensible to her improvement? We find even our ideas of female relationship affected by this age-criterion, so to call it. We half worship a mother; but when she comes to be a grandmother, we begin to smile at her; as a great-grandmother, she is purely ridiculous. How should it be that all the sacred bloom that invests the idea of a Mother gets rubbed off when we think of her as a Grandmother? Old-womanism creeps over her—that's it. She may be only forty, and still comely—no matter: the association of the word grandmother with old woman settles the case; and we think to-day, with a subclass ridiculous, of a person who was, perhaps only last year, viewed as a pleasant young matron.

'Well, don't you see how it all comes about, my dear Truefitt?'—thus strikes in my friend Beamish, who, having never been married, thinks himself extremely sage about all matters connected with the fair sex. 'I'll tell you. Just let me scribble my ideas for you, for somehow I need the pen to give me clearness as well as consciousness.' Very well, my dear fellow, fire away!' "

'There is no use!'—thus writes Beamish—'in trying to disguise it—rosy cheeks, bright eyes, an elegant youthful contour, do exercise in the gentle sex a great influence and fascination over men. It is the ordinance of nature—our sympathies go with it in actual life and in literature alike. But these attractions are of constantly lessening influence after the beginning of mature womanhood; and, by and by, they in a great measure cease. As the world goes, in the great majority of cases, they are succeeded by no quality which is capable of maintaining the respect of the opposite sex. Sent out into society at first with uninformed, uncultivated minds, most women are devoid of intellectual attractions all through life. While, at the utmost, as I have admitted, a rather more sensible person at sixty than at twenty, the fact is that the typical example has very little charm of that kind at any age. She is much the same weak creature in her elderness as she was in her youth; only, in youth, the blooming form kept off the ridicule.
which is now so freely launched at her. Age has freed the arrows which at all times ready to fly.

"But it should not be so, and there is no need for its being so. Treat women from the first, not as dolls, but as rational creatures, and they will be respected worthy of all respect. The female mind, it is true, is not the male mind, and never by any amount of culture can be rendered into it, because nature has, for good and evil, given this or that faculty, or different proportions and kinds of faculty, to each sex; but that the female mind is capable of a much higher development, by education, than it usually receives, is not disputed. More to this, women may be raised to a higher mental estate, not only without detriment, but with positive improvement, to those personal attractions which it is her pleasure to cultivate with such assiduity, and which we all regard with so much interest.

"View the education which most women, even of the affluent classes at present receive, and what do we find it consist of? Barely the elements of literature, with a few superficial accomplishments. They are made to know very little; and of what they do learn, much is of extremely little use. Their judgment receives hardly any direct or regular training. They are left to view all things through the medium of the emotions, and even these are untaught. Above all, the ignorance is terrible. They treat their persons injuriously, without the faintest idea of the evils they are thereby storing up for themselves. With frames that nutrition is forgotten, these they gather upon a course of life for whose eventualities they are utterly unprepared. Through ignorance, they mismanage their offspring, and by their sufferings under the consequent decline and diminution of whose enjoyment committed to them, help still further to take away from themselves that healthy life which makes a happy home. A condition of permanent bad health is the fate of a very large proportion of the married women of the middle and upper classes; they become a standing means of lowering the aggregate of human happiness. I conceive that it is through the mental vacancy in which women are brought up, that they play such fantastic tricks in the way of dress and decoration. Their subserviency to the unwritten code of fashion, the bad influence of the admittance of the adornment of their persons, their ready adoption of modes glaringly inconsistent to themselves and others, are all exponents of the low mental condition in which they are kept forth in the world. Such tastes and habits have an affinity to those of savage tribes. Women might be developed into tastes far more truly elegant, and which would give them a truer influence over the opposite sex. Above all, they should have a general mental culture and information, that they may be fitted for rational converse, with a view in especial to the society of their husbands; for if their thoughts are filled with trifles and their hands with crochet, how are they to stand with that important relative when personal attractions begin to decline? It is their defect in this particular which creates the general contempt for an old woman, and nothing but a mind of some stricken acquirements can save them from the epithet in all its significance, when the time comes.'

So concludes Beamish—Beamish, the infallible old bachelor! Conceived fellow! to think that he has penetrated the mystery of the Old-woman idea. Ladies, let me apologise to you for giving currency to such a doctrine even for the purpose of shewing a better. Of course there is no lack of knowledge on the subject in the period of her life. On the contrary, she is constantly shewing herself more shrewd and sensible than the opposite sex. The man lies here, not the woman. In the minds of many, this is the case. As a rule, women are more acquisitive than men.

"More to this, women may be raised to a higher mental estate, not only without detriment, but with positive improvement, to those personal attractions which it is her pleasure to cultivate with such assiduity, and which we all regard with so much interest."

"View the education which most women, even of the affluent classes, at present receive, and what do we find it consist of? Barely the elements of literature, with a few superficial accomplishments.
further ornament in the shape of a string of most valuable balas rubies, which the king was accustomed to wear when coin was scarce with him. Francis I. of France, the royal reviver of learning and architecture, wore a coloured hat, generally of blue velvet, decorated with pearls and gold medals, and8ted by an enormous panache of white feathers. His rival, Charles V., Emperor of the East and West, as the pompous courtiers of the Germanic Empire loved to call him, was seldom well dressed, and wore but a shabby black hat of the Spanish pattern, adorned with a Compostella scallop-shell. As for that other contemporary of Francis I., our English Harry, we may see to this day, on the heads of the yeomen of the guard, the fac-simile of the hat he wore. His favourite badge, the rose, was seldom absent from it; and, indeed, emblems were constantly worn in hats, until they were supplanted by rosettes and cockades. The gallants of England, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, affected the Spanish beaver or sombrero—a broad, slouched, flapping affair, that could be looped down on occasion so as to serve as a mask, and which was better adapted to the Peninsula, with its seascapes, jealousies, and midnight stabbings, than to the honest noonday life of beef-eating Albion. The English peasants were divided in their tastes between a 'thrum-cap' and a felt hat, and at all differing from that quaint, dumpling-shaped, little structure which is still worn by many labourers in remote counties, and which is nearly the same in look as the hats of the Grecian husbandsmen that are portrayed on Argive or Spartan bas-reliefs. In Scotland, the gentry adopted the French hat, which was much smaller than the Spanish, and was loaded with feathers; but the bulk of the population adhered to the blue bonnet. In Ireland, at this time, to wear a hat was to carry the distinctive mark of being an English colonist. The natives, except a few of the Queen's Highness, and the civilising shears of Lord-deputy Bingham and the Earl Marshal, stubbornly adhered to their traditional headgear. This was no other than the Celtic gibbe, formed by matting the long hair of the wearer into a species of elastic cushion, which not only covered the crown so thickly as to turn the edge of a hostile sword, but projected over the face in a sort of shaggy penthouse, from under which the eyes gleamed with ferocious effect.

The progress of the hat upon the continent of Europe was not wholly of a peaceful character; there were cities in which rival factions, instead of assuming such titles as Guelf and Ghibelline, or electing to die for Red Rose and White, divided themselves into 'Hats' and 'Caps,' and fought with tooth and nail for the supremacy of their party. The pulpits, which in those days filled many offices now consigned to the press, was not always friendly to hats. Broad brims were opposed by plumes and jewelled claps were roughly mauled by fiery clerical odds, and a great and combined attack was made upon ye villainous invention and gross impiety of ye steeple-crowns.' But a few years after, and behold the steeple-crowned hat was the mark and sign of the Puritan party; a steeple-hat was to a lay-preciscion what a Geneva skull-cap was to a divine of the same sect, and then the railing and ribaldry of the Cavaliers fell heavily on this ungraceful apex of humanity. The hats were worn at Versailles and London by the courtiers and gallants of the Merry Monarch of England and the Grand Roi of France were surely the most graceful, picturesque, and elegant of their tribe. The hatter's art had then attained its apotheosis. How noble was the air imparted by those ample structures! not looped over the eyes, like the old Castilian pattern, with an aspect of murderous mystery, but merely shading the features with an artistic chiaroscuro. Then the flowing ostrich plumes of snowy white, of browning black, of cerulean blue, or martial scarlet,
or courtly rose, how prettily do they flutter, even now, in the old pictures that embellish them for us, like flies in amber! To sweep the ground with the feathers of such a hat, the grand solemn flourish of the mode, was a real honour paid to lady or sovereign, utterly unlike the miserable cylinder-shifting of our modern age. But those hats, like the rest of the attire worn in that frivolous, butterfly-like time, were only seen to perfection when they belonged to those who had full purses and adroit vales. Nothing was more wretched and ruffianly than the appearance of the hat of the period, as worn by the shabby bucks and sham captains who swarmed about London and Paris. Without great care, and frequent renewal, the crown would show dents, the brim grow dog's-ear'd, the band would fray, the binding tarnish, and the roughened feather would droop downwards, like the plumage of a mourning bird.

About the accession of James II. came in the cocked-hat. This hat proved a very Proteus. It was a long oval, a bicorn, a tricorn, a shovel, and a rectangular triangle, in turn. Now it was fiercely turned up; and anon, like a lap-eared rabbit, its rim hung slouchingly down. There was the Brigadier hat, long in vogue, the Ramillies, the Regent, the Postilion, and we in guile, knew many more! There was certainly something of the military character in this hat, in its three-cornered variety, and something of the courtly and a ludicrous charm in the compressible chapeau bril. To this day, a naval full-dress retains the cocked-hat; military doctors, sheriffs, generals, beadle's, and gentlemen who are presented at court without previously joining a volunteer corps, keep up the old fashion. Abroad, many functionaries above the rank of gendarme rely on the cocked-hat for all the terrors of their authority. Napoleon I. loved it, and did the belle chinoise kind of Pruss, and the philosophical crown of the latter, M. de Voltaire. Of all the men born in the earlier half of the last century, perhaps Rousseau was the only man original enough to wear a head-dress after his peculiar fancy. The Brigadier hat, which, as I have said, had a stern and uncompromising rigidity that suited a soldier well, was adhered to by military men for a long while, and was adopted into most European uniforms. It needed less care and cost, less money than the Spanish beaver. It was certainly very smart and imposing when gaily cocked, or with bright red or green pompon, when the gold or silver lace was bright and fresh, and when the cockade was new. Gentlemen and officers then thought it no disgrace to wear the cockade of their prince, black, white, or motley. It is a modern innovation which has transferred them to the hat of John Thomas the groomsman. The hat that sailors in the navy then wore on state occasions has not been suffered to fall into absolute oblivion; we still see the poor veterans of Greenwich Hospital looming along in shovels of the date of 1700. There was a great difference, however, between such hats and the clerical shovel still worn by church dignitaries, but which lost much of its prestige when the woolly wig on which it rested was consigned to Lothian.

The hot-blooded youngsters who fought for American independence under Lafayette and Rochambeau, brought back the round hat with them to Paris as a curious novelty. There used to be a mob round Franklin when that benevolent painter represented the young Republic at the moribund court of Louis XVI, so wonderful in the eyes of the Parisian bonnetniere was the new cylinder. But the new hat had about it a prestige of liberty and equality; it seemed a protest against the faced triangle that kings and mandarins had worn so long, and which had something of a ceremonial stiffness inherent in it. The fiery youths of the Montagne, the enthusiastic subscribers to the Ami du Peuple and the Père Duchêne, the disciples who sat at the feet of Marat and Sanson, adopted the hat with French fervour.
and especially from cat-skins, respecting the gloss and lustre of which last, an unfortunate prejudice prevailed, that the poor brutes must be killed alive! Horrible barbarities of this nature, perpetrated by ignorant and heartless persons, that women still find their way into our police reports; but not long ago the practice was common, and there was no law to repress it. At the best, a beaver hat, real or imitation, was worth a thing of the kind. It was very dear; it wanted the most dainty handling and the most scientific brushing; it either got rough, and woolly and dim, quite losing its pristine gloss, or it became greasy; and a single day's neglect gave to it even in youth all the marks of a decrepit old age. The silk hat supplanted it after a fierce struggle, having to overcome the opposition of the whole fur-dealing interest. Far off in American solitude, the white trapper and the Indian hunter cursed the change of fashion, and then turned to seek bread in other ways, and the beaver is now actually reappearing in the long-settled districts of Canada. The cylindrical hat appears—like Shakespeare—to be not for an age, but for all time. Caricaturists and philosophers have tried to throw its decay into the and to replace it with caps, Spanish felt, the soft wide-awake, the soft and fur, hat, and even, but to put the hatting interest is too strong, and manages to defeat all reforming projects; but this is improbable. As well might we lay the non-success of wide-awakes upon the absolute monarchs of Naples or Germany, who were won to punish any wearer of a 'Hecker' hat, and who saw revolutions in a squared crown, though tolerant enough of a 'Gibral.' To all appearances, that cap is grumble now and then, we are our posterity will continue peaceful liegen under the reign of King Hat.

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LETTER.

Had I been aware of what my Uncle Danbury was like, had I ever seen him, perhaps I never would have written that letter to him; my pride would have shrunk from it; but as it was, he appeared something vague and misty to me, and I felt that I should experience no mortification even if he never answered me. My heart was palpitating when I sent the letter with Rachel to the post-office at Weston Cricket; yet it felt lighter afterwards. There was now something to hope for. I went about my household duties rather cheerfully, without confessing my secret to anybody.

When young people long for variety, and despise the monotony of their homes, they seldom anticipate the variety of misfortunes that may happen; they do not contemplate how the changeful routine of everyday-life may be interrupted at last by some frightful calamity—death or ruin of prospects. Very different, indeed, was our cottage now from what it had been a year ago; gladly would I have returned to the humble peacefulness of the past. Owing to mamma's illness, our home became most uncomfortable; unable myself to keep up even the little order that she had maintained when acting as mistress, I soon learned that it required all the energy one is capable of to superintend skilfully a house where there is an insufficiency of servants, and care and economy are necessary. The matter was not neglected, and my younger brother Bobby, having no one to look after him, spent his time in flinging stones at the bird-cage, hanging on the garden gate, and fighting with Rachel, who indulged me with various bits of mischief, such as, filling the pipe of the tea-kettle with soot, locking up the cat in the pantry, or darting out suddenly at night in a white sheet from behind doors. I dreaded Mr Horne's friendship visits more, perhaps, than anything else; they filled me with shame and confusion. I saw, or fancied I saw, the pity in his eye as he spoke to me; and once he told me of a neat little family in red clothes, circumstances which had, some years ago, received a considerable sum of money by applying for relief to different clergymen, who collected subscriptions for them in their parishes. Whether this story was told to me as a hint that I should go and do likewise, I cannot, of course, say positively, but it looked rather like it. I felt much hurt; first, I grew scarlet, then pale and agitated, while the good man continued speaking. 'This family,' he said, looking down on the carpet, perhaps to avoid my eye, 'were once in comfortable circumstances, but misfortunes came, and their only resource was to make their case public. I myself felt happy to aid them; and my little collection, in this parish, amounted to fifty-five pounds, eleven and sixpence.'

'But that is kind of you to exert yourself for them,' said I coldly, and looking out of the window.

'No; it was only my duty. I would undertake the same thing again to-morrow under similar circumstances. A good deal of the distress in the world might be relieved, if people were not too proud to ask assistance from the charitable.'

'Yes,' said I; 'but the people who are the quickest to apply for charity are not always the most worthy, Mr Horne.'

'True. But there is a medium. People should not allow the worm of poverty to eat away their very vitals without making an effort to crush it. Health and energy are too precious to be sacrificed to a pride that will neither permit us to help ourselves nor seek help from others.'

Ah! it was evident that the vicar knew all about our distresses. His penetration caused me to wonder. I did not know that the stamp of poverty was upon our home, outwardly and visibly—that the threadbare carpets on the floors, the paint worn off doors and windows, the cracked panes of glass, the shabby chairs, the dimmed table-covers, told as plainly as words could speak that we were poor. Rachel's untidy dress and air of all-work told it, and perhaps her tongue told it too, for, in addition to what she legitimately knew, she had a habit of gathering information by listening at doors. Now, I had another cause of uneasiness; it was the manner of Dr Lampston; his sympathy annoyed me; his pitying pressures of my hand at meeting and parting jarred upon me. No doubt, he felt compassion for a young girl under seventeen having to manage the details of a family like ours, but he was not married nor old; and perhaps I thought he need not have looked so tenderly into my face when speaking to me. Girls of sixteen are jealous of their dignity, and I therefore began to treat the physician with a kind of haughty reserve, without being actually rude. Another misery overwhelmed me: Rachel had the impertinence to inform me that a young man in the village, a tithe-collector, had spoken to her of me in terms of a rapturous character! My blood boiled with indignation; I was utterly speechless.

'He's a well-to-do young man, miss, faith he is!' said Rachel. 'Him and Mr Webb are related; and they think if he was to settle, he would be able to get a nice little farm.'

Foolish child that I was, I cried all that night like one who had received a gross insult. 'This is the misery of poverty,' I exclaimed inwardly. 'Oh! can nothing rescue us all from such degradation?'

Day after day passed.—'Nothing in the post, miss,' was Rachel's answer every morning as she returned from Weston Cricket. My heart fell and rose again each day. There was always a to-morrow to come. At length, one morning I seized a letter in Rachel's hand as she entered the gate. I trembled too much
to be able to advance towards her. Instead of bounding forward to meet her, I allowed her to come towards me with themissive; on taking it, I perceived that it was directed to myself, in a gentlemanly handwriting; whereupon it wou Id be no doubt that it came from my uncle. Hope and fear contending in my soul, agonised me. Agitated and quivering, I repaired slowly to my closet, and shut the door. I then placed the letter unopened on the dressing-table.

'There,' said I, 'you may remain with your seal unbroken for some minutes longer; I shall not then so soon have to despair.' The letter looked ominous, lying there so quietly on the table, that oblong, sinister little packet, which might have such pow' r to wound me to the heart!

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW HOPE.

It was not till some minutes had elapsed, during which I lay on my bed, nearly faint with emotion, that I ventured to break the terrible seal. My head was giddy as I read the following:

'DEAR NIECE—I received your letter, and am glad that you thought of writing to me. I have often wondered latterly where your mother was. My expenses for some years have been owing to the education of my children, and several necessary alterations in this place, but I shall endeavour to assist your family on hearing more particularly what you wish me to do. Meanwhile, I enclose a cheque for fifty pounds, which I hope will be of some use.—Yours truly,

MORTIMER DUNBENY.'

'Epworth, March 12, 18—'

Ah, what joy, what happiness I now felt! A good fairy seemed to have waved an enchanted wand over my head. Fifty pounds coming to us all at once seemed a matter of immediate importance, and revealed everything to her in a state of much excitement. She received the intelligence coldly.

'You did not tell your uncle that I desired you to write to him, I hope,' she observed.

'O no, mamma; I said nothing of that.'

She then read the letter, smiling a little bitterly when she laid it down.

'Poor Mortimer!' said she; 'he was always selfish.'

I was disappointed that mamma was not more pleased. I did not understand how hard it was for her to forget the unkindness of former years, how difficult to accept a charitable donation from one whom she only recollected as a wild youth who had never been a favourite brother. She gave me permission, however, to write back to him a letter of thanks, and I explained more fully the state of our circumstances, describing the ages of my brothers, and the uneasiness we experienced respecting my father's malady.

Soon further relief came. My uncle mentioned a private asylum for the insane in a northern county, where patients were received at a lower rate than was usual at such establishments; and he was willing, he said, to allow us fifty pounds a year for his maintenance there, besides giving a hundred a year for ourselves, and placing Edward and Bobby at a school where they might remain till some respectable provision turned up for them. All this kindness could not fail to touch mamma's heart, and it was with some pride—strange as the confession may sound, reader—that I at length told Mr Horne my dear father was about to be placed under regular medical treatment in a private lunatic asylum. He was removed from us under the care of Dr Lampot and another man. I will not dwell upon this event, nor on my mother's grief. There are some passages in our lives that we cannot venture to record without feeling their first agony all over again. My brothers were provided with new clothes, and sent to the school which my uncle selected for them; and our cottage was fitted up with some new furniture. We bought carpets and curtains for our drawing-room, and various other things. A second servant was hired; and there was much animation in the kitchen department when mamma was called in to make further improvements. There was a great deal of flirtation, and much confusion of a kind that delighted Rachel and Betsy, for some months. The more I was the more useless the better. When things were pretty well arranged at the cottage, a letter reached from my uncle, saying that he was about to visit us, for the purpose of looking at the park of Weston Cricket for a friend who had some idea of taking it, and that he would call in to see us on passing. Mamma felt alarmed at this intelligence; she evidently dreaded to meet her brother face to face—he a rich man, she a dependent woman. Twenty years ago, they were upon equal terms; now, what a difference existed between them!

One evening when the May twilight was falling around, he came; the knock sounded at the door—my heart palpitated.

'Say that I am ill,' said mamma, rising to leave the room. Her face was ghastly white; she seemed about to faint. Ill indeed she looked, while gliding away to her own apartment. Uncle Danbury was ushered in, and my sisters and I stood up on his entrance. He was a man rather below than above the middle height, with a head that seemed large for his size; his age appeared to be forty-five or thereabouts; his clothes were fashionably made, and of the finest cloth; his face not handsome nor good-looking, yet by no means unpleasing in expression. The eyes were bright and penetrating, but not large—the complexion rather florid. His air had that dignity and self-satisfaction which wealth and authority impart to those who enjoy both. On entering our neighbourhood, for the purpose of looking at the park and sisters, and asked for our mother, for whose non-appearance we made an apology.

'You are my correspondent, I presume?' he said, addressing me, and allowing his eye to rest on my face rather longer than it usually seemed inclined to rest upon any object. I coloured, and answered in the affirmative.

'How old are you?'

'Nearly seventeen.'

'You lead a lonely life here.'

'Ver lonely; we have few neighbours.'

'None at all, I should say. Would you not like to see something of the world, now that you are grown up?' and my uncle seated himself beside me.

'I would very much; but as it is, I am contented to be at home.'

'That is very sensible; but young people generally like variety. It is a pity this is such a secluded spot.'

My uncle then glanced round the room with the quick look for which his eyes were remarkable, and once again brought them to rest upon my own face. He talked of some trivial matters, expressed concern for my mother's indisposition, as if she were a stranger to him, and shook his head when I asked him to remain for tea. He said he must return to Ripworth that evening. He did not take so much notice of my sisters as he did of myself. I wondered what he thought of me. Of him, I scarce knew what my opinion was. He appeared to me unfathomable, incomprehensible. Some wild dreams entered my head when he left the house; he had hinted at inviting me to the 'burnt cottage,' and it had already fanned some of my old chateaux en Espagne were about to be realised. The long course of poverty I had undergone I feared rendered me mercenary in my views for the future, that I could not live the 'burnt cottage,' and in the thoughts of remaining poor all my life; and to escape such a doom there was only one course open me to be a woman—that of marrying a rich man.
Money! money! was to be my watchword from henceforward. I knew that I had more than an ordinary share of good looks; might I not make a skillful profit of this beauty? Could I not cleverly barter, pretty face for wealth, and might not any thing, I would tempt me to give away my heart to a poor man. I was ambitious, determined to climb to an eminence, in spite of obstacles. Other young women—my own mother, for instance—might have been weak enough to throw away all worldly advantages for love, but I would never stoop to such folly. I believed myself clad in a mighty armour against all feeling of that kind. Mammas hardly asked any questions respecting my uncle's visit; she kept her bed for two days after it; and when about a month had elapsed, an invitation arrived for me to pay a visit to Ripworth. I had much difficulty in persuading my mother to let me accept it; I represented to her, with all the ardour of my nature, how much benefit might accrue to my whole family by our keeping up an intimacy with our relatives; I entreated her to consent to my going to my uncle's; I weighed down every objection, overcame every difficulty in the way, till she had to declare herself vanquished, and

'You may go, Jessie, if you like,' she said, while her countenance glowed with unusual excitement. 'But this much I warn you: my eyes may repent the opposite to me, that you ever entered Ripworth, you may yet be heartily sorry for having seen its walls—yes, or its owner either.

'Do not talk in that way, dear mamma,' I implored; 'recollect that I may never have another opportunity of mingling in respectable society.'

'I repeat, that you may go to Ripworth, since you wish to, dear child; but I warn you of what the result of your visit may be.'

I thought mamma harsh in her opinion of my Uncle Daubeney; in fact, to confess the truth, I thought her harsh to myself, unsympathising, unkind. I was mortified and disappointed. I shed some tears; and was perhaps a little sulky; whereupon my mother, as was her custom on such occasions, tried to put me in good-humour again by a hundred little attentions; she even spoke of ordering some new dresses for me in London, and made a few allusions to Ripworth that she should long remain in my mother's conciliatory treatment, even in my worst temper, and I was speedily restored to my usual state of cheerfulness. We finally agreed that I should write to Colonel Daubeney, accepting his invitation. Anna and Rosa were delighted as well as myself; and I promised to write very long letters home, detailing all that happened to me at Ripworth. The most charming novel or romance could not have afforded more excitement than this important visit. Had we been able to turn over the pages and look at the sequel, what would we have thought? Would we have rejoiced or sorrowed, smiled or wept?

CHAPTER IX.

MY ARRIVAL AT RIPWORTH HALL.

The morning of my departure arrived, and a bright day it was; I hoped that the fine weather held good. My sister cried bitterly when I bade them good-by; it was our first parting. My mother shed no tears, but I thought her voice trembled as she spoke her last words of counsel respecting the care of my luggage during the journey. Mr Horne was my travelling companion as far as the nearest railway station. He exercised me in the coach which ran every morning to meet the train at Bixton—about thirty miles from our cottage; and during the drive he gave me a good deal of advice, which I cannot say I intended to follow, though I highly esteemed the worthy vicar. He saw me seated in the train before leaving me, and it was only when he was gone that I began seriously to reflect that before many hours had elapsed I should be within the stately walls of Ripworth. The train was a tremendous one. I wondered if the place bore any resemblance to the picture we possessed in our drawing-room. I had heard from mamma that it had been altered within late years, and that it was called a hall instead of a castle. The train went shrinking onwards, and every moment I was growing more and more nervous. At length, on stopping at a station on the way, the carriage, in which I had previously sat alone, was invaded by two gentlemen, both of whom had a military air; they both wore mustaches, and the elder one had something of a foreign turauro. The younger man was handsome, with a tall, elegant figure, and perfectly chiselled features. There was something in his face that struck me curiously, and perhaps my eyes rested longer upon it than was consistent with the dignity of a young lady travelling alone; his eye caught mine at last, and he gave me a short, quick glance, which seemed to express a little surprise at my earnest look. Then he turned away, and looked out of the carriage window. His companion was much older, upwards of forty, I should say; he was decidedly an ugly man, with harsh bronzed features, deep-set eyes, and a short, muscular figure, his shoulders being broad, his chest powerful, and indicative of great bodily strength. Seating himself opposite to me, his individual often fixed his eyes upon my face with a gaze that was unpleasant, but I took care to keep my own eyes fastened on the bottom of the carriage with an air of severe gravity.

The two gentlemen now and then uttered low-spoken sentences, and sometimes they indulged in half-suppressed laughter; not open-hearted, kindly laughter, but sardonic, mirthless caustic laughter, such as men of the world only feel inclined to revel in. I thought I heard the name of Daubeney and Ripworth, but I could not be certain. We passed two or three stations before reaching that of East Sutton, where I was to leave the train, and I was not sorry when I arrived at my destination, though I would have given a good deal to have discovered the name of my younger travelling companion. A curious idea touching his identity puzzled me. At East Sutton the two gentlemen as well as myself got out of the railway carriage, and I saw that they both attended to the platform watching me, as one of my uncle's footmen approached me, and asked if I was going to Ripworth. I replied in the affirmative; and the servant, with a deferential air, collected my luggage, and placed it on the dark-green chariot in waiting, while I got into the vehicle, which was drawn by a pair of dappled gray horses. We drove at a pace which did not seem quick after the speed of the train; and being now once more alone, and very near the end of my journey, I felt that the things which had previously been revolved in my mind as dreams and fancies would soon become reality. The mansion of my ancestors, which I had always heard spoken of with awe, would stand before my eyes in imagination, but in truth. My head grew bewildered as I approached nearer and nearer to the goal; my heart flattered as I wondered how I should be received and treated in that house, whose doors had been so long closed against my mother. Would I merely be considered in the light of a poor relation?

The shades of evening were falling around, the June sun had set in a purplish sheen of glory, when the carriage entered the wide open gateway of Ripworth. The trees which I saw around me looked aged and solemn, with womanly trunks, with leaves adorned with ivy, the growth of years; others bare and rugged, standing upright to the sky, with a look of mystery in their gnarled old branches. I did not think they looked friendly trees; they appeared stern
and proud, like the men who had probably planted them. Troth, trot went the horses' feet up the broad gravelled road, which seemed a long one, and at length the house appeared by a turn. There it was, with its many windows—its towers flanking the side-wings—its handsome entrance. After all, I did not feel particularly awed by its aspect; I could comprehend it very well, and I got off the carriage boldly enough. The half-door was open, and I saw my uncle himself coming to meet me. He shook me by the hand, hoped the journey had been pleasant, and giving me his arm, conducted me with much politeness into the hall, which I observed was hung round with shields and helmets, and sundry pieces of armour, like the halls I had read of in romances. I was led through an ante-room to the drawing-room, where a young girl came forward to receive me. She was my uncle's stepdaughter, Miss Gordon. At first sight, I thought her lovely; at a second glance, she appeared only pretty; at a third, faulty in feature, but remarkably fair in complexion, with bright golden hair and light-blue eyes. She was dressed well, and her manners had the ease which the habit of society gives, and which can be imitated by few of those who rarely mingle with their fellows.

It was evident to me that this girl had never been acquainted with hardship; her eye had probably never shed a tear since infancy; there was no trace of thought or care upon her brow, no shadows under her eyes, nothing pensive in her expression. I felt some confusion when she accosted me, fearing that my own air might betray the vulgar penury I had been accustomed to. I did not know that if the mind is untainted by vulgar ideas, the outward manner is rarely vulgar either. We may be accustomed to coarse living, but unless our thoughts are coarse likewise, it leaves no external trace. I blushed when Miss Gordon fixed her eyes with a serious look upon my face, and I know I gave my hand to her languidly, damped in spirit.

If you are very tired, she said in a low, soft voice, 'Perhaps you had better lie down and rest for a little while before dinner; we shall dine late this evening.'

'Yes,' said my uncle, 'she is evidently fatigued. Order some wine up to her room, and see, Jane, that she is made comfortable.'

Miss Gordon accompanied me to my own room. We left the drawing-room, the furniture of which did not impress me with so much wonder or admiration as it might have done had I been less ignorant than I was of the value of the costly things that adorned it. Passing through the hall, arched at a circular staircase, which we ascended, no footfall sounding on the soft carpets that clothed all the way. Expecting as I was to see nothing but stately grandeur all around, my bedroom did not strike me as being particularly magnificent. Upon a black marble chimney-piece rested two white vases, and over it hung a portrait of a warrior of the olden time, who frowned down upon me rather fiercely. My bed was hung with plain chintz curtains, the same as those which draped the windows; there was a curiously carved Indian cabinet, and a table of Italian stone bearing an antique stand; but the rest of the furniture was not remarkable, though widely different from that of my little closet off the parlour at home. When Jane Gordon left me, I felt a lonely sensation creeping over me, and my thoughts went back to the cottage at Weston Crick. There is generally a reaction after great excitement, and probably this may account for a certain dejection of spirits that oppressed me now. Though I lay down on a sofa, I did not sleep; I was not composed, though weary. The thoughts of that long one, and the events of the journey, though insignificant, were running through my brain. Amidst the recollection of the ceaseless noise of the train, and the scream of the railway whistles, came that of the young mounted man who, for a short time, had been my travelling companion. Miss Gordon's maid came to inquire if I could assist me in dressing for dinner. I did not tell her that I had dressed myself and was able to manage, and so expeditiously, that I began to think a waiting-woman a very pleasant acquisition after all. At dinner, I was introduced to an aunt of Miss Gordon, who acted as my chaperone in society—a Mrs Powell, who seemed rather an insignificant person, more like a dependent than one standing on equal terms with her niece or Colonel Dunbarry. I discovered that my uncle's wife was dead, that she had been married twice, and Miss Gordon was her daughter by her first marriage. My uncle had no daughter, and his three sons were at Oxford and Eton—mere lads. I afterwards learned that Jane Gordon was an heiress, her mother having left her a large funded property, of which my uncle was the sole guardian.

The dinner passed off quietly, only two men attending table; and in the drawing-room, after coffee, we had music. Miss Gordon played the harp and piano, and sang pieces that charmed me. It was I who played the piano myself also; but our old instrument at home, whose notes were half dull, and the other half out of tune, was very unlike the grand one at Ripworth. When asked to play by Miss Gordon, I became bewildered, made mistakes, called forth discordant sounds, and bungled sadly. I was humbled and miserable. On my leaving the piano, Jane seated herself at it, and played a sweet air. I thought she did so to banish from her recollection the jarring noise I had created. 'After all,' thought I, 'it is worth while undertaking mortifications in many moments for the mere hope of gaining some future advantage by the things that humiliate me now!' and a voice answered whispering from within: 'It is worth while; endure it all, and you will triumph in the end.'

SOUR KRAUT FROM SWABIA.

I think that, in spite of our English fastidiousness, in spite of our being undesirably fein, as the Germans call us, every one who travels thither, and looks about him, must feel kindly disposed towards the Swabian land and Swabian people. There is something in the homely, plodding, contented life of the Württembergers, which does one good after the high life crowded, selfish, hectic life by which we have lived amid their orchards, joined in their cheap beer-and-toacco pleasures, eaten with them, drunk with them, laughed with them, we can enter into the feelings of the good old Swabian poets, who boasted of their jolly land—

The greatest kingdom upon earth
Cannot with that compare;
With all the stout and hardy men,
And the un-brown maids that are.

Come with me for a little space into the living, smoking, everyday world of these old poets. We will not lodge in grand hotels, order roast-beef and bottled-ale at two florins a bottle, and adhere to the line of travel prescribed by my esteemed friend, Mr. Murray; we will not pretend that we can't eat with a steel fork, or think uncharitable thoughts of the 'out-brown maid,' with the long pig-tail, who pares our dinner, even supposing she does look a little dingy sometimes; we will not stick at trifles, in fact, but will eat our pudding with a knife, if we can't get through it. The spoon, and will enjoy ourselves through thick and thin. Don't suppose that our trip will present us with much that is grand in nature, or beautiful in humanity; quite the contrary. Nothing more simple, hardly, unaffected, or
unpolished is anywhere to be seen or imagined than this town. It has some of these elements, from eating of sour bread, and drinking of sour wine—from perfumes of fresh cider and cheap tobacco—from villages wherein the cows and the geese and the children—fratres—from huts wherein women do the work of men, and do it with songs of content—from the midst of such humbleness and frugality, how much more is a thing that is a great deal, and the tillage is done by their wives and sisters; they cut the corn, work the oxen, hoe in the fields, drive manure-carts, and with their great red arms and sunburned faces, seem to have attained to almost manly strength. The weights they carry on their heads is something wonderful; I have seen a young servant-girl carry a tub of water in this mode, which few men would like to carry in their hands, and to this habit I impute the many cases of swollen necks one sees in South Germany.

Do my readers remember that charming sketch of a pastor’s family in Goethe’s Autobiography? I have a pleasant recollection of just such another family in Württemberg, poor, pious, and hospitable, with whom I spent a couple of days, on my way from Stuttgart to Heidelberg. The village was dirty in the extreme. Heaps of manure stood under the windows of the dwelling-houses, in which children, geese, and pigs were played together; stacks of wood blocked up the pathway at every step; slovenly, unkempt women were chopping wood or combing flax seated on heaps of rubbish; and, worst of all, the cows occupy the ground-floor of the houses. What with the stenches, the sights, and the sounds, one would not care to stay longer than necessary in a German village. Yet the people are content, and apparently there is no felt poverty.

The pastor’s house is generally built in the village street, near the church, and my good old friend’s dining-room looked out on a staid, lifeless, lack of liquid manure. I presented my letter of introduction about ten o’clock one morning, and he welcomed me heartily.

‘Come in,’ he said, ‘and be so kind as to make yourself at home. We dine in an hour’s time, but I am sure you are hungry, and my daughters are having coffee. Sophie,竺eve, give Mr. some coffee, some Milchbrötchen, and some pears.’

Obedient to the summons, two young ladies of robust and good-humoured appearance bustled in, one bearing some snake-like form of bread with fair hands, the other a tin measure filled with coffee. They were light-haired and chubby, and wore low dresses, and their hair in tight braids, but quite the ideal of Olivia or Sophia, perhaps, but pleasant girls enough, and very zealous ‘on hospitable thoughts intent’. They had both learned a little English from their father, who I found to be well acquainted with our best old English authors, and we chatted merrily over our coffee and fruit. Hardly was this meal despatched than the cloth was laid for dinner. Breakfast at six; second breakfast between nine and ten; dinner at eleven; coffee, bread, and fruit again at four; Abendessen, or supper, at seven; to bed at nine: this I found to be the programme for the day.

The dinner was rather difficult to relish, but what was wanting in delicacies was made up in hospitality. My host and his daughters dined off pewter-plates, but I, the guest, was honoured with an earthenware one. There was some coarse rock-salt in a broken green tea-cup, but no other condiment whatever. The first course was noodle-soup, which I can only describe as being poor, and greasy, and tasteless; the second was a hot ben, served up in the yellow broth it was boiled in—do not ask any questions regarding it, I beg, for I assure you to taste it. The third was a stew, which is turned round on a pivot by a long pole, the pole being worked by two or three pair of hands till the fruit is in the state of mashed potatoes. The juice of
and there were little fried puddings, made of black bread and cinnamon, and eaten with wine-sauce (the white wine being watered down with a pinch of vinegar); and a mess of potato and oil and boiled beet-root called a salad; and sausages and stewed pears.

I think a part of the charm that I pen these unfeeling remarks, if the dinner was unpleasant, it was liberal and well garnished with kindly old-fashioned courtesy, and the cheeriest humour and content. If the young ladies put their knives in their own mouths, or took up a bone in their fingers, they did it with charming simplicity and unconsciousness of guile. There was friendliness, sociability, bonhomie; and who a garnet for washing all the rest.

These country pastors have from forty to sixty pounds a year; and if they are not 'counted rich,' at least they do not suffer poverty. Excepting that they keep a maid-servant, they live almost after the manner of peasants. Some of them are, nevertheless, extremely studious, well-read men. They have always plenty of neighbours, who drop in from one o'clock at noon till seven at eve, and are immediately regaled with coffee or Neckar wine, fruit, and black bread, or Brezola, a kind of milk-bread peculiar to the south of Germany, being small twists strewn with coarse salt, and possessing a peculiar woody flavour, in consequence of being baked in the ashes. The gentleman smoke, and the ladies knit, both chatting the while on the minute occurrences of the day. The king and queen are interesting subjects always, and a little spice of scandal is not wanting; but politics are seldom deeply entered into, and seldom well understood. Thus, without troubling themselves much about the busy world, these country pastors lead a harmless and happy life, precluding from their great ambitions, changes and moves.

I think there is no stronger trait in the German character than the love of pleasure. Where there is a band of music to be heard, a bench and coffee to be got, a garden to walk in, and take off one's hat to one's neighbours, there, surely enough, will be dozens of people enjoying themselves in the quietest, cheapest way possible. We English, when we are respectable, keep at home with our wives and children, content with our own gardens and piano; or if we are dissipated wrethoes, go to the opera, have a lobster supper, play billiards, and lounge about at the small-hours; but the Germans, one and all, take their pleasure out of doors, and take it in a very moderate and commendable manner. Home, as we have it, is unknown to them. In Germany, the gentleman will be at his club; the lady either takes tea alone, or invites some friends to join her at a café; while the children are still in school. Comfort is not, but pleasure abounds in abundance. And then, how inexpensive and innocent is the pleasure! For two shillings, or less, one can hear a good opera, or see a play well acted; the theatre opens at half-past five, and closes at nine, or soon after. You see modest young girls slip in and take their seats alone, and two or three together will return home quite unattended, even in winter, when it is dark. This is as it should be; and I wish that, in London and Paris, our daughters could dare to be so independent.

The tea-garden is quite an institution in Germany. All through the summer, people flock to it, and return home, after a pleasant evening, which has perhaps cost them a few pence. Very good coffee is obtained at these places, and the usual charge is twopence a cup—bread and butter costs twopence more—bread alone, one half-penny; and these, with beer, claret, and wine, are the principal items. As a fact, the ladies bring their stockings to knit, and it would be difficult to tell which go fastest, tongues or knitting-pins. All this seems heartily,元件ly, and enjoyment is very pleasant to see; what is wanting in refinement is made up in unaffectedness and good-
nature; and young and old walk through life enjoying it in a placid sleepy way, which is unknown with us. It would be, if it were possible, if they little more simple in our pleasures and desires. What will become of us in time, if luxuries, and the demand for luxuries, continue to increase in the same proportion as they have done during the last thirty years?

A little sour krout and noodle-soup would not hurt many of us, I think, and the fat hen would be a fitting punishment for epicures.

Children work hard in Germany. I spent some time in a family where there were several boys and girls of all ages, and I must say the house, though not a palmed one, seems to me to have been very luxurious in comparison with theirs. By six in the morning, the little people were stirring; and before eight, let the weather be what it might, they were out of the house; they would just scramble home to dinner, be off again, whilst we were still discussing the pudding and not reappear till four or six. Even then they would have much pianoforte practice, arithmetic, or exercise to be got through before bedtime. Ten hours' study is quite common with both boys and girls, and I think it too much for children perhaps not twelve. They could learn quite enough in six. Neither are they fed so delicately as with us; but on that point I am satisfied the Germans are right. What good is ever gained by bringing children up too luxuriously? Better give them brown bread and boiled meat, and teach them to get up early: late hours and sweet cakes are very bad educators.

Our young ladies, too, with their pert-looking hats and sweeping dresses—they must give a great deal of thought and time to their toilet. Our national robes are tight, though a father's love has been tried by a mismanaged home! How many a husband's temper has been soured by an ill-cooked dinner! Our young ladies are very refined, very intellectual, and very ornamental. We are proud of their tasteful dress, their fluency on Mr. Ruskin's books, and their Italian songs. Would it not be better, perhaps, if we also were a little Ruskin less, and sing worse for knowing a useful thing or two? Cannot the same hands make an Irish stew and play Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata? Need our dinner be always inspired with the most elaborate ideas? Our daughters are such patrons of Mr. Mulock! No, no. I have known many German girls of good education and cultivated manners—girls who could play well on the pianoforte, and who were intimate with the works of the best English authors—spend their mornings in domestic occupations, bed-making, cooking, and dusting. Often very respectable families can only afford one servant, yet a set of large rooms is kept in the utmost neatness and cleanliness, the meals are served as regularly as clockwork, and, in fact, a swindle is unknown. The young lady of the house is worth her weight in gold; she tidies her own room, makes the coffee, superintends the servant, lays the cloth; and in the afternoon arrays her trim figure in a tight-fitting dress, goes off with mamma or some friend to a tea-garden, and enjoys herself for the rest of the day.

A very nice sport, the daughter of a government officer, once told me she intended cooking the family dinner all through the coming winter, in order to perfect herself in the culinary art; and this is by no means an unusual fact, the ladies bring their stockings to knit, and it would be difficult to tell which go fastest, tongues or knitting-pins. All this seems heartily,元件ly, and enjoyment is very pleasant to see; what is wanting in refinement is made up in unaffectedness and good-
are very clever: they write many books; but all are not answeresses. What do the others do? I hear they never prepare a soup, or tidy their houses. Their servants must be very different to ours.

For the honour of English ladies' industry, I answered gravely: 'They mend their husbands' shirts and stockings.'

She said no more, for it is well known, that ladies in England, when talking above everything, and employ a needlewoman for that especial purpose.

There is one thing that strikes me particularly in Germany—The absence of friendly intercourse amongst young men and women. One seldom sees them together except at balls; at tea-gardens, cafés, and picnics. One meets pleasant little parties enough, but they are generally composed of uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, parents and consuls; young girls are kept very strict in other respects. A Fräulein of twenty would not think of asking a friend to tea even, without previously consulting her parents' wishes, and is accustomed to obey in the smallest trifles. The moral independence of English girls would surprise and almost shock them.

Coffee-parties, where a dozen ladies meet to discuss the affairs of the public in general, are very common; morning coffee-parties are also given. On such occasions, the guests are called to tea, coffee, sweets, and Kuchen (I speak quite feelingly of that delicious manufacture) are plentifully provided; no gentlemen are admitted, and conversation flows without interruption. Servants are the topic of all others. Servants have long been looked upon in England as a social plague, but I had hoped on the continent to get quit of the subject. Alas! if my countrywomen spend too much time in abusing their cooks and housemaids, I shall be heard in patience now, for it will be nothing after the endless sermons in Germany. The opposite is the case. Either Rike has turned out to be the encourager of two soldiers, or Rösle has stolen her mistress's gown, or Ernestine has run off at a day's notice. I must say that, on making the observation, I find they deserve all said about them, for a more idle, piffling, stupid set cannot be; yet the hearing is tiresome. Morality among this class of people is fearfully low—to be impudently, on the one hand, to the number of soldiers always in the towns; and on the other, the law by which no couple are allowed to marry without a certain income. The evil engendered by this law is incalculable.

Wages, like everything else in this cheap country, are extremely small: in Stuttgart, a cook asks only three pounds or three pounds ten; and in the country, so little as one pound. But about the cheapness of living abroad, there is much to be said. In Württemberg, living is undoubtedly very inexpensive, but if we choose to put up with the some inconveniences in England as we should be obliged to do there, we should not find the difference so very great.

Education, good education too, is unquestionably cheaper by far than in England. I have even heard of excellent day-schools for boys at one guinea per annum! But regarding provisions, dress, house-rent, there is not nearly the difference one might expect. The fact is, as a very sensible English lady remarked to me, 'I can live here on half the sum that I could do in England; because I do here what I never could do there—at least what is never expected of a lady. Here, I can keep but one maid, make my bed, wash up my plates, and yet be thought none the worse for it. If English people have the idea of having the same comforts for three hundred as they get at home for six, they will find it to be a great mistake.' Meat is fivepence and sixpence a pound, but butter and cheese are as cheap as with us, and many housekeepers told me that provisions increase in price yearly. Five years since, meat was threepence a pound, and other things cheap in proportion. Wood for firing is quite as expensive as coal even is with us, but furniture and workmen's wages are low-priced. Plain useful clothing is also cheap.

Education, as I have just observed, is wonderfully inexpensive and excellent; but a word more on that subject. For parents who have a large family, and are ambitious of giving them superior instruction at home, it is a good plan to continue them for a few years. Accomplishments and foreign languages are extremely well taught, and good masters are to be obtained for moderate charges. In Stuttgart, there is an excellent institution for girls, and day-pupils pay about five pounds yearly. This school was founded by a Russian queen of Würtemberg, and is something like our late colleague. Curious enough, the royal foundress left an express prohibition of any English governess ever being resident in the house. I should think she had some prejudice against the nation. She also decreed that the boarders should always be dressed in green!

No delicately reared English girl should ever be sent as boarder to a German school, however, without some knowledge being gained beforehand of the domestic arrangements, for in some cases the living is coarse and poor, and there is no comfort whatever. One must be reared in a German home, under such circumstances. It is flattering to our nationality to find how much our language and literature are studied by the Germans. The former is very generally spoken, and the latter thoroughly appreciated. For those who cannot read the originals, excellent translations are provided; and I was pleased to find Amy Herbert, and many other children's books of the same class, in the hands of the young ones.

Indeed, our literature for young people is quite enthusiastically spoken of. I spent a few days in the country, where I hardly expected to hear any English authors except Walter Scott and Byron, and was surprised when the lady of the house—a motherly, beaming, domesticated woman—asked me what I thought of George Eliot's last work! She spoke of our children's books with infinite admiration, and expressed her satisfaction at receiving the second series of Mr. Rutherford's Children. German story-books seem to me, for the most part, to be either prosy or absurd.

Not only our literature, but our everyday-life is well known. The lady just mentioned was intimately acquainted with all doings, enterprizes, losses; she spoke with tears in her eyes of the gallant Captain Harrison; thoroughly discussed the merits of Sayers and Hoena; knew the history of the Stephanoons' perseverance and greatness; and entered into the Great Eastern question with perfect knowledge of its statistics. We don't know quite so well what goes on in Germany.

It is astonishing with what pertinacity English is spoken: in sausage-shops, in button-shops, little bits of boys now begin to say, 'Good-by;' instead of 'Good afternoon,' and to let you understand that their English is to beat your German. As the number of English residents constantly increases, so, of course will proficiency become more general. When I was passing through a country village one day, a friend pointed to a poorly dressed girl knitting coarse blue stockings at the door-step. 'That girl's brother is a tutor in England,' he said; 'and I should not wonder if she goes over herself some day as governess.'

A poor little girl died in the house adjoining mine, and I thought the funeral very touching and simple. It is the custom for each friend of the family to send a wreath on the day of interment, and these are all placed on the coffin, which is then covered by them. The hearse is open and plain. Behind, followed the poor child's governess, sisters, and servants, all dressed in the simplest mourning, and bearing large bouquets;
and lastly, two mourning-coaches, containing the parents, uncles, &c. This love of flowers in graveyards is a pretty feature in the German character. Their graves are always kept gay, and are never shunned as melancholy places; a chair or stool is placed in each enclosure, and here the mourner will come and sit, as if to hold communion with the spirit of the departed. Such visits are paid two or three times a week; the flowers and shrubs are trimmed with jealous care, and perhaps a spray or two is taken home to be laid between a book, and looked at on Sundays. How pretty and simple, too, is the inscription so often seen on the tombs: Auf wiedersehen, 'Till we meet again!' What more do we want to say? What can we say in addition to this? We loved—we are parted—we shall meet again. It embraces all a Christian's love and faith. In some enclosures is placed the figure of a kneeling angel, with drooping wing and folded hands. This also is beautiful, symbolising, as it does in great measure, the departure of the departed and in his prayers for us.

I also went to a wedding, and that ceremony is conducted in a very expeditious, simple manner. The bride and bridegroom, having previously sent printed forms inviting all their friends to church, repair to the altar, and stand alone before the pastor hand-in-hand. Sometimes music and verses singing commence the service; the pastor then prays; delivers a charge to the young pair on their future duties and ties; exhorts them to unity, religious life, and faithfulness to each other, until, finally, if they are prepared to fulfil their duties to God and to the world as man and wife; to which they affirm 'Yes;' blesses them; and then gives a hearty shake of the hands to each; and the ceremony is over. Another hymn is sung, and the new-married couple are joined by their friends, and return home to health-drinking and festivity.

THE TRAVELLING POST-OFFICE.

We must ask our readers to follow us in imagination—how they would have some difficulty in doing so in propriety person—on a journey in the travelling post-office, which we propose making, entirely for their benefit.

The railway mail-service, which has been gradually developing itself during the last twenty years, has not assumed gigantic proportions; year by year the estimates for conveying mails by railway have largely increased, with a corresponding decrease in the expenses for other means of conveyance. The railway post-office, applied at first to one or two of the trunk-lines diverging from the metropolis, is now, or shortly will be, extended to every considerable line of railway in the kingdom; and by means of different junctions throughout the country, an admirable adjustment is maintained between every large district in the kingdom. The successful working of this post-office machinery, as well as the immunity it enjoys from serious depredations, is as a result of the absence of the ordinary railway traffic during the time chosen for the conveyance of mails. This traffic disposed of, and ordinary business-hours over, the serious work of the post-office in our largest towns may be said to commence; and through the long night, a score or two of iron horses are whirling through space, besides an immense amount of finished work securely sealed up, a couple of hundred officials of different grades, busily engaged in all the various operations incident upon the reception and despatch of the national correspondence.

The railway post-office proper comprises a number of divisions or sections, and these, generally, are named from the locality through which they extend; as the Bangor and Leeds Division, the Carlisle and Perth Division. These divisional parts have distinct officers allotted to them, the number regulated by the amount of work to be performed. The length of the divisions—the extent of one of which forms a post-office journey—varies slightly, averaging about 170 miles, the average length of time taken to perform the journeys being between five and six hours. It may be imagined that a proper control of this vast machinery of operations, with its scattered officials, may be difficult, but the efficient working of the whole is, nevertheless, thoroughly and promptly maintained. The entire direction of the travelling-officers rests with the mail-office at St Martin's le Grand, presided over by an inspector-general of mails, with a deputy, and to which office is attached a considerable staff of clerks. The connection between the different branches of the travelling-office and the controlling-office in London is kept up by a number of travelling mail-inspectors.

Suppose we are one of the mail-inspectors, at the termini of the railway stations, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock, watching the mail-coaches as they pass by the station. We may safely say that the train in question is the mail, announcing it is the mail. The train picks up the mail, and the carriage is filled with the usual paraphernalia of the post-office. We may term the mail the Nothing-medium, and the carriage the Nothing-station. We may say that the Nothing-station is the Nothing-dock, where the Nothing-steamers load the Nothing-mail. The Nothing-mail then sets sail for those

* The estimate for the current year is near £50,000.
away the letters that have been handed to them from the bags. The clerks look rather sleepy, and this is natural enough, for the hour is a drowsy one, and half the world is dozing; but the feeling is only temporary, for presently the staff begins to stir and catch the train-time. The work fairly started, they soon warm with it, and the scene becomes one of business and enterprise, with a sort of excitement, till every bundle is cut open, and the letters composing them are disposed of in the boxes. The sorting finished, there is at once a movement along the line of boxes, as they busy themselves in collecting from the different boxes all the letters that have been received for the bags about to be despatched at the first station; the examination of them is careful or more hurried just as the time allows; the letters are then tied up in packets in the sharp, decisive way long practice makes so easy; and the bags are tied, sealed, and ready for delivery just as the train is brought to a stand. Here the bags are given out; fresh supplies are received from three or four towns in the immediate district, and we are again on our journey, and in our second stage. The bags received are at once opened; the same round of sorting, collecting, examining, is gone through; the same process of despatching for the next and all subsequent postal stations is repeated, just as before.

During this our second stage, and before we stop again, we pass two or three important towns: not being among our great centres of population, however, they are not important enough for the mail-train to do them the honour of stopping; so other arrangements have been made for them, and the exchange of letter-bags is effected by messenger, whilst the train is progressing at its usual speed. This ingenious contrivance deserves a word in passing, especially as it is now being called more and more into requisition. We are not speaking now of the old-fashioned gangway that connects it with the post-office carriage. The guard is looking out for the familiar object, such as bridge, river, or cluster of trees, by which he tells his stop. It is a remarkably fine and delicate precision. Whilst he is busy finding his position, we will take the time to explain that the machinery is arranged so as to secure, simultaneously in most cases, both the receipt and the dispatch of bags. For the purpose of receiving bags, a large strong net is fixed to one side of the van, to be drawn down at the proper moment; and when it is sufficiently pulled in and the false end of the carriage, are hollow iron bars, inside each of which, working by means of a rope and pulley, an iron arm is fixed, upon which the bags to be delivered, securely strapped in a thick, leathern pouch, are suspended; and where the exchange has to be effected at the station we are nearing, the arrangements are just the counterparts of this. A net is spread to catch each pouch from the extended arm of the carriage, and pouches hang from iron standards in the ground of sufficient height for the net in the train. The operation itself is just commencing; the door is pushed back into the groove in which it works, and then the guard, touching a spring that holds up the net, it is loosed from its supports, and projects over the carriage-sides; the iron arm, acting on its pulley-rope, is drawn round into the carriage, where the pouch is rapidly fastened to it by means of a catch or spring—but in such a manner that a touch from the net-apparatus at the station will bring it off—and then let down, remaining by virtue of its own weight at right angles to the door. A moment of waiting, and the machinery acts its assigned part properly; the pouch disappears from the arm, or arms (if the bags have been heavy enough both to be used), with a whack; the latest arrival lands in order, and then all is quiet as before. We mean, of course, comparative quiet, as much as is possible amid the din and endless rattle of a train speeding away at the rate of forty miles an hour. We make our way back into the other carriage, the guard bringing with him the treasures we have watched him pick up by the wayside; and these bags opened, and contents sorted off in the orthodox way, we are at the end of another stage.

Here, evidently, comes the tug of war. We have arrived at one of the principal mail-junctions in the country, and an immense number of bags is waiting our arrival. These bags have been brought, brought, brought, all day; the last set of Criminals, brought, brought, brought, by other mail-trains arranged to effect a junction with these, in their turn, have met with other trains running across the country in transverse directions. Bags from towns near and towns remote, with letters for places all along our line of route, as well as letters just passing, in transitu, from this office to some other, are here stowed in, till we can scarcely find standing space. The work, however, is resumed with more energy than ever, and it is surprising how soon, by persistent activity, we come to feel comfortable again. The necessity there is for a certain amount of work being accomplished at a certain point, acts as a spur upon us, and we feel the working-spirit of the office has to be exerted to its fullest extent.

Let us keep out of the way for a moment, and retreat to the door. O, the blackness of darkness! Two flies past like great gaunt spectres, hovering there; the object is weird and dismal-looking seen in the glare from the engine-fire they are just now raking, and by the shower of sparks from the engine-chimney. We are content to shut our eyes upon this scene, and listen to the sorting as it proceeds—to the rot-tat as the letters fall into the boxes opposite, as steady and regular as if so many clocks were ticking together. The work, however, is not always done so quietly. One moment, and we are clattering down a hill, and the sorting partakes, to some extent, of the same tear-away speed; another time we are rushing up another hill, on a line of steep gradient, and the letters find their boxes very deliberately; now, the rails are somewhat out of order, or the coupling of the carriages has not been well attended to, or we are winding round a succession of sharp curves, and can scarcely keep our feet as the carriage lurches first to one side, then to the other; in all which cases, not only is our own equilibrium a source of difficulty to us, but we see that things proceed anything but smoothly among the letters, which refuse to go in at all, or go in with a spirited evolution, fluttering outside, and then landing at their destination upside down, or in some other way transgressing official rules in such case made and provided. Now, the clerk is sorting away to the different kinds of music, well known to express travellers. We are tearing through a tunnel, or through a long cut of thick-ribbed stone, or over or under a bridge. These noises are occasionally varied by a lively tune on the engine-whistle, or sometimes, when signal-lights are against us, or Cerberus is asleep at his post, by a round of screeching and screaming.

Writing of railway-whistles, we might furnish a long chapter. Sometimes a sharp, shrill, short whistle is heard, which the constant traveller almost unconsciously learns to associate with immediate danger, though the fact of there being time to sound it is in reality an assurance of safety. We cannot describe to the reader how instinctively all postal interest is forgotten in the apprehension of personal danger, when this whistle is heard, and how naturally the hurried moments are spent in all sorts of post mortem arrangements.

The country through which we are now travelling is only thinly supplied with towns, and consequently, the number of letters received into the office is much smaller. The clerks produce from their pockets under the blue-cloth covered counter a round kind of swing-seat attached to it, which turns outside ingeniously upon a swivel, and for some time are seated at
their work. We take advantage of this break in the character of the duty to observe more closely the various letters that the clerks are examining.

That the office is conducted on the most approved democratic principles, is a fact patent to any onlooker. The same sort of variety that marks Society, here marks its letters; essays of all shades and sizes; handwriting of all imaginable kinds, written in all shades of ink, with every description of pen; names the oldest, and names the most ordinary, and patrimony to which no possible exception could be taken. Here is an envelope stamped with the escutcheoned signet of an earl; another, where the wax has yielded submissively to the initials of plain John Brown; and another, plastered with cobblers’ wax, with an impression that makes no figure in Debrett, and which, indeed, bears undeniable evidence of having been manufactured at Holbourn. They are all mingles, for a few hours at anyrate, in common fellowship — tossed about in company, honoured with the self-same knocks on the head, sent to their destination looked in loving embrace, and sometimes, in the case of the cobbler’s, exceedingly difficult to part at all. Some of the addresses are amusing in their ambiguity; some are absolutely blundering; some say too little, others too much; some give the system with mutio presense, others, because it is nature’s own rendering, and they have never known school; in all which cases, the work of our examiners is necessarily deliberate, grave, hesitating, or slow. We have just received our quota of letters from the sister-isle, and here the sorters’ patience is put to the utmost stretch to extract the names of the town from the perfect wilderness of words (including the names of almost all their acquaintance, to whose care the precious communication is confided), in which address of almost every letter is involved. The English poor often shew their unbounded confidence in the sagacity of the officers of the post-office by leaving out some essential part of the address (we have ourselves seen a letter addressed: ‘Mary H——, a tall woman, with two children,’ and giving the name of a large town in the west of England; and are repaid for such misplaced confidence by hearing of their letter arriving, if ever it does reach its destination, after many wanderings hither and thither, in something more than a week! The Scotch people, I am informed, have this geniality — attain the golden mean, and exhibit the greatest care in such matters. Not to speak of better education, they are too fastidious to be found writing too much, and cautious enough not to leave anything of consequence unwritten.

After all, however, the cases of blunder are exceptional. The vast majority of letters are like the vast majority of people — ordinary, unexceptionable, and mediocre. It could not well be otherwise. Much is learned, however, from the habit of the towns. The railway post-office clerk takes some degree of interest in the towns on his ride; for, almost domesticated on the rail, he becomes a sort of denizen of those towns he is constantly passing, and sees, or fancies he does, from the very letters that arrive from them, a kind of corroboratation of all he has settled in his mind with regard to them. Almost every town has its distinctive kind of letters. That town we just passed is manufacturing, and the letters are almost entirely confined to sober-looking advice-cards, circulars, prices current, and invoices, very similar in kind and appearance, in good-sized envelopes, with very plainly written or printed addresses. Now and then, a lawyer’s letter, written in a painfully distinct hand, for a thing or two, a banker’s letter, giving under the weight of bills and notes, escapes from company such as we have described; but still the letters sustain the town’s character for cotton. Now we are at an old country town, with quiet-going people, living as their fathers did before them, and inheriting not only their money and lands, but their letters, that best cherishes their old ways, as we expected, little, quiet, old-fashioned-looking things, remarkable for nothing so much as their neatness. Now we are among the coal-districts, and we find the letters, that may make you imagine that they must have been written by the light of pit-candles, in some region of carbon, two hundred fathoms down. This bag comes from a sea-lathing place, and, as long as summer continues, will tell unmistakably of sea-sand, sea-sand, and sea-ammones; whilst with this the letters looking so picturesque and old, is from an old cathedral town; and this, again, is from a fashionable place, with finely scented, perfumed billets for its main contents.

We are at our destination at last; with a feeling of dreamy wonder that something has not happened to us; that, considering the noise and the whirl, our brain is not tied up in a knot somewhere in the head, instead of only swimming; and that our tympanums is not permanently fractured. Dusty, hungry, tired, sleepy, we hurry through the streets, with the day just breaking.

Of course, this post-office machinery, necessarily in some parts so delicate, is very liable to derangement, does get out of order, and has to depend, as we were told, on the utmost knowledge and skill of the proper carrying out throughout the country of an infinite number of railway arrangements. This was clearly seen during the last severe winter, when the delays were almost of daily occurrence, and accidents frequent. It is scarcely possible, however, that, so far as prospective arrangements can be made for changing seasons, we shall have a repetition of the failures and delays of last winter. Railway accidents are fruitful sources of discomfort to the post-office department. It is surprising, however, how fortunate the majority of mail-trains have been in the insurrection they have hitherto enjoyed from serious calamities of this nature. When any such calamity does overtake them, it very seldom happens that the post-office arrangements suffer, except on the particular journey wherein the accident occurred. Fresh supplies of men and materiel are summoned with a speed that would, or ought to, surprise some other commissariat departments, and the disembarkments as if the equilibrium had never been disturbed.

Reader, you have doubtless read our paper impetuously; you don’t like the way the post-office is managed; you never did, in fact, since you lost that last letter of yours, containing a coin or something else of value, and couldn’t get it back by demanding it of the secretary! You haven’t faith in us post-office officials, and long for some rival establishment — spirited individuals to take the matter up, and get the monopoly squashed! In the meantime, never send such letters through the post in this way again. Pray, remember that in all large departments there will always be some few liable to temptation, and who will not take pains to resist it. As the Money-order Office was established on purpose to meet your case, we ask you, in the name of the ninety-nine honest men, not to tempt the hundredth, who will have sins enough to answer for some day! But you are indignant that a certain letter you ought to have had is not at hand at the proper moment. However, just think how many letters you do get, which contain very small sums of money, to the pole; just listen to the old gentleman yonder, as he tells how long the same business-letter from the old-established house used to be in arriving, and what was paid for it when at last it came. He prays, think of the travelling caged officials — those wingless birds of the post-office — and of what they go through ‘o’ nights, in order that you may have your letter or your newspaper — posted yesterday in
some quiet corner of the country, four hundred miles away—with your buttered toast at breakfast in town!

A NIGHT IN THE SPINNEY.

I am a peaceful man, of commercial pursuits, and have never taken a wayward, standing, or dangerous character. Compared to the experiences of the gentlemen of the periodical press—to judge by their autobiographical writings—I cannot conceive of myself than a mincer of a humble and ordinary cast. I was never in a position in society to demand the shedding of my blood, in order to avenge my honour. Nor have I ever seated the wild goat—far less the bison—by the beard, that it might be placed (as the manner of some is) over the office door of this periodical, in order to attract the public. Still I have found the following adventure, which happened to me in my youth, meet with such invariable applause in our club-room—I refer to our social meetings every Saturday at the Punch and Pozzoc—that I fancy it may not be without its interest for the world at large.

At fifteen, I was employed as errand-boy in a stationer's shop, in a small town of the north country. I say a stationer, that was a mistake; it was a very proud man, but I might have said in a repository of the Fine Arts, for that was the title, in letters of gold, which he bore over his door. I was at that time—and it is so long ago that I may say so without incurring the charge of vanity—a youth of genteel appearance and good address, and was popular with the ladies and customers. Some of these joined a picnic-party one September afternoon at a ruined castle about five miles from our town, and having forgotten to take their drawing materials with them, they sent back for them; I was at the time a travelling artist and was quite the person, as I had gathered in the course of my studies, to attract the heart of a lady of the best impressions—high-born maiden—

"Hi!" exclaimed my master, as I started full of hope, and was already clear of the threshold. "Hi, you boy! (Mr Blackleds was rather a vulgar stationer) now, you're not going to idle away all the afternoon, I promise you. You may as well call with these accounts at Lady Dishbowe's and Mrs Carter's, as you come back; they are not much out of your road, and they have been standing a good long time. Do you hear?"

Of course I heard, for half the little street could have heard, he hollored so. An excessively ill-looking fellow, who was lettering at the public-house door over the way, most certainly heard, for he said grimly and maddeningly at my discomfiture, I had to go back, and get the bills recopied, and listen to certain commercial instructions about how to behave myself, as if I did not know a vast deal better than Mr Blackleds the line of conduct to be pursued in the very best society. Why, I had learned off by heart the exact expressions which Luke Fyndal, the jeweller's apprentice, made use of upon meeting the Lady Adela Montmorenci for the first time—which, as everybody knows, was in the most magnificent manner. But Mr B. would have his say out at all times; and I started at least a quarter of an hour later than I should have done, and with my high spirits not a little dashed. However, by the time I get to Luton...
through the underwood. I was a very fleet runner for my years—fully making up in agility for whatever was wanting in courage—and I made up my mind on the instant what I would do. The movement had taken place at some little distance from the roadside, and I knew that I could get by before any one entangled in the thicket could think his way down to intercept me. I therefore started off like an arrow out of a bow, intending to do the half-mile of defile at Derby speed. I heard a shout behind me as I sped by the suspicious spot, and the jump of a man's feet into the road. With the start that I had, I could count on it; I calculated he would scarcely overtake me, and I had less than a mile and a half to run to reach the turnpike that stood at the entrance of our town. Ah me, was I ever to see, thought I, that safe little town again—which I had sometimes deemed dull and stupid—and that beloved master of mine, to whom I had more than once applied the epithet of Curmudgeon, borrowed from those wicked romances! It seemed, indeed, that I never was to see them again. A dark figure stretching out both his arms to bar my passage suddenly appeared in the road before me, and called out to my pursuer: 'I've got him, Dick, safe enough!' Without one second's pause, I made right at this new antagonist, as though to run him down. I saw him grin savagely as I came up quite close, and recognized the ill-favoured man at the public-house who had sneered at me at that moment when Mr Blacklegs had called me back about getting the bills paid. He grunted this time to think that I should attempt to push him over with my puny body, although I was far from entertaining such a project. At the moment of the expected collision, I swerved to the left, and passed him, gaining a few feet, while he recovered himself, and indulged in a hideous execration. I had now myriads behind me, and I but just started, could doubtless have distanced both of them; but I had been running my hardest, and the second robber was quite fresh and unexhausted. I knew that he was gaining on me. I felt my knees knock together, and my young legs tremble as they flew. His footsteps drew so close, that I could hear his breathing and the angry grinding of his teeth: I was conscious that his bloodthirsty hand was even stretched out to grasp my collar. Then I dropped down like a plummet before him, just as I had been accosted at school, in the way of some opponent at football, too gigantic to be dealt with by other methods, and with the same happy result. My enemy performed a summersault in the air, and fell down motionless in the road as though he had broken his neck, which I most devoutly wished he had.

When I rose up, the other man was at least thirty yards behind me, but I felt I could run no more. I dragged myself rather than plunged into the thicket, and making my way but a very little into it, lay down utterly exhausted, and panting as though my heart would break. If I had been pursued, I must have been overtaken immediately. I was thankful, indeed, that it was not so, and as soon as I recovered breath enough, I crept on to a small open space in the wood where there was a tree covered with ivy, and up that I climbed some five or six feet, and hid myself like a second Charles the Second. Once there, and in temporary safety, my energies collapsed, and I must be confessed that the chosen Child of Romance broke out into a most profuse perspiration. I should certainly have fallen out of any tree less admirably constructed, but the network of ivy held me closely even in my swoon. I think I must have swooned, because I have no recollection of hearing anything previous to a conversation carried on immediately beneath me, between my late pursuers, and yet they must have made some noise in getting to the foot of my hiding-place.

'I'll kill him,' cried the evil-faced man; 'I'll kill him, though I wait till morning! He's landed my left arm for life.'

'Retirement. A shady and sequestered spot, 
To meditate alone,
Where feet of man approacheth not,
Unstressed, and unknown;
A little brook to sing to me;
Some simple flower, to smile;
The shelter of a spreading tree;
The gales of heaven's while
To fan me as they murmer near:
These would I ever resign,
To call the poorest portion here,
With all its glory, mine.
Poor world! then art a generous soul,
All selfish though thou be.
To sip the froth of pleasure's bowl,
And leave the draught to me. X.
FORESTALLING.

Our old Plantagenet and Tudor parliaments were especially severe upon certain obnoxious practices, not now very intelligible to the general reader. Among these were 'forestalling and regrating.' Anything that involved monopoly was odious to our ancestors, and 'forestalling and regrating' were the means whereby the medieval capitalist was accustomed to perform a feat not uncommon in the nineteenth century, and described in city parlance by the familiar phrase of 'rigging the market.'

The operations of moneyed men in the dark and twilight ages were more simply conducted than the elaborate manipulations of the modern broker. If the capitalist were a very great capitalist indeed, some Lombard or Fleming, some 'burgomaster or great onerer,' settled in a quiet nook of old London, he lent money at enormous interest, and on valid security. In this case, parliament launched at his head the thunders of the Usuary Act, and massacred him with pillory, prison, fine, branding, and other penalties. But the gray-bearded usurer recked little of such threats. He knew himself too useful to king and court, to a lavish aristocracy, and an aspiring middle class, not to have a host of powerful protectors, and in effect, it was rarely that his confidence was doomed to disappointment. But the petty seeker after gain, the poor corporal in that army of Plutus whereof our friend the money-lender was a major-general, was apt to be a scapegoat for the sins of his wealthier brother. His industry was limited to intercepting country folks on their way to the metropolitan markets, to buying up all the fowls, to cheapening all the butter, to purchasing the forage, or the corn, or the porkers, with a view to retailing the same at a profit to the outwitted citizens of London. Now-a-days, we should leave such a man to the ordinary operations of traffic, to that ebb and flow of the lifeblood of commerce which we call supply and demand, and he would be free to ruin or enrich himself, according to the result of the speculation. But our forefathers took a different course. In their code of ethics, monopoly was little better than theft, and they strove to regulate all bargains, to trim all profits to a Procrustean standard, and to prevent any one from reaping too much money in his commercial transactions. How admirably they succeeded in their task of regulating the passions and ambitions of mankind, in stemming the tide with a straw, and making the race for gold slacken speed, by act of parliament, we pretty well know. But they tried to do it. And not only did they pass laws against 'forestalling and regrating;' but when they brought home the offence to any one who could not make interest with king or keeper, chief-justice or attorney-general, they punished him sharply. The 'forestaller and regrater' paid fines, lay in jail, and if his ears escaped the keen knife of the successors of Mr John Ketch, at anyrate he stood in the pillory, and underwent the pelting of an amiable British public.

Now, we have outgrown our nursery terrors and punishments. Usuary laws are dead and gone; we may pay such usance for money borrowed as our need, our folly, or our desperate circumstances may prescribe, and parliament may no longer attempt to interfere between Mr Aminadab Moss and ourselves in any little bill transactions. We may buy up all the poultry in Leadenhall Market without being pilloried for that offence; we may 'forestall' all the alcoholic liquors in and out of bond; we may 'regrate' every ounce of tea in the world, starve every tea-pot in Britain, and make a bonfire of the Chinese herb, if such be our whim, without having to submit our ears to the amputating knife of Mr Calcraft. Yes, we are wiser than our great-grandfathers. We permit the tides of profit and loss to flow, the ebb and flow of commerce to revolve, the eternal laws to operate, without setting our puny force and purblind judgment to meddle with their regulation. And yet we may go too far in our present passive mood. It is better to be inconsistent than to connive at evil doings, and we may sacrifice too much for the sake of logic.

Our well-meaning, blundering ancestors had a law and a recipe for everything. They made every man's dinner and wardrobe the subject of positive enactment. They legally fixed how many dishes he might eat, the texture of his clothes, the profits of his business, the employment of his leisure; they told him how his wife's farthingale should be trimmed, what should be the fashion of her hood, the colour of her kirtle, and the height of her heels. They enacted, not only where, when, and how he should worship, but they kindly decreed that for one Sunday's wilful absence from the parish church, he should suffer fine; for the second, fine and imprisonment; for the third, 'ye cuttinge of his ryght hande,' as may be seen in black-letter acts of parliament. Where everything was thus settled, where it was gravely set down who should wear silk, and who cloth, and what fur was for the peer, and what for the esquire, of course, mercantile matters were arranged, in theory at least, by the legislature. We have gone into an opposite extreme; we are so timid, so jealous of any interference with newly emancipated commerce, that we permit a temporary saturnalia to the rogue and the robber. There are public enemies who live and fatten...
in our midst, and we take no heed of them. We allow quacks to drug and delude us, adulterating traffickers to poison us, and greedy members of society to sweep away whole branches of trade, to destroy the sources of the benefit, to blight young lives by myriads, for the sake of a little ill-got gain. Let me explain myself, and point out the true ‘forestalling’ of the present century—a crying evil that is beyond the cure of doubtful plagues, and which, like a disease, once wisely made and strictly administered are alone competent to cure.

What, first of all, is the exact meaning of the verb active to ‘forestall’? It tells, as it seems to me, its own story, and bears on the head and front of it the clear indication of its purport. To forestall is to anticipate; to cut off in advance, to put the hands of Time’s clock unduly forward, to pawn the future for the sake of present ease or safety. To forestall is also to intercept, to cut off a supply on its way somewhere, to prevent some event from happening in due course. It is a prodigal verb, hateful to the ears of the prudent; yet it has been conjugated in all its moods and tenses, practically, by grave statesmen and ardent patriots, as well as by giddy youths. That young Hopeful should forestall the inheritance of that avaricious predecessors whom he so aptly designates as ‘the old hunks,’ so long as a member of Ralph Nicklesby’s profession shall make advances on his post obit, is scarcely surprising. That my lord the Viscount Ellesburgh should pay the whole of the price of the Castle Rackrent demesne and the Kilmy Barony, is in accordance with the nature of things; as is also the fact, that Mr. Cade of Jamaica, long since raised and spent the price of all the sugar which Monmouth Plantation will yield between this and the year 2000 A.D. But Britannia, with bill-stamps in her hand—Britannia ‘raising the wind,’ in place of her normal employment of ruling the waves—Britannia pledging the industry of unbown millions, surely presents a picture of a different character! It may be alleged, and truly, that England could not help herself; that she had no natural proclivity towards embarrassed circumstances, but that debt lay in her way, and she found it. The national debt was, in fact, in a measure forced upon the nation. Up to the latter years of the Stuart dynasty, the old plan had answered very fairly. This old plan was a grossly illogical, but an honest one—Britannia or, in speaking of those pre-united days, I should say England—professed to pay her way in ready money. The taxes of the year—the most important of which were the chimney-money, or hearth-tax; the land tax, since redeemed; the excise, and the customs, with crown-lands and fines—made up a reasonable budget, considering that the standing army only included the three regiments of the king’s guard, the Berwick dragons, and the admirals regiment of marines.

France raised and expended ten times as much on her huge army and dazzling court, nor had Britons then much reason to murmur at their contribution to the state. But though, theoretically, England paid on the nail for every ship, soldier, lord in waiting, and envoy, in her service, she could not quite make both ends meet. She was already overrunning the continent; though, to do her justice, she was but a neck in advance of that proverbial officer. Every year, the Treasury required some slight accommodation. This was procured in primitive style. My Lord Treasurer went into the city, in a gay carriage, to consult with the mighty mayor of the period; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer went hat in hand up and down Cheapside and Lombard Street, bowing low, engaging, and employing every subtle device, or opulent clother, or potent goldsmith, who was affably disposed to draw from till a few hundred pounds in actual specie, for the liquidation of his country’s liabilities. Some of those good-natured creditors were gradually induced to let their little account with Britannia stand over, interest being paid thereon at the fluctuating market rate of from seven to nine per cent on the half, and regaled on the bounty of the nation, on the popularity of the treasurer, on the affable demeanour of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Imagine Mr. Gladstone, in our time, performing such a career of singular ingenuity and ingenuity, and issuing round the Stock Exchange, and conciliating half London!

About the period of King Charles II.’s death, it became convenient to break faith with the puisne creditor; those to whom England owed money were bidden to wait a while for their principal, lucky if the frugal management of James secured their interest. Then James sank under the hate of the people, and William of Orange became a salutary, but bitter tonic, with all the legacy of French wars and taxation which those stormy times brought with them. While our ancestors were fighting for life and death, we on the overgrown power of Louis the Grand, to pay their bills was impossible. The bills swelled every year. Great armies, great wars, civil discussion, rendered that enterprise hopeless, and as odious taxes like the chimney-money had to be repealed, it was needful to render the public debt a permanent one. Thus arose our National Debt—so called, and so named! The very word Persian ambassador, who, when he saw the superb park of artillery at Woolwich, loudly exclaimed that he had guns enough to blow debt and creditors into mince-meat. The word is common to all nations. While the French monarchs were screwing the last coin out of their hungry subjects—while their collectors were snatching the crust from the starving child, selling the peasant’s plough and cart, robbing the widow of her single cow, robbing the farmer of his seed-corn, our fathers lived in comfort, and sturdily resisted the power of the Bourbon line: they manfully resisted the pressing temptation to whitewash the country, and like Mrs Britannia’s schedule of bankruptcy, and we owe it to them that the price of the later Athenian, wherever merchants congregate throughout the world. It is difficult to speak harshly of the authors of the Great Debt, whose act, in truth, was beneficial—Britannia—or, in speaking of those pre-united days, I should say England—professed to pay her way in ready money. The taxes of the year—the most important of which were the chimney-money, or hearth-tax; the land tax, since redeemed; the excise, and the customs, with crown-lands and fines—made up a reasonable budget, considering that the standing army only included the three regiments of the king’s guard, the Berwick dragons, and the admirals regiment of marines.

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must pay for all. So with the fisher, whose heart is heavy with debts unpaid, and who looks longingly for the sign of a boat full of silver herring, or of pencilled mackerel that shall set him clear. So with the doctor, rubbing on with bronchitis and bronchitis, and the heart and the heart, and the bills out in that Tom Tiddler's ground, the city, and listening with the heart's ache to the peals at his rival's door-bell. But these are not the worst cases. Improvisation is always silly, often dishonest; but to preach is easier than to practise, as moralists know. But roguery in grain, cruel greed, the buccaneer's thirst for gold, the cowardly, calculating sacrilege of others to a love of lucres, at these we may safely strike. Nor need we go far for the criminals.

Our heritage from Adam is a fair one, giving us empire, as it does, over the fruitful earth, the teeming sea, the meadows white with sheep and mottled with cattle, and the dark mines full of hidden wealth. But we hold these things in trust for our children's children, even as our fathers held them in trust for us. Ours is the interest, not the principal; and if we eat up all, if we persist in killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, we rob posterity, and posterity will rightfully curse us. Now, here in our own garden, however great may be our impatience to grow rich, we cannot go the lengths in untruth of our transatlantic kinsmen. We have not here the vast exhaustions of the silvery acres of new land, abandon the barren soil, and push on towards the West in search of fresh farms, to subject to the same wasteful process. But we can dismantle our own future supplies, and mainly those of the fish with which our rivers, our lakes, and the sea that girds us in, naturally swarm. All island populations must largely depend on fishing as an article of domestic consumption, but very few nations, insular or continental, have been blessed with such abundance and variety of the finny tribes as ourselves. Providence has directed to our coasts great shoals of herring, pilchards, and mackerel. Foreigners are glad to come from afar to share in the leavings of the feast. Other foreigners buy in our markets the sea描写物 which nature has denied to them. But we have been bad stewards of this great trust, of this mighty crop of food, this harvest self-sown in the blue depths of the Atlantic and the North, whereon we feed. Wherever a net could be used, we have drawn incessant cheques upon the watery bank, reckless of the assets remaining. We have deprived millions upon millions of brood-fish, of immature fish, of sickly fish, and have ruined by a single day's plunder the hopes of future plenty.

In May, for example, the Channel is astir with snatches and luggers hurrying to the fishery of the spring herring. There are boats from all the long line of curving coast that stretches from the North Foreland to St. Michael's Mount, boats from East Anglia, from Norfolk, from Scotland. They come, lured by the same motive, a little present gain, and are blind to the wrong done. They load their boats with the spring herring—a poor lean fish, if old; a poor half-grown fish, if young; in all cases out of season, unwholesome, and unfit for human food. Such as they are, this immature crop, the spring herring, will presently be hawked through the manufacturing districts at thrupence a head, the very same thing, if allowed to grow and fatten for four months, at an inexpressible price. The feeding-ground of the wide sea, will be a healthy and nutritious fish—a valuable commodity to the poor man, who will sell it with alacrity at a handsome price. From thrupence to sixty-four times thrupence, what a leap is there, and how does man's greedy short-sight, this forestall and degrade the bounty of his Maker? A mere four months! When the Billingsgate kept up the price of their perishable wares so admirably a resolution, that when the yield of the sea was inconveniently great, and threatened to reduce the value of the article, scores of tons—weight were flung to ro upon the mud-banks of the Thames, almost in sight of a great city full of hungry mouths. That scandal is at an end, the villet form which the Prefete, Protection, ever assures the populace, and which we have most examples takes a different form. Men aim no longer to create an artificial scarcity; they prefer to clean up all they can, green, ripe, and rotten, to glut the market, and realize an instant profit. Hence the perpetual massacre of the Loch Fyne herring, and those of other salt lochs of the north—herrings on whose account human life has already been taken, in conflict between the poacher and the man-of-war guard. Night and day, whenever there is mist or rain to hide the boats, the trawlers are sweeping up whole schools of young herrings—tiny fish but little beyond their spawning. These are to be potted and pickled, to be barreled and bottled, to supply the Italian warehouse with its delicious sardines, its pungent anchovies, its exquisite preserves of fish. This is realizing the old fable with a vengeance—not merely killing the goose, but immolating the callow goslings, crushing the eggs, and gobbling up the whole ausserine brood. Away they go, a staple food of the neoclassic classes, to yield a temporary profit to a few trade commissaries, at the cost of the extermination of the silvers. As with herrings, so with salmon. Not so very long ago, every English river that had an embouchure on the sea, every beech and Irish river, swarmed with the noble fish. Thames, before gasworks, sewage, and steamers scared the salmon away, was noted for the delicate richness of its finned denizens. Severn salmon was not, as now, a thing mourned for the epicure, but a source of maintenance to many. But bag-net and stake-net, litter and weir, and the other devices of man, have proved too much for even the salmon's instinct to contend with. In vain the 'droves' of fat fish return from the sea, eager to run up their native streams, to seek their traditional spawning-grounds, to bring, if we would but suffer them, a constant supply of delicious and valuable food to our very thresholds. Not so. The supply brings its tribute, but the gate is shut in his face. Sometimes, with weir and floodgate, we bar him out altogether; sometimes we poison him with the horrid trim of saccharine with which we allow our gasometers and manufactories to pollute the flowing water; and should the gallant fish leap over the obstruction, and escape the poison, we shew him scanty hospitality, and no quarter. We disturb and destroy the spawn, we slaughter brood-fish, smoltso, griebe, and all, in indiscriminate wantonness. The Oxonian anger must have rose, forsooth, to bait his trout-hook withal; and thousands of dynasties of King Salmon are nipped unfairly in the bud, to provide those round red pellets that tackle-makers sell at one-and-sixpence a handful. The Parisian must and will have salmon at their dinners, nor are they particular on the subject of season, so every day sees a score or two of huge boxes, streaming with water, and filled with live fish and Wrenham ice, thrust on board the steamers that go puffing off to the ports of our imperial neighbour. Every year the demands are more pressing, the price more exorbitant, the slaughter more reckless, and the salmonside more scarce. Vainly will the fish be artificially reared in pools, according to the need of the excellent plan of pisciculture, so long as the young smolts leave the nursery only to be murdered in the river, so long as the covetousness of a few selfish men is allowed to squander the resources of a nation. Certainly the salmon-destroyers, against whom commissions report, and committees resolve, and blue-books are printed, by way of theoretical condemnation, while they alone are practical in their plan of killing the gate kept up the price of their perishable wares with so admirable a resolution, that when the yield of the
But what shall we say to those forestall, not merely the food on which man lives, but life itself, and the too—worn and wrecked and wasted of all—of the lives of the weak and helpless. We are, as Lord Macaulay well said, not only a wiser but a kinder people than we were two centuries back. With every fresh decade, some abuse dies out; there is less of wanton cruelty, of rampant outrage, than there was when such as we as have lived through seven or eight lustres with boys at school. But if the sins level of drink and brutality be less common than of old, people are still to be found who will coin the health, the life, and the energies of their children into a few miserable shillings. Masters and parents are still to be found who have the heart to screw out of the cramped sinews and flaccid muscles of a sickly child the utmost amount of work that a poor weak little body can accomplish on a minimum of food and sleep. It is a sad, a touching picture, that of the gaslights flaring on the pallid faces of a long line of patient little workers, plying their tired fingers through the night, under fear of cane and strap, and watching the everlasting motion of the machinery with dulled, drowsy eyes. They had faults enough, our forefathers; they swore and drank more than was good for them, they gloried in a bulk-bait or a main of cocks, but they did not make merchandise of their flesh and blood, did not discount the health and strength of immature men and women, as too many do now. Moloch is not dead; he lives and thrives among us, and children are sacrificed to him, as of yore, not exactly on the hill-altar, where the dusty palms wave over the pile of gore-stained stones, but in the best ventilated factory sheds, fitted with the most smoothly acting mechanism that Birmingham can supply.

The black list of 'forestallers' come to a close. There are many more who merit mention; from the hctic student with his ether and wet towels, who is fighting his way to college honours and a consumption, to the red-eyed delirious, blinking over his liquor; but these are minor offenders. After the Herods of the workshop, fattening on the legal murder of innocents, those who say their own health, blight their own prospects, appear white as the driven snow. Ah, me, shall right ever be done in these matters, and will a parliament of Victoria's reign pass some bran-new statutes against 'forestalling and regnating' such masters as I have spoken of?

THE RUIN CHAPEL.

About a mile and a half from Castletown, the metropolis of the Isle of Man, there is a bay, with a small hamlet and pier in it, called Derby Haven. I walked to it lately one fine afternoon from Castletown. My way lay along the coast over the turf which fringed the beach, and which goes by the name of the race-course. Whatever this might have been, it is now so broken up and bumpy, that a race on it would be a steeple-chase. It was a lovely day; the wind had dropped, and I could hear distinctly the shrill chatter of a parcel of gulls, which were walking about at the edge of the water where the low tide had left long streaks of flat wet sand. The harbour is formed by an island, now approached by a narrow artificial causeway. Towards the sea, this is edged with sharp rocks, whose strata turn inwards like teeth—sure to hold fast any ill-fated ship which once they touch. There are only two buildings on the island—one a circular, deserted fort, built by an Earl of Derby to help the cause of the Stuarts, but long since unused, at least for the purposes of defence or refuge. It is a square, circular, and round, and it has been built on the wall, for the purpose of shewing a light by night, and a white mark by day, to the vessels which enter the harbour. This gives the fort a prominent appearance, and makes it look like a Cheshire cheese with a pepper-caster standing on it.

The other of the two buildings on the island is not only deserted, but in ruins. It was a Roman Catholic chapel, and the ruin of it is a place to which, as a burial-place for Romanists. The roof of the building has fallen in, and nothing is left but four walls, which appear as much worn by the weather within as without, shewing that the heads of the actors must have passed since they were shielded by a roof. The chapel, which is built of stone, looks as if it had been ruined soon after its erection, and for some cause or another, had never been restored.

There was not a living human creature on the whole island but myself and one old man, who was crawling in an aimless sort of way among the rocks, as if he had lost himself and could not get out. I sat down and watched him. The turf was soft, and a great piece of gray rock gave good rest for my back. He was, as I said, groping slowly about among sharpest, barest-looking shelves of rock. I wondered what he could be looking for. Eggs? No; the tide flowed where he was; no eggs could lie there. Sea-weed? No; there was plenty of that on the flat shore; and I could see from where I lay a horse and cart engaged in carrying it away to one of the neighbouring farms, where it is used as manure. I got quite curious about my old man. There he was, with waggish head and slow rheumatic limbs, peering patiently, and every now and then picking something up. The old man was, I thought, a very old man, and there being hardly any trees in this part of the island, went 'sticking' on the shore. The fuel on his hearth would often tell strange stories, if one could hear it speak: logs from the many fingers of drowning men had at last relaxed their hold; ear-blades, which had struck ice in arctic seas, or stirred the long grass after its erection, and charred sores, which had hissed in the water as they fell from a burning ship out in the middle of the sea; thin ribs of island-boats, which had put in and out for many years, till some rough night they touched the rock, and cracked like eggs.

What a bundle of history the old man tied on his back at last, and he it alike in the last chapter of the tale! As he crept towards me, I thought of questioning him about the ruined chapel which was there; perhaps he might know its history or legend; so, with a general meteorological preface, I asked what he could tell me about it, and gave him a good cut off a piece of cavendish I had in my pocket as a retainer.

'Sir,' said he (I leave out the Manx, also his critique on my essay about the weather), 'sir, I am growing an old man now, and it's as much as I can do to get these few picks; but I've seen more things worth picking here than them, in my day.'

'Such as wrecks?' I suggested.

'Yes, you are right there, sir. Time was when a poor man might get a chance; but now, what with your light-houses and life-boats, and coast-guard and police, either as owns the wreck get ashore all right, and avaricious after their things; or if so be they don't, 'tain't often you can get much more than the value of these few picks out of a ship, not even when she goes to pieces. Why, sir,' he continued, 'not long ago there was a vessel wrecked off Scarlet; she was loaded with flour (a French ship she was), and that they sold by auction.'

'Ah!' said I soothingly; 'times are changed. But, taking of the post, can you tell me how this chapel here came to be pulled down, and why don't you keep the pigs from grubbing about among the graves?'

'Why, yes,' he replied, 'I can; not that I saw it done myself, but that I overheard; and I discovered this legend, which I give in my own language.'
Many years ago, there was a famous priest who gave up all that he possessed, and came to teach Christianity in these parts. He was not a Manksman, though he could talk with the people in their own tongue. He lived at Derby Haven, but, for all that, there was not a sick or needy person near but what he helped with medicine and food, as well as spiritual advice. Along with a kind heart, he had a love that the little children would run out to laugh and kiss his hand when they saw him pass. For a long time he used to gather the people together in the winter evenings in one of the largest rooms in the hamlet, while in the summer he would preach to the fishermen and their families on the sea-shore.

After some years of this intercourse, he proposed to the men that they should build a small church on the island. St Michael, he said, had appeared to him in a vision, and pointed out to him on a flat space upon the grass close to the rocks; he had seen it, he said, quite plain in his dream; the light was shining out of the windows; his head was under the wall, and looked in, and, lo! there he saw himself kneeling before a beautiful costly altar, and he recognised the congregation as themselves.

Now, while they were full of admiration at this dream, the good priest got up and followed him to the place where he had seemed to see the chapel, and, lo! when they got there, they found the ground marked out where the foundations of the chapel now stand, and a border drawn some distance around on which that wall was built, which you can now trace in the grass, just as if some one had turned up a furrow on the bare earth, and then laid a carpet of turf upon it. And when the men of the place saw the marvel, and how truly the good father’s dream had been from Heaven, he bade them kneel down there at the corner, while he prayed to St Michael, and all angels that those people would not leave off the good work till they had built a chapel to him. Thus they were led to begin, and promised to give a portion of their time till the little church should be finished.

There was abundance of stone close by, and the architecture of the edifice was of the simplest kind. Four plain thick walls with a roof was all they aimed at. Now, this part of the work was comparatively easy; but Father Kelly began to be sore perplexed as it approached completion, how he should furnish the altar, pray, to be full of stateliness, and such a costly altar as he was persuaded he ought to build. The poor people had neither silver nor gold. They had already offered such as they had—strong hands, and hours taken from their rest or work. Night after night, Father Kelly used to repair to the chapel, now roofed in, and pray to St Michael to help him in this strait. One dark evening, he was there longer than usual; he had fallen down with his face upon the ground before the spot in which he hoped to put the altar. While thus prostrate in prayer, and longing for a continuation of his former dream, he heard some footsteps close outside the chapel walls. Having his face upon the earth, the sound came quite distinctly to his ear. They stopped, and a voice said: 'This is the chapel; let us lay them here; 'tis just the place for a burial.'

'Very well,' replied another, 'how does she lie?'

Here goes, mate, by the north-east corner. Then came the sound of digging, and pausing, as if men were stooping down to lay something in the grave; after that, Father Kelly heard the mould put back, and wondered. Though the church had not been furnished, two or three funerals had taken place in the grave-yard, one of which he had himself celebrated. Anyhow, what could be the object of these strange night-visitors? They had not disturbed the dead—they did not remain long enough for that; their work, whatever it was, seemed to be accomplished in a quarter of an hour, for after that time he heard a slapping of hands, as if some one were cleaning them of the dusty earth, and a voice saying: 'There! that is done; and as dead men tell no tales, we may trust the present company.'

'Ay, ay,' replied the other, 'I trust them so much, I don't think we need wait any longer.'

'What! art afraid, man?'

'Not I; but there is foul weather coming, and the sooner we clear off these cursed rocks, the better.'

'Well—come along!'

Then Father Kelly heard them walk down towards the water, and presently distinguished the grating of a boat's keel as she was pushed off; then the double sound of the oars in the rowlocks died away, and all was still. He got up from the floor, and walked out of the chapel. It was a midsummer night. The air was warm and motionless; clouds, however, had crept up so plentifully as to cover the sky. While he stood there outside the chapel, the moon, which was about a week old, became obscured, and the darkness drew close to his eyes. He could not see a yard before him; he listened, but heard only the slow wash of the swell as the rising tide carried it into the crevices among the rocks, with now and then a liquid flap, as a wave ran into a sudden angle, and fell back upon itself. It was a night for hearing as the rising tide carried it into the crevices among the rocks, with now and then a liquid flap, as a wave ran into a sudden angle, and fell back upon itself.

He fell for his lantern, and got out his steed to strike a light. Having dropped his dint, in groping about to find it, he forgot the direction in which he had stood, and when he got upon his feet again, after an unsuccessful search, felt himself so utterly at a loss, that, after walking a few steps with his hands stretched out before him, he determined to wait for the morning, rather than risk a fall over one of the slippery rocks in his attempt to return home. When he had sat there for some time, the rain began to fall in large though few drops; these were, however, but the splashes from the bucketfuls which were soon poured on his head. The wind, too, was loosed at the same time, and rushed on him with such violence, that though he dared not search for shelter lest he should fall over the rocks, he was glad to sit down on a large stone which he felt at his feet. The first flash of lightning, however, shewed him the chapel itself, not more than ten yards off. He groped towards it immediately in the gloom, with his hands stretched out before him, right glad when he felt its rough stones. The wall once found, he soon discovered the path with his feet, and when he got home, was glad to go to rest at once.

He had not slept many hours, before he was roused to visit a dying man in one of the neighbouring houses. Hurrying on his clothes, he hastened to the place, where a crowd was gathered about the door, many of them dripping from the sea. The storm which he had seen the evening before had grown into a terrible tempest, during which a ship had been driven on the rocks, and utterly wrecked. All the crew were drowned but one man, whom they had dragged out of the surf, and carried to Derby Haven. He had apparently, however, been saved from death in the water to die on the land, for he was so grievously bruised and cut by the rocks on which he had been thrown, that life was ready to leave him altogether. When Father Kelly came in, he found him lying on the floor, wrapped up in such dry clothes as the people had at hand. He had begged them to fetch a priest. His back, he said, was broken, and he knew he could not live another hour; so the people fetched Father Kelly, as we have seen, and left the two together.

'Father,' said the dying man, 'will you hear the confession of a pirate and a murderer?'

The priest, seeing there was no time to lose, signified his assent, and kneeling down by his side, bent his ear to listen.

Then the man, with strange breaks and ramblings
in his speech, told him of murders out in the wide seas, and horrible recollections of cruelty and rapine.

'Ve took a Spanish ship some weeks ago,' added the man, 'and came in here to water, being a safe place; when I—God forgive my soul!—I committed my last oath and stole the man a box of gold he had taken out of the Spaniard. Another man and I were in the secret. We brought it with us, and buried it in the grave-yard of your little chapel, intending to make our escape from the ship on the first opportunity, find our way here over, receive, and enjoy the booty we had got.'

'To whom did it belong?' said the priest.

'God knows,' replied the man: 'to me now, I suppose. Those who owned it can use it no more; the ship from which the captain took it down, with all on board: we burnt her.'

'What was her name?' asked Father Kelly.

'Name?' said the dying man. 'There, take the gold, and shrieve me; I have confessed!'"}

Then, without another word, he died. The people hurried him, and gathered up some few pieces of timber from the wreck of his ship, but nothing came sahore to show whether she was laden or not. They never knew for a great time, what she was, the priest not conceiving himself bound to tell them even so much of what he had heard in confidence. Many were the stories afterwards, the whole story was found in a book which the priest left behind him when he died.

The words 'Take the gold.' haunted the good father long after the man who died in uttering them had been committed to the ground. The chapel was finished, but not furnished; the fulfilment of the dream was incomplete. Many a night the priest lay asleep with his head on the lawfulness of a search among the graves for the treasure which he had no doubt was hidden there. Suppose he could find it, should he credit the pirate's word about the death of its owner? Could he conscientiously appropriate it, not indeed to his own use, but to that of the chapel? He thought of the terrible sentences which fell on those who put unshallowed fire in their censers; he thought of the accursed thing found in the Jew's tent, which brought trouble upon the whole people to which it belonged. Then, again, it looked as if the sin attached to him, and the appropriation of this gold had been punished in the persons of the pirates who had taken it. It looked as if it were rescued from the service of the world, to be devoted to the use of the church—snatched from the devil himself, to be given to St Michael, his chief enemy.

On the whole, he decided upon using the gold, if he could find it. He must, however, be cautious in the search; he would not trust the people to look. It might not be there, and then he would be ashamed. There might be more than he thought, and they might be tempted to take some; or, if not that, he jealous at his retaining the possession of it himself. He would search alone. The conversation he had heard outside the chapel, while he listened on the eve of the storm, indicated the spot in which he should look.

Having therefore waited for a suitable moonlight night, he went very late to the churchyard with a spade. There was no one there. The shadow of the building fell upon the likely spot; he could work unperceived, even if some late returning fisherman were to pass by that time. With the spade he had not removed many spadefuls of earth from the grave he suspected, before he struck upon something hard. Even when, he felt for it with his hands: it was a heavy box. He took it up, smoothed down the soil, carried it straight home, double-locked his door, and broke it open. It contained broad, shining pieces of gold. They made such a heap on his table as he had never seen before.

There was, moreover, in the box a necklace of large pearls. Gold for the chapel, jewels for the Madonna.

The church was furnished, the altars decorated. The image was brought, and round its neck he hung the string of fair large pearls.

Father Kelly saw his dream fulfilled, and as success often produces certain foolishness, he began to wonder whether all angels for having turned the robbers' booty into sacred treasure. So it was written in his book, but he told no one whence these riches came. Some of the simple folk thought the Virgin herself had brought these jewels to the father. He, however, many a time, while he sat on the rocks by the chapel looking out to sea, and watching the white sails go by, wandered back to the question whence those riches came, and whether, after all, they might not hide some after-cut or other.

One evening as he sat there, a vessel came round the point, and dropped anchor in the haven. She drew his attention as being unlike any of the common coasting-ships, or even of the traders which ventured on more distant voyages. She carried more canvas in proportion to her hull, and had her sails furled almost as soon as she had swung round with the tide.

Presently, a boat came off from her, and was rowed to the shore for she was but a mile from the beach. Two men, apparently officers, got out, and walking up to him, begged him to accompany them back to the ship, as they had business in the haven, and needed the offices of a priest. He went with them at once without suspicion; a man who had been with him, and heard the summons, returning to Derby Haven. The ghostly summons, however, was a ruse; this was the sister-ship of the pirate that had been wrecked here in the storm—now some months ago. The newcomers had learned her fate, and had landed to sit for traces of the traces she had on board. They had first taken the priest, as they thought, with much probability, he could tell them whether the inhabitants of the village had plundered the wreck, and also whether any of her crew survived.

What they learned from Father Kelly, no one ever knew. Some of the men, returning to the shore, strolled into the chapel, and doubtless recognised the necklace as one of the costliest items of their lost treasure. The next morning, the ship was gone, and all the people, save the priest, the officers, and the crew taken home at night, found the chapel sacked, and his corpse set over the altar in the place where the body of the Madonna had been, with a knotted cord like a necklace tightly twisted round his throat.

The superstition of the natives never permitted them to use the chapel again. It gradually became a ruin; the roof fell in; the storms lashed the walls within as well as without; until at last it passed into the state in which it is to-day.

This was the story of the old man. He added, that even now, whoever struck the walls and listened, could hear a moan within, and a noise like the jangling of money. 'You can try it yourself,' said he, 'and find whether I have told you the truth.'

Accepting this rather fearless challenge of the old gentleman, I walked with him to the wall, and knocked, when, lo! I suddenly found that I had waked myself by striking my hand upon the stone by which I had sat down to rest. It was all a dream. I had fallen asleep thinking of the chapel, and watching the old man among the rocks. He was not in sight now; I was quite ashamed of the errand, he had not removed many spadefuls of earth from the grave he suspected, before he struck upon something hard. Even when, he felt for it with his hands: it was a heavy box. He took it up, smoothed down the soil, carried it straight home, double-locked his door, and broke it open. It contained broad, shining pieces of gold. They made such a heap on his table as he had never seen before.
was none. 'Now,' said I, 'that remarkable deficiency has been supplied through me; and when the cloth was cleared away, we drew round the fire, and I told my host's boys and girls the true legend concerning the ruined chapel on St Michael's Island.

**MELODIOUS UPON GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS.**

This latest discovery of my friend Melibous concerning the metropolis is worth mentioning, inasmuch as it contradicts a received opinion, and substitutes a cheerful fact for a depressing one. He affirms that London is the very cheapest place in the whole world. I have heard as much said of it before by a certain class of persons, who know where everything good is to be got at the lowest rate, and who astonish and disgust you when you dine with them by relating how very little they have expended in your entertainment.

'That wine, sir, I bought of Nudget and Wink for ready money, mind you, and it stood me—ay, now what do you suppose it stood me in? Seventy! No; nor sixty; no, nor fifty, sir! (It is impossible to express the Frenchman's rage with the least conception of man to narrate his economical triumphs). Two-pounds-eight-and-six the dozen, and not a farthing more. There is nothing like keeping to your way, ay, and where to go, my good sir. The time and the place, eh?'

Everybody knows some offensive dinner-giver of this sort, who is as beamy over his bargains and savings as other men are over their extravagances; who buys his cigars in bond, and imports his vegetables direct from the country. But Melibous from Belgium has a different type of dinner-giver, a liberal type, who invariably pays one hundred and fifty per cent. more than he ought to pay for everything—more especially for the privilege of locomotion—and his discovery that London is a cheap place is unlooked for and astonishing, and certainly demands the attention of his fellow-countrymen.

Well, said I, 'my celebrated dry, sarcastic manner, 'do you think seventeen-and-sixpence per diem cheap for cabs, Melibous? and I knew that I was speaking within the mark, for I saw him wince.

'Oh, no, my dear Hassenes, yet,' replied he; 'nor do I think a pound would be much out of the way. But what I was going to observe in reference to metropolitan cabs, is that all their best exhibitions, day and night, can be seen for nothing.'

'You refer to the British Museum,' returned I, 'and to the Lowther Arcade; for I was aware that Melibous was a devotee of both these places of amusement, which I, for my part, on the contrary, am disposed to consider a little dull.

'No,' said he: 'nor to the Bank, nor to the Thames Tunnel (at which latter place, however, I spent five delightful hours yesterday, and I will tell you about that, another time); I refer to the street lights and public entertainments and Joe' (Melibous has the country gentleman's love for Latin), 'that are to be enjoyed gratuitously. Is there no happiness, for instance, thank you, in beholding our fellow-creatures weighed in a crowded thoroughfare? I always admire the intense pleasure which is derived from being weighed one's self, because that costs a penny (the "Trial of Strength" and "Test of the Power of the Right Arm" inside the cab) and makes one satisfied. If I sympathise with the fat man who vainly hopes, by casting away his umbrella, to persuade the scale to tell him that he has decreased in circumference; and I share that other man's over-provided interest in the creditor of the weights to cast in her three infants for a single coin, and bids them remember their aggregate ponderosity, that father at home may be made as happy as she. But what is a weighing-machine compared with other gratuitous delights of London life?

'I station myself under the shady perch of one of the great metropolitan churches, whither the footnotes and exhausted come to lie on the cool stones out of the noonday sun. They are poor, but they do not look unhappy; for rest—the mere freedom from active toil—is to them a positive pleasure. They interest themselves, although not so much as I, with the exhibitions in the broad street before us. There is a statement which I fear must jar upon their feelings, poor creatures, in the windows of the great refreshment-house over the way: 'What shall I eat? Lamb, 9d.; green peas, 6d.' But I am in hopes that only a few of them can read. And yet if they cannot read, they must miss a very curious and startling piece of information in the shop— well, in the corner shop opposite. 'Picking dimes—French model.' Gracious goodness! To what a height, then, must the volunteer mania have risen! Is it possible that effigies of Frenchmen are actually set up to be picked—be thrust at with the sword and bayonet? If this is the true, what right have we to rebuke the slaveholders for teaching their dogs to tear down negroes?

'I am thankful to have my mind withdrawn from this distressing topic by the consideration of a white mouse upon the top of a pole. New, just conceive, my friend, the excitement that would pervade Bullock Smithy, if any such phenomenon should ever be introduced! The town-hall would be hired for the performance, and for one of the reserved seats (separated by a thin slip of calico from those occupied by the bazaar sort) I should have to pay three-and-sixpence at least. Here, however, I need not pay anything for the enjoyment of this delightful spectacle. I am apprehensive, however, that the white mouse does not like it, and that he will jump out but has certainly very red eyes. If he be, as is but too probable, of a modest and retiring nature, how painful must be his sensations—set upon a bare pole at least fifteen feet above the highest of the human race, a large proportion of whom are watching every movement! It is true that no cat can harm him at such an elevation, but he is also far removed from cheese.'

'What am I saying about cats? There is one sitting yonder, ten feet up in the air at least, in the theatre of Mr Punch; an actress for it is a cabaret, in the great popular tragedy, whom, I am sure, the legitimate drama does not contemptuously. What peripatetic Garrick can have taken such a liberty with our author's text as this? To substitute a cat for the dog Toby is to my mind something very little short of sacrilege. I resent it as I would resent a female Hamlet. And yet I cannot but look and listen. The mighty Humpback is as merry and rollicking as ever, and his squeak is nearer to me (and yet how greatly cheaper!) than the very highest note that Madameonette Patti can compass. And it is impossible to deny that Grimalkina draws. She does not act well, for her thoughts are fixed on that white mouse in her vicinity, and she wipes her mouth with the back of her paw, as though the happy event she pictures to herself had already occurred; but then one does not expect it. As Dr Johnson observes of a lady's writing a book, she does not do it well, but the wonder is she does it at all.

While the final catastrophe is impending over Mr Punch, and before he has time to relieve our minds by hanging Mr Calverley instead of it comes a lawn upon a table carried by two men, and playing with her fore-feet upon the tambourine; her ears are very much set back, as though her heart were not in the tune, which is 'Lovely Rose,' but rather singing for 'Over the hills and far away.' Poor Hare! Next to her appear French jugglers: not one or two, such as honour with their occasional presence Bullock Smithy,
but half-a-dozen at least of males and females. The two clowns embrace one another in a highly continental manner, and the pantaloon hovers above them like a butterfly, or variegated bishop bestowing a blessing; and a balancing pole of forty feet high is brought, and the mouse, and the cat, and the puppets, and the hare are forgotten in the superior attraction of the mounted clown. The jugglers in their turn give place to a bond-fide accident, wherein a high-stepping brougham horse is the principal performer, and some persons of fashion the accessories. The high-stepping horse comes down, as an animal deserves to do who never regards whither he is going, and silk and crimson flutter out of the vehicle in company with a young gentleman of spotless appearance, who looks as though he had come out of a bandbox instead of a brougham. The quadruped lies motionless for nearly a minute, astonished beyond measure at the consequence of his own superciliousness, and in an instant there are a dozen of the British public contending for the honour of sitting on his head. This desirable post is at length occupied by a commercial youth, with a brown paper parcel under his arm, and only just in time, for the high-stepping horse suddenly strikes out his legs horizontally, and endeavours to regain his position in the world by the most frantic struggles. I am cut off from the contemplation of this most interesting part of the exhibition by the gathering crowd; but in a surprisingly short time (it would have taken us half a day to have repaired such a misadventure at Bullock Smithy) the animal is released, and the brougham sweeps away as before, only without the fashionably dressed persons, who have fled from the "scene," and the ignobile vulgus. While these more ambitious dramatic performances are being enacted, there are half-a-score of little incident episodes taking place in the foreground. My eye is attracted by two very aristocratic young gentlemen, of twelve or thirteen respectively, who are rather obstinate in displaying their elegant apparel. It is sad to see them so young in years, and yet so evidently conscious of the splendour of their habiliments. They wear knickerbockers; "Surely," says Mr Thackeray in the Cornhill (I quote from the advertisement), "the prettiest boy's dress that ever was seen." They also wear brazen shields, the one on his back, the other on his youthful breast, with a string attached to them in place of a hat, which informs the world of the address of the best and cheapest establishment for clothing the young. They are mere puff-boys—walking advertisements, but it is certainly a very sensible method of obtaining notoriety. I would that all the poor in London could be clothed by the tailors, and fed by the provision-merchants, and thus sent about the streets to draw attention to their benefactors. I would not object myself to parade the town on a hot day like this with a pottle of fine strawberries in my hand, as I put each of which into my mouth, I would exclaim, by way of grace: "This is from the celebrated fruit-shop, number so-and-so, in such a street; the pottles are excellent," etc.

My attention is now absorbed by an abduction. A modest, and rather pretty girl, is passing by a photographer's shop, out of which the artist, or more probably his assistant, rushes with a specimen picture in each hand. "Only sixpence, miss, frame and all; you may give it to your lover for sixpence, miss!" "He pursues her down the street."

"It will not take one minute, miss; it will only take forty seconds." "He puts his arm round her waist (0 heavens! why was I not destined to be a photographer's assistant?), and with a gentle violence, he absolutely compels that charming young woman to return and have her picture taken. It is, I protest, a triumph of address and eloquence; and in a higher sphere of life, such a man would carry off a prescess in her own right—if it so pleased him—and marry her at a register-office. "The battles of the Crimea, the whole of the battles of the Crimea, for one penny, and just consider what they cost!" cries a voice beside me. An artist—very much decayed—is exhibiting some paper medallions highly coloured, and ingeniously strong together, with a little box to put them into, all to be purchased at the very moderate price he mentions. I do not add them to my own collection of pictures at Bullock Smithy, because I have not a penny, and the vendor has not the appearance of possessing change, but I look at them, as I do at the other gratuitous exhibitions, with interest. Now, in the country we see nothing gratuitous, and when we pay for sight-seeing, we complain, and generally with reason, that we do not get enough for our money. In London, I contend, we have only to give our attention, and the repayment ample. Melibokus, quite heated with enthusiasm, was here obliged to dry his brow with his pocket-handkerchief. "That scent, sir," come taken us half a day's worth of it from my pocket along with the pamphlet; 'was given me for nothing, was sprinkled over this and my shirt front by a benevolent fairy in a perfumers' shop, at which I had purchased a vinaigrette to take to Mrs M. Nobody gives me scent for nothing at Bullock Smithy.' "How much, Melibokus, may I ask, did you give for the vinaigrette?" "Never you mind, quoth he; I am speaking of gratuitous exhibitions. I will tell you one thing more I saw, as I stood in the church porch, and then I will have done. It is not a usual sight in London, but I am thankful to say I had the luck to see it. An omnibus, tolerably full inside and out, was stopped just opposite me, and a highway robbery committed upon it. A passenger was carried off its roof in broad daylight. One robber held the horses, another climbed the box-seat, and a third escalad the vehicle from behind. A gentleman of quiet demeanour upon the knife-board was the object of his unparalleled act of violence. He had neither watch nor chain, nor anything conspicuous to arouse the avaricious passions of man; nay, it was his very poverty which provoked their cruel rancour. They were, in short, arresting this unhappy individual for debt. Now, if it be accepted as a rule, that "Every man wats a thousand pounds," it may certainly be averred that "Everybody owes somebody something." There is consequently a sympathy in the human mind with debtors, and an antagonism to creditors. It was considered a great invasion of civil rights by passers-by as well as passengers, that sheriff-officers should thus carry off a gentleman from his knife-board, and bear him against his will to Curator Street, in the diametrically opposite direction to that in which he was going. Now, in London, sympathy means action. The legal vultures were accordingly torn from their hold, and their beards—that is to say, their coat-tails, their neckerchiefs, and the back part of their waistcoats—plucked bodily away. One of them was sent ignominiously flying through space; a second, his turn collapsed, and incarcerated by the outside passengers. The horses were whipped on, the tremendous machine transformed into a Car of Liberty—was set in motion, and all looked well; then the enfamilialism of the impudent person. But all of a sudden there arose a great cry of "Peelers!" (at which some of my companions of the Porch—the Stoics
AMULETS, TALISMANS, AND CHARMS.

In this advanced age, when mystic attributes are denied by the learned to the whole family of talismans and amulets, it is difficult to withhold surprise at the number of great names in our literary and scientific history which were once subscribed to a faith in their healing or preventive powers. When we know, however, that such men as Robert Boyle, Bacon, and the learned author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, did not altogether discountenance those charms, it can scarcely be wondered that a belief in their curative properties should yet survive, and that in many a nook and corner of civilized Europe people should still be found who openly avow the time-honoured faith of their ancestors.

The belief of Philosopher Boyle had been, he assures us, practically tested; for a copious bleeding at the nose, to which he had been subject, he found his best remedy in an amulet of moss which had grown in a dead man's skull. Burton praises some amulets, while deprecating the use of others. 'I say with Renodia,' he writes, 'they are not to be altogether rejected. Pecunio devout cure epilepsy; a spider helps the ague, and precious stones most diseases.'

The earliest mention of an amulet occurs in Galen. He informs us that in the opinion of the Egyptian king Nechenus, who reigned 630 B.C., a green Jasper cut into the form of a dragon surrounded by rays, would, if suspended from the neck, promote digestion in the wearer. Josephus relates, and it is an indirect proof of the prevalence of these charms in earlier ages, that when Solomon discovered a particular herb which he believed efficacious in the cure of epilepsy, he considered it advisable to employ the aid of a charm, either to increase its power or to popularise its merits. The root of the herb was concealed in a ring, and applied to the nostrils of the afflicted. Wonderful cures were thus wrought. The Father of History declares that he was himself present at its successful application by a Jewish priest, when the Emperor Vespasian and the tribunes of the army were co-witnesses to the experiment. More famous amulets were, however, those coins called the money of St Helena; they were so named from one side bearing the effigy of Helena, the mother of the Emperor Constantine. They, again, had a special reputation for the cure of epilepsy. As such, according to Bocinus, an author of the sixteenth century, one was worn by no less a personage than the Sultan Amurat. It is probable that one of our Christian kings was no less a believer, for in the window in the wall of the famous Abbey of Hières, among the valuables in charge of the keeper is enumerated a silken purse containing monetae Sancta Helenae. This appellation, Dr. Cange considers, includes not only the monetae coined with the image of Helena, but all that of the Byzantine emperors which bore the impress of a cross. The same writer notices that nearly all the coins of this character which have been preserved are perforated near the edge, proving the extent of their former use as amulets.

In a very scarce work of Reginald Scott, the particular properties ascribed to each kind of amulet are enumerated. An agate, we learn, besides making a man eloquent, procures him the favour of princes, and cures the bites of scorpions; a topaz restores the insane; coral neutralises the spells of witches, for which purpose it is still hung about the necks of children; chalcodony makes the wearer lucky in law, is of force against the illusions of the devil, and phantasm arising from melancholy; cornelian stops the flow of blood; sapphire expels gout, ague, and endows the wearer with courage; emerald strengthens the eyes, and helps a man to wealth. Of plants, heliotrope stanches the blood. Hyaecinth protects from lightning. Dinothera, hung about the neck of any wild animal, will speedily tame it. The herb lunaria, gathered by moonlight, and wound round the wrist, will, according to Dr. Willis, abate ague. Gray lanewort, applied internally, will remove hydrophobia; but when used as an amulet, will absolutely prevent mad dogs from biting. Besides these, Scott mentions particular kinds of stone, taken, under certain circumstances, from the living bodies of birds or serpents. 'Alectorius,' extracted from a capon four years old, will, when held in the mouth, prevent thirst, create increased affection between husband and wife, and render the owner invincible. 'Chelengius,' taken from a swallow, is a sure remedy for melancholy. To 'Germatrix,' taken from a crane, and 'Dragonitis,' from a dragon, similar virtues were ascribed.

In Greece, credence in the curative qualities of the amulet, though common, was not universal. Theophrastus broadly declared Pericles insane when that general was remarked wearing an amulet. The derision of Theophrastus does not seem to have affected Pericles, for we find in Plutarch, that when the famous Athenian was ill, he mutely pointed out his amulet to the friends who visited him, intimating by the action not only the fact of his indisposition, but also a confidence in the means of cure.

In Rome, on the contrary, amulets were of general adoption. There, plants, gathered at prescribed seasons, were deemed of superior power to minerals. Mount Colchis had an extensive reputation for producing the mysterious herbs, but Mount Caucasus is mentioned by Ovid as of even superior fame. So confident were the Romans in the power of their amulets, that when they failed in their effect, the mischance was attributed, not to any default in the charms, but to some mistake in their preparation. It is probable that, in the opinion of the emperors, this general credence of the Romans, by increasing the superstition, diminished the energies of the people; certain it is that, from some cause, the Emperor Caracalla, in the decline of the empire, prohibited the use of amulets by public edict.

In Babylon, the wearing of amulets assumed the character of an institution. From Plutarch, we learn that the soldiers wore rings on which an insect resembling a bee was inscribed; the judge suspended from their necks a figure of Truth composed of emeralds; and other forms for various purposes were in common fashion.

A talisman differs from an amulet by being more extensive in its influence, and more potent in its effect. According to the author of Talismania Justitiae, the principal authority on the subject, a talisman is the seal, figure, character, or image of a heavenly sign, constellation, or planet, engraved either on a sympathetic stone, or a metal corresponding with, or under.
the protection of a particular star. The most cele-
brated were those of the Samothracians, which were
merely peculiar images formed of iron and set in rings.
The Egyptians had a variety of talismans, the prin-
ciple thing being the ornamental bunion, which was
by custom at last applied to the stone on which it
was represented. Abraxas, or abrahas, is composed of
the following letters, אבֶּרֶאֵס אבֶּרֶאֵס אבֶּרֶאֵס אבֶּרֶאֵס making in Greek
terminology the word abrahas. This word was first
used as a talisman by the disciples of Basil, the
father of the monks of Pontus. Sometimes, with the
word, the names of saints, angels, and even of Jehovah
himself, were cut into the stone. Specimens of the
abrahas as old as the third century are still exist.

To eggs which by some freak of nature have been
either curiously fashioned or marked in some peculiar
way, a talismanic power has been ascribed. This sort
of lienace nature is by no means uncommon. Clymenus,
a naturalist of some eminence, describes one he saw in
Bavaria. The shape of the upper part as exactly
resembled a serpent as though it had been carved by
the cunning hand of a sculptor. At Rome, in 1688, an
egg was hatched, on the shell of which a representa-
tion of the comet of that year was roughly carved.
Sebastian Scheffer says that he has seen an egg with
the figure of an eclipse on it, and many other authors
have recorded similar experiences.

Descending to more modern times, the most widely
known talismans are those of the Maltese. Their
origin, on the authority of the island tradition, can be
traced to the morning St Paul, escaping shipwreck,
was flung on the coast. The legend states, that on
that occasion, while the apostle was in the act of
igniting a bundle of sticks, a venomous viper, concealing
among the fagots, fastened itself eagerly on his hand. To
the astonishment of the spectators, St Paul calmly
shook off the intruder, and no harm followed the
attack. To add to their wonder, the apostle sub-
sequently cured the chief of the island and some of
the inhabitants of various maladies to which they
were subject. There is still found on the island
a number of small stones, shaped and coloured like
the eyes, tongues, and other parts of serpents. The
superstitious among the Maltese readily enough
connect these productions of their soil with the fore-
gone tradition, and wear them as talismans, in which
character they suppose them serviceable in warding off
the effects of the evil-eye and the influence of poisons.
They are found principally in the neighbourhood
of St Paul’s Cave, embedded in that soft stone which is
in itself a specialty of the island. When found, being
of no greater consistence than clay, it can easily
be moulded to any required shape; but when exposed
to atmospheric action, the sharpest instrument fails
to penetrate its surface. Houses constructed of
this material thus become, in process of time, solid as
a rock. In this substance, the serpent-analys of the
Maltese are principally found. The eyes are so set
in rings or bracelets, that the stone is in constant contact
with the flesh of the wearer. When in the form of
the tongue, liver, or heart, they are either suspended
from the neck or fastened round the arm. They are
also taken internally, dissolved in wine, which method,
in the opinion of some, is attended with more imme-
diate result. This faith of the Maltese has been
rudely combated by Celsina, Buccon, Steano, and
others, who assert that these miraculous stones are
really no stones at all, but the petrified teeth of some
fish of an extinct species which, ages and ages ago,
have been deposited in the clay.

In Catholic countries, it is commonly believed that
the little figures ‘Agnus Dei,’ blessed by the pope,
have a sure effect in the prevention of disease. In
the happier times of the papacy, such amulets were
highly esteemed, and commanded a ready sale. But
more potent than these was the sponge with which
the table of the Holy Father had been wiped. Being
chiefly valued for the cure of wounds, one was
presented, with the greatest possible solemnity, by
Gregory II. to the then Duke of Aquitaine. The
principal talisman at present in use among the
Assyrians, is a piece of paper on which the names of
the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus are inscribed, and
appropriated by them as a protection against
devilish influences. This paper is usually pasted on the wall of the house, in which
situation it is supposed to exclude all ghosts, demons,
and evil spirits.

Talisman, under the name of Kamea, were common
among the Jews, although the Mishnah forbids the
wearing of any charm unless it has been previously
three times successful in the healing of sick cases. Of
external applications, in England, cramp-rings are
supposed to prevent cramp; cel-skins, tied round the
leg, have a similar reputed. In a treatise on nervous
diseases, by Dr Willis, an amulet of geometry, cut
into square pieces, and worn on the chest, is recom-
mended in disorders of an epileptic character.

Describing, however, must be carefully changed when-
ever it becomes necessary. With the addition of the holy
cross, it is recommended by the doctors in cases of
difficult teething. Nor is Dr Willis the only physician
who included the use of amulets in his pharmacopoeia;
Désio, during the plague of Marseilles, advised
amulets of mercury. He defended his opinion on the
ground that the pestilence arose from the larvae of
certain insects infesting the air, and introducing them-
selves into the human system. Assuming this, he
argued that the fumes of his medicinal amulet pen-
etrating the body, destroyed the noxious venom.
The same motives were advanced by Clongi, who
when prescribing amulets of mercury for jaundice and
the noxious vapours of inclement seasons. It is certain
that some mineral substances will affect the body
when applied externally; thus, tartar emetic, rubbed
on the stomach, will produce vomiting. The talisman
of our day, that of Charlemagne, is in the posses-
sion of the present Emperor. He, in his turn, made a gift of it to Hortense, at whose death it
came by descent to the present owner. It is some-
what larger than a walnut. The centre is composed
of two rough sapphires, a portion of the holy cross,
and some other relics of the Holy Land. These are
enclosed in a filigree-work of fine gold, set with rare
gems. A Frenchman calls it La plus belle relique de l’Europe, seems to
hint that the good-fortunes of Napoleon III. may in
some degree be attributed to the charm of the great
German.

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

CHAPTER X.

MY FIRST SAIL.

It was nearly a fortnight before I felt accustomed to
the new state of life I had entered upon; before the
workmen’s gang at five o’clock ceased to waken me
from slumber in the mornings; before Miss Gordon’s
maid Parcell ceased to be an embarrassment rather
than an assistance to me; before I ceased to shrink from
conversing with either my uncle or his stepdaughter.

Miss Gordon was not aware of the miserable life I had
led since childhood, and she puzzled me with ques-
tions relative to my home, my brothers and sisters,
and my governess. It was evident that my uncle
had not told her anything of his sister’s benefactions.

I was ashamed of my ignorance of various accomplishments, espe-
cially of painting and drawing; of my want of know-
ledge respecting the most common ornaments in dress
and furniture; and in endeavouring to conceal my
deficiencies, I experienced much anxiety, although,
being clever, I steered clear of many humiliations.
I knew my utter ignorance, and that closed my lips,
when I might have often betrayed it.

Miss Purcell was kinder to me than I had expected
from my mother’s description of him as a boy and
youth—devoid of principle or affection; he seemed
to be interested in me, and took pains to show
me over his grounds, and point out the many
improvements he had made since he inherited Rip-
worth. He appeared to take it as a matter of
course that I should understand all his new inven-
tions, and the rare styles of architecture which he
so much prided himself upon. Also, he drew my
attention to “exquisite Marillos,” splendid Claude
Lorraines,” and “fine Rembrandts” in the picture-
gallery, which looked to me very like all the other
paintings, only that the Rembrandts were generally
dark and old, as if a little touching-up would not
have done them harm. The domes of Ripworth
was like most other places of the kind: there were
open views to sweep of park, gloomy thicketts, fine
vistas, hills and dales, wood and water, all mingling
their beauties. The gardens particularly delighted me;
they were large, and replete with odorous flowers,
all of greater magnitude than others of their species
that I had seen; and in the long array of conser-
vatories I beheld exotics from the Indies and from
Africa, that seemed to give me a glimpse into foreign
lands. I had always taken much interest in our
garden at home, and on leaving the cottage, I made
over the care of it to my little sister Rosa; but
now I smiled when I compared these large flowers, so
gaudy and splendid, with the poor stunted specimens
at Weston Cricket.

The neighbourhood round Ripworth was rather
more populous than that of most country places.
Colonel Daubeny visited with at least twenty-four
families, who resided within a distance of ten miles;
and when the London season was over, I was invited
to my first ball at Vignoles Park, the residence of
Sir Joshua and Lady Vignoles, who had now returned
from town, and who were generally the gayest people
in the neighbourhood. Miss Gordon, who was past
twenty, could contemplate without any flutter of
heart, and I was going to a ball; I was not
as much armed as I might be, and I was
full of apprehension; I could neither dance
the polka nor the waltz; I scarcely knew the
figures of a quadrille. Too proud to acknowledge this,
I would not appeal to Jane; nor was I
determined to let matters take their own course.
To the ball I would go at every hazard. Mamma
had taken care to provide me with some suitable
evening-dresses; on this score, I had not much
to fear; and Purcell ‘did’ my hair charmingly.
On the memorable evening, as I was dressing, Miss
Gordon came to my room, and offered me some of her
own trinkets. I was all gratitude, and she desired
her woman to arrange my hair precisely as her own
was done. Being already attired herself, she watched
the progress of my toilet with interest, as I lay
under the hands of Purcell, who was playing my dark
locks with indefatigable zeal, and once or twice
I caught glimpses of her fair face in close proximity
to my own, as I looked into the large mirror before me.
She was evidently satisfied with her own appearance,
and I was yet too new to the world to quarrel with
the features of friends. The ball was well equipped for
this first party, I liked my appearance extremely well;
and Jane, putting her arm round my waist, said I
looked charming.

“Purcell, I fear, has squeezed you too tightly,” she
added, giving my sash an improving twist.

“Nin' saam; I assure you Miss Keppleton's waist
just as small as it looks,” said Purcell.

‘Then I hope the good air of Ripworth will soon
make her grow stouter,’ returned Miss Gordon, whose
own figure was well rounded, and certainly more
robust than mine.

In the carriage, Mrs Powell and I occupied one side
of the interior, while Miss Gordon occupied the other,
spreading out her numerous flounces with infinite
care.

“I wonder what sort of people we shall meet to-
night,” she said, when she had satisfactorily arranged
herself.

“The old set, I suppose,” said Mrs Powell car-
ely.

“I should like to know if my adorable friend will
be there,” resumed Jane, smiling to herself.

“I dare say he may, my dear,” replied the compla-
cent aunt.

“I know he is in the country, because Purcell heard
it from Mr Newdegate’s groom. I shall positively be
disappointed if he is not there.”

“If he is in the country, he will surely be at Lady
Vignoles’, returned Mrs Powell.

“Perhaps not. Something may prevent him. How
dull evening-parties are! I would rather be at home
than go to one. Do I look well, aunty?”

“I am sure you do; but you know I can’t see you by
the lamplight, my dear.”

“You have got your foot on my Hoece; there—ah,
now it is torn; how provoking!”

And with this kind of conversation the drive at
length came to an end. As we stepped at Sir Joshua’s
house, I observed other carriages moving away from
the hall-door, and heard strains of music issuing from
within. The windows were all lit up; and as we got
out of the carriage, the hall-door was noiselessly opened,
displaying a large comfortable apartment, carpeted
with scarlet cloth, from which the dancers were re-
turning to the drawing-room after their first quadrille.
A crowd of gaily dressed people met my view—ladies
leaning on their partners, and chatting with them,
while the men bent their heads in real or pretended
homage, to catch the words uttered by the fair
speakers. Leaning on my uncle, Miss Gordon walked
in advance of Mrs Powell and me, and passing through
the hall, we made our way to the drawing-room,
where the hostess, Lady Vignoles, received us. I
was presented to her, and she fixed her eyes on my
face with something of that grave, contemplative look
which Miss Gordon had embarrassed me with at our
first meeting. She was a remarkably handsome
woman, bordering on fifty, but with hair still luxu-
riant and unafied, an unwrinkled brow, and a placid
expression of countenance. Her air was courteous,
almost kind. She smiled familiarly at Jane Gordon,
and said something in a low tone which did not catch
my ear, but Jane turned round immediately after-
wards, and looked somewhat abruptly at me, which
made me conclude it alluded to myself.

“Do you wait?” inquired Lady Vignoles, addressing
me.

“No,” said I, with a little smile, to take off the
plainness of the answer.

“It is a pity,” said she, turning to Miss Gordon,
who was now accosted by a gentleman that had
advanced towards her. I looked well at him; yes,
I could not be mistaken—it was surely my handsome
fellow-traveller, and he was smiling familiarly with
Jane, who looked all amazement; what he was
saying. ‘This must be her “adorable friend,”’
thought I, as I saw her take his arm, and move
away to the ball. There was now nothing for me
to do but to sit quietly looking at my bouquet, or
examining the dresses of the elderly ladies and the
few young ones who remained in the drawing-room.
The band struck up a waltz. I listened to its spirit-
stirring strains, and my heart thrilled. I could not
even see the dancers. Lady Vignonells made a few remarks to me—as many as fell to my share, I suppose, considering the number of her guests, and then went away to speak to some one else. Mrs. Powell was busy conversing with an old lady; no one addressed myself. It was decidedly dull. Now, the waltz is over, the dancers stream back to the dance-room; Jane and my fellow-traveller return; they are laughing and talking: he looks tenderly into her face, she returns his glance with one equally soft and bewitching. 'They must be in love with each other,' thought I, not knowing that fashion in a ball-room permits a considerable quantity of coquetry. As people walked past, I heard them criticising the appearance of some one who seemed a stranger there. Such sentences as 'She is certainly very beautiful, but her air is faulty.' 'She is really lovely, and so disengaged-looking.' 'She would be perfect if better set-up—better dressed,' caught my ear. I wondered who the beauty was. There were not many pretty faces among the company. While engaged in looking out for the object of all these remarks, Lady Vignonells approached me, accompanied by a man of monstrous deformity. He was scarcely four feet high, and his head was much larger than that of a better-shaped man of ordinary size. His shoulders were broad, his arms of unwieldy size, his face fearfully ugly, and his hair perfectly white. His age appeared to be upwards of seventv, he waddled up to me with a rolling gait, and evidently filled with an idea of his own importance, which I ceased to marvel at when he was introduced to me as the husband of the hostess, Sir Joshua Vignonells. I early took an opportunity of expressing my surprise to Mrs. Powell, that a pretty woman like Lady Vignonells should have married such a looking-person. 'Oh, she was,' said she; 'very poor, indeed; no fortune at all; and he was rich, and a baronet. It was a wonderful match for her.' Wonderful, indeed, I thought; yet had she not done just what I was thinking of doing myself? She had sold herself for gold and a high position. I was conjecturing whether it was likely that she should accept an offer of marriage from a man of similar attractions in order to become a rich woman, when my uncle came towards me with a gentleman whom he wished to introduce. It did not give me much surprise when I observed that this individual was the elderly moustached man with the foreign tourreur with whom I had travelled in the train to East Sutton. His name was Legrand; and I do not know whether I was not a very prepossessing-looking partner; but he was a link connected with my younger fellow-traveller, whose identity I was nearly sure of. The more I looked at him, the more convinced I felt that I had seen that face before. Mr. Legrand asked me the usual questions—'Are you fond of dancing?' 'Have you been long in the country?' &c., which people in his position generally beguile the time with, and I went through the quadrille quite to my satisfaction. When it was over, he led me through some of the rooms which were en suite with the hall and drawing-room, pointing out pictures and other works of art. He was very polite, so much so, that I feared he would never leave me unless I made the first movement myself. 'Perhaps he is tired of me,' thought I, and I should relieve him of my company.' Thenceon I drew my hand from his arm when we reached the drawing-room, and, without any remark, stopped and seated myself on an ottoman. The gentleman, I fancied, looked rather annoyed than pleased at this proceed- ing, and he walked off immediately. There I sat alone on the ottoman, no one near me, the band once again sounding forth the notes of a delicious waltz. Jane Gordon and my hero of the train danced again as partners.

I felt lonely and out of spirits, when Lady Vignonells approached me, bringing with her a lady whom she introduced as Miss Milner. This person was about fifty years of age, and distinctly tall, but plainly dressed in slight mourning. She was handsome, and of a thoughtful cast of face; her voice was low and musical, and in her manner there was a kindliness that struck me; yet withal there was a little eccentricity in her general aspect. She did not appear to me like the rest of the people assembled there. She conversed with me for some time in a grave way, seeming more interested in my observations and replies than I could have expected a stranger to be. It struck me that this person was perhaps a poor relation of Lady Vignonells—a dependent—and I sympathised with her. I spoke without embarrassment, for I did not feel afraid of her; and when she rested her large melancholy eyes on my face, I bore her smile unflinchingly. It was not till after the ball that I learned from Mrs. Powell that Miss Milner was the possessor of ten thousand a year, and then I blushed when I recollected how very freely I had spoken to her; but, as it happened, the lady rather appreciated the naiveté of my remarks, and from that evening I became an object of interest to her. But I must not anticipate. On the whole, that ball seemed dull to me; a weight was over my heart. I could not help feeling that I was inferior to almost every one in the rooms. I was unable to dance like the other girls; my dress was not so expensive as theirs; my manners did not assuredly; indeed, as dispirited did I become, that once or twice I felt tears rushing to my eyes. Towards the end of the night, the dancing waxed more and more vigorous; there was less ceremony now than in the early part of the festivity; my cousin, Jane Gordon, and her attentive friend, whose name I longed so much to learn, pulled me about marvellously. I saw Lady Vignonells yawn frequently, and heard her say how tired she was. At length the people began to vanish. I saw ladies passing from the room leaning on the arms of their most attentive cavaliers of the night, who were conducting them to their carriages. My uncle said it was time to go home, and he gave his arm to Mrs. Powell. Jane Gordon came towards us, escorted by her devoted friend, whose name I longed so much to know.

"Came now," said my uncle, leading forward Mrs. Powell; "the carriage is ready. I am going to meet Jane with her friend, and I walking behind without any escort, when the unknown glanced round, and in an instant after offered me his disengaged arm. I took it, though I would have loved to walk alone, but I did not want to excite pity in one who must have seen how neglected I was by everybody else. As we arrived at the carriage, and while Jane was undergoing the cloning process at the hands of her admirer, I suddenly recollected that I had left my only costly embroidered pocket-handkerchief in the supper-room. The company being by this time nearly all dispersed, I ventured to return for it, without pausing to consider whether such a step was consistent with etiquette, and I walked once more through the hall, and on to the drawing-room, with a hurried air, having now on my ball-clasp. A few people still lingered about, chiefly men, and a lady was singing loudly a German ballad at the piano. I specially found my handkerchief, and while stooping to pick it up, heard with my unusually quick ears two gentlemen talking in the next room. These words distinctly caught my ear: 'Drumley's niece is the most beautiful girl I have seen this long while; one was struck with her.' I waited to hear no more; all at once, a thrill of delight shot through my heart. Gratified vanity lent me new vigour, and I reached the carriage promptly. Nobody was in it. Jane was only getting into the carriage when I came up, and we were soon on the way home. Jane asked me if I had enjoyed myself, and if I had danced a great deal, and who my best partners were; and
CHAPTER XI.

I HEAR SOMETHING STRANGE.

I wrote a long and amusing letter to my mother next day, detailing the events of my first ball—suppressing all that was disagreeable concerning myself, and bringing forward only the pleasant circumstances, which, perhaps, I embellished slightly. I did not mention how seldom I had danced, or how few people had talked to me. I described many of the people humorously, drew faithful pictures of Sir Joshua and Lady Vignolles, and wound up by stating truly what I had overheard touching my own appearance, which the opposite sex (as I am sure your mamma, if she could have read my letter, would have done) could not fail to notice.

I wish you could send me money to buy a new dress, as it is certain there will be a good many more balls in the neighbourhood. Jane Gordon nearly gets a new dress for every party she goes to. I should particularly like to appear in something very recherché next time. Do not mind the expense, for I am certain Uncle Danby will never let us want, and if he does not, I know that I may not be able to repay you ten, twentyfold myself some of these days! Ten pounds, I daresay, will do—at least I will make it do.

I did not mention the name of Curzon Goad, for fear she might speak of it to Mr Horne, who in turn might allude to the subject to the young gentleman himself, for I had reason to believe that they still corresponded.

Almost by return of post, mamma sent me the required ten pounds; but it was not without scruple that I thought of expending so much money on one dress.

'Yet, after all,' thought I, 'it is not near so much as Jane Gordon gave for her last ball-dress. I am sure she gave me fifty when she whispered to me that what Jane Gordon chose to do with her money was nothing to me, but I drowned the little voice by playing a gay air on the piano. Since the first night of my arrival at Ripworth, I had never been asked to play or sing. I bitterly felt the reproach this seemed to convey to me; and whenever Miss Gordon and Mrs Powell were out of the house, I spent much time endeavouring to learn difficult songs and pieces which I had heard Jane sing and play, secretly hoping to surprise them some time with my performances. My uncle seldom was at home during the day, and I never saw him except in the evening. He sometimes asked me questions relative to my family, and when my brother was getting on at school; but I could not help fancying that he cared very little how they were progressing. He often seemed preoccupied and abstracted. Sometimes, in the evening, he lay on a sofa in the drawing-room without speaking a word for hours.

One evening, when I was dressed for dinner in my usual everyday manner, and had entered the drawing-room when mamma was not there, I touched a costume rather more attractive than ordinary. 'I forgot to tell you,' she said, 'that two gentlemen are to dine here to-day. Mr Goad and his friend.' I glanced at my plain muslin gown, a little disconcerted; and thoughts of running up swiftly to change it were whirling through my mind, when the door opened, and the guests were announced. Reader, that I was only seventeen, and do not marvel that I felt a little agitated as the new-comers entered. That was indeed Curzon Goad who stood before me—grown up to manhood; still handsome, elegant, and refined in appearance, yet changed from what he was as a boy. The eye was the same; but the dress and the air were not the same—the dreamy look was gone; his hair had grown darker—now it was a rich chestnut. He was still pale, but his countenance was no longer of a pensive cast. Yet he was Crabbing-Girling.

In an instant, I mentally beheld again those old Sundays gone by, when he appeared a thoughtful, melancholy boy, beautiful as a girl, in the little church at Weston Cricket; and then my thoughts turned upon the green fields at home, where as a child, in summer evenings, I lay on the rich grass, marguerites upon all that was lovely around—listening to purling brooks, dreamy twitterings of birds—while mingling with my thoughts came the image of one in whom I fancied was centred all that was honourable, truthful, and good.

'Legrand, take my niece,' were the words from my uncle which first roused me to consciousness of the present, and starting a little, I placed my hand on the arm which Mr Legrand offered me. I was a good deal unnerved and confused at dinner. I dropped ice into my soup instead of into my wine-glass, and scarcely understood anything Mr Legrand was saying to me. Yet he did not seem annoyed; in fact, he may have been amused. Once I was startled when my uncle called to me in a rather impatient tone: 'Miss Keppleton, Mr Legrand is speaking to you.' Never had he addressed me so before. I blushed, then grew pale, and trembled. My folly vexed me beyond everything. I was delighted when the time came for the ladies to retire to the drawing-room. Mrs Powell lay on the sofa, and Jane Gordon flung herself into an arm-chair near the fire.

'How tiresome that Mr Legrand is!' said Jane. 'Is he?' I asked quickly. 'O yes! What was he trying to say to you at dinner?' 'I forget—that is, I was not listening all the time.' 'What a pity it is that he has so much money, and his friend Mr Goad so little.' 'Has Mr Legrand, then, a large fortune?' I asked. 'Yes—about six thousand a year, and Mr Goad has not so many hundreds.' 'But he has a rich uncle,' said I. 'His uncle, Mr Newdegate of Harkswalow, is a miser. Though every one believes Curzon Goad will be his heir, he allows him hardly any addition to his income at present. It is very odd too, for he educated and brought him up nearly altogether at his own expense.' 'And who is Mr Legrand? where does he live?' I asked, looking at the red coal in the fire. 'He is half a foreigner. His mother married a Frenchman, and lived abroad for several years, and at last accident put him in possession of a large property in this county: he was found out to be next of kin to the last owner, or something of that sort. He and old Mr Newdegate are great friends, and he is staying on a visit now at Harkswalow.' 'Does Mr Goad also live at Harkswalow?' 'Yes. He is on leave for a month from his regiment, the—dragoneers. Do you not think him very charming?' 'He is very handsome,' I replied in a tranquil tone. 'I think him altogether the nicest man I know.' 'Mr Legrand is not married, I suppose?' said I, after a pause. 'Oh no; but looking out for a wife very assiduously, since he has grown rich.' Six thousand a year—looking out for a wife—not very bad-looking—a little old—but what of that?
Might not now have a fine opportunity of improving my time at Ripworth?

A hundred rambling thoughts chased each other in my brain, and I had just arrived at the point of paying one of my hundred visits for a hundred pounds in a letter to my mother and sisters, as a present, when the gentlemen joined us. Mr. Goad immediately began to talk to Jane, who was soon absorbed with his afterthoughts; Mr. Legrand understood; I, and myself. I would have given a good deal to be able to talk like Miss Gordon, with ease and grace, but, alas! the gift was not to be purchased. I felt embarrassed, and—must I say it?—awkward. Yet Mr. Legrand was very kind, relating pleasant little anecdotes, and telling amusing stories that made me laugh more than once; but, ah! were not my senses all scattered to the winds when I heard Mr. Goad say to Jane in a light scoffing tone: 'I passed some years of my boyhood, Miss Gordon, in the most rural of country parsonages, under the guidance of the most simple of country parsons, near a little village called Weston Cricket; and I assure you when I look back on the life led in that desert spot by worldly Mr. and Mrs. Horne, I am filled with wonder and awe. How anybody could manage to exist in such an uncivilised part of the world, is beyond my comprehension.'

'What was so marvellous in it?' asked Jane.

'Why, there was no society, not a decent soul for miles round; and the little church where Mr. Horne preached on Sundays, did not number a single family in the rank of gentility among its congregation.'

Ah me! the blood all came rushing up to my head; I saw the firelight dancing more merrily than it really was.'

'Oh, said Mr. Goad, with a sort of glee that I have often observed in the faces of people who have been out of town for a day or two. The name of Weston Cricket had not passed unheeded on Jane's ears, and she suddenly asked me if I had not been there.

'Yes,' said I, a little huskily.

'Oh, really?' added Mr. Goad. 'I daresay you lived at the old park. It was to let or to be sold when I was there.'

'No, it was not there,' I replied.

'At all events, when I was in the neighbourhood it was the doll of backwater-places—not that I cared for that then—but I am looking back on the life poor Mr. Horne led. Simple man! I met him about a week ago in town, somewhere about Piccadilly, and he wanted me to take a walk in the park with him! I begged to be excused, however, and proceeding an engagement, succeeded, I am thankful to say, in getting rid of him.'

A pang shot through my heart at those words. All at once my long-cherished ideal seemed crushed to pieces. I reverenced Mr. Horne, and to hear him spoken of in this irreverent way really pained me. It was ungrateful, too, I thought, of one who had been such a favorite pupil. I looked a little indignant at Mr. Goad, and saw that his eyes were resting on the ground, while a smile of peculiarly satirical expression overpread his countenance. And this was what he had become! Well, n'importe; perhaps it was as well, I thought.

When music was called for that evening, to my surprise, Jane asked me to sing first. How proud I felt that I had practised so much of late! I sang one of Jane's Italian airs from La Somnambula, and when it was finished, both Mr. Legrand and Mr. Goad requested me to sing again. Encouraged and elated, I did so, and then left the piano for Jane, who, however, refused to play or sing, and sat looking, for what reason I could not imagine, positively in an ill-humour!

'Is the neighbourhood of Weston Cricket better populated than it was some years ago, Miss Keppleton?' asked Mr. Goad, as he joined me after I had finished singing.

'Not in the least,' I replied, with as much coolness as I could summon up; 'it is still a very retired place.'

'Probably you go to town in spring, however,' he continued, 'so that it is not of much consequence to you whether the country is dull or not.'

I made no reply, and on raising my eyes from the floor where they had been resting, caught a fixed glance from my uncle that made my heart sink; I felt at that instant! Colonel Daubeney adroitly turned the conversation, and for the time I was spared further embarrassment.

That evening, it rained heavily, and Colonel Daubeney invited his guests to stay all night at Ripworth. They consented to do so, though Mr. Goad had a few scruples about what his 'venerable Uncle Newdegate,' as he called him, would think of his remaining away from Harkslow without leave.

'Poor old Newdegate,' said Mr. Legrand, raising his eyes piously; 'he grows more and more ridiculous every day. Only imagine his going out now with a pistol round the grounds, lest somebody would try to murder him in his lonely rambles!'

'Yes,' added Mr. Goad; 'and he considers that I have become a dreadful spendthrift, because I manage to get rid of a few hundreds a year; and he is about to discharge half the few servants he has at Harkslow, under the impression that he cannot afford to keep them. The carriage-horses stand a fair chance of departing to some other owner ere many weeks elapsed.'

'Has he made his will yet?' asked Mrs. Powell, who had a blunt way of asking questions.

'Will!' exclaimed Mr. Legrand; 'Hurtly the lawyer says he makes wills by the dozen, and all quite different. It is impossible.'

I thought that Curzon Goad gave a very quick questioning look at Mr. Legrand as he uttered that sentence.

'If he is doing, no will that he makes now can hold good,' said Mrs. Powell.

'He is not what you would call doing,' said Mr. Legrand, 'but most eccentric and incomprehensible. Nothing that old Newdegate did would surprise me.'

'Take care, Mr. Goad,' said Mrs. Powell laughing; 'do not let the old gentleman give you the slip!'

'My uncle is quite as big a fellow as he was, and won't be caught, I hope, as far as I am concerned,' said the young man with a slight curl of the lip. I did not think, long ago, that Curzon Goad could have looked like that.

When I went up to my room that night, I felt so little inclined to sleep that I thought of getting a book from the library to amuse my waking-hours; and when it seemed probable that the house was quiet, at about half-past two o'clock, I stole cautiously down stairs, through lobbies and ante-rooms, till I stood outside the library door, which was slightly ajar. Voices sounded from within, and I paused to listen, fearing that robbers might have made their entrance at that late hour. Suddenly these words fell on my ear: 'And you are sure, Legrand, that these Keppletons are the very people?'

'Perfectly sure; you know I told you that months ago.'

'Well, I hope they are; but even so, there is no knowing how things may turn out. As for myself, I know nothing whatever of Mr. Keppleton or his family. You say the affair is to be quite a secret?'

'Secret as the grave. And nobody coming to the old man's ears would ruin everything.'

'How strange! But to resume the business concerning this debt; you will allow me six weeks' time to pay the money in.

'I had heard enough. Lightly I stole away to my own room, wondering what Mr. Legrand meant by talking of people of the name of Keppleton. The name was not a very common one, and I could not help thinking my family were the Keppletons alluded to. I lay awake almost till day-dawn, excited and
full of imaginings; many strange and romantic ideas floated through my brain, and among them all I hit upon the truth, though that, like the rest, faded away, to give place to some other surmise.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Glorious summer weather has been favourable to florid exhibitions; and whatever there may be of art or of science in the culture of flowers, has had full exemplification, during the past few weeks, in the Royal Gardens at Kew, the newly opened Gardens of the Horticultural Society, and the Botanic Garden in the Regent’s Park. Rhodendromons in full blow under a tent are very beautiful; but some people prefer the display of magnificent foliage in Kensington Gardens. A curiosity of vegetation was shown at the closing meeting of the Linnaean Society — tall tassels of silica growing from a lump of petrified soap. The material is composed of slender thread-like stalks, springing from a sheath, beautifully transparent, and so light, that they tremble like gossamer at the slightest movement. It is a remarkable instance of occupation of space.

The ‘Surrey side’ of London is making a demonstration in favour of establishing a museum within its own limits, as a means of education for that division of the metropolis. Government is to be asked to give £10,000, and twice as much more is to be raised by contributions. We shall be glad to hear of the success of the project; but let us remind the promoters, that something more is needed besides a proper house, and a collection of noteworthy things, natural or artificial; which is such a spirit of management as shall best accommodate the object in view — the diffusion of useful knowledge.

Now that Professor Max Müller’s Lectures are published as a book, readers at a distance, who had not the privilege of hearing them delivered, will be able to acquaint themselves with the present condition of the science of language, and a highly interesting branch of study. Perusal of the Lectures will discover to many a significance and importance in words which they were never before aware of. — A professorship of epigraphy and Roman antiquities has just been established at the College of the Forrest of the emperor. It is only of late years that the study of inscriptions has become a real science; and if as a science it can be turned to the advancement of knowledge, that can do some good. The study has now its principles, rules, and methods, as many published works sufficiently testify; among which, Dr Bruce’s volume on The Romans Wall, and the handomely illustrated books on Roman Camps and Stations in Northumbria, brought out at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland, are especially remarkable. We know, moreover, what has been accomplished by Rawlinson and Layard, and by Dr Hincks of Dublin; and that the subject is not exhausted, is proved by the broad folio volume of cuneiform inscriptions just published by the Trustees of the British Museum. — The Academy of Berlin are publishing a collection of the inscriptions of the Roman empire, going back to the first years of Christianity.

The Royal Academy of Sciences at Munich have lately put forth a series of works on the earliest discovery of America, printed from heretofore unnoticed originals, and accompanied by maps, which curiously exemplify the geographical knowledge of the time in question. And there has been printed in New York, a translation of a rare and remarkable tract, which first appeared in 1494, or 95, written by Nicolò Sciallaco, a Messinese, on the second voyage of Columbus to America. Little by little our knowledge of that great discovery widens.

Captain Jervis, commandant of the military convalescent establishment at Yarmouth, has delivered a lecture at the United Service Institution on Recreations as a means of health for the army, showing the deterioration bodily and mental, brought about by want of sufficient occupation, and the benefits arising from rational means of recreation. He advocates the introduction of recreation-rooms in all barracks, hospitals, and camps, with dominoes, draughts, chess, billiards, and other games, excepting cards, and in these rooms he would allow the men to smoke and have tea and coffee. At Hong-kong in 1851, and at Yarmouth in later years, he has found the most favourable results follow from offering to the men a resource which many were prepared to accept at once, and which many others preferred, after a little exposure, to their usual dissipations. He would have recreation-marquees for troops in camp at home, or abroad on active service; and argues that though the marquees would be an additional burden, there would be a counterbalancing diminution of hospital baggage. The captain shows, moreover, that it is bad economy to aim at producing cheap soldiers, insomuch as, like other cheap things, they soon become unserviceable.

Another lecture, On an Improved System of Shipbuilding, delivered by Mr S. R. Tovell, at the same Institution, will commend itself to merchants and persons interested in navigation, for it shews that speed and capacity for stowage are possible, and have been accomplished. Accepting Mr Scott Russell’s proposition that a good ship should have the easiest form to go ahead, and the most difficult to get to leeward, Mr Tovell takes the salmon’s head and shoulders as the model for the ‘fore-body’ of his ship, and the hinder part of the swan for the ‘after-body’; and it is found in practice, that while the circular form gives great strength — there being little or none of that creaking noise usual in ship-building — the improved system will behave better in a gale of wind, and sail faster in any weather, than a vessel built on the ordinary system. When deeply laden, the improved vessels sail better than when light, for the reason that they are then longer at the water-line, and that below the water-line, no portion of the timbers is straight. Straightness, in the sides of a ship, says Mr Tovell, ‘is a hindrance to speed.’ Moreover, besides first-rate sailing qualities, and ability for sculling or lying-to, and other operations appreciated by mariners, the improved vessels cost less than others to build, because ‘they require less curve in their timber, less labour to bend the planks into shape, and no steam for the bending. The ship, then, the ship, reports, ‘I can, now I am used to her, make her do anything but speak.’

Dr Frankland has been investigating the effects of atmospheric pressure on flames, carrying out a course of experiments which may be said to have been begun on the top of Mont Blanc in 1859, by observing that a candle burnt at that elevation consumed less of its substance, and was less luminous than when burnt at Chamonix. In his trials with coal-gas, he finds that a quantity of gas which gives a light equal to that of 100 candles when the barometer marks 21", yields the light of 84 candles only when the barometer falls to 28". Hence we see that ordinary atmospheric fluctuations have a noticeable effect on illumination; and, in so far as experiments have been carried with a higher pressure than that of the atmosphere, it appears that the same law prevails.

Certain medical men of Manchester have been studying the effect of atmospheric changes in another way,—namely, the influence of the changes on disease — and they find a marked relation between the fluctuations of health in that great town, and the rise and fall of the barometer, and increase or decrease of humidity. Fears, and especially scarlatina, are most likely to prevail when the atmosphere is damp; represent diarrhœa by a curved line, and it
immediately begins to ascend as the thermometer rises above 60°, mounting rapidly with increase of heat, and immediately sinking as the temperature falls below 60°. The reverse is shown in diseases of the lungs and throat; in these cases, the curve rises as the temperature falls. Thus far, the inquiry only concerns popular theories on the subject; but there is no doubt that if all the meteorological elements were embraced, and the inquiry carried on over large districts simultaneously by competent observers, who would compare the state of public health with the prevalent winds, the electricity of the atmosphere, and its chemical condition, and with the rain and amount of moisture generally; if this were done, results of importance to sanitary science would not fail to be arrived at. Those readers who wish for more information on this subject, may find it in a paper by Messrs. Hanse and Vernon, published in the *Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester*.

At the last meeting of the Geological Society, a paper was read by the Rev. B. Everest, *On the Lines of Deepest Water around the British Isles,* in which, by tracing the several lines of soundings, he shows that the Isles constitute an unequal-sided hexagonal figure, while the lines round Ireland represent a pentagonal figure; and so on, giving other examples from smaller isles. He finds, moreover, some relation between the lines and present geological phenomena, such as dip and other characteristics of strata; and is of opinion that shrinkage is the cause of the special features in question. In England, as also in some continental countries, there are appearances of ‘huge polygons broken up into small ones’; as if the surface of the earth had once formed part of a basaltic causeway. At the same meeting an account was given of the eruption of a volcano near Edd, on the African coast of the Red Sea; and a notice of that terrible earthquake at Mendoza, where eighty-three souls were lost, in ten days, and more than ten thousand persons perished. The effect was felt in the Uppsala Pass of the Cordilleras, for at that elevation travellers met a shower of ashes, and found the way obstructed by rocks and newly opened chasms. And at Buenos Ayres, 909 miles from Mendoza, it was observed that the pendulums which were swinging north and south were accelerated, while those swinging east and west were not affected.

The astronomer-royal’s Report to the Board of Visitors shows that astronomy suffers as well as corn and fruit in unfavourable weather. A plan had been formed for a series of observations of Mars, with a view to the accurate determination of his parallax; but the weather was unusually bad in 1860, and the observations could not be made. However, as the Report testifies, good work in abundance was accomplished: ‘the quasi-permanent existence of a belt inclined to the ordinary belts’ was noted on Jupiter; Saturn presented at times ‘the square-shouldered figure which Sir W. Herschel long ago attributed to him; time-signals have been, and are sent to many parts of England; the post-office clocks are regulated from the clock at Greenwich; the time-ball at Deal has been regularly dropped by signal from the Observatory; and Mr. Airy constantly bears in mind the desirability of exhibiting daily time-signals at Portsmouth and Plymouth, and hourly time-signals at Start Point. These would manifestly be of great use in nautical astronomy. The Ordnance Survey, in which England and Belgium is to be repeated, has been commenced under direction of Sir Henry James, and after that is complete, steps will be taken to determine the galvanic latitude of Valencia or Lowestoft.

The astronomical world was gratified on the last day of June with the sudden appearance of a comet, generally allowed to be larger than that of 1858, and which, if it is believed, would have made a finer show than any in the present century but for the twilight lingering in the midnight summer sky. This bright stranger was observed by Mr. Burner of Clifton on the morning of Sunday, June 30, in the constellation of Auriga, from which it receded in the course of two nights to the muzzle of the Great Bear. It had passed the perigee on the 10th of June, at a distance of 75,000,000 miles from the sun, and in its recession, on the 24th, it had come within 13,000,000 miles of the earth. The nucleus is described as having had three luminous envelopes. One observer has announced the probability, that on the 30th we were within the luminosity of the comet. At one time, the tail extended over seventy-six degrees of the northern sky. A French astronomer believes that this is the celebrated *Comet of Charles V.,* which appeared in March 1556, and caused the retirement of that monarch, and the return of which has for the last few years been looked for; but Mr. Hind, whose opinion in such a matter is entitled to the highest respect, affirms it for certain not to be that comet.

It has been ascertained, from many years' observation, that the wind makes a number of revolutions all round the compass in the course of a year, turning usually in the direction of the sun's rays, that is, from N. to E. S. W., and round to N.; but last year the direction was retrograde, or in the contrary direction—N. W. S. E. and N. Two entire revolutions were made in this direction, and the phenomena, having attracted attention, the observations of past years were examined, and the remarkable fact was ascertained, that there appears to be a seven-yearly cycle in the course of the wind. In 1853, the wind made rather less than two rotations in the retrograde direction; in all the other years, the opposite direction has prevailed. But taking any period of seven or seven and a half years, we find it commencing with a small number of revolutions, then increasing to a maximum, 21 times, 23 or 24 times round the compass, then sinking to a minimum, the tail rising once more in the degrees of the northern sky. It seems likely that a very small change of superficial temperature might sufficiently influence the currents of air to produce the effect which has been observed.

**THE CHILDREN’S TIME-PIECE.**

Now Summer dons her golden robe;  
Its gray and half-transparent globe  
The dandelion rears again  
From the green meadow’s rolling main.

Now when the brown and purple grass  
Is yellowed by the king-cup’s flowers  
The children pluck the rank green tubes,  
And blow the down to count the hours.

When birds their lulling spring-song cease,  
And Summer ’gins her reign of peace;  
When meadows turn a sunny brown,  
And mowers leave the dusty town;  
When now the sorrel plumes turn red,  
And brave the hot flushed summer sun;  
When brawny labourers rest from toil,  
And grateful hedgerow-shelter find;  
Then children pluck the cobweb flowers,  
And blow the down to count the hours.

W. T.
THE FALSE HAIR.

After every one has said his best about the advantages of unadornment, and the attractions of artless beauty—after paying the most devout homage to the natural, and denounced to the uttermost the flattering delusions of the artificial, it becomes rather difficult to know what we are to do next. It being granted that we are to wear clothes, why not the best clothes our purses can afford, and as graceful and becoming garments, 'though not expressed in fancy,' as our taste can suggest, or our tailor fashion for us? Admitting art as a helper and improver, and a handmaiden of nature, where are we to draw a line?—where are we to pause, and decline further aid from adventitious resources? I should like, if it were possible, a distinct code to be drawn up, setting forth how far one can receive assistance from artifice, and yet be legally natural. May one pad?—have one's hair curled?—use pomatum? An amusing paper by Lord Chesterfield in the World, introduces to us a country gentle- man complaining of the extravagant use of paint by his wife and daughter. They both make answer 'that red was not paint; that no colour in the world was jord (face-paint) but white, of which they protested they had none.' When ladies were in the habit of stupefying their faces and necks with plaster of Paris fixed with size or oil (the white surface warranted to last in good repair for several days they provided they did not wash, which, of course, they did not), then, no doubt, the use of a little simple rouge was but a trivial offence; but now, when rouge is not generally the mode, what may we do without forfeiting our character for sincerity? May we, as honest men, wear glass-eyes or wigs, or cork legs or composition-teeth, and resort to these appliances unawesomely? Or are we bound to confess our imperfections, and boldly parade our fraudulence, with, 'The liquid hair-dye I use is So-and-so's,' or, 'I buy my glass-eyes at Such-a-one's.' Surely this cannot be necessary, although I admit, if the lady I pay my addresses to has the misfortune to have one of her legs made of cork, I should prefer to be apprised of the fact before I put up the basse, rather than after the marriage-ceremony. Perhaps she, too, has some claim to be made acquainted with the circumstance that my prepossessingly natural appearance is not altogether free from a certain alloy of unreality. But we will let that pass.

For my own part, I was brought up in an unreal school; from early infancy I was familiar with the artifices of the toilet. My aunt, to whose care I was confided almost from the cradle, had been in her youth what is called, I believe, a 'brilliant brunette.' Possibly she did not like to surrender all claim to that title, even at the time of which I am narrating. She was then a little thin old lady, of a pale dark complexion—the terms are quite reconcileable—with, in the morning, a spot the size of a crown-piece, of bright yellow on either cheek, the result, I believe, of a constant resort to pigments. She was partial to blonde caps, with a profusion of pink satin bows and bunches of flowers. She wore a front of dense black hair. With the idea, perhaps, of making this appear more natural, or as a reminiscence of a fashion of her youth, the parting of the hair was quite at the side, and brought across her brow in a bold sweep, leaving her forehead in a state of partial eclipse (very much as I have noticed sailors at Wapping wearing their hair), and ending on either side in little crisp coils of curls as tight, and hard, and regular as watch-springs. She had thick dark eyebrows, which she was rather proud of, and was fond of smoothing and flattening with the tips of her fingers. She was a dressy woman, and on great occasions would appear in the most gorgeous and glowing silks I ever recollect to have seen. She was particularly partial to a superb dress of orange trimmed with scarlet velvet. She had a notion that brunette brilliancy required to be associated with violent hues. Certainly, there was a barbaric splendour about this dress which would have been more commanding, perhaps, if it had imparted to her rather less of likeness to a mawax—her hooked nose giving additional force to that unfortunate similitude. Her diamond necklaces and earrings, and bracelets and finger-rings, were of magnificent nature, and I shall never cease to regret that at her demise, some years since, she willed them away from me to quite another and distant branch of the family. Well, my aunt had recourse to artifice in the most stanch and persistent way. She was fond of declaring that she was of the old school. She kept a pot of rouge always at hand in her work-box. When the knock of visitors was to be heard, up jumped my aunt. 'I must titivate,' she said. I don't know how she became acquainted with that word. I find, by reference to a slang dictionary, that it signifies 'to put in order, to dress up.' 'I must titivate.' Thereupon she produced the rouge-pot, a pocket-mirror, and a scrap of flannel. She was very short-sighted; she could not have thoroughly appreciated the intensity of the hue she rubbed on her cheeks. I should have called it reddening rather than titivating. She turned to receive her visitors with a face, as it were, whole bound in scarlet.

Deception so apparent and avowed as this, can hardly be called deception at all. My aunt roug
boldly, and her visitors knew it, and she knew that
they knew it, and yet still she continued to apply the
scratch of flannel; and her wig in the same way never
aimed at deception—it confessed itself to be a sham
at once. No purely natural head of hair could have
looked anything like what that wig looked. It was a
padded cushion of black silk on one side, and very
worn by my aunt simply to keep her head warm, not,
I should think, with the faintest delusive notions.
Certainly, with me as a child under her care, all
pretence at artifice was ostentatiously dispensed with;
she roused in my presence; she moved and removed
her wig in my presence. She was rather a grim and
formidable-looking woman with her heavy brows, her
jet-black eyes, her crimson cheeks, and hooked nose,
and especially impressive-looking when she wore her
magnificent dress of orange satin; but she was really
a good, kind-hearted old lady. She could not bear
to utter an angry word to me, however severely my
youthful misdemeanors might test her temper, much
less could she bring herself to inflict upon me the
slightest bodily pain, by way of punishment. To this,
indeed, no amount of wrong-doing of mine could drive
her. Her method of converting me to a proper sense of
my duties culminated in the imposition of two
penalties. If I persistently declined to be a good boy,
my aunt solemnly avowed her determination first
to take my shoes and stockings off; and if after that
time of chastisement—a severe one, because it put
limits to locomotion—I still persisted in misconduct,
the next awful threat was, that she would take
my wig off! Not often did my criminality draw
me into this dire visitation. For many years,
my young imagination could frame no other notion as
to the personality of that nursery goblin Bogie, than
was involved in the perturbations of my aunt with
her red cheeks and black brows, dowered of her wig,
and exposing to view a dreadful and shining bald
head.
It was perhaps attributable to this early familiarity
with artifice, that when, owing to—what shall I say?
—well, a bad attack of cerebral fever, and the conse-
quenl loss of my hair, it became necessary to resort to
the perquirer's, I did not shrink from the notion with
any extraordinary repugnance. Brought up in the
school I had been, the next natural thing to wearing
my own hair was to accept the wearing of some one
else's. I know that there are not wanting those who
assert that fever had nothing to do with my case. I
believe the suppression of my being a pupil of the
French word
garon signifies at once a boy and a bachelor. The
two are indeed synonymous—the bachelor is always
a boy. So I purposed that the wig I should wear
should be a young wig; a curly, free, pleasant-looking
head of hair, that knew very little of the world—
quite inexperienced—that had seen nothing of life at
all. I adopted a single unmarried wig.
I confess to a sort of hair-haunting sensation when the
hairdresser threw a sheet about my cranium, and took
notes of its dimensions, exactly as though he were
a tailor measuring it for a coat. 'Are it tight to
your 'ed,' he recommended; ' better 'ave it to fit
tight to your 'ed. You'll find it more comfortable;
and they will loosen, you see. But if you 'ave it tight
at first, it allows for future cases of accidents.' It was a
dreadfulphantom he conjured up in thus speaking of accidents. A picture rose
before me of a crowded thoroughfare—say Regent
Street at noon—a stiff breeze blowing; then—the
accident—my wig flew off; the wind—yes, and the
air along the gutter—my wig whisking through the air,
and falling flat on the pavement like a brown pancake
—the sun's laughing rays glittering on my bald
coat, and my exposed skull! Oh! no, he impressed me
ed down, sir, please. Will you 'ave it hover your
ears, or hunder? Well, I should reck'me better hover,
with a sweet curl or two at the side.'
Fortunately for me, there was something at this
moment transpiring in the room which diverted me
from too morbid a regard for my own sufferings.
An elderly gentleman was delivering himself with the
hands of a tonsor. He presented a perfectly bald
head to the operator. 'Take the ends off,' he said.
It seemed almost as though he wanted his head cut,
falling his hair. However, the hairdresser commen-
cenced a course of snipping and clipping. A calm,
stoic man, he had seen no joke in haircutting
for many a long year. He would have made-believe
to dress the locks of a cricket-ball, if the job had
come to him in the ordinary way of business; and
have tucked the muslin shroud carefully round
it, sticking it well in between the neck and the
shirt-collar—supposing that the cricket-ball enjoyed
such an ornament—to catch the supposititious falling
ends of hair; and would have imper turbably asked
the firm of the cricket-ball, whether it would have been
curled or shamped, or subjected to any other ridicul ous
treatment. But, of course, it was not practicable to pre sent
this face before a certain limit. The hairdresser
completed his task, carrying out the notion to the
last that he had been cutting the elderly gentleman's
hair, blowing viole tly round his neck, removing the
muslin shroud with a great flourish, and then draping
a brush vigorously all over the elderly gentleman's
dress. Suddenly the patient took something from his
hat, and asked for some water. He wetted the
something on the inside very carefully with his
fingers; he put it on his head. It was a wig! He
pulled down, and patted, and pressed it down elaborately.
Goodness! thought I, are wigs, then, ever stuck on
the head like postage-stamps on a letter? He put
his hat on carefully over the wig, taking heed that
his side-curls should be compressed perhaps, but
let him not have himself without his brown wig,
strutting legs jauntily with his dapper case, and the
elderly gentleman, humming an opera air, quitte the
room in a very young man indeed.
Did the young lady with the perennial smile and the
glossy bands, who stood behind the shop-counter, her
taper fingers busily employed in folding up pots of
beard's grease in silver paper, know that he wore
a wig? I wonder? Was she conscious that I had been
measured for one? There was a brilliant light in
her gray eyes, but not, I think, of satire—rather, I
imagine, of increased admiration. She was no censor
of the unreal—rather the presiding goddess of artifices,
and her smiles seemed to say: 'Use hair-dye by all
means; wear a "perfect gentleman's" head of hair,
or any toilet falsities you please—the more the better
—so you will rise in my estimation.' I felt that this
was very delicate and gratifying conduct of the young
lady's, and I went home rather in love with her, and
quite looking forward to my wig.
It came home in due time, with the bill of its cost.
This struck me as high, but, of course, one cannot expect a first-rate head of hair for nothing. It came
in a neat box, sealed. I was grateful for that pre-
cauti on. It assured me that there could have been
no tampering with the precious casket of one of the
possession of any member of my household. I trembled at
the notion of my servant Mary fingering the wig, laughing
over it, or of Buttons dragging it on his thickly
thatched skull, and still worse to think of the hair
in what he might possibly imagine to be imitation
of some facial peculiarities of my own. No; as yet the
had been—in what vehement broken English, the team in his eyes the while, he had relapsed my shameful conduct! What, now, thought I, if a retributive justice should deal to me a similar doom? I thought, and shivered!

With some forebodings, I determined to test my wig in public. Was it fancy? or was Mary really tittering as she followed me down stairs, cramping her apron into her mouth? I passed out into the street. I examined carefully the faces of all I met, to see if I could discover any consciousness of my wig on the part of the public. I was careful to avoid any encounter with street-beats; I gave them the wall, and treated them with the utmost courtesy, for I knew I was in their power, if they knew all. I was tolerably satisfied altogether with my promenade. One boy certainly thrust his tongue in his cheek in rather a significant way; but I could not be sure that the proceeding was levelled at my wig. Robinson, whom I met in Piccadilly, seemed to me to wear a useless grin of inquiry on his face, but I am not prepared to say that he had detected it. Still, all this was but my ball.

Let me hurry to a close. I sought a further test; I visited the pit of a theatre. In the course of the evening, some slight accident—I forget now what it was—occurred on the stage. Mary of the audience rose from her seat to obtain a better view; I did so, amongst others. Certain of the spectators were indignant at this. There arose the customary cries—"Down, in front—sit down!"

Something prompted me to disregard these warnings.

They were repeated.

"Sit down, old 'un! Can't you hear?" (Sensation.)

Could it be that some ribald objector was referring to me? I still forbore to obey.

"Sit down, can't you? YOU IN THE WIG!" (Loud laughter.)

I sat down then. I took advantage of the next fall of the drop-scene to creep quietly, perhaps guiltily, from the theatre. I was detected, undone. "She will know it's a wig!" I said.

I went home; I lit a fire, and burned my wig that night; and I went to bed, pinned, it may be, but yet intensely relieved.

MATRIMONIAL LAW.

Prior to the year 1754, marriages were of three different kinds.

The first was the marriage in the face of the church, by virtue of banns proclaimed on three separate holydays, or by a licence dispensing with such banns. Such a marriage was solemnised by a clergyman in the parish church, between the hours of eight and ten in the morning; and if either of the parties were under the age of twenty-one, the consent of the parent or guardian was required. The licences were of two kinds—the ordinary or surrogate's, and the special licence. The power of granting the latter was formerly vested in the pope; but in Henry VIII's time, it was transferred to the archbishop of Canterbury, who has ever since retained that exclusive privilege. It is only granted to persons of the rank of peers or peeresses in their own right, their sons and daughters, dowager-peeresses and privy-councillors, the judges of Westminster Hall, baronets, knights, and members of parliament, although His Grace is not barred from granting occasional favours beyond these specified limits. By virtue of this licence, a marriage may be solemnised at any time or place.

The second kind of marriage was the clandestine marriage, for the celebration of which no publication
of bans or licence was required. It could be entered into at any time and place, the only requisite being that it should be performed by a clergyman. By this method, a man in a drunken frolic might agree to marry a woman of the worst character, and if there were a parson near at hand, the marriage might be there and then celebrated without further delay or ceremony. The parsons of the old Fleet prison and of May Fair were noted for their celebration of these clandestine marriages; and it appears that Hampstead was not less remarkable for conveniences of that kind, to couples who wished to increase their happiness by a little air and exercise.

But the old Fleet had the greatest amount of business and reputation in matrimonial matters. On the outside of the prison, touts used to be employed to obtain business for the parsons within; passengers were saluted with the question: ‘Sir, will you walk in and be married?’ and a board was put up in one of the walls of the prison, on which was painted a male and female hand conjoined, with the words, ‘Marriage performed within written beneath. Whenever a marriage was performed, the parson took the fees, allowing a portion to the touts and the tavern-keepers, who, besides sharing in the fees, derived a profit from the sale of their drink at the wedding. Occasionally, when business was brisk and flourishing, a publican would keep a parson on his own premises, at a salary of about a shilling a week. The fee paid to the parson was about five or six shillings—small in amount certainly, but it must be borne in mind that the number of marriages was very large. Parson Wyatt’s receipts for one month were nearly £8. Keith married 6000 couples in one year in his chapel in the Fleet, while a neighbouring church had but 50 during the same period.

On payment of a small fee, marriages could be ante-dated, or not entered at all; people could be married without declaring their names; and for half a guinea, a marriage might be registered that never took place. It was by no means an unusual practice for women to hire temporary husbands at the Fleet, in order that they might be able to plead coverture to an action of divorce, or for other purposes. These hired husbands were provided by the parson, who charged five shillings for the accommodation. Nor were these marriages confined to the lower orders. Lord Ellesmere and other noblemen adopted this method. The Duke of Richmond was married to the beautiful Miss Gunning by a Fleet parson, and in such a hurry were they to have the ceremony performed, that, not having time to obtain an ordinary wedding ring, one of the rings from the window-curtains was used for the purpose. The son of Lord Holland was married in the Fleet to the daughter of the Duke of Richmond.

By these clandestine marriages, heirs of good families were seduced and engaged in infamous matrimonial contracts; rich heiresses were carried off by men of low birth, or sharpers; the best families were brought into distress, and their sons and daughters involved in ruin; a number of expensive lawsuits were occasioned about the legitimacy of children; great difficulty was experienced in ascertaining whether the parents were married or not; sometimes a clandestine marriage was set up after a man’s death, which was never heard of in his lifetime; and the whole effects were carried away from his relations by the children of a woman whom he had never acknowledged as his wife. At last, the enormous increase of these irregular practices led to the introduction of the Marriage Act of Lord Hardwick, which was received with great amount of opposition, and only passed with great difficulty. The bill became a law between the passing of the bill and its coming into operation afforded a rich harvest to the parsons of the Fleet and May Fair. In one register-book there are entered 217 marriages, which took place at the Fleet on the 28th of March 1754, the day previous to the Act coming into operation. Although after that date clergymen solemnising clandestine marriages were liable to be transported, yet such marriages were kept alive at the Savoy Chapel for a couple of years longer, when a minister and his curate having been transported for fourteen years, under the Act, an ecclesiastical step was taken.

The third kind of marriage was the consensual one, or that by mere consent. Any contract made by words of the present tense, as ‘I marry you,’ and in case of cohabitation, of the future tense also, as, ‘I will marry you,’ was deemed a valid marriage for many purposes, and the parties might afterwards be compelled by the Ecclesiastical Court to celebrate it in the face of the church. The consensual form of marriage, although frequently used, was never looked upon with favour, for it sometimes produced effects which were truly lamentable. For instance, in one case, the son of a noble house, entangled by a verbal contract of marriage with a woman of disrepute, and of very inferior station to himself, endeavoured to get rid of his engagement by paying her a certain sum of money. Fancying himself then at liberty, he married a lady of his own rank in a regular and open manner. The marriage was followed by the birth of children; when the woman with whom the verbal contract had been made suddenly appeared in the Ecclesiastical Court, and not only set aside the second marriage, thereby bastardising the children of the second wife, but compelled the unfortunate young man to celebrate the first marriage with her in the face of the church.

By Lord Hardwick’s Act of 1754, all previous laws relating to marriages were repealed, with the exception of those relative to special licences, and it was enacted that all marriages must thereafter be solemnised by a clergyman in the parish church by virtue of either the licence or the consent. All clergy bore on three separate holydays, after which the parties were to be married in the presence of two witnesses, besides the officiating minister, and all the parties were afterwards to sign the register. It was argued by the gentlemen who opposed the Act, that marriage by bans was against the genius and nature of Englishmen; that it shocked the modesty of a young girl to have it proclaimed throughout the parish that she was going to be married. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Mr Conway, said: ‘It is well you are married. How would my Lady A— have liked to be asked to the parish church for three Sundays running? I really believe she would have worn her weeds for ever rather than have passed so day to day to the altar of the Lord. Another honourable gentleman said he could see no reason why the parish should be told so often, and in such a solemn and public manner, that there is a marriage intended between John the ploughman and Molly the dairymaid.

With regard to marriages by licence—which were too expensive for ordinary people—where either of the parties were minors, and had not been married before, the marriage could only be solemnised with the previous consent of the person authorised to give the same. The persons to give the requisite consent were the father, or, if he were dead, the guardian lawfully appointed; and if there were no such guardian, the mother, if unmarried; and if there were no such mother, then a guardian appointed by the Court of Chancery. The marriage was void ob initiis, if it were solemnised without such consent; an enactment which was productive of the greatest hardship and injustice. For instance, in a case mentioned in the old law reports, the father had deserted his wife and family, and had gone to America; and many years afterwards, the wife, naturally disappointed, gave her consent to the marriage of her son, who was a minor. Twenty years after the solemnisation of the son’s marriage, the father turned up, instituted a suit in the Ecclesiastical Court, the consequence of
which was that the son's marriage was declared void, for the want of the father's consent at the time of its celebration. A minor who had no parents, or guardian appointed by them, had to incur the expense of obtaining a declaration, the Court of Chancery, before he could be married by licence; and in the case of an illegitimate minor, such a declaration could only be obtained by his marriage. By this doctrine of consent, young women were often entrapped into marriages which might at any time afterwards be annulled, whenever the husband might think proper to take the necessary steps. Let us take an instance: a woman being a minor at the time of the marriage, the husband obtained the licence by taking oath that she was of age; was married to her, and had issue, several children; when, being in great poverty and distress, the husband left his wife, and went to India, where he realised a considerable fortune. He returned to England, and after his marriage had subsisted for twenty-seven years, instituted a suit for nullity of marriage, on the ground of his wife having been a minor at the time of her marriage, and he succeeded in his suit.

Lord Hardwicke's Act, which at the time of its passing was deemed a national calamity, was attempted to be repealed by Mr Fox, but the effort was not successful. Parliament, however, in 1823, when the Marriage Act of George IV. was passed. By this act, which is still in operation, marriages may be annulled by either party, by licence or by dispensing with such bans. The bans are to be published in the church where the marriage is to be solemnised, upon three separate Sundays preceding the solemnisation of marriage, during the time of morning-service, or evening-service; if there be no morning-service, immediately after the second lesson. If the parties reside in different parishes, the bans must be published in each. Seven days at least before the first publication, the parties to be married must deliver to the minister of the church where the bans are to be published, a notice in writing of their true Christian and surnames, of their respective places of residence, and the time during which they have been residing in the parish. It is not imperative on the minister to demand his notice, and if he knows the parties, he will generally waive it; but if he do so, he will be personally responsible for any possible consequences that may arise. The form of the notice may be obtained from the minister or his clerk.

The bans must be duly published, otherwise the marriage will be invalid. They must properly designate the party to be married in order to awaken the vigilance of parents and guardians, and to give them an opportunity of protecting their rights. The true names should therefore be given; for if the publication be such as to conceal rather than designate the parties, it is no publication, and the marriage will consequently be void. The true names are those of baptism and native surnames. Names of repute in bans have been sometimes held to be sufficient, especially where the true names were but little known and used. The omission of a dormant name is immaterial, but it is otherwise with one by which the person is commonly called. For instance, the Honourable Augustus Henry Edward Stanhope was usually called "Augustus," the entire exclusion of his other Christian names; and he having been married by bans in which he was described as Edward Stanhope only, his marriage was declared void. The like result ensued where William Peter Smith was designated in the bans as William Smith only, and the second Christian name was the one by which he was known, and which was intentionally omitted, for the purpose of concealment. It must, however, be remarked, that both parties must have been aware of the undue publication of bans, in order to make a marriage by their consent valid. The act of one will not operate to the prejudice of another, unless a participator.

The residence of the parties must also be correctly stated in the bans, and it is the duty of the minister to ascertain if this be done. If he discover any inaccuracy, he is bound not to proceed with the ceremony; but if the marriage be once solemnized, that fact will override all inaccuracies concerning residence. The marriage must take place within three months next after the publication of the bans, otherwise fresh publication will be required.

The issuing of the special licence by the archbishop of Canterbury is not affected by the act of George IV., but has remained unaltered since the time of Henry VIII. Before any ordinary or surrogates licence can be issued, one of the parties must personally swear, before the person granting it, that he or she believes that there is no impediment of kindred or alliance, or of any lawful cause, nor any suit commenced in any Ecclesiastical Court, to prevent such marriage; and that one of the parties has resided for fifteen days in the parish within which the marriage is to be solemnised; and where either of them, not being a widower or widow, are under the age of twenty-one, that the proper consent has been obtained. The licence is only available for the diocese in which it is issued, and is only in force for three months. The same strictness with reference to the names of the parties, is not required in cases of bans, because the former are not intended for publication. A marriage by licence under a false marriage name is valid if there be no mistake as to the person. By the Marriage Act of George IV., the penalty of nullity of marriage was confined to the cases of persons willfully consenting to the celebration of marriage without publication of bans, or without licence, or by any one but a minister in holy orders, or elsewhere than in a church or licensed chapel; and in the case of minors, where the marriage is once solemnised, the want of previous consent will not invalidate it.

The Marriage Act of George IV., although admitted to be a great improvement on the previous one, did not give general satisfaction, for, as will have been already perceived, it was applicable exclusively to marriages by the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. The dissenters were left unnoticed, and it was not until thirteen years afterwards—namely, in the year 1836—that Lord John Russell's Act afforded them legislative relief, and at the same time improved the general law of marriage. This act has, in its turn, been amended in sundry points of detail, but we shall notice them altogether. By the Act of 1836, two new methods of getting married were introduced—namely, by the superintendent registrar's licence, and by his certificate. To obtain the former, one of the parties about to be married must give notice of such being his intention to the superintendent registrar of marriages of the district in which the person giving the notice resides. In this notice—a form of which may be obtained at any registry-office—the names and condition, rank or profession, ages, dwelling-place of the parties, are truly set forth, together with the name of the church or building in which the marriage is to take place, and the district and county in which the parties respectively dwell. To this notice is attached a declaration by the person giving it, that he or she has resided in the superintendent registrar's district for fifteen days immediately before the giving of the notice, and that where consent is required, such consent has been obtained. One clear day's notice only is required, so that where it has been given on Monday, the marriage may take place on the Wednesday following, or at any other time within three months after the issuing of the licence, in the church, chapel, or building mentioned in the notice. Marriage by licence cannot be solemnised in any church or chapel of the Established Church of England, while, on the other hand, it may take place in any other place in the presence of the superintendent registrar and
The superintendent registrar's certificate is obtained in a similar manner: seven days' residence previous to the giving of the notice is required, and it is suspended in the registry-office for twenty-eight days before the certificate will be issued. To obtain the superintendent registrar's licence, where the parties reside, it is necessary that one notice be required; but to obtain a certificate under such circumstances, notice must be given in both districts. The certificate is equivalent to the publication of bans, and entitles the parties obtaining it to be married in any Church or chapel of the Church of England, as well as in any place in which the superintendent registrar's licence is obtainable; but the marriage must take place within three months after the issuing of the certificate. Where a marriage by certificate is intended, and one of the parties resides in Ireland, a similar notice of marriage may be given there; and where one of the parties resides in Scotland, a certificate of the proclamation of bans should be obtained, which has the same effect as an ordinary superintendent registrar's certificate.

The consent required in all the above cases is that of a father, or, if the father be dead, then of a guardian lawfully appointed by him; if there be no such guardian, then of the mother unmarried, or if there be no such mother, then of a guardian appointed by the Court of Chancery. We may mention, moreover, for the benefit of minors with unwilling and unfeeling parents or guardians, that where the person whose consent is required is insane, or where such person, being a mother or guardian, is abroad, or unreasonably or from undue motives withholds consent to a proper marriage, the Court of Chancery will, on application, afford proper relief.

Marriages by special licence can take place at any time, but all other kinds of marriages are invalid unless performed in church, by the priest of the church, or by a registrar of marriages, and in Scotland, there are two kinds of marriages—regular and solemn, or irregular and clandestine. To procure a regular marriage, it is necessary that bans should be published three times on three Sundays or holydays immediately before divine service. On extraordinary occasions, the last two, and even all the publications, may be made in one day. A certificate of the due proclamation of bans is granted by the clerk of the kirk-session, upon which the marriage is celebrated by the parson or minister before two witnesses, and usually at the house where the woman resides. There is no further ceremony than the question of mutual acceptance put by the minister and answered by the parties, and a declaration by the minister that the parties are married.

An irregular marriage may be contracted by words of the present tense, or by words of the future tense, if followed by simulation. The consent of the parties, which is the essence of the contract, and which, followed by cohabitation, is sufficient to constitute a marriage, may be expressed before a civil magistrate, or even before witnesses; nor is it required that a clergyman should assist or be present, but the expressions of consent must necessarily be of a matrimonial intent. The Greta Green marriages were of the irregular kind, and existed until the beginning of the year 1857, when an act of parliament came into operation, which enacted that, after that date, no irregular marriage in Scotland will be valid unless one of the parties had at the date thereof or her usual place of residence there, or had lived in Scot- land twenty-one days next preceding such marriage. But all couples residing in Scotland are therefore now obliged to take time before they venture on the most important step in their life—a step on which their happiness or miseries depend, or on which they wish to bestow so much.

The public cohabitation of parties as husband and wife in Scotland is presumptive proof that they are validly married, in the event of its not being distinctly proved that they did not intend to contract matrimony. This is commonly known by the name of marriage by habit and repite.

**Baths of Lucca.**

Among 'things not generally known'—a tolerably large list—may be classed the baths of Lucca, a city most venerable, and renowned for its ancient glory, and for the lovely landscape, air wonderfully pure and dry, skies of astonishing azure, and baths first discovered and patronised by the strongest men of the world. The Romans, who had an extraordinary appreciation of the virtues of mineral springs, and who were the true explorers of almost every European spa, were tempted, in the instance of the baths of Lucca, not by healing waters, but by hygienic mud. In fact, the baths are supplied with a never-ceasing flow of warm, rich, mineralised mud, in which modern Italians wallow with great apparent refreshment. The long and narrow valley in which the Bagno is built, is walled in on each hand by mountain-peaks of the most marvellous beauty. The water in the baths is celebrated for its efficacy in skin diseases, and is poured on the tops of the highest of which the snow-glimmers like a silver helmet. The rocks in the high Apennines near the valley afford a rare treat to the geologist, and a naturalist, and to the painter, so wonderfully are the greens and browns, and reds and blues, contrasted with black basalt and milk-white quartz. There are great precipices, here and there, of a thousand feet or so in sheer height, where the layers of many-coloured rock lie in regular streaks, like some marvellous mosaic; the effect of which seems unreal from its very brilliancy. But the Bagno itself, the Bagno—let me only speak of the ancient city, a fossilised town a dozen miles off—consists of three villages, about a mile and a half apart, from one another: the Bagno Alla Villa, where the hot mud-baths are, and where there are spacious buildings over these medicinal fountains—some for rich visitors, others for those mighty few who can pay, and some for the sufferers; the Ponte al Seraglio, where the great hotels and shops are, and the Bagno Caldri, on the crown of a tremendous hill, where the grand-ducal palace is situated. Past the first two rushes the broad foamy river, roaring, after rain, like Niagara itself. Strange streams, truly, are these Italian and Iberian rivers, where one day you see parties of washerwomen groping among the dry shingles of the enormously wide channel for a thread of water in which they can have those mountains of dingy linen; and the next morning, lo! a tawny flood rolls by you, wide as some great navigable stream, and roaring hoarsely, as its angry brown billows lift their white-flaked heads above the turbid surface. Of the three divisions, the first two, the Villa and the Ponte, are rivals. The Villa has the baths, the 'Polizzi'—no unimportant institution in that old-world, down-troddden Italy that I remember—has a much smaller hotel and the church, with its relics, belfry, and quaint antiquities. On the other hand, the Ponte is more modernised, more in accordance with the nineteenth century. Has it not the circulating libraries, and Mrs Cordon's amazing emporium—where you can buy anything that has been invented in any land to delight the palace of man or muse of genius, or to introduce into the rooms, and the fashionable Florentine confectioners and milliners, where alone you can get a basin of soup or a Paris bonnet? Has it not, also, Pagnini's...
excellent bevy of hotels?—three hotels, all belonging to one proprietor, all large, all cool, and all most acceptable! But there was a remarkable band played at the Ponte—although the balls and concerts took place at the Ponte—although, if you had fancy fare for need Milan beer, or a beer at Cellini's news from the couter world, or a潺 par, or other vanities, you were fain to repair to the Ponte, yet the Villa maintained a good fight for superiority. Was it nothing to possess the mad-springs, and the patients, and the lodging-houses, and the market, and the extraordinary little shops, where the stock-in-trade consisted of highly coloured pictures of miracles, saints with blue mantiles and golden aureoles, reliquaries, breviaries, crucifixes, rosaries, blessed and unblessed, of every material, from gold or silver, down to plain coral or ivory for the middle class, and to the strange nuts, or wooden beads, which the poorest peasant of the hills is ever without? As for the Bulgari Caldi, it had hot springs—of water, not mud; and the grand duke's summer residence was there, but very few less distinguished dwellings. In fact, the baths on which the 'Caldi' was built was so terribly high and steep, that it was a painful sacrifice to friendship even to pay a call there, unless the caller rode up on pony-back. I never could guess why the sovereign of Tuscany lived in so arid a situation, unless it were to be out of the way of his curiosissimi società—and, indeed, it was a very distractive dynasty. The grand duke was not hateful to his people as the Neapolitan tyrant is hateful. A passive dislike, rather to the system than the man, was pretty general; and educated folks remembered by what prudential E. H. Young said of France. Of course, the great-grand Duke's residence was the most popular; and the mildness of the Tuscan race has passed into a proverb. Yet, living among such gentle people, Leopardi thought it necessary to hedge himself in with as many precautions as if every second man he met had a hand-grenade in his pocket. The grand-ducal carriage had not only its outriders, and its file of horsemen, but, in fact, a party of cavalry. Dragoons galloped before it, after it, beside it, on every occasion; the illustrious family were almost hidden by the sabres and shackles of their utterly useless, but rather old-fashioned, arms. The carriages were actually stationed on bridges, and other spots along the roads, to save the ruler of Tuscany from the regal fury of a mild, orderly, kindly population, who only feared and saluted. Even the little princes and princesses went out for an airing on their donkeys, escorted not only by tall whiskered footmen, and ditto governess, but by a corporal's guard of musketeers, whose duty was to save these tiny scions of Hapsburg from the assaults of an enraged democracy.

The grand duke did not contribute much to the entertainment of the baths, except that the splendid band of the body-guard used to play in the open air, at the Ponte, in the centre of a ring of carriages. But the prince was a thrifty man; and even at Florence, in winter, he gave no more entertainments than could be helped. Half-a-dozen balls at the 'Pitti,' and a few diplomatic dinners, exhausted the hospitable capacity of the late ruler of Tuscany. But I'll say, though the old residents, who recollected the short sway of the holiday queen of Etruria, or those who remembered the place under the genial despoticness of the Duke of Lorraine, think of the days of the past. And, indeed, a great and salutary change had come over the place, since, under the House of Este, it was the scene of intrigue, of corruption, and dissipation. Once, that pretty casino resounded from noon to midnight with the clink of the gold pieces

rained broadcast on the green-covered altar of Fortune; and the deserted city of old Lucca had one of the best opera houses in Europe, and from Parisian and Milanese artists, and knives and duels, and hybrids that were both knives and duels, crowded from every land to stake their all upon the black and red, exactly as they do at Hamburg in this present time. That is that over now. The grand duke suppressed the play-tables, at the request of England and France, when Lucca became a Tuscan possession, and the frescoed casino is only used as a ball-room, with card and reading rooms thereunto annexed. There is no lack of social intercourse at Lucca. Among the thousands of well-dressed people who saunter along its promenades, listening to the music, or slowly drive in open carriages along its cicada-haunted avenues, are gay folks from every nation—British, Russian, French, but more especially Italian. From Naples, Rome, Milan, Turin, Florence, there is annually a great gathering of the languid, dark-haired ladies, and colourless, bright-eyed dawes of the great old Houses of Italy. There you hear the names of the Colonnesi and Oroni, of the Negri and the Dorias, until the imagination flies back to the Italy of the Dark Ages. There, too, are ladies equally pale, and gentlemen equally languid, who make comparisons between Saratoga springs and the Bagni di Lucca, not always to the advantage of the latter; and if Peabody is a less euphonious name than Doria, or General Aristedes Spyrie is scarcely as fraught with romantic associations as Pamphili or Savelli, still it must be owned that the Americans eclipse all competition for the items of dress and dollars. How wonderfully bedizened are those transatlantic belles, to be sure! Their milliners' bills would be worth preservation among the national archives. What with lace, silk, jewels, feathers, and embroidery, New York, it is evident, must be a famous customer to Paris. Then what dashing equipages, what satín-skinned saddle-horses, what powdered lackeys, on the hoofs of whose lively-coats glimmers the Peabody crest, or the Spy coat of arms—three squirrels rampant, proper, on a field or; or a rascal gules between rifles sable, on a field argent—as far as one can judge. Have they a Herald's College in Cincinnati, I wonder, or do the fancy stationers play the part of a garret king-at-arms? At any rate, it is bearing the contest in a continental water-place between the Russians and our Yankee kinsfolk. Both nations are lavish of expenditure, generous of taste, and as richly dressed as Paris can contort, for them; both belong to countries comparatively new; and both come to stay, not so much a certain number of weeks, as to spend a fixed amount of dollars, generally the savings of years. They are rivals in everything; they dazzle the shopkeepers and peasants. That old-world monster, the Millord Anglais, is thoroughly outshone and put out of court now-a-days. As for the Italian nobles, those who have great fortunes seldom spend a tenth of them. You are often surprised to hear that yonder shifty old man, in the brown coat and buff shoes, is a prince with a hundred thousand a year; or that such-and-such an old lady, in a medieval silk, is proprietor of a dozen villages in Romagna or Calabria, is descended from the Borgias or the Sforzas, and could, if she chose, subsidize an army. These people are thrown utterly into the shade by the brilliant competition between St Petersburg and New York. Of those two, Russia bears the palm, I should say; in dress and equipage, the rivals are equally matched; but in spite of the bearded chasseurs and flat-nosed attendants imported from Malornea, the New World has the lead in lively. America, whose only choice at home lies between Irish 'helps' and negro 'boys,' here revels in tall footmen, and exults in plumes and powder. To go to London for a supply of the most gigantic Jeannes procurable for money, and to deck them out in blue and crimson
and peach colour, in shoulder-knot and epaulet, and bouquet of price, is alone worth the voyage in the eyes of Mrs General Spy.

As may be supposed, there are plenty of parties in the pretty marble-floored villas, each nesting in its bower of orange-trees; and though the summer climate be too hot for much walking about by day, it is delicious to walk home at midnight along the silent roads, with the starry sky above, and the fireflies glancing all around through the shades like a million of tiny blush lamps, and not a sound except a stray nightingale and the shrill cicadas on the lime-trees overhead. A little care is necessary, though, by the dim starlight, to avoid treading on the plumed toads and great striped snakes that hop, and crawl, and glide about the roads after dusk in surprising numbers. Strange that such a pretty nook of earth, where the roses in especial seem to start up like weeds from the teeming soil, where many villages have an actual avenue of tall rose-trees leading to their marble steps, up which avenue of roses I always fancied Beauty walking to the Beast's palace—strange that it should so abound with reptile life. But it does. I used to find the blindworm beside all the streams; the toads were always blobbing their ungraceful rotundity in the moonlight; and as for snakes, harmless but lengthy and obtrusive animals, they seemed to hide in every thicket along the roads. The fireflies were in wonderful numbers; their fairy lamps blazing like the lightning in every fine night, and the nights were always fine. I began at one time to fancy the climate absolutely a rainless one when two months had passed without a shower. By that time the air had become so clear, crisp, and dry, that its elasticity seemed gone; the very peasants grumbled at the heat; the sun shone through a hot haze of dust, and all green things seemed to have withered from excess of saltness, as though kiln-dried. In early June, the climate of that narrow valley, where the sun vanishes early behind mountain-tops, was the true spring of the poets the verdant spring of Arcadia. But a couple of rainless months made a wondrous alteration. The natives grew sallow; the rosy faces, fresh from England, got paler and more shiny every day; the Americans had hardly vitality enough left to support them through a cream-ice and a quadrille; and the Italian nobility seemed to be always asleep. Indeed, it is surprising how much of every day those southern rays can fill up with sleep. The siesta is a habit which old residents always fall into, whatever their race. Pay a visit at 5 p.m., and you will find your friend's house darkened and still, masters and servants in bed, and the very household pets asleep; while if some yawning servant does come down, half-dressed, it is to inform you, in a drowsy way, that you are requested not to disturb the nap of the establishment. In that wonderfully hot weather, people slept like the Seven Sleepers. Everything drooped, except the olives, which cannot be too hot, and the cicadas, whose shrill chirrup of aggravating loudness grew more deafening daily, as if the tiny wings were salt-musters backing in their element of fire. In August, however, came a thunder-storm, with its heavy patter of broad flat rain-drops; and the birds, and the flowers, trees, crops, everything revived into pristine greenness; even the people rushed frantically out of their houses, and stood in the open street to be rained upon, like thirsty geraniums.

Two or three Luccese peculiarities are worth noting. Not so much the consumption of ice, for that is the case all over Italy. Ice cream, and wine, water, lemonade, even coffee and punch, are necessities of life there. But when a blizzard came in, he beat out of their houses, and stood in the open street to be rained upon, like thirsty geraniums.

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Snow is certainly colder than ice, and for some purposes, more convenient. Then, at Lucca, everybody rides or drives. Not only are there more carriage kept by the drivers than would be the case anywhere in the northern parts of Europe, but the poorest peasant seems to possess a cart and horse, or at the worst, a tall mule, all over red tassels, and worsted tassels, and gilt nails and bells, and other expressions. A poor fellow who lives on water-melons and rice, who sleeps in a hovel, and does not taste meat except on his patron saint's day, still clatters into market in his light borrochino, with a lean, gaunt harnessed horse, tearing along at twelve miles an hour, and flogging him like a demon the while, for Italians, like negroes, are merciless horse masters. There is one very pleasant peculiarity of the place—the moonlight or torch-light picnics, which take place at midnight on the tops of the mountains, and which are among the chief amusements. Very picturesque is the sight of a long line of ponies, mules, and donkeys, with their riders in light summer dresses, winding, in Indian file, along the broken and narrow path that leads up some craggy mountain, a blaze of yellow torch-light falling on rock and tree, and a band of hardy mountaineers with poles, guiding, assisting, carrying baskets of provisions, and flanbeaux, and pails of the indispensable snow, without withering, and all the while talking and laughing, and all the while talking and laughing, and all the while talking and laughing.
Oh, why not?" he asked. 'It is such a fine day. Miss Gordon, can you not persuade her to join your party?"

'Do you ride?' asked Jane, turning to me. 'I am not a very experienced horsewoman,' said I. 'We will have the gray pony out for her,' said my uncle, rubbing his hands. 'Ring the bell, Goo.'

'Pray, don't!', said I in a terrible fright. 'I did not bring a riding-habit here, and really I—'

'Order the gray pony to be saddled, Martin,' said my uncle to the servant who answered the bell, and then turning to Jane: 'You can lend her a habit, can you not?'

'If she does not wish to ride, why force her?' asked Jane.

'Oh, she is a little timid; that is all. Old Tom will take care that no accident will occur.'

Frightened as I felt, I was still resolved to ride that day; and when Jane gave me a habit and hat, I equipped myself with the feelings of a martyr. The only animal I had ever ridden was a donkey, but I fancied myself equal to managing a noble steed. Very much, indeed, did I like my appearance in the hat and habit, although all colour had forsaken my cheeks. When I beheld the gray pony saddled for me and brought to the hall door, I thought I should have been afraid, but I struggled to keep up. The pony was small and quiet, perfectly trained, and not young; but even so, the alternative was a fearful one. Jane's nerves were so delicately curveted and capered as she mounted it, and this did not encourage me; yet up I got on the saddle as light as I could, scarcely touching with my foot the hand that Miss Gordon placed under it. There I was seated on high at last, the reins in my hand, my foot in the stirrup, and a very strong inclination possessing me to seize hold of the pommel! But death rather than disgrace! The assembled guests, the hunting-party, who had breakfasted at Ripworth, passed all unnoticed before me; I was only thinking of myself and my pony. It was a lovely morning, and Mr. Goad was very kind as long as he remained with Jane and me. Once, when the pony showed a disposition to hold its head sideways and become restive, he quietly took the reins and set it right, as if by magic. I was glad that he rode quite close to me as long as he remained of our party. Jane Gordon and I had also in attendance a respectable old groom, who was to take care of us when the gentlemen were obliged to leave us. I was not long in getting accustomed to the exercise, and in about twenty minutes was able to turn my head in speaking. I did not think Jane was in good-humour; I fear I bored her. Once or twice she said something about going after the hounds for a short way, if she could have done so; and, if I felt, was the only obstacle to this proceeding. We watched the hunt as far as we could with interest. The country was flat, the day clear, and away the horses flew in splendid style. Old Tom's delight in the sport amused me, as likewise his keen eyesight: now and then he would tell us where the fox was, when all I could see were the horsemen, and they but faintly.

'Now, ladies, look! See! there's Mr. Goad going on first. Lor! how he jumped that hedge! Oh, bless us! if that isn't Mr. Legrand pitched off like shot!'

And all the time I could not tell one horse from another.

Mr. Legrand had been thrown from his hunter, but not injured seriously, a bruised arm and shoulder being the extent of his damage. When he joined us later in the day, I betrayed some anxiety about his mishap; he hoped he had not been hurt, and received the gratifying answer that he had not, but that, if he had, it would have been amply compensated for by drawing forth such kind inquiries from lips, &c. We all rode home together—that is, my uncle, Mr. Goad, and Mr. Legrand—and I was just growing quite proud of being able to trot confidently, when,
most unhappily, Jane's horse began to prance, and all the other horses grew restless, tired as some of them were. In my fright, I pulled the reins so tight, that my pony followed the general example, and grew skittish. Never had I felt more inclined to scold, but pride kept me from it. Tighter and tighter did I pull the reins, till the pony fairly stood on its hind legs. How I kept from falling off, I know not. Everybody smiled. Curzon Goold called to me to keep my seat; and, dismounting himself, with much presence of mind, reduced the little animal to a proper frame of mind. I thought he looked pale and agitated, as he said to me in a low tone: 'How I should have blamed myself if I had met with any accident!' and he rode close beside me for the rest of the way. Lingering behind the rest of the party, we were soon far from them, and for some time quite silent; when we spoke, our conversation was of a serious kind. He told me of places he had lately visited abroad, describing them so vividly, that I was much interested; and perhaps I betrayed my enthusiastic love of foreign countries and travellers' tales. I quite forgot my pony while listening to a thrilling account of an in Italy, where he passed a night under well-grounded apprehensions of being murdered before morning, though somehow he was not.

Well, I never passed such a dull day!' said Jane, when we went up to dress for luncheon. 'And then your pony gave me such a fright; really papa was very wrong to insist on your riding it. You must not be allowed to use it again.'

'Oh, indeed, Jane,' said I, 'I think riding very pleasant, and I hope soon to manage the pony better. I was very stupid to-day.'

Jane coughed, and without saying any more, left me.

CHAPTER XIII.

PERPLEXITY.

Several parties succeeded each other in the neighbourhood of Ripworth. Lady Vignettes gave a ball, and this was followed by many more given by other families. At last we had a grand fête at Ripworth, surpassing in magnificence all the previous entertainments in the county; for Uncle Daubeny was proud, and a little pompous. The chief result to me of these festivities was my getting deeper and deeper into debt, though mamma sent me all the money she could spare, and my uncle also gave me a present of twenty pounds. But having learnt to buy and real lace trimmings, and costly ornaments of gold and precious stones? And could I, who soon found out I was not acknowledged belle, possibly appear at two balls in the same costume? The servants at Ripworth told me what people said of my being 'far and away' the handsomest lady in the county; and to corroborate their assertions, the attention I was paid wherever I appeared, rapidly increased. I was dazzled, elated, delighted. I speedily learned to dance all the fashionable dances by merely looking on at others engaged in them, and by practicing in evenings when Mr Goold and Mr Legrand were at the Hall, as they now were very frequently. The society I mixed in was, of course, the highest in the county; and among my frequent partners, I could number more than one titled person. However, though some men of large fortune paid me marked attention, Uncle Mortimer did not encourage any of them. My letters home became, from end to end, filled with accounts of my triumphs and supposed conquests. Vanity was all I thought of from one week's end to the other. I forgot home, and mother and brothers, and sisters, except so far as they could contribute to my gratification in wondering at my going on in the gay world. My brother Edward's letters gave me no longer the pleasure they used to do; sometimes, if they were very long, I scarcely read them through. All the forethought I formerly possessed, appeared to have vanished. I did not now reflect upon what was to be the end of the visit to Ripworth. Already four months had passed since I arrived there, and I was conjugating with Mr Legrand, firing with some half-dozen others, and I thought I might be trying to win over Mr Goold from his allegiance to Jane Gordon. That I felt happy, I cannot say; I was living in an excitement of a levish, unhealthy kind. One day Jane said to me:

'I wonder how your mother can like to have you so long away from her. Is she quite contented at not seeing you here all this time?'

'Mamma never speaks of wishing me to leave Ripworth,' I replied, colouring; 'but, indeed, my stay has been prolonged beyond all bounds.'

Haisty of temper, and insignificant as I felt, I left the room, and endeavoured to find my uncle, but he was not in the house. I then went out to the grounds, to try and calm the vexed spirit within me. Brown leaves were flying about, squirrels hopping from tree to tree, blackbirds whistling with a drey wild whistle. Wounded pride hurt me sorely. At that moment, I would have left Colonel Daubeny's roof without a regret. I walked through my favourite strolling-places, glad when the wild wind cooled my cheek and forehead. Suddenly, at a short turning, I met Curzon Goold; he was returning from shooting.

'I did not know you were here,' I observed, when our first salutations were over.

'I came over to shoot early in the day,' he replied, 'and the colonel asked me to remain for dinner.'

'Miss Gordon is at home,' I said; 'are you going to the house?'

'Not yet. Where are you wandering to?'

'Taking a last look at some favourite spots,' I replied, for my anger was not still. 'I think of leaving Ripworth as soon as possible.'

For some moments Mr Goold was silent, then he joined me in my walk, and asked if I really intended quitting my uncle's house immediately.

'Yes,' said I; 'and surely I have remained long enough away from home.'

'That depends on your own feelings, I should say. A happy home must indeed be preferable to any other place, else, I cannot speak from experience. I never knew what a home was; Miss Kuppleston.

There was a tone of despondency in these words that struck me forcibly. I raised my eyes to his face, and saw that he was pale and careworn-looking.

'Your home is not always happy,' said I smiling.

'Perhaps there is no happiness on earth,' returned my companion. 'I often wonder what the end and aim of many lives are; my own life, for instance, seems strangely devoid of meaning.'

I was a good deal surprised at Mr Goold's speaking thus, and my heart beat a little quicker than before, though I could scarcely tell why.

'You are the last person I would suspect of being discontented,' said I. 'Have you not so much in life to enjoy? You can do as you like, go where you like; you are unfettered and free.' I was thinking of my own position.

'Free!' he repeated; 'indeed, Miss Kuppleston, I am not. No prisoner was ever in chains stronger than those that bind me. Just at present, I am the most miserable of men. You may smile, but I speak the truth.'

I did smile. 'You are in love, of course,' said I lightly.

He did not reply, and we walked on in silence for some time.

'And so you are really going so soon?' he said, after a long pause.

'Yes—perhaps to-morrow.'

'But then you will leave your brother too soon.'

'It is not likely. I may not leave home for a long while again.'

'How we shall miss you here!' he said.
Ah, I fear not," returned I a little sadly: 'the absent are quickly forgotten.'

"Does Mr Legrand know of your intentions?" he asked somewhat abruptly.

"No; no one knows of them except yourself."

Though I did not raise my eyes from the ground while speaking, I knew that my companion looked at me with some surprise.

"You think me incomprehensible?" I said, at length looking up at him, and smiling faintly.

"I have often thought so before," he replied, and I fancied that there was a steady searching expression in his eye as it met mine. Courageous as I had become of late as regarded flirting, I was obliged to shrink from his glance. I felt uncomfortable.

'I daresay you have,' I returned; 'indeed, I scarcely comprehend myself.'

You will think of your friends here sometimes, I trust,' he said in a low tone.

"O yes," I replied quickly: 'many happy hours spent at Ripworth will long live in my memory.'

How I was playing the coquette, with a prettily false persuasion that my companion was doing exactly the same thing.

"I wish I could say the same," he said after a pause.

"Will you not remember any such hours?"

"Scarcely any. I have not been often happy at Ripworth for many weeks lately."

"Indeed! And yet you seemed happy."

"Our life is made up of see-saws and appearances; almost everything is false in the world."

"How can you talk so? I am afraid something has lately occurred to make you think bitterly of life and the world."

"I have looked gloomily on life for many years, Miss Keppleton. I never had any one to care for me. As a boy, I was the most lonely and desolate of beings." Back to the old Sundays long ago, when the sad-looking yeoman appeared in the little church at Weston Cricket, my thoughts wandered.

"And did you care for any one?" I asked a little sadly.

"No. How could I? My Uncle Newdegate, and my tutor, a clergyman at Weston Cricket, were the only people who interested themselves about me. But I was always something more than interested: in short, nobody understood me."

"Yet," said I, "I think when people complain of not being understood, they often find it fault with themselves. They should speak out boldly, and say what they want to be known, without preserving mysterious silence on the subject."

"You are right," he said, in a voice strangely agitated. "Oh, Miss Keppleton, if I could only bring myself to speak the truth out boldly, now and for ever!"

I looked at him; his face was deadly pale, almost corpse-like.

"Love," he continued, "has been declared to be a feeling stronger than any other, but never believed: the dread of disgrace, the fear of dishonour, is still stronger."

I could not bring myself to ask what he meant by this strange burst; I dreaded I knew not what. All at once, new feelings in my own heart made me tremble. How this interview might have terminated I cannot say, had not Uncle Daubeney appeared on the scene to interrupt our tête-à-tête. The sight of him recalled all my late vexation, and my cheek flushed as I asked him if he could see me alone for a little time before dinner.

"O yes, my dear," he replied, while his eyes opened widely for an instant, and a gleam of pleasure flashed in them—a strange wild gleam. I then left the gentlemen, saying I would see Uncle Daubeney at six o'clock in the library.

CHAPTER XIV.

ILLNESS.

"Colonel Daubeney," said I, when I met him at the appointed time, 'I wish to inform you of my intention of leaving Ripworth as early as possible.' A change passed over my uncle's face; the brow lowered.

"Leave Ripworth!" he repeated; 'and for what reason?"

"Because I feel I have already trespassed upon your hospitality too long. Others think so as well as myself."

Now the colonel's face grew unmistakably pale, and I saw his hand, holding a book, tremble.

"My dear girl, you are mistaken. Nobody dare think that Ripworth shall not be your home as long as I please. Are you not my sister's child, near to me almost as a daughter of my own? And the reserved, proud man, always so incomprehensible to me, took my hand in both his own, pressing it gently. O mother, did you judge this brother hardly?"

"You have been very kind to me," I said in a softened tone—"oh, so kind; and I thank you from my heart, but it seems only right that I should return home without delay. I have forgotten myself here."

"You shall not go," said he impressively. 'No, my dear, I must not let you leave my house as long as you are Miss Keppleton.'

I blushed, without feeling at all pleased. Young girls may like flirting and admiration well enough, but the proud among them rarely appreciate their friends disposing of them in matrimony merely as a kind of provision for them.

"You will stay here, child, till you leave Ripworth for a home perhaps better worthy of you."

Colonel Daubeney was certainly the master of the Hall, and if he chose to have me there, what need I care for anybody else wishing me away? I thanked him gratefully for his kindness, and promised that I would not think of returning yet to Weston Cricket; I could not help being cold to Miss Gordon, and on that evening I would not permit her maid to assist me in my toilet.

Mr Good, to my surprise, did not appear at dinner that evening; I was told that business of an important kind at Harklowe had summoned him away. Late at night, I found a little note on my dressing-table, containing these words:

DEAR MISS KEPELTON—"I uttered some hasty sentences this evening which I regret, but I know you will not mention them when I request you not to do so. I was excited by circumstances which have just occurred. I am in a maze of difficulties of every kind, with no hope of extricating myself, but I must not write more. All I ask of you is to forget our last interview, and to burn this note."

Into the fire, in my bedroom, went the note as soon as read, and an angry flush warmed all my face. I sat up till very far in the long October night, and it was only by chance that I recollected that a letter from home had arrived by the evening post. It was from my sister Ann, and ran thus:

MY DEAR JESSIE—We have been anxiously looking out for a letter from you for some weeks, and trust nothing serious has occurred to prevent our getting one. What a delightful life you must be leading at Ripworth! All the pleasure we have is in reading of your doings there. Rose is very anxious to know what the gardener at Uncle Daubeney's says of geranium cuttings and anemone roots, which you have forgotten to mention in your two last letters."

Mrs Hord was here a few days ago, lecturing us all round as usual. He was rather melancholy on account of having heard some bad news of that young man Curzon Good, whom he educated, and who seems a constant visitor at Ripworth. Now, be on your guard against the same
personage, as he is dishonourable, and a spendthrift, and I don't know what all besides. He leads a very wicked life, gambling, betting, and breaking his poor old uncle's heart. Mr. Horne heard it all from good authority, as he was at Mr. Newdegate's house lately, and he would have gone to see you, only his spirits were so low. Mr. Horne heard that it was not probable Mr. Goad would inherit his uncle's property, and that he was engaged to some heiress in your neighborhood. It is well you never seemed to fancy him. Do you think Uncle Daubeny will send mamma money soon, as indeed our funds are very low? Mamma begs me to ask you for L5, if you have it to spare, to pay the baker, who is rather pressing, and growing impertinent. O Jessie, is not poverty hard to bear? The bills coming to the door make my heart faint every day. I am afraid our servants are growing very discontented. They complain of their food, and their not getting beer, and there is a man in the kitchen very often. Rachel says it is Betsey's brother, but one never believes in these brothers. Rosa was crying all day because the Webbs' pigs came into the garden and rooted up all the dahila roots; but we must try and get them set to rights again. Dear Jessie, you know I have little pleasant news to write, so excuse a dull letter. Ever your affectionate sister, [Signature]

'ANNA KEFFLETON.'

I read the letter all through, in a state of nervousness almost painful. Home and all its dark poverty came vividly before me—and then that news about Curzon Goad! Thoughtlessness, levity, extravagance, I could tolerate—but dishonesty, never. Many thoughts were swallowed up in the agony I felt at not possessing a sovereign in the world to send to my mother. All night I felt excited, almost wild. In the dark from time to time, I could feel the heat, how my eyes were stifened in their sockets. It was the beginning of a long illness, one that made me lie like a senseless block of wood for many a weary day and night. I have dreamed to me now is the memory of that illness, when I saw things real and unreal all mixed up together; when the visions of diseased fancy and the actual presence of friends appeared all alike. I saw the doctor, Jane, my uncle, and the comely, hearty nurse that waited on me, all quite distinctly, moving in and out occasionally, or strolling to look at me. But I saw other forms that were not there, other sights that appeared to no other eyes than mine—spectral figures grinning at me, skeletons to whose bones no flesh clung. Nothing pleasant came before my fancy; all was horrible, frightful; and I trembled in the lonely nights when the watch-light burned, and the nurse dozed on the couch beside my bed. Those spectres seemed to beckon me to another world—a world not bright or beautiful, but where darkness reigned—night, everlasting night, without star or moon. The spectres beckoned in vain; in mercy, I was spared.

EIDER-DOWN.

Among substances combining warmth with lightness, eider-down stands pre-eminent. It is this quality that has made the eider-down quilt such a comfort in the sick-room, and luxury in the travelling-carriage. But by far the greater proportion of the so-called eider-down found in shops is either not genuine, or of a very inferior quality. To have a quilt made to perfection, no down should be used but that which has been taken from the nest, and which the female has plucked from her own breast. The probable reason of the superiority of this live-down, as it is called, to the dead-down, or that which is taken from the dead bird, is, that all the down on its breast is not ripe at one time and that the hen instinctively plucks only that which is ready; for the young down, which begins almost immediately to grow again, does not arrive at maturity till the following year. The down which is taken from the dead bird is of rather an oily nature, and much uneven. In Lincolnshire, the farmers' wives always pluck the live gesea about June, a practice which, however cruel it may appear to be, is not so in reality, as this down which is ripe is quite loose in the skin, and comes away very easily.

Formerly, a large quantity of eider-down used to be imported from Spitzbergen and Russia, but most of it was of an inferior quality. To an inexperienced eye, it may be difficult to distinguish between the live and dead down, but there are one or two characteristic marks which infallibly test the quality of the article. Usually the live-down much the lighter and more elastic of the two, but if a handful of it be thrown up into the air, even when a tolerably fresh breeze is blowing, it will adhere together in a compact mass, and not a particle of it be lost, whilst the other will be scattered in all directions, like so much thistle-seed; or if it be placed before a fire, it will be seen to rise and expand in bulk very rapidly, which is not the case with the other. The quantity of live-down requisite for an average-sized quilt is from two and a half to three pounds, which may be compressed and be contained in a common-sized hat. If more be used, the object is defeated, as the down then becomes lumpy, and collects in the middle. Twenty-five years ago, it was no uncommon thing for small vessels to bring from five thousand to six thousand pounds of eider-down from Spitzbergen to Hammerfest, in Lapland, chiefly, it is true, in an inferior quality and that by no means improved by lying in the hold for a month or six weeks.

During the latter part of the last century, Iceland alone used to export one hundred and fifteen thousand pounds of clean down, and from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand pounds uncleaned. The birds have, however, been exposed to such unfair treatment in that island, either under the盖 of or from the landlords, as to lead to the perpetration of individual acts that have been propagated among the species, and the protective measures adopted by the Danish government, that they have very considerably decreased in numbers; for not only have the nests been robbed of their eggs and down two or three times during the breeding-season, but the birds themselves have been shot in the most wanton manner, as well for the sake of their feathers as for the flesh. For instance, if A sees a duck, he shoots it, on the principle that B should not get it; B acts from similar motives, and the duck comes to Z's turn, who does the same as the others, for fear A should return; and as the eider-duck is the easiest of all ducks to kill during the breeding-time, when they will, in fact, sit so close that they may be knocked on the head with a stick, it is not much to be wondered at that they have diminished very seriously on this island. In Norway, however, they have been jealously preserved; and not only has the Storhing recently passed a law, rendering every one who shoots one of these birds, or robs a nest, amenable to a fine, but they are especial favourites with the peasants; indeed, along the whole coast of Norway, where they annually resort in great numbers, they are held as dear by the natives as the robin-redbreast is with us; and this principle proves a far more efficient means of protection than any fine or penalty. Generally speaking, they build their nests on the small islands with which the whole Norwegian coast is so abounding, and though sprinkled over with small islands, their nest is built in such a manner that they are not easily disturbed. In such cases, they become as tame as farmyard ducks, suffering the good-will to lift them off the nest, and receiving food at her hand. And yet, notwithstanding all the care that has been taken of
them, they have greatly diminished, and it is to be feared still continue to do so every year.

The principal breeding-places of the eider-duck are the coasts of Greenland, Spitzbergen, Iceland, Norway, the Faroe Islands, and in the Orkneys and Shetlands. In numbers about the same, they usually select small remote islands, called Aegge-Vær, for their breeding-places. These Aegge-Vær are considered as the elevated part of the extensive moss-covered plain, on which the tenant—namely, five hundred pounds of half-cleaned down, and two barrels of cloud-berries (Rubus chamaemorus). About twenty-five years ago, the produce from these Aegge-Vær was about two hundred pounds of clean down; now it is little more than half that quantity, though every possible care and precaution is taken to protect the birds from injury. Not a gun is allowed to be fired off within three miles of the breeding-places, except once a year, when four reindeer out of a herd belonging to the British vice-consul at Hammerfest and the proprietor are shot; on which occasions, an experienced Lapp is brought off from the mainland, with whom to miss would be an indelible disgrace. Moreover, no one is allowed to land there without special leave from the proprietor.

When the time approaches for the eggs to be hatched, people are kept on the watch; for the down is ought to be taken before twenty-four hours have elapsed from the time when the young ones leave the shell, and should rain fall on it, it is spoiled. On an average, each nest yields about one ounce of cleaned down. As soon as all the down has been taken from the nests, the grass and dirt are carefully picked out with the hand; but there are always so many broken pieces of birch twigs intermixed with it, that recourse is had to another expedient. The down is then spread out on the influence of the sun, the heat of which is great in those northern latitudes, or else slowly baked in ovens. The twigs thus become quite brittle. The down is then laid on smooth boards, and rolled with a heavy rolling-pin, which treatment effectually breaks the fruit of the wood, and reduces it to dust. It is next placed on a frame in shape resembling a French bedstead, across the bottom of which are arranged laterally pieces of packthread, at intervals of about one-quarter of an inch, and is stirred quickly backwards and forwards with two light wooden wands. The dust and dirt thus fall through on to a board which is placed underneath, and the process is repeated until no more is found to come away.

The down is now ready for use, and is stored up in bags for exportation or sale. This process is very tedious, and is the more felt to be so, as in the short northern summer there are so many other necessary things to be attended to.

The unclean down will not yield quite one-sixth clean, the value of which will be about twelve shillings on the spot. Owing, however, to the alarming diminution in the numbers of the birds, no dependence can be placed on obtaining any considerable quantity.

As above stated, a very large quantity of down used to be exported from Iceland, but entirely for the Danish market. In the year 1750, the company in that island sold as large a quantity as amounted to 37,500 banco dollars. The relative value of clean and uncleaned down in those days may be ascertained from the following computation, that the former was valued at forty-five fish per one pound, and the latter at sixteen fish per one pound.

The earliest mention that I can find of eider-down in any English writings occurs in The Description of Europe and the Voyages of Other and Wulffson, by Alfred the Great. Others, when a Norwegian nobleman, speaking of the Finns and Biarmians, says that the revenues of the noble 'chiefly consisted in skins of animals, down, and whalebone,' and that some of the richest proprietors had to pay as much as forty bushels of down.

The use of eider-down was believed, in the early part of the last century, to be excessively injurious to
the health, producing epileptic seizures, which opinion is refuted by Bartholin, a Danish writer on medicine, who says: "Neither ought that idle report to frighten us that epilepsy is brought on by the use of these feathers. No one that I have ever met with or heard of has ever incurred any risk thereby." — *Vid. In Med. Donorat. Domestici*, p. 66. Still, all those who have travelled on the continent know the oppressive effect caused by having to sleep with a feathered thrown over one, a practice which cannot be conducive to health.

**MELIBEUS UPON GRATUITOUS EXHIBITIONS BY NIGHT.**

'What a grand thing is your London gas, sir!' said Melibeus, as we were one evening walking together to Wheelbarrow Hall, Green Street, to dine with the Benevolent Costermongers. 'What a capital substitute for and great improvement upon the sun! How much more constant, and to be depended upon! How much more under control!'

'It smells a little sometimes,' observed I dryly.

'I like a slight smell of gas,' returned the indomitable Melibeus: 'it reminds me of happy faces, charming dresses, of love, and wit, and pathos, all together—in a word, of the theatre. I seem to see the Ellen Kent. No man can ever come across a broken gas-pipe, just as the poets are transported to their beloved pastoral scenes by the scent of a cowslip. We have plenty of cowslips at Bullock Smithy, but, alas, neither gas nor actors!'

'For my part, Melibeus, there is no greater punishment for me in this summer weather, than to event, as Cowper elegantly expresses it, in a crowded theatre, how you can do so, night after night, as you do, surprises me. It would ruin a London man's constitution, besides exhausting his purse.'

'But a London man,' persisted my friend, 'may see dramas enough in London streets by night without paying for them.'

'Very, very sad ones, Melibeus.'

'True, my friend; albeit, if it be not wrong to say so—wrong to speak as a mere spectator of the wretchedness in which so many thousands of our fellow creatures, and those the least able to bear it, are plunged—there is a sort of grandeur in the immensity of that gilded misery which throngs London streets by night. The glaring gin-palace shines at a little distance like a fairy bower; the dancing saloons overflow—to us without—with the music of the spheres, and the sparkling throngs that stream forth from the opera and theatres, might almost persuade one, if one looked no nearer, that happiness was really composed of some such materials as these.'

Thus speaking, Melibeus waved his hand over Metropolitan space, and it came in contact with a gentleman with a paper lantern on his head instead of a hat, most brilliantly illuminated, and affording information in large type concerning the whereabouts of the *Poiss Placettes* or *Tableaux Vivants* that night, 'which,' said the hat, 'reverse the miracle of Pygmalion, and bring home to us, in flesh and blood, the greatest efforts of Grecian art.'

'Hallo!' exclaimed this exponent of classicalism, 'be you a Preacher, that you chucks about your fingers, and takes a poor fellow's living away by putting out his farthing dip?'

The ready hand of Melibeus, with a shilling in it, met the speaker's palm, and changed the current of his speech. 'I thank ye, sir, and beg your pardon that I mistook you for a preacher; they often takes a poor chap's shilling, but...'

A moving mass of people here intervened, and prevented further discourse between Melibeus and his friend, whom we perceived after off, like a little light-house confounding us, and caused by having to sleep with a feather-bed thrown over one, a practice which cannot be conducive to health.

'I should like to have had some talk with that man too,' said my companion; 'I think I could set him right in some of his opinions. What are these *Poes Placettes*? Mrs M. does a little modelling herself, and I think I would rather like to see them.'

'I think, Melibeus, that you had very much better not take her,' said I with seriousness; and yet I could scarcely help laughing in his ingenuous countenance. What very odd mistakes a country gentleman may make in London, and one who is by no means foolish either! The most respectable elderly lady whom I ever knew used to frequent the *Elysian Gardens*, Battersea, daily, during her stay in town, under the idea that they were of a similar character to those at Chiswick; and, indeed, nothing can exceed the propriety, I may even say the supernatural dulness, of the *Elysian Gardens* until after night.'

'Did you ever eat a pepernutt?' inquired Melibeus, stopping at an illuminated stall upon the pavement devoted to the sale of that delicacy. 'I had some in Hungerford Market yesterday, and found them very good.'

'I stared at Melibeus,

Like some watcher of the skies,

When a new planet swims into his ken.'

'And how did you get them out of their shells?'

'Well, that was my only difficulty,' replied the above; 'for although they were some already picked in a saucer, I was suspicious of them, because the only implement used for their extraction by the mermaid who retailed them was a black hairpin!'

Melibeus felt me shudder, as I leaned upon his arm.

'My dear fellow,' expostulated he, 'what can be less open to suspicion than an unpicked pepernutt? I got them out myself with my scarf-pin. Won't you have one or two? They would be as good as oysters as a preparative for the Costermongers' banquet, and infinitely more delicate.'

I hurried Melibeus away, with my appetite for the expected dalliances in Wheelbarrow Hall already seriously diminished.

'Stop,' cried he; 'oh, do stop a moment, and look in his umbrella.'

He referred to a vendor of periodicals and songbooks, whose shop consisted of a very large inverted specimen of that genus—which is termed, in fact, a Gig umbrella—elegantly lit up on five of its spates by as many candles, and presenting to the eyes of Melibeus an overwhelmingly attractive spectacle. This Muse of the pavement was smoking a short pipe, and pursuing an illustrated journal with one eye, while he kept his other fixed upon his wares.

'Buy a Warbler, buy a Murderous Narrative, buy a halphabet for the young,' observed he persuasively; 'or buy,' added he, perceiving that Melibeus had a futerislawed air—'buy this invaluable work upon receipts and recipes, which makes a doctor unnecessary, and a cook altogether superfluous. However, Melibeaus purchased the murderous narrative, as being the most exciting example of the stock on hand, the opening sentences of which, too, promised him much novelty in the way of grammar and construction.

We turned into one of those quiet streets inhabited by the junior aristocracy, who, when their fathers retire to more limited mansions underground, will, in their turn, reside in the vast palaces of the square into which it leads; a street of expectations, narrow,
Indeed, itself, but with outlets and prospects of great splendour.

"Do you know, Meliboeus, that for each of these doll's houses there is as much money given, per annum, as you could get for your fine place at Bullock Smithy? The shoddy and flannel shockers!"

"Not more?" returned Meliboeus, raising his eyebrows. "Is it possible? Do you think, then, that I could select an exchange? But what is that exquisite music?"

"There is a German band in the square, and a hurdy-gurdy in the Mews—and, of course, no policeman."

"Hash!" exclaimed Meliboeus; "both are exquisite, and their notes, which here circulate with the atmosphere, would be exchanged for valuable coin anywhere in the country; but listen, there is a duet, and only one man singing it."

He spoke truth. The footmen—who in such streets as these pass their lifetime outside the doors, and for whose magnificent proportions the houses are indeed altogether inadequate—were lounging in attitudes of fashionable attention, with one arm carelessly thrown around an under-housemaid; even the balconies were laden with members of the humming crowd, who had not yet retired to dress for dinner. One of those singular beings who are so fortunate as to possess two vocal organs—a bass and a treble—was executing a monody of his own composition. It was a woman's voice. It was certainly a very ingenious performance. I was myself a little in doubt when he was wailing, and when he was being wooed, when he was Rudolph and when he was Anna; but then I have no ear for music.

"If that man should chance to come down to Bullock Smithy," cried Meliboeus with enthusiasm, "he would be advertised there as a new wonder of the world. Listen to that shake of his in—"

"Death of the Pope of Rome. Death of the Pope of Rome. Death of the Pope of Rome this afternoon at three!" broke in a trio of street-patterers. I was about to place my fingers in my ears, for that nasal glee was worse than the combined discordance of the other sounds, when Meliboeus held his hands up in token of excessive satisfaction. "How truly admirable," cried he, "is this method of imparting political information! What are we to compare them with as a cheap medium for the dissemination of knowledge? I stand here and acquire, for nothing, the very latest intelligence from the capital of distant Italy."

Meliboeus would have purchased one of those voracious Roman chronicles, but for a succession of Hansemann cabals—Nature's carriage nobility, as my friend terms them, which also omit not to bear their coronets upon their pupils—each carrying forth a child of fashion, 'got up' to within an inch of his life, as the saying is, and with the folding-doors swung back for air, as well perhaps as to afford the public an uninterrupted view of his personal gorgeousness. "How nobly impressive are these scenes of fashion!" exclaimed Meliboeus; "they are going out to the most splendid banquets, but they have no vulgar appetites. They are enjoying the most delightful of locomotive sensations, and yet—Heavens, what a glorious vision!" And certainly, as my companion thus interrupted himself, a rather startling phenomenon did sweepeteor-like between them:—the Hansemann, driven by an unexceptionable coachman, and containing two female aristocrats, manifestly getting out to dinner. The splendour of their appearance was enhanced rather than diminished by a sort of Venetian blind or veil, intended to debar the public from the contemplation of what was within, but happily not of sufficiently thick material. Obstruction, like ambition, should be made of sternness, by means of our own mutton; the instantaneous exhibition of the most enchanting character.

"I am thankful," cried Meliboeus, pursuing with his eyes this heavenly body far longer than his domestic position justified, "I am thankful that Mrs. M. did not see that. I am sure I should have had no rest until I had exchanged her pony-carriage for a vehicle of that description."

We met many other splendid conveyances with occupants to match, both which would at any other time have excited Meliboeus to eloquence; but the private Hansemann revolved ceaselessly in his mind until we reached the Hall of Benevolence Court, where—"

"Rightly, indeed, are they called Benevolent," explained my friend, producing the card that admitted him as well as myself to the entertainment without payment; "this 'price one guinea' in the corner here is a mere form, which courtesy has adopted in order to forbid the sense of obligation. I look upon these public dinners as the culmination of your gratuitous exhibitions."

"Somebody pays for them;" said I, "you may depend upon that, Meliboeus."

"Perhaps," returned he, "but it is certainly nobody who suffers for it. The Board, or the Guild, or the Society, or the impalpable Something or other deprives all the actual expenses, while the donations—the charitable gifts, to obtain which the affair is organized, and in comparison with which its cost is a mere flea-bite—are elicited from two classes of persons, who are by 'natural selection,' as well as by "the eternal fitness of things," designed for that especial purpose—the Rich and the Intoxicated. Wealthy people come to such repasts with their cheque-books in their pockets, with the praiseworthy intention and noble resolve of being bled; while others, overcome with eloquence, champagne, the best impulses of our nature, and the immediate vicinity of the aristocracy, pay the full just penalty of their enthusiasm. What a splendid hall, and how elegantly decorated! Are all these gentlemen with ivory circlets at their button-holes the Stewards, I wonder, and can they tell us where we are to sit?"

Before I could prevent him, for Meliboeus is precipitate in all his movements, he had inquired of one of these individuals—ticketed with the figure 67, but I am confident very much exceeding that age—whereabouts might be the places set apart for us two eminent persons.

"You must ask the Honorary Sec., sir," was the confidential reply, "the gent. with the white riband in his coat under the gallery, as is being badgered to death already by the rest of the aristocracy."

This old gentleman, although but a hired waiter, was a humorist, and had a considerable talent hidden under his napkin. By the judicious outlay of one shilling, I made this man our friend for the entire evening. He took our rephry, coats and umbrellas (about which latter article, when out of his sight, Meliboeus suffers the greatest apprehensions), and intrusted them to an official appointed for that purpose, with particular instructions as to their safety. He removed our names from the locality which they occupied at one of the dining-tables, subject to an objectionable draught, after having (as he averred, and we put ourselves into his hands with an unquestioning confidence) obtained the permission of the Honorary Sec. for the alteration, to another place close to one of the vice-presidents, where the wine, he assured us, was sure to be of a better quality, and would circulate only among the vice and four or five of his neighbours. There was a slight commotion at the commencement of the repast in the vicinity of our original location, in consequence of some dissatisfaction expressed by Lord Charles Fitz Jemsean and his friend with their position, but it was, I am glad to say, promptly suppressed, and Meliboeus and I feasted un molested, with No. 67 standing behind us like a body-servant of our own. The opinion of mankind with respect to the goodness or badness of a Public Dinner depend upon the rank which each man holds in society, their seats at table being

"The Chamber's Journal."
regulated by that important circumstance. The half-
dogons of recent years, the president and vice-
presidents consider that the wine is really excellent
for the money, and wonder how plovers’ eggs can be
procured at the price in such profusion. But imme-
diately beyond these (little) charmed circles there is
contraction of brows, and pursing of lips, and audible
doubts as to whether there isn’t British
brusquely in that sherry. Melibeus, for instance, was
delighted with everything, and would have ruined
round beneficent influences, like another Sun, upon
all about him. But the next man upon his right,
who did not partake of our vice-president’s boîte
was not to be thwarted by any genial attempts at con-
versation, but protested that the salmon was ‘white,
air, positively white, upon my sacred honour,’ and
that the pine-apple ice had salt in it. The very curte,
which was highly ornamented, delighted Melibeus,
who subsequently took it away with him, with the
intention, as I believe, of sticking it in the chimney-
glass of his sanctum at Bullock Smithy, to astonish
the natives, and not, as he averred, for the benefit
and improvement of his chef de cuisine.

‘Why, here,’ remarked he, ‘is the whole science of
cookery in gilt letters, and, for those who want it, an
admirable example and compendium of the French
language.’

‘Grass,’ observed No. 67, handing us the asparagus.

‘It was not a very admirable example of the English
language, but we forgot the vulgarity of the speech in
the delicacy of the attention.’

‘Asparagus, too, is a very long word to say over,
and over again across people’s shoulders,’ said
Melibeus in further extenuation, ‘and it is not like
English. It has a sort of bastard classical sound, which
is certainly not the case with sparrows-grass and its diminutive. A waiter who has no French
accent must be sorely tried by having to pronounce
such a word as Grass. It refreshes itself with a word like “grass.” You see he will
not have another chance till he gets to marrow-
puddings, a couple of courses off. I shall certainly
taste those marrow-puddings. Our ancestors, who
did such valiant deeds, were nourished, I have read,
by food of that description.’

If fasting provokes to valour, Melibeus was cer-
tainly qualifying himself for the most heroic achieve-
ments. Neither was he backward, I am bound to
confess, with the sparkling vintage of Champagne.

‘What a wonderful place is this London of yours!’ exclaimed he presently, ‘where for twopenny—and did
you not say twopence?—he was referring to a
conversation which passed between us several days
before—ice like this is placed beside you from the
gold lakes of North America, from the frozen
steeps of...’

I am thankful to say that Melibeus was here
interrupted and recalled to a sense of his situation
by Grace, which was performed by sixteen voices.

‘What a charming gratuitous entertainment!’ exclaimed my friend, with tears in his eyes.

Presently he began to swell the harmony with his
own voice.

‘Melibeus,’ said I sternly, ‘be quiet. Your
mission was to eat your dinner, the mission of these
gentlemen is to return thanks for it. Respect one
of the wisest canons of political economy—namely,
the division of labour.

Then the noble chairman (of course he was noble)
gave us toasts as felicitously as such melancholy
things (reminding one in their intellectual flavour; I
think of toast and wine, and water, more than anything else)
can be given by anybody; and then came the health
of the evening—the Prosperity of the Benevolent
Correspondents. In the course of his introduction to
this subject, the noble chairman reviewed the events
of the last half-dozen centuries, and pointed out
how civilization had increased during that period in
consequence of the efforts of the society in question.
The good of which he was confident every man then
present had at his inmost heart, and consulted not
to that of his own family, if not before it. During
the peroration, which was made up in about equa
hearts of gratitude and praise of the affections, Melibeus was deeply affected. He
was wound up to high subscription-pitch. He
fumbled feebly about in his breast-pocket for some
thing which I had already taken the precaution to
secure.

Melibeus was not intoxicated; far from it; he
could have gone through his facings accurately as a
volunteer, or could have enunciated ‘The country
is truly rural’ with distinctness, but he was not in a
proper condition to sign cheques. He had only a
partly sound couple of sovereigns about him, and he could get
nothing out of me in the way of loan. His endow-
ment to borrow a five-pound note of his right-hand neigh-
bour was entirely futile, and treated with contempt,
even suspicion. It was quite a relief to me when
No. 67 bent down and whispered in my ear: ‘There's
a tremendous fire broke out Southwark way; you
don't think your friend would be here to see it?’

‘Fl—fl—fire!’ ejaculated Melibeus with great
excitement.

‘Ah, my friend, Fire, fie, indeed,’ returned I. ‘If
you were to take another glass of wine, you would
take too much. Let us go at once.’

In a couple of minutes, we were in a four-wheeled
driving rapidly towards the scene of the calamity.

‘How nice and fresh the air is!’ remarked Melibeus.

‘I had no idea that it was so early. What a mag-
ificent sunset!’

‘The sun does not usually set in the east, Melibeus;
remarked I reprovingly; and I saw a glow which was
not from the conflagration, pass over the ingenuous
countenance of my friend. ‘It is a fire, and a great
fire; we are about to witness a rainbow exhibition which even London has to offer.’

BEFORE HARVEST.

The cuckoo and the nightingale have fled,
And the red poppy blows amongst the corn;
The wild rose has its scented petals shed;
And the green how now shews upon the thorn:
The bearded barley crooks its slender neck.
Its thickning juice the sun matures so well.
The rapid growth receives a ripening check,
And on the rustling straw the good ears swell.
No more the voice of migratory bird
Gladdens the fulness of the evening shade;
Yet is the broken song at morning heard
Of native songster in the sheltering glade,
Teaching the growing brood, by wise degrees,
The trills and whistles, which, when joined, compose
The melody that never fails to please,
For from the spring of love it first arose.
Now do the fruits of labour please the eye,
And fill with joy the patient rustics heart; Fields of rich corn nod as we pass them by.
Fruit-weighted boughs bend to the market-cart.
These, for thy wintry days of toil, thy early care,
O happy tiller of the grateful ground,
Be thy reward! these sights, so passing fair,
That everywhere within our land abound.—C. E.
BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR.

I think we have somehow left a long way behind us these good times to which belonged the proud boast that an Englishman's house was his castle. Are our houses castles now-a-days? I do not desire to treat the subject architecturally; I do not want to be tiresome in my regrets at the abandonment of permanent stone in favour of that poor ephemeral material known as stucco; I am not led away by any fancies for restoration; I do not ask to put the world's clock back; I have no intention of digging a moat round my residence, and making the butcher and baker, and other trades-people, who call for orders every morning, beg a parley first by sound of trumpet, before the drawbridge can be lowered for them to be informed that a leg of mutton will be required for the six o'clock dinner, that five half-quarter loaves (yesterday's baking) are needed for the family consumption, with some tops and bottoms for baby, a bag of rusk for its mother, and other like necessaries of housekeeping. I have never dreamed of darkening my attic with battlements, or substituting a portcullis for my street-door. No man can be more conscious of the absurdity there would be in an attempt on the part of a resident, in Russell Square, for instance, to convert his house into anything approaching a medieval stronghold. When, therefore, I venture to suggest that an Englishman's house is no longer his castle, I must be understood as speaking figuratively rather than literally.

A castle! No, a conservatory rather, a diaphanous edifice, a house with all the doors and windows open, or even with the whole front off; for there is a tendency in the age to abolish privacy in favour of publicity; there is now no reserve; the old reticence about, and respect for the home and the hearth, seem to have completely passed away. A sort of Japanese Happy Dispatch plan prevails now, too fortunately rather of a moral than a physical nature. People rip themselves up, and expect everybody they meet to do the same; they reveal the whole secrets of their lives, and look for yours in turn.

Men print themselves, their wives, their children, and their servants. They treat their houses on a like principle to the management of those melodramatic scenes at the theatre, in which the apparently solid stone wall, by means of gaslights placed behind it, is suddenly found to be quite transparent, and even of a gauzy material, so that certain of the players can be seen and heard through it, and what the playbills term an 'apoptheosis'—without anybody concerned probably having any distinct idea as to what that may signify—an apoptheosis is enacted. Literature now is in great part invasion of domestic retirement. The hero of a modern novel is made to be a man like any of us, with whiskers and Wellingtons; dining at shop-houses now and then, engaged in business, and going punctually to his office in the city; marrying for love, of course, but still keeping his eye on the settlements, as every man should. Paterfamilias is constantly in the newspapers shewing up himself and his household. How different was all this in the past! The old romance never attacked private life in this way, or presumed to represent actual existing nature. In my favourite novel of Julia de Roubigé, I find plenty about Savillon, and Segarva, and Montauban, but I feel that these do not touch me at all. The author is dealing with quite distinct genera compared to those to be found on the earth. In days gone by, too, Paterfamilias would have written to the journals as Erminio, or Eubulus, or Theodosius; no one would have thought him for a moment to be a real person—a man and a father. But now, every one must feel that he lives in imminent danger of being at any moment set up in type, so to speak, and published. Authors go about in search of specimens for their collections, just as naturalists secure butterflies in a net, and then run pins in them, to preserve them on cork for the contemplation of the curious; there is little enough difference between being stuck on a cork and fixed in print. A most absurd principle of writing obtains now, which I steadily denounce, while I concede that I have often derived amusement from it. But of course it is very funny to read all about Bobester (because we all know Bobester), and what he said and did, and how he looked when he said and did it, and what he had for dinner, and all about his excellent '34 port, and concerning his club, and Mrs Bobester, and the Misses Bobester, and his quarrel with his mother-in-law, and so on. This is very funny for us; but what do you think are Bobester's emotions?

We used to laugh at school when Sawyer Secundus received a rap on the knuckles from the doctor's ferule; but when our own turn came for a similar visitation from our preceptor, I don't think we were quite so highly entertained. The tax-gatherer is now at No. 22, which is some ten doors off; can I be certain that he will not come to me? May I not, on the contrary, be assured that he will, in due course? Will not the modern story-teller soon be in my hall? or in yours, my dear sir? and in that case, how about your house being your castle? Every right-minded man must feel that there is danger to the peace, and comfort, and exclusion of his life when the author presumes to be natural, and sets about sketching his neighbours walking in and out of their abodes as though they belonged to him, cataloguing their
furniture and fittings as though he were distraint for rent. For my part, I recognise my situation as similar to that of an animal in Mr Wombwell's peripatetic menagerie—liable at any moment to have one whole side of his travelling carriage removed, and himself exposed to the glare of publicity, and to be stirred up, possibly by a zealous keeper, to the performance of antics and extravagances, for the delectation of the crowd. I am not proud of my position. I have been at some pains to ennuiate my sentiments—I have done so, some, one may think—last birthday. I am a middle-aged man—to be more accurate, I am a forty-eight last birthday. I am a merchant in the city of London (No. 902 Austin Friars, first floor); I confine my attention more especially to what is known as the Baltic trade, with an occasional glance now and then, perhaps, in the direction of indigo and sperling. The profits accruing from my share in the firm are three in the partnership, and we trade under the title of Bamborough & Co., though there is now no Bamborough amongst us—we, during last year, rather in excess of nine hundred pounds. Our business, it will be seen, was not enormous, but it was very respectable remuneration. Though here I would remark how cruelly the government of the country fosters the unfortunate propensity to make public property of all the private details of a household. I can take little credit to myself in respect of the above admissions, since I have been compelled by the legislature to deliver written confessions on the same subjects to certain of its officers. Have not the Census, and the Income and the Assessed taxes, wrung from me information on all these heads, with additional facts as to whether I wear hairpowder, keep farm-labourers or sheep-dogs, and whether I use a crest? Bilberry, my green-grocer, an excellent man, who renders useful aid in attendance at my dinner-parties, is also, it seems, a government functionary, and collects the inquisitorial documents it is my distasteful duty to fill up and sign. I have said he is an excellent man; I may add that he is a good green-grocer, and a tolerable waiter; but still I should not voluntarily have selected him to be a confidant touching my age, my income, my crest, and my non-use of hairpowder. However, I am so compelled. To continue. I lately resided in the neighbourhood of the square I have alluded to above.

I am the husband of an excellent woman—though I may say that I had no idea, when I married her, that she would ever have attained her present size. I am the father of six children—two boys and four girls— the youngest being the baby to whom I have already alluded, christened only last week, Barbara Leonora, after her maternal grandmother, who, I admit, was less liberal on the occasion than I had had reason to suppose she would have been. I did not expect an electro-plated mug.

I moved from my house near Russell Square six months ago. I am now the occupant of a ten-roomed semi-detached villa in a suburb north-east of London. A group of these villas round a small paddock seems to be the only excuse I can find for imposing on me the dignity of residing in a park. It is not a park, and is not, indeed, the least like a park; but what protest of mine will avail against the absurdities of builders' nomenclatures. My wife tells her friends that we moved from Russell Square to Guava Park, N.E., on account of the children, so that they might have purer air, and more room to play about in; that it broke her heart nearly to see them so imprisoned by high brick-walls, as they were in our old house; and so on. For my part, I have simply to say that we moved to Guava Park, because we thought it would be cheaper, for my family was increasing with a rapidity disproportionate to the improvement of my income.

And Guava Park, primâ facie, is decidedly cheaper; the house-rent is lower while the house is larger. I am within an omnibus ride of the Bank—I generally ride into town, and walk back. The situation is more healthy than my former residence, and the children obtain more air and exercise, and are the better in consequence. We are out of the reach of our old doctor, by which I also find I save money. He lived formerly so very near to us, that he was continually looking in upon us, as he went the round of his patients; and I think the fact of a medical man being always at hand, rather induced a predisposition for illness. One or other of the children seemed to be always taking powders, with about half a pot of gooseberry-jam administered after the medicine, to negative it, I suppose. Still, I do not say that the nurse and the doctor were in league. I hope I am sufficiently explicit. Though here I would remark how cruelly the government of the country fosters the unfortunate propensity to make public property of all the private details of a household. I can take little credit to myself in respect of the above admissions, since I have been compelled by the legislature to deliver written confessions on the same subjects to certain of its officers. Have not the Census, and the Income and the Assessed taxes, wrung from me information on all these heads, with additional facts as to whether I wear hairpowder, keep farm-labourers or sheep-dogs, and whether I use a crest? Bilberry, my green-grocer, an excellent man, who renders useful aid in attendance at my dinner-parties, is also, it seems, a government functionary, and collects the inquisitorial documents it is my distasteful duty to fill up and sign. I have said he is an excellent man; I may add that he is a good green-grocer, and a tolerable waiter; but still I should not voluntarily have selected him to be a confidant touching my age, my income, my crest, and my non-use of hairpowder. However, I am so compelled. To continue. I lately resided in the neighbourhood of the square I have alluded to above.

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aware that the gardener who toiled in the cause of order received no encouragement; he was not paid, and for a variety of seeds, roots, and plants, alleged to be in course of growth, for the decoration of my flower-beds, but which I have never yet seen, and have now grave doubts whether I ever shall see. A summer-house at the end of the garden I new-roofed and painted; but as I could come to no sort of terms with the carver who were in occupation, and refused to be dislodged by any means that I could resort to, I have been compelled to abandon it. I can only regard it now as of so use to me whatever, and as nothing but a beastly object the prospect from my back windows. It will be seen that mine is what auctioneers call a desirable residence.

Why, then, am I unhappy in Guava Park? Why do I think of quitting it, and to what end am I entering upon this narrative, apart from the desire to anticipate Jones in writing my biography? I will explain.

Guava Park is not nearly so inexpensive as it seems. In this wise. In Russell Square, we knew no one—to this hour I am unacquainted with the names of the tenants who occupied houses on the other side of me. In Guava Park, matters are managed very differently. I have said that we live in one of what are called semi-detached villas—Siamese twin villas that are built side by side, and in whose neighbours, tenants of the house twin with ours—the persons on the other side of our party-wall—are the Simpsons. I have not a word to say against them, only I know this—I did not court their acquaintance. I desired to know my neighbours as little in Guava Park as I had known them in the precincts of Russell Square. But Billiter Court. I stay at Simpsonson every morning in the omnibus going to the city; he would say that it was a fine morning, or a wet morning, or remark that he didn't think it would rain, or whatever. I didn't much care, and I thought his snuff-box, and lent his newspapers. He was a merchant in the Turkey-rhubarb line. I found, too, that his opinions agreed with mine in reference to spelter, while we did not differ materially on the question of indigo. Our political sentiments, also, presented many points of approximation. He was a most respectable man, and member of a very well-known firm in Billiter Court. I could not help myself. I could not tell Simpson that I did not want to know him. I thought I ought to know a very respectable, worthy gentleman. I liked his conversation, and I liked his snuff. I am not, I trust, an unamiable person, and soon Mr Simpson and myself were on terms of considerable cordiality. And there were other points of approach between the two families. The little Simpsons (five in all—three boys and two girls) met my sons and daughters in the paddock-park; they made acquaintance with each other in the informal way usual with children. They were always to be seen, a little intermixed flock, sporting together on the green turf. Could I object to that really pleasant spectacle? And the mothers had exchanged civilities. There had been some trifling mistake about their relative butchers'-books; a leg of lamb had been accidentally charged to No. 10 instead of No. 11; the adjustment of this error had, it seemed, necessitated a meeting between the ladies. They were, I believe, mutually charmed with each other. A state of acquaintance commenced between them; this gradually ripened into friendship, climbed and made firm for ever when my wife was fortunately able, for a whole night, to lend Mrs Simpson a small quantity of opodeldoc, or some such thing—I was very sleepy at the time—for the relief of one of the young Simpsons from an attack of indigestion. They have each a dress of that nature, and are now stirring simply who shall put the most breadth into her skirt, and load her arms the most heavily with gold bracelets, when she has got the velvet on. I believe my wife would like me to mortgage my whole possessions, and with the amount so obtained in some way hire the crown-jewels—
though but for an evening—so that she might finally
eclipse Mrs Simpson, and have done with it. And the
children, I regret to say, are also brought into action,
and set in opposition to each other much in the man-
ner of the two cousins who call themselves
the fancy treat their dogs. My wife is prepared, I
believe, to back our Maria Jane—at catch-weight,
perhaps, though I don’t least know what means
enough, to sing best, play best—by which I
mean write French
irregular verbs more rapidly and correctly, and
answer in a given time more questions out of Guy,
Pinock, and Magnall, than Clementina Simpson.
My son William and little Reginald Simpson are
running a race through the Eton Latin Grammar;
their pace has been almost dangerous, though the way
they took the third declension was sportmanlike
and admirable in the extreme. It has all become a
system of competition—unrestricted competition, I
may call it. We are playing a game of Beggar my
Neighbour. Now the Simpsons win a trick, and now
we do. The expenses are becoming enormous, and
every day I wish myself back again into my dearer
house in Russell Square. It is in vain I make
remonstrances or attempt reforms.
‘Totty, naughty Totty,’ said my wife at the dinner-
table the other day, ‘take your fingers out of your plate—do!’
Lotty Simpson never puts her fingers in
her plate—never! What would she say if she knew
that you did?’

The children are thus inculcated with the idea of
eating salad and scones. Simpson. How is it to
end? Seriously, I feel sure there can be no other
kind of conclusion to it. And it pervades the whole
house. Our nursery and kitchen have entered upon
a contest with the Simpsons’ nursery and kitchen, to
ascertain which can assert its superiority in being
the most expensive, extravagant, and wasteful—which can
consume the most milk and bread, beef, beer, potatoes.
I shudder as I contemplate my liabilities to the trades-
people on these accounts, and I wish very much that
the game was over, and that Simpson was beggared,
or at least was. Of the two, perhaps I should prefer
the former; and I sometimes commune with myself as to
whether it would not be advisable to offer to fight
Simpson, make a ring in the park paddock, throw out
our expensive, extravagant, and wasteful, let him
have the best, and see how he would have done with the whole business.
One thing—I don’t think Simpson is at all a fighting-man, and I am
quite sure I am not.

Meanwhile, we are, to all appearances, on the terms of the
strictest friendship. No one would imagine, for a moment, to see Simpson and myself journeying
to town in the omnibus, the bitter antagonism existing
between us, and ranking in the bosoms of our house-
hold. No one would dream who witnesses a meeting
between Mrs Simpson and my wife—I have even seen
them kiss on such an occasion! but women will always
overdo a thing—no one would dream of the terms of
violent hostility on which those two really live.

And the children, I regret to say, are equally hypo-
critical—that is, almost; for the honesty of child-
nature will assert itself now and then; as, for instance,
when our Maria Jane frankly told Clementina that she
didn’t believe she had done her drawing without
any assistance from the drawing-master—I am afraid
our child so far forgot what was due to herself and
society to term the younger lady a ‘wicked story’; and when my son William administered a black
eye to Reginald Simpson—quite accidentally, of course,
as I assured Mrs Simpson—though the matter did
arise in some way from a dispute about a passage in
Cornelius Nepos. How can I reconcile my conduct
with my conscience, when I recollect that I after-
wards gave my boy a shouting for his gallant, dis-
graceful, glorious, improper behaviour?

‘My dear George,’ said my wife to me the other
afternoon on tea, and when the children had retired
for the night, and we were quite alone; I thought
there had been something on her mind all dinner-time,
although she did take an extra glass of port-wine—

‘My dear George, what do you think?’

‘I don’t know at all, my dear,’ I said, rather
abruptly perhaps, for I dislike people who
have a communication to impart delaying the matter,
under the notion of giving it importance and interest—
‘I don’t know at all.’

‘I am sorry to tell you that Mrs Simpson has
ordered black velvet dresses for all her children—the
very best black Genoa velvet—with double skirts for
the girls, and knickerbockers and silk stockings for
the boys.’

‘Well, my dear, what is that to us?’ though of
course I knew very well what it was to us.

‘Why, George, you wouldn’t like your children to
be beaten by the Simpsons, would you?’

‘Look here, Mary Ann,’ I said, ‘there must be an
equation to this. How can I afford to put all my children
into black velvet dresses?”

My wife turned quite pale.

‘You wouldn’t like your children to be in merino,
while their children are strutting about in velvet,
would you, George? Poor things, it would break
their hearts! I shouldn’t like them to beat us in this.

And you know, George, that our baby weighs a
great deal more than theirs does, although it is three
weeks younger.’

This was gratifying, of course, yet still I was firm.

‘And do you think, Mary Ann, that I shall consent
to clothe our William in black Genoa velvet?’

‘Their Reginald’s been measured for his dress,’
my wife answered, with a sigh. I think she was
rather frightened at my determined aspect.

‘Why, his knee will be through it in a week,’ I
remarked.

‘How would you dress the boy?’ my beloved Mary
Ann inquired with a little snappiness.

‘If I had my will,’ I replied with some temper, ‘I’d
put my boy William into a serviceable skeleton suit
of corduroys.’

‘Corduroys! Oh, George!’ I thought she would have
fainted. ‘A skeleton suit! Oh! what would
the Simpsons say?’

‘My dear, I have worn in my youth a skeleton suit,’ I said, with manly
majesty; ‘a very admirable dress for youth. As the boy grows, you can lengthen
the suit by moving the buttons, and putting new
cuffs to the sleeves; and with a neat roll round the neck,
what can be prettier?’

‘Ugh!’ cried my wife with such an agonising look
of disgust, as she found me firm. She burst into
tears, and of course I yielded, as all husbands do
under such circumstances. I gave my consent to
black velvet dresses being ordered for my children,
and I was kept awake at night wondering how long I
should be able to maintain such a ruinous system
of expenditure. The game of Beggar my Neighbour
went bravely on. Which of us will be in the Court
of Bankruptcy first? I asked myself sarcastically.

The next morning I was, as usual, sitting opposite to
Simpson in the half-past nine o’clock omnibus.
I noticed that he looked pale, jaded, and anxious.
At last he said, with palpable nervousness and embarrassment:
‘I find that the air of Guava Park does not agree with me.’

I could see by his expression what he meant. He
had had enough of the game of Beggar my Neighbour.

‘You thinking of leaving?’

“Yes, immediately. I shall go further in the
country—much further. I want a more breezy air.”

I knew all about that, and he knew that I knew
all about that. He took snuff violently, and hid
himself in his morning paper.

The Simpsons’ house was empty for six months,
and was then taken by an invalid old lady, who
never stirs out. There is an end to the unrestricted
competition in Guava Park, and I am all the richer in consequence. I am positively saving money, and I hope Simpson is doing the same. I hope also that I have not taken the front off my house for nothing.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS OF THE EAST.

Where begins that portion of the world which we designate by the comprehensive phrase, the East? Is it at the Strait of Gibraltar, or at the Great Syrius, or at the cataract of the Nile? Most persons, we fancy, when thinking on this subject, include Africa, both shores of the Mediterranean beyond the Adriatic, the countries on the Black Sea, and even the Steppes of Central Asia as far as the distant Amoor, together with Arabia, Syria, Persia, India within and beyond the Ganges, China, and the Oriental Archipelago. To travel over these vast regions in search of fruits and flowers, which vary in flavour, perfume, and aspect with every variation of soil and climate, is to plunge into a world of romance, invested with the richest colours of poetry, and prolific in the wildest and most exciting associations. No portion of this immense field, extending from the frontiers of Siberia to the emerald and scented isles of the Indian Ocean, is more replete with vegetable wealth and beauty than the banks of one African river, which runs an almost solitary course of two thousand miles, partly through deserts, partly through the richest soil on the globe's surface. That river is the Nile. Imagine yourself in the country which it has created, when, after pouring itself over the land like a sea, and impregnating it with exhaustless fertility, it ebbs and abrists into its own channel, leaving the whole plain from Libya to the Arabian mountains sprinkled thickly with glittering sheets of water, which diminish rapidly in dimensions as the sun glows upon their surface, and greedily licks up their moisture. Down to their edge grows the green grass, mingled with small fleshy reeds, whose tunnulous waving is reflected from the face of the pools. In patches at intervals from bank to bank, you behold flowers of rare beauty, white, bright blue, and rose-coloured, floating amid broad green leaves, which lie soft and cool like the bed of a jasmine upon the water. Those variegated flowers are the lotuses or lilies of Egypt. Nothing in the floral world is so white as the white lilies of the Nile, which, as they place their chalices beside those of their rosy and blue sisters, bear away the palm of beauty from them both.

If you wander among these ponds just as the gray dawn is breaking over the earth, you may often behold a gazelle come from the desert into the valley to drink, standing still and apparently gazing at the lotuses before it stoops to taste the water. The Arabs, who pretend to know exactly what passes in the mind of the animal, maintain strenuously that it is praying before it drinks, and expressing its gratitude at the sight of the multiplied beauties around it. Near at hand, with its legs twisted up under it, lies the camel, meditating on its day's work, and philosophically preparing to encounter it; while flocks of large white birds alight on the tall trees, or descend and skim playfully along the lakes. These are the only representatives of the sacred ibis now known in the valley—the black species, more rare or more timid, having retired into the depths of Africa, where a stray specimen is sometimes shot by the fowler.

Science, although it has been busy in the exploration of Egypt, has not yet described, or perhaps discovered, all the opulence of its flora. In brakes and copses by the wayside lurk little flowers, too small and modest in their structure to attract the attention of the eye, but so full of sweetness, that they may almost be said to intoxicated the senses that throw their fragrance around into the air. The natives have yet found no names to bestow on these minute denizens of the wilderness, but say—what is true—that they are sweeter than the jasmin. Even the clover may here be reckoned among flowers, since, when steeped in dew, just when it is on the point of reaching its full development, it diffuses a delicate scent, less powerful than that of the lime-tree, but somewhat akin to it in character, which, rising from a whole plain at once, fills the atmosphere.

Skirting these meadows, you observe a succession of orange groves, which possess the peculiarity of being in flower, while the fruit in all stages hangs clustering among the branches, some of a bright green; some half ripe, covered with patches of green and yellow; while others, so ripe as to be ready to drop, look like spheres of pure gold suspended among branches of emerald. Close at hand rises the banana, with leaves ten or twelve feet in length, and a foot and a half broad, reaching from the summit of the tree to the ground, and affording at noon a delicious shade. High up among its stems, you behold the clustering purple fruit, covered with a delicate bloom like that of the peach, and emitting a fragrant odour. If there be any fruit surpassing the banana in flavour, it is the mangosteen of the Malay Peninsula, to taste which the travelled lovers of such delicacies maintain to be worth a voyage to Malacca.

In dates, however, which are on the point of reaching its full development, it diffuses a delicate scent, less powerful than that of the lime-tree, but somewhat akin to it in character, which, rising from a whole plain at once, fills the atmosphere.

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flourished in every part of Egypt, but more especially
along the shores of Mareotic lake, where it spread
like a net-borne mist over sand-hills, and produced
grapes equally renowned for their flavour and beauty.
In the same locality, there are now several rustic
coffee-houses, covered over with vines, where the
Turks decline on trellises or divans, to enjoy the
luxury of smoking, and eating grapes plucked fresh
from the tree. Elsewhere, standing amid immense
rose-gardens, are extensive olive groves, which remind
the traveller of Italy, by the richness of their fruit,
and the incessant whispering of their gray-green
leaves.

Beyond the Red Sea, and on this side of the
Persian Gulf, there is one spot, and but one, which
may be said to rival in beauty, fragrance, and the
equisite quality of its fruit, the Valley of Cashmere,
the gardens of Shiraz, or even the elevated valleys of
Kabulistan: this is Tayef, at a short distance from
Mecca, where the rose, the jasmin, the lily, and the
violet cluster round the springs and rivulets, and are
shaded by the date-palm, the pomegranate, the vine,
the apple, and the tamarind trees. Here the poets of
Arabia dreamt of the gardens of Irem, existing some-
where in the spot, but only accessible under
supernatural guidance. Further south, in the moun-
tains of Yemen, are the coffee-plantations, which
present to the traveller a prospect of singular beauty.
Planted in terraces, on the steep slopes, the coffee-tree,
its white blossoms or green berries, is shaded by other
trees of much greater magnitude, which are planted near
for its protection from the sun. Under this thick roof of
foliage it puts forth its flowers, and ripens its fruit,
which would otherwise be immediately scorched and
destroyed by exposure to the burning heat. The
scent of the coffee-aromatic plant—leads the
regular lane towards Bab-el-Mandeb, or the 'Gate of
Tears,' where it makes a sudden bend to the
earl, shelters in its green folds the income-trees,
whose produce, adulterated or imitated, sooths
the senses of millions of worshippers in Catholic
countries. In many parts of the East, vast plains are
covered with tulips, hyacinths, and ranunculuses;
while the hills and ruins are studded with the wild
anemone, the satyr, the oleander, and the golden
balm. Syria is famous for its balm, its rose, its
licorice, its silphium, its album, its long spicles of
Sodom, delicate without as the fairest peach, but
internally filled with dust and ashes. This statement,
which looks like a fable, seems partially true. The fruit,
the name of the aaisy—the native name for the silk-tree—is
larger than a man's fist, and of a delicate pea-green,
varying in parts towards white, though on the sunny
side as red as an apple. When ripe, it is filled with
a white juice, which gradually becomes transformed
into a mass of seeds, suspended to a delicate flossy
silk, designed by nature to enable them, when the
apple bursts, to float away in the wind, thus provid-
ing for the continuance of the species. Occasionally,
a little worm—the teredo—bores its way into the Sod-
omite apple, and feeds upon its contents until nothing
remains but the dust and ashes spoken of by histo-
rians, the fruit retaining all the while its external
shape and beauty.

In Southern Persia, particularly near Shiraz, the
grape attains great perfection, and ere Mohammed
had enforced sobriety, was pressed into wine. Along
the banks of the Eilbars, through the glens and vales of
Mazanderan, all the way to the frontiers of Herat,
gardens of rare beauty were once found; but owing to
the failure of the springs, as many as four hundred
of which have been lost. What you see on dry up in one year, these
paradises have become rare. The country of the
Afghans produces nearly all the fruits of Europe,
together with many of those of India, so that the
bazaars of Peshawur and the Punjab remind you of
once of Covant Garden and Calcutta. As you descend
towards the Deccan and Ceylon, both fruits and flowers
multiply apace, the former increasing in the richness
and delicacy of their barks, and the latter in the splen-
dour and variety of their colours. Creepers extend
their arms through the woods, and laden with red,
white, or yellow blossoms, climb about the trunks of
the loftiest trees, form archways across glades, and hanging
in pendulous and feathery masses, glowing with all
the tints of the rainbow.

Throughout the countries sheltered by the Western
Gauts grows the areca palm, about whose trunk there
hang much Hindu poetry and fable. To the people
of those lands it supplies the place of tempeco, but
the nut being broken and wrapped in a leaf of the
betal vine, mixed with a small portion of chunam or
shell-lime, is masticated incessantly by the natives
of both sexes, who maintain that it strengthens the
tone of the stomach, although it destroys the teeth.

To enumerate the fruits of India—the cocoanuts,
the tamarinds, the bananae, the pine-apples, the figs,
the mangoes, the dates—would be endless; but nume-
rous and delicious as they are, the natives, as a rule,
prefer the flavour of more northern fruits, especially
those of Afghanistan which are picked up in the
bazaars of the Punjab, of Scinde, and generally of
all Northern India. Where the soil is hard and
gravelly, you behold an abundance of shrubs, covered
at the proper season with fruit. Placed in clusters,
the scarlet blossoms in tusfs; the streams and rivers are
fringed with reeds, whose feathery summits appear
to be in perpetual motion; while, scattered over the
rich plains, one group of the fanning fig-tree, which,
when the fruit is ripe, are crowded with flights of
green pigeons and other birds, though, like
Pharaoh's figs in Egypt, it is generally neglected by
mankind. Pasing on to Ceylon, the flowers are
innumerable, and the various kinds of fruit little
less so. The Dutch, when in possession of the island,
appear to have chiefly delighted in its immense cini-
non-gardens, its pearl-fisheries, and its mines of
rubies; but with the natives of the East, especially
the Arabs, we look upon this famous island—the
Sri-selibh of their marvelling voyagers—as the
favourite abode of Flora. Immediately on landing,
the traveller beholds a lofty belt of the Bryophyra, which,
with its profusion of scarlet flowers pendent with
bright long spicles, is seen covering the banks and
the waters, as to scare away the fish during the
flowering season. From this half-fabulous girdle, the
eye follows the unnumbered blossoms of the
bush towards the blue cone which crowns the island,
and by the Mohammedans and Europeans is denominated
"Adam's Peak," from the belief that this was the
terrestrial paradise, and that all the riches of the
vegetable kingdom attributed to that garden are
found here. After the Bryophyra, the 'Flame of
the Woods' most prominently challenges attention.
This is a low bushy tree, called Isore or coccin by
naturalists, covered thickly with brilliant scarlet
flowers, which, beheld among the verdure of the sur-
rounding trees, appear to glow and flash like burning
cov. Even when beheld singly, the Isore is a striking
object; but when whole slopes and valleys seem, when
viewed from a height, to be carpeted with them,
the spectator may almost imagine the face of the
country to be on fire. Along with this gorgeous
shrub grow the Ipomeas, a beautiful climber, which
the Hindus love to intertwist about their bowers;
the Macrabenus, called the Musaenda, caril by the
Princess; because the ladies are fond of the fragrance
of its white leaves; and another variety of the same
species, which, as an ornament of their temples, is
awake only at night. In reality, however, it opens its
white chalice so exactly at four o'clock in the afternoon,
that peopleoften plant it in their gardens that they
may know how time flies away in cloudy weather.
In such a climate, it is no wonder that delicate
flowers, like travellers, should love the night, when the air is balmy than by day, when the forests emit their perfumes, when the moon's effulgence, almost as powerful as the light of a northern sun, is reflected through the palm leaves, and the girls rustling and glittering in the breeze. Then the Sandal Malam, or 'Mistress of the Night,' sheds around its perfume, too soft and exquisite to be commonly appreciated. The Malays compare it to a stray beauty visiting her lover in the night, whose presence is only marked by the cloud of sweetness floating around her.

Properly speaking, the cinnamon-tree is remarkable neither for fruit nor flowers; it is a beautiful laurel, which often attains the height of twenty feet, and grows wild on the sea-shore, in woods, on the slopes of hills; in short, wherever the Pompadour pigeon bears and plants its fruit. The uses of its bark are too well known to need description. The blossoms of the champak, of a rich saffron color, are, by the Hindus, strewed for their scent over beds and furniture, or interwoven by ladies with their hair, whose blackness is set off by contrast with them. Among the plants of Ceylon, is one which the Dutch call the Can Fruit, and Linneus the Nepenthes distillatoria; its flower, shaped like a tube, and closed at the end with a circular valve, contains a quantity of liquid water, which runs out when the valve opens in the morning, though it regularly falls again at night, and in some islands of the Indian Archipelago is so large as to contain a full pint. Another vegetable production of Ceylon is the Musa, or 'Tree of Knowledge.' It is, in fact, rather a plant than a tree; its leaves, of an elegant green above, and yellow beneath, are larger than those of the banana, and make a rustling noise like paper in the wind.

Proceeding still further eastward, we may be said to be lost in a chaos of fruits and flowers among the islands of the Indian Ocean. Sailing up the White Nile, we occasionally encounter diminutive floating islands, composed of twisted grass, on which a little soil having fallen accidentally, is soon covered with a mass of flowers down to the water's edge. In the Oriental Archipelago, considerable islands, rising in the form of a pyramid, have sometimes been compared to large bats flying on the wings. In Borneo, in Magindanao, in Palawan, in Celebes, trees and plants and flowers drape the hills and mountains with variegated hues, and yield fruit in a profusion so lavish that science has hitherto failed to name and classify them. Every voyage up a river, every excursion into the woods, reveals some new species or variety.

Cashmere and Kabul produce the durian—delicious to the taste, though it cannot be eaten without holding the nose, so fetid is its odour—the almond, the apricot, the peach, the nectarine, the pomegranate, the olive, the citron, and the grape. Parts of Europe are covered thickly with the rich purple flowers of the rhododendron; but in Afghanistan, whole mountains are clothed to their summits with an investiture of wild-roses, which cluster so thickly on the bushes that they nearly conceal the leaves; or with the Gill Nh Roz, the 'Flower of the New Year.' When the fruit trees are in blossom, the valleys and eminences about the capital appear to be in a blaze, while the distant hills are wrapped by the smoke that8lows flowers, intermingled with the narcissus, the zambok or sweet flag, and the lila or wild-tulip. In sheltered spots, spring is ushered in by the pink blossoms of the almond-tree, which come before the leaves, and impart a gay aspect to the ravines and hollows. Further north, amid the soft valleys of Sogdiana, and far away in the highlands of Turkestan, the vegetation of Asia develops itself with still more delicate beauty; the flowers are more fragrant, while the fruit is sweeter even than those of Kabul and Isfaleef. The unvisited country of Kaffiristan is said to resemble Greece both in its inhabitants and its productions; but we must wait till some traveller has dared to penetrate its lofty valleys, before we speculate on what it yields. Enough has been said to convey to the reader some faint idea of the fruits and flowers of the East.

**MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.**

**CHAPTER XV.**

**A STRANGE VISITOR.**

Home, home! why did I leave you? Why did I rejoice when on my way to enter upon strange scenes and a new life! Years have rolled, nay, many, many years, since that time, and much has happened to me of good as well as evil, yet still an exceeding bitter cry, 'Home, home! why did I leave you?' comes up from my heart as I write this record of the past. But I must go on without flinching from things terrible to relate; I must be brave.

All at Ripworth during my illness were most kind to me; Jane Gordon, Mrs Powell, and my uncle paid me every attention that affection could dictate. Had I been mistress of thousands a year, I could not have been treated better than I was. At that time, I felt that I never could be sufficiently grateful for such kindness as I received from my uncle and his household. My mother had not been written to while I was ill; the doctor not having pronounced my case dangerous, Colonel Daubeney did not wish to alarm her; yet it must have seemed strange to all at home that I never answered Anna's request for five pounds till five weeks had elapsed. When able to move from my bedroom, it was Miss Gordon's arm that supported me slowly onwards in my little walks through lobbies and corridors. She behaved towards me with great tenderness. The warmth of my apartment, where large fires burned continually, made me forget that it was already winter, till one morning, on looking out, I saw the ground covered with snow. It reminded me of home and long ago, when I was a child at Weston Cricket, before I knew the struggles of my parents to clothe and feed their family. Now I watched the birds hopping in the snow, and idly wondered how the love and affection of home-branches, thinking of the long gone past all the while. When the recollection of Curzon Goad came to me, I trembled, feeling it would be well, perhaps, for me if no such person had ever existed. Where was he now? Where had he been while I was ill? I was yet too weak to bear much agitation of any kind, and I was therefore satisfied that Miss Gordon never spoke to me of either Mr Legrand or Curzon Goad. Once I asked her if anything remarkable had occurred at Ripworth while I was ill.

'O nothing,' she replied coldly; 'we kept the house very quiet, and saw no company.'

My strength gradually returned, and at length I was able to go down to the drawing-room. My uncle received me with an ardour that quite surprised me; indeed, I felt so shattered, my spirit so humbled by recent suffering, that when he took my hand fondly in his own, saying: 'My dear girl, I am very happy to see you down here among us again,' I felt ready to shed tears. I had not courage, kind as he seemed, to ask him for a little money to send home to my family; and when a letter reached me from Edward, I read it very nervously.

'MY DEAR JESSIE—Your long silence puzzles us all very much. Our mother fears you are ill; but the rest of us hope you are only too pleasantly occupied at Ripworth to find time for writing. I must say everything at home is most uncomfortable. I know you have been very busy, and things could be better managed, but it appears to me that everything is going topsy-turvy. Mother grows very cross, I think, seldom speaking except to direct the servants; and Anna is occupied continually.
now with some trashy old novels from the library at
Parsley. I have no one to speak to, so wish most
heartily your Ripworth visit was at an end. Bobby
amuses himself shooting with old Webb at Thorn-
Grange—a companionship, I must say, I do not
appreciate. There seems to be no money here, in
spite of Uncle Dunbeny’s large supplies. To be
sure, mother says she had to pay a large bill for
Bobby and my clothes, and our travelling expenses,
which, I believe, were not reckoned upon, but still
I fear there is mismanagement somewhere. I wonder
when I am to get my commission, which you say Uncle
Dunbeny speaks of procuring. This life of idleness
wears me. Your affectionate brother,

EDWARD KEPPELTON.

It was evening when I got that letter alone in the
drawing-room—a dull, gray winter evening—and it
was lying on my lap when the door opened, and Mr
Legrand entered unannounced. I started, for the
appearance was unexpected.

‘I thought the colonel was here,’ he said, when our
first greeting was over. ‘I fear I alarmed you, coming
so abruptly.’

‘Oh no; I am only a little nervous still.’

‘You have been very ill,’ he said, looking at me
with a tenderness that seemed to improve the expres-
sion of his countenance.

I leaned back on the sofa where I sat, and uttered
a very heavy sigh involuntarily; my heart was so
oppressed by thoughts of home, that I felt it impos-
sible to conceal my concern entirely from him.

‘I have been very ill and very unhappy,’ I said:
‘some news from home has made me sad.’

‘Indeed?’ said Mr Legrand, looking keenly at me.

‘Nothing serious, I hope.’

‘Oh, not very serious, but still unpleasant.’

“You will not confide in me further; you do not
trust me.’

Again that tender, earnest look, that I could scarcely
bear, much less return; and yet, if I did return it,
might I not save my whole family from misery?

‘Come,’ said he, ‘let me read this letter.’ I know it
is that which has troubled you, and I will give
my advice. Who is it from?’

‘My brother.’

‘Oh, he has got into some little scrape—a debt, a
love-affair probably—and he put his hand on the
letter, but I nervously held it, though aware that he
had no real intention of reading it. His hand as it
touched mine felt an icy coldness.

‘I am not a young man; I have great experience,
Miss Keppleton, and perhaps my counsel might be of
use in this little dilemma. Ah! if you knew what
scenes I have witnessed in my life!’

‘I fear you could not advice me in this particular
case,’ said I, smiling faintly.

‘What is your brother’s name? Roberts?’ I fancied
Mr Legrand’s eyes looked strange.

‘No; Edward. But I have a brother called Robert.’

‘Ah! two brothers! And how many sisters?’

‘Two also.’

‘And then all these young people at home get into
little difficulties, and are sometimes unhappy, and you
have to fret about them?’

‘Oh, there is much to make me seriously anxious!’

I replied, sinking back again with my letter fast in
my hand.

‘Were your troubles ever so serious and varied,
you could still be able to give counsel and sympathy.
For myself, I have passed through every trial in life.
Poverty I have had to battle with, and it entails
two kinds of misfortunes,’ said I, and a household entered.
I am sure I turned pale at these words. I could
not speak while he continued: ‘Yes, poverty of the
most exacting kind. Miss Keppleton. Mirth of the
furnace I have come now, however. Fortune has
smiled on me. One thing alone remains to complete
my contentment.’

The old feeling of complicity could not be overthrown.
I languidly looked at him, knowing very well what
he meant, and said, with incomparable boldness:
‘And what is that?’

He took my hand. ‘Edward’s letter was grasped
in the other. While thoughts of home, and misery there,
filled my soul, I did not withdraw it for a second
or two. This might be a decisive moment for my whole
family. Let me see your self-control; let us
make a life-long sacrifice. Oh! if I had courage for
it! While I hesitated, Mr Legrand gently pressed my
hand in his.

‘Dear Miss Keppleton,’ he said in a voice low but
not unsteady, ‘I have more than once dared to hope
that I was not regarded by you with indifference.
I may have been deceived; if I was, God help
me!’

‘God help me too!’ I inwardly prayed, feeling that
the moment was a terrible one, and I had partly
brought it wilfully on myself.

‘You, do not speak. Say something to give me
hope, I entreat of you!’

Bewildered as I was, I saw that my companion was
very pale; his large harsh features betrayed singular
emotion. I trembled at this frightful crisis. My
agitation gave him courage. I felt almost fainting.

About to say, ‘Pardon me if I have spoken too abruptly’; he
said with much tenderness; ‘you are ill—let me ring—’

‘Stay,’ I gasped; ‘do not ring; I shall be better
presently;’ but the words died on my lips, a film stote
over my eyes, consciousness promptly abandoned me.

When I recovered, I was lying on the sofa, my uncle
standing over me, Miss Gordon chafing my hands.
Mr Legrand was gone. The letter which I held in
my hand at the moment of fainting lay on the table
in its envelope.

‘Let me go to my room,’ I faintly asked, fearful
of any explanations that might ensue; and Jane gave me
her arm in silence, while my uncle went so far as to
press his lips to my forehead—a strange condensation
for him. I secured Edward’s letter before leaving the
room, and then went upstairs.

As yet I was permitted to dine alone at an earlier
hour than the rest of the family, and so escaped
further excitement that evening. Jane sat a long
while with me, and talked gaily of many things,
ever mentioning either Mr Legrand or his inervi-
table companion, Curzon Goad. I supposed that
the latter had gone to his regiment, and was no
longer in the country. For many days after this, I
felt very weak, and was permitted to remain quietly
alone. Nothing soothed me more than being thus left
alone; yet still I dreaded every day a more
formal and formidable proposal from Mr Legrand.

One evening, at about six o’clock, I was looking
from my window, watching the white moonshine spreading
over leafless trees, when I heard the sound of a
carriage driving up the avenue. The stillness of the
frosty air rendered distant sounds distinctly audible,
and it was a long while before the vehicle appeared in
view. At last I saw it, as, slackening its pace, the
driver drew up before the door. The driver was
Curzon Goad. I saw him in the moonlight slowly
alighting and throwing the reins to his servant, who
took the carriage round to the stables. There was
something grave and thoughtful in his air. I watched
him as long as he was visible, and then turned from
the window with a beating heart. It seemed strange
that Jane had not mentioned that he was coming to
dinner this evening. I lay down on a couch, feeling
rather exhausted. A knock came to the door.

‘Come in,’ said I, and a household entered. She
had come to see if my fire wanted replenishing. I
asked her if it was near dinner-hour.

‘Not yet, ma’am,’ said Miss Gordon. Miss Gordon has not gone down
to the drawing-room yet.’

‘Is there company this evening?’

‘O no, ma’am—nobody but Mr Goad, and we
don't call him a stranger now; you know he's all as one, ma'am, as part of the family; and she smiled pleasantly.

'Has he dined here often lately?'

'Nearly every other day, ma'am,' replied the girl, looking at me in surprise. The fire was by this time stirred up, and fresh coal piled on, and having asked me if she should light the candles, which I said I did not want, the housemaid went away, leaving me there with the moonbeams playing on the carpet, and feeling as if the wintry desolation of outward things had crept into my heart too. Edward's description of home, my mother's cares, the domestic discomfort, all chilled me, while Mr Legrand's last words added to my unhappiness. It seemed to me that I was selfish in the extreme to hesitate about accepting this man, whose fortune might not only place myself in a distinguished position, but render my whole family independent and happy. What could I not do for them as the wife of so wealthy a man? But these reflections only added to my mental agony. Well do I remember that winter evening—Jane was later than usual in coming to sit with me after dinner, and when she did come, I was asleep. She awoke me passing her hand over my forehead.

'Dear Jessie, you must be perished here,' she said with some concern; 'you feel icy.'

'I fell asleep for a few minutes,' I said, raising my head. 'Light the candles, please.'

She lit them, and then I saw how well she looked dressed in a pale blue silk, her fair hair twined round her head in a shining crown of plaits. I dared not ask her about the guest who was below; I only dreaded that she would speak of herself. She did not, however, neither did she remain long in the room; she seemed a little excited, as though her thoughts were absent from what concerned me—but still she was in unattractive. When she left the room, I heard her singing snatches of a gay air while descending to the drawing-room. She did not return to me any more that night. Purcell made my tea, and I retired early to bed, as was my custom at that time. A few days after, Uncle Daubeney, Mrs Powell, and Miss Gordon went to pay a visit; they were not to return for a few days. They apologised to me for thus leaving me, but that was not necessary, as my state of health gave no grounds for apprehension of a relapse, and Purcell promised me every attention. I was glad to be left alone for a spell, and spent the time in reading and music, or in making copies of drawings. One day while I was sitting alone in the front drawing-room, a servant entered, and told me that a gentleman wished to see me.

'A gentleman? Who is he? Did he not send up his name?' I asked, feeling rather faint.

'No, ma'am; he gave no name: he is an old gentleman, ma'am.'

'Shew him up,' said I, with a feeling of relief, yet still disturbed in mind. Could it be Mr Horne?

After a short delay, the visitor appeared before me—a strangely withered man, of diminutive size, with scores of wrinkles seaming his face; his hair was white as snow, and very scanty; his garments were somewhat old-fashioned and rather shabby; but there was a look of authority in his small deep-set eye, and an air of consequence in his gait, that forbade the idea that he was any supplicant for aid. I arose as he entered, and made a slight courtesy; he remained standing for a few seconds in the centre of the room, regarding me with scrutiny.

'Are you Miss Keplepton?' he asked in a harsh strange voice, that I seemed to have heard before, either in a dream or long, long ago. It sounded like the rusty creaking of an old gate unused to being opened.

'Yes,' replied I, smiling as graciously as I could.

'I have heard of you, and I wanted to see you,' he continued in a business-like way, sitting down opposite to me. 'You are Colonel Daubeney's niece, and you live at Weston Cricket, in—shire; yes, I know. And now, will you tell me who it is that Mr Curzon Goad, of the —— dragon's, is going to marry in this house?'

'No one that I know of, I replied, colouring I am sure.

'The old man looked most comical.

'No one! and yet he is here nearly every day! That is mighty likely. No one!'

'I assure you I am not aware of his being about to marry anybody, here or elsewhere.'

'He isn't going to marry yourself, I suppose?' persisted the old man.

I shook my head decidedly, too much amused to feel annoyed.

'Then it must be Miss Gordon; yet if he had good taste, he would not have overlooked you—no, he would not; but perhaps you were too wise to encourage him, or perhaps you had not money enough for him; that's it, I suspect. Mr Goad can be prudent now and then; I have known him to be rational once or twice in his life.'

'You seem to be well acquainted with him,' said I, smiling in spite of myself.

'Yes, very well acquainted indeed. I have been intimate with him since he didn't know his alphabet, and could hardly ask for his bread and butter—long before he knew how to laugh at an old man, or make a fool of a young woman. Oh, I know a great deal about his character.'

'I hope it is a good one,' said I.

'Oh, not so very good either. I do not approve of young men or women who spend their money on vanity, waste their friends' money too, and then trust to making their fortune over again by marrying somebody that has got plenty of gold. I look upon it as dishonourable, because the man or woman that does so must tell lies; they must pretend to love the people they marry, when they don't care a farthing for them. No man ever yet said: 'My dear Mary, I am going to marry you because you are rich, and I want money to keep me out of jail!'; nor no woman ever said: 'I intend to marry you, Mr So-and-so, because I want to be rich, and have fine carriages and dresses, and would sell myself to any man for wealth.' Do you see that?' and the old man looked over at me with his sharp, wonderful eye. 'You haven't a fortune yourself. I speak truly. You young lady? No, your father was poor, and he ran off with your mother from Ripworth; I know all about that, and how the Daubenleys never took notice of him or her afterwards—kind people they were! But what in the world made Mortimer Daubeney, the worst of the lot, ask his poor niece here?'

This was getting too impertinent. I felt angry, and no doubt I looked so.

'Oh, never grow vexed at what a blunt old man of eighty says. Age gives privileges. Unless some marvellous good-fortune has happened lately to your family, you must be very poor. Now, you need not colour up so; it isn't your fault if you have little money. There's no harm in poverty—nothing at all to blush for.'

'My uncle, Colonel Daubeney, is from home,' said I with dignity, as a hint for my strange visitor to depart.

'I know that very well; if he was here, I wouldn't come. Do you know who I am?'

'No; I have not that pleasure.'

'Well, answer me one more question. Do the people here think that Curzon Goad will get all his uncle's property?'

'I believe that is the general impression.'

'And it makes the young fellow of great consequence, no doubt; pulls him up with what I hate above all things—pride. You have heard of the old niggard—the whimsical, tyrannical, old Birmingham Newdegate!'
I have heard of Mr Newdegate of Harkelow, certainly.

'And now you see him,' said the old man, leaning his elbows on the table as he bent over to look more closely at me. 'I am Birmingham Newdegate.'

'Indeed!' said I, getting good-humoured again, and feeling much safer. 'Yes, most truly. No doubt you have heard the name often enough.'

'I have heard of you, of course, from Mr Legrand and Mr Goad.'

'From nobody else?' he asked with a keen look.

'I have heard you occasionally spoken of at Ripworth.'

'Nowhere else?'

'Certainly not.'

'Do you mean to say you have never heard the name of Newdegate spoken of with abhorrence; that nobody has cursed it as belonging to a knife and a rascal?'

I replied in the affirmative, feeling rather alarmed for my companion's senses, assuring him that I had never heard of him except as Mr Goad's uncle.

'Great God, how strange!' he murmured, his face twitching curiously. 'Look here,' he said, drawing from his pocket a small packet, and putting it in mine, 'I type for you to get rid of me everywhere now. Do not be alarmed: women are always such cowards. But I have a great dread of anything; I trust in you.'

'You are quite right,' said I, feeling a mortal fear.

'A pistol, however, can give no security against poison. You see I am completely at the mercy of hirings. I am a lonely old man, no wife, no daughter—ah! if I had a daughter like you, or a granddaughter! he murmured as if to himself. 'I wish Curzon would marry you. I don't like the description Mr Goad gives me of Miss Gordon. But I see you want to get rid of me. Let me give you a little advice before I go. If you are proud, learn humility; if it ever happens that you are a wealthy woman, be careful to use your riches well. I saw you once before, and I will never see you again. I am glad you have heard so little of me. Good-day, young lady. Don't ring; I'll let you out. I seat in a hired carriage, and it waits for me outside the east gate. Nobody here knows me; and I wish you not to mention to any one that I paid you this visit; I have had my own reasons for it.'

He gave me his hand with a brisk air, leaving me very much surprised indeed. Yet I thought his visit did me good: it roused me from my low nervous state. I wrote to my mother that day, asking her to tell me plainly all that Mr Horne had said of Curzon Goad's misdeemours. I also wrote to Edward; and the day being unpleasant, though cold, I walked out in the grounds. Next day, Colonel Daubeny and Jane returned to Ripworth, bringing with them some young lady friends for the Christmas. My boy-cousins also arrived for vacation. The house was full, and I felt almost as well as ever. Mr Legrand was in London, and Curzon Goad there also. Their absence pleased me. We had pleasant drives every day, in spite of the cold weather, and I was flattered at the compliments the Misses Caufield, Jane's friends, frequently paid me. They were innocent, light-hearted girls, free from any envy or malice.

'Will you stay for Jane's wedding?' asked the younger one when we were alone one day.

The question made my heart sink.

'I don't know,' I replied. 'She will not be married for some time, I suppose.'

'I thought it was to be immediately,' said Mary Caufield; she had asked us to return early next month for the wedding.'

I made no reply. It was evident that Jane was more confidential with these friends than she was with me: I dared not question her relative to her marriage; I did not like to think of it.

The time came when I was formally told of it. Jane herself was my informant; she seemed very happy, too happy, perhaps, to notice how pale I grew when I heard the news. Pardon me, I may seem to say that I cried all that night instead of sleeping. Never had I felt more wretched. There had been moments when I thought Curzon Goad had transferred his attentions from Miss Gordon to myself—moments when I dared to hope he regarded me with more than a passing admiration—but now, that was all over. For some hours, my neuralgic intense; it subsided into a dreary calm. But I was determined not to be vanquished. I entered into the Christmas gaieties of the neighbourhood with an affection of spirit rather overdrawn.

'Do you really enjoy dancing so much as you seem to do?' asked Miss Milner one evening, at Lady Vignolles'. 'Excuse me, but I should imagine you were capable of appreciating something deeper, more serious, than a constant round of gaiety.'

'I fear you are too kind,' I replied. 'I am a sad creature of frivolity.'

'Well, my dear girl, perhaps it is as well for you to enjoy yourself now; the time will come when a scene like this to-night may be rather painful than pleasant.'

Little did she know how painful it was for me at that moment. Miss Milner was of a literary turn of mind, a little eccentric, but most benevolent. She often told me of the quiet secluded life she led at her own residence in — — ; she evidently wished to inspire me with a love of peace and solitude. But she argued in vain. Nothing at present would have pleased me more than to rush into a whirlpool of London gaiety, where I might sit and think. And certainly we did not think.

The time of real trial came when Mr Goad was expected at Ripworth, in the character of fiancé. I tried to meet him with something of warmth in my manner, yet I could not help thinking that he was cold to myself. He did not appear in very high spirits certainly: his attentions to Jane were quiet, and I was glad to perceive that he seemed to have lost the careless levity that had often characterised his conversation. Something of the old boyish look, long ago, was in the expression of his face now. I wondered how the marriage had sobered him. There was no company at Ripworth at this time; the Caufields had gone away, and the house was quiet. Jane used to ask me to accompany her and her betrothed in their walks, but I often declined going—partly because I felt I must only be de trop—partly because it gave me no pleasure.

One day news came that old Mr Newdegate was very ill, and Mr Goad hurried at once to Harkelow. The messenger who brought these tidings also stated that a telegraphic message had been sent to London for Mr Legrand, according to the sick man's wish. There was a good deal of excitement at Ripworth. People scarcely pretended to be sorry that Mr Newdegate was likely to depart this life; even the servants speculated on the destination of his large property, as if he were already dead. Young as I was to the world, I felt considerably shocked at the way the old man was spoken of. Curzon Goad alone looked concerned when he heard of his illness. He did not return for many days to Ripworth, but messengers were despatched from him every day stating how affairs went. Mr Legrand had arrived specially at Harkelow, and was reported to be in constant attendance at the sick-bed. A week elapsed, and then the finale—Mr Newdegate was dead. I could not help remarking how red, and then pale, his face grew when he heard the news. He caught my eye as I watched him, and I thought he seemed confused.

'Will you tell Jane of his death?' said Mrs Powell.
‘Yes, of course. Poor old man, he had a long life, I think I shall ride over to Harklowe to-day.’

‘You had better. It is as well to know quickly how he has settled his affairs.’

‘Legrand has been very kind to him; such attention speaks well for him.’

‘He is generally kind to the rich,’ observed Mrs Powell quietly.

‘Legrand is an honourable man,’ said my uncle emphatically, looking at me. I said nothing; my thoughts were principally occupied with the strange visit Mr Newdegate had paid me so short a time ago. Weird and unearthly as he looked then, I might have almost fancied it was his wrath which had appeared to me. Why had the old man, who rarely left his own house, taken the trouble of driving secretly seven miles to see me?

My uncle went to Harklowe in the afternoon, and did not return till the funeral was over. When he came, he brought strange news. The will had been read, and with the exception of a few trifling legacies, the largest of which was seven thousand pounds, bequeathed to Curzon Goad, the whole of Mr Newdegate’s large property was left to Mr Legrand!

Judging from the time when he heard this intelligence; Mrs Powell burst into a fury, abusing the dead man and Mr Legrand with vehemence; she even went so far as to hire him at any price, but here my uncle stopped her. He was agitated too, but not unpleasantly so. I could not help fancying that he did not grudge Mr Legrand his good-fortune.

‘I know Legrand will act upon what he said; he has promised as much. The worst of it is, young Goad seems hurt about the will, and refuses any offer of an addition to his legacy. He seems to consider that his uncle was unduly ill.’

‘He is right,’ said Mrs Powell. ‘I have never heard of anything more treacherous.’

‘It is certainly curious that Mr Legrand had been left so much,’ observed I.

‘Pshaw!’ said my uncle contemptuously. ‘What do girls of your age know of such affairs?’

I was startled at being thus addressed. The tone of Colonel Daubeny’s voice, and his expression of face, were unlike anything I had ever heard or seen of him before. I felt offended, although allowances might certainly be made for the perturbation of his mind at this crisis. I pitied Jane very much, for her disappointment must have been great, although her own fortune was considerable. As to Mr Goad, I could not help thinking he did not deserve his uncle’s property. The way I had heard him mentioned by the old man, and Mr Horne’s account of him latterly, gave me no reason to think that he was to be Mr Newdegate’s sole heir. At first, everybody pitied Curzon, but after a little time, opinions changed. Remours were afloat that he and his uncle had many unhappy disputes latterly. Mr Newdegate’s confidential lawyer hinted that Mr Goad’s conduct had not altogether been what it should have been. The steward at Harklowe shook his head solemnly, murmuring that he wished to say nothing, thereby leaving it to be understood that there was a good deal of an unpleasant nature to speak of, if he had so willed. Jane remained in her room for several days, saying she had a cold; and Mr Goad came pretty often to Ripworth, though his visits seemed chiefly on business. I was told by a housemaid that he and Mr Legrand had walked hand in hand, although the latter was acting in every way like the most honourable of gentlemen. All the servants at Harklowe were loud in their praises of him. The house at Ripworth was very gloomy and unfilled, and even the air, and was often quite rude to myself. A great change had certainly taken place in his demeanour towards me. I began to think seriously of going home. One evening, while sitting alone in the library, I was surprised by Mr Goad entering. He looked paler than ever, and much agitated.

‘I have come to say good-by, Miss Keppleton,’ he said approaching me. ‘I leave Ripworth at once, perhaps never to return.’

‘How? What has happened?’

‘You remember my telling you, some months ago, that I was a fettered man? Now I am free. Colonel Daubeny has informed me that, from prudential motives, he cannot encourage me to think further of marrying Miss Gordon. The lady herself agrees with him, and of course I resign all pretensions to her hand. It is scarcely six weeks since he asked me formally if I intended to propose for Miss Gordon, letting me understand that I had engaged her affections irrecoverably.’

A slight smile curled his lip as he spoke this last sentence.

‘Affairs have changed since that time,’ he continued; ‘I am only a poor man now, instead of the heir of a wealthy uncle, and so my lady-love gives me up.’

‘Miss Gordon, no doubt, follows Colonel Daubeny’s advice,’ said I.

‘She is nearly of age; surely she could judge for herself; but perhaps she is right. Indeed, I never thought she really cared for me till the colonel told me so. We had a flirtation certainly, and it was possible that she might have loved me but my attentions were more serious than was really the case.’

‘Did you really not love her?’ I asked in surprise.

‘I believe she loved me,’ was his reply.

‘But how could you think of marrying a person you did not care for?’ I asked rather indignantly.

‘It is often done. I wanted money. I was in difficulties, and this heiress encouraged me. I delayed proposing till called to account by the colonel, and then I offered myself, and was accepted. Now I am rejected, and I feel relief.’

This sounded very like pique. I felt a little annoyed, for Jane’s sake.

‘And so you leave Ripworth this evening?’ I said.

‘Yes; as soon as this interview closes. Pardon me, if I ask you one question: Are you engaged to Lucien Legrand?’

‘Engaged? No.’

‘But you will be. Nevertheless, I will say to you what I think of him: he is a scoundrel of the blackest dye, to be matched in villainy by few who will escape the gallows.’

Perhaps you wrong him. Mr Newdegate had strange fancies, had he not?’

Strange things were told him, I have no doubt. There is one thing that particularly surprises me. My uncle, a few weeks before his death, told me himself that he had a bundle of papers in his desk which he wished me to read as soon as he died, and he even showed them to me tied up with tape. Now these papers are altogether missing, though he said they were of the utmost importance to many people.’

‘That is strange; but perhaps they were lost in the confusion of looking for the will.’

‘The will was in the lawyer’s hands, and there were scarcely any papers but those I allude to. Mr Newdegate burned all his letters before his illness.’

There was a short time of silence now, during which I felt puzzled to know what to say.

‘Do not imagine that I considered I was at all entitled to my uncle’s property; from many things he said to myself, I concluded he never meant me to be his sole heir; but I cannot help regretting that he should have been led to regard me with less affection than formerly by persons whom I thought were friends rather than enemies,’ continued the young man rather bitterly. ‘However, it is all over now. I have still a confession to make, and as you are not yet engaged to Mr Legrand, you will pardon me for it. Miss Keppleton, may I speak further?’
I become wildly nervous. Was he about to make me a declaration of love? Yes. He told me, in a hurried, agitated way, that he had admired me since he first saw me in the 'Lady's Rock.' In fact, if no war were not introduced till a subsequent meeting at Ripworth. He seemed to speak without entertaining a hope that my sentiments could be favourable to him.

... He was away on business for ever from this part of the world,' he said, 'yet I must still open my heart to you. As the wife of Lucien Legrand, from hence-forth you must be a stranger to me. He and I will never speak again. He is my enemy.'

'I will never marry Mr Legrand,' I said firmly, gaining courage from his agitation. 'Were he to propose to-morrow, I would reject him.'

'And yet every one has told me that you were sure to marry him. Thank God that you will escape such a doom! One question more—May I write to you?'

He gave me his hand as he spoke, and I murmured a faint, 'Yes.' In a moment, he was gone.

THE LAND'S END.

That time is now fast drawing nigh, at which all London—by the exception of some two million of its inhabitants, whose poverty forbids—they flee from the great oven of brick and mortar, the walls that wink with heat, the stones that burn the foot-soles, and pant for the delicious breeze that steals between them and the scene of their late toils, as though it were a dune; some, of a scientific turn, descend coal-mines; others climb mountains, previously supposed to be inaccessible except to the chamois. 'Away, away, and as far as possible,' is the universal cry. Under these circumstances, we know no better place to which to betake one's self than the Land's End.

French treaties, church-rates, and all other causes which set our political Cassandras prophesying—may we never see the end of Englishmen in; we rather seem to betake ourselves to a monastery change from the Strand, W.C., can there be than the Strand, West Cornwall, or from the tide of men that flows and ebbs in that great thoroughfare twice a day, to the surging sea? At the Land's End, says the great prose poet of England, speaking of Turner's picture of that wondrous spot, 'there is to be seen the entire disorder of the universe, when every one of them, divided and entangled among promontories as it rolls, and beaten back post by post from walls of rock on this side and on that side, recoils, like the defeated division of a great army, thrown all behind it in disorder, breaking up the succeeding waves into vertical ridges, which, in their turn, yet more totally shattered upon this shore, retire in more hopeless confusion, until the whole surface of the sea becomes one dizzy whirl of rushing, writhing, tortured, undirected rage, bounding, and crashing, and coiling in an anarchy of enormous power, subdivided into myriads of waves, of which every one is not, be it remembered, a separate surge, but part and portion of a vast one, acteduate by eternal power, and giving in every direction the mighty undulation of impetuous line, which glides over the rocks and writhe in the wind, overwhelming the one, and piercing the other with the form, fury, and fleetness of a sheet of lambent fire. The whole of that West Cornwall coast, indeed, exhibits the grandest coast-scenes that England has to offer. Weird rocks, jutting out to sea from cliffs of granite, or isleamid amid the tossing foam, which, looked at from a hundred points of view, present from each a different shape, but all grotesque and strange: the "Armed Knight" (An Marogeth Arvowed, as Cornishmen say) and his "island with soil upon it" (Enys Dodnan); that called the "Irish Lady," so strangely like a giant female figure—and a real archipelago of others. When tradition (as rarely happens) fails to invent these rocks with some awful interest, a shipwreck is seldom wanting to hallow the spot with more real and recent terrors. Upon that 'Lady's Rock' for instance, if no foul weather or protection (not petrification), escaping from some Cornish giant, an Irish female passenger was certainly seen clinging, when all the rest of the ship's company had perished in the waves; nay, even now is seen by some men on moonless nights, and with a rose (which one would think should be a shamrock, but that perhaps she has had enough of real rocks) in her mouth, as many a fisherman's prepared to testify.

Mr Blight, from whose 'Week at the Land's End' we derive much of our information, narrates a story of shipwreck, not traditional, alas! but to-day and yesterday; for the spars of many a goodly fleet have crashed and splintered against that iron-bound coast, and will do so, so long as the north-west winds shall blow. Into the very Laza Den cavern—for the cliffs are tunnelled by the ceaseless wave as by an anger—a vessel was driven some years ago, with twenty-five men in it, of whom only four were saved. 'Two were found in one of the each other's arms, and were said to have been friends who had passed through many dangers together; during the war, they had been imprisoned in France and in company effecting their escape. As they were found, so were they laid together under the turf on the cliff. One poor fellow was discovered beneath a great boulder, which the sea had thrown up and lodged standing on its end on a ledge in the face of the cliff, thirty feet above high-water mark.'

On the Brimstone Rocks—which stand, some sixty feet high, a mile to the south-west of Cape Cornwall—a melancholy wreck took place some ten years back, when the sea was so furious that nothing could approach the poor creature upon them, who last all swept off, save one, after remaining for two days, in the sight of hundreds of people. That one—the captain—was rescued, at great personal risk, by the Cornishmen, whose fearless conduct on such occasions cannot be exceeded. And, indeed, without great courage, they could never prosecute, on such a coast, their profession as fishermen. It is a fine sight upon a summer evening, to look down on a fleet of sixty or seventy boats, creeping away with their rich brown sails, out for the night's fishing. Sails, and if gillards are to be caught, three out of every four, the one being fastened to the bow, are thrown overboard in the dusk of the evening, and left to float with the tide: no sail is set, except during very calm weather, to prevent the nets being folded together. The fish are not enclosed in a circle, but are caught in the net, which being large enough to admit their heads, detains them by the gills when attempting to draw themselves back. By this mode of fishing, from five to ten thousand is considered a moderate catch for one night; as many as twenty thousand are sometimes taken. In 1851, there was a most extraordinary catch at St Ives; one net alone was supposed to contain 16,500,000, or 5500 hogheads, weighing 1100 tons. The probable value was £11,000, reckoning them at the usual rate of £2 per hoghead, before deducting expense of curing.' But there is a reverse side to this picture of prosperity; and sometimes when the sudden gale comes on, even the usual device of constructing a roll of all the loose spars and timber on board, and putting it out at the bow, to prevent the waves from filling the fishing-boat, is unavailing, and the wives and children at home are left desolate and forgotten. It is however, rare, and the Cornish boats ride out tempests which is larger vessels perish. Nor was it long since a...
crew of five men undertook a voyage to Australia in one of them, which they safely and rapidly performed, taking the mail from the Cape of Good Hope.

Grand and solemn as is the Cornish coast-line, and abounding in marvellous incident and ancient legend, the inland sights are not less interesting and peculiar to that region. In one spot, one finds the ruins of some ancient amphitheatre—Planaguarzes, 'places of amusement,' as they were called,—more than a hundred feet in diameter, and with six rows of seats running round the sides; in another, one comes upon enormous cairns, bright with moss and lichen, but almost as ancient as the earth itself; in another, upon Druidical circles, where rites which make one shudder to think upon have been performed ages ago, under the same warm sun and summer sky. Near these, perhaps, will be still found the fir-club moss, that by the Druids was held in equal reverence with the mistletoe. It was not to be touched or cut with iron, which was considered too base a metal; nor was the bare hand thought worthy of that honour, but a peculiar vesture or sages applied by means of the right hand. The vesture must have been holy, and taken of some sacred sacred person, and fungisition with it was thought good for the eyes. Altogether, a good deal of this was made in Cornwall about fir-club moss.

In another place, and, indeed, almost everywhere in this locality, one meets with enormous Logan (that is, logging) stones at the top of some eminence, rocking with an oak's touch, and poised as it were upon a pebble. The Logan Rock, which the foolish lieutenant and his men knocked down, and were compelled by the Admiralty to set up again in the same delicate position—a feat which, for 'all the king's horses and all the king's men,' would seem as impossible as the restoration of Humpty Dumpty—weighs between sixty and seventy tons. This rocking-stone is supposed by some antiquaries to have been used by the Druids as a means of communication with the people, as possessing the peculiar virtue of testing the guilt or innocence of persons accused of crime.

It moves obsequiously to the gentlest touch Of him whose breast is pure; but to a traitor, Though even a giant's prowess served his arm, It stands as fixed as Snowdon.

The rock-basins, rounded hollows on the surface of granite rocks on the same pile, are also pointed out as showing that the Druids had some connection with the spot. Dr Borlase imagined that the rain and snow water caught in these vessels was used for lustration and purification; and that by the quantity, colour, motion, and other appearances, the priests judged of future events and dubious cases. These basins may be seen on almost all the high granite cliffs in Cornwall.

The harvest customs of this out-of-the-world county—which, however, in these railway-days, is the main producer of the early vegetables sold in London, and to itself. The labourers erect 'windmows,' formed of sheaves built up in the fields into regular solid cones, about twenty feet high, the heads of the stalks turned inward, and the top capped by a sheaf of reed or corn inverted. Again, walking through the fields during the close of harvest, a stranger is surprised to hear loud shouts, and to see the reapers wagging their hands while one holds up a handful of wheat—the last handful of the harvest. This is called 'cutting the neck.' In ancient days, the neck was interwoven with flowers, and dedicated to the goddess of harvest. The simple legends that hang around this district are in harmony with its antiquity and homeliness. The chad is by the fishermen called chuck-cheed (that is, choke-child), upon the authority of no less a person than St Levan. It is recorded of that holy man, that he caught only one fish per diem, which served for his sustenance—and if it had always been a salmon, he would not need to have been pitied upon that account; but it was sometimes not a salmon. While dwelling among them, he is surprised by an unexpected visit from his sister and her child. To entertain them, he proceeds to his fishing-station, throws out the line, and presently draws up a fish—a chad. As he had visitors, this was not considered dainty enough; so it is thrown back into the water. A second time is the line cast forth, and behold the same fish is caught. It is again thrown into the sea. And now the saint changed his position to another rock, and threw the line still further out. Lo, what is his surprise when the same fish again presents itself? Then the saint thought the hand of Providence was concerned in the matter, and he bore his catch away. It is cooked and placed before the guests, but, sad to relate, the child was choked by the first mouthful. The man much grieved, and repented that he had given way to the temptation of the fish, which, he now doubted not, was possessed by an evil spirit. Yet he believed if he had been content with it the first time, the melancholy accident would not have happened, but that it was a punishment for not accepting gratefully what Providence had appointed for him. And from that time, the fishermen in that locality have called the chad 'chuck-cheed.' One would like to have heard such stories as these in their original Cornish, with a running translation; but except in the names of persons and places, the ancient language is quite lost. Old Dolly Pentreath, of Mousehole, who died in 1778, at the age of 102, was said to have been the last who conversed in Cornish; and a granite obelisk was set up to her memory in St Paul's, by Prince Ludovik Bonaparte, while engaged in his study of the dialects of England.

The most interesting spot, of course, of all the county is the Land's End itself, to the antiquary, to the geologist, to the admirer of nature, and to the mere seeker of excitement, who regards with awe the steep smooth turf—with a precipice at the end of it—down which the two dragons rode in safety, and up which, in endeavouring to ride there, a third thus came to grief. 'I had not proceeded far, when my mare, a very spirited animal, became unruly, in consequence of the girhals of the saddle slipping back, and she began to kick and plunge, inclining to the precipice upon the right. Although in imminent danger, I did not, happily, lose my presence of mind, and I threw myself off when not more than four feet from the edge of the cliff. Mine was a hassar-saddle, and the bridle having a whirp at the end of it, I threw it over the horse's head, and was able to keep hold of it, and to check her, so as to prevent her kicking me. When she turned with her back to the cliff, I let her go, and she fell down, and was dashed to pieces, leaving me on the ground close to the edge of the cliff. A person went down in a basket, and brought up the shattered saddle and bridle, which a saddle at Penzance begged me to give him, that he might hang it at the door of his shop.' The mark of the horse's feet has been for a long time after kept cleared out and shown to visitors.

But the chief interest of this awful spot to the lover of poetry and legend is the Land of Lynness, where:

All day long the noise of battle rolled Among the mountains, by the winter sea, Till all King Arthur's table, man by man, had fallen

Around their lord, King Arthur.

It lies immediately beneath, and once, it is said,
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connected this promontory with the Scilly Isles, nearly thirty miles away. The period at which such a great inundation occurred must have been very remote indeed, and the tradition hangs over the sea like a mist that can not be grappled nor penetrated.

We are to believe that it was a fair and beautiful land, possessing no less than one hundred and forty churches, all by one terrible convulsion swept away for ever. Fishermen, in recent times, are reported to have brought up doors and windows from the submerged territory: and the Trevilian family bear for their arms a horse issuing out of the sea, in memory of one of their ancestors, who swam on shore on horseback during the inundation.

Surely a district haunted by such traditions as these is well worth visiting; and we have to thank Mr Bight for having placed before us its advantages so pleasantly.

VOLCANOES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Sublime and terrible as many of the operations of nature are, there is probably none of them which can at any time, for grandeur and awful magnificence, with the phenomena presented by a burning mountain in full eruption. The tremendous roaring of the volcano—particularly the lurid flame-like glare reflected on the vapours above the crater from the lava contained within its depths—the casting forth of huge rocks, often to a distance of many miles, by the explosive power of confined gases—the showers of ashes, and consequent darkness, with vivid flashes of lightning ever illuminating the gloom—and, finally, the outpouring of a vast river of molten rock, often several hundred feet broad and many miles in length: all combine to render such a spectacle the most sublime and terrible ever presented to the gaze of man, and which, once beheld, can never be erased from the memory of the spectator. Terrible as are the consequences sometimes resulting from these occurrences, we are yet not to regard them as being agencies established and brought into operation with a view to destruction, but rather as one link in the chain of reformatory and conservative agencies by which the ultimate stability of the system of our world is maintained; reformatory, inasmuch as they partly compensate for the formation of land for that which is lost by the destructive action of running water; and conservative, inasmuch as they act to a certain degree as safety-valves for the escape of subterranean heat and gases generated beneath the earth's surface, which would otherwise produce results less awful and terrible, no doubt, to the view of the spectator, but far more disastrous to mankind. The relation between earthquakes and volcanoes is of a very intimate nature; and it is always observed in countries liable to these visitations, that the earthquakes are more severe and continuous before the eruption, and that when the subterranean forces find relief by a volcanic vent, the earthquake shocks decrease, or even cease altogether; hence the inhabitants of such districts, if earthquake shocks have been numerous for some time, always hail with joy the outbreak of an eruption, as the earthquake is by far the more destructive agent.

There are remarkable differences between volcanoes as regards the periods of their activity and repose, and also the nature of the matters ejected by them. Some are always in a state of activity, as in Europe, Stromboli, and in South America, the volcano of Nicaragua; others, again, are only occasionally in a state of eruption, having intermediate periods of quietude, and emit gases and vapours only. Some, again, as in the island of Java, pour out merely mud and water; while others have never, within the records of man, been known to emit anything except gases, as the volcanoes of Quito. Etna has been in a state of activity, and occasionally of eruption, since the period of the earliest writings of antiquity, having been mentioned by many ancient authors. The same may be said of Vesuvius, which, according to Pliny, the first recorded eruption took place at the close of 79 a.p., in which that distinguished historian lost his life. During this period, however, the volcanoes of Iaschia, an island forming one of the arms of the Bay of Naples, were in full activity; while, on the Vesuvian vent being again opened, these volcanoes remained inactive for a period of seventeen centuries. These, and the other volcanoes near Naples, belong to the same volcanic district; and it is possible, although no direct communication exists between them, yet the eruption of the one acts as a safety-valve to the forces of the other.

It would seem also that, previous to a volcano becoming extinct, it ceases to pour out lava, and evolves gases only during the later periods of its existence. This appears to have been the case in the extinct volcanoes of the Eifel in Germany. The sides of the vents bear no marks of having been subjected to the effects of heat, though evidently much torn by the gaseous explosions, which may have removed those portions of rock which bore the marks of the outpouring of lava. It is possible, also, that some of the South American volcanoes, as those of Quito, which do not now pour out lava, may be in a process of extinction, and that before this chain appears to have become extinct, no signs of activity having been manifested by them, nor any earthquakes having occurred in their districts, since the discovery of the country. This, however, having taken place only about three centuries ago, would not afford us any very determinate data from which to infer the extinction of these volcanoes, judging merely from their quiescence during this lapse of time, since it appears that the cheilinic volcanoes, as mentioned above, resumed their activity after having slumbered for about seventeen centuries. However, there were other vents open during that period in the same district, and earthquakes also of frequent occurrence, so that it was evident that the volcanic agency had not deserted the district; whereas, in the districts of the South American chain, in which the craters seem to be in repose, the quiescence, as far as we know, appears to be complete. These districts of apparently extinct volcanoes in the Andes are, first, that comprised between latitude 30° and 21° south, on both sides of which is found an active district, one extending at least thirteen degrees southwards to the island of Chiloé, and the other extending six degrees northwards through Bolivia and Southern Peru. Next comes another quiescent district, comprising fourteen degrees of latitude, till we arrive at Quito, which is the commencement of a short chain of active volcanoes extending about three degrees northwards, and crossed by the equator. Another quiescent district comprising six degrees succeeds, and we then arrive at the volcanoes of Central America and Mexico, in which some eruptions on a very moderate scale have taken place since the discovery of the country.

To what changes in the interior of the earth may be owing the extinction of the volcanoes of any particular region, is not known. Many tests have been made to discover whether such changes have occurred from remote periods of the earth's history; that volcanoes have broken out in regions where they have hitherto been in repose, and after having continued in a state of activity, of after intermediate activity and rest, for a long course of ages, have again become extinct, and have shown no tendency
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...chain continued through the Aleutian archipelago— that remarkable series of islands which extends quite across the northern portion of the Pacific Ocean, like a succession of stepping-stones from Asia to America, and by means of which, in all probability, America most remarkable received its earliest inhabitants. In these islands, eruptions are frequent, and new islands are occasionally formed by submarine eruptions, as was the case in 1796. Indeed, were it not that these islands have partaken of the subsidence which has long been going on in the bed of the Pacific Ocean, they would even now form a volcanic mountain-chain from America to Asia.

When we again arrive on the continent, we find the line of volcanic action still continued through the southern extremity of the great peninsula of Kamchatka, where there are several active volcanoes, one reaching a height of 15,000 feet. In these frigid regions, the lava often, as in Iceland, has to burst through a barrier of ice and snow, which for a time, by its vast cooling power, retards its progress, while torrents of hot water pour down the mountain's sides, and volumes of steam ascend to the skies. However, the lava generally prevails; and then its accumulated torrent pours with redoubled force.

After leaving this peninsula, the chain of volcanoes again becomes insular, being continued southwards through the Kurile Islands to the Japanese empire, where it turns towards the south-west, following the direction of the Japanese Islands, active volcanoes being found in Jesso and Niigata. Through the islands of Loo-choo and Formosa, it continues southwards into the Philippine, and then into the Molucca Islands, where it divides into two branches, one of which passes eastwards, through Nias and Celebes, and the other through the Andaman and some other small islands in the Bay of Bengal, thus following the outline of the coast of the continent, or, perhaps more correctly speaking, following the outline of the Indian Ocean, as it had previously done that of the Pacific.

In Java, the linear arrangement of volcanoes is very well marked, the whole island being, in fact, but one continued range of vents from end to end, and containing no less than forty-six separate mountains all active. Yet it is remarkable that the Java volcanoes seldom emit lava, but vast quantities of boiling water, like the Geyser's in Iceland, except that in Java a large amount of earth is mixed with the water, thus constituting rivers of mud, which pour down the mountain-sides instead of lava. They are also remarkable for emitting vast quantities of sulphur, or even sulphuric acid, which in one place strongly impregnates a whole lake, out of which a river of acid water flows, which destroys every living creature within the range of its influence, even to a considerable distance from the spot where it falls into the sea. In the gaseous emanations proceeding from some of the hollow extinct craters of this island, we find a scientific solution of the wondrous tales of the upas or poison tree of Java—tales formerly universally discredited by the scientific world, in consequence of the omission, by both the travellers who narrated what they had seen, and by the auditors who heard their accounts, of a distinct separation of the facts observed; and the theory, which these facts were accounted for. Bringing accounts of the deadly upas-tree as an observed fact, whereas it was in reality only the popular means of accounting for certain observed facts, the traveller's own account being whole story into discredit; and, on the other hand, scientific men, rejecting the account of the Valley of...
Death, on account of the story of the upas-tree, fell into the opposite error of refusing assent to facts very satisfactorily attested. There are, indeed, valleys of death in Java, the said valleys being extinct craters, filled with gaseous volcanic emanations, in which, of course, no living creature can continue to exist; one of these craters is called Cuevo Upas, or the Valley of Poison, and is about 1,000 feet in circumference, and filled with the bones of tigers and other animals, including birds which have dropped dead in attempting to fly over the valley, and even men, who have penetrated 600 feet, and have been overwhelmed by the deadly carbonic acid gas with which the crater is filled, before they could retrace their steps. The bones of these victims alone remain, the soft parts having decayed, and the valley presents the appearance of that mentioned in Ezekiel's vision. In another crater this is reversed; for, as sulphurous acid is the gas which fills it, the bones of all the animals falling dead in it are corroded and destroyed, while the soft parts, as the skin, hair, and muscles, are preserved, being unaffected by this gas, and by it preserved from the usual decomposing effect of the oxygen of the air.

One of the most remarkable instances on record of what is called the truncation of a volcanic cone, occurred in one of the volcanoes of Java, named Papandayang, in the year 1772. By the truncation of a volcanic cone, is meant the actual falling in of the summit of a mountain, owing to its being undermined by the violence of an eruption tearing away too much of the bowels and side-walls of the mountain. During the eruption allied to this, the phenomena took place; half the ground giving way with such rapidity, that the inhabitants of the upper parts of the mountain had not even time to save themselves by flight. No less than forty villages were engulfed, and about 30,000 persons perished. The extent of the district which went down was as much as 15 miles long by 6 broad, and the height of the cone was reduced from 9000 to 5000 feet.

Vesuvius also appears to have suffered more than once from the same cause, though this is inferred from the appearance of the mountain, and not from any direct statement of authors regarding it, as the evidence gleaned from classical writers on the subject is purely circumstantial. The remains of an ancient crater, which must have been three miles in diameter, are very evident, the ridge formed by the crater wall, which on one side still exists, being known as Monte Somma. That this vast hollow must have been formed by the truncation of a very ancient and lofty peak, is almost certain, since so large a vent would otherwise be quite out of proportion with a volcano comparatively so small; but this truncation must have occurred in times quite beyond historic records, or even traditional accounts, for not a trace of mention of it is found in any author. This crater, however, was perfect within historic times, though a portion of its wall, or the seaward side, is now destroyed. This is known from the description of the figure of the mountain as given by Strabo the geographer, and also from the account given by historians of the insurrection of the gladiators under Spartacus, 72 B.C.; for we read that that chief encamped his forces in the hollow of the crater, which was accessible only by a single narrow entrance, and that the pretor Clodius—who afterwards, through the eloquence of Cicero, attained such an unenviable posthumous reputation on account of his attack on Milo—leaving his soldiers by ladders over the steep precipices of the crater, while he kept the single outlet strongly guarded, cut off the gladiators to a man. From this account it is evident that a second truncation must have occurred subsequent to this date, for a large part of the crater is now gone, and only a low ridge, known as the Pedementina, remains on the seaward side of the old crater, instead of the former wall. On the other three sides, the old crater is still perfect. It has been supposed that this second truncation occurred in the great eruption which took place 79 A.D., in which the elder Pliny lost his life.

This mountain, Vesuvius, along with the other Italian volcanoes, is considered to belong to a vast chain extending from China to the Azores, running through Tartary and Central Asia to the Caucasus, Syria, and Asia Minor, and thence through Greece and Italy to Southern Spain, Portugal, and so to the Azores. It will thus be seen that this chain, for such we may consider it, unconnected though some of its links may be, runs much more inland than that above mentioned as surrounding the Pacific Ocean, and is accordingly considered to bear strongly on the question, which we shall subsequently mention, of volcanoes owing their existence to chemical action, generated by sea-water; indeed, some of these volcanoes are distant from the sea no less than 200 geographical miles, so that the validity of such hypothesis may well be called in question. In a district known as the Field of Fire, on the western shores of the Caspian, which continually emits inflammable gas, and the mud volcanoes of that district also belong to the same grand volcanic system, whose forces are often mentioned in profane history as having manifested themselves in the form of earthquakes—as, for instance, in the earthquake by which the renowned Colossus of Rhodes was thrown down 128 years after its erection.

TO A SKYLAKE.

Sir, for the morn is near, is near!
Up in the gray cloud sing and soar!
O'er the fields: 'The day is here!'
Call to the flowers: 'The night is o'er.'

Up in the gray cloud, ere it steep
Its feeces in the golden sky—
What sun has stolen upon thy sleep?
What morning missed thy songs on high?

All night thy dappled bosom prest
The wild-thyme in some mossy nook,
Where the long grass above thy rest
Its penonned lances bravely shook.

Didst thou not then look up to see
Who filled thy roof with silver light,
And hung with jewels over thee
The sapphire curtains of the night?

Yea—and thy heart was loud with love,
That He, their maker, so could bow,
And from those splendid heavens above,
Watch o'er so slight a thing as thou.

But when the starsry hem of night
Low in the east began to burn,
And darkness took its dusky flight
Before the golden shafts of morn,

Thy wings shook off the summer dew,
And beat with joy the morning gale,
Till faint thy flying music grew
O'er buoyk wood and blossomed vale.

W. M.
THE VILLAGE SHOP.

The little huckster's shop, the general shop, in fact, the Shop, is as completely an institution of the genuine English village as the Forge, the Hall, the Parsonage, or the Church. It answers to the Oriental bazaar in being at once the great reservoir and exchange of parochial gossip, and the place where everything can be bought, and where, in default of other marts, everything must be bought. The Shop contains all wares, from a reel of cotton to a pound of small-shot, and numbers among its customers everybody, from the esquire to the travelling tinker. Even if you live at the Hall or the Manor-house, with a store-room amply replenished, a larder well victualled, and no lack of servants, horses, and carriages, to facilitate the making, in person or by proxy, your purchases in the county town, you will occasionally be glad to avail yourself of the humble shop. How important a part, then, must the shop play in the life-drama of those whose larder is a cupboard as bare as Mother Hubbard's in the nursery tale, who have no store-room or still-room, no horse or carriage, who must live from hand to mouth, and bhy their pennyworths close to their own threshold! The village shop is especially the shop of the poor.

We have most of us a superficial acquaintance with this shop—its window is stored with bottles of raspberry drops, bull's eyes, and other coarse confectionary, tempting to children, with gingerbread, song-books, needles and tapes, Dartford gunpowder, and Horniman's Tea. We know its half-door, seldom long shut, as the querulous jangling of the bell proclaims at the entrance of each fresh customer; we know its massive counter, smeared with grease, and littered with samples, its mazes of tiny drawers, its egg-boxes and dusty chests, and crates, and recondite cellar; we know its aged proprietrix, with the spectacles and ink-stained ledger, and some active nieces or grand-child, who multiplies herself to serve all comers. But what we do not know—most of us, at least—is that the village shop is at once a monopole and an engine of extortion, a devouring quicksand, that absorbs the small earnings of the poor, and which, like the quicksand, is none the richer for the prey it sucks into its greedy maw.

When Canning, in one of his indignant philippics against commercial fraud, made the sweeping declamation that 'retail trade was robbery,' the public were variously affected thereby: some doubted the statement; some swallowed it as self-evident truth; others (the retailers especially) were indignant; and a few persons, more thoughtful than their neighbours, began to imagine that there must be a kernel of fact beneath the husk of that startling paradox. Canning had access to the best information, and in those days accurate information was scarce; he was a minister of the crown, too, and with all his courage was not Quixote enough to speak without book on a subject in which so many had a vital interest, and on which contradiction was so certain. He did speak from book—from blue-books. Those laborious parliamentary compilations did not find so many readers then as now; nor were they so freely issued as at present, when every loquacious M.P. is permitted to plunge vicariously into paper and print, and to publish the statistics of Dahomey, or the natural history of Benbecula, at the cost of John Bull. The blue-books taught Canning the immense profits made by the middleman between the great trader and the small consumer. He learned by his perusal what, at the time, was a mystery to by far the greater part of his contemporaries—namely, the gigantic upward leap which prices take in emerging from the wholesale world into that of retail traffic; and, without stopping to ask whether the gains of the middleman were not in some cases more nominal than real, or whether certain sets-off might not fairly be pleaded by this agent, he denounced the whole system as a swindle per se. Now, it is not to be denied that in all cases a very large addition, and in some instances an addition perfectly enormous, is made to the price of every article vended by retail. We are all of us compelled to pay very dearly for the privilege of buying our provisions, our clothes, our fuel, everything, in fact, by small quantities at a time. Unable, or unwilling, to purchase a considerable stock at once, we have to maintain the tradesman who is willing to keep that stock for us; his shop is, in fact, the reservoir whence we draw our supplies by instalments, and we pay him from twenty-five to two hundred per cent, for the accommodation he thus affords us.

At first sight, and on grounds purely moral, this may appear an extortion and a crying abuse; but the retailer is not without his answer to such a charge. He may take his stand on the principles of political economy—may affirm his right to buy in the cheapest, as well as to sell in the dearest market—and may deny that any price willingly paid by an uncoerced customer ought to be reckoned as extortionate; or he may plead the mutability of fashion, the caprice of the public, the risk of bad debts, the long credit that he is forced to give, and the probability that much of his stock may remain on his hands. But if the rich and the comfortable pay much, the poor and the needy pay more—for more. This excess of payment is not relative to the different means of customers whose places are at opposite ends of the social ladder,
but is positive as a problem of Euclid. Giles the carter, or Roger the ploughman, gives more for his garden than they know better to do. Sir Harry at the great house, or my lord at the abbey, does not pay so much to Fortnum and Mason, or to Morel, as Mrs Giles gives for the inferior bohea that supplies her little brown tea. A welcome infusion. Roger has a fancy, perhaps, for coffee at breakfast, and never dreams that the trashy compound which he procures from the village emporium is far more costly than the aromatic Mocha that simmers daintily on the squire’s table. Mesdames Giles and Roger, poor women, have no experience of London prices, no credit with London firms: they are thrifty housewives, mayhap, but they know no better than to buy in the village shop the ounces of mixed tea, and ground coffee, and moist sugar, and other creature-comforts, almost as indispensable now-a-days to the peasantry as bread itself. Mrs Giles is a wife and a mother, has ‘kept house’ these dozen years, and has had work enough sometimes to make both ends meet, and to crochet her husband’s moderate wages in such a manner as shall assure a crust for all those hungry months at home throughout the year. She—that tall, buxom woman in the faded lilac gown of Manchester cotton print, with lines on her careworn face that make her look ten years older than the parish register shews her to be—could give many a lesson in practical saving to pibloco economists. She has pinched, and scraped, and managed, and practised denial of self, and, what is harder, denial of her children’s cravings, and has somehow struggled through. It has been a struggle; you may read it in the wrinkled sallow face of one who was a blooming lass a few years ago, but the dear campaign against Poverty has been gallantly waged. Let us therefore be so much the more cruel is the tax which their high charges levy upon very scanty incomes and lean purses.

The old purveyor of the poor, the roaming pedlar, with his smooth tongue, and pack replenished with gay gauds, fine ribbons, and polished cutlery, is almost extinct. Here and there, in remote mooral districts, you may still see Autolycus with his oil-wand and box of trinkets, tempting the girls with his display of glittering baubles and shewy sarcenets, wheeling matrons into purchases of rotten gingerbread, pointless needles, or foisting worthless razors and cast-iron clasp-knives upon the Corydons and Luddus of the community. The pedlar, I fear, was usually a rogue in grain; many of them were not for mere shaving and snipping; his dye was evanescent; his fabric frail; and his jewellery of Birmingham make. But he had one advantage, the shop that has supplanted him—his was necessarily a ready-money traffic. The peasants might empty their little store of cash into his canvas bag, but they could not get into debt with him; whereas Mrs Jones has a ledger which many luckless wights regard as the Black Book of Fate. We will presently consider the credit system, as it obtains in a village; but we have some more prices to deal with. There are other things required by Giles and Roger than groceries or clothing. There is a good deal of gunpowder and shot sold in a rustic parsonage, perhaps, than the square would approve of, and this ammunition is retailed at the emporium of the village, at quite a fancy price. It is not necessarily purposes of poaching that these articles are in demand; men find it needful to scare the birds from their allotments, their gardens, and patches of arable land; labourers now and then meet the family of a parson, of which the sport is popular, on some farm where the tenant is propitious, and the keeper without authority; in winter, there are the willows on the marshes, larks on the downs, and owls in the hedge. Sometimes, too, there are matches where a fat pig, or a silver-mounted bowling-piece,
may be the prize of the successful marksmen. For all these purposes, as well as for actual poaching, gunpowder is required; and it certainly is hard that whereas young Squire Rapid gives two shillings a pound for the best dried grain, Dartford, or three shillings for those tempting red canisters of Prince Albert's rifle-powder, Roger and Giles should pay about five shillings a pound for an explosive compound, that may mean much to the sale to our savage customs of Ashante or Cafereland. But then Giles and Roger buy by the ounce, and know nothing of market value. The ploughmen and waggoners have no time, of course, to tramp to the county towns for what they want, nor can their wives, with plenty to do at home, be expected to do so.

But most villages contain a carrier, whose trips to the cathedral city, or the market-town, are sufficiently frequent and regular, whose eyes are open to the difference of cost between goods vended in town and goods vended in the country, and who knows the wants and means of the village public to a nicety. Here, then, one would say, is a person thoroughly capable of taking advantage of the system, who will be able, by the recital of what he has seen elsewhere, to moderate the demands of the rural population, and, by all possible means of persuasion, execute the commissions of his neighbours on terms that both parties should find remunerative. Not so, however. Unluckily, although the carrier's eyes are open, he uses them exclusively on his own behoof. He, indeed, makes a larger actual profit out of the ignorance and apathy of his humble friends than the shopkeeper can do, because he avoids the bad debts that are the latter's shaws and quicksands. His business—the carrier's business—is chiefly with the export trade, not with the imports, of the hamlet. Often in a town, a greedy picker up of local gossip, and a vigilant scrutiniser of the public pulse, the carrier knows better, in homely phrase, than to carry his pigs to the wrong market. Mr Jotter has an eye to the raw material produced in the parish, and an eye also to the urban mart. He buys the labourer's hog, the widow's poultry, the apples that exhibit their gold-green and red streaks over the hedge of the peasant's garden, and is careful not to wrong himself by giving too much for these. Then he jogs off to the town, where he knows the value of delicate pork; where each of those fine apples will be worth fourpence—the apples that cost Mr Jotter but a shilling a dozen; where the eightepenny pullets will be doubled in price; and the sucking porkers will rise from a crown to a guinea. Of course, independently of the fact that Mr Jotter has the carrying-trade in his hands, and is well paid for conveying the chests and crates from the railway station to the low-browed shop, the carrier cannot be expected to enlighten people's minds very materially on the subject of metropolitan prices. Mr Jotter lives in a glass-house, and is too prudent to lapse into the equally fragile tenement of Mrs Jones at the shop. How if Mrs Jones were to retort in kind? how if she were to furnish a few revelations of the market rates for provisions, only known to the well-to-do farmers, the carrier, and perhaps herself! But the shop has one excuse which the carrier lacks. Mrs Jones must give long credit; she must keep books in order to enter up the myriad of incongruous pennyworths against her customers; she must coax at one time, and browbeat at another, to obtain those instalments of sundry hot coins of copper and silver which the little shilling and little halfpenny from absent mothers in far-away cottages among the hills and dales—those trifles on account that are wrapped in bits of rag, and squeezed in the hand of the little hand of the wall behind, and might while teaching the agricultural peasantry new habits of thrift, spread out their slender finances so as to embrace many more comforts than at present. The cases, or the shop would grow unpopular. Lucky is Mrs Jones if, at harvest-time, and when ale is flowing and gains large, she is able to settle with her debtor, to rattle the full amount into her till, and to score out the items in her ledger with a hieroglyph implying a receipt.

But often, times are hard with a family, or there is sickness, or a tipsy husband; and for years the bill at the shop swells and grows, and angry remonstrances are made, and amendment promised, and something is paid, but not much, and Mrs Jones must cut off the supplies. This is an extreme case; so that in which the village dealer appeals to law to enforce payment. The county courts are crowded with petty traders of the town, suing their needy customers for bills long due, though even they are wondrous patient, as a rule. But it must be after much provocation that Mrs Jones resorts to a plaint and a writ of summons; nor does her name often figure on the registrar's list. Public opinion would condemn her if she were to act thus harshly towards poor Giles, when his broken leg loses him the wages of a quarter, or towards poor Roger, whose five youngest children are anxious to know when the rent charge to the toiling parents. But public opinion is a two-edged weapon, and as every one's circumstances in a country parish are more or less connected to the amount of savings, if any, in bank, or tea-pot, or stocking, the customers dare not be wilfully recalcitrant; they feel they must pay when they can. The worst of it is, that they cannot always be honourable as they would wish. We all know what an inducement to extravagance it is, even with the educated and the weathy, when deserts can be conveniently obtained without immediate outlay. Few of us can resist the temptation of having something that we wish for, but ought not in prudence to buy, 'put down to the bill.' Materfamilias and the young ladies drop in at Mr Sarcenet's, and light-heartedly add this muslin and that tartalane, and so much silk, and so many yards of ribbon, to the account whose sum-total already would make Materfamilias purse up his lips if he could see it. Nor is Materfamilias, in his line, one whit wiser.

It is too much to expect the poor and untaught to exact us in prudence and forethought. Mrs Giles and her friends are not more reckless of the future than their worldly superiors. They run up scores for cheese and bacon; they buy frocks and pinafores on credit; they mortgage the golden glorious harvest long before the grain is yellow, or the reaper hired; they trust to something 'turning up,' like Mr Mowaburh himself. Here, then, is the excuse of Dame Jones at the shop. She must give credit, and for long and uncertain periods. She loses by some customers; she has much trouble with all. The honest and laborious must virtually pay for the unprincipled or the unfortunate. Monopoly is never a good thing, and the shop is a monopoly. But then one village would no more support two shops than one sky could contain two suns. There are not, in most cases, enough customers to keep two establishments solvent. If there were, competition might reform the present abuses. As it is, even were the lord of the land to consent to the opening of a rival shop, mutual ruin would ensue. The only remedy that seems available, is the establishment of such co-operating firms as have recently been set up with excellent effect in the Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturing districts. Through these clubs, maintained by aggregated wages, the keen-witted operatives are able to feed and clothe their families at cost price, and wholesale price to boot, thus doing away with the middle-man and his profits altogether. Such societies as these might be a great boon and blessing to many a rural parish, and might, while teaching the agricultural peasantry new habits of thrift, spread out their slender finances so as to embrace many more comforts than at present. The
load of debt, too—the curse of all ranks in Eng-
land—was lifted from that class which is of all
orders of the commonwealth the most helpless and
the least erudite. These new clubs deal for ready
money; they practically insulate the economy, and
represent a reckless spirit that would feast to-day at
the risk of fasting to-morrow. Of course, it would be
idle to expect that Giles and Roger should find such
associations for their rustic companions. But the rustic popula-
tion are only too docile, too meek, and too easily
managed by their superiors in rank and riches; and
it would be a kind and a graceful exercise of influence
on the part of those superiors to take the initiative
in such a case as this.

MELIBEOUS AT THE FIRE.

'Where is the fire!' ejaculated Melibeous, thrusting
his head out of the window of the four-wheeler, for
all his favourite Hansoms had been chartered long ago
by the lovers of excitement.

'Some says as it's the Tower, gents, and some as it
is down at Woolwich. But we can't go very much
wrong with that afore us,' he pointed to the dull
red glare in the east, which seemed to grow and widen
with every revolution of our wheels. 'It's a main
good fire, however, gents, you may rely upon that;
and for my part,' added he, with a sagacious grin, 'I
don't care how far it is off.'

'What capital luck I have!' soliloquised Melibeous,
as he lay back in the vehicle with his legs upon the
opposite seat: 'Just in time to see a man fished out
of the Serpentine this very morning—hooked out, sir,
by a most ingenious and horrible instrument—and
recovered by means of being rolled half over and then
back again, like a barrel on board ship in a storm
then, dinner with the Benevolent Costermongers; and
now a fire! How much denser the population is
growing! I suppose we are getting into a poorer part
of the town. How curious it is, too, that they are
all walking one way!'

'It was curious, although not inexplicable, to any-
body who had not dined with the Benevolent Coster-
mongers, or had who dined there with moderation.
Strings of people were pouring out from every smaller
street and alley, like the feeders of a swollen river,
into the larger thoroughfare along which we were
going.

We were yet a very long way off from the scene
of the conflagration, but it was even now attracting
all men to itself out of their usual orbit. The sleep
that succeeds to the day of manual labour, the dissi-
pation that begins at midnight for the man of pleasure,
the studies that beguile the student from his clubbed
bed—all these were broken in upon and exchanged
for that rare spectacle even in the metropolis—a
gigantic fire. A dwelling house or a shop on fire,
though it had been in the next street to them, would
have provoked but few to leave their homes or occu-
pations; but the news which had already flown, itself
like a wave from lip to lip, that some vast range of
buildings—the Custom-house, St. Paul's, the London
Docks, nay, even as one insisted, the Thames Tunnel
—was making moonday of the night up in the city
yonder, excited the most phlegmatic. The hum of such
a multitude of mass of one's fellow-creatures made
the pulses throb. The hum of such innumera-
able voices was a magic music, which caused the most
wearied and sluggish to press forward. Where it was
possible, men ran—always with their eyes intent upon
that midnight sun, looming now large indeed, exchang-
ing motions and excited thoughts about it with their
unknown neighbours—and where quick motion was
impossible, as at a turnpike or cross-roads, they
pushed and strove as though those were their own
homes blazing yonder, and their wives and children
were within them. As for ourselves, who had started
for the first half mile or so at as near an approach to
a canter as a cab-horse could be expected to compass
and over the day traversed, at a foot-pace. The multitude filled not
only the pavements but the roads themselves, and
surged under our very wheels like devotees of Jugger-
naut. So dense through the streets was it that those in vehicles actually seemed to be borne
upon their shoulders as in a funeral procession. When
we got out and upon the roof of the cab—propel the driver, which was hailed with rapture
by Melibeous—the sight was strange indeed. The
streets in front of us were packed so closely, that we
seemed to enter them, anger be, without harm.

 Except for its dreadful reflection in the sky, we had
seen nothing of the fire as yet, by reason of the inter-
vening houses, but presently, on coming to a bridge, it
burst upon us like a volcano in eruption. Though it
was distant yet, we saw the lurid flames flicker high
in the air, with their smoke-canopy over them; and
beneath the arches of London Bridge, which still had
from us the great body of the fire, the water ran red
as blood. As the people debouched upon this spot,
and caught their first glance of the conflagration,
with a marvellous and awe-struck thrill from some,
quite distinguishable from the hum of those
who were in advance, and had seen it, and of those
upon whom the vision had yet to strike for the first
time. A border as of blackest moss hung over every
parapet and balustrade, and fringed all roofs and
talic windows. Upon the boats below and on every
pier which jutted out into the mud—for the tide was
very low—it also lay, and that so thickly, that, when
one saw it closely, clinging to the lamp-posts, and
to every gable-end and coign of vantage, no manner有多少
dangerous, one could not recognise it for what it
was—men and women. Slower and slower yet
became our progress, till at last we did what, accord-
ing to the doctrine of chances, we ought to have done
long before—we ran over a man. He was not much
hurt, but his language to our cabman, who was not
at all to blame in the matter, was very low down
in the epithetical barometer indeed.

'Lo! bless you,' returned he, with the utmost good
temper, 'of course I'm sorry; but who's to spill it?
You ought to be thankful that it was your eel instead
of your ed. As for your words, I minds 'em no more
than if they was music.'

Presently, however, we came to a place where to
advance, even over people's heels, was absolutely
impossible. It was a narrow way, with a large market
hid away at the end of it, and as unknown to me as
it was to my bucolic companion.

'Where have we got to!' exclaimed Melibeous
carelessly. 'This is surely Ultima Thule.'

'No, sir, it 'taint,' returned the cabman with sim-
plicity. 'Tooley Street is more to the north than this
here; but I am afraid as I can go no further.'

Here, then, we left our cab, and descended into the
throng, which bore us for a considerable distance
before it let us sink down upon our feet. Two units
in the million-footed mass, we then moved very slowly
on towards London Bridge. That vast thoroughfare
was now wholly impassable, except by vehicles
of great burden and momentum, such as vans and
omnibuses, and the very sight of a man was
starting in our vicinity to carry passengers—that is
to say, spectators—across, for the sum of two shillings;
their ordinary fare from very great distances to London
was low and they seemed to traverse the thick-peopled bridge—just as the same individuals
cross and recross the stage in the minor theatres, to
represent processes—and from all of them we watched the fire consume its gigantic
prey.

The south bank of the river was by this time one
mass of party-coloured flame, white at the core, and red at the extremities, and it lit up all things with an unreal theatrical splendour. The summer night was sunny, but the glare of fire that transformed it was so much warmer, and it would even have warmed all it fell upon had it been midwinter. It was calm and still, too, so that the rattle of the fiery stones that wrought the masses of molten glass down the long defile of fresh fuel, was terribly audible. Where the streams of water, poured from a score of engines, fell most plentifully, the serpents hissed and squatted, but never for a moment ceased to coil and spring. There were mighty walls indeed, said to be fire-proof, still standing, but they had taken service with the enemy, and belched forth flame from every window and doorway; their very roofs of iron, their very floors of stone, were all but alight themselves, and giving out as great a heat as the actual flames, set the whole atmosphere aglow around them.

The usual course of destruction was, first, to make a furnace of the inside of some vast block of buildings, where the progress of the desolation could be told only by the fiery messengers that flashed forth from floor after floor, and then to attack the roof, which seemed to shrink and tremble before sinking into the awful crack. The first and most certain effect of the operation was a moan through the smoke, which before had alone held possession of the highest story, like a cloud upon a hill-top, and dance like enfuriished demons, leaping and licking higher and higher yet, as though they would have made a hell of the very vault of heaven.

The flames did really seem to have some sort of personal vitality of their own, and were actuated by malevolent fury—to be foes and haters of the human race, as well as destroyers of its goods. It was already known that the brave Braidwood had fallen a victim, and half the town was said one, and nearly the whole of the A division of police, added another—and that awful news invested the dread spectacle with a hideous interest. The fire-devils had at last destroyed, then, the man who had of all men most cursed their rage, and disappointed them of their prey; and it almost seemed as though they were aware of their victory, with such devilish joy did they climb, and whirl, and thicken around wall and rafter. They ran down into the red river itself in their reckless glee.

'Twist and whirl, Melibeaus!' said they, 'it is falling!' and while they spoke, the last long range of building which yet stood parallel to the stream crashed outwards, dashing for an instant against the roar of the conflagration, and the thud of the persevering engines, and the murmur of the countless thousands, in the thunders of its fall. A vast volume of blanketing light at the same moment flashed forth, as from a gigantic furnace-door, and the whole river was at once lit up with rose-red fire. It is said that that sudden glow actually scorched the faces of the multitude who thronged the wharf upon the opposite bank. The Custom-house and the great market opposite at once flashed black responsive flame from every window. It really seemed as though their fire was real, and not reflected, and had leaped across the mighty chasm of the river itself in one tremendous bound. The Monument, with the iron cage at its summit crowded with human beings, was transformed into a pillar of flame.

'What a position would that be!' exclaimed Melibeaus, gazing up at that memorial of a scarce more than a century, and seating his conflagration. 'What would I not give to be there!'  

'Well, you would not give five shillings, I reckon,' retorted Richard o'Chapman, discountenancing the advantages offered by his own conveyance to be disparaged by my companion's remark; 'and five shillings is the price to-night, you may take your dairy.'  

'For, and give five pounds,' quoth Melibeaus with enthusiasm.

'Would you, now?' continued the other contemptuously. 'Would you go and squander your wife and children's money in that manner? Why, only the first dozen of people see, bless you,—those as you see up yonder, like bees in a glass hive, only a deal more crowded. The other couple of hundred are up in the corkscrew staircase a suffocatin', and all in the dark. You don't suppose that people as is down at the bottom, and wantin' to get in, will leave off pushin', or be persuaded that there is no room left in the cage, do you?'  

'But surely,' observed Melibeaus mildly, 'when the official perceives that the place is already  

'My precious eyes!' interrupted the omnibus driver, with an intensity of scorn only to be conveyed by his own accents. 'Well, you are a bobby, you are, and that's a fact! It's a hactcal treat, and reconciles one to human nature, to get 'dol of a chap like you! What! send away people as is green enough to pay five shillings! Do you think them boats down there has nobody stowed 'em, like a herring in a barrel, more than is warranted by their licence?'  

Certainly, if the craft alluded to were not overcrowded, they had hit the extreme limit of accommodation, and the licence must have been of that reprobable nature into which liberality has sometimes wrung its teeth to degenerate. Hundreds and hundreds of skiffs and wherries, packed so close with passengers that their oarsmen were not to be recognised, floated—and only just floated—in a dense and far-stretching mass upon the northern side of the river. The blood-red water could there be hardly seen for them, but the mid-stream was, for obvious reasons, left clear enough. The river itself was on fire there, with tar and tallow, which floating out in glowing masses upon the surface of the tide, threatened everything combustible with destruction. These fireships, sent forth from the seat of the conflagration, were thought by many to be the most dangerous part of it. What if some half-dozen of them, some three, some one, should find their way down to 'the Pool,' where lay the wealth of London:  

'That would be a precious go, mind you,' observed our omnibus driver sympathetically; 'and if for 'precious' he had substituted expensive, and for 'go,' the word conflagration, the greatest purist in English speech could not fail to have agreed with him.

The draught created by the fire was, it is said, so great as to suck in a large barge coming up the river with her sail set; but in so awful a scene of confusion—in the 'alarms and excursions' so dramatically represented on that burning stage—it was impossible to know for certain the exact cause of any particular incident. What little wind there was, was south, and would have been itself sufficient to have drawn such a vessel towards the spot, in case of her helm being deserted by a terrified crew. At all events, the three men on board of the barge in question seemed about to be drawn into that burning fiery furnace—to which as for the three brave Jews of old must have been but as a bonfire—and they might both be seen and heard appealing for help, as they drifted slowly to their dreadful doom. In such a moment, and with such a sight to gaze at, the onlookings-world of people, however antagonistic and separated—pickpocket and policeman, cabman and fare, peer and (unbenevolent) costermonger—seemed to feel for once the bond of common brotherhood. 'With parted lips and strain- ing eyes,' and hand clutching neighbour's hand, they watched, hardly daring to breathe, those unhappy kinmen of theirs; and when a little boat with some brave fellows put off, and carried the seeming victims away, only just in time, from those flaming jaws, such a mighty cry of joy arose from both bank and river, and street, that the roar of the fire was well-nigh quenched in it. These ebullitions of popular feeling—inexpressibly exciting to any man, and rendering Melibeaus half delirious—took place in a less degree when any important building, such as the London Bridge
Railway Station, and St Olave's Church, were imminently threatened by the advancing fire, and, in particular, when the vessels moored in the vicinity of the burning wharfs, and unable to escape because of the lowness of the tide—which was, however, rising—were leaped at by the shooting flames, or became ignited of themselves through the excessive heat.

'The Fire-king' observed Melibeus aptly, 'boards these devoted vessels like Ariel in the Tempest—

Now on the beach,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
He flam'd amazement—sometimes he'd divide
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and bowspirt, would be flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join.

I almost think that Shakespeare must have witnessed some such scene himself."

In truth, no mechanical commonplace description could have better conveyed the idea of how the conflagration began and grew on shipboard, before the different boarding-parties of flame joined all together, and the vessel was swallowed up in fire. The floating engines played incessantly upon all things threatened by the flame, but not yet caught, and undoubtedly preserved one ship, whereas the blue beads of flame had already shewn themselves, and which was hailed out by steam-tugs the instant that the rise of the tide permitted her departure, searched, but unconsumed. During much of this time there were explosions from saltpetre and other combustibles, and bursts of fire shooting forth like Roman candles from the glowing masses of ruin. Altogether, and independently of its vast human interest, so grand a pyrotechnic display was never seen, nor one so costly planned by Imperial lavishness to please a spectacle-loving people. Scarcely a country under heaven but contributed its share of precious fuel to that wasteful flame. Chests of tea, and bales of silk, and barrels of oil; cotton, and hops, and grain; butter, and sugar, and cheese; and tarparlour and tar: nothing was spared that heat could melt, or fire could burn. Some superfluous tallow only escaped, which, flowing through drains and gutters into the river and streets, bestowed what to those who gathered it was boundless wealth, out of boundless ruin.

The grey morn came—and again and again retrained, to fire the farther end of the vessel that trembled with the wealth of the world yet burning—but still the people stood and gazed, as though fascinated by those fiery serpents, and more and more, when the tidings had reached the distant homes, still pressed to gaze. On every lip was heard the name of Braidwood. No hero surely had so many mourners, or died a death so splendid and splendid. Melibeus had always some word of enthusiasm for his memory to the last, whoever addressed him upon that subject, although by this time he was what is called dog-tired. Excitement takes more out of him than it does out of other people. In his evening costume and crumpled white cravat, he presented in that ghastly dawn the appearance of an undertaker with whom times were bad. It is possible, however, that something detractive might have been said even of my own jaded looks. We were two hours, after descending from the omnibus, shouldering our weary way through the unyielding throng.

We felt sick and ill; for all night long—although it would have marred the splendour of our narrative to have dwelt upon it—the whole vessel—had we been half-sufficiently accoutred by tallow fumes, which, as far as my limited experience goes, I hold to be the very nastiest stench that can be inhaled without suffocation.

'1 breathe the tallow! I think tallow,' cried Melibeus, with a miserable shudder. 'I believe it has sunk into every pore of my body. I am sure if you were to light my hair, I should burn for hours, like a cheap and nasty tallow-candle. And yet I would not have missed that wonderful sight under for worlds! If you burned Bullock Smithy from the Roundhouse to the Pike at the other end, it would be nothing comparable to it.'

Chamber's Journal.

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

Chapter XVII.

A Terrible Crisis.

'Mr Legrand is to return from London very soon,' said my uncle to me one morning as the letters came in from the post: 'here is a letter for you.'

It was not from home—no. I felt my heart beat: and I know Colonel Daubeney's eye was upon it as I hastily put it in my pocket without reading it. Alone in my room, I opened it. As I expected, it was from Curzon Goad, and these were the contents:

'My dear Miss Keppelton.—Having received permission to write to you, I trust you may not deem me presumptuous for repeating what I have already told you—that my heart is wholly yours. I know I am not worthy of you, yet something tells me I may dare to hope. Through extravagance of many kinds, while leading a course of life which I regret to say I was induced to follow by Lucien Legrand,—why should I not speak the truth?—I have been for some years been plunged into difficulties. The money my uncle has bequeathed to me will suffice to set me free from them, and I can start soon on a new footing. Present, I may be unable to maintain a wife, but there is promotion to look forward to, and under these circumstances, I offer you my hand, trusting that ere long I may have the great happiness of calling you mine. I want no fortune; I only ask for a heart that can really love me for myself. Write to me, I entreat of you, were it only one line, and let me know if I am to hope or to despair.

Curzon Goad.'

In spite of Mr Goad's hope that I would not think him presumptuous, I confess I could not help feeling that his letter betokened few fears of what my answer would be; probably he had long known how deep my interest in him was. I was much excited, quite overpowered by the violence of my feelings. On the spur of the moment, I wrote the following reply to him, scarcely passing to think whether I was acting prudently or otherwise:

'You were right in believing that I entertained a preference for you. I am proud of having gained your love, but I can make no promise of accepting your hand before consulting my mother's wishes. Yours most faithfully,

Jessie Keppelton.'

This note I addressed to the lodger he was staying at in London, and it was despatched to the post-office half an hour after its completion. A new state of existence appeared to me now. Never before had I known the extent of my preference for Curzon Goad. While I considered him as pledged to Jane Gordon, I dared not foster any feelings on the subject; but now I was at liberty to think of him at will. After a time, misgivings crept into my heart. What if my mother might not countenance him? Suppose my whole family set their faces against my choice? And then my uncle. I dreaded him more than all. I could do but little for my brother. My sisters as Mr Goad's wife, while, on the other hand, as Mr Legrand's—was I very much perturbed thinking of all this on the fate of an uncle, and said voice called me down stairs. Miss Gordon and Mrs Powell had been absent from home for about a week. I had a frightful presentiment of evil. The heart often tells before the voice is approaching. 'My God, let me bear it!' said I, pressing my hand on my heart. I went down with a girly head. God knows what my face looked like, but it must have had a wild expression. The colonel
met me in the ante-room of the back drawing-room. He had locked the door, and then said, 'I am commissioned by my dear friend Legrand to say, that in spite of the great disparity existing between your position and his, he is willing to marry you, a portionless girl, making handsome settlements, far surpassing my most sanguine expectations. In every respect, you must consider you are fortunate, for Legrand is really an honourable man, perfectly disinterested.'

'What!' said the colonel calmly, as I broke down utterly in my little speech.

'I do not love him,' I replied slowly.

'Fugh! you will love him by and by. He seems to consider himself secure of you. He says you have always encouraged him.'

'What could I say now? Yet I did find a reply. 'I was merely gratified by the attentions of an agreeable person,' I said; 'but I never wished Mr. Legrand to propose for me.'

'And did you imagine that I invited you here to fritter away your time coquetting and flirting, with no serious thoughts of settling in your head?' he asked in a cool, wrathful way, that made me angry.

'I had no idea that it was to marry Mr. Legrand,' I said, while a horrible flash of passion shot from my eyes.

'No impertinence, young lady. Do not forget yourself or your position. You have heard the saying probably, that beggars are not to be choosers.'

I prayed inwardly for patience, knowing well that one bad sentence might seal the fate of myself and my family forever, for as far as Uncle Danby was concerned, for the sake of those at home, I stayed my proud wrath, and said humbly—God alone knew what an effort that humility was. My dear uncle, do not be hard on me. I thank you from my heart for all your kindness, but nothing can induce me to accept Mr. Legrand. I had rather beg my bread than be his wife.'

'Nay, my good girl,' said the colonel, trying to speak calmly, though his face was white with rage—'

'I know young people have their fancies; I can make allowances for that, but you should not run up yonder in your mind to have sense. Mr. Legrand waits to plead his own cause in the library. Go to him, and be careful what answer you give him. I warn you that I hate folly, and if you prove yourself a fool, you will lose my countenance for ever.'

'My answer must be a refusal. Spare me, I entreat you, seeing this man!'

'Go!' said my uncle, pointing jauntily to the door. I was mortified, and again the demon within me arose, flashing warmly from my eyes. 'I will not go!' I said haughtily.

'Indeed!'

'No; I shall write my answer to Mr. Legrand, and I was turning away, when the colonel caught my arm firmly, as he said: 'Will you marry Mr. Legrand for your own sake?'

'Never!'

'For your mother!'

'No,' less decidedly.

'For your brother!'

'Oh, my God, no!' I exclaimed, claspimg my hands in agony.

'Not to gratify me of course?'

'Not for any one, or anything in the world!' I said emphatically.

'Then you leave me the house the day after to-morrow,' said the colonel sternly. 'If you change your mind before this day passes, you may still preserve my favour, but otherwise we part now, never to meet again at Ripworth, or elsewhere. Good-day.'

I never had seen a face look more demoniac in its wrath than that of my uncle. All that my mother had said of him rushed into my thoughts, and even to this day I humbly thank Providence that my passion did not prompt me to tell him what she had told me of him. As it was, I said no more, but, wild with conflicting emotions, left the room.

'Why did you leave home?' was the question that rose to my heart as I slowly went up stairs.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

**NEWS FROM HOME.**

Was it not terrible for me to reflect that I had at last quarrelled with my uncle? I felt like a person in a dream, yet I composed myself so far as to be able to write a polite refusal to Mr. Legrand. Very bitterly did I now repent of the vain coquetry I had practised on that man; well was I punished for it. At about four o'clock in the afternoon I sent my note down to Mr. Legrand by Pureell, and when she returned from leaving it with him, she handed me one from the colonel, which I shall copy here.

'Dear niece—I cannot permit you to run the risk of ruining your prospects without giving you some further admonitions on the subject. Again I repeat, that unless you accept Mr. Legrand, I will never see you again, neither will I grant the smallest assistance in future to your family. It was through your instrumentality I was ever induced to consider your mother or her children, and through your instrumentality I may be obliged to give them up. Remember the squalid poverty of your home, where even common neatness did not exist a few months ago; remember what hardship and poverty are, with their attendant evils—insults from the wealthy, impertinence from the vulgar. The world is a cold place for the poor. You may have forgotten your home while enjoying the comforts of my house; you are, no doubt, set above yourself, but a little reflection cannot but yet you right again. Consider what a fate your mother's has been—despised, cast off from her family, fallen from her own sphere of respectability, all through a low match. When I asked you to Ripworth, and allowed you to meet my stepdaughter on terms of equality, it was through the hope of your gaining many advantages from such intercourse, and I looked forward to your being settled ultimately in such a way as might redeem your whole family. Added to these considerations, I wish to say that Mr. Legrand is my particular friend; he loves you, and you have given him encouragement. I am indebted largely to him in many ways, and I should regret deeply that any person under my roof should treat him in an unprincipled way. Your own conscience will tell you whether or not you have played with his feelings. For the sake of your mother and brothers, I urge you to think well before finally sending an answer to my friend. Do not cause me to curse the day I allowed you to set foot within the walls of Ripworth. Your anxious uncle,

**Mortimer Daubern.'**

But my answer was already in Mr. Legrand's hands! Had I wished it ever so ardently, I could not alter the course of things now. I felt like something guilty, for most truly I was to blame for the vanity which was apparently the cause of all this mischief. And must I leave Ripworth in disgrace! Must I meet my family like a criminal? Sitting in my bedroom window, looking at the dusky sky, where a few stars were peeping out, I felt indeed most wretched. One hope alone sustained me. Are there not often days in our lives when misfortunes seem to jostle each other with a fearful crowding? That evening, a letter reached me from home; it was from my mother, and the first part of it seemed to have been written some weeks before the end of it. Thus it ran:

'My dear Jessie—Your letter reached me duly, and I thank God that you have recovered from your illness, and that your friends at Ripworth treated you so kindly. As to the inquiries you wished me to
make respecting Mr Good, I think I can now satisfy you that he is not a young man whose company can be very desirable, as he is neither religious, moral, nor even honest. As a great secret, Mr Horne informed me of something that shakes me much.

It seems that old Mr Newdegate at one time refused his nephew money to pay a pressing debt, notwithstanding entreaties, and even threats; and the night after this refusal money to a large amount was abstracted from the old man's desk. The nephew went to London next morning before any inquiries were made, but there was no doubt in the world that he was the culprit. After that, Mr Newdegate lost all affection for the misguided young man; though he hushed up the affair very prudently, he never loved him since. What a dreadful thing in man or woman is want of principle! There are other reports respecting Mr Good which lead me to think he cannot be a very proper person to stand on an equality footing with either you or Miss Gordon. His immorality in every way is shocking.'

I flung the letter down here as though a serpent had stung me. 'Why did I ever write to him?' I exclaimed, in a paroxysm of shame and humiliation. For many minutes, I felt unable to continue reading the letter, but when I took it up again, I saw that the rest of it was in Rose's handwriting. I read the following like one in a dream:

'Dear Jessie—Since mamma wrote the first of this letter, something dreadful has happened. A short time ago, a gentleman, called Huntley, came to look over the estate of Weston Cricket, which you know has been long advertised for sale, and Anna has eloped with him. How she happened to become acquainted with him, we cannot say, but mamma suspects Rachel of having led to it. My dear Jessie, I wish I could avoid telling you this bad news; I know you will be so unhappy, when otherwise you would be so gay and pleasant; yet why may we not hope that the case may not be so dreadful? Runaway matches do not always turn out badly, and perhaps Anna may not be unhappy after all. Poor mamma is very much grieved, and eats scarcely anything. I am so unaccustomed to writing, that I do not know how to tell you all that I want to say. Mamma thinks that Dicky Danby may be able to do something about Anna. Write to us immediately.—Your ever affectionate sister,

Rose Keppleton.'

Reader, you never can understand what I felt when I read this letter. Shame, grief, self-reproach, horror, filled my heart and soul. My head became hot, as if on fire; a yellow glare danced before my eyes, lighted up all objects in the room. I could not weep; an incoherent murmuring, a calling upon God without hope or faith, escaped from my lips. I wrung my hands, and moaned bitterly. Oh, my sister, had I been different from what I was, you never would have gone astray!

On looking at the date of this letter, and at the postmarks, I observed that it must have been delayed in some way for a whole fortnight beyond its due time of arrival. Poor little Rose's hurried direction had not been altogether legible.

In the agony which this worst of all misfortunes caused me, I forgot all my own peculiar griefs; Anna's probable fate was the only thing I could dwell upon. After walking up and down my room frantically for some time, I lay on my bed like one in a stupor, for nearly an hour. On rising up, I tremulously prepared to do something tending assisting my mother in her dilemma. Had I been able to meet my uncle face to face now, I would gladly have knelt at his feet, and implored pardon in the most humble manner. All my pride had vanished. Taking pen and paper, I was busy writing a submissive note to him, stating how matters stood at home, and enquiring his assistance, when Purcell silently brought me a missive from himself, containing these words:

'My friend Mr Legrand has told me all. He and I leave Ripworth this evening for London, and I have given orders that you shall have the carriage Thursday to convey you to East Sutton, on your way home. From this date all correspondence between us ceases.'

MORTIMER DAUBERT.

I did not go to bed that night; I began packing up all my clothes, and crushing them here and there, as well as space would permit, in my trunk and back boxes. How I detested the sight of all the fancy that had cost so much money! I hated Ripworth and its neighbourhood. Would to God I had never seen it! I could have torn my lace and spangled head-dresses to pieces, and cast them to the winds; I could have heaped them all on the fire, and enjoyed their destruction; but having still some control over my passions, I did nothing extravagant. Before Wednesday morning, I had written my letter to be sent off by the early post—one to my mother, stating that I was to be at home on Thursday evening; the other to that man in London, the recollection of whom made me blush. To him I wrote thus:

'I wrote unadvisedly this morning to you in a moment of rashness which I long to forget. Since then, circumstances have occurred which render it impossible for me to continue any further correspondence with you. Do not attempt to write to me again for your letters must only be returned unopened if you do.'

JESSIE KEPPELTON.

How I longed for that decisive letter to be in his hand; I thought the hour would never arrive when it was to be despatched to the post. I determined to banish him from my memory for ever!

Oh, my sister, and what were my thoughts of you! Would I rather have heard of your death than of the dreadful blighting of your young life? No. The dread of the eternal parting from my relatives, which death would occasion, was still worse than anything; however terrible. I was yet too young to consider death preferable to ignominy, as far as my friends were concerned, though in my own case my opinion was different. Death to myself would at any moments have been more bearable than a lasting disgrace. Had I not annoyed my uncle by rejecting Mr Legrand's offer, how differently would I now be situated! Ah! the protective influence of a well-filled purse! What a treasure, and yet a curse, God art thou!'

CHAPTER XIX.

MY LAST DAY AT RIPWORTH.

So this wretched night passed, and the morning light found me a pale, unearthly-looking object, with large dim eyes, colourless lips, and wan, pinched features. I breakfasted in my dressing-room, and heard that Colonel Danby, with Mr Legrand, had left Ripworth last evening. The housekeeper, Mrs Gray, came to me in the forenoon, and said she heard I was to leave Ripworth also the following morning, and I thought her eyes as she spoke were fixed upon my face with a half-suspicious, wondering expression that pained me. I tried to look unconcerned and dignified as I could, as I replied that I was really leaving the Hall next day.

'It's sudden, ain't it, ma'am?' she asked. 'And you're not going to London, either, I believe, is it?'

'No; I return home,' I answered coldly.

Mrs Gray may have been a kind woman, but I felt her now to be intrusive and impertinent. I was trembling nervously while she stood watching me for a few seconds in silence.

'You don't seem well, ma'am,' she said, after a pause; 'maybe you'd like some little cordial or other.'

'No—no,' thank you,' I replied hurriedly.
She gave a little cough ere she resumed.

'Colonel Daubeney's often hasty in doing things, ma'am, very hasty; and his temper, O dear! Here she lifted her eyes up. 'And then he's not like other passionate people; he never forgives anybody that once vexes him. I once knew him to—— But then he's just like — talking. Dear me, Miss Keppleton, you're like a ghost; take a cup of water.'

She handed me a glass of water as she spoke, but I could not drink it; tears rushed to my eyes, and a convulsive sob burst from my chest. 'Oh!', why was I demeaning myself thus before a servant?

'Take heart, dear child,' said the woman soothingly; 'and if there's anything amiss, don't fear to trust me. I know young ladies sometimes are not as thoughtful for themselves as they'd be if they were older; many a sweet young creature has got herself into trouble, and no one to pity her, not even them that were the cause of it. It's very sudden, surely, your going home to your mamma this way, and nobody to travel with you. Colonel Daubeney's often terribly hard. Ah, miss, I've known him to send a whole family off the estate, if only a child of ten years old gave him impertinence. You'll forgive my making so free as to speak to you, Miss Keppleton, but I know the colonel's temper, and from what he said to himself, I was afraid he was displeased with something that had lately occurred. I was indeed.

Mrs Grays coughed nervously. She may have meant well, certainly, but I was not grateful for her kindness. Not all my efforts could check the wildness of my emotion. I wept most bitterly. This woman's sympathy gave the last stroke to my stoicism and humiliation. Seeing that I was not to be soothed by any endeavour of hers, she at length left me. Would all the servants at Ripworth discover that I was hopelessly out of the house like a wrecked dependant? Here was fresh cause for humiliation: I should be disgraced in the eyes of those who for months had looked up to me with as much deference as they paid their servants and Mr Goad. Then is there a certain pitch of mental agony that the heart cannot sensibly go beyond. We may die of grief, we may become insane with misery, but we cannot feel on this side the grave more than a fixed degree of pain. I had reached this last pitch of agony now; very little more would have rendered me torture. I longed to be far out of reach of my enemies at Ripworth. The day seemed interminable; I wandered through the rooms, glad to be the only living occupant of them, and was pacing up and down the red drawing-room, when the door opened, and Miss Milner was announced. Dressed in simple mourning, this lady looked, as usual, dignified and graceful, her countenance wearing the placid expression which I rarely saw it without.

'Are you quite well, Miss Keppleton? she asked, looking a little fixedly at me.

'No—not quite; I have had a severe headache, and—— and some news from home; in short, I am rather knocked up,' I endeavoured to say, while I felt tears rushing to my eyes.

'Indeed not; there is nothing serious is the matter. Your mother'----

'She is ill,' I replied quickly, 'and I am going home to-morrow morning.'

'I am very sorry,' said Miss Milner quietly, and she looked at me with her grave scrutinising eye.

'Ah! I felt even then, that, were I to throw myself on her protection and sympathy, she would not fail me; but I dared not.

'I also leave this neighbourhood to-morrow, or next day,' said Miss Milner. 'Lady Vignettes persuad——'

'Miss Milner,' I said, as coolly as I could, 'are you going to remain at the Park far longer than I had at first intended. Probably, it will be years before I leave my own home again. When you are as old as I am, you will discover that there is no place like home, Miss Keppleton.'

'Perhaps I have made the discovery already,' I replied, a little bitterly.

'Are you very gay at home?' she asked.

'O no; quite the contrary. Mamma does not like society, and we live very retired.'

'And then you do not go to London in the spring?'

'Certainly not.'

'It is as well, my dear; you will be saved many heartburnings, much turmoil, much of envying, striving, bitterness; rest assured of that. I dare say you have your nice little schools, your sewing-clubs for the poor, your various charitable societies to attend to at home. Life in the country is very pleasant when one is bent upon being useful. Has your papa many tenants?'

'No,' said I blushing. 'Ah! why could I not speak out the truth boldly, and declare that my home was only a little farmer's cottage, and that I was the poor relation of Colonel Daubeney, turned out of his house for vexing him?'

'Many tenants give one much cause for responsibility,' said Miss Milner. 'I always feel that my villagers are my own peculiar people, whom it would be reprehensible to neglect in any way; but then it gives me much happiness to know that I am really loved by them. Perhaps you will sometime yet be with me at Raven's Nest. See, here is a plan of a new school-house Mr Goad drew for me; is it not very pretty?'

'Mr Goad?' I repeated involuntarily.

'Yes; he is very clever. I wish he had been more fortunate with regard to his uncle's disposal of his property.'

'But he did not deserve anything more than he has got,' I replied hastily.

'Ah! you are against him, as well as most people. Poor young man, I believe there is more worth in him than is generally believed. One or two thing's that came under my own knowledge have led me to think.From what I have heard of the family, he seems a very well of him.'

'I longed to inquire what these things were, but did not feel courage for it.

'Is not Mr Legned a particular favourite at Ripworth?' asked Miss Milner.

'Not of mine,' I replied decidedly.

'Nor of mine,' added my companion, looking on the ground for some moments.

'There was a pause now in the conversation; both Miss Milner and myself felt we were touching upon dangerous ground.

'All the petty grievances of this life will soon be over,' she said at length; 'and even if justice is not awarded to the well and evil doer in this world, there is still eternity to look forward to. Only for the hope of something better than we can find here, Miss Keppleton, our sojourn on this side the grave would be very dreary.'

'Yes, very,' said I, feeling at the same time that I had not much hope from the future, more than from the dreary present. I had not yet learned to put my trust in providence, or to look for the silver lining to a dark cloud. Oh! I saw nothing before me but despair and wretchedness.

'You have a good deal to do, no doubt, as you leave to-morrow,' said Miss Milner, seeing, I suppose, that my manner was preoccupied and dull; 'I shall therefore say good-by, and perhaps we may soon meet again.'

'Soon again!' I repeated mentally, thinking such a thing very unlikely indeed.

Little did either she or I know how and when we were to meet next. She steaped forward, to say good-by, and kissed me, as I gave my hand at parting. Even at the eleventh hour, it struck me that I might confide my troubles to her, and find sympathy and comfort; but my coward heart faltered. For she was rich, she was kind, charitable, pious. Ah! if I could only
brings myself down from my pinnacle of pride! While I hesitated, her step was already upon the stairs; a footman was calling me in the hall-door; her carriage drove away, and I was alone with my own dark thoughts. The dusk of evening fell soon after she drove away, and I saw her rooms at Ripworth, with their stately furniture, fading in the solemn light. I touched the piano, but recollected from the sounds I brought forth. Then I paced the rooms feverishly, till I almost fancied weird forms came flitting before me hither and thither.

**MY DOGS.**

I hope you like dogs; if you don't, skip this paper, and improve yourself further on; I dislike having an unsympathising reader to annoy my honest affection for them. They were among my earliest friends. I remember—and it's one of the first essays I call to my remembrance—trying to write this news to an absent friend, and putting it down thus: 'Bo is well;' nor did I quite believe my medlessome informant, who told me my dear dog-friend always spelled his name 'Beau.' However, the public censured to call him 'Bo,' without correction, and I therefore very fairly thought myself right throughout. He was red and white—rather ignorant, now that I come to look back on him by the light of experience gained in the society of clever dogs; but then he liked me, and does not that alone for many deficiencies? He had sense enough to discern attractions in me. Just fancy if our friends could not like or love us without giving good reason to the world for their predilection, or suppose we felt uncomfortable and suspicious at the consciousness of being liked for drudgery, unlike horses! Not that Beau was dull; anything but that; he barked and capered incessantly; so fond was he of lively exercise, that he made quite a beaten path in the shrubs all round a large garden; and as soon as he was let out of the house for a walk, he would make the round of the premises before beginning to frisk. In this tour he generally surprised thrushes and black-birds, which flew out, making a great noise among the laurel leaves with their opening wings. When he returned from the home-circuit, he cut a caper, and was then ready to walk out, and select his dog. He never learned any tricks, or did anything wise or mischievous. Beau lived till I got into the first Latin exercise-book; then my brother and I buried him under a wevy-tree, and set up a grave-stone, with an appropriate dog-Latin epitaph upon it.

Brisk was another of my early friends; he got the name because he succeeded to a predecessor so called; but he never deserved it. He was very corpulent and bilious; and made him cross and exacting. As with some people whom I have known, his testiness brought him considerable respect; he was less put upon, more humoured and consulted than any dog I knew. We all called him Mr Brisk; and sometimes, when out walking, had to wait for him to keep up with us; he was so fat and slow. I see him now, bringing up the rear in the middle of the road, or ungraciously offering himself to be helped over a stile, without so much as a whine or a wag. Another Brisk, his immediate predecessor, killed himself with eating—not at once, but slowly, like a man. Besides having ground down all his teeth grinding in a persistent, ait' sort of way, his taste in old age became so vitiated that he would eat most unlikelihood victual. I remember a dish of curry so hot, that, though we were rather fond of hot curry, we did not part the party could swallow more than a mouthful, which Mr Brisk ate all up at one go, without so much as winking. He was a humorous dog enough, and used to submit to a pair of tail-coats, and sit set out to endure Sunday, and always howled when the church-bells began. Except to church, he used to accompany me everywhere. Once, having missed me, but not being sure which, I looked for him on my stairs, and looked out at a window to see. This was more reasonable than a trick he had of chewing the buttons off the coat the gentleman who had been dinner were at dinner. This peculiarity he had in common with a young blood-hound of my acquaintance in Berwickshire. Blood-hounds, however, are rather dangerous pets; sometimes they justify their names by sudden fits of savageness. I remember one, a magnificent fellow, who got into and disgrace with his owner by frightening the butcher's boy into fits. He was given away, and, I heard, he brought a little fortune for eating a sweep—a very dirty piece of business, to say the least of it.

Sometimes, of course, house-dogs are of use; we had one, however, who always wagged his tail with catholic hospitality to every comer. His kennel was close by the front door. Generally, Jupiter—that was his name—lay outside it, uneached, waiting to do the honours. One day while there were painters about the premises, we boys got a brush, and printed in big letters on the kennel, 'Beware of the dog.' Lo! the power of simple assertion! Presently Captain H—called in a gig; Jupiter advanced with a smile, as usual, and we received unbounded gratification at perceiving the captain remain sitting in his vehicle for more than the usual time, but not daring to get down; he had to hollo for the gardener to hold the dog, whose forward civility he thought only designing.

I should tell you we had a race of Jupiters, as we had a race of Brisks. One of them was a very fierce brute; he was always chained up strongly, and his kennel pinnel dangled. The yard behind it, however, on several occasions, and gave chase to terrified beggars, thundering after them, house and all. Fox was another house-dog we had; he never barked, but pounced on his game silently. Once he brought in for a vagabond merchant with a great basket of yellow crockery on his head; he hit him behind, and seated him with a jerk in the middle of the carriage-road. Both of the pedler's hands being raised up to hold his load, he could not defend himself, and so got unseverely bitten. We brought him into the kitchen, and purchased some of his dessert of bread, giving him a hunch of bread and meat, with a mug of beer, to make things pleasant. I was quite a little boy then, but at this moment I distinctly see him under a grating, and he depart down the white-washed tile as a crane on his head with his left hand, while he rubs the injured, but to him invisible part, with his right. The dog who bit him was a white terrier, not very refined, though useful in his calling.

The most gentlemanly, well-educated dogs I ever knew have been large brown retrievers. I have had several. Their business demands much sagacity and self-command. They must not only trace the wounded animal, without being puzzled or led astray by the scent or sight of any number of unhurt ones among which it may retreat, but they must bring it back alive. A dog who bites the winged bird is considered worthless, for from biting he will probably proceed to eating. I remember a friend of mine taking out a dog one day who got the first bird down his throat before the sportsman could reload his gun. The keeper shot the greedy brute on the spot. Generally, however, the wish of the hunter was to be mouthing. I had one who would bring a cat out of a corner, or a duck from off a pond, loudly remonstrant indeed, and probably alarmed, but unhurt. Poor Busy was both clever and energetic; I had taken the dog at a sale. No one knew better than herself when she had done wrong. When she felt the offence could only be atoned for in person, she would, being so desired, bring the whip home to the conscientious family. Two of her grandchildren, while
pups, had been mischievously eating the heads off some carnations. I spoke to them both seriously, and they appeared penitent. Next morning, while I was getting up, I saw the young dogs walk into the garden from the stable-yard; presently, finding no one near, they nudged each other, and made for the carnation bed. Just as they were about to begin their mischief, I stepped up to them, and said, "Don't do it again!" before I could say a word, they both scampered off shrieking, as if they were being struck, smitten and stung in their consciousness. Their father, Barry, my son, went mad. In the early stages of the malady, he walked round and round for hours. Not feeling certain what was the matter with him, I had him chained up in the stable, and watched. Presently my groom came running to me, into the garden, crying out that Ranger was loose and raging round the stable. I had on a thick pair of ledger's gloves, and went straight into the place to catch him. He flew at me like a wild beast, and I had to strike him fairly to the ground, poor fellow, with my fist, before I could get hold of him. This done, I put him into an outhouse; and finding the symptoms he shewed too clear to leave me any reason to doubt his madness, shot him before he did any harm, through a little hole in the door, through which I keep my garden axe.

The old rhyme says—

A wife, a spaniel, and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them, the better they be.

Now, I am not going to question the effect of correction on the other subjects of this verse, but a spaniel I knew—who was more dodged than any dog of my acquaintance—got rather worse than better under the treatment. He was not mine; he belonged to a friend of ours, who lived on the other side of a shallow valley and just half a mile, by the best of my house, I believe. We used to remonstrate sometimes, for the punishments were quite audible to us at home on still days. I have even heard, or felt almost sure that I heard, across the valley, the whacks upon the dog's back. Caesar, though a high-spirited dog, used to yell horribly under the stick or lash, though, the moment he was let go, he would caper round his master, and not unfrequently consider himself entitled to begin running up a fresh score of offences immediately. The way that dog leaped one transgression upon another showed itself also. He was gradually reduced to a howl when the master went to Wales to fish, and took him with him. Part of the journey was performed by rail, part by steamboat. While in the train, Caesar sat in the hole through the side of the box he was put in; on board the steamer, he slumped his collar, and did fatal damage among the luggage, especially crushing and flinging about some handbags. When his master landed, he gave directions to have him carefully tied up in the stable of the hotel where he slept, but there was some harness within reach, which Caesar spoiled.

The next morning, being taken out fishing, he killed a sheep.

To pass from spaniels to terriers. I have had many friends among the latter. One of the first was Mungo, an uncertain beast, but with rather a predominantly vindictive character. One instance of calculating revenge must suffice to describe him. He fell out on many occasions with a fierce cat we had; Pussy, somehow or another, managed to hold her own in several disputes. She scratched his face, and cuffed him about the ears—he was but a little dog—with such effect as to make MungoIRFer off, and account for his expected society to consider it a drawn-battle. Once, however, when she had kittens, or rather a kitten, for all the likeness, an odd thing that was in the same litter, I wanted to molest her, thinking, most probably, that her attention being drawn towards her young one, she might be approached with less risk. But Pussy slapped and spat at him in a manner virulent and successful. I have several times tried whether the sensation could be reversed, and the dog made happy by having his tail wagged for him; but, like most forced attempts at fun, the experiment always failed.

I have heard it said of some dogs, that they could
do everything but talk. I knew two or three who kept them that—not that I could always understand them, but there was a rude attempt at speech in the modulation of their whines, quite distinct from barking or growling. They evidently had something particular to say, and the giving as they thought, an intelligible utterance. But whether dogs can speak or not, be sure they understand what is spoken. Would they be companions if this were not so? As it is, they are sometimes the safest. When I have told my troubles to Jones, how do I know that at some unguarded moment he may not repeat what I am saying, assuming for himself something that I have kept sacredly to himself? Now, doggie may be utterly trusted; you may tell him all you think about any one, and he will not only take the liveliest interest in the communication, but never peep. In Hood's 'Bodhidharma's Dream,' see the gradual confession of the master expand in the discreet sympathetic society of his dumb friends, beginning thus:

My pipe is lit, my grog is mixed,
My curtain drawn, and all is snug;
Old Puss is in her elbow-chair,
And Tray is sitting on the rug.

Last night I had a serious dream,
Miss Susan Bates was Mrs Moggs;
What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?

I have, however, met with inconscionable people—
grown-up people, I mean—who have laughed at the animal pets of old maids. Poor ladies! depend upon it, in many a case their seemingly excessive care and affection for a dumb brute is but the outpouring of love turned back upon themselves, or never led in the right human direction. They must have something to caress and fondle. Mateless, childless, brought up in a prim artificial way, and yet withal conscious of affection, yearning for some living thing of their own they can care for, what wonder they dote upon a pooodle, being denied all else? To them a dog is a merciful safety-valve, and so far from thinking an old maid with a pet spaniel indifferent to the graver, truer ties of love, I believe she is just the person to do good to others, if only she could be shown how to do it.

Love for dumb animals by no means excludes that for our kin, while a man whom no animal can be brought to like, will always, in my eyes at least, be a suspicious character. Generally, if disliked by dogs, he is disliked by children too, which is horrible.

Of course there are persons who can see nothing to admire in dogs. I knew of one old gentleman who persistently refused to pat one, because they are never spoken well of in Scripture. The dogs there mentioned are mostly, perhaps entirely, the wild animals of the street, which indeed produce anything but a pleasing impression. They grin and run about through the city. But they are very useful for all that, and act as scavengers where sanitary laws are despised. Indeed, they are such foul feeders, that house-dogs have often to be watched and dieted, lest their coats at last should betray the coarseness of their victual.

Dogs bolt their food without more mastication than is needed to get bones and pieces small enough to pass down the throat. Instinct does not always tell them when they have had enough. As pike have been known to swallow an eel nearly as long as themselves, and indeed sometimes shew the tail of a dinner sticking out of their mouths, so I have heard of dogs obliged to let a remnant of some long tough strip they have swallowed hang from their lips. We had a horrible illustration of this one day. A little dog of ours in the country got and nearly swallowed a meal in one dainty strip, which, however, he could not bite through; this was unfortunate, as he hadn't room enough for it all, and so was obliged to leave off with a pendant of about four inches from his chops. Up came a big dog, and laying hold of this, succeeded in securing the whole without the dog himself, little dog growing meanwhile perceptibly lank! What a situation! to realise the gradual return of hunger, and see your enemy, nose to nose, absorb the late-won prize.

Every one knows anecdotes of courting the dog's special excellence over many other animals; we have, however, yet to hear of one dog teaching another; when that comes to pass, we may expect the strangest progress in the world of brutes. Hitherto, animals have only learned; teaching is of man. But there are some things, such as patience, attachment, and courage, in which some men might take a lesson even from my friends the dogs.

**Volcanoes.**

**In Two Parts—Conclusion.**

There is a question connected with volcanoes which, simple as it may to some minds appear, has yet given rise to a good deal of discussion in the scientific world namely, why volcanic vents should so universally assume the form of mountains. What we deem the most plausible hypothesis sets forth, that volcanoes are formed simply by the accumulation of erupted matter round a central orifice, which was originally either on a level with the surrounding country, or possibly even formed a hollow. That enough matter is poured out by an eruptive vent to form a mountain, is proved by the depth which the products of eruptions have attained in Etna, as shown in the section presented to us in the Val del Bove, and which amounts to as much as 4000 feet, nor is there any appearance at the lowest part of the Val del Bove of our approaching the bottom of the erupted matter. There are many instances on record in which smaller mountains have been thus formed even in a single eruption, as, for instance, in the case of Monte Nuovo, formed on the shores of the bay of Baia during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1638 A.D.

Sir Charles Lyell considers that the mode of growth of a volcano—as, for instance, of Etna—is very similar to the growth of exogenous trees, which increase by layers deposited externally. The gradual flow of lava, many months after its emission, has been described by Mr Scrope, who saw, in the Val del Bove in 1819, a stream still advancing which had been poured out nine months previously. The slope was very considerable, yet the thickness of the matter was considerable also, and it advanced at the rate of about an yard an hour. Its mode of advance he describes as being this: the lower stratum being arrested by the ground it was flowing over, the central portion of the stream bulged out, on account of the pressure from behind, and so being unsupported, fell over, and was arrested by the ground in its turn; the upper crust of the stream having long before been solidified by exposure to the air, and being broken in pieces, with a continual cracking noise, by the failure of support beneath. Thus the whole stream resembled masses of rocks tumbling over each other in dire confusion; and the valley was filled, not with a smooth stream of lava, but with broken rocks and angular blocks. Within the fissures, the lava could still be seen to be of a dull red heat.

As a volcanic mountain gradually rises, the portion nearest the central vent is, of course, the highest, since the greater portion of the ejected materials fall near it, and only the lighter ashes and smaller stones or more fluid lava are conveyed to any distance.
Lateral discharges also are, of course, more frequent within the same amount of space as we ascend, and indeed occur but seldom in the lower regions of a mountain in any case, since the hydrostatic pressure of a column of lava is less, and the resistance which has to be overcome, and which is offered to its exit by the flanks of the mountain, is greater as we ascend.

Though a volcanic mountain is, as it seems, thus piled up above the surrounding country merely by the accumulation of its own discharges, yet, of course, in many instances a considerable amount of its elevation above the level of the sea is caused by internal elevating force—a force acting, however, not specially on the mountain, but probably over a large district, the elevation of which is of course participated in by the mountain. Thus, in the case of Etna, the mountain has gained at least 900 feet by such elevation of the district since marine shells have been found in the mountain flanks at that elevation; higher they have not been traced, as the marine strata at that height have become covered by sheets of lava; but in all probability, if we were able to examine the interior of the mountain, it would be found that they ascend 150 feet to an elevation of 3000 feet, and that the volcano consequently owed so much of its height to these uplifting forces; this is inferred from the fact, that elsewhere in the district marine strata are found at that elevation, so that it is probable that the entire district was raised so much.

It may, of course, be supposed that if a volcano is piled up of materials torn from below by the agency of the subterranean fires, the internal hollows thus formed must occasionally be enlarged so much that their arches become unequal to the support of the mass of superimposed matter, and accordingly must occasionally yield. Of such yielding and consequent subsidence, we have several examples in historic records, as in the case of Papandayan in Java, when a tract of land fifteen miles long by six broad, and including an elevation of 4000 feet, sank down bodily at once; or, again, the truncation of the cone of Vesuvius, and sinking in of the Val Bove—both of which, however, are inferred to have sunk, rather than recorded to have done so.

Comparing the size of Etna, which is far the largest of European volcanoes, with others mentioned above, we see that the scale on which volcanoes are found in Europe is small compared with that on which they are developed in other parts of the world; as, for instance, Cotopaxi in the Andes, and others of that chain—Cotopaxi attaining an elevation of 19,000 feet; or Mount Loa in the Sandwich Islands, which is about 14,000 feet high. The latter volcano is perhaps the most magnificent exhibition of volcanic agency to be found on the surface of the globe. The principal interest attached to it is owing not so much to the enormous crater at the summit, at an elevation of nearly three miles, though this, as it gradually fills up, will be the most magnificent spectacle; but even still more sublime is the appearance presented by a lateral crater on one side of the mountain, of even larger dimensions than the summit crater, and on both sides of which are two and three miles across, and about seven and a half miles round, which is surrounded by vertical walls of solid rock about 1000 feet high. To this enormous crater the name Kilauea is given. It is sixteen miles from the highest crater, and about forty from the sea; and though comparatively at the foot of the volcano, it is at the summit of Vesuvius, or about 4000 feet high. It is formed by two chasms or hollows, one within the other. A precipice 650 feet deep, composed of compact rock in layers varying from a few inches to thirty feet in thickness, flanks the larger of these hollows: this precipice is quite perpendicular, and at its foot lies a horizontal ledge of black rock of considerable breadth, which terminates in another precipice, in some parts of 350 feet deep, and immediately surrounding a vast lake of lava, ever seething and boiling, and varying in height according to the supply of molten matter from the subterranean focus. At times, it rises up into the crater, and overflows the black ledge above mentioned, and then presents the magnificent spectacle of a lake of surging fire between two and three miles in diameter, and between seven and eight round. The lava, however, does not overflow the upper rim of the crater, for when it rises to a certain height it is carried off by underground vents, which have no doubt been formed by the hydrostatic pressure. Thus, in 1840, an eruption took place in which the lava flowed underground for six miles, when it made its appearance in an old wooded crater called Arava, the vivid light from which was the first intimation of the lava in Kilauea having burst through the walls of the great crater. The lava continued to flow for some weeks, during which time the lake in Kilauea sank over 400 feet; and since the bottom of the crater of Arava, where it first appeared, is itself over 400 feet deep, it is supposed by Mr. Coan, an American missionary, who describes the eruption, that it was at first at a depth of as much as 1000 feet below the surface of the ground. It then ran underground for a couple of miles from Arava, and again coming to the surface, spread over fifty acres of ground; it then again became subterranean for several miles, till it reappeared in a second crater of older date, which it partially filled up, and again flowed on beneath the surface of the earth. Its final emergence was at a distance of twenty-seven miles from Kilauea, at a point 1200 feet above the sea-level. The remainder of its course to the sea, a distance of about twelve miles, it performed above ground, and then leaped over a cliff fifty feet, and fell into the sea with a tremendous crash during a period of three weeks. In its underground passage, it fissured the earth in many places, and upheaved some of the rocks as much as twenty or thirty feet.

It is a singular fact, that the lava in the crater of Kilauea by no means corresponds in its periods of eruption with that in the summit crater only sixteen miles off, the latter being often overflows when Kilauea is at its lowest, and vice versa; this plainly shews, that though unquestionably they belong to the same volcanic centre, and are supplied by the same source, yet that there is no connection between the fluid in the two craters, since if there were, according to the laws of hydrostatic pressure, the lava in the summit crater could never rise higher than the opening at the top of the Gulf of Kilauea, whereas, in point of fact, the lava in the summit crater must rise 10,000 feet higher than this before it can overflow; yet the distance between the two craters is only sixteen miles.

The crater of Kilauea appears to have been formed by subsidence of the rocks owing to their having been undermined by lava, for at different distances round the crater are other precipices of perpendicular rock similar to those of which the crater is composed, and all bearing the appearance of having subsided at some former periods. They enclose also space double the size of Kilauea, though, owing to the escape of the lava by the subterranean passages above mentioned, it never surmounts the upper precipice of the crater; but on the black ledge intervening between the two precipices it deposits a fresh layer on every occasion that it surmounts it.

One of the most abundant lava-currents ever poured forth from Etna, was that of the eruption of 1699, which was fifteen miles in length; and when it entered the sea near the city of Catania, was six hundred yards
broad, and forty feet deep. The surface and sides being solidified by their exposure to the air, it presented the appearance of a moving mass of solid rock advancing by the fissuring of its walls, and the pouring out of the fluid lava filling the air. These obser-

vations, and the fact, an attempt was made, by breaking open the wall of the stream on one side with crow-bars and picks, to save the city of Catania, a lava-stream burst out from the opening; but as it seemed to threaten another town, Paterno, the inhabitants of the latter took up arms, and obliged the Catanians to desist. The river, therefore, having first in its courses overflowed fourteen towns and villages, reached the wall of Catania, which had been raised to a height of sixty feet on purpose to protect the city from such occurrences; however, it overtopped the wall, and poured down like a cascade, destroying part of the city, without, however, throwing down the wall. Long afterwards, excavations were made in the rock, and the wall re-discovered, so that at present the lava is seen curling over the top of the wall, as if in the act of falling.

Very much larger than this, however, have been some of the eruptions in Iceland—an island constituting a volcanic centre of most intense energy, some of the eruptions of Holca, one of its principal volcanoes, having lasted six years without interruption, and twenty years seldom elapsing without either an earthquake or eruption; while its hot springs or geysers, another manifestation of volcanic action, are constantly in a state of activity. New islands are often thrown up in the sea, some of which again subside, or are washed away by the waves, others remaining permanent.

An eruption is a most calamitous event to the inhabitants, for their principal means of support are the fish which swarm around their coasts, and their cattle; the former of which are driven from their shores by the lava pouring into the sea, and the latter suffer in a most extraordinary way from the ashes which cover their pastures. These ashes being pumicous, near the teeth of the cattle so effusively that they become absolutely useless; and the consequence is, that the animals literally die of starvation, though surrounded with plenty. A famine among the islanders is of course the result, and assistance generally has to be sent to them from Denmark.

One of the largest eruptive discharges ever known to the world, was that poured out by Skjáftan Jökul, one of the volcanoes of Iceland, in 1783. It has been calculated by Professor Bischoff that the amount of matter brought up by this single eruption exceeded in magnitude the bulk of Mont Blanc. The eruption began on 11th June, having been preceded by violent earthquakes; the mountain then threw out a torrent of lava, which flowed down the channel of the river Skjáta, and dried up the river, filling up a vast rocky gorge which it had occupied, and which was between four and six hundred feet deep, and two hundred wide; next it filled up a deep lake; and afterwards entering some subterranean caverns in an old lava-current, in which water appears to have accumulated, it blew up the rocks, throwing some fragments to the height of one hundred and fifty feet. A fresh stream of lava was thrown out a week after the first, and flowed over its surface with great rapidity; the stream that fell in a foamy catacatastrophe over a vast precipice, usually occupied by a waterfall. In August, a fresh flood of lava was forced to take a new course, as the channel of the Skjáta was quite filled up, and it ran down the channel of a river with a most unpronounceable name, which our readers may make the best they can of—namely, Hverfisfóti. These streams of lava in the plains formed vast lakes, sometimes from twenty to fifteen miles wide, and about 16 feet deep. This eruption lasted as long as two years, and destroyed twenty villages by fire alone, besides some overwhelmed with water, owing to the blocking up of the river-courses; and out of fifty thousand inhabitants, nine thousand perished, as well by starvation from the causes above mentioned, as by the actual destruction of the crops themselves, and also from noxious vapours which blew out before the mouth of the lavas was fifty miles in length, and in some places from twelve to fifteen miles broad; the other branch was forty miles long, and about one hundred to six hundred feet thick—an amount of matter probably as great as can be shown to have been poured out at any period, ancient or modern, by one volcano in a single year before; there had been one hundred to six hundred feet thick—an amount of matter probably as great as can be shown to have been poured out at any period, ancient or modern, by one volcano in a single year before.

Considering the vast extent of our globe which is under water, it may readily be supposed that volcanic eruptions will often occur under the sea, similar to those mentioned above as having formed new islands near Iceland. Owing, however, to the difficulty of observation, records of marine eruptions are not very common; and, indeed, when we consider the immense depth of the ocean in many parts—the sea having been sounded to the depth of seven miles, and the Pacific being probably even deeper—it is evident that an eruption might be actually going on over the sea-bottom while a vessel sailing above would be quite unaffected, and no signs of the occurrence be apparent to those on board. Occasionally, however, volcanic phenomena are observed and recorded by some passing vessel; but the accounts often consist of nothing more than the mention of violent ebullition of the water, with discoloration from mud, or of jets of steam and water, or of gaseous vapours having been observed. Sometimes a more scientific account is obtained, or an account of what is occurring in a favourable locality may last long enough to allow of its being visited specially by scientific men. In 1831, an island was thus thrown up in the Mediterranean between Sicily and Carthage, in a spot where others remain unreported. A famine among the islanders is of course the result, and assistance generally has to be sent to them from Denmark.

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of black lava rock still remained, its surface being about ten feet under water. There was also a second shoal of rock about 150 yards from the principal reef, which no doubt occupied the site of the second eruption. Thereafter, the water rapidly deepened. Sir C. Lyell concludes that a hill about 800 feet in height was raised above the bottom of the sea, the upper 200 feet forming the island, and being covered about one-third, or more precisely, one part was probably composed of solid lava, poured out over the bottom of the sea.

It is a long view, also, from various phenomena observed within the last hundred years, that an island, or group of islands, is slowly rising in the mid Atlantic, along a line intersecting St Helena and Ascension, and about thirty to forty miles south of the line. Both the islands mentioned are volcanic; and the line, if prolonged, would nearly intersect the groups, likewise volcanic, of the Canary Islands and Azores; so that in the course of time it is highly probable that we might have a chain of volcanic mountains occupying this line, and forming the border of a new continent.

Sometimes when an island has been thus formed, it is not again washed away, but the rocky portion of the ejecta rise above the sea, so that the island withstands the action of the elements permanently; an illustration of this is found in the island of St Paul's in the Indian Ocean, a little southward of the track of vessels from the Cape of Good Hope bound for Australia. This is a small reef, in many respects resembling the atolls or coral reefs of the Pacific. It is between three and four miles long, and about two miles across, containing at one side a crater about a mile broad, and 180 feet deep, surrounded by steep cliffs, the highest peak of which is 820 feet in height, while nearly opposite to this peak the sea-level of water sinks to the sea-level, so that the crater is full of sea-water, though the entrance is nearly dry at low water. It has been remarked that every crater will have one side much lower than all the others—its floor, namely, towards which the prevailing winds never blow, and towards which, therefore, the ashes and scoriæ are rarely carried during an eruption. If, then, from any cause, the sea gain access to this side, as during a partial subsidence, the flow and ebb of the tide may keep this passage permanently open, even should the island again rise slowly above the sea, along with an elevation of the sea-bottom, at the rate, perhaps, of a few feet in a century.

Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal, is similar to St Paul's, except that, in the centre of the crater, which is very much larger, there rises another volcanic cone, about 300 feet high, and having its own crater; and it has been supposed, very naturally, that this island affords another instance of the truncation of cones, the original summit of the mountain having sunk in, and a new central cone having been subsequently formed, and at present rising to about the same height as the remaining cliff-walls of the old crater.

One cannot fail to be struck with the marked resemblance between the appearance presented by this island and that seen in the presumed volcanoes in the moon. The surface of our satellite, as is pretty generally known, shews through the telescope every appearance of wild and barren desolation, and it is well ascertained that there is no water on its surface, and at most but a faint trace of an atmosphere extending only about 1000 feet from the surface at farthest, and at that height very rare. There are, however, mountains innumerable all over the surface of the moon: and since, on our own globe, mountains are produced almost by every cause—cavities, mountains the softer and looser soil during the upheaval of land from the sea, while the harder and more rocky districts, or those less exposed to water-currents, remain and form mountains; and, secondly, volcanic eruptions, and since the first of these causes is absent in the moon, it seems fair, judging from analogy, to infer that volcanic eruptions have been the cause of the production of mountains in that globe; and the whole appearance of most of the mountains in the moon favours this view, many of them being composed of rocks apparently piled together in the wildest disorder, while many more are probably formed from the appearance seen in Barren Island, and on a much larger scale at Santorin in the Grecian Archipelago; namely, an external range of mountains enclosing an elevated plain or valley, in the centre of which rises a single steep cone, or occasionally more than one. The mountains in the moon are generally on a scale proportionately much larger than those of the earth, and this might perhaps be accounted for in two ways—for if there were no sea on the earth, the inequalities of its surface would be much more strongly marked, since a depth of seven miles would have to be added, which is now occupied by the sea; or, secondly, since the mass of the moon is so much smaller than that of the earth, its attractive force is of course proportionately less, and, accordingly, any expansive force would produce a much greater effect, such as throwing rocks higher, or to greater distances, than would be produced by the same amount of force on the earth's surface. In general, accordingly, the craters, if such we assume them to be, in the moon are larger than similar ones on the earth, and generally also differ from them in not having one side only but the rest—a circumstance which, as explained above, is owing to the action of the winds and waves, both which are absent in the moon. However, in the Santorin group of islands, if the sea were absent, we should have a crater of very considerable dimensions, the external circumference of the islands being about thirty miles, and the internal eighteen.

Space would scarcely permit us to enter on a discussion of the theories which have been proposed to account for volcanic action; we shall, therefore, merely mention the view that is more commonly received—namely, that heat is generated in the interior of the earth by the chemical action resulting from sea-water obtaining access to unoxidised metals, such as potassium and sodium; and that this heat is sufficient to cause fusion of the surrounding rocks, while the volume of gases, and especially of hydrogen, evolved by the decomposition of the sea-water and the salts which it contains, form a vast vapour of sufficient expansive force to lift the molten materials to the orifice of eruption, or sometimes, if such a vent be not given to it, to lay a whole continent in ruins by the desolating shock of the earthquake. This is the view adopted by Lyell and most geologists; and though many objections might be made to it, it has at least sufficient arguments in its favour—such as the proximity of volcanoes to the sea, and the nature of some of the gaseous products of eruptions—to enable it to hold its ground until a better shall have been proposed.

OBJECTIONABLE ENGLISH.

Aggravate, in the sense of irritate. 'He aggravated me so much that at last I struck him.' The least reflection on the etymology of the word is sufficient to show how erroneously it is here used. A gentleman might say: 'His conduct towards me was very insolent; the offence was aggravated by my having never shown him anything but kindness.' It is probably from its use in such a legitimate connection of ideas, that it has at length come, in loose common speech, to represent the words insult and irritate.

Some. 'It took the counsel some two hours to cross-examine the witness.' The proper word to be used is 'about.' It is remarkable that Raleigh, Bacon, Milton,
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Addison, and Prior use the word 'some' in this objectionable way.

Progress, as a verb. 'We are progressing favourably.' This is a barbarism recently introduced from America. While such words as proceed and advance exist, it seems a pity to adopt a new one out of its old and accustomed sense. Here, too, there is not wanting a certain classic sanction, for the word is used as a verb by Milton.

Antiquarian, as a noun. Antiquarian being the adjective, it is surely best that we use antiquary as the noun, seeing that it is at our service. The language, by being varied, is enriched.

Talented. 'Talents,' in the sense of mental abilities, is itself a scarcely legitimate term, being only adopted figuratively from the word in the scriptural parable. When used as above, it becomes unbearable. Our language, as it happens, exhibits a poverty of words for mental ability; yet 'gifted' would be preferable to 'talented.'

'You would wish me to invite you; but I am not going to.' 'Mark caught the words he was not intended to.' These sentences give examples of an elision which has become very common in the familiar language of the middle classes, and is even creeping into print. Let it be condemned and avoided.

As well, in the sense of also. 'He was very angry, and I was hot as well.' This is another growing grammatical evil much to be deprecated.

Directly, in the sense of when or as soon as. 'Directly the pot is boiling, take it off the fire.' The word is here manifestly used in a wrong relation.

'The question lays in a nutshell.' This sentence occurred a few years ago in a daily journal of very high repute. It is an example of a mistake very general in conversation amongst the middle classes of the English people (it is unknown in Scotland)—the active verb lay substituted for the neuter verb lie—and which most frequently occurs in the preterite, as 'I laid down in bed,' for 'I lay down,' and; or 'I had scarcely laid down in bed,' for 'I had scarcely lain down,' and, for 'I had scarcely lain down,' and.

Left, for departed. Thomas left this morning at six. In using the word 'left,' the mention of the place departed from is strictly necessary.

In this connection. 'In this connection, we may also advert to the shallow learning of the present age.' Meaning, in connection with this fact, or proposition, or group of ideas. This is a piece of corrupt phraseology which seems to have taken its rise in the American period, but is now spreading in England.

Those sort of things.' The proper expression to use would be that sort of things, or things of that kind.

'John, whom she said was looking another way.' This is an example of a direct breach of grammar not unfrequently seen in books. The relative pronoun ought obviously to be in the nominative (who), to govern the verb 'was looking,' the words 'she said' being parenthetical.

Party, for person. 'I asked Thomas if he had long known that party,' referring to a gentleman formerly seen in Thomas's company. This vulgarity seems to have taken its rise in the counting-house and exchange, where, being first used legitimately with regard to individuals in a bargain, it has at length come to be employed as a general term for an individual or person. It ought to be sternly repressed.

To these specimens of improper English may be added a specimen of improper Scotch. The word 'canny' is constantly used in England as a Scotch word, appropriate to a low prudence or sagacity, which southern people are pleased to attribute to their northern kinfolk. Now, if Englishmen feel themselves entitled to use terms of obloquy regarding the morals of their neighbours, let them do it in correct language. The word 'canny,' in reality, means gentle, innocent, propitiously, and has no connection whatever with either cunning or prudence.

A FACT IN PRACTICAL EDUCATION.

A parish schoolmaster in Scotland was, a few years ago, successful in attracting a considerable number of boarders to his establishment, for whom he constructed temporary buildings in connection with the small house allowed him by the parish authorities. He was extremely assiduous in pushing on the studies of his boarders in the evenings, that they might always be well prepared for the lessons in school next day; yet, to his no small surprise, the children of the small-farmers and cotters, who never had any preparation beyond what they could give themselves at the cottage firesides of their parents, usually made a better appearance in school than the genteel and well-drilled compatriots. On inquiring into this phenomenon, he became satisfied that the cotter children were benefited by the want of his evening tuition; in other words, that the boarders were at the better of it. It appeared that they trusted too much to mechanically learning their lessons from him; that the cottage children, obliged to puzzle out everything for themselves, had their natural faculties evoked and brightened up, and, in this process, became the superior scholars. Being remarkably free from prejudice, he readily adopted the expedient of merely assigning the boarders their lessons, with grammar and dictionary, leaving them to their own resources for the rest; and he soon found it their ascending to the level of the cottage children, a proof of the advantage of a self-dependent course of actual education, as in the affairs of the world generally.

THE PASSING CLOUD.

O cloud, so beautiful and deict,
Passing where fierce sons burn and boast,
O'er heights untrod by human feet:
Chameleon cloud, of iris hue,
As changeful as a drop of dew,
How many shapes in moments few.
A car, a globe, a golden gnomon,
How many forms thou dost assume!
A mountain, pyramid, or tomb.
So many shapes beneath the sun.
So many dyes that flowing run,
And beauty still in every one.
Tinged with the hue the rainbows cast
On snow-peaks, where their image fast
Fades down before the scowling blast.
Such golden light the young moon throw
Upon the still drops of the dew,
What time the night-wind fresher blew.
Such lustre water-lilies throw
Upon the brook that lies below,
Lipping their blossoms with its flow.
'Twould make a brim-sick painter rise
To win a hue to match with thine,
To make his martyr's mantle shine.
In such a cloud the angels seek
The hermit on the granite peak.
So pale, so humble, and so meek.
Such cloud when Jesus, long ere day
Had sought the mountain-top to pray,
A halo round him seemed to play.

W. T.
LATE CHANGES AT PEPPLETON.

May I claim, for a few, a very few moments, the attention of the Public? Although I am an old maid, elderly and candid enough to be beyond the fear of census-papers, I pledge myself not to force my domestic affairs upon the notice of my readers. I may have grievances of my own, but I am not egotist enough to imagine that the world at large has leisure or patience to attend to them. What I desire to describe is of general, not personal, interest. It refers to a place of no less note and importance than Peppleton, which, as the reader is aware, does not assume the last rank among the resorts of fashion.

When I first became a resident of Peppleton, that renowned watering-place was absolutely unconscious of its approaching celebrity. It was merely a gray Saxon town, with a little port, frequented by coasters, and haunted by fishing-smacks. Clinging like a limpet to the sides of a bold cliff, above which rose the square turret of its ancient church, Peppleton had known little change since the days of the Stuarts. The few strangers who drifted into it in the course of travel were astonished at the steepness of the narrow streets, cool and shady as those of an Italian city, and at its many flights of break-neck stone stairs. Now and then, an artist would establish his easel on the quay or the undercliff, and do Peppleton the distinguished honour of taking its portrait. Sometimes a lecturer, bolder than his brethren, would hire the town-hall, or the great room at the inn, scatter abroad his posters, and fee the crier; but he seldom or never got any audience to reward his exertions, and was sure to depart in dudgeon, declaring Peppleton to be behind the age. One morning, however, Peppleton awoke to find itself famous. The great Metropolitan Junction Railway had found us out, had, as I may say, discovered Peppleton, and the Directors made as much noise about it as if they had eclipsed Columbus. The newspapers announced in glowing language that no watering-place along the entire coast could vie in natural advantages with Peppleton; that no harbour was so admirably situated; and that the sea-bathing, the scenery, and the local position imperatively demanded the establishment of a first-rate packet-station and fashionable town. The railway company did wonders towards introducing their somewhat unwilling public to the light of day. They gave us a line, at a time when the network of iron that intersects England was rather more sparse than at present; they built us an upper and lower station; they thoroughly remodelled the harbour; and they built a monster hotel, one of the earliest of that breed of monsters which now loom all over the country.

I need scarcely say, that from the hour when the first engine—crowned with evergreens, and drawing a train full of the directors and their guests—came puffing triumphantly into our town, the old genius of the place was scared out of it, and progress became lord of the ascendancy.

The transmutation of a fishing-burgh into a gay watering-place is a curious spectacle. Of course, the place had been invaded, at the first blush of its nascent prosperity, by an army of speculators, architects, landscape-gardeners, and land-jobbers. The narrow streets were filled with men with ominous rolls of paper, self-important faces, camp-stools, compasses, and ever-pointed pencils. These were seen in all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks, writing, drawing, measuring, comparing, and scowling at the flint walls and quaint half-timbered cottages, as they muttered in oracular accents, ‘This must come down.’ To these theorists succeeded a legion of sturdy red-capped navigators, so called, whose very name was provoking in the esteem of the seafaring population, and whose quarrels and riots kept the town in perpetual hot water. In those days, the navigator was an object of almost as much interest as the gorilla is now. His natural history attracted scientific inquiry. His appearance was picturesque, from his fondness for gay-coloured waistcoats, bright handkerchiefs, and eccentric headgear; he was always working, or drinking, or fighting, as it seemed, and inspired in ordinary folks a curiosity not quite free from fear. I have read Mr Addison’s account of the Mohocks in London, in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., and I am sure that the good quiet people of those times were not a bit more frightened at those wild revellers than we were when surrounded by the first noisy horde of ‘navvies.’ But if these rough men did mischief, it must be owned that they knew how to work; and for my part, I marvelled at them as if they had been actual Anakim. Spades and picks in their hands seemed magic implements, so rapidly did they level or furrow the earth. We often made a party to walk out and observe the progress of the deep cuttings, or of the great gloomy tunnel—quite a new sight then, and in which every lady present solemnly vowed never to trust herself, let the trains run as they might—or to remark how the huge hotel started up as if Aladdin had lent his lamp to the directors, and the Genii helped the building on by night. We agreed that it was all very fine, and grand, and clever, but we wished it might end well. The aboriginal inhabitants, who, by the way, had looked upon us rather in the light of foreign settlers before, now took us wholly into their confidence, and imparted to us their regrets for the past, and their apprehensions for
the future. These new-fangled alterations, said they, would ruin the town, and put a stop to its prosperity. But in this particular vaticination I could not exactly agree with them, because it seemed to me that the prosperity of Peppleton was already in a fossilised state. The old industry of the town, to tell the truth, was rather a naughty one. It consisted almost entirely in the illicit introduction of legs of spirits, lakes of tobacco, and the wine of royalty, without paying the royal custom dues thereon; and before I bought my house at Peppleton, this particular kind of commerce had very nearly come to an end, to the improvement of my neighbours’ morals, but the disfranchisement of their profits. No, I rather think that the fears of the people of Peppleton were unfounded, or only based on the natural objection of primitive folks to having any forcible change made in their habits of thought. I, and the other ladies and gentlemen of limited income who had taken up their residence at Peppleton, gave all manner of reasons for our antipathy to the transformation of the place. We were afraid the picturesque look of the town would be spoiled, or lest our favourite walks should be cut up and deformed, afraid of vulgar intrusion; but though we all knew in our hearts the real reason, we would none of us give utterance to it.

We were all very nervous lest the place should become expensive; for hitherto, to let the reader into a secret, Peppleton had been cheap, very cheap. It was a different case with the natives, who thrive by the large expenditure going on. Peppleton, it might be said, was, like Danés, subduced by a shower of gold. The rickety houses that were demolished were paid for with lavish liberality; the sailors were compensated for the damage done to their vested interests by the harbour improvements, and then made the not uncommon discovery, that those interests were all the better for the extension. The carpenters, bricklayers, and painters, whose wages were continually employed in some of the many new houses that were sprouting up all over the cliffs, like mushrooms after a shower. It was difficult to get a pane of glass put in or a lock adjusted, so incessant was the demand for labour, and the mechanics adopted an independent tone and bearing which, if the truth must be told, was more galling to our egotism than even the growing demands upon our slender purses. How often, for instance, would old Mrs Willow—Mrs Willow by brevet rank—drop in to confide to me the story of her wrongs—how she had sent her little maid, Mary Ann, twice over to that impertinent fellow, Jones the joiner, to say he must come and examine the faulty table or obdurate door, and how Jones had replied that he couldn’t come till next week, that he had a dozen jobs in hand, and couldn’t be bothered; a reply which filled Mrs Willow with virtuous indignation. Then the monster hotel opened—a palatial structure, I confess, with French cooks, at whose white cap the little boys and girls were never weary of gazing and giggling, with a large staff of attendants of all nations, and making up so many beds that we marvelled at the rashness of the projector. But those beds were seldom untenanted, and meanwhile crescents, terraces, and clusters of villas, in all the glories of damp stucco, arose among the meadows and on the furry common; steam-boats were splashing and snorting in the harbour; fair green lawns and aspiring gardens were laid out and walled in, and Peppleton was completely launched as a watering-place.

I need scarcely record how excursion trains poured invading multitudes into our streets—how artists, perched like sea-mews on every swell of our cliffs, sketched us from every possible point of view—how the mails of the London News engraved us, or how we were etched in Punch. Nor need I chronicle minutely how new churches, new inns, new hydrophatic establishments, new doctors, new bazaars, schools, institutes, and popular preach, blossomed around us. All this was the natural and spontaneous development of the place, the result of the original impetus administered to Peppleton by the Metropolitan Railway. But it is not of this I am talking. I cheerfully accept the brick and mortar deluge, the rise in prices, the bustle, noise, and publicity which has replaced the primeval quiet of my earlier residence. Even though I have been magnificently taxted by the encroaching chimney-cowls of an opposite neighbour, I do not ask the public for pity or sympathy on that score. Even though lilies, orans, incessant collections for the negroes (generally in aid of the Ashantee Mission), and a camp, from which the military daily infest our town in large numbers, have been among the fruits of this rapid growth, I do not complain of these innovations, but strive to remember that they are of use to others. Of what, then, do I complain? That is precisely the question nearest my heart, and I am about to answer it as clearly as I can. We are always reading in the newspapers the most beautiful eulogies on self-government; we are told that the privilege and pride of Britons is to govern themselves, in many matters, especially, our right to self-government is held to be supreme, and yet here in Peppleton we are as helpless and as misguided as the late king of Naples. Peppleton has authorised its own, a corporation, aldermen, jurats, a town-council, and a mayor. I am not sure whether the corporation does not possess a horn, given by King Alfred, or King Athelstan, or somebody, by virtue of which its members legislate on local matters; but at any rate we have a mayor. Few towns, indeed, have in times past a more conspicuous and magistrate than ours. It is on record that the mayor of Peppleton gave a loyal reception to Queen Bee on one of her progresses, and mounting on a three-legged saddle, pronounced three times a day, in the presence of some native poet, and in which a slight orthographical liberty is taken with the name of our town,

'Most gracious queen,
Welcome to Peppleton!'

To which Elizabeth is reported to have made answer:

'Most gracious fool,
Get off that stool!'

This legend is one of the glories of Peppleton, and sufficiently illustrates the early importance of its municipal rulers. But my present complaint is, that these rulers have taken to ruling in good earnest. So long as they were King Logs, no one murmured; they are now King Storks, and we write under their great beaks and obtrusive claws. And after all, it is less with the mayor that we, the unoffending householders of the place, find fault, than with the town-council. The latter assembly, I am griefed to say, is amazingly, distressingly active; it sits four times a week, it holds debates not less stormy and verbose than those of the imperial parliament, and it votes taxes with unparalleled liberality. The worst feature of the latter is, that we pay them. One-and-three in the pound for police; one-and-nine for lighting and paving; for drainage so much; for water so much; for poor-rate, for roads; for extensions, improvements, and indulgions, so much. Making in all about fourteen and elevenpence in the pound, so far as I can judge. Of course, I know that we cannot be secured from burglars, third, dust, and typhus, for nothing; I do not expect the union to be maintained gratis, nor do I imagine that roads can be amended, pipes laid down, and lamp-posts erected without some part of the improvements I do object; and not only I, but many of whom I am but the mouth-piece. It is all very well to tell us that we are self-governed, but I would ask...
what have Mrs Willows, or Miss Hone, or Captain Buckram, or the Bishop of London to thank for? With the gigantic schemes undertaken by the authorities of Peppleton, or the considerable sums expended by that body corporate?

We help to maintain the spruce policeman in his trim blue uniform, with the elaborate whiskers, the clinking boot-heels, and the spotless Berlin gloves, which throw those of our greengrocer, poor Nokes, totally into the shade; we help, I say, to maintain that supercilious young minister of justice; and although Miss Hone pronounces him 'a puppy,' and Mrs Willows explains that he turns the head of her Mary Ann by surreptitious winks, yet we pay down our one-and-twopenny cheerfully, because he does keep centre-hits from our shutters, and beggars from our ground-door windows. But when we are asked to pay threec as much for 'improvements and building-rates,' we naturally feel a reluctance to draw out our purses-strings for objects whose utility we doubt.

Why, for instance, should our town-county cut a road from Peppleton to Owlesden Gap, a place of no importance, where no one ever wants to go, and where no more lively scene awaits the explorer than may be afforded by two wind-mills, a farm, a cabbage-garden, and a very extensive brick-field? Why should they demolish thirty-five houses, at no trifling cost for compensation, labour, and materials, and leave an eyepatch for the future? Why should they widen small portions of streets, leaving the rest of the thoroughfare to its original tenuity, but playing the part of a pocket Alaric with reference to certain blocks of building? Why should they, above all, should they have erected and solemnly inaugurated a new town-hall, and one of such unreasonable splendour? The latter edifice, particularly since I have had to pay two-fourth on its account, is an ey sore to me. I avoid the High Street, that my eyes may not be withered by that basilisk of brick and mortar; I pass round by reconduit crescents, by unfinished squares, by skeleton terraces, expressly to elude that Palladian edifice. Nor am I singular in my abhorrence of this recent erection; Captain Buckram, Mr Boley, Mrs Willows, Miss Tenterton, and fifty other rate-payers of gentility share my strong antipathy to the pile under which our half-crowns are buried. But yesterday the captain, a well-preserved military gentleman, who was a dandy in Canning's time, and at whom, I am afraid, some of our younger spinsters set their caps to very little purpose, observed to me: 'Mr Blatter is quite a young man still, and may do better one day. But I must use a woman's privilege, and grumble at the internal arrangements. There are halls, board rooms, secretaries' rooms, and what not; but the council chamber is so large that the town-council might play at any active game in it, to keep themselves warm in winter, and he must be a loud speaker whose voice could fill it; while the market below will accommodate future generations. But the prisons beneath! the dungeons in which petty offenders are to await sessions or assizes, how can I speak as they deserve of those stifling, narrow, damp dens, those cellabitoes of the nineteenth century, which Mr Blatter has provided for the underground reception of evil-doers! I protest that it is worth a philanthropist's journey to Peppleton, only to inspect those cells, whose walls run with water, and to calculate how many hours spent there would sow the seeds of consumption. It is for such we pay! Another knock! The tax-collector again! Excuse me; I can write no more.

ARSENIC-EATING AND ARSENIC-POISONING.

The practice of arsenic-eating, which prevails in Styria, was first brought before the world by Dr Von Techudi, in the Freie. Westliche Medicinische Tages. We believe that the first mention of the subject in England was made in the pages of this Journal (No. 416, New Series, published on the 20th December 1851), in the form of a little paper framed by a foreign contributor from the observations of Dr Von Techudi. That such a practice existed was treated in scientific circles with the usual sceptical derision; but in a little time the fact obtained credence with the late Professor Johnston, and a few other chemists. It appears that in Lower Austria, which is an arsenic-producing country, this deadly poison is eaten in small quantities with a view to producing symptoms and good looks, and also for the purpose of imparting strength in long journeys. There is reason to believe that it was first taken by the men engaged at the arsenic-furnaces, as a means of warding off (on the principle of inoculation for the Mistle-toe) the effects of the poisonous fumes arising from the manufacture.

In a paper on this subject, read before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, Dr H. E. Roscoe mentioned, that through the kindness of his friend Professor Fernald of Lemberg, he had been
furnished with copies of letters written by seventeen medical men to the government inspector at Grätz, one of the principal cities of Styria, concerning the practice of arsenic-eating. From that correspondence, containing reports by trustworthy persons, as well as the record of cases under personal notice, it appeared that arsenic acid, under the name of hidraich, was well known to, and distributed amongst the Styrian peasantry. That this substance is pure arsenious acid, Dr Roscoe proved by an accurate chemical analysis of six grains of a white substance forwarded by Professor Gottlieb of Grätz, accompanied by a certificate from the district judge of Knittfeld in Styria, stating that this substance was brought to him by a peasant-woman, who told him that she had seen her farm-labourer eating it, and that she gave it up to justice, to put a stop to so evil a practice. On the question whether arsenic was consumed in quantities usually supposed to produce death, we learn that Dr Holler of Härberg was acquainted with forty, and Dr Förcher of Crätz with eleven persons, who indulged in the habit; and that in one case recorded by Dr Seifer, and attested by Dr Knappe of Oberzehring, a man in good health, aged thirty years, ate on the one day four and a half, and on the succeeding five and a half grains of arsenic without least detriment. This man stated that he was in the habit of taking like quantities three or four times a week.

We shall see now the value of the evidence brought forward by Mr Heisch. Having put himself in communication with Dr Lorenz, formerly of Salzburg, that gentleman informed him that the practice of arseniceating was well known to exist, but that access to individual cases was exceedingly difficult, since the vice was proscribed by a government enactment, that arsenic be allowed only under the sanction of a medical certificate. Dr Lorenz confirmed the statement so often made, that huntsmen and wood-cutters were in the habit of using it to improve their wind and prevent fatigue. The usual dose to begin with was about the size of a pin-head, increasing from this gradually to that of a pea. Those who were in the habit of taking it, did not look so old as they really were, retained a more than usually healthy complexion, were long lived, and apparently exempt from infectious diseases, but were liable to die suddenly if they did not break off the practice. Dr Lorenz, however, was not prepared to endorse the opinions of Professor Johnston as to its power of increasing the beauty and charms of the fair sex. At the arsenic-works in the neighbourhood of Salzburg, the only men who can long stand the fumes are those who are in the habit of eating portions of this poison, and the director of one of these establishments furnished Mr Heisch with the particulars of his own case.

Destined at an early age to enter the arsenic factory, with the view of eventually becoming the superintendent, he was advised by his teacher, M. Bünsch of Eisleben, to become an arsenic-eater, as otherwise the fumes from the smelting ore would soon destroy his health, and render it imperative that he should leave his employment. From an early age, therefore, up to the time at which he wrote to Mr Heisch (being then forty-five years old), he had been in the habit weekly of consuming a large amount of arsenic. This gentleman forwarded to Mr Heisch a quantity equal to the dose he first took, and also the amount he was at that time taking. The latter was weighed at the factory, as well as by Mr Heisch on receipt, and it was found that this gentleman, who had begun with three, was now taking 'twenty-three grains of pure white arsenic in coarse powder, three or four times a week.' The arsenie was the only instance of which Mr Heisch was able to obtain full particulars, but many others were mentioned to him by gentlemen who knew the individual, and could vouch for the truth of their statements.

The practice of arsenic-eating can barely be said to exist in England. Mr Heisch mentions the case of a gentleman in Lincolnsire, who began taking it for some skin disease, and eventually reached the quantity of five grains daily. This, according to the report, he had taken for six years, till at length he remedied it by necessary steps. He did not however leave it off without great inconvenience, and a return of his old complaint. In the "Pharmacal Journal" for November 1860, we observe mention made of a village of arsenic-eaters in the north of England, where the mineral is found in appreciable quantity in the water drunk by the inhabitants. A stream called Whitbeck, rising in the Blackpool Mountains, in West Cumberland, contains arsenic in determinable quantity. Ducks will not live if confined to it, and while trout abounded in all the neighbouring rivulets, no fins are found in the arsenicated stream. But its use by the villagers does not give rise to any symptoms of arsenical poisoning, but rather to the effects which are observed in thyrria among the arsenic-eaters there. When the railway was being carried past Whitbeck, the first use of the water produced the usual marked effects on the throats both of the men and horses employed in the works. The soreness of the mouth from which they at first suffered, soon, however, disappeared, and the horses attained that sleekness of coat assigned as one of the effects of this mineral by the ancient writers. It is a question how far the rosy looks of the Whitbeck children, and the old age which a large proportion of the inhabitants of the village attain, are to be attributed to the arsenic present in the water.

It is well known that this poison is, of all others, most readily detected after death, even at a period so remote from the interment as six or seven years; and on re-opening graves which had been closed for twelve years in Styria, the bodies of arsenic-seaters were found so unaltered as to be at once readily recognisable by their friends. This must be owing to the strong antiseptic powers of the mineral, and would lead us to infer that the tissues have been thoroughly impregnated as to be able to resist for a longer period the process of decay. What a stumbling-block is here to the physiologist, what a mine of conjecturing from which the judge may furnish with arguments, to torture and perplex the medical witnesses! Those who consume this substance tell us, that the first dose of arsenic invariably produced symptoms of poisoning, such as burning pain in the stomach and sickness, which, when it subsides, is followed by a keen appetite, and feeling of excitation. Like symptoms, with the exception of pain, are produced by every increase of the dose. The superintendent of the factory at Salzburg, previously alluded to, informed Mr Heisch that he never experienced any ill consequence from the practice, except when he endeavoured to give it up. He was then attacked with such violent palpitation of the heart, fainting, depression of spirits, and mental weakness, followed by long confinement to bed, as necessitated his return to the habit—a habit he resolved never to leave off until he attained the age of fifty, as originally done by his instructor, M. Bünsch, and that only by gradually retrograding to the dose from which he started. Like most other arsenic-eaters, he scrupulously avoided spirits, and took his stimulant in some warm liquid on an empty stomach.
of his books, carefully preserved within a glass-case. The very air of the room, though in constant use, and well ventilated, presented evidences of arsenic acid, on suspending in it sheets of paper saturated with one of the most delicate tests for this poison, and a chemical analysis of the paper showed a drachm of arsenic of copper to every square foot.

The public mind had not been long relieved from the exaggerated fear of being poisoned by every green paper that decorated their walls, before a similar agitation was raised against the occurrence of arsenic in manures. A communication was read before the Dublin Agricultural Society by Professor Davy, stating that certain plants which he had watered with a solution of arsenic, not only thrived well, but absorbed the poison to such an extent that it could be detected in any part of them; consequently, that the growing of turnips and other excellent roots in manures containing this mineral, might lead to symptoms of poisonings, more especially so if arsenic was not expelled from, but accumulated in the system, as is generally believed. The minds of nervous individuals were, however, soon quieted by the knowledge that other experimenters had striven to make plants thrive under arsenical soaking, but had found that they either perniciously perspired in dying in a few days, or otherwise refused to imbibe any of the poison. Moreover, it was showing that, even allowing that turnips grown upon these manures absorbed arsenic, the quantity was so small that one hundredweight of roots would not contain more than half a grain; and that, notwithstanding the custom of soaking wheat in arsenical solutions previous to sowing it, in order to destroy the spores of the smut, no poison could ever be detected in the grain threshed out.

It is much to be regretted that some other and perfectly harmless green pigment is not substituted for this dangerous compound, since it leads one to look with suspicion on all cakes, lozenges, isinglass, gelatine, and confectionery, otherwise rendered doubly tempting by the beautiful tint. The very seductive manner in which this painted confectionery is offered for sale, is well illustrated by a case of poisoning mentioned some time ago in the Times. At a fair in the south of England, six children were seized with symptoms of poisoning. On inquiry, it was ascertained that they had been eating some coloured sweetmeats called birds-nests, which they had purchased at the fair. On apprehending the person who sold them, several other birds-nests were found in his possession; and as he averred that they were bought from a confectioner in Exeter, a warrant was obtained to search the premises of the latter, when a quantity of green colouring matter, used for tinting sweetmeats, was discovered, which on analysis proved to be Scheele's green. There are many other articles in everyday use, in the manufacture or finishing of which arsenic forms a dangerous ingredient; candles, for instance, are not uncommonly made up with either white or green preparations of arsenic, which may in combustion give rise to deleterious fumes; and only last February, the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Paris condemned a flower-maker to six days' imprisonment, and a fine of three hundred francs, for having severely injured the health of one of his workmen by employing him to spread a green powder over certain flowers, assuring him at the same time that it was not arsenical.

One form yet remains to be mentioned, in which arsenic is undoubtedly allowed to be sold, and might become the means, either intentionally or not, of poisoning; we allude to the paper mouve, or fly-papers, so much in use in summer weather for destroying these little household pests. Chemical analysis has detected no fewer than three to five grains of arsenic acid, the white arsenic of commerce, in each separate paper; and yet, when offered for sale, we are told that they are harmless to anything save insect-life. Surely if the use of unglazed
MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

CHAPTER XX.
THE JOURNEY HOME.

I slept soundly that night; soundly as will sometimes the worn-out criminal before his execution. I never awoke from the hour I lay down till the housemaid roused me by drawing aside the curtains of the windows, when the glare of light burst upon my heavy eyelids with starting effect.

‘What is the hour?’ I asked in a fright.

‘Half-past seven, ma’am.’

Half-past seven! and I must be off at eight to reach East Sutton in time for the nine o’clock train! Rising hastily, I dressed myself in the least remarkable costume I possessed; but all my clothes were fashionable and elegant; there was no plain gown, no dowdy bonnet among my whole wardrobe. For months, I had made dress my study, and the result shewed itself in numerous satins, velvets, and silks, and in a purse well-filled. I had just barely enough money to defray my travelling expenses.

Throwing a large shawl round me, and putting on a thick veil, I endeavoured to make my appearance as little conspicuous as possible. I hardly ate any breakfast, having neither time nor inclination for it; my eyes rested for some moments upon the delicate chins, the silver and gilt articles lying on the table before me, and I wondered if I should ever behold their like again. I had no money to give the servants, so I ran hastily past them in the hall as I was going to the carriage—that great hall, with its grim helmets and rusty weapons of the olden time, where I had so lately danced, galloped and walked with men of rank and fortune.

‘May we start now, ma’am?’ demanded a footman, touching his lacocad respectfully.

‘Yes, yes; all is ready,’ I replied hastily, flinging myself back on the cushions.

I heard the rustle of the horses moving; I felt the onward motion of the carriage; the wheels grated on the smooth gravelled avenue.

‘Adieu, Ripworth!’ I murmured, as I looked at the noble building, soon to be hid from my sight for ever.

‘Adieu, wretched scene of hopes raised and crushed; feelings created and extinguished; spirits buoyed up, and then broken!—adieu! and God knows I wish I had never seen you anywhere but in the picture over our old sofa at home!’

It was not till I was fairly out upon the public road, still flanked on either side by the woods of Ripworth, that I began to turn my thoughts towards home and the future. What were we to do now? It was quite evident that something must be speedily decided upon. Anna’s elopement was not the only cause for anxiety and dismay. My poor uncle’s state of health, and the now wretched prospects of my brothers, were harassing considerations. What would my mother say when she heard of my uncle’s extraordinary behaviour and discomposure? Ah! if I had accepted the offer of Mr. Legrand! If! but it could not be. ‘Was I not selfish!’ I exclaimed, burying my face in my hands. ‘I am, how can I bear to meet you!’

On, on the carriage rolled, the horses’ feet sounding distinctly on the frozen ground; for it was only March, and the severity of a hard winter had not yet abated, and still I tried to make plans and collect my thoughts, which were not tinged with much gentle feeling. When the carriage reached East Sutton, it wanted twenty minutes of nine o’clock. The railway station did not appear alive with bustle yet; I was glad of this, hoping that the contents of the Ripworth neighbourhood. Having seen my luggage lifted from the carriage, I dismissed my uncle’s servants, saying, I should not require them to wait till the train started, and it was a relief to me when I found myself alone in the general waiting-room. The London train, which was the one I was to travel by, had not yet arrived, and the railway guards were only on the look-out for one from another branch, which was now immediately expected. I was walking slowly up and down in front of the station when this train came puffing and whistling from the Ripworth neighbourhood. There were fishmongers, sailors, ill-clad women, and labourers appearing from the third-class compartments: old pompous-looking gentlemen glancing proudly round them; pretty girls leaning on attentive brothers or fathers; or mayhap a young wife escorted by a fashionable husband, with mustaches and a military bearing, all issuing from the first-class carriages: while the second-class poured forth its crowd of respectable farmers, milliners, and tradespeople of all sorts. But who is that I behold approaching among the first-class passengers? Can I be mistaken? No; it is Curzon Goad, walking with a friend. I hastily retreated to the interior of the station, and disappeared within the ladies’ waiting-room as fast as possible. I saw him pass the window, walking with his companion, who had a military air; he was smiling and talking with animation, and yet I had probably got my last note yesterday. By a strange inconsistency, I felt mortified that he should be able to laugh and look unconcerned. Soon he and his friend entered the waiting-room, and through the half-open door of communication between it and the apartment where I stood, I could hear their conversation almost distinctly. My heart beat at the sound of Mr. Goad’s voice, familiar as it was. I heard him say: ‘That fellow Huntley is always rather slow about everything; he was never sent upon any business that he did not put out of patience.’

‘Huntley?’ thought I. ‘Where had I heard the name before?’ And then it occurred to me that such was the name of my poor sister’s seducer; but there might be many Harriet I should not recognize. ‘If he does not make his appearance, Rowley, before seven minutes, we must start, as the express will be up then.’

His friend made some reply in an asthmatic voice, expressive of little cheerfulness, though it belonged to a young well-dressed man. ‘Talk of somebody, and he’ll appear,’ said Mr. Goad with a little laugh as a new-comer entered.

‘How do, Huntley?’

‘Ha! Mr. Goad, fear I’m late, but couldn’t help it; on my honour, no,’ replied a sharp discourteous voice. ‘Mr. Legrand must excuse me,’ replied Mr. Goad in a cold tone; ‘I have no particular fancy for visiting Harkswale at present.’

‘Very true; painful recollections, old times, and so forth; don’t wonder at it, Mr. Goad. Then perhaps we may meet in London in a day or two.’

‘Yes; and in the meantime, if you have anything special to say, I’m particular to say it.’

‘This was said as a party of strangers invaded the waiting-room; and then Mr. Goad and the man called Huntley, who I now recollected had been old Mr. Newdigate’s lawyer, and was still, no doubt, any one of the employ of Mr. Legrand, left the interior of the station, and walked up and down outside. I could now see the appearance of the old man, in spite of my passion. He was rather short, stoutly made, and with a cunning expression of face. His age seemed
about thirty. I had not time to make many more observations, as just then the train from London by which I was to travel came up, and pulling my veil over my face I got my ticket for a first-class seat. Having directed a porter to place my luggage within, I succeeded in securing my place without attracting observation. The only travelling companion I had was an old lady, very deaf and blind, who seemed more inclined to sleep than take note of me. Home—I would soon be at home; soon clasping in my arms my mother and Rosa—I, the bearer of such dark tidings. In spite of many bewildering sensations, I fell asleep, with my pretty velvet bonnet leaning against the cushions behind me, and the stoppings of the train at various stations on the way scarcely roused me from my heavy slumber.

Hours passed thus without disturbance, and at last Bixton was reached. Now for the old coach to carry me further towards home. There it was, already drawn up near the railway station, waiting for passengers from the London train. I was glad that only a few tradespeople got on the outside, while I had the interior to myself. Two hours of this somnolent pace it seemed, with its faded greasy cushions, and the old straw-mat in the bottom for one’s feet! Jingle, rattle, jingle; it went forwards, its narrow windows, not quite tightly closed, keeping up an eternal trembling; while the March air, growing sharper and sharper as the day advanced, pierced the apertures keenly. It was not like the rip-rap of carriages, in which, on winter-days, we often had a portable stove to keep out the bitter cold. I vainly tried to keep myself warm with the sail of my muff and large shawl. My feet became gradually benumbed; the dainty little French boots that encased them were evidently not intended for encountering such hard weather as this. And so all the way to Farmley I felt like a martyr. But there was more to be gone through yet. I had still six weary miles to travel before reaching Weston Cricketer. I was obliged to procure a fly at the inn, as Farmley, to travel overays, and get my luggage to my final resting-place; and with feelings of mind and body nearly all frozen up alike, I bore this further journey alive, but little else. It was quite dark long before I reached Weston Cricketer; and when at length I rattled through its long street, every house, except a few shops, was closed for the night. Then came the icy-covered walls of the old park, with its overhanging trees, looking gaunt in the starlight; then the little gate, then the door of my home. The fly stopped, and I slowly got out. The deep blue sky glimmered with millions of stars; the frosty air was oppressive. There were the trees, the hedges, the bushes, that I remembered so well, standing motionless, as the wind was a whispering. There was the cottage, looking dark and unfriendly before me—no light in the windows, no gleam of lamp through the small fan-light over the door: all was cold, desolate, still.

'How cold,' thought I, 'that no one opens the door! Surely I must have been expected; and the wheels of the fly I came in must have made sufficient noise to attract a watchful ear. Where can the servants be?'

The driver rapped loudly, and then swung his arms backwards and forwards, and stamped his feet on the snow, while the 'call-door' demanded that he was half-frozen. Admittance was gained at last; a thin straight figure was seen dimly in the doorway.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOME.

'Mamma, O mamma!' I exclaimed, clasping my arms round her with a sudden burst of affection. Her face was cold, very cold, her kiss was cold too. Here, miss; don’t keep me, please,' said the driver of the fly, jumping from one foot to the other in desperation. I was obliged to satisfy his demands, giving him an extra sixpence in consideration of the frost. He then moved away, having left my luggage in the hall.

'Dear mamma, is there no light anywhere?' said I, as I advanced to the interior in utter darkness.

'Yes, we have one; I put it out, though, and had not time to light it when the rap came to the door. Rachel went away yesterday, and I was in the kitchen.'

It seemed to me that there was a tremor and quivering in mamma’s voice. We grooped our way to the kitchen, and at last arrived there. No wonder mamma felt cold, for the fire in the grate consisted of a few burning cinders, which emitted neither heat nor light, except within their own immediate vicinity; you could just see where the grate stood by the faint glare of the embers. Mamma struck a match, and there was a sulphurous smell, and a little round flame of blue light, which was applied to the wick of a thin, yellow tallow-candle. I then saw my mother’s face revealed; it was very thin and worn, the features pinched, the complexion sallow, with dark shades under the eyes; yet I was struck by the wholesome it seemed, with its faded greasy cushions, and the old straw-mat in the bottom for one’s feet! Jingle, rattle, jingle; it went forwards, its narrow windows, not quite tightly closed, keeping up an eternal trembling; while the March air, growing sharper and sharper as the day advanced, pierced the apertures keenly. It was not like the rip-rap of carriages, in which, on winter-days, we often had a portable stove to keep out the bitter cold. I vainly tried to keep myself warm with the sail of my muff and large shawl. My feet became gradually benumbed; the dainty little French boots that encased them were evidently not intended for encountering such hard weather as this. And so all the way to Farmley I felt like a martyr. But there was more to be gone through yet. I had still six weary miles to travel before reaching Weston Cricketer. I was obliged to procure a fly at the inn, as Farmley, to travel overays, and get my luggage to my final resting-place; and with feelings of mind and body nearly all frozen up alike, I bore this further journey alive, but little else. It was quite dark long before I reached Weston Cricketer; and when at length I rattled through its long street, every house, except a few shops, was closed for the night. Then came the icy-covered walls of the old park, with its overhanging trees, looking gaunt in the starlight; then the little gate, then the door of my home. The fly stopped, and I slowly got out. The deep blue sky glimmered with millions of stars; the frosty air was oppressive. There were the trees, the hedges, the bushes, that I remembered so well, standing motionless, as the wind was a whispering. There was the cottage, looking dark and unfriendly before me—no light in the windows, no gleam of lamp through the small fan-light over the door: all was cold, desolate, still.

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I told mamma to waken me at half past six,' said Rosea in a dejected tone, 'and I suppose she forgot it.'

'You are very ill,' said the Webbe, looking at the thin arms and hands of my little sister.

'O no; it's only mamma that won't let me out of bed. But, Jessie, you are like a piece of ice. You are a beautiful bonnet you have on; and you look so beautiful, just like marble!'

I scarcely knew wherefore, but something in the look of my sister's face, something in the tone of her voice upset me, and regardless of crushing my poor bonnet, I flung myself on my face on Rosea's pillow, and wept some very bitter tears.

'Dear Jessie, why do you cry?' she asked wonderingly. 'You are not sorry to be at home? Oh, I know—you are thinking of Anna.' She was silent then, while I wept on, till mamma came to say she had made a good fire in the kitchen, and that we should have tea there. She looked at my tearful eyes without saying anything, but she gently removed my bonnet from my head, unlooked my velvet cloak, hung both up, and folded my large shawl; and then I felt that, cold and strange as she was in manner, she was still my mother, my own dear mother, who had borne with my caprices since childhood, and was ready to bear with them still. I followed her quietly to the kitchen, where a bright fire was now burning. What a place it looked; so small, so dingy, with the old statered tindling the hanging on the walls; the dresser, on which stood coarse delf-plates of divers pattern and sizes, standing on one side, an old black press on another, and two or three deal-chairs scattered about; while on the table were spread blue cups and saucers of the familiar willow pattern; an old black bread-basket, on which rested a stale loaf; a small plate, bearing a piece of salt butter; and a long, disproportioned pepper-cruet. Mamma, however, did not intend me to eat bread and butter and pepper for my supper; she had something in the forbidden up between two hot white plates, which she placed on the table when I had warmed myself. This proved to be some savoury meat, very brown, and crisp, and fatty. I could not eat it; I tried it a third mouthful. I tried a cup of tea then, but that seemed unpalatable also. I would have given much for a glass of wine, for I felt faint and sinking. I asked mamma if there was any in the house: there was not.

'How silly of me to expect it!' I thought, as I returned once more to the tea. Mamma looked wistfully at the mead I had been unable to eat, as she removed the supper-things, and then we both sat down at the fire. There was a great load on my mind; every moment I felt inclined to burst out with the evil tidings I was charged with. Mamma told me that Anna was still unhoped of, and there were no tidings of the man Huntley.

'But did you make any inquiries about him?' I asked.

'Yes; I ordered Rachel to ask in the village who he was, and where he came from, and they said he was a perfect stranger here, merely come from London to look at the park, which he was anxious to purchase.'

'And how did you find out that Anna eloped with him?'

'By a note which I found in her room, hid under the table-cover. Here it is,' and my mother took from her pocket a crumpled piece of paper, which she handed me. These words were written on it in pencil:

'Your expecting, devoted lover will be waiting to receive you where we arranged to meet. Do not disappoint. The servant will take this if I can find her in time.'

James Huntley.

'Unfortunate, silly girl!' I exclaimed, so pushing away the scrap of paper, and forgetting that I had been in many ways not much wiser myself. 'How could she be so lost to all delicacy as to elope in that way! What sort of looking person was he?'

'I never saw him; but the Webbe described him as a man about thirty, not good-looking.'

'Was he a gentleman?'

'Yes, I believe so; the villagers called him such.'

'And how did Anna ever see him?'

'First in church, and afterwards out walking on the road and in the Park.'

'And I wonder what induced him to think of Anna, for she was not at all striking in appearance?'

I observed, after a pause.

Mamma stared at me. 'Not striking, Jessie? Do you forget? Anna was most beautiful, unfortunately for her; and latterly, when she chose to wear her hair curled all round her head, she looked perfectly ethereal; her hair bright and golden, and her complexion so transparent.'

I tried to recall the image of my poor sister, whom I had never regarded as being anything but just tolerably good-looking; but great beauty, like great ugliness, loses its distinction by familiarity. As to Anna's shining golden locks, I had never thought of them but as a tangled mop of light hair that rarely looked smooth or tidy. 'Anna was very vain, latterly,' said my mother.

'Your being away made her lonely, I suppose; but at all events she was very weary and discontented, and better sitting by herself looking-glass with a novel in her lap. She was always wishing for society, and thinking she should go to balls and parties.'

'Ah! I guess as much. My vain letters from Ripworth had done this mischief!' I thought. 'I bought her a great many new clothes,' continued mamma, 'speaking always in a desponding tone that weighed drearily on my heart; 'indeed, I owe for some of them still at Farmley.'

The kitchen-door now opened suddenly, and Rosea flitted in with a great crowd round her, and her night-cap on, looking very strange.

'O child, what do you mean?' demanded mamma, starting up with an alacrity that showed she was not altogether passive yet.

'Mamma, I must stay here, I must indeed; I want to hear Jessie telling all the news,' said Rosea, still advancing, and clutching me tightly by the arm. 'Sit down again, mamma, and don't mind me.'

But mamma could not sit down till she had gone silently for a pillow to place as cushion on the hard deal-chair that I drew beside mine; and then, unwilling to send her back to bed against her will, she drew in her own chair once more to the fire.

'We are all quite comfortable now,' said Rosea, leaning her head against my shoulder; 'so be it, Jessie, and talk on. What were you saying last?'

'We were only speaking of poor Anna, and how she used to like to have nice dresses,' said I.

'O yes; and she used to wish so much she could go to balls like you, and see grand people, and dance every night.'

A fresh stab in the lacerated heart gave me a sudden start of pain, but the hand that inflicted the wound was only playing aimlessly with the dagger.

'Every one in the neighbourhood knows of Anna's elopement of course?' I said.

'Of course they do—it could not be concealed,' replied mamma. 'Mr Webb was most kind, and offered to go in pursuit of her, but I did not wish it further than his driving to Farmley, where he could hear nothing satisfactory of either party. She is gone, Jessie, and we must submit to it.'

'But, dear mamma, don't let the Webbe offered to go in pursuit of her; why did you not let him?'

'I had no money to pay his expenses, and I was unwilling to let him think so.'

I was silent for some moments, during which I again took up Huntley's note to Anna. It seemed to have
been scribbled on a piece of an old letter or the copy of one, for there was writing on the back of it, the sentences, however, being so unfinished and unconnected that no meaning could be drawn from them. To my surprise, I made out these words: 'The plan you propose would be excellent, and Goad could—'; and again on another line: 'You had better not enrage or try to bully, dangerous business altogether.' I was going to examine about, but checked myself; I dared not mention that man's name. There might, of course, be many Goads and many Hunstleys in the world, but it seemed odd that their names were here associated, while I had also seen a Hunstley and a Goad together at East Sutton that morning in conference with each other. I could scarcely doubt that the lawyer Hunstley was in some way connected with my sister's seducer, even if he was not the person himself; and we might probably obtain some clue to the matter by making inquiries through Curzon Goad or Mr. Legrand, had it not been for so many unhappy circumstances lately occurred, which must prevent our holding communication with either of these men. Mamma now disturbed my reflections by asking about my uncle, and if he had promised us any assistance with regard to Anna's elopement.

'No,' said I trembling; 'my uncle was displeased, and would do nothing.'

'Was it your sister's behaviour that displeased him?'

'No; he was angry with myself.'

'With you—and for what?' asked mamma, while a red glow flitted over her face.

'Because I could not suppress my feelings to gratify his wishes,' I said, feeling very faint, like a guilty wretch standing at the tribunal of justice.

'How? What feelings?' asked my mother with a wild, scared look in her eye.

'My inclinations—my love, in short. He wished me to marry some one I did not like.'

'Who was it?' demanded my mother in a quavering voice.

'Mr. Legrand,' I replied in a tone scarcely louder than a whisper.

'And you refused him?' said mamma, looking at me with eyes that seemed to glow with unwonted fire.

'I could not care for him; his religion differed from mine; he was too old; he—'

'He had a large fortune, had he not?' interrupted my mother.

'Yes; but that was nothing. I never could love him.'

'And he proposed, and you rejected him?'

'Yes.'

'You will repent your rashness, Jessie,' said mamma, heaving a sigh. 'And are your brothers included in the general displeasure of Uncle Mortimer?'

'All—all of us are included!' I murmured, pressing my hand on my forehead.

'And have you no money?' demanded my mother, looking wildly in my face.

'I have a sovereign and some shillings.'

'And do you know that I am nearly fifty pounds in arrears, owing money to nearly every trader in Farnley. There is nothing left to pay their bills. Your uncle cannot surely leave off sending us the assistance he promised!'

'I am sure he will not relent,' said I, unwilling to deceive my poor mother. 'People say he is most unfortifying; he never pardons.'

'Then we are beggars!' said mamma with frightful composure.

'It seems,' said Rosa, who had been looking from mamma to me with wide open eyes while we spoke—'it is the fault of all those men falling in love with you and Anna. I wish there was no such thing as love in the world!'

'Mamma and I both sighed; and after a pause, I endeavored fully into particulars respecting Mr. Legrand's proposal, and my uncle's displeasure at my refusal; but there were some things I kept back, because I dared not reveal them. My mother declared that we must sell the furniture next month, to liquidate her numerous debts, unless something turned up to rescue us from our present distress. We had arrived at sundry other dismal conclusions, when it was at last considered advisable to seek repose for the night. I was moving from my chair to leave the kitchen, when Rosa's head fell heavily against my arm. I started, and looked at her. She was quite senseless—sighing breathing. Mamma supported her in her arms; I was bewildered—unable to do anything.

'Get some water—she has fainted,' whispered mamma.

I arose and looked about in search of some; there was none in the kitchen.

'Outside,' said mamma. 'Look in the yard in the large crock.'

I ran to the back-door, and opened it; the keen frosty air blew in. The water in the crock was thickly frozen over. I broke the ice as well as I could, and procured a cupful of the clear liquid beneath.

'This will revive her,' said I, shivering with fright and cold.

Mamma quietly poured some drops on the child's face, which seemed to revive her. She opened her eyes, and drew a long breath, murmuring the word, 'Mamma!'

I assisted my mother to carry her to her bed, and laid her down; she was now restored to consciousness, but so weak as to be unable to move hand or foot.

Mamma's lips were white and compressed, as she arranged the bed-clothes. 'Now, go to bed, Jessie,' she said; 'you are fatigued, and require rest.'

'But we cannot leave Rosa to herself,' I murmured.

'No; I shall sit up with her. You will only be ill too, if you do not go to bed at once.'

I felt that I would indeed be of little use to an invalid at that time, wearied mentally and bodily as I was, so I went back again to warm my feet at the kitchen fire before going to my bedroom. The kitchen floor was now covered with black hats, that had clustered forth to prey on fallen crumbs, and hold their midnight revels among pots and pans, down the spouts of kettles, and up the dusky hobs; and not liking such company, I soon departed to my chamber. Ice cold was that room; I could not find a Murat. Heaven knows when a fire had last occupied the little rusty grate. The bed-curtains had austy, damp smell; there seemed altogether something oppressive in the atmosphere. I felt choking, suffocated, pale with cold. As quickly as possible, I undressed, and went to bed. And thus passed the first night of my return home.

MELIBEUUS ON THE PARKS.

'After all,' observed Melibeus, arranging in his pocket-hole a couple of moss-roses which he had just bought, for a penny, in Fleet Street, 'there is no place like London for the genuine enjoyment of summer. The streets have always a shady side to them, and—'

'Nay, excuse me, my friend, but if you traverse Oxford Street at three o'clock from end to end, you will not find one square inch of shade, except that thrown by the portico of the Pantheon, or the clock of the Princess's Theatre.'

'Ah, but you must travel east and west at that time of the day,' returned Melibeus; 'from north to south is surely room and verge enough for anybody. From St John's Wood to the Strand, for instance—where, if you are hot, there is the most charming summer drinks. It is positively worth while to be a little enervated by the heat, when you can be so pleasantly picked up again by iced and effervescent fruity beverages. Have drunk
strawberries, raspberries, and even peaches, in a single afternoon.—No; I was not the least unwell after them. I might not have been, perhaps; but I finished off with a delicious compound of liquid Seville oranges and ice, and that quite set me up again.

'I envy you your constitution, Melibeous, and even still more your being pleased; but I remember, in this city of burning bricks, such artificial luxuries as you speak of are almost necessary, like the poukaha of Calcutta, or the double windows of St Petersburg.'

'I deny it,' cried Melibeous; 'I deny it in toto. We have just as much need of icced beverages at Bullock Smithy as at the Tower. There are not know what dust is. Why, the very sight of that locomotive cataract is delicious upon a day like this; while the harmony of it, so regular, so equalable, and like some musical umlaf-of-the-minstrel, is ravishing to the ear. Moreover, in London, no man knows what it is to thirst. God bless all those, say I, who set up drinking-fountains! How patiently one waits for the other yonder, to use the cup in order of their arrivals; and see how that bricklayer (although he does look warm and weary) helps the poor girl before himself, because she is weak, and is ought! I do not know what a better monument to the memory of a good man than a drinking-fountain in a poor and crowded neighbourhood. It is really hard to call that vanity which prompts one to have one’s name upon such a thing. It must be so pleasant to think that each refreshed wayfarer, as he replaces the empty goblet, must needs reflect, whom had by the way this generous man? and who will remember his name with an innocent pleasure. How much more useful, as well as ornamental, would it have been if these heroic memorials [we had got to the Tower] had been so! when the great mill of fashion, they rubber each other’s angles down, and lose, indeed, in form and gloss the picturesque man and man; that is the case with the fashions in London men, and (as I heard a Scotch preacher once observe, who forgot what a very small margin he had already left for exceptional cases) “even a still larger proportion of women!” They do not even flush with exercise, and they never laugh. What a miserably empty, artificial existence these people lead! I sometimes think that is why the place they haunt has been called Rotten Row.'

'Nevertheless, do not laugh, my friend,' said I, ‘til we get well out of sight. If you must laugh, let it be at volunteers, whose side-arms. Shall we go through St James’s Park? It is a pleasant way enough.'

‘Pleasant indeed,’ said he, ‘though one of those institutions which you suppose, you ungratefully term an artificial and necessary luxury. Perhaps you will call that cow yonder, whence you can get the newest milk, artificial also—a Vaccine Institution, or other opprobrious epithet. What I have to say is, that we do not understand how to make parks in the country; we must come to London for that. What a view is there from that fairy bridge! What intervening but not obstructive foliage, and among it, what palaces and pinacles! How splendid is the old abbey yonder, and how solemn, and yet musical, its record of the passing hour!’

‘How excessively bare the grass is about here,’ observed I yawning; ‘for I dislike (anybody else’s) sentimental soilage, and did not know how. My friend might be disposed to continue it—that description of speech being engaging and insidious (to the speaker) in a very high degree.

‘Bare!’ returned Melibeous; ‘yes; but how excellently bare! you might as well reproach a man with being poor who has spent his substance in benefiting others. Bare with the dancing feet of little children; and bare with the tired and weak wayfarer, who come to sleep here in the sun, and dream of home. There is no such liberty for all to walk, and run, and rest, in any demesne in England, as there is in these London parks.'

‘And especially to ride,’ said I, ‘which is a privilege not quite so necessary. Here, in Rotten Row, for instance, that elegant lady riding all alone yonder upon that splendid bay?

‘How charmingly independent,’ cried Melibeous; ‘and what a number of people she seems to know!’

‘Not ladies, I fear. She does not seem to have any friends of her own sex. But leaving such persons out of the question, what a cold, artificial look every one wears here! what stereotyped feelings, in the great mill of fashion, they “rub each other’s angles down, and lose, indeed, in form and gloss the picturesque man and man; that is the case with the fashions in London men, and (as I heard a Scotch preacher once observe, who forgot what a very small margin he had already left for exceptional cases) “even a still larger proportion of women!” They do not even flush with exercise, and they never laugh. What a miserably empty, artificial existence these people lead! I sometimes think that is why the place they haunt has been called Rotten Row.'

'I have always voted for the Conservative candidate for our part of the county,' remarked Melibeous gravely, 'and I don’t like this sort of reflections. Mr. Thomas Carlyle has made me feel uncomfortable with them already. Let us look now at the equipages. It is singular, certainly, that a man of position, and, I suppose, of average ability, should derive satisfaction from making another man wear flour on his hair. If it’s really pretty, why does he not wear it himself?’

‘There is no little pleasure,’ observed I (for the temptation of rousing Melibeous to a state of indignation was too great to be resisted), ‘in imposing the feeling of degradation on the unfortunates who do not care in robbing him of his self-respect and individuality, and making him a mere satellite in one’s own orbit. I wonder that footmen are not compelled to wear broad silver collars, with the names and addresses of their masters on them, like Gurnt and Wamba of old. You
admire everything in town, Meliboeus; let me draw your attention to the coachman’s wigs. How nice and comfortable they must be in July weather such as this, and how thoughtful it is of the town to provide them. And yet the mistresses and young ladies of the family feel the heat, apparently, a good deal. How they lean, how they slip (in their tight bodices and their long, long skirts), how lazily they nod to their acquaintances, who, it is easy to see, are not their friends. This Hyde Park drive of theirs is like a very magnificent merry-go-round, only without one halfpenny-worth of the merriment.

‘These are the handomest women in all the world,’ rejoined Meliboeus; ‘their whole and solemn shadow in life is to appear so, and they have succeeded in it. What would you have? I hate this sardonic philosophy which goes about so solemnly (although it pretends to jest) with book, and book, and book, and candle, and to excise butterflies. Besides, I was speaking of these London parks with reference mainly to the poor. How they enjoy themselves in these beautiful healthy spaces, and how naturally!’

‘Ragged people, however, are not admitted, Meliboeus; the park-notices forbid them to enter. I read the ones over the entrances to St James’s as we came in: “The keeper has orders to admit no ragged persons, nor people in very dirty clothes.” What constitutes extreme dirt, I wonder; and who is to draw the line? At the same time, it is interesting to see how long one could wear the same shirt, and yet be admitted into these exclusive precincts; at how distant a day the porter would lay his finger on you—or, in an extreme case, exile you—and observe: “No, my friend; you are very dirty; you cannot enter.”’

Meliboeus was chuckling inwardly, I could see, but he continued his original discourse as though he had not heard one word I said.

‘Observe,’ said he, ‘those giant trees, each of which can accommodate upon the seat that rings it two pairs of lovers, and suffer them to whisper without mutual interruption. See how that scarlet zone sets off yonder maiden’s waist! It is the stalwart arm of a Foot-guardian; typical (although he may not be aware of it) of the protection and defence which his gallant profession affords to the defenceless ones of his beloved country. Nothing astonishes me more than the charming simplicity and openness of these military wooers. How enraptured are those two young persons, who are the youthful charge of the maiden in question, with his mighty bear-skull, which they imagine, perhaps, to have been made for him. But the very baby stares stolidly at him out of her motionless pram-bulator! Yet the Hero is in no way discomfited. In Kensington Gardens yonder, these red zones are quite a feature in the scenery, and make really exquisite “bits of colour” glinting through the leaves.

Speaking of colour, from this Serpentine Bridge here, what lovely and various tints are presented to us, late as it is growing! The sparkling river, rippled by the evening breeze; the painted boats shooting hither and thither like shining insects over the gleam of the grass; the full-foliaged trees; the stately mansions in the distance; and that huge bronze statue of England’s greatest warrior towering over all. Near at hand, on the contrary, all is flash-colour. It is the hour at which bathing is permitted, and the whole southern bank reminds one of Polynesia; of Tybee in fiction, and of the Bounty in real narrative. We are transported to the Tropics. A thousand of our fellow-creatures, at the very least, are there dispoting in the pelicid element; and there is this thrill to Mr Wycherley, that their clothes are for the most part old, and dirty, and of the humblest material, while their skins are as white as those of the nobility. The London lower orders are far cleaner than those of Bullock Street, and, indeed, of the country generally. At Scarborough, last season, two mechanics were bathing together, and the one was heard remarking of the other, that he had evidently deferred the operation long enough—that the multitudinous seas, in fact, were being made one black through the excessive delay. “Ah,” replied his friend apologetically, “you see, I was not able to get down here last year.”’ It is, however, very different with these Londoners; they can wash themselves to their hearts’ content every summer eve; and if they got out of their depth, they are revived by the latest scientific methods at the Royal Humane Society’s lodge yonder, besides getting as much French brandy as they can swallow. It has been said that the sensation of being drowned is very agreeable; add to that, then, the pleasures of being brought to life again, and who would not commit suicide in the Serpentine?’

‘You were out one entire night, Meliboeus, about which I have hitherto forbore to make inquiry. May I ask whether you spent it in the Park?’

‘You know perfectly well,’ returned my friend indignantly, ‘that I was engaged with a detective during the whole period you speak of investigating the condition of the poor in Whitechapel. But with regard to Hyde Park, I did happen to enter it on that occasion very early in the morning, when the gates were first opened, and met several persons coming out, who had evidently passed the night there. There are doubtless far pleasanter resting-places under yonder spreading elms, and beneath a summer sky, than in the close and crowded alleys of the town. May bricks and mortar never encroach upon Hyde Park, say I, the noblesse and most spacious breathing-place that city ever possessed!’

‘Hear, hear!’ said I; ‘but nevertheless, since the gates are closing, Meliboeus, let us go.’

CONTINENTAL COURTS SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Mr Trench, the esteemed Dean of Westminster, in looking over his deceased mother’s papers, found a journal of a tour of foreign courts which she made during the year 1800, and he has thought proper to print a few copies of it for private circulation. It is far from being an insignificant production, though filling somewhat less than a hundred pages, for the writer displays acute observation and good sense, and introduces us to a familiarity with several very remarkable persons. She was at the time Mrs St George, a young widow with one child, and she travelled for the recovery of her health. Dean Trench tells us that the result was the second marriage which took place some years afterwards. The lady, as granddaughter of Bishop Chevenix of Waterford, and an Irish gentleman of fortune, had the advantage of the highest introductions in her continental travels. She was wholly with royal persons, ambassadors, and the families of the noblesse, and indeed could reach no other classes of people, for the division between this elevated circle and all others was everywhere too rigorous to be overpassed.

We learn from Mrs St George’s journal that traveling in Central Europe was then in a very backward state—roads bad, means of transport inefficient, and the inns extremely unattractive. Her journey from Ham to Hanover was at the rate of two miles an hour. The simplicity of old times still in some degree rested on European courts. We find they always dined in the middle of the day; that is, about three. No great degree of delicacy had yet been attained; the Duke of Brunswick, for example, had a mistress living in the same palace with his wife. His son made love at the supper table to Mrs St George, who disconcerted him very dexterously by replying openly to all his soft insinuations. The reigning duchess, sister of George III., made the same pleasing impression on Mrs St George which she made upon Lord Malmsbury on his going to negotiate for
the unlucky marriage of her daughter Caroline to the Prince of Wales. She was a fair, good-looking woman, of easy, agreeable manners, of great fluency in conversation, and 'very attentive to do that of others,' an invaluable peculiarity far too little seen in the world. There was another remarkable figure at this court, a danseuse-duchesse, sister of the Great Frederick, and granddaughter of our George I. whom she remembered seeing when she was eight years old. Though a mere mummy of skin and bone, she was a person of great animation and pleasant address, with a readiness and purity in her whole appearance that Mrs St George could not but contemplate with satisfaction. Spending the evening at the reigning duchess's, our journalist found the company remarkably free of formality. 'Not only the duchess, but the party who played host to her, worked in the intervals of the gavotte. At another table, there was a large party employed in knotting, netting, embroidering, and even the homely occupation of knitting stockings; while the hereditary princess, and those who had no regular work, were busy making lists for the hospital.' There seems, indeed, to have been a curious mixture of simplicity with the rigorous exclusiveness of these German courts. At Berlin, the wife of the chief minister introduced herself to Mrs St George with a compliment to her dress; and on the strength of this acquaintance, next morning sent her tailor, whom in a minute called most exact, to take a pattern of the dress, and to request Mrs St George to put it on, that the man might see how well it looked.

While, moreover, keeping respectable people of the undiplomated classes at such distance that these great people seem made no scruple of forming improper intimacies with some who were of an opposite character. We hear of a Madame de Ritz, who had been mistress to the great king of Prussia, and amassed eighty thousand louis by the situation. 'She was a woman of very mean birth, but induced the king, about a year before his death, to enamele her, and then appeared at court, which gave great offence. The king had not thus dead a quarter of an hour, when she was arrested; hurried to a fortress, there to be confined for life; and all her fortune, except an allowance of four thousand crowns a year, confiscated and given to the poor. All this without a trial,' adds our traveller. 'I listened, and blessed dear England.'

It is rather remarkable that the sovereigns were, on the whole, virtuous much beyond their courts. The king of Prussia, the elector of Saxony, and the emperor of Austria, were all exemplary husbands, while their courtiers and favorites were under remarkably little restraint. The profi-
gency of the court of Vienna seems to have been astounding. There was no scandal talked there, says our journalist, because there was no sense of any sort of licentious conduct being scandalous.

Nevertheless, Mrs St George liked what she saw of the German character. 'Calmness and mildness,' she says, 'are its most prominent features. Cruelty is a vice here totally unknown, with all its attendants, roughness, brutality, oath, loud speech, &c. I would advise every one with irritable nerves to reside in this country.'

The great prestige which rested so long on the character of Lord and Lady Holland as leaders of society, has, we believe, suffered a good deal from the posthumous works which have appeared under his lordship's name. Mrs St George met this pair at Dresden, and her account of them is not calculated to restore the old illusion. 'She has a mixture of imperiousness and caprice very amusing to the mere spectators. Her indolence is also remarkable, and she lies in a very easy posture; she has no idea of the use of her hands; but she has no shade, no flexibility, and no sweetness. She acts her songs, which I think the last degree of bad taste, in a manner imitated perhaps from a lute song, and say many fine things about my accompanying her at a moment's notice. Still she does not gain upon me. I think her bold, daring, vain even to folly, and stamped with the manners of her first situation much more strongly.'
than one would suppose, after having represented majesty, and lived in good company fifteen years. Her ruling passions seem to me vanity, avarice, and love for the pleasures of the table. She shows a great avidity for presents, and her agents obtain some at Dresden by the common artifice of adorning and longing. Mr Elliot says she will captivate the Prince of Wales, whom she has lately met and play a great part in England. Dined with the Elliot's. He was wonderfully amusing. His wit, his humour, his discourse, his spleen, his happy choice of words, his rapid flow of ideas, and his disposition to play at satire, make one always long to write short-hand, and preserve her conversation.

Oct. 8.—Dined at Madame de Los's, wife to the prime minister, with the Nelson party. The electress will not receive Lady Hamilton on account of her former absolute dissolution. She wished to go to court, on which a pretext was made to avoid receiving her last Sunday, and I understand there will be no court while she stays. Lord Nelson, understanding the electress did not wish to see her, said to Mr Elliot: "Sir, if there is any difficulty of that sort, Lady Hamilton will knock the electress down, and — me, I'll knock him down too!" She was not invited in the beginning to Madame de Los's, upon which Lord Nelson sent his excuse, and then Mr Elliot persuaded Madame de Los to invite her.

Oct. 9.—A great breakfast at the Elliot's given to the Nelsons. Lady Hamilton, after both her usual outburst, stated her attitudes with great effect. All the company, except their party and myself, went away before dinner; after which Lady Hamilton, who declared she was passionately fond of champagne, took such a portion of it as astonished me. Lord Nelson was not behind-hand, called more vociferously than usual for songs in his own praise, and, after many bumpters, proposed for Lady Hamilton: "She is my queen; she is queen to the backbone!" Poor Mr Elliot, who was anxious the party should not expose themselves more than they had done already, and wished to get over the last day as well as he had done the rest, endeavoured to stop the effusion of champagne, and effected it with some difficulty; but not till the lord and lady—or, as he calls them, Antony and Moll Cleopatra—were pretty far gone. I was so tired, I returned home soon after dinner, but not till Cleopatra had talked to me a great deal of her doubts whether she should come or remain. "I care little about it; I had much sooner she would settle half Sir William's pension on me." After I went, Mr Elliot told the whole story, which made me laugh. Then he danced the "Tarantella." During her acting, Lord Nelson expressed his admiration by the Irish sound of astonishment applause, which no written character can imitate, and by crying every now and then "Mrs Sid- done be — — - !" Lady Hamilton expressed great anxiety to go to court, and Mrs Elliot assured her it would not amuse her, and that the electress never gave dinners or suppers. "What?" cried she, "no gullity?" Sir William also this evening performed feats of activity, hopping round the room on his backbone, his arms, legs, star, and ribbon all flying in the air.

Oct. 10.—Mr Elliot saw them on board at the Hay. He heard by chance, from a king's messenger, that a frigate waited for them at Hamburg, and ventured to announce it formally. He says: "The moment they were on board, there was an end of the fine arts, of the attitudes, of the acting, the dancing, and the singing. Lady Hamilton's maid began to scold, in French, about her pension, and what she had been taught; a language quite impossible to repeat, using certain French words which were never spoken but by men of her highest class, and by the boat boy to another; Lady Hamilton began bawling for an Irish stew; and her old mother set about washing the potatoes, which she did as cleverly as possible. They were exactly like Hogarth's actresses dressing in the barn."

In the evening, I went to congratulate the Elliot's on their deliverance, and found them very sensible of it. Mr Elliot would not allow his wife to speak above her breath, and said every now and then: "Now, don't let us laugh too much; let us all speak in our turn, and be very, very quiet."

This is certainly a disenchanting recital. But the error primarily is, in supposing, because Nelson was successful as a naval commander, therefore he must be all other fine things. After all, much of human greatness is matter of accident. Some are exalted by the accident of birth; some by the possession of special gifts. Unless there be also a natural dignity and purity, these kinds of greatness, of course, must shew ill behind the scenes. Let the fact help to reconcile mediocrity to its insignificance.

GIANT TREES.

It is strange and impressive consideration, that many trees now standing began to flourish before the commencement of the oldest empires on record; witnessed the rise and decay of the Assyrian and Babylonian powers; beheld the Egyptian dynasties in their cradle; and saw pass by them, like meteors, the warlike monarchies of Macedon and Rome. Such are the great chestnut-trees on the slopes of Etna, and those enormous representatives of ancient forests observed by our older travellers in China, which, being preserved by a harmless superstition from the axe, are doubtless still where they were two centuries ago, though recent visitors to the Florwery Land have either not penetrated into the provinces where they are found, or else have omitted to describe them. In some parts of the East, as in the larger islands, for example, of the Indian Archipelago, trees are more remarkable for their immense size and the distance from the ground free of boughs, than for mere girth. On the north-western promontory of Borneo, as well as in parts of Australia, trees have been seen which, though not more than eighteen or twenty feet in circumference, display a clear straight shaft of ninety feet below the spread of the branches, which at that elevation throw themselves forth on all sides, and constitute a close pyramid of unfailing verdure to the summit.

Africa, the abode of starting contrasas, where deserts of absolute barrenness run in vast belts parallel with the rankest vegetation in the world, presents us with nothing in the form of a tree more marvellous than the baobab, which, like the elephant, rises from the earth, and has a trunk like a regular mound of foliage, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and from seventy-five to eighty feet high, thickly sprinkled in the hottest month of summer with white flowers, six inches across. It would be difficult to imagine anything more beautiful than this huge pile of green leaves, contrasting with the snowy blossoms, which, as they open their dewy chalices in the morning, diffuse far and wide a rich perfume through the air. There is something extremely peculiar in the characteristics of the baobab. Its trunk is not lofty, since at about the height of twelve or fourteen feet, it divides itself into massive boughs, the lowest and largest of which stretch out almost horizontally till their own weight bends them down towards the earth, which at their extremities they touch on all sides, so as to form a spacious circular tent, affording the natives a pleasing shade. In girth, the trunk amply makes up for its want of height, frequently measuring upwards of seventy feet, and sometimes exceeding eighty-five, which gives a diameter of nearly twenty-nine feet. Strange to say, the wood of the baobab, though extremely slow in growth, is soft and light, owing, probably, to the moist and sandy soil in which the tree delights. It seldom acquires any great height where its roots encounter stones, since the slightest
abstraction of their rind leads inevitably to the destruction of the whole tree.

The Chinese have a quaint way of expressing most things; and when they desire to convey an idea of the magnitude of the two great trees of their empire, they say that two hundred sheep might be concealed beneath a single branch of the one, while the other is so large that eighty men, with outstretched arms could scarcely embrace it. The merchants who distribute timber through the country, bore holes in the ends of the trees, and bind them together into floats or rafts, sometimes a quarter of a league in length, on which they build houses for themselves, their families, and attendants, and proceeding along the rivers and great canals, perform voyages of many thousand miles, the raft gradually diminishing as they dispose of their property in one city after another. Travelling westwards through Central Asia, we meet with few trees of great bulk till we pass the Volga, where giant oaks present themselves, some thirty feet in circumference, and of proportionate height, occasionally hollowed out by age for the dwelling of man or beast. In the Crimea, oaks are met with of equal dimensions, together with prodigious walnut-trees, from which in favourable seasons a hundred thousand nuts are sometimes gathered. The tree from whose trunk was made the celebrated table of Lorraine, twenty-five feet in breadth, and of suitable length and thickness, probably surpassed its rival of the Crimea in its annual yield of nuts. No furniture is more beautiful than that which is made of walnut-wood, delicately flecked and watered, and susceptible of a polish equal to that of the finest mahogany from the Spanish Main.

For countries, however, have surpassed England in the number of immense trees which may be regarded as historical. The linden of Zurich, supposed to have been the largest on the continent, was excelled in dimensions by one at Depeham, in Norfolk, which rose to the height of ninety feet, and was nearly fifty feet in circumference at the root, but rapidly diminished in girth, first to thirty, then to twenty, and a little higher to twenty-five feet. Its leaves were immense, some of them being full three inches broad. The elms of England are probably the finest in the world. In Italy, these trees have been planted from time immemorial, in order, as the Roman poets express it, to be married to the vine, which, climbing up their trunks, and creeping along through their branches, impregnates them with purple and gold among the leaves, which barely suffice to shelter them from the too ardent rays of the sun. A vineyard in Burgundy is as little picturesque as a plantation of gooseberry-bushes; but south of the Ticino, is an object of rare interest and beauty, the vine flinging its tendrils from tree to tree, forming arches, bower and canopying whole avenues with its lovely leaves and poetical fruit.

Spain, it is said, had no elms, till they were carried thither from England, in the sixteenth century, by Philip II., to shade the walks of his palaces at Aranjuez, the Escorial, and Madrid. The grounds at Aranjuez, encircled artificially by the Tajo, are laid out in beautiful walks along the banks of the river; and one of the alleys, it is said, is three miles in length, shaded all the way by double rows of English elms. Our ambassadors, therefore, when attending upon the court here, half imagined themselves at home while sitting or walking beneath a tree so intimately associated with their own country. As the elm is associated with the grape, so is the linden with the bee, which,idle among its flowers the honey delicious honey, tinged slightly with green, and often more odoriferous than that of Attica or Sicily. Some have confounded the linden with the unknown tree on which the ancients roasted the sacrifice, and which shaded the democratic walks of the Athenian people, and flung over them in spring a perfume little less delicious than that of their favourite violets.

Among the oldest trees now known to exist, is that great Egyptian sycamore which rears its venerable trunk near the Fountain of the Sun at Heliospolis, which was a very old age when, as is represented in general belief, Christ sat as a baby on his mother’s lap beneath its shade. Here Mohammedan, Jew, and Christian, have stood and gazed at the mighty river and the pyramids of a world as ancient than any now known. High up the valley, we meet with other sycamores, some of them a hundred and seventy feet in circumference, which probably rival in antiquity the chestnut-trees of Elba, for the wood is imperishable, and small blocks of it cut into idols or playthings for children, probably before the Exodus, are still as hard and as polished as the day they escaped from the plane of the carpenter. In our own country, where moisture is more abundant and destructive, we have perhaps none of that antediluvian breed, though we possess forest giants which have always excited admiration in natives and strangers. The yew-tree of Runnymede, under which John signed Magna Charta, was only blown down a few years ago; and there have been chestnut-trees in Essex and Gloucestershire not altogether unworthy to claim kindred with those of Sicily. At Framlingham, in Essex, was a very old tree of this species, which, when cut down by machinery to make more stump, still yielded thirty loads of logs. Another chestnut-tree in Gloucestershire, which had probably sheltered the Druids, was as large as a country cottage, and was hollowed out by time, that the owner of it constructed for himself in its bowels a neat wainscotted room fitted up with seats and windows. By way of contrast, we may allude to the famous hollow oak at Kiltington Green, in Oxfordshire, which, as the jail was at some distance, the judge on circuit used to convert into a prison, where he confined rogues and malefactors till they could be conveyed to the county gaol. This venerable tree, celebrating a famous hollow plane-tree in Lycia, whose dimensions were far greater than those of the oak or chestnut mentioned above, containing an apartment of eighty-one feet in circumference, with eight marble tables, seats, and fountains, and otherwise fitted up for the entertainment of a large company. Here the Roman governor of the province, desiring his gilded saloons, habitually entertained his friends.

A story is told of the Persian king who, in the best days of Greece, invaded Europe with an enormous army. Marching there he intended, during several days, the course of the national policy, that he might indulge in a fit of tree-worship—a form of superstition common throughout the ancient world, particularly among our own ancestors. Discovering, as he moved along, a platanus of remarkable size and beauty, he halted before it, and divesting himself of his gold and jewelled ornaments, and causing his friends and mistresses also to lay aside theirs, he encumbered the lovely tree with scarfs, bracelets, armlets, necklaces, and other ornaments of gold studded with gems—he called it his delight; he paid adoration to it as to a goddess; and before he departed, caused its image to be stamped on a medal of gold, which he thenceforward bore continually about his person.

Ancient writers speak of oaks in the Hercynian forest, which they suppose to have been coeval with the world, whose roots threw up great mounds in the earth around them, and when burned by accident, rose into arches like the gates of a great city. Some were converted into fortresses, over which our Teutonic ancestors imagine with them its flowers the most delicious honey, tinged slightly with green, and often more odoriferous than that of Attica or Sicily. Some have confounded the linden with the unknown tree on which the ancients roasted the sacrifice, and which shaded the democratic walks of the Athenian people, and flung over them in spring a perfume little less delicious than that of their favourite violets.
colours, while in appearance they augment the huge bulk of the giants which support them. Nothing can be imagined more striking than the aspect of an immense ancient tree in a eastern forest at night, when the moon, which excels all objects, streaming down through rents in the leafy roof, gleams on parts of the trunk, while dense shadows envelop the remainder, and the robin, nightingale, nightjar, chimney-sparrow, and squirrels, and grunts, and whistles, and screams in the labyrinths of foliage extending on all sides.

Here, with us, trees often derive much of the interest they possess from historical associations. Our cedars, for example, brought originally in a permain from Lebanon, awakens in our minds the recollection of many names celebrated in our annals, though tradition, perhaps, in its ambitious graspings, has ante-dated events, and attributed the achievements of one person to another. Thus, the famous cedar, eight miles from London, which was blown down by the hurricane of 1778, was believed to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth, though there is no proof that she did so. It was noticed that the cedar grew in England till half a century after her death. On Lebanon itself, as well as in Cyprus, cedars, we believe, have been known to attain the height of a hundred and thirty feet, with proportionate bulk; whereas the largest in this country seem never to have exceeded the height of seventy-five feet, a difference which some naturalists have attributed to the disorder and more ungenial climate of England. But there are mysteries in vegetation as in other things. The cold of Lebanon is in winter more severe than that experienced in England, though, on the other hand, the heat of summer is likewise much greater; and these variations of temperature may possibly be necessary to develop the cedar in its full beauty and dimensions. The cypress in nearly all the countries bordering on the Mediterranean grows to a great height, though it increases so slowly in bulk, that many ages are needed to bring it to perfection. The wood of this tree is of rare beauty, closeness, and durability, for which reason it was selected by the Egyptians for the manufacture of mummy coffins, many of which, after having lain in the earth several thousand years, are still to all appearance as tough and serviceable as ever.

There is a sort of mythology in natural history which constructs its fables and legends after quite as marvellous a fashion as that habitually followed by the founders of wild creeds. Thus, not content with ascribing the phenomena of nature to the agency of gods, the qualities of cypress-wood, the old naturalists go back to Semiramis, and refer gravely to the bridge, all of this timber, which she is supposed to have thrown across the Euphrates, and which lasted no one knows how long. So, again, the philosopher Plato, when selecting the most durable material on which to write his laws, rejected brass, as of too fugitive a nature, and gave the preference to cypress-wood. The cause of durability in wood, is what no one has explained, nor is it perhaps susceptible of explanation. It is easy to say that the timber in question is pervaded by a bitter juice, which repels all kinds of worms, so that it never presents, like many other kinds of wood, the appearance of being moth-eaten. To account, however, for its lasting qualities, we can only assume that nature, by composing it of the finest particles piled slowly upon each other, pressed close and agglutinated by the laws of its organisation, designed it to outlive temples and pyramids.

Even to give a list of trees celebrated for their size and age, would be to fill many pages. Ancient nations have given names, and the height of giants was greatly interested by whatever was out of the common order of things, and wrote and spoke much more respecting trees than who are of colder temperament, are apt to do; yet our travellers through the various states of America notice, with something approaching to wonder, the forest giants which are met with, though at wide intervals, both on the continent and islands of the New World. The Wellingtonia gigantea, the vast tree of which a mutilated example is shewn in the Crystal Palace (it is said to attain an altitude of two hundred feet), is not without its equals in other parts of America; in fact, indeed, the tree cut down by the Jesuits in Paraguay, because they could not otherwise wean the people from the worship of it, seems to have been of still larger dimensions. We omit to dwell on the Indian fig-tree, forming a little forest in itself, which, in course of time, if its growth were unobstructed, would cover whole miles of country with its pulvared shade. It may almost be looked upon as the symbol of Asiatic communities, astonishing by their multitudes, though rarely producing from among themselves individuals of colossal intellectuality. In the north, the trees, like the people, are separately great, at least more frequently than anywhere else. It may be that the growth and development of one enormous specimen, as in the pine-forests of the Highlands, occasions the dwarfing or destruction of numbers of smaller trees; that the strong and hardy overtop, and at length extinguish, their neighbours, and having thus secured the free space to grow in, acquire by degrees incredible magnitude. Thus, in Windsor Forest, Herne's Oak, celebrated by Shakespeare, had killed, ages before the poet's time, all the smaller oaks in his vicinity, and was consequently surrounded by a beautiful expanse of green-award, a little uneven and broken, but only therefore the more fit to be the playground of the fairies and elves.

The trees found in the midst of village-greens are generally of great size and antiquity. Frequently they were surrounded by stone steps and seats, on which the Conscript Fathers of the hamlet, during summer evenings, met in conclave, while the juveniles sported and frolicked on the broad area before them. One generation of villagers after another disappeared; the young grew old, and in their turn sat upon the seats under the oak, till they also were gathered to their fathers, while those whom they had perhaps nursed there as babies, shook their white locks over a new brood. At length the fate of all earthly things fell upon the trees themselves, whose places were looked for in vain by the rural antiquary. One of these mighty oaks, which had probably witnessed Alfred's contests with the Danes, was blown down by the great hurricane of 1763, in a Hampshire village; the people and their vicar sought to restore it to the earth, and with much pains and little expense brought it to the perpendicular; but the heart was broken, and after putting forth a few signs of life, it refused to take root again. Several parks in England have conferred historical celebrity on their owners by the vast stature of the trees they contain; as, for example, the oaks of Dennington Park, said to have been planted, through a love for all durable things, by the poet Chaucer, of which one was called the King's, the second the Queen's, and the third Chaucer's Oak. Unfortunately, however, nature had bestowed on them the fatal gift of beauty, so that when they had grown up straight as an arrow, and completely free of boughs to the height of nearly fifty feet, they were cut down, and converted into wainscotting, to keep their owner warm. There is a witch elm still standing at Sheen, in Surrey, under the spreading branches of which a party of two hundred persons once breakfasted. The Cowthorpe Oak, near Wetherby, measures close to the ground, seventy-four feet in circumference, and at the height of a yard from the soil, forty-eight feet. An oak cut down in the reign of Charles I, yielded four vast massive beams for a ship of war, forty-five feet long, by four feet nine inches in diameter. The mast of
the same ship, all of one solid piece, was ninety-nine feet in height. One of the largest trees on record is the Galynaes Oak, which grew in Mounmouthshire. The account left us of it is rather mechanical than poetical, though it cannot fail to suggest the idea of majestic proportions and extraordinary grandeur of aspect. With a smooth straight trunk, nearly thirty feet in circumference, it towered to a great height, when suddenly dividing into immense boughs, it threw them forth around it on all sides, so as to afford to those beneath an almost unexampled area of shadow, amounting to four hundred and fifty-two square yards. When felled and sawed into planks, its produce appeared almost fabulous, exceeding two thousand four hundred and twenty feet; cutting it down and stripping it, employed five men during twenty days; two sawyers took one hundred and thirty-eight days to reduce it into planks, at an expense of eighty-two pounds. The value of the whole tree may be estimated from the fact, that the bark alone sold for six hundred pounds.

Our readers will perceive that, instead of exhausting the subject, we have only touched cursorily on a few of its salient points. It is true we have followed it round the world—have glanced at the forests of the Asiatic Islands, at those of Africa and America, and at the rare fragments of primeval woods which stud at wide intervals the face of Europe—but the description of the anecdotes, the historical associations connected with Giant Trees, would fill and vivify, with no ordinary interest, a considerable volume. Oaks alone, which from time immemorial have made England their favourite abode, so closely connect themselves with the beauty, strength, and glory of our country, that we may almost regard them as its botanical type. Who would, however, importing so many strange giants into our land, that even this favourite tree of Thor may in time be eclipsed. Her Majesty the other day planted in the gardens of South Kensington, a sprig of the Wellingtonia gigantea, which, in all likelihood, will soon be distributed over all suitable parts of the kingdom; and history will hereafter refer to Queen Victoria’s tree, as it now does to those of Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, and Bacon.

**EFFECT OF ALIEN NURSING.**

Amidst the mysteries of the human constitution, it is a new idea, but not without some plausibility, that an infant nursed by a woman not his mother will contract some share of any marked characteristic belonging to her. He will be the child, not of his parents only, but of them and of the third person from whom he has derived his first nourishment. The brave are produced by the brave, the good by the good: so declares the old adage. But sometimes a worthy couple, living in comfortable circumstances, striving to set an example before their children, and spending much on the education of the young people, find that some one of their sons is utterly uncontrollable and worthless, runs away from all schools, enlists, goes a-tinkering, becomes, in short, the black-sheep of the family. Some observation of cases leads the writer of these lines to suggest a possible explanation in the character of a hired nurse. It seems, on physiological grounds, not unreasonable to suppose that the new being is not exactly completed at birth, like some of the lower animals, but is only so after a due period of lactation.

After this note was down, the writer lighted upon a passage in a book of which but a limited impression was taken,* expressing similar views, which had been entertained by the wife of Sir James Stewart of Colness, Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1659. Lady Stewart steadfastly declined the offer of her husband to have her children sent out to hiring nurses, saying 'she should never think her child wholly her own when another

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* Colnett's Collections, printed for Maitland Club, 1842.

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**PECULIAR CASE OF PARALYSIS.**

A worthy Scotch clergyman, who died a few years ago, was affected for some time before his death with paralysis. His general intellect was little affected; he could apprehend all that was said to him, and had reasoning views of all that was going on around him; but the power of speech was wholly gone. The consequence was that Mr. F.— could make a perfectly good appearance in company, while unable to utter a word. A loquacious person might have talked to him for an hour, satisfied as such persons are apt to be with such signs of intelligence as nods and smiles of assent, and gone away, without detecting the infirmity, but, on the contrary, professing to have had a very pleasant conversation with Mr. F.—

Query—Was only some nerve connected with the organs of speech affected? or are we to regard the defect as that of a special mental power, taken away or extinguished by disease? Is it not then a peculiarity amounting to an human attribute, and that it was in this case the first to be lost.

Mrs. M., mother of a deceased gentleman who was distinguished as an ameliorator of prison-discipline, died many years ago in advanced life. In her last sick-bed days, when the mental powers were much decayed, her friends were surprised to find her speaking in broad Scotch, to which, as far as they knew, she had never, though a native of Scotland, been accustomed. It seemed at first unaccountable that a lady who had spent all her life amongst people who spoke English elegantly, and who had always spoken pure English herself, should under any circumstances take to a language so different. But at last, on inquiry being made amongst her old friends, it was ascertained that Mrs. M. had been, when an infant of three years old, to live with a humble couple in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, on account of delicate health, it being hoped she would recover by change of air. No doubt was entertained that in this way Mrs. M. had acquired her knowledge of Scotch. It had been forgotten by herself for seventy years, but revived in the peculiar condition of mental infirmity to which she was reduced.

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**TO MY WIFE, I LIL.**

Ah me! how sweet a thing it were,
This night, from eyes of mine,
The dews of slumber to transfer,
And pour them upon thine!

How sweet, in watches of the night,
To know that, lulled to calm
Thy weared spirit drank delight
From slumber’s healing balm!

O dearest, in whose life I live,
Heaven knows, if this might be,
With what a rapture I would give
All that I have for thee!

And, if to words that I can wing,
Sweet answer may be given—
If prayers from lips like mine may bring
God’s blessing down from heaven—

O surely on thy brows to-night,
As He shall see it best,
All blessed influence shall alight,
And in that thought I rest! C.

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THE NATIONAL READING-ROOM.

Step this way, if you please, ladies and gentlemen, males and females, who are in the habit of abusing your own country, and elevating brethren at her expense. Drive your equipages, direct your cabs, or even walk, according to your station in life, into the middle of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Here I am waiting for you at the gilt-tipped gates of bronze, where everything is of gigantic proportions, down to the two guardsmen, one on each side of the gates, who, day by day, pay—not, I fear, a voluntary—homage at the shrine of science and literature. Step this way; and when with me you have wandered over yonder edifice, confess at last that we have at least one institution in which we are not inferior to our neighbours. You think the outside is sombre?—So it is; but sombreness is not inappropriate to the place. It is not intended to be a place of amusement; and if you have brought Master Tommy with a view to his diversion, I consider that young gentleman has been hardly dealt by. The prospect of a visit to the British Museum by no means clutes my little nephews and nieces. "If Harry is a good boy, mamma will take him to the British Museum," is a promise seldom followed by the desired effect. Nor is this unnatural; if I know a boy who, when at home for the holidays, so far forgot himself and his duties in the way of healthful play as to show a morbid and precocious interest in stuffed animals, and fossils, and minerals, and antiquities and ethnography, I should look upon that youth as an abnormal monster. I have seen unhappy boys, whose uncles, highly respectable and learned gentlemen of clerical or scholastic appearance, have inveigled them on a half-holiday into the scientific departments, under a Jesuitical pretext of an afternoon’s pleasure and recreation, and subjected them to a torture as humiliating as it is unjustifiable. They have been literally put to the question: they have been asked the difference between Radiated, Molluscous, and Anunnose animals, and have been twisted with the uselessness of going to school if they don’t know, though I declare that I didn’t know when I was at school. They have been scoffed at for not being aware that Mammalia are those properly behaved beasts which suckle their young themselves, instead of putting them out to nurse. They have been expected to explain why bats are called Cheiroptera, and have been scolded roundly for replying, with pardonable ideas of cricket floating in the brain, ‘Because you hold them by the handle.’ They have been accused of defective biblical knowledge, because they were unaware that the cony of Scripture is a species of the hyrax. They have met with evil looks, because they could not distinguish between Plethide and Digitgrade, and expound why bears have the former and dogs the latter epithet applied to them. They have been called upon for the instant etymology of Passerine, Coniostral, Megapo- dious, Oastropoda, and Heterobranchiate. It has been demanded of them, with some apparent expectation of an answer, what church in London has an imitation of the porch supported by six Caryatides which appears in the remains of the Athenian Erechtheum, and disappointment has been evinced at their not knowing it is St Pancras; and, to crown all, they have been called upon to translate an inscription upon a pillar from Greek or Latin, which not even the best scholar, unless practised in the matter, could, for the life of him, decipher. Wherefore I say, that boy shews a natural instinct who shrinks from a day’s amusement at the British Museum; and my heart went forth to meet that youngster who doggedly replied to reiterated questions of a scientific character, that ‘he didn’t come there to be examined; they had one examination every half, and he didn’t see the fun of any more in the holidays.’

So, once more, madam, if you have brought Master Tommy that he may be amused, don’t be astonished if he turns sulky. But you are old enough (excuse the ungracious adjective) to appreciate an intellectual banquet; so do me the honour of taking my arm, and mounting this flight of steps. You see, we push open this glass door, and find ourselves in the entrance-hall. Your exclamation, madam, does you honour; it is magnificent; it is spacious; it is lofty: its height is, I believe, one hundred and six feet. And that staircase upon our left is worthy of an emperor’s palace. How many men in a row could ascend them together, I never heard; but these eyes have seen six ladies, in full crinoline, descend them without trouble or accident, and you may draw your own conclusions. That doorway upon our right, between the statues of Shakespeare by Roubiliac, and Sir Joseph Banks by Chantrey, leads to the Grenville Library, but into that we do not at present propose to enter: our object is the Reading-room. Having an order, therefore, we walk straight forward to the glass doors upon which are inscribed the words, for readers only; we attempt to push open that which has in upon it, but find that a person, who either does not know the meaning of out, which is plainly set forth upon the other door, or is of a perverse disposition, shews a violent determination to effect egress that way, and are therefore constrained to follow his example in wrong-doing, and make
I've a notion, from experience, that it has a tendency to
draw the feet.

The inner surface of the dome is divided into
twenty compartments by moulded ribs, which are
gilded with leaf prepared from unalloyed gold, the
soffits being in ornamental patterns, and the edges
touching the adjoining margins fringed with a lead-
pattern scolloped edge. Each compartment contains a
circular-headed window, twenty-seven feet high, and
dozen feet wide, three panels above, the central one being\nmedallion-shaped, the whole bordered with gilt mouldings and lines, and the field of
the panels finished in encaustic azure blue, the
surrounding margins being of a warm cream-colour.

The details of the windows are cast in the same
manner—the spandril panels blue; the enriched
column and pilaster caps, the central flowers, the
border moulding and lines being all gilded; the
margins cream-colour throughout. The moulded
rim of the lantern-light, which is painted and gilded
to correspond, is forty feet diameter. The sash is
formed of gilt moulded ribs radiating from a central
medallion, in which the royal monogram is alternated
with the imperial crown. The results you see:
perfect light, chasteness, and simple grandeur. All
honour to Mr Smirke, the architect; Messrs
Moses Dickenson and Fielder, the contractors; and to Messrs Haden, the
warmers and ventilators! For the ventilation, too, of course sufficiently for the descendants of the
horse-loch's daughter, is, under the circum-
stances, wonderfully good: 'the roof is formed into
two separate spherical and concentric air-chambers,
extending over the whole surface; one between the
external covering and brick vaulting, the object being
the equalisation of temperature during extremes of
heat and cold out of doors; the other chamber,
between the brick vaulting and the internal
surface, being intended to carry off the vitiated air
from the reading-room. This ventilation is effected
through apertures in the soffits of the windows, and
partly by others at the top of the dome, the last
air passing through outlets provided around the
lantern.' Moreover, 'the supply of fresh air is
obtained from a shaft sixty feet high, built on the
north side of the north wing ... The air-channels
are of sufficient capacity to admit a supply of fresh
air for five hundred persons at the rate of ten cubic
feet per minute, and at an expense not exceeding
one shilling per foot per second. For summer ventilation, steam-
pipes, placed at the summit of the roofs and dome,
will be heated, and extract the foul air when the
external and internal temperature both encourage
the purpose.' And now, you will allow, I hope, that
England has not been so very far behind other
nations in providing healthful accommodation for her
public students.

As I am a reader, I can get the Blue-book Re-
port on the old reading-room, and you will then see
what a different state of things exists now. Read
answer 0205: 'I would observe that nothing can
equal the dirt of the reading-room. There is a
flora generated in that room that is larger than
any to be found elsewhere except in the receiving-
rooms of workshops.' But now, what could look
cleaner than this noble room? As for fleas, I have
never seen the puniest scion of the race; but

What means that start and that explanation? Ah,
it is the old horrid sound: I am sorry to say, ma'am,
it is only too common. It is a prevalent belief that
to have studied ingeniously is fraught with
softens brutal habits; but here—one must use plain
language in the case—men sniff, and clear their
throats in a manner calculated to make your hair
stand on end. No palty; no schoolboy's level, in a
pocket-handkerchief sort of way (though that is
distressing enough), but a good, long, protracted,
determined, uncompromising sniff: no short clearing
of the throat, but a downright struggle for several

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minutes with the mucous membrane, and a fierce contest for passage through the bronchial tubes: no noiseless riddance of an obstacle on the part of a gentleman suffering from illness, but—O horror!—sputtering, spitting, and coughing; making that one's very blood run cold. The perpetrator of the awful deed, not unfrequency looks round with an air of triumph, and exclaims as loudly as he can (if he isn't already unconscious): 'You couldn't make such a filthy exhibition of yourself as that if you tried!' An ejaculation forced from me in the agony of the moment once apparently struck an exhibitor as quite unpalatable, and I was in hopes that he would consider the matter at his leisure; but the next day the performance was repeated.

The question naturally arises, what manner of man frequents the reading-room? Well, I can't say; but from what I heard a policeman tell a visitor, the 'force' has no very high opinion of the 'readers.' I couldn't see over the conversation, as the conversers stood close to my seat, and interrupted my work. It was to this effect:

V. What sort of persons come here?

Hum! remonstrate. They ain't o' much account, I don't think.

V. Gentlemen, I suppose?

P. Well, mostly paw gen'men, I should say: paw let, scurrility.

V. Indeed!

P. Ah! and then there's a many furriers.

V. Refugees?

P. Ah! refugees or something o' that [refugees, possibly.]

Such is the police' view, ma'am, of those who come here to read. For my part, I can honestly state, that though I am 'paw' (a melancholy fact, for which I hold the world responsible), I am not a 'refund,' or any kind of charitable institution. But let us turn to the old reading-room; let us read one 4397: 'I believe there are several persons in a state of imbecility who come to read in the British Museum. . . . I remember there was one person who used to blow his nose very loudly every half hour. I inquired who he was, and I was informed he was a mad person sent there by his friends.' And answer 6213: 'There is a person who frequents the reading-room who is a source of annoyance to many of the readers. I am told that he is an idiot, and that he is sent there by his friends.' This, however, applies, you know, to the old reading-room; I can't say that now-a-days any one looks much more imbecile than another, or that staidness prevails. In any case, it is that we are so studious habits, if not accompanied by a great deal of physical exercise, have a tendency to produce wildness of eye, contention of feature, inanity of grin, jerkiness of motion, and other peculiarities easily to be mistaken for imbecility. You ask what the people usually come to read. Again referring to our Blue-book, I find: 'A great number of the readers come to read novels; probably a considerable proportion of the readers.' So I think they do now. And you will observe from that notice, that many persons had the conscience to come here to read newspapers, insomuch that the librarian has found it necessary to warn them against it; then several evidently come to compile directories and trace pedigrees in the Peerage and Landed Gentry books; some, too, from scholastic establishments come 'to make out their lessons, and for that purpose, with all the ingenuous modesty of youth, appropriate the best lessons, and dubose the most literal 'c riba; occasionally meeting in parties of three to discuss a late examination in a loud tone of voice, which provokes how much noise, good-breeding, and attention to the civil hint upon the paper which is given them on admission, to the effect that 'it is unnecessary to recommend silence in a place devoted to study.' Perhaps the composer of the hint was a wag, and felt how very unnecessary—simple waste of time, indeed—would be any attempt to extract propriety from any youthful Briton.

And herein I am reminded of another circumstance which I can hardly call a grievance, because I like it: it is to me as 'ador' is represented to be by the post—to wit, 'et melle et felle fecundissimus'; it delights my eyes, makes me utterly regardless of bruces and chaises, and such coarse matters, and the consequence is, that when the bell warns me that I must leave the Museum, I find I have done very little work, and what I have done is all wrong, and must be done over again. Need I be more explicit, ma'am? Need I point out to you that the two seats marked 'For Ladies Only,' do not afford sufficient accommodation for all the fair worshippers of Minerva? They are consequently forced, ma'am, actually forced to sit about amongst the rougher sex; and the consequence, so far as I am concerned, is false quantities, misspelling, mistranslation, and wrong references. I am preparing a work for the assistance of scholars, in which accuracy of reference, &c., is of prime importance; but at the whisk of silk and the rustle of muslin my faculties go from me. For you will have noticed that a great many of the ladies are young and good-looking withal, nor are their stockings blue, but charmingly white, like their hands, while their eyes are for the most part unsuspected, and the lashes thereof long and silky. Now, St Anthony might have worked in the presence of eyelashes long and silky, but I am not a saint, so I can't. Moreover, look there, if you please: there are a young gentleman and a young lady studying a great black-letter folio together; see how they bend over to look at some puzzling word, and take one another's opinion about it with many 'nods and shakes and wreathed smiles;' is that fair towards a sensitive man? When I have a difficulty, I've nothing to refer to but a great numerous musty old dictionary. The trustees are said to be a kind, considerate set of gentlemen, so I think I shall represent my case to them; they might supply me also with a 'reference' in a blue bonnet and white flowers, to help me over my difficulties, but at present I labour under a disadvantage: I certainly

Sit and see her all thewhile
Sofly speak and sweetly smile;
but I don't hear a syllable, and the words of wisdom, no doubt, which she utters are of not the least service to me. If you ask me what the young ladies come to read principally, my own opinion is, that they are for the most part engaged upon heavy works relating to natural, moral, and experimental philosophy; but I have heard it more than once declared, that they come to copy music (and I must allow the attitude in copying music is by no means ungraceful), to learn the elements of Italian (and I have seen before them books looking very like 'elementary lessons' in something or other), to write letters (and certainly it is a very nice place for writing letters, nobody to ask you whom you are writing to), to eat strawberries (but this I believe to be a calumny, as I never saw more than one young lady and one young gentleman pursuing that course of study together out of the same basket), and a friend of mine told me that once, when he was looking for a volume of Dodridge's Rise and Progress, he saw a fair damsel putting up a novel called Roderick Random. I merely mention this as a fact, and as it was told to me; for my own part, it is unnecessary I hope for me to say that I know nothing personally about Roderick Randoms, but I don't think my friend (as I told him) was likely to find Dodridge's great work where he was looking for it.

And now I should like to ask a few questions. Why shouldn't a man put back any book he has taken down when he has done with it? Why shouldn't people make ready to turn out when the bell rings? Why shouldn't persons preserve silence
when they are civilly requested to do so? Why shouldn’t they put the catalogues back in their places, when they are earnestly entreated to perform that not very difficult feat? And why should anybody sit at one compartment, put his hat in another, and his gloves and pocket-handkerchief (if he has one) in yet another? The answer to the first question is obviously that if he did, he wouldn’t give the attendants as much trouble as possible; he would make it probable that other people might see the book of reference which he used only for five or ten minutes, and then left in his place unused for five or six hours, whilst other anxious inquirers were searching for it, and being continually informed it was ‘in hand;’ and, principally, he might inadvertently do somebody a great kindness: to the second, it may be answered that it would be giving the employes an opportunity of leaving at the time at which they ought to leave: to the third, that it is against human nature: to the fourth, that they wouldn’t get any particular good by it: and to the fifth, that there is a place under the desk on purpose for hats; and that by not using this, but adopting their own ingenious plan, they put two other persons to the inconvenience of requesting them to move their property, and still more themselves to the annoyance of being interrupted in their studies. Nor let it be supposed that these hat-in-the wrong-place-depositors will remove it simply because you go and sit down at the compartment where it has no business; far from it. It is not enough to say significantly: ‘Is this your hat, sir?’—the proprietor will answer ‘Yes,’ with a smile, as though you were going to express your admiration of it, and ask him who was the maker; and it is not until you ask to be allowed to remove it, or make a show of depositing two or three heavy articles on top of it, that people are put off their guard. They are like the first instance, sulkily; in the second, with wonderful alacrity.

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

CHAPTER XXII.

1854

WHEN the morrow came, I felt rather better than on the night before. It was necessary to be energetic and quiet on. At eight o’clock, people still feeling a sense of mystery and hope in the midst of heavy misfortunes, and I was one of those who do not like to sink without making an effort to swing. I had dined, and rested, and a good deal of grief in tears before the morning dawned, and I felt relieved by this weeping. The house was cold and cheerless when I got up. My mother was only lighting the kitchen-fire; the window-panes were incrusted with ice, and a clean blue sky hung overhead. My first inquiries were for Rosa. She had slept quietly all night, and was slumbering still; therefore, I was not to disturb her. My next observation was to the effect that we must get a servant.

‘How am I to pay for one?’ asked mamma, as she piled up coals round the kettle she had just placed on the grate.

‘Never mind how,’ said I; ‘but we shall get one. Any little girl would do for us now, just to save you from such hard work.”

Mamma shook her head. ‘No, no; I shall have no servant until I have money to pay for one,’ she said, sweeping the hearth slowly.

‘Is Mr Horne at home?’ I asked after a pause.

‘No, he has gone somewhere for his health,’ replied mamma, now preparing to lay the breakfast things on the kitchen-table, ‘I resolved to do something to assist her, but my hands seemed very powerless; I had quite forgotten the way to take part in these homely affairs; so I could only stand at the fire, looking on, and wondering how it was possible for me to have forgotten the aspect of my home so completely as I had done in the space of a few months. I had always, while at Ripworth, entertained the impression that I had lived at Wadsworth House in a state of delirium; but now I rose and examined it amazement and dismay. Everything I saw looked strange: the narrow passage from the hall-door, the low ceiling, the small door; the little cottage, scarcely fit for a gate-lodge at a mere entrance of a gentleman’s demesne.

‘What are you thinking of, Jessie?’ said mamma, who had been watching me for some time. I blushed as I replied: ‘Oh, of many things, mamma.’

‘You have come back without leaving your heart behind you, I suppose,’ said mamma, who was now pouring hot water into the tea-pan.

I could not reply, or meet my mother’s grave eye; indeed, I felt glad to leave the kitchen, on purpose of taking a run through the house, to see its old marks and then I thought I would read over Curzon Good’s letter, which I had in my pocket. Mamma’s voice calling me to breakfast, roused me from my dreams; I hastily thrust the letter into my bosom, and ran to the kitchen.

‘Well, did you look over your old haunts?’ asked mamma, who was buttering some toast for me.

‘No, not yet.’

‘And what were you doing so long in the cold? A piece of bread fell from my hand at that moment, and I stooped to pick it up.

‘What is that you have dropped, Jessie?’ asked mamma, as she wiped something white on the floor.

It was my letter, which had fallen to the ground.

‘Oh, a letter,’ I replied, hastily picking it up. If I had been a little more cool about the affair, it might have passed off unnoticed; but I knew mamma’s eyes were upon my face, though I dared not meet their glance: my cheeks were burning—altogether, I was painfully embarrassed. Mamma said nothing more, and we ate our breakfast in a silent, stupid way. Any one who has dealt at all in mysteries and confessions can comprehend how vain it often is to try to baffle suspicion. What an infinite degree of trouble it saves when we go straight forward in our painful life, with open heart, amongst our friends—forgetting the confessions, forgetting the nothing, dreading nothing, the watchful eye. A rap at the door roused us from our meditations. It was the Webb’s servant, who had brought a letter and newspaper from the post, because she knew Rachel was gone, and we had no one to send out on an errand. ‘And here’s a present of a pair of fowls for Miss Rosa,’ she added, handing a basket containing two plump chickens, already prepared for cooking. ‘And the mistress says, miss, she’ll send over Magny Bond till you get a servant of your own.’

Mamma was going to decline this offer, when I cut in, and in a whispered implored her to accept it; and then she said she would feel obliged if Mrs Webb would send over Maggy when she could be spared. The letter was not a welcome one—merely a request for immediate payment from the baker—the newspaper was a Morning Chronicle, which mamma had taken in for the last six months. She opened it, and began reading it while I sat at the fire.

‘What is the news?’ I asked.

Nothing particular: only Curzon Good has exchanged from the dragons to an infantry corps. I dare say he was obliged to leave his regiment for some misdemeanour, or for debt.’

‘Ah, we ought not to be so ready to imagine evil,’ I said, while my heart beat.

‘I am not ready to imagine evil; I only judge of people by what I hear of them,’ said mamma, turning the paper as she turned to another page. ‘The regiment he has now gone into is engaged in the Indian
war. I hope he will get some hard work, to make up for his idle, dreadful life formerly. Wretched young man—there, will you, the paper!* and mamma gave it to me. When she was not looking, I turned to look at the small spot containing the gazette. The next morning, I saw a note from Lieutenant John de Trafford from—Foot, to be Lieutenant, Vice-Goa, e.x.; and then again:—Foot, Lieutenant Curzon Goa from—Dragoons, to be Lieutenant, Vice De Trafford, who exchanges. I gazed long at those announcements till the small print seemed to quiver, while a yellow hue, like the glare of sunshine, was over the paper. India! Far-off land of the cinnamon and clove—land of the stale palm and lofty banyan-tree—land of birds decked in feathers of purple and gold—of the jungle where tigers crouch—of mountains towering to snowing skies—land of the Brahman's pagoda and hideous heathen idol. Oh, far-off land, where the tropical sun gleams on rice-plains and fruitful valleys—where it shone on the gorgeous dwelling of the wealthy European and the half-naked body of the degraded Hindu! India! I felt a strange emotion, a feeling as if I was oppressed, chained, smothered; but it passed off gradually, and I went to see if Rosa was awake. She was.

*What did she say?*

A shade passed over Rosa's face.

*She asked me, if I was in heaven, to intercede for her; and I laughed, and said I would if I could. And then she said:—"Well, you may soon be there, and remember your promise."*

There was a silence of some minutes in the little chamber, during which a bright-eyed robin-red-breast peered through the window.

*Ah! there is poor old robin," said Rosa. "Mamma feeds him every day since I got ill; but, I suppose, she forgot it to-day. Go, Jessie, for some crumbs."

I sprinkled some morsels of bread on the window-sill, as desired, while the bird watched me from the neighbouring tree he had flown to. Soon it was hopping among the crumbs, while I returned to my seat at the bedside. Rosa then told me how Anna used lately to walk out very much alone, and remain away till it was quite dusk, and how she disappeared one day altogether, having taken nothing but the clothes she wore. Mr Huntley left Weston Cricket the same day in a fly hired from Farmley, but the man who drove him said he was alone. However, Mr Webb considered he was probably bribed to say that. I did not leave Rosa till I heard the voice of Maggy Bond in the kitchen, and then, after some hesitation, I went to meet the girl.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MAGGY BOND.

Maggy was a clean-looking tidy girl, with a broad, red, shining face, a well-built figure, and an air of fine health and good-humour. I almost envied her, as I looked at her strong frame and cheerful comeliness.

*She saluted me with a friendly smile, and then glanced round the bare kitchen, to see what might be done first.*

*You want coals, ma'am," she said after a survey of the coal-vault. "Is there any one who could go for them to Farmley?"

*No," replied maggy in a faint voice. "I do not intend to send for them to-day.*

*Then I had best run over to the mistress, and get some," pursued Maggy.

*Yes, do, if you please," said I quickly, for I saw mamma did not know what to say.*

*Tell Mrs Webb we will feel obliged if she will lend us some.*

The girl was off upon her errand in a twinkling; and mamma looked despairingly at me as she asked how we should be able to pay the coals back.

*We must have fires, ma'am," said I in a determined tone: "and there is another proposal I wish to make to you—we must send for Dr Lampton."

As mamma's eye caught mine, I saw it shrink from my glance at this sentence, but she made no reply while I continued: "Were we to beg the money on the highways to pay him, he must come."

My mother's thin hands were clasped, her gaze fixed upon the ground. 'I wish he had been sent for before,' she said, raising her eyes to my face with a dark intense look that made me tremble. I walked silently for a few minutes up and down the kitchen, till the back-door opened, and a rough voice was heard demanding where the coals were to go. A man had brought up a wheel-barrowful from Thorn Grange, and was now standing with shaggy appearance peeping through the door. Mamma pointed to the coal-vault, and then came the wheel-barrow, which was overturned with a crashing noise within the dark cavern. Maggy soon entered, smiling, and scarlet with the frosty air. It did me good to see her setting about her business with the skill of a practised hand. She first built up the fire expeditiously, and then drew out sundry pots and saucepans to scour them. As I watched her, I felt how useless I was myself.

*Had I been brought up as a servant-maid, I should be happier than I am now.*
I thought mamma had left the kitchen, and I was standing thoughtfully beside the dresser, when Maggy demanded if I would not take a seat.

"Have you been long at service?" I asked, sitting down.

"Not very long there. I'm only four months at Thorn Grange; but I was staying in other farmhouses afore that. I wouldn't have had to go to service, only my father died when I was quite small; and at last, my mother had to give up our little farm. O miss, if you saw what a nice cottage we had! I and my sister had such a nice garden and flowers; and we hadn't anything to do but just what we chose all day long, till bad times came, and then my mother just sold our landlord, Mr Newdegate, that we must give up the place entirely."

"Mr Newdegate?" repeated I.

"Yes, ma'am, Newdegate was his name; a small little gentleman, very old and wrinkled, wonderful to look at; and a strange gentleman he was. People thought, miss, he wasn't quite right in his senses."

"Where did he live?"

"In a great man's property, called the Shadowz, in —shire; but he left it soon after we gave up our farm. He took a dislike to it all a sudden of about five years ago, and went to live, I believe, in another county altogether—I forget where. I remember him once saying to my mother, that the gentleman that was to come into his fortune at his death was almost as poor as we were ourselves."

"He'd be a grand-nephew!" I asked with some interest.

"Yes, ma'am, a lovely boy, Mr Curzon Good. Oh, he's a beautiful young gentleman now, six feet high, in the army! Did you know him, ma'am?"

"Yes, he was often at my uncle's house. And was he not to be Mr Newdegate's heir?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"The old gentleman said Mr Good wasn't to have it at all. The Shadows in particular was to go to somebody else. But, as I said afore, people didn't think Mr Newdegate quite right-witted. He was awful miserly; and he couldn't bear pride; he used to say proud people deserved to starve; and I believe he sent Master Good away to be educated in some very lonely place, that he mightn't get away with him being a boy."

"Was Mr Good often at the Shadows?"

"Well, not often, miss; but when he did come, he was a great favourite with everybody. Ah, he was a nice young gentleman!"

"Did you ever hear who the gentleman was that Mr Newdegate intended to leave his property to?"

"Well, I didn't, miss. Mr Newdegate never said his name."

"Did you ever hear him speak of a Mr Legrand?"

"Oh dear, yes, miss. Mr Legrand, a great foreign gentleman, was very often at the Shadows. Nobody liked him there, for he'd make Mr Newdegate do a great many strange things against the tenants; for no matter how odd the old gentleman was, he wouldn't be cruel or unreasonable unless put up to it by somebody. He got the old agent turned off, I believe, and a new one in his place, that everybody hated."

"Was that Mr Huntley?"

"I think that was his name, but I forget; anyway, he and Mr Legrand had everything their own way. People thought Mr Newdegate was afraid of his life of them both."

"Well, Mr Legrand has all Mr Newdegate's property now, said I."

"And is the old gentleman dead?" asked Maggy, pushing at the scrubbing of a table.

"Yes, he died some months ago."

"Poor old gentleman," exclaimed the girl. "And Mary died without seeing him since he attended my father, and he now met me with an emprise of gratitude that I felt inclined to shrink from. His manner was kind and gentle: he looked at Ros with a
comeliness shaded for some seconds by a doubtful expression. 'She has been ill a long time,' he said, when he returned from her room to the parlour. 'Why was I not sent for before?'
'
'My mother did not consider her illness serious,' I replied; 'and it was I who persuaded her to send for you on my return home.'
'
'Yes; I have been very, then?'
'
'Yes; for some months.'
'
'And then you observed your sister's danger, and sent for me.'

'Yes; I thought her very weak indeed.'
'
'It was a pity you did not return home sooner.'

We were silent for some minutes. My eyes rested on the floor, but I knew the doctor's gaze was fastened on my face. I dared not question him more particularly as to the patient's case, and he turned the conversation on general topics, speaking cheerfully as if to divert my mind. On rising to go away, he paused for some moments without speaking; then he said: 'Miss Keppleton, I hope your mother will call upon me again, as those of a friend when she needs them. I feel much interest in her family; and if she will permit me to visit your sister as a friend, I will consider it a favour.'

I hardly know how to reply; I murmured something about his being too kind, our unwillingness to trespass so much on his time, &c.; but he persisted in his offer, leaving us clearly to understand that he was to give us his assistance and advice gratis. This was much gain in our present distress, and humbled as I was, I could not help feeling most thankful. We now had to turn our attention to what was to be done about procuring our daily food, as butcher and baker had refused to give further credit. Maggy was of great assistance in various dilemmas. It was vain to try to conceal our embarrassments from her; for the door was almost daily beset by messengers coming with bills, while rude remarks frequently fell from them. So Maggy, without making any comment, often provided for us herself; sometimes it should be a pair of wild-fowl that Mrs Webb shot on the moor; and occasionally we got presents from Thorn Grange, of fresh eggs, large cakes of home-made bread, and sweet new butter. Once our neighbours killed a sheep, and then we were sent a large piece of the mutton. These are homely details, but they were a great assistance to us at that time. Mrs Webb's presents always came to us in a very delicate way, yet we could not live long on the bounty of our friends, and poor mamma's perplexity only grew greater every day. In the midst of her despondency, Rosa grew thinner and brighter-eyed as time wore on; and regularly, at two o'clock each afternoon, Dr Lampston's gig stopped at our door. As I struggled on through hourly trials, the recollection of Curzon Goad was very often uppermost in my thoughts. The more I dwelt upon the past, the more convinced I felt that report might have belied him in laying deeds to his charge which he had probably never been guilty of. There must be some mistake—some false representation. As the shadows of dusky clouds obscure the moon's surface for a time, and then pass off, leaving it bright as before, so were the dark shades that had rested upon his character moving steadily off before my eyes.

Something like the memory that I had cherished of him in boyhood was my recollection of him now, unmingled with selfish thoughts—a feeling of pity and interest. He was going to India, I thought to myself; among the dead upon some arid plain; he might never more return to his native land. I searched the newspaper every morning to be out in it. I was embarked for the East, feeling at the same time that I was imprudent to dwell upon such feelings. What a busy brain I had then! at one time picturing to me a ship on the trackless ocean, steering for lands afar—or strings of arched-roofed vehicles crossing eastern deserts; and then again conjuring up visions of desolation at home—starvation staring us in the face—my brothers sinking down, perhaps, to any mental employment by which they might gain bread; and, worse than all, something that I dared not dwell upon—a freshly made grave in the churchyard, where the owl and the bat would shriek on moonless nights. The ground became no longer ice-bound, the frost disappeared, and we were able to do with less fire than before. Maggy was most economical, and gifts still almost daily arrived from Thorn Grange. However, we had wants that could not be supplied by the Webbs—a hundred trifling domestic necessaries that must be procured. Candles were our most expensive articles, for all through the night they had to be burned in my sister's room. The money I had brought home was soon exhausted in buying them, and I was wondering what I should do to procure more, when Maggy came to me with a ten-pound note which she said had been given to her for me, and I was to pay it back when I got the money. 'Bet who gave it, Maggy?' I asked in surprise. 'I am not to tell, miss.' 'Then I cannot take it.' Maggy's face fell. 'You may take it, miss, for the person that gave it has plenty more; besides, it's only a loan.'

I concluded that Mrs Webb had sent the money, and that she might have some reason for not declaring the fact openly, so I took it gladly enough. I told mamma that Mrs Webb had lent us ten pounds, but that we were not to pretend to know who gave it. This money acted, of course, like magic; numerous necessaries were purchased on the spot, and mamma's energies were renewed. I had now more time than before to devote to my little sister. Maggy Bond and I were her constant attendants; but all this little work was far the most active part in the nursing, often carrying the poor child in her strong arms up and down the parlour when she was restless, and wanted variety. A kind girl, thorough Christian, I never can forget your conduct at that trying time; you were indeed a humble follower of Christ's law!

Is there not something sad in spring evenings, when the daylight lingers long in the sky, and the chirping of wild birds fills the air? I never sit in the window looking out upon a country scene, while the dainty twicker of the thrush and blackbird is in my ear, and the trees are rustling in the light spring wind, that I do not feel melancholy. I often walked at this period through our little lawn, when the young leaves were just expanding, and the hedges looking green; and from the distant fields I could hear the whistling of the labourers returning from their work, mingling with many rural sounds which I had been familiar with from childhood. Everything filled me with inexpressible sadness, and the shadow of that time steals often over me still, when the spring comes round. Why do I linger over the task I have to fulfil? Why not hurry on bravely? Mr Horne was away from the parish still, and a stranger had taken his place. We had no friend but Dr Lampston, and our humble neighbours. Maggy Bond was the only person who spoke of death and eternity to my beloved sister, and now gradually, under her influence, the dear child was learning to regard the darkness of the grave without a shudder. The hope of recovery had long buoyed her up, and she spoke of her garden and flowers with apparently full belief that she would be able in summer to attend to them; but by degrees the truth dawned upon her, and she felt convinced that the world was to her abiding-place no more. One night—Oh! But no; I cannot describe it. Reader, be satisfied: her young spirit passed away from earth; the hour came when I felt that I had no sister. And there, in my closet-room of old, where I had dreamed many a golden
dream, and wept many a bitter tear, there she lay in death, with the spring-breeze flapping through the open window, and the bright sun shining in, and the red dropped by the window-sill, and the carol of birds and the lowing of cattle sounding far over the land. There she lay; and by her side I knelt, and prayed for forgiveness for my many sins, and for the uncles that had cut off the cutting off of that young life in its early spring. O my sister! had I indeed been your destroyer?

WHAT IS THE GOOD OF HISTORY?

History is professedly the record of the experience of nations; and experience, we all know, is a teacher. Unfortunately, while teaching is easy, learning is difficult. We might profit every day of our lives by experience; but how few do so! Not less is the inaptitude shown by nations in taking up the lessons of the Historic Muse. It cannot be said that we, in general, read history with a view to such profit. We read it for the interesting pictures it gives of the men and things of the past; and the more that it studies to please this aesthetic taste, the more successful it is. As for 'philosophy teaching by examples'—we should like to know from Mr. Mme. how many copies of a history purely on that principle he would order from the publishers, and how soon he would be advertising them at a third of the original price.

And yet there is such a thing as profiting by historical experience. In our Revolution, we profited by the experience of the Civil War. We saw that to kill the king and establish a republic would be attended with no good. So we allowed the infatuated monarch to go away, and, putting another in his place, with the best pretensions that were to be had, strove to keep all things externally as unchanged as possible; a policy which proved successful. Interference with the course of political change in France in 1793, having been attended with disastrous consequences, we refrained from interfering in any of the subsequent revolutions of that country, and so escaped trouble. Non-intervention, as an acknowledged principle, stands upon the historic experience of the last age, and it is a vast point gained for mankind.

The sad failure of our efforts, eighty years ago, to subjugate the American colonies, was a lesson not thrown away upon us. We now see that, where a people spreading over a large country are resolute in resistance, it is very difficult to overcome them. We, moreover, suspect that, if compelled to an unwilling adherence, they are not likely to be good associates. We see that they may become more profitable to us as a distinct and independent nation, than as colonists under our commercial thraldom. Accordingly, it is very generally felt in England that, if Canada or Australia were to show a decided inclination for independence, the best policy would be to let them go. Should the time come for a practical trying of the question, the resolution taken by England would show whether we had fully profited by the experience of 1776 or not.

While our own experience is calculated to have some effect with us, it unfortunately happens that the cheaper benefit which we may derive from that of others—aliena pericula—is usually all but imperceptible. If Austria could see our case, she would quit her Lombardo-Venetian provinces, as more calculated to do her harm than good. It must be admitted, however, that differences in cases may make the application of a precedent difficult. Considerations of strategy, of interest, and of such exasperated feelings, as to pause for a moment's survey of history before acting. Although the principles that appear determined by history are as yet but little regarded, we can hardly believe that it will always be so. Every age that
passes helps to make some of the great maxims clearer. Continually, the power of apprehending principles is increasing amongst mankind. We may surely, then, hope that a time will come—albeit not to be seen by any living eyes—when the great bodies of men constituting states will be able, in every contingency, to judge of the dictum of history on the subject, and subscribe—yes, sign! What vast calamities might be spared to man, what infinite benefits might be reaped, if we now could so read the voice of the Divine in the current of fact!

PASSENGERS.

The Roman empire is not the only old-world institution whose Decay and Fall requires a historian. We live in strange times, when many a majestic image shatters—like the clay feet of a god—when Russian, Polish, and Hungarian awake from their long stupor to ask freemen’s rights—when Italy is taking breath prior to snapping the last link of her chain—and when the month of France herself is in a class by herself. The knell of passports has sounded. If there is cackering rust in this our social system, there is, Heaven be praised for it, a welling-up of energy that saps the foundations of even the oldest and most venerable abuses, neither sparing the lofty nor overlooking the small. The passport system, heary and efficacious, is now tottering and sick to death from the fatal blow dealt by Napoleon the Third, Imperator Francorum, on the first day of this year.

Let us take a sketch of this toothless old Cerberus, before it becomes a fossil, and passes into the dominions of the antiquary. It is to Asia, the mother of science and art and arms, of religion and philosophy, and no less of plague, tyranny, and superstition, that we owe the passport. The restless Greek would never have endured such a curb upon his roving from isle to mainland, from city to haven, through that wonderful little Hellenic microcosm that constituted his world, in Europe’s young days. But when he turned his face to the rising sun, and passed the Persian border, he found the rough road was only to be surmounted by the payment of the hand and seal of the Great King or his satraps. The police of Persia are to this day as cautious and painstaking on the score of passports as Xerxes were in Xenophon’s time, and no stranger can enter a walled city of Iran without a written permission, or a silver key; indeed, the latter is probably co-existent with the document it replaces; for untold cycles it has been the antidote to the poison of a most vexatious system, the open sesame before which many grim portals have unchained. In India, where, under the name of jari, the passport is of as old date as the Aryan conquest, the silver key has ever been the traveller’s best friend; while, on the other hand, the swarming millions of China have always indulged in the most absolute freedom of locomotion. In Western Asia, passports have usually taken the form of safe-conducts, granted by this or that belligerent prince, sealed by potent amarchs, signed by generals and chiefmen, or decorated by the awkward scrawl of some nomadic sheik. When the monk Rubriquis went on a complimentary embassy from St. Louis of France to the great Khan, the hand and seal protected the little party of shuffling diplomats over many a thousand miles of weary steppe, was their agis in days and nights, and was a magic guide and guide, horse and man, to speed the strangers upon their way. Not always have passports taken a guise so poetic and sufficing; they have more often been scowling blocks that wings, harrassing impediments to the pilgrim, who has paid for sign and countersign, has borne peril with exortion to-day, that he may be imposed upon to-morrow.

It is not very easy to ascertain the status of the passport in imperial Rome. Authorities seem to clash, and evidence to contradict evidence, on this point. A citizen was apparently free to roam or remove at his pleasure, and even a subject without citizen’s rights seems to have migrated easily and at discretion; but yet the magistrates of the various cities appear to have exacted from strangers some account of their calling orpedants; and those who visited a seaport, had to satisfy the comptroller of customs that they were good men and true, while papers are spoken of which may have been invoices and manifests, but which may also have been passports. In medieval Europe, the passport became rampant, but under other titles, of which the most customary was that of safe-conduct. In a period of endless war and civil broil, when the only voyagers were urged by religion or lure, pilgrim and merchant had alike to sue for a pass from men of power. Of course, the poor wayfarer who trudged the dusty road with his staff and meagre wallet, and the scallop-shell in his nameless hat, had no reason to provide himself with such a document. They were safe, those needy devotees, for the same good cause which enabled their counterparts to sing before the robber. But the rich votaries of Compotessa or Loretto—my lord and my lady, who travelled with a train of squire-mules, and gaudy steeds, and brave retain—were the most rued market of Western Europe, should provide himself with a pass. Without a safe-conduct, he and his were fair game, what the Bishareen Arabs call duanmaljoun, a thing to be spoiled and wasted. Even with a pass, the trader had need to be wary: hostile chiefs would not recognise the enemy’s signature, and too much favour with one party subjected the merchant to the imputation of a spy or traitor, when within the outposts of the other. In Spain, passports were granted by Moor and Christian alike to the faces of their respective faiths, and could be observed with honourable punctilio. England, previous to the Norman Conquest, had an efficient substitute for passports in that wonderful provision of Anglo-Saxon law, which overspread the land with a net-work of mutual responsibility, and made every man give bail for the good-conduct of his neighbours. When hundreds, and tithings, and ealdormen were liable to pay the penalty of outages committed within their limits—when wapentake and township could be mulcted for offences chargeable to the most obscure of their inhabitants—and when society was divided into little sumplices of yeomen, jointly and severally punishable for the misconduct of any member of the club, the passport must have been quite supererogatory. No Saxon could have travelled without giving the most substantial reasons to his brother-bondsman, and they continued to be sureties for his behaviour, even during his temporary absence from what was certainly the most extraordinary system of espionage ever devised by a quasi-free people.

The Normans brought in the passport, among other fashions, and from that time forth the immigration crops out among the dissected strata of English history. Not that there was the regular bureaucratic stamp upon that rude and early law to travel; the passport was as eccentric as the edicts of the Star Chamber, or the rules of the court of Piepoudre. But under the Plantagenets, it was continually ordered by king and parliament that ‘no man should go forth of the realm’ without the king’s special leave and
anthorisation. It was impossible to visit France or Flanders, or even to cross the Scottish border, without a passport, and this pass had to be countersigned by some governor or ambassador of the friendly power in question. Impossible, that is, legally speaking; for the numerous pirates who then skimmed the narrow seas, and who were far more_Details_of_the_passport_system_in_Europe_at_the_end_of_the_17th_century_sentences

He and his ministers, Colbert and Louvois, elaborated into an organisation what had been before depend- a"יכות; it was sparingly given, and there was good reason for such a thrifty use of the king's sign-manual. Half France—that is, half the population—was wanted to make up the ten thousand men where the contact by royal edict, at the national expense; while hundreds of thousands panted to carry their Labour and Peasants over the frontiers; and seek some Protestant land where they could worship as their conscience bade them. Naturally, the sultan of Versailles was chary of such permission. It was enough to feed one turbulent city, without allowing its walls to be crowded—enough to coerce the Hugenots with fire and sword, without suffering them to bear their Bibles and silk-loums away from the soil to which the laws chained them. No, the king gave passports to the upper classes: to M. le Marquis, going to collect pictures in Italy; to Madame la Comtesse, bound for a German court, or wishing to drink the water of Aix. Such people, suited Louis the Great—Louis, who knew by heart the pedigrees, the arms, the livery of his aristocracy to perfection; who even took the trouble of perusing their letters in postal transit; and who was well informed as to the debts and damaged reputations of his realm. It must have been a grand sight to watch the old king, preceded by a retinue of the lusty, high red heels, his ugly little face, red, and pitted with small-pox, peering out of his enormous full-bottomed wig, as he slowly affixed Louis R. to one of those precious documents! And yet that was the face with which others than La Vallière fell in love— the face that poets sang and courtiers worshipped; whose smile could turn the tables, the witty, and the vain; and before whoserawn the bravest men have quailed in agonies of shame. Depend upon it, that Titian's passion for honest Bolotin contains a very deep pool, with a slippery bottom; and the juice of Oberon's magic flower must be mingled with the oil at coronations. What Louis XIV. shaped into an institution, his successors retained. The Regent and Louis XV. found passports convenient, but already another reason had arisen for their retention: they were a source of profit, a perennial harvest, bearing golden grain for a hungry secretariat; and during the chief part of the eighteenth century, French officials were indeed a lean and rapacious tribe, for fees were their sole dependence, and the bankrupt government, the king's chief source of revenue, was reduced to subordinate pennies. Passports thus became the livelihood of a numerous class; thousands of clerks, agents, and gendarmes had a vested interest in their permanence; and at this present time, the system is still fondly adhered to by those concerned in carrying out its details. The Revolution of 1789 could upset the throne, but not the passport. Frenchmen care not a whit for individual liberty, provided that their neighbours are no better off than themselves. The Convention found the passport system an admirable check to emigration, a famous pitfall in which to entangle the feet of royalists; the Directory complacently inherited this engine of statecraft; and every successive government has cherished the passport as its staunchest ally.

If France had stood alone in this matter, the world would have had the less to complain of; but unluckily, Parisian fashions are followed by others than milliners and upholsterers; the nascent civilisation of Europe is especially prone to shape itself after French models. Because France had a passport system, Russia emulated the teneur of mind—a mind more pompous, laborious, mean, grandiose, and vindictive than any that Europe had produced since the death of Justinian. To do the old king justice, he understood this, and framed the penal and petty work of a dozen clerks with his own royal goosesquill.
Russia, passports had the independent properties of Peter Schlemiel's shadow. They were shuffled about from one bureau to another; they were spirited from department to department with a celerity that Robert Louis Stevenson might have admired; they met the perpetually increasing number of fresh autographers; and they had an ugly trick of getting mislaid in official drawers, from which nothing but bribery could extract them. They were wanted for journeying, though it was unnecessary to legalise a sojourn in the land; they had to be bartered for passes provisional and temporary, to be exchanged for letters of domiciliation, to be transmitted in permissions to stay or go, to buy or sell, to live or die, within the sacred empire. A Russian passport realised all the vagaries of Proteus; it kept a traveller in constant alarm and suspension; and even when the Moscow and St Petersburgh Railway opened, the passengers were compelled to pass hours, passport in hand, in wrangling with a host of police agents and commissaries, before they were allowed to buy a ticket.

By this time, in France and her neighbours, great laxity had swept in. In passing through fortified towns, travellers were no longer obliged to submit their papers to the scrutiny of the commandant, an antiquated duty still enforced in the case of French officers on a journey; the personal description also fell into disuse; and there was an end of those charming pen-and-ink portraits which we of the elder generation were forced to carry about with us—portraits not always of a flattering nature, and which scrupulously did not call to our noses 'snub,' our eyes grey or green, and our hair 'reddish.' This description was supposed to be the best proof of identity; and for a long while Mr Bul and his family endured the hasty sketch which was destined to show them to the foreign police as they were viewed by a first-rate artist. At last, however, the railway was expanded, and the value of time became recognised, the portraits became complimentary and vague, and lost their ancient piquancy, as if the artists feared to offend. I possess more than one of these documents, wherein the bearer of the passport is described in language that would suit most of the sons of Adam. Every feature is monosyllabic; no feature, which, I am told, is the French equivalent for 'middling.' Thus, the authorities are informed that the traveller has a middling nose, eyes, and mouth, middling stature, middling hair, and is, on the whole, a very mediocre and commonplace sort of person. This was making the description an absurdity, and it soon collapsed utterly; indeed, passports were falling into disrepute, when the attempt of Orleans on the Emperor Napoleon's life lent a momentary stimulus to the system. From that time forth, none but British passports have been recognised, and the Foreign Office having provided for a cheap and easy supply of the latter, matters have gone on with tolerable smoothness. Sweden and Norway set the example in abolishing the invasions tickets-ofleave to travel; Russia modified her system; and Napoleon III. suddenly electrified the public by the announcement that, after January 1, 1851, British travellers should enter France at their own discretion, without pass or permit. This, after all, was but a logical sequence from the emperor's own published opinions on the passport in all its bearings. In his voluminous works, he had laid down clearly enough, what hundreds of writers had proved before, that the passport is a useless engine, a clumsy man-trap, that may harass honest folks, but which never catches the dangerous classes it was set for. Refugees always have passports perfectly en règle. Spies, demagogues, revolutionaries are curiously particular in the matter of visas and countersigns; and while these storm-birds of the world of politics rove at will, the cavaliers of industry are not less provident or successful. Every clever rogue can forge a passport, buy a passport,
obtain a passport on some pretext, or in some round-about fashion, and the oldest veterans of the police have long ceased to place any reliance on the help which the ‘passports’ of the pleasure-seeker can afford them. And yet there is no abuse too flagrant or contemptible to have its partisans or mourners. The passport has been defended in the Senate, rejected by a portion of the press and hailed by a major portion of the officials. Although sentenced to a speedy and complete extinction, the old system has its champions still; the nation accepts the boon of free locomotion with torpid indifference; the subalterns of government grumble in their sleeves; and years hence, doubtless some aged commissary will prate to his grandchildren of the bygone era when so Frenchman was without that boon-friend, his passport.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In the spring of the year 18—, I was returning home from the East Indian station, on promotion, as passenger in a merchant-ship of about 500 tons burden, named the Anne of London. She was terribly overladen, and our progress, though favoured by fair weather and propitious winds, had been slow and tedious. We had, however, successfully reached the Cape, and had landed at St. Helena, when in due course we found ourselves becalmed in the ‘horse latitudes,’ as dreaded by all persons in a hurry.

Here the good ship lay ‘not only’ all that day, as the old song says, but for more than fourteen days, under a cloudless sky and broiling sun, with the pitch-bubbling up between every plank of the scorchèd deck. The brass rails on the poop and elsewhere, and every portion of metal within the influence of the sun, were not to be touched with impunity; and it was even, even, in the duck or nankeen, to trust to a wooden seat! Time hung heavily on the hands of all on board, both passengers and crew. Every one was grumbling at everything.

Among the passengers, I had made the acquaintance of a very agreeable French gentleman, who, with his wife and little children, were returning to la belle France, after a protracted sojourn in one of the islands in the Indian sea under the British flag. A prettily coloured ayah was their sole domestic. I found M. de S—— a man of great intelligence, and a very agreeable companion; but his pretty, mild, petted, wife was also very charming, particularly to a young sailor like myself.

Everything had been tried to enliven the monotony of our lives, from dancing to pitch-and-toss, and devoutly did we pray for another kind of pitch-and-toss, with a ‘wet sheet’ and a ‘capful of wind. We were beginning to hate everything, even our companions in grief, and almost fancied that we were bewitched within the magic blue ring of the horizon, and doomed to remain there spell-bound for ever.

Matters were in this state when, one day, as M. de S—— and myself were modestly pacing the deck under the awning, a small object far away astern of us caught my eye. I saw at once that it was a sail of some kind, but what particularly attracted my attention was the rapid way in which, though still many miles distant, it appeared to be approaching. This puzzled me greatly, as the sea was of an oily calmness, and not a cloud’s paw ruffled the bosom of the deep. I drew my companion’s attention to the object, and hurried below for my glass. When I returned on deck, M. de S—— exclaimed: ‘This vessel must be a steamer, as she seems to move very fast.’ Even I, a landsman, had observed the same thing that had astonished me.

I kept the glass settled upon the object, and then a terrible solution of the mystery burst upon me.

The vessel was a long, low, rough-looking craft, hermaphrodite rigged, and with a tremendous rake aft in her tall tapering masts; but that which absorbed all my senses and faculties was the steady rise and fall, the successive flash and disappearance of sweeps, or long ears, from each side of the brigantine. What could this mean? I closed my eyes to the Malays, or even up the Mediterranean, I could have better understood the matter; but here, out at sea, hundreds of miles away from any land, what could this small villainous-looking craft be sweeping about for? My heart sickened at the very thought. Impossible though it appeared, this vessel must be a pirate!

At this moment, I felt some person touch my arm, and turning round I saw the master of the ship (Mitchell). He appeared pale and agitated, and whispered in a husky voice: ‘What do you make of her, sir?’

Alas! this was no time for mincing matters, so I at once told him my suspicions. ‘Great Heaven!’ he said, ‘we are lost; for I do not think I have a firearm on board fit for service, and but a trifle of powder; my crew, also, are only twenty-four men, all told!’

Certainly this was not a very chivalrous prospect, with a pirate under our lee; but, however, I begged him at once to call a council of war of all the officers of his ship, and the three male passengers, including myself, in order to consult what to do in this frightful emergency.

This he at once did, and without disturbing Madame de S——, who fortunately was not visible that day, being somewhat indisposed (that is to say, too lazy to get up!) We at once proceeded to the ‘cuddy,’ the council consisting of the master, his two mates, the boatswain, and the carpenter; M. de S—— and myself; it would be tedious to describe the meeting; but the upshot of the matter was, that I was requested to undertake the warlike preparations; and the male passengers, together with the skipper and his officers, swore to assist and obey me in everything. This was a great responsibility to be thrust upon a young fellow of about twenty-two years of age; but I did not hesitate to undertake it.

My first step was to get Mitchell to muster the crew on the quarter-deck, where I made them a short speech, telling them of the suspicions we had of the craft in our wake, and that we must make the best of a very bad job; that if it came to a brush, I felt sure, I said, that according to the law of war, I would fight to the last, to defend the good ship and the two helpless women and the poor little children who were amongst us. Mitchell also told them to obey me in everything, as I was a king’s officer, and up to fighting affairs.

The men answered with a cheer, and one old fellow, who was called ‘Old Joe,’ at once stepped forward and said: ‘If you please, your honour, I was captain of a gun for many years on board a king’s ship; and if so be there should be anything of that sort on board, I and Billihere—’ with a jerk of his thumb lower his shoulder— ‘can shew them how to handle them.’ Mitchell now remembered that there were a couple of old caronnades somewhere in the hold, but he could not exactly state their whereabouts! The hint, however, was sufficient, and an exploring-party was speedily sent below to search. After a tedious and anxious rummage below, the joyful cry was heard from Old Joe: ‘Here they are, my hearties; so bear a hand to get them screwed up!’ And there, indeed, appeared two old ship-guns, with their carriages, but from their look I hardly hoped that they would stand a charge of powder! However, the hold was quickly opened; and by the help of the plank, an extemporary derrick, our pieces of ordnance were safely hoisted upon deck.

The preparing of these guns for service I left for Old Joe and his seamen, whilst I and my party could find all the old cutlasses, muskets, and pistols we could find on board. M. de S—— had a good sword and a pair of dulcet pistols, Mr Johnson had a
brace of pistols also, and I had a sword and pistols. From amongst the rubbish on board we selected three muskets, four bayonets, six or seven cutlasses, and a couple of pistols. The cartridge pouches we set to work and spliced on to the capstan bars, and so rigged out some capital boarding-pikes; the firearms we cleaned, and the cutlasses we sharpened by grinding on the ice. When all was ready, Old Joe proposed to ‘scale the guns;’ and in order to appear as formidable as we could, we contrived to fire the two guns in succession on the starboard-side, and then run them over to port, and fire them again! By this device we appeared to carry four guns! We tried our small-arms also in the same manner, firing the muskets and pistols in volleys.

Much time was consumed in these proceedings, and whether it was that our strategem had told with some effect or not, it was evident that the brigantine’s sweeps had been laid in, and that she had advanced no nearer in the interval. We therefore concluded that the pirate intended to wait till nightfall before he ran us aboard. God help us, it was a fearful thought. But every one bore up like a hero, and we made the best preparations that we could devise to repel the anticipated assault.

Towards sundown, another sail was seen on the horizon, and the pirate appeared to perceive her at the same moment, for he once more ‘out sweeps,’ and piled towards her ill-starred sail a smart pace. Every eye was strained in watching the two vessels; and just as it became too dark to distinguish distant objects, a flash! followed by a loud report, startled the stoutest heart amongst us. Further surmises were useless, for up to this moment, though some had still tried to ‘hope against hope,’ that the strange craft was not a pirate after all, the dreadful certainty fell like lead upon the hearts of all! That gun-shot had told a tale that none could doubt the meaning of; and unless God should send help, either by a night-breeze, or some ship with which we might act in concert, and so beat off this sea-encounter, our doom must, in all human probability, be indeed a fearful one. But it was of no use to give way to despair; and darkness having now closed in, we extinguished every light on board, even in the binnacle, and enforced the strictest silence fore and aft in the ship. I need not say there was no sleep for any of us that night. Anxiety had ‘misered sleep,’ and none even attempted to ‘turn in.’ Long and drearily passed the feverish hours of that terrible night; and by the first faint streaks of daylight every eye was strained to see if the pirate was still in sight. Alas! a glance was sufficient. Not only was the pirate there, but another vessel with him, evidently the prize he had captured the night before. Still they were at some distance astern of us, and it seemed that the misfortune of this vessel had probably saved us from the night-attack we had expected.

Our nerves had been overstrained for many hours, that some now began to shew signs of wavering and despair; under the circumstances, therefore, I thought it better to order a good allowance of grog to be served out to the poor fellows, and keep them employed in exercising the guns, &c., as much as our small stock of powder would admit. Thus passed another wretched day of suspense and misery.

As evening was approaching, we saw the pirate again making use of her sweeps, and she advanced this time so close to us, that with the naked eye we could see the boat-hooks, and a ‘long Tom’ (or large swivel-gun) amid-ships. I at once ordered every man to his station, as we all anticipated an attack. But instead of an estaminet, after a deliberate survey, she went about, and swept back again to her prise. She evidently thought we were rather too well armed and prepared for an easy prey during daylight, so we once more set ourselves for our long and anxious night-watch. Some of our men were so wearied out, that I sent them below to snatch a little rest; but by nightfall, of their own accord, all hands had again mustered on deck.

The lights were once more extinguished, and I was pacing the poop with silent and sorrowful steps, when suddenly I felt a cool air fanning my cheek. Yes, truly, it was no delusion; when all was lost, there was a land! Thank God! Instantly springing down upon deck, I gave orders to set every stitch upon her ‘below and aloft,’ and to trim the yards so as to feel the full benefit of the breeze. All was now bustle and activity; and after altering our course, by the skipper’s good advice, we once more heard the joyful ripple of the waters as they danced by the good ship’s bows.

But our joy was short-lived, for just as we were congratulating ourselves on our deliverance, our destruction was almost accomplished.

I was standing on the lee-quarter, watching what progress our ship was making, when I distinctly heard a sound that sent my blood tingling to my very extremities, and almost paralysed me. Muffled oars! from one, two, three different points! Merciful God protect us! Silence was useless now, so I sprang amongst the crew, and shouting at the top of my voice: ‘Men, to your stations; the enemy’s boats are alongside!’ I rushed to the gun on the larboard-side, and hurried Old Joe and his comrades to the other, and with the crew stood equally divided between us, we silently awaited the attack, each of us being armed with a couple of cannon-balls in our hands. We had not long to wait for, finding by the bustle on board that they were discovered, the pirate, with a yell, pulled boldly under the main channels, and in an instant were swarming up the ship’s side.

In another moment, the savages would have been amongst us, but shouting to my men: ‘Let them have it, boys!’ I hurled the heavy balls with all my strength into the boat, and prepared to defend myself with my sword. But the avalanche of cold iron had done its work, and the boat alongside was a mass of shattered timbers, with her ruffian crew already beaten down and struggling with the waters for their lives, except two fellows who were now in the rigging; a bow from my trusty sword disposed of one wretch, whilst a shot from one of our crew gave his quietus to the other.

Hearing a struggle on the starboard-side of the deck, I rushed over with my division, and I soon found we had enough and to spare still on our hands.

Old Joe and his party had made the other boat much the same reception that our enemy had received, but not with such complete and smashing effect, for one of them appeared to have escaped damage altogether, and the other was only partially submerged, though fast sinking. The din of battle and the flash of small-arms were raging around us, so, seeing that not a moment was to be lost, we let fly the old cannonade, depressed to the utmost, at the uninjured boat, which, from the cries and yells that succeeded the report, appeared to be so no longer. But in the meantime several of the pirates had succeeded in gaining the deck, and the darkness prevented our seeing the full extent of our danger; so retreating to the undischarged gun, we ran it in as quickly as possible, and slewed it round, on to the ship’s deck; we then threw a ball of blazing tow amongst the panic-stricken pirates, and gave them the contents of the old gun at only a few yards’ distance, tearing our ‘long Tom’ to pieces, but effectually exterminating the savages who had gained the deck.

Finding, on examination, that we were completely victorious, and sole masters of the deck, we had once more leisure to look around; and great was our joy and gratitude to God when we found that the brigantine had not herself followed up the attack;
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

The Month: Science and Arts.

Now that it is settled that the new Foreign Office shall be Palladian, and not Gothic, to the disappointment of those who prefer the picturesque pointed style; that Birmingham talks of building an exchange, and Boston, in New England, of establishing a zoological garden; that locomotives can cross the Rhine by a handsome railway-bridge at Kehl; that Lieutenants Smith and Porcher of the royal navy have dug up fine statues in ancient Cyrene, and are prosecuting their search for more; that Lord Somers points out Olicia as a promising region to explore for remains of early Christian art; that Mr Lough has shown what a noble memorial of George Stephenson he will one day erect at Newcastle; that Sheffield has set up a statue to James Montgomery; that HMS Jervis is pursuing her fishery-protection cruise round the coasts of the kingdom; that the 'Gorilla controversy' has ended for the present by a purchase of certain of the monsters for £500 for the British Museum; that the Prime Minister has been re-elected to parliament as well as people: now that all this is done or doing, Manchester, fertile in resources, has made up its mind that the forthcoming meeting of the British Association within its walls shall not be in any way backward; and as Mr William Fairbairn is president, and will deliver the thirty-first annual address, we may be sure that mechanical science, at least, will have due consideration. That good work will be done by the sections, is confidently anticipated: astronomy has made progress, and now that the spectroscope is available for observation of the sun, the communications on that subject will be unusually interesting. The Earl of Rosse has made further observations of the nebulae, and discovered that the spiral form is the most prevalent in the far-remote and mysterious objects. He finds reason to believe, moreover, that they move, having some sort of rotation, so that the study of the nebulae appears to be at present richer in promise than at any previous time.

Interesting facts in geology and ethnology may also be looked for, and additional particulars on a question which has been somewhat vexed of late—namely, the comparative anatomy of the brain as between man and the ape. One of our ablest ethnologists has just returned from a journey to Denmark, during which he searched some of the so-called 'kitchen-middens'—ancient refuse-heaps, containing bones, shells, and flint implements of various kinds, which, judging from appearances, were thrown aside as rubbish by the early tribes of the stone period. The antiquaries of Copenhagen have come to some very important conclusions from the results of their work, "middens", which may tend to elucidate yet a little more the early history of mankind. —Mr Archibald Geikie, after careful examination of the remains of the Five Fords, concludes that an upheaval has taken place within the historical period, or since the Roman invasion. In one locality, this upheaval amounted to as much as twenty-five feet; and the inference from the facts is, that if such a change could occur without attracting notice during its slow progress, former changes could in like manner occur, and have occurred, in the same position as when darkness closed in, for I could distinguish her lights from her mast-head and main peak, intended as signals for the guidance of the pirates doomed to perish in that storm to her.

We dared not yet congratulate ourselves on being in safety, but squaring the yards, we ran dead before the rapidly increasing breeze for the rest of the night; but the morning broke dull and chilly, and after one rapid glance around, we came to the glorious certainty that our enemy was no longer in sight.
qualities of white-lead, and costs less. Besides
being lower in price than the lead, a given quantity
will cover one-fourth more of surface; while, for out-
door work, it is much more durable. Dr Stenhouse
is known for his fruitful research in the chemical
constituents of various vegetable products; he has
now added to the list by discovering that a white
crystalline substance can be extracted in consider-
able quantities from the potato. This
substance is pleasantly aromatic; but what its
economical uses are, remains to be investigated.—It
appears that there is now something in common
between crockery and carpentry, for silicate of potash
is found to be an excellent material for rejoining
broken earthenware, glass or stone, and with such
strength, that the articles will not break a second
time in the same place; while carpenters and joiners
may use it as a substitute for glue, and with especial
advantage in constructions exposed to the weather.—
'The army is not what it used to be,' is the respond-
ing remark of a few personages of the old school, who
see in change a confession of weakness; but those
who think and see otherwise will learn with satis-
faction that a professorship of Tropical Medicine
as well as of Hygiene has been established in the Army
Medical School at Chatham. We trust that one consequence of this
arrangement will be the benefit to our
troops at stations between the tropics in the next
official report on the health of the army.—The Medical
Society of Boston (Massachusetts) offer a prize for a
paper on the accidents that ensue from the use of
ether and chloroform; on their nature, and on the
means of prevention.—The Croonian Lecture of the
Royal Society, delivered by Dr E. Brown-Sequard,
'On the Relations between Muscular Irritability,
Cadarvean Rigidity, and Putrefaction,' set forth a
number of interesting physiological facts. Popularly
expressed, the digestive system is represented as
signifying full power or vigour; and with this
in mind it will be easy to comprehend the main argu-
ment of the lecture—namely, that the loss of muscular
irritability in the body increases the time of death, whether in man or animals, the more rapidly does putrefaction
set in. It was noticed at Solferino, that the corpses
of those killed in the morning, when the muscular
system was vigorous, decomposed after a longer
interval than those killed in the evening, exhausted with the
fatigues of the day. For the same reason, the
flesh of cattle becomes very soon
tainted and unfit to be eaten.

From a series of observations carried on at Man-
chester, Dr Thomas Moffat is of opinion that diseases of
the nervous centres are more likely to occur in
stormy seasons, especially storms of hail and snow,
than at other times. The diseases referred to are
apoplexy, epilepsy, paralysis, vertigo, diarrhoea, vomit-
ing, and cramps; and many persons will perhaps be
able to remember cases which seem to bear out the
theory; but we think that long-continued observa-
tions in places wide apart would be required before
it could be established that there is, in reality, an inti-
mate connection between hail and snow showers,
stormy weather and electricity, and certain forms of
disease.

Astronomers are now pretty well agreed, that the
comet which took them by surprise on the 30th of
June last, is not the famous comet of Charles V., nor
any one of those mentioned in the annals of their
science. In a communication to the Academy of
Sciences at Paris, M. Leverrier explained how this
comet, made a deposit of tenacious drift-clay, the thick-
ness of which varies from fifty to one hundred feet. In it are occasionally
found boulders of primitive rock, and masses of
limestone, evidently torn from the underlying formation, and
transported but a short distance from the place of
their original deposit. In the drift-clay, or at the base of
it, most of the oil hitherto found has been discovered at
depths varying from thirty to seventy feet.

OIL-SPRINGS OF THE UNITED STATES
AND CANADA.

It is as yet little known in this country that our trans-
Atlantic kinsmen, both of the States and Canada, have
lately witnessed the development of a source of natural
weals, of an entirely new and singular character—
namely, oil-springs. It is found in certain districts near
the northern lakes, that great magazines of oil and
asphalt rest in deep recesses of the earth, whence the
substance can easily be obtained by pumping, if it does
not come naturally to the surface.

A gentleman named Denton, who visited the Canadian
oil-springs in January 1861, thus describes them. 'They
are situated from twenty-eight to thirty miles south-east
of Port Barnia, in a flat, swampy, and densely wooded
country. The stiff soil is underlaid with a very uniform
concretion of clay, the thickness of which
varies from fifty to one hundred feet. In it are occasionally
found boulders of primitive rock, and masses of
limestone, evidently torn from the underlying formation, and
transported but a short distance from the place of
their original deposit. In the drift-clay, or at the base of
it, most of the oil hitherto found has been discovered at
depths varying from thirty to seventy feet.'
At Kelly and Adam's Wells I found them pumping by hand from four to five barrels a day from each well, of dark oil, having the consistence of Orentas molasses; but I have no doubt that, with proper appliances of pumps and steam-engines, forty or fifty barrels could be easily produced.

Eight or ten miles south of these, at Underhill's Well, where five or six thousand gallons flowed over and ran down Black River when it was first opened, we found a man, "gazey as a tallow-ketch," drawing up oil with a common wooden pump at the rate of twenty barrels per day.

At Williams' Wells, two miles from there, asphaltum covers the ground for two or three acres, in some places more than two feet in thickness. The gas disengaged from the oil seems to have produced an eruption, and elevated this part of the country above the general level, and in oil-overflowing, its more volatile properties have been evaporated, and this bed of asphaltum is the result.

It is a common idea, even with geologists, that the oil has been produced from beds of coal; but this oil-field is of itself sufficient to show the incorrectness of the notion. The limestone found in this region, under the drift-clay, I recognise as a member of the Hamilton group of the Devonian formation, and as such is geologically many thousand feet below the lowest member of the carboniferous formation, below which workable coal-beds are never found.

The truth is, that this oil, found so abundantly in Canada, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and many other localities, is not coal-oil, but corn oil. Stored away in cells, forming in the aggregate immense reefs, as it was collected from the impure waters of the early oceans by minute coral polyps, it has been driven by heat and pressure into reservoirs and passages, where man's ingenuity is discovering it day by day. I have in my possession many specimens of this fossil corn, with the oil plainly visible in the cells.

In Canada, the oil-fever is raging. Land is changing hands rapidly, and selling from eight to one thousand dollars an acre, according to its supposed propinquity to the oileigious deposit. On the Michigan side of the river, I have no doubt that oil will yet be discovered in large quantities, though at a greater depth. Mr White, of Port Huron, who accompanied me on my Canadian trip, tells me that in the vicinity of the town he has found oil, where gas is passing off continually in quantities sufficient to light a large city, good evidence of oil beneath, from which the gas is disengaged.

In striking harmony with the nature of this extraordinary mine of wealth, there occurred in April last an accident of gigantically calamitous character. A jet d'eau (so to speak) of oil caught fire! The affair occurred at Tidiones, in Pennsylvania, as thus described in a local newspaper:

"During the drilling of an oil-mill, a sudden rush of oil, at the rate of seventy barrels an hour, took place, the stream ascending forty-one feet above the surface of the ground. Above this mass of oil, the gas or benzine rose in a cloud for fifty or sixty feet. All the fires in the neighborhood were immediately extinguished, excepting one four hundred yards distant. The fire from this ignited the floating gas, and in a moment the whole air was in roaring flames. As soon as the gas took fire, the head of the jet of oil was in a furious blaze, and falling like water from a fountain over a space one hundred feet in diameter, each drop of oil came down a blazing globe of boiling oil. Instantly the ground was in a flame, constantly increased and augmented by the falling oil. At once a scene of indescribable horror took place. Scores of men were thrown flat, and numbers, horribly burned, rushed blazing from the hell of misfortune, shrieking and screaming in their anguish. Just within the circle of the flames could be seen four bodies boiling in the seething oil; and one man, who had been digging at a ditch to convey away the oil to a lower part of the ground, was killed as he dug, and could be seen, as he fell over the handle of the spade, roasting in the fierce element. Mr H. R. Rouse, a gentleman largely interested in the wells in this locality, and whose income from them amounted to one thousand dollars a day, was standing near the pit, and was blown twenty feet by the explosion. He got up and ran about ten or fifteen feet further, and was dragged out by two men, and conveyed to a shanty some distance from the well. When he arrived, not a vestige of clothing was left upon him but his stockings and boots. His hair was burned off, as well as his finger-nails, his ears, and his eyelids, while the balls of his eyes were crisped up to nothing. In this condition he lived nine hours. The heat of the fire was so intense, that no one could approach within one hundred and fifty feet without searching their skin or garments. It was the most frightful, and yet the grandest pyrotechnical display ever vouchsafed to a human being. On Friday morning, the oil was still rushing up, on fire, with the same regularity and speed, throwing, it was calculated, at least one hundred barrels an hour, covering an immense space with flaming oil—a loss to the proprietors of the well of from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars daily. No human power can extinguish the flames, and the oil must burn until the well is exhausted. The following wells, with machinery, were burned, with the accompanying estimated loss of oil: Wadsworth's Well, three hundred barrels daily; Dobb's Well, two hundred and fifty barrels daily; Van Andon's Well, one hundred barrels daily; T. Morian's Well, two hundred and fifty barrels daily; Hawley and Merrick's Well, about two thousand and five hundred barrels daily."

THE BUTTERCUP.

There is a golden-chaliced flower,
A bright-faced floral child,
Upringing from its grisy bower
On heath and moorland wild.

On heath and moorland wild it grows,
Blooms in the hedge-walled mead,
And like a star of beauty glows
Upon the mountain's head.

The poor child's flower, the daisy meek,
Well loves the yellow gem,
And often wears her crimson check
Against its dovel stem.

From the rill's thickly herbaged side,
It throws its golden light
Upon the zephyr-crested tide
With dainty lilies white.

The beauty-spotted lady-bird
Oft nestsles in its breast,
Amid the shining leaves that gird
The haven of her rest.

A deep thrill flashes through my heart,
Whenever I behold,
From crowded haunts of men apart,
Its radiant cup of gold.

'Tis linked with life's sweet matin-hours,
With childhood's love and glee,
And there's not one of all the flowers
More beautiful to me.

Let poets praise the daisy wild,
Field-Flora's queen and pride,
But not o'erlook the gold-bright child
That trembles by her side.

J. E.
LAW AND JUSTICE

A rough American magistrate, far off in wild Missouri, being pressed by some querulous litigant with the pertinent question—'Didn't he mean to decide according to law?' made an answer remarkable enough to merit a sentence to itself. 'According to
law,' gravely returned the forest squire, 'and justice. Sartainly, sir, law and justice.' Evidently there was an impression on the judicial mind that a natural opposition existed between justice and law. But this strange antithesis has been an article of faith with minds more ornate, and communities more learned, than those which the backwoods can supply. Our own courts have a standard Latin proverb which declares, with Ciceroian brevity, the perfection of law to be the summit of injustice; and there are but few educated persons, especially of the gentle sex, who can wholly divest themselves of the wide-spread prejudice that civil law, at an rate, is an engine of wrong-doing and a perversion of honest truth. It may not be useless to inquire how a belief so singular and so injurious to society could have arisen.

Law is capable of assuming many shapes; it may take the form of custom, may be hallowed by the sanction of religion, may be codified, condensed, and rendered logical, or it may hang on the breath of some savage conqueror, or rude patriarch—but in some form it must exist. Civil's noble savage might do without it, but neither Captain Cook nor M. du Chaillu could ever find the prototype of that uncontrolled barbarian. Every tribe has at least its usages and its club-law. It is a trite saying, that in very early times the lawgiver and the priest were identical. This rule holds good, with rare exceptions, at every point of the compass. The readiest way of impressing a salutary rule on ignorant minds, was to assign to it a supernatural origin, and Pharaoh and Inca hit upon the same method of governing. Asia, the continent of theology in especial, had no law not founded on supposed celestial decrees. The Magi and the Brahmins, the Bonzes and Lamas, imposed their yoke on vast populations, and with the single exception of China, every country was governed by a supposed theocracy. Kings, in the East, were generally invested with a sacrosanct character, and even the Roman emperors owed much of their power to their office as supreme pontiffs; but though the terrors of spiritual and temporal censure enforced the decisions of these potentates, the heart of each nation soon became divorced from its legislators. The reason of this change is obvious. The decisions of a patriarch or petty chief are no more likely to be just, in the abstract sense of the word, than those of a salaried magistrate, but they are more certain to be in accordance with the sentiments of the community.

In a primitive state of society, the rules by which the judge is guided are known to all; the evidence is sifted and weighed, not only by the judicial acumen, but by public opinion, and each witness speaks before those who know every particular of his career, and every marked trait in his character. The judge, too, is in a manner on his trial; partiality is sure of detection where plaintiff and defendant, their cousinships, property, natures, and antecedents, are known to all, and a sentence is commonly in accordance with the feelings and wishes of the tribe at large. But in a populous commonwealth, where hired magistrates occupy the bench of justice, these conditions are reversed; the court may be crowded, indeed, but it will be filled either with partisans of the litigants, or with idle and indifferent spectators. The judge is no longer under the supervision of the people; the loser is sure to grumble, the winner is equally sure to vaunt the Daniel come to judgment, and the casual audience regards the court as a dramatic exhibition. Then arise the manifest dangers of favour and of bribery, shools and quicksands in the path of Themis for many an age.

These are no fanciful perils, and we might almost judge of the merits of nations by the purity of the judicial crime. See how the Arabian Nights are filled with tales of the just and unjust cadis, of the magistrate who took bribes, of the calif or vizier who detected him by some artifice of elaborately childish cunning, of the magnanimous judge who spurned the rogue and his money-bags. The fount of Asiatic justice is not a whit more crystal clear than when good Haroun went masquerading about his capital. To this day, a cadi is accustomed to buy his office at a high price, with the distinct understanding that he is to indemnify himself by fees. It is a question of backhander. What will you give? Hassan, the plaintiff, offers twenty purses. Can you outbid him, O Mustapha, so that your face may be made white once more? Woe be to Mustapha if he be too poor or stingy to pay the ransom; he will make acquaintance practically with the bastinado, while the land or goods in dispute will be legally made over to his opponent!

Turks and Persians, however malignant and turbulent they may be, are not the only nations whose judges weigh out justice against gold and silver. The pay of a Neapolitan giudice would hardly, under the old system, have kept him in melons and macaroni, had he not eked it out by plunder of this sort; in Russia, the best argument is a bundle of paper rubles; and an Austrian magistrate is reputed to
have an itching palm which only convention-money can appease. The fruits of all this are painfully appre-
rent, wherever the canker has spread. Indeed, there is
nothing essentially calculated to corrupt a nation
at large in the denial or distortion of justice. A venal
tribunal does harm to more than the actual litigants :
if to the narrow frame of view which dwells in men's
breasts; it makes the strong desperate, and
the weak despondent; it sets rogue plotting, and
blights the energies of the honest. Accordingly,
whenever we see magistrates or judges, we find crimes
considered venial, the robber deemed a hero, and a false
standard of virtue substituted for the true one.
I have spoken hit oriole of cases in which there is no
barrier between the magistrate and the disputants,
where the law is simple, or where a large latitude is
extended to the judge in discrimination between truth
and falsehood. But when statutes grew complicated
and many, when decisions were numerous and con-
fllicting, while law had developed into a science too
difficult for the public to decipher, a new profession
 arose; the advocate came into being.
At first the counsellor was presumed to have
embraced a noble mission—he was a legal Don
Quixote, a knight-errant, a redresser of wrongs. He
pleaded for the helpless and the ignorant, for
widows, destitute and despoiled orphans; he pitted
his keen intellect against the craft of the knave
who depended on these facts; and he earned golden
opinions on all hands. Only golden opinions at
first. But in a very little while this period of pure
chivalry closed. It was all very well for a wise and
eloquent man to devote a part of his time to
pleading a good cause, but he could not always leave
his business to champion others, unfed. So advocates
took money-payments to plead for the good cause;
and, as all their tongues and fire became a two-
edged weapon, and fought on all sides, good, bad,
and indifferent, like a Free Lance of the fifteenth century.
Not only did they take rewards for speaking, but
began, instead of between the "golden make," the "golden
s驾驭, for silent convenience. But long after Greek
and Roman lawyers went with the weightiest purse,
the stern Teutonic race kept up the ideal of an
unsalaried bar. Icelandic, Norweaman, Saxan, and
Dane, valued the professor lawyer even above the
hero before whose axe shield and sword went down.
Thus a sense to judge by innate reverence for
justice in the northern stock, the best heritage we
owe our Hardy ancestry. But to accept a recompense
for pleading was held a monstrous wrong; and the
advocacy of eloquence was, in fact, to wholly grant
justice. The old Irish, also great lovers of law, went on
a different principle; their Breton judges depended
partly on a fixed salary paid by tribe and chief, partly
on fees, which were levied on a very liberal scale;
while if a young Breton became the counsel of either
party, he looked to his client for his fee, exactly as in
our time.
Those nations which were included in the Roman
empire groaned long and piteously under the Roman
law. Not but that the imperial jurisprudence was
superior to many of the barbaric customs it sup-
planted, but that it was corruptly administered by
questors and proconsuls impatient to be rich, and
eager to get back to Rome. To this hour, half Europe
is still under the shadow of the mighty Roman Theme,
and the Pandects are quoted as we quote Coke and
Blackstone. In Britain, we know the laws of Rome
only under the name of "civil law." The common
law of our country is entirely of native growth, while
the statute law has not been modelled on that of the
Seven-hilled City. Austrian or Spanish law is like a
monstrosity Gothic underlayed, with its creaked gur-
goyles, corroded lace-work, moss-grown statues, and
frettings black with age, yet shewing the impress of a
single will in the design. Our English law notoriously
resembles a tangled forest, with a most prodigious
growth of brambles and underwood, but with some
stately trees towering over the rest in conscious
dignity. French law—the vaunted Code Napoleon—
can be likened to most elegant modern buildings,
indeed, of aspect, and ungraceful in design, but
trim and serviceable as far as its dimensions permit.
Our neighbours have the right to sneer; it is discon-
tage tbe, of making a clear sweep of the past before
dealing with the future. The Revolution toppled
down all things ancient, and left a site whereon to
erect a new edifice. The Code Napoleonic, in its
merits, is easy to be understood. A layman may
buy a few volumes, and by their aid may attain to a
deeper acquaintance with the jurisprudence of his
country than is possessed in our land by any
generals and chancellors. But the Code is a narrow
affair after all, and puts restraints on the disposal of
both person and property which can only endure
until the French have learned the true nature of
liberty. We may growl at our own entanglements of
law, as our wisest lawyers have long done; we
may wish to use the pruning-knife and proce-dial
with a judicious band; but we should be sorry to
barter the overgrown system itself for the starchy
simplicity of the Gallic code.
English law is in itself a silent history of the
nation. Prior to the Norman Conquest, a great plain-
ness prevailed in legal procedure. The earls and
aldermen, the sheriffs and bailiffs, dealt out an
inexorable justice, and local juries, judging by
rule, a direct regal commission the exception. We
are sadly in the dark as to the customs of Saxan
England, but we gather that the people had small
taste for litigation, and that most disputes were easily
adjusted by the petty assemblies called Folkmotes
and Tythings. The Normans brought with them the
Norse love of law and a least of the pompous and
costly procedures of the French courts.
We may fancy the horror of a sturdy Saxon franklin
or sixteenthman, when cited to appear in a court of
eyer and term i.e., the only language in what was a
garbarous jargon of Rouen French, while fees and
rules were all alike on a scale of alien extravagance.
And yet even Norman insolence and rapacity spared
a vast number of things, long the boast and safeguard
of English liberties. The Great Charter did not, as
many suppose, confer those liberties; it merely
exercised the recognised right of the English people
to immunity of an Englishman from capricious arrest
and arbitrary imprisonment, and other Saxon privi-
leges which Alfred's subjects enjoyed, but to which
the subjects of Napoleon were not entitled.
But this excessive respect for antiquity and vested
interests led to some curious results. Local laws were
permitted, and are still permitted, to mar the general
uniformity. Not only did the important county
of Kent contrive to retain gavelkind and other usages,
but obsolete boroughs in remote counties were allowed
to regulate inheritances by their peculiar customs
under the aegis of Chancery. Side by side grew up
among us the common law, oldest and most revered
of the sisterhood; the canon law, dear to the clergy;
the civil law, beloved of legal theorists; and the
statute law, emblazoned in successive acts of parlia-
ment. Add to these the orders of the royal council,
the bye-laws and local customs, and we have as copsi
and stringent a collection of rules as a man need live
under.
One inevitable consequence of this complication
only for the name of "civil law." The common
law of our country is entirely of native growth, while
the statute law has not been modelled on that of the
Seven-hilled City. Austrian or Spanish law is like a
monstrosity Gothic underlayed, with its creaked gur-
goyles, corroded lace-work, moss-grown statues, and
frettings black with age, yet shewing the impress of a
single will in the design. Our English law notoriously
resembles a tangled forest, with a most prodigious

when compared to some shy, unignoble conveyancer, whose very soul is steeped in the dust of rotting parchments. There are distinguished parliamentary counsel who are fit for no other branch of the profession than that of Jeffreys, before we can trace a judge who did wrong for court-favour. And the case of Bacon, though shameful enough, is not on a par with the venal conduct of magistrates elsewhere: no one has ever pretended that the great and noble spirit which they too must have possessed, could have been compensated to those in whose favour they had pronounced a sentence, the propriety of which was not disputed. This general purity of the judicial office has been a useful antidote to the strong popular prejudice against the law, and all that have to do with it. In England, a judge is regarded with the utmost respect; his duties are esteemed as something sacred, and akin to the priest's. Nay, there are some irreverent mortals who are rather disposed to titrate at a bishop's apron or a dean's shod-hat, who nevertheless are awestruck before the robes and wig of My Lord Justice Radamanthus. But this reverence does no further: it stops, as it begins, with the judge. A few reflected rays may fall on the wight, perhaps because he wears forensic horsehair, perhaps because he is looked on as a chief-baron or chancellor in embryo; but the atomist Pechey is furious that he cannot get satisfaction from that villain Plainstanes, although learned men, ay, and honest men too, assure him that his cause is clear as the noonday. Plainstanes is equally confident that right is with him: he can quote mighty opinions in his favour. Doctors disagree, and who shall decide? Not Pechey, not Plainstanes, not the counsel; one grandchild, nephews and nieces, of the litigants, who, from generation to generation will stonily aver that, had justice prevailed on earth, their relative would have come victorious out of court. None ever allow that a defeat was fair and merited.

Another cause of the prevailing notion that law and justice are not on good terms, is the formidable expenditure of legal proceedings. A lawyer is a private war, fraught with ruin. Hence has arisen an exaggerated notion that 'the longest purse carries the day,' and that right kicks the beam in the golden scales of justice. Unhappily, there is some little truth in this sweeping assertion: for, suppose I am an ingenious person of small means, and invent something patent and my invention a little, and claims it as his own, and joins battle on that issue. I may conquer yet, but the triumph may ruin me; and when I find myself forced to pit my hundreds against thousands, when my lean purse is matched with a plethoric money-bag, and I am harassed by appeals, new trials, and all the manoeuvres of chicanery, I daresay that I cry out passionately that law and justice are divorced. To be sure, if I—Timothy Finch, inventor—can go into court, and swear I am not worth five pounds, I shall fight gratis. Themis will give me solicitor and counsel, and I may batte it out with Mr Griper on easy terms. But it is not pleasant to be without a five-pound note, nor to commit perjury by swearing to a fictitious poverty, while the law says that I have not. I have no means to pay the costs, or be whipped— a sad alternative. Many cases may be imagined in which an inability or a reluctance to pay the costs, is a virtual denial of right, and it is not amusing that grumblers should exist. Happily, the ermine of the judge, in our land, is of stainless purity. This is admitted by foreigner and native; and the bitterest foe of England, whether in the Old World or the New, has never essayed to throw a slur upon the British bench. We have to go back to Bacon—a long, long way, for an example of a judge who took bribes. We have to go back to Scroggs and Jeffreys, before we can trace a judge who did wrong for court-favour. And the case of Bacon, though shameful enough, is not on a par with the venal conduct of magistrates elsewhere: no one has ever pretended that the great and noble spirit which they too must have possessed, could have been compensated to those in whose favour he had pronounced a sentence, the propriety of which was not disputed. This general purity of the judicial office has been a useful antidote to the strong popular prejudice against the law, and all that have to do with it. In England, a judge is regarded with the utmost respect; his duties are esteemed as something sacred, and akin to the priest's. Nay, there are some irreverent mortals who are rather disposed to titrate at a bishop's apron or a dean's shod-hat, who nevertheless are awestruck before the robes and wig of My Lord Justice Radamanthus. But this reverence does no further: it stops, as it begins, with the judge. A few reflected rays may fall on the wight, perhaps because he wears forensic horsehair, perhaps because he is looked on as a chief-baron or chancellor in embryo; but the atomist Pechey is furious that he cannot get satisfaction from that villain Plainstanes, although learned men, ay, and honest men too, assure him that his cause is clear as the noonday. Plainstanes is equally confident that right is with him: he can quote mighty opinions in his favour. Doctors disagree, and who shall decide? Not Pechey, not Plainstanes, not the counsel; one grandchild, nephews and nieces, of the litigants, who, from generation to generation will stonily aver that, had justice prevailed on earth, their relative would have come victorious out of court. None ever allow that a defeat was fair and merited.

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‘guilty.’ Let the innocence of the accused be really proved, and there awakes in the land a glow of sympathy and joy in which selfishness has no share. Even the convicted wretch, in whose case there is no prospect of extenuation—of existence, it is false to say, to exist anything that can palliate his offence—is sure of a certain amount of pity; the national heart is not a hard one; but there is something in impartiality obtained through legal loopholes or favour, which rouses a storm of indignation everywhere.

The civil law, however, must usually work in the dark, unnoticed. When Grab the bailiff taps me on the shoulder, and invites me to Cursor Street, he is very likely the righteous minister of Themis, justly punishing a scampish debtor. When Veneer the broker puts a man in possession of my house, and brings my furniture to the hammer, he probably does right, and the pursuing creditor is severe, but not unjust. Still, people will feel for me, and Grab and Veneer may expect black looks and disfavour, culminating occasionally in hooting or the horse-pond. One thing more has perhaps tended to make law and justice apparent opposite: we have courts of equity as well as courts of law. But this is not really a confession on the part of Themis that Lex and Justinia are the south pole and the north. It is necessary that the spirit of the law should be administered, as well as its letter. There are people, however, who cling to the precise text of some legal maxim as if it were a talisman, irrespective of common sense and natural principles. But there is such a thing as simplifying a theory to an absurdity; and in establishing equity courts, our legislators have merely patched and strengthened, as best they could, the superstructure of a law founded on the eternal truths of justice.

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

CHAPTER XXV.

ANOTHER PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

DR LAMPTON and Mr Webb managed the funeral. My mother did not rise from her bed for some weeks after Ross's death, and therefore I was once again sole manager of our affairs, while our physician still attended frequently, owing to mamma's state of health. Our creditors were pressing in their demands. We determined to sell our furniture to liquidate our debts. One day, I was thinking over these things, when Dr Lampton joined me in the parlour:

'I have just been speaking to your mother,' he said after a pause, while he sat down beside me, 'upon a subject that has long lain on my heart, and she has given me permission to tell you that I have for some time loved you, and I am now ready to offer you my hand.'

I was for some time silent, looking on the carpet: many thoughts filled my mind. Here was an offer of marriage which, if accepted, would save my poor mother and brothers from ruin. Dr Lampton was rich, kind, generous in his wish to marry a poor girl like myself, plunged in poverty and perplexity. Ah! was I always to be tempted thus? Raising my eyes, I met his anxious, tender gaze resting on my face. 'Will you let me think over this?' I asked in a subdued unsteady tone. 'I should like to consult further with my mother.'

Of course the permission I craved was granted; and after an assurance that he loved me with all the ardour his nature was capable of, he left the house. I went to my own room, to reflect upon this new proposal of marriage. Dr Lampton's respectable position, his character, well known for uprightness, and his benevolent heart, were weighty considerations in his favour. I went a long way in meditation, before I ventured to meet my mother. When I did go to her, she was sitting up in bed, looking more cheerful than I had seen her look for a very long time. The pleased expression of her face made me tremble.

'My dear mother,' said I, flinging my arms round her, 'Dr Lampton has made me a proposal of marriage.'

'So I understand,' she replied; 'he told me he intended doing so.'

'And do you think I ought to accept it?'

'Most assuredly I do. He is an excellent man, Jessie; and if I were to accept the offer or beg.'

'But, dear mamma, I need not beg; I have hands that can work. I can earn bread, perhaps for us all.'

'And who will employ you?' asked mamma, fixing her eyes imploringly on my face. 'It is all very well to talk of earning your bread, but it is not so easy to get anything to do.'

'I shall reflect upon Dr Lampton's proposal,' I said in a low uttering voice; and by to-morrow, I think my mind will be quite made up.'

The recollection of Mr Legrand's proposal, and the many thousands it cost me to be rid of it, made me feel like a shadowy spectre gliding by. If I was to sell myself for position and wealth, why had I rejected that offer? Another recollection came too, not spectral-like, but as a great fortification, from which no cannon were pointed through every loophole, while taunting voices seemed to whisper: 'Pull me down, if you can—push me aside—demolish me, if you have strength.' And then, with a faint heart, I stole like something guilty to my own room. I scarcely slept all that night, and next day looked quite knocked up. Maggy was shocked at my appearance.

'Dear Miss Kepleton, I don't know whatever you'll be like at last, for you're quite a ghost to-day,' she said, gazing anxiously at me.

I could not reply, as I was, I reproached myself about getting mamma's breakfast ready.

I thought the morning passed slowly; I spent it chiefly in walking through the house restlessly, but my mind was fixed; I was quite determined upon the course to pursue before Dr Lampton's gig stopped at our door. He was for some time in the parlour, and before I had courage to meet him, I entered the room trembling and agitated. He seemed cool enough; his hand did not shake, his strong frame seemed incapable of nervous emotion, but he was very pale, and his eye looked anxious, as he gave me a hand silently, and he kept it long within his own.

'What is to be my fate?' he asked in a low voice.

I could not speak for some minutes; at last I said: 'I have considered your proposal in every light, and I feel more grateful and flattered than I can express; but the more I reflect, the more I am convinced of how unworthy I am to accept it.'

My companion here poured forth fresh assurances of his regard, and belief that I was fitted to make the best of wives.

'Esteem and honour you,' said I (oh! what lover was ever consoled by the word 'esteem'?): 'from my heart I thank you for your good opinion, though I know it is not deserved.'

'Why do you oppose this in this way, Miss Kepleton? You know you have been the kindest, most dutiful of daughters. Have I not watched your devotion to the whole family? It is not alone because you are beautiful that I love you, but because I have observed your endurance in the midst of trials. I have long admired your strength of mind and disregard of self.'

'Ah! I have been the worst of daughters, the most
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‘Jessie, my dear child—my own darling—O my child!’ were words which I heard falling in a confused way upon my ears. The light had faded from my eyes; I saw nothing, felt nothing. Amid some dim perceptions floating in my mind, I fancied that death had stricken me, and that I should never more awake to the world.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THORN GRANGE.

Consciousness returned after a long interval, and mamma did not revert to the occurrences of that day, though, true to his word, Dr Lampton visited us nearly as often as formerly. He was still kind, gentle, considerate; but perhaps there was less warmth than before in the pressure of his hand at meeting and parting. It was he and good Mr Webb who arranged about the sale of our furniture; and we were somewhat perplexed as to what we should do when our cottage would be bereft of chairs and tables, when, some days before the auction, Mrs Webb came over to see us for the first time in her life. She was a plain, large woman, with red hair, and square bony features, which were illumined by an expression of good-natured pleasantness to behold. She wore a large silver bonnet, and a costume altogether devoid of fashion or elegance. She never attempted to sit down when ushered into our drawing-room, but stood before me quite humbly, although knowing full well that I was as poor as her own servant-nails. She stood in the middle of the room, hardly able to open the subject upon which she had come.

I beg your pardon, Miss Kepleton, but we were thinking—Mr Webb and me—that if Mrs Kepleton and you would just make use of our house while the auction is going on here, we would be very happy to have you with us; indeed, quite proud if you’d just condescend to come.'

And then the good woman grew red in the face, and her eyes dilated, as if she felt some terror of giving offence by such a bold proposal.

‘You are very kind indeed,’ said I, rising and offering a chair, which Mrs Webb did not pretend to see; ‘and I am sure my mother will feel most happy to accept your invitation. We are already much in your debt, Mrs Webb, and can never forget your kindness.’

‘Oh, never mention it at all,’ said the good woman, nodding her head; ‘I’d do more if I could. I feel indebted to Mrs Kepleton ever since she cured my little Ralph of that complaint that was near killing him. I do believe, miss, that only for her medicine he’d be a dead boy now.’ And she drew her hand over her eyes—a very large brown hand it was.

‘We’re only homely people,’ she continued, ‘but still maybe your mamma would find it convenient just to stop at Thorn Grange till things are settled; and we have plenty of spare rooms. The children can go up to the garrets, and I’ll settle everything as complete as possible. So you can let me know this evening, Miss Kepleton, if you’ll come.’

Right gladly did my mother consent to go for a little time to the farmhouse, and we were received there with much courtesy and respect. Peace and plenty reigned in this humble abode. Our chamber was neat, and even elegant. Snow-white curtains draped the window looking out upon a fresh green field of long grass ready for the scythe, and the best carpet and best chairs in the house were given for our use. The children were brought to us for inspection—six sturdy young people, of ages varying from one to twelve years, not remarkable for beauty, but probably nothing the worse of that. Baby was evidently the pet of the family, and he soon learned to stretch forth his fat arms to me when I approached him. I made myself as agreeable as possible among these worthy people, and listened for hours to Mrs Webb’s details.
of housekeeping experiences and motherly cares, of which she never seemed weary of talking. The auction of our furniture took place on the day appointed, and everything was sold before night, except the large picture of Ripworth, which my mother did not wish to part with, though I felt a shudder when I looked at it. The money we received from the sale amounted to about ninety pounds, and we immediately set about paying our debts. Our Farmily creditors were all satisfied in less than a week after the auction. We had another debt to pay also, and I determined on giving Maggy Bond ten pounds to return to the kind individual who had secretly lent us that sum in the hour of need; but when I offered her the money, she hesitated to take it.

'I don't think the person will take it back now, miss,' she said, looking on the ground.

'And why? Who is the person, Maggy?'

'I was told not to tell you, miss, and I promised I wouldn't.'

'But it must have been Mr or Mrs Webb that lent it, if it was not yourself.'

'No, miss, it wasn't me, nor Mr or Mrs Webb that gave it at all,' and I thought there was a sparkle of merriment in the girl's eye that made me suspect something.

'Well, Maggy, it must have been Dr Lampton.' Maggy fixed her gaze upon the ground and said nothing; her silence was a sufficient confirmation of my suspicions.

'You must give him the money next time he comes,' I said.

'It needn't give it miss, for I know he won't take it.'

'But you said it was only to be a loan.'

'Yes, but the time hasn't come yet for you to pay it back, and I won't be paid till you get rich. Ah, miss, don't fret about the money: he has lost more than that since he came to Weston Cricket, and it isn't silver or gold he's looking for!'

'I had to keep the ten pounds for some time longer, as Maggy would not take it from me, and I was unwilling to offer it myself to Dr Lampton.'

We remained at Thorn Grange far longer than had first been intended, and when my brothers returned from school, we were still there. They had both grown much. Edward was quite a man, and of course much distinguished at Colonel Dunstey's ball, and my son was the pride of his mother.

Edward was very much influenced over Edward, and through my persuasions he was at last induced to think of some humble employment by which he could gain a livelihood. We appealed to Dr Lampton on the subject, and he promised to look out for something for him, while he also offered to enter into a correspondence with a friend connected with a shipping-office in London relative to getting Bobby employment in the merchant service; for Bobby's great wish was to go to sea. Our kind friend soon succeeded in his efforts to benefit us. Bobby got an appointment on board a vessel bound for the East Indies; and Edward was offered a situation as clerk in a London counting-house, at a salary of a hundred and fifty pounds a year. It was a good thing for my dear brother to be thus provided for, yet I wept some secret tears when he wrote to accept the employment. I knew what his own feelings must be. It was arranged that we were to go to London as soon as Bobby had left us. Edward and he went to Portsmouth, where he embarked in the merchant-ship Swallow, and then Edward repaired to London, to enter upon his new duties, and to await there mamma's and my arrival. Maggy Bond told us of friends of her own who let lodgings in a cheap part of the great city, where she used to see of as people of great worth and honesty. Their name was Grubb. The husband had formerly been an upholsterer and cabinetmaker living near the Shadows, in the neighbourhood of Maggy's early home, and he had only lately repaired to London. We wrote to those people, at Maggy's request, and having learned that their lodgings were desegregated, Edward was desired to take them, if suitable.

The summer had all passed away while we were at Thorn Grange. It was already October when we packed up our trunks to leave it. Mr and Mrs Webb, and the children, were all to go; but poor0

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Maggy Bond refused to accept a farthing from us for her long services. I think I see her now as she was that last night of our stay at the farm; how she rapped on her trunks herself, and carried them down to the hall and helped to label them, how she insisted on wrapping up sandwiches and cakes for us to take on our journey, how she said she would rise early to get our breakfast in time for the early starting. She did not know that the light of the morning sun would never more greet her eyesight! We went to bed that night as usual, and I fell into a sound sleep. A smell of smoke—a suffocating, strange sensation—something dense in the atmosphere of the dark room, as I awoke. What was it? I started up in horror. I thought I was dying. 'Waken, mamma—waken!' and I shook my mother till she started up too.

'It is fire!' she exclaimed; 'the house is on fire!'

We both jumped out of bed and gazed around us, and for our dressing-gowns, while the smoke seemed to grow thicker each instant.

'Get up ladies—quick—the house is on fire!' shouted Maggy's voice at the door.

There was a fearful stir and commotion through the building—men's voices shouting, women calling out also, and children crying. How we managed to make our way down stairs through the smoke, I never knew, but we were safely outside the dwelling at last—surrounded by the members of the household, and the flames were seen springing out from chimneys and through casements with terrific glare. All at once, amid the horror and confusion of the hour, I heard a voice of agony exclaim: 'The baby—the baby! he's in the cradle still!'

It seems that the poor child was supposed to have been brought down to the cottage by the nurse, who, on hearing the commotion in the house, started from her sleep and ran down stairs to know the cause, and she was too much frightened to venture back through the smoke for the infant. The nurse hurried back, and found that the house contained only one small casement-window, looking out on the front of the house, scarcely large enough for a child's head and shoulders to go through. 'If the window was big enough, I'd go through it by a ladder,' shouted one of the men.

Mr Webb having gone to the farmyard with one of the workmen to procure water, was not present. Fierce flames burst forth, sparks and smoke ascending madly into the air.

'The baby—the baby!' shrieked Mrs Webb in desolate accents.

'Put the ladder to the casement, John,' shouted a clear intrepid voice, and in the next instant I beheld a figure leaping towards the burning house. It vanished quickly, while a roar burst from the spectators. It was Maggy Bond that had disappeared within the fearful mass of smoke and fire!'

'She's lost—she's lost,' said one of the men, and out half-a-dozen voices in a breath. I stood immovably looking on at the lurid glare in the sky, paralysed with terror. But now the little casement opens; the fire has not touched the nursery yet; and as John ascends the ladder towards it, out come two red arms bearing the baby in his night-dress, still half asleep. John catches him tightly, and puts him under one arm, while he slowly descends the ladder, step by step. Thank
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Among the Druid-Stones.

When one dines out in London, no matter how conscientiously one may have performed one's duty to one's neighbour at table, he does not, being a stranger, ask you to come and see him the next morning, and take a drive of twenty miles in his cabriolet. In the country, he sometimes does.

What a charming fellow is your friend Dryasdust," said I to my Wiltshire host as we were driving home the other night together, after dining with the gentleman in question: 'how hospitable, how kindly! He has offered to take me to Abury to-morrow, to see the great temple of the Druids; and as you will be engaged elsewhere, I have accepted his invitation.'

'Is he going to drive there?' inquired my friend with an appearance of interest, complimentary of course, but still a little suspicion in his eye.

'I hope so,' returned I. 'It can never be a walk that he proposes. Why, the place is eleven miles away, and every inch uphill.'

'You'll be there, however, if he drives,' remarked my friend, and I must say, in a tone which gave me very great uneasiness, although I made no observation upon it at the time.

After an almost sleepless night, however—for my imagination is particularly vivid—I made bold to ask him at breakfast what he meant by these 'ambiguous goings-out.'

'Oh, nothing,' said he carelessly; 'it will be all right if Dryasdust has sold his bay mare. She's a snapper to go; but there is sometimes a little difficulty in guiding her. She has kicked everything he has to pieces, scores of times. His groom, Jack Strong—I'm afraid he's the only man in England who can manage her; and he assured me only last week, that if it hadn't been for Jack Strong, his horse was done for last week.'

'Good heavens!' cried I, rising suddenly and going to the window; 'the weather looks very doubtful.'

My friend said that he should not expect me if it was wet.

'Pooh, nonsense; it will be a lovely day,' returned my host. 'I envy your expedition of all things. I wish I could have taken you myself; to-morrow, I could have done it, but to-day I must be on the bench at—'

'Let us go to-morrow,' cried I. 'I'd rather go with you, my dear friend, ten thousand times. There's something about that man Dryasdust, do you know, that I don't altogether like. I don't approve of his politics; I—'

'Suffice and nonsense! He's a most capital fellow. Why, it was only last night that you were singing his praises. Besides, he's the very man for Abury. He has theories about the thing—I don't know what they are, but they are excessively valuable. He's the secretary of the Archæological Club. Here's the carriage coming round; come, get your coat on; you'll find it windy on the Downs—and I'll drop you at his gate.'

There was no escape from this, and my host dropped me there accordingly. Dryasdust expressed himself as being pleased to see me; gave me exhilarating drinks; filled a huge cigar-case for our joint use. 'But what of all this,' thought I, 'if the man is an accessory before the fact to a murder? For what is it but murder to offer a fellow-creature a seat behind a—'

'There's the trap,' exclaimed Dryasdust, breaking in upon my gloomy meditations, and drawing my attention to a light and swaying vehicle (such as I suppose matches against time are performed in), in which a groom drew up in front of the windows. 'There's the trap, and there is not an easier or better-going machine in all Wiltshire.'

A momentary comfort took possession of me, born of the ridiculous expectation that since the vehicle was so very light, it might not be worth while to employ a quadraped at all; that the groom might take us to Abury and back without the interpolation of horse-power. But I was soon most cruelly undeceived.

'Is that an old servant of yours?' said I, determined to know the worst at once. 'He looks rather inexperienced.'

'A mere lad,' returned Dryasdust coolly. 'My last man was a most excellent whip; but now I am obliged to drive myself. He's not used to the mare—'

'The mare! interrupted I, with a sinking at my heart; 'what! the bay mare?'

'Yes, the bay mare. You have heard, then, perhaps, of her peculiar fancy: she will not be put in the shafts in the stable-yard; it always has to be done in front of the house; that is to say, when she runs alone, as in the case of the trap.

'The trap, ay, the trap indeed, thought I; 'the man-trap, the car of Juggernaut!' I would far rather have paid the money for a post-chaise and pair.

However, the mare was put in the shafts, and we got into the vehicle—which was evidently built for speed rather than safety—and started at the rate of about seventeen miles an hour. It was doubled well meant of Dryasdust to endeavor to let us go along, to make me acquainted with the early history of the Druids, and the localities which they made their principal settlements, but my mind was too preoccupied with the Present, and the contingencies of the Future, to pay much heed to the venerable Past. I did indeed pick up certain scraps in spite of myself, and little expecting to find any use for them in this world (considering the pace we were going at); but they are too disjointed—in consequence of the bay mare's shying at objects by the wayside, when my attention was naturally drawn away with a jerk from antiquarian subjects—to be offered here. Moreover, with every respect for Dryasdust—although I do think a man should acknowledge his friend-authorities—I believe they are, most of them, to be found in Caesar, in connection with the Carnutes, who lived on the borders of Normandy, where the Druids—with that winning ignorance so peculiar to the early ages of man—pitched their most sacred temple, under the impression that it was in the exact centre of France.

'Now, Abury, or Abury,' said Dryasdust, 'which of course is Ald or Oldborough, was the corresponding arch-temple of the Druids in England, and far superior to that better known erection at Stonehenge. The stones are larger here, and unsewn, which demonstrates its priority in point of time. It lies at the foot of the Wansdyke, the great Saxon vallum at the edge of the Downs yonder, and opposite St Anne's Hill—named, not after the mother of the Virgin, but some audaciously take for granted, but after Tanares, the most terrific of the Celtic deities: it is called Tan Hill by the vulgar to this day, and upon its summit are held nightly horse-fairs, and even dog-fairs, where, singularly enough, the majority of the terriers are said to be black and tan. The district we are now approaching is perhaps the richest in antiquarian remains than any other in Britain. The whole slope of these Downs for miles is covered with various forms of earthwork; with barrows of every shape and size; with British and Danish camps; with
roads laid by the Roman over the trackways of our earliest ancestors, and distinguishable from them even now; and, lastly, we have the great mound of Silbury, a nation that immediately bounds the ancient temple of Avebury which we are now about to visit. The hill is very steep here—the merciful man is merciful to his beast—shall we alight, and walk a little?'

'By all means,' replied I; 'let us walk a great deal. I am sure the poor mare must be quite tired.'

'Tired!' echoed Dryasaud; 'my bay mare is never tired. She will come home out of her like lightning; she will rattle down this hill, my friend, in no time at all!'

I shuddered, for the place was a precipice with rectangular turns.

The air grew keener and fresher with every plateau we ascended; the habitations of mankind became rarer. We saw but two fellow-creatures from the time we reached the summit until we arrived at our destination—a farmer riding the other way at full speed, as though he were an escaped victim pursued by Druids; and a village idiot, who clambered up and clung to our vehicle behind, scratching the paint off with his boots and talons. Presently we came to a pretty village, with its gray church-tower peeping through the lofty trees; and gay gardens in front of them; and a grand old manor-house, with avenues of elm and lime.

What enormous hands! exclaimed I, as the bay mare swerved from one gigantic object standing by the roadway to within a hairbreadth of another on the opposite side. 'Why, there has been a rain of giant stones here! One has fallen among the onions, look you, and one among those new potatoes.'

'Nevertheless,' quoth Dryasaud, 'they cannot have done much mischief to the vegetables. They have been there long enough to be grown up, and planted. They are Druid-stones, and we are in one of the inner circles of the great temple of Avebury.'

The circle, alas!—even when the bay mare was put in stable, and I was left at liberty to look for it—was scarcely visible, but the reason of its being so was only too plain. Every house in the village was built of Druid-stones; every wall, every stile, every piggery, the very gaps in the hedges were sacrilegiously stopped up with portions of those venerable relics. No other stones—save flints—are found in the neighbourhhood, and the descents to the church, as famous John Aubrey was coolly told by one Parson Brundson of his own day, 'you may break in upon these mighty stones, and you have much trouble in this fashion; make a fire on that line of the stone where you would have it crack; and after the stone is well heated, draw over a line with cold water, and immediately give a knock with a blacksmith's sledge, and it will break like the collets at the glasshouse. The church is likewise built of them; and the manour-house, which was built by the Dunches temp. Reg. Elizabethan; and also another fair house not far from that.' Aubrey writes this in 1663, after King Charles II.'s visit to the place; but since then the work of destruction has gone on far more lamentably. In his time, the stones were far apart, indeed, like the teeth of an aged man; but now there is but a tooth here and there—albeit a most enormous grinder—and even the hollow places where its fellows stood are barely distinguishable. Still, from several points, as I stood with Dryasaud upon the vaultam that surrounds the village, I could recognise the general plan—a vast circle of stones, and within it two much smaller circles, not concentric. Not to be so easily discerned, but yet to be verified by closer examination, are the two long avenues which connect the sacred place, each composed of a couple of hundred giant stones. In 1743, Dr. Stukeley writes; 'Mr Smith living here, informed me that when he was a school-boy, the Kennet avenue was entire, from end to end; and the doctor himself could count nineteen stones still standing. Of the Beckham avenue he writes: 'Many stones are just buried under the surface of the earth, many lie in the ditches, and many fragments are removed to make boundaries for the fields.' From time to time, even now, says Mr Long in a very able paper upon Aubury, published in the Wiltshire Archaeological Magazine, in 1838, fresh blocks appear above the surface, and the plough occasionally strikes on one hidden in a field, where similar operations have been carried on for years, without any such obstruction presenting itself. The country-people to adopt the belief (to which they adhere most pertinaciously), that the stones grow. Such appearances, however, are only a prelude, when we remember that the earth surrounding these stones is constantly being reduced in level (especially in sloping fields) by the combined action of the plough and atmospheric influences; while the stones themselves, resting on a solid bed of chalk or gravel, cannot sink lower.'

Besides the still remaining stones—protected from barbarous destruction by the present proprietor of the place—there are numerous tumuli scattered without the vaultam, the resting-places of those who wished to be buried near to the sacred precincts as possible, while, shrouded in a misty light, resembling the comparatively modern timber and buildings, towers the ancient hill of Silbury, the work of many thousands of years. When we view the hill without any such obstructions, this must have been distinctly seen from every part of the temple, and was doubtless connected with its rites.

'And to whom should the place supposed to have been dedicated?' I inquired.

'To Tentates, sir—to Tentates, the Celtic Mercury, without doubt,' exclaimed Dryasaud with energy, and as though he had been beaten ever since, 'for as though he had been beaten ever since; the Druids worshiped Mercury.'

They induced his victims in wicker-baskets upon yonder hill; an eminence, you observe, evidently built for the accommodation of the winged Messenger, as an intervening place to rest upon before setting his sacred feet upon the level earth.'

'But surely,' I urged, 'my dear sir, having come so far, it seems scarcely worth while that they should have helped him down such a very little way as'—

I spoke with a smile, but the benevolent countenance of Dryasaud wore an unwonted rugginess as he interrupted me. 'I perceive not, that you act as a scoffer, or, what is worse, that you have already embraced the pernicious doctrines of Duke and others, which so many are in this time, with respect to the Planetarium theory, are doubtless for the Planetarium theory, advocated so speciously by some supercilious investigators. I know it, sir, and despise it most thoroughly. You pretend that our ingenious ancestors, forsooth, established on these Wiltshire Downs a stationary orrey, located on a meridional line of some sixteen miles in length; and that these planetary temples, seven in number, would, if put in motion, revolve around Silbury Hill, as the centre of the scheme. That the sun is the southern circle here, and the moon the northern; and that the latter is represented as the satellite of the former, and passing round him in an epicyle.'

'Goodness gracious,' exclaimed I, 'my dear Mr Dryasaud, pray spare me the imputation of such a heresy. I assure you, I never heard of it until this moment. It seems improbable, and indeed unintelligible in a very high degree.'

'Your opinion, sir, does honour to your head and heart,' quoth the antiquary, grasping my hand: 'such a theory has nothing to stand upon but the twelve stones composing the inner, and the thirty which formed the outer circle; to this the sacred place, corresponding with that of the month and of the days of the month; all else is fanciful and illusory. Now, on the contrary, when we have ascended Silbury Hill, it will be made as clear to you as daylight through a
window, that this temple was no other than the
Ophite Hierogram.

"Yes, do say so!" exclaimed I, with as much
animation as I could assume. 'Dear me! the off——
I did not quite catch the name.

"They call it Hygeia," repeated Dryasdust; 'the
representation, as I need not tell you, of the union of
the serpentine and solar superstitions. It took no
less than six hundred and fifty of these sarsen (properly
saxden) stones to portray the course of the serpent,
to symbolize immortality in the scene before us.'

We were now half a mile from the village, at
the foot of that great green mound built for the
accommodation of Mercury, and even to the subterranean
Dryasdust was obliged to pause in his discourse, and
husband his breath for the ascent. The hill is
evidently the work of men's hands, and the shape of
the great trench around it, which furnished the earth
of which it was composed so many centuries ago, is
clearly visible. Steep as it is, it occupies so much
space that a cricket-ball cannot be thrown from its
summit, it is said, without striking the mound on its
way. The Archaeological Society, some years ago, ingeniously satisfied their curiosity as to its contents with
out any injury to its form, by sinking a shaft (which
they afterwards filled up again) from the top of the
hill to the bottom; but—to the great delight of the
believers in Mercury, and in imitation of those who
held the thing to be a tumulus—nothing was found.

A man who can stand here, and not believe in the
ophite hierogram," exclaimed Dryasdust, extending
his hands toward the village, must be as Stoneblind
as the Druids themselves. Filling up in imagination the
ravages of Time and Man, and banishing from the
picture all products of the barbarous Present, there lie
the Celts, the Druids, and the Tail of the serpent distinct
and indisputable.

It was not for me to contradict a gentleman of
Dryasdust's inches, standing as I then was, moreover,
upon the verge of that artificial hill, to the steepness of
which I have already alluded. I saw no serpent
myself, but I endeavoured to put on the appearance of
one who did. 'The tail,' remarked I, 'is especially
recognizable. How much of ground is the whole
animal supposed to have covered?'

'An area of twenty-eight acres, twenty-seven
perches,' returned the antiquary, 'with a circum-
ference of 4442 feet. There have been cart-loads of
bucks' horns, bones, and wood-coal dug out of the
valley, doubtless the remains of sacrifices. The
place was of prodigious importance. Conceive the
labour which must have been expended in collecting
these enormous masses from the Downs yonder, and
placing them in position. They are supposed to have
been brought down on rollers. One of those two
yonder by the turnpike is more than thirteen feet
high, eighteen wide, and six feet thick, and its fellow
is almost as huge. The weight of the largest speci-
men still left is sixty-two tons; but, a few years ago,
we had one which reached ninety tons.'

'It is a wonderful place," said I, 'and has indeed
seen strange changes. There are the Druid-stones,
the parish Church, and the red-brick chapel of Lady
Huntingdon's persuasion, all together yonder.'

'Yes, indeed," assented the antiquary sighing: 'the
gradual decay of religion, sir, symbolised in little.
There is still, however, some very fine old ale to be
got up at the inn. The mare will have well fed by
this time.'

At the mention of the mare, and the prospect of
the unnecessary elevation of her spirits after corn, I
became a little melancholy; and when I perceived the
difficulty of expressing her in the public street, and the
delicacy demanded of all concerned in that operation, my solicitude increased. However, by closing my eyes, and endeavouring to
fancy myself in the Express, I sat through the journey
home—I hope with some outward appearance of
calmness and intrepidity. Not until I got safe to
Dryasdust's door, and well out of that abominable
trap, did I confide my apprehensions to his bosom.

'So that is the bay mare," said I, eyeing the creature
contemptuously, 'who has kicked everything to
pieces scores of times, and that nobody but Jack
Strong-j'll-th'arm can manage!'

'No, it is not," replied her master laughing; 'but
at last I perceive why it was you kept your eyes shut
when we came down Steepside Hill.' This is the
quietest animal in the world except when being
harnessed. Our friend meant to warn you, I suppose,
of the old grey which I sold at Tan Hill fair—the hill
of Tanars—only last week.'

'I wish he would pronounce his words a little more
distinctly, then," said I, 'for so I should have passed a
pleasanter day. I certainly understood him to say
boy.'

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

We English, who first set the fashion of sailing round
the world, have not got tired of it yet. Almost every-
body who accomplishes that voyage sees something
new, or at least undescribed, by any who have preceded
him; and it is still really "something to talk about.

The Austrians, indeed, have just performed the feat
for their first time. A gentleman of the nil admirari
school may curl his lip in tolerable security, when he
can aver, 'I have been from Gravesend to Gravesend,
and found all barren,' but a man who voluntarily
circumnavigates the globe is commonly formed of more
sterling stuff, and finds a great deal that is fruitful.
Certainly, such has been the case with our latest cir-
cumnavigator, Mr Arthur Tilley, who, being offered a
passage in a vessel about to undertake this enterprise,
'jumped at it' at once, albeit there were but forty-eight
hours allowed him for preparation. This vessel was a
Russian ship-of-war, which, in company with two
corvettes, was bound for round the world in general,
although for the Amoor River and Japan in particular;
so that an opportunity was given not only of seeing
strange lands and their inhabitants, but of studying
the character of a people very alien to ourselves
during the intervening passages at sea. In the way of
safety and comfort, such a plan left nothing to be
desired, while even the necessity which sometimes
hurried the voyager away from places where, as it
then seemed to him, he would have been content to
pass a lifetime, is not to be deplored, since otherwise
how would he ever have finished his journey, or got
home to publish it?

Sublime, indeed, must be the satisfaction derivable
from this universal survey of the earth we dwell
on! What heaped-up experiences of men and
manners must be gained by it, and what charity
towards our fellow-creatures of every creed and
colour ought to flow from its acquisition! What
exquisite sights, what unimaginable colours, what new
melodies of nature and of art, must meet the senses!
In the tropic seas, the delicious scents from the great
garden of the land are borne by the morning breeze
to meet the voyager while yet a great way off, and
thereby he perceives he is drawing nigh the coast
long before his eye can recognise it. 'In the Straits of
Sunda," says Mr Tilley, "we were made aware of the
vicinity of land by a number of birds of Paradise
which hovered about our masts; and by tangled
masses of cocoa-trees and rattans, which, driven by
the current, floated out into the Indian Ocean.' The
whole of the evening on which they first made the
Japanese coast, 'the officers, in spite of the rain, were all on deck, their eyes bent on the dark mountain-range before them, anxious to arrive in the mysterious land so long a marvel to the rest of the civilised world.

The commodore, captain, and master, enveloped in their thick leather coats, were peering into the gloom, or now and then consulting the chart of the coast by the light of the ship’s lantern. Presently a faint light was seen ahead; then, one after another, some four or five hundred flaming torches, fixed over the sterns of as many fishing-crafts, came in view. It was a beautiful sight, those lights against the dark mountains, forming a half-circle round the bay, and extending as far as the eye could reach along the coast.’

With the Chinese, our traveller had already made acquaintance, but without much satisfaction to himself. He fell so much in love with an instrument used by the Batavian police, and greatly recommended by all who have dealings with Chinese, as to afford us a wood-cut of it. It consists of a light pole, having at the end a fork-like division, made out of a bush, on which the thorns inclining inward are left. With this the policeman catches the evil-doer by the back of his neck. If the culprit remains quiet, it does him no injury; but on his attempting to run away, the thorns run into his flesh, and unless he stops instantly, lacerate his neck in a fearful manner. This ingenious weapon also keeps the Chinaman at a respectful distance—a desirable thing for many reasons! The Chinese are the most desperate gamblers in the world, and when they have lost everything else, will risk their wives, whom, indeed, they are accustomed to treat at all times with Neglect and cruelty. In Japan, on the contrary, the women meet with care and affection; and when a man says that he has lost his wife, he means as we do, that she is dead, and not that his friend has won her of him at cards or dice. The religious ceremonies, too, of the Chinese are by no means imposing, to judge from that grand scene of blessing the junk, returning to China with the south-west monsoon, in the Buddhist temple at Singapore. ‘A crowd of lounging Chinese filled the place, some lying on the floor, some smoking their bamboo-pipes, some gnawing sugar-canes, and others engaged in conversation. Respect there was none. Presently twenty or more bonzes arrived, and commenced divers antics; gongs were beaten, incense smoked, and, as a finale, a huge heap of crackers was exploded before the altar. On this, each bonze caught up the image which was next him, and, with a hopping step, ran across the road to where the boats were waiting to take them on board the junk. I could hardly believe it possible that religion could become debased by man to such an extent as this.’

Now, in Japan, although Buddhism had succeeded Sintoism (a very respectable religion, professd by many Conservatives of our own nation—namely, the Worship of Ancestors), the people do not let off crackers upon occasions of particular solemnity. Nevertheless, the political institutions of Japan fall a great way short of perfection. The government is about the most absolute despotism that exists, or has ever existed, yet tempered by ancient customs having all the force of laws. The policy which has ruled this nation surpasses all that Machiavelli, Metternich, or Talleyrand ever dreamed of. Fouche would have been a demigod, could he have had such a police and such spies. ‘The chief emperor is the Mikado, or Diar, whose residence is Minko. He is the chief of all the religions of the empire, but particularly of the old Sinto. Formerly, he was the ruling temporal prince, but he has long been reduced to a state of political impotence, like that of a roi fainéant of early French history. But as this Mikado he was consulted pro forma on all subjects of importance, though his counsels are not necessarily followed. It is reported that, when informed that a treaty had been made with the Americans and Russians, and that the land was totally opposed to it, and predicted that numerous evils would ensue in consequence, which have certainly come to pass. His court is said to be the seat of the arts and the resort of learned men. His attendants are priests of royal or noble blood; his wife and concubines the prettiest and most cultivated women, as are also all those of his court. He is weighed down by his honours. But very little is known as yet either of him or his half-fabulous court.’

‘The Tycoon, or Siogoon, is the temporal emperor, of hereditary descent, and the real source of all political power. He resides at Yedo. His government is a council of state, of whom five are attaches of feudal princes, and the rest chief nobles; through this council must pass all important affairs and the signing of death-warrants. The minister of police holds in his hand the threads of the vast web of the state affairs of the empire, but does not form a part of the council of state. The chief councillor, or prime minister, is said to be the most important personage after the Siogoon. If the Tycoon refuse to sanction any law made by his counsellors, or by a majority of them, the matter is referred to a committee of chief princes, of whom the heir-apparent is one. If their decision be given against him, he must resign; if, on the contrary, in his favour, those of the council who opposed him are supposed to commit suicide.’

The feudal princes, as a rule, are very powerful, and possess large bodies of retainers. The Prince of Satogumah is quite an independent sovereign, and has an army and even artillery, which the proximity of his State to Nagasaki has enabled him to acquire. His officers were studying gunnery under those of a Russian frigate while our author was in that town. The imperial spies scarcely ever enter his dominions, as they are almost invariably murdered, so excellent is his own counter-police. After the prince comes the noblemen, who furnish the state with governors of the imperial domains, and to every one of them is attached a locum-tenens, or rather spy, who reports on his conduct. This is a recognised part of the government, just as an opposition in parliament is with us. These nobles are obliged to remain half the year in Yedo, and their wives reside there altogether. If one of these noblemen become too rich, honours are heaped upon him, which force an enormous outlay—a policy which keeps them in a state of subjection.

The next class are the Sinto and Buddhist priests, the latter of whom profess celibacy, but only as a briefless barrister professes law—they do not practise it. Then come the soldiers; and, fifthly, the inferior government officers, the interpreters, the medical men, and the literati. All the above wear a couple of swords and a pair of trousers, the latter garment being on no account permitted to any of a lower rank. The merchants, who form the sixth class, are rich, but much despised; the seventh are the mechanics, all of whom have their various Guilias, as they did of old in Europe. The agriculturists form the last rank of the Japanese social ladder, with the exception of the Pariahs—the outcasts—whose trade may happen to be that of skinning dead animals.

The Japanese, although belonging to the Mongolian race, are, physically, a very favourable specimen of humanity. They are well formed and muscular, and have skins of a warm white, which, however, yellow with age. ‘The abundant black hair of the women is bound up into thick masses at the back of the head, and a
number of little arrows, made of gold, silver, or ivory, are passed through it, something in the same manner as with the peasant-girls on the Rhine. Their coiffeur once made, and the hair plastered with wax, it remains untouched for many days, care being taken not to disorder it in sleep. The teeth are an object of much attention; the young girls and the men have them white and even; the married women still even, but glossy. The men, and a fine powder, are used to keep them white; but the picture of an old woman, with her kani-box before her, blackening her teeth, is one of the most disgusting sights which a stranger can look on. Many girls also blacken their teeth, but the substance with which they do it is not very durable, as I have seen a brush and a little powder make them white and glistening again in a few minutes. The women also extract their eyelashes, paint their lips and cheeks with safflower (rouge), and use rice-powder extensively in their preparations. In Japan, men and women, if not strikingly beautiful, have much which is agreeable, and certainly original. The young of both sexes are remarkably pleasing; rosy, laughing, and graceful in their actions; but though a young girl be like an angel at fourteen, she will be worn out, old, and ugly at twice that age.1 The males shave their faces from the age of 12, and, if any hair remain over the shaved part, tie it neatly with paper-thread. Paper is one of the most remarkable articles of Japan industry. Thick paper, made of the bamboo, is oiled, and made into umbrellas, great-coats impermeable to wet, and coverings for palanquins and boxes. Thinner sorts, made from the finer part of the bark of the mulberry-tree, are for use at table and for the clothes in the marriage-contract what supply the wife is to receive every month. The finest quality is used in rolls for writing, printing on, and making into writing-books.2 The Japanese cutlery and sword-blades cannot be surpassed in any European country, although iron is scarce with them; and they have generally great skill in the working-up of metals. Their linen and cotton cloth is coarse, but soft; and from the price Mr. Tilley paid for it, he concludes that foreign manufacturers could not compete with what passes for the country’s rice, for although the soil yields the fruits of temperate and tropical climes, they are of very poor quality. The cotton-tree and the tea-plant are planted as hedges to economise space.

1 All the houses are of unpainted wood, the outsides being generally formed of sliding panels, so that the door may be in any part the owner likes. Inside, there are other sliding panels, with window-frames; and a space from one foot to six feet wide is left between the outer and inner sliding, which forms a kind of balcony, either for pleasure or for performing domestic jobs. All the windows are of oiled paper, stuck on neat frames with a glue which is insoluble in water. The interiors are divided into chambers by sliding screens of paper, ornamented with paintings of scenery or of animals. Food is, with its flat, snow-topped summit, tortoises, butterflies, cranes, and monsters, are the favourite delineations. The floor is covered with mats of a uniform size, about half an inch thick, and in the middle is a square place for the wood-stove, when it is not used. There is little or no furniture in the bed. The inmates sit on the mats by day around their trays at dinner, or tea-drinking; and at night, a thick matress, covered with a white blanket, is laid on the floor for a bed; then the Japanese, throwing off his day-garment, puts on a thick wadded kerelson for his night-toilet. The most curious article of bed-linen is the pillow. In the Malay Archipelago, a hollow bamboo platted pillow is used; in China, a roll of stuff, encased in a lackered cloth, and painted with different devices, is the mode; but in Japan, the pillow is a pretty little lackered box with drawers, in which the ladies keep their hair, arrows, &c. The top of this box is conceave and a little cushion, in shape and size like a sausage, is wrapped in clean paper, and placed in the hollow, for the back of the head to rest upon. The Japanese always sleep on their backs; and as only a small portion of their head touches the pillow, their elaborate coiffeur does not become disordered during the night’s slumbers. Their sleep, however, is only for short periods, as it is the custom to eat in the night from a tray placed by the bedside, or to take a few whiffs from the pipe; the tobacco-box, containing live embers, and other conveniences for smoking, being always within hand’s reach.

2 Our author found the people to be both good-natured and social. Even the bonzes would sit down to dine with him, and hold out their cups for whisky. Upon a certain bonze and a farmer, guests of his, that unaccustomed liquor had on one occasion a wonderful effect. The farmer began to sing; the little eyes of the bonze rolled in delight, and he commenced helping himself to the sweetmeats and forbidden beef, and then sang out of the presence of all his flock outside. Japanese civilities were then exchanged. These consisted in drinking out of one another’s cup, or presenting an egg or something with the fingers. But when the old bonze did me the great honour of biting off half an egg, and presenting it to the other half, it was too much, and I declined the honour; but the reverend gentleman was not to be done out of his politeness; he bit out another piece, and again offered the remainder, with the same result. This he repeated two or three times, and at last, seeing I did not appreciate his civility, he tried to push the now dirty fragment of the egg into my mouth. A retreat alone saved me from the choice morsel; and this winding-up of the scene was followed by a roar of laughter from the flock outside. The bonze, perfectly intoxicated, now rolled homewards; the farmer staggered after his horse. Ten minutes afterwards, as we rode up the street, we saw the same old bonze, seated before his drum, tapping and grunting out his prayers in the house of one of his private connections. The offer of a glass of whisky is introduction enough, of course, all over the world, but without such a medium, the ceremony of introduction in Japan is a little tedious. The common mode of salutation is to bend nearly double, and remain so for some time in conversation, giving a bow down for every compliment, which, as politeness is one of the greatest Japanese virtues, occurs very frequently. The visit or rencontre ends in the same way as it begins; and it is a most amusing sight to see two old women babbling thus, and conversing for half an hour before either one or the other will give in. The men generally salute one another in the same manner, but they pass the hands down the knee and leg, and give a strong inhalation of pleasure while performing these gymnastics. The difference may be seen at once between inferiors saluting their superiors and equals saluting equals; in the former, a low bend from the inferior, till the fingers touch the ground, and a curt yeft affable bend from the superior. But there are a great many nice distinctions observed in the etiquette of salutation according to rank, which could only be made intelligible to the student by the lectures and demonstrations of a professor. Of course, it requires patience and courtesy on the part of a foreigner to put up with such ridiculous obstacles to intercourse as these; but it would be well worth the while of Englishmen to exercise these virtues more than they do. The superficial polish of the travelled natives of Russia, as well as that evident barbaric
strength, may have done much to gain for that power the respect which it enjoys among savage nations; but it is also always very solicitous to observe its customs, and cares about offending their minutest scruples. Of course, our independent jack-tars are not to be tutoled like the subjects of the czar, but their animal spirits do certainly require some mitigation.

I saw one or two instances of men speaking the English language entering the clean, mat-spread rooms of the Japanese in their dirty boots, in spite of the protestations by words and signs, and the looks of despair of the owners. To shout at and abuse the people, tiresome and procrastinating though they be, is ill calculated on the part of foreigners to gain their willing services; yet I witnessed many instances of such violations of civility during my stay in Nagasaki. I wish my countrymen and Americans would remember, that to treat the people of Japan, with whom they may have to do, as they would a Hindu servant or a Chinese coolie, will be the very worst manner of having their wants or wishes attended to. On the other hand, kind attention not to violate their prejudices, and, if possible, to enter into their social life, will be the best method of having everything that may be required. This was the way in which the Russians, during their stay of nine months in Nagasaki, contrived to gain the affections, not only of the people, but of the higher authorities. Captain Unckelby, and through him his officers, had only to express a wish to have it satisfied, where it was possible; his name was known for miles around, and called aloud to us in the streets as we passed. The officers, in their walks through the town, were surrounded by laughing children, backed by a circle of pretty girls, with the men peering over their shoulders. On one occasion—Prince Oukotsuki, the grand duke’s side-de-camp—knew, I think, all the children of Nagasaki; for they would crowd round him, shake him by the hand, and in their gentle, pretty little way, talk to him till he arrived at his destination.

Altogether, Mr Tilley gives a brighter and more hopeful picture of the state of Japan, and the temper of the people towards foreigners, than any writer with whom we are acquainted. It cannot be expected that a nation which has held itself aloof from every other people since the world began, should easily understand the advantages of commercial intercourse. But Western science has already made great strides among them—they even use mercurial barometers—and we, the outward world, have friends in their council of state, who, let us hope, will not ‘draw a satire across their stomachs crosswise,’ because their favourable views towards us may meet with temporary opposition. The Japanese statesman has a difficult part to play. ‘I cannot help pitying,’ says Mr Tilley, ‘the perplexity they must feel at each new arrival of fleets to make treaties, or remake them; for negotiating with foreign powers—a new kind of diplomacy to the Japanese—has proved most disastrous to the ministers engaged in it. With the best intentions, perhaps, they have to cede to the force of circumstances and the power of the stranger from without, to combat the opposition of a powerful anti-progress and anti-reform party within, and run the risk of meeting destruction whichever way they act. Both are hard alternatives; and a Japanese statesman must have an extraordinary quantity and quality of the duplicity which is characteristic of his race and profession, if he can steer clear and turn to his profit the difficulties which attend all diplomacy with the foreigners. If he refuse to grant their demands, he knows not how his cannon may be thundering around the shores of his country; if he grant too freely, or grant at all, he is never certain of the day when, as when a small sword, presented to him with the greatest respect, is to be the symbol of his downfall, and the signal that he must use it on his own person, to save his family from being involved in the same disgrace. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that procrastination of concerts, that attending the making of a treaty, and that all sorts of difficulties and falsehood should be made use of afterwards to nullify it.’

A TALE OF A FLUTE

In the year 1665, there lived in the narrow winding Rue Mazearine which leads to the present Quartier Latin of Paris, two artistes of great reputation—a sculptor and a musician. May be they had heard of each other, but neither of them knew the other’s face, and some historians say they were mutually ignorant of each other’s existence. The sculptor had already acquired great celebrity: he had decorated with two beautiful statues the magnificent palace of the Cardinal de Forestemps at Saverne; every one admired the elegant tomb he had carved for Mazearine; and many specimens of his work had been chosen to ornament the various châteaux of the king. Besides all this, he was president of the Academy of Fine Arts. His name was Antoine Coysevox.

A musician whose talent is limited to performing upon a certain instrument, can doubtless acquire very brilliant renown during his lifetime; but, as he leaves nothing after him to remind posterity of his merits, it is rare indeed that his name survives him. Thus it is that history has not consecrated the smallest page to the memory of Gabriel Desmares, who was, however, first-flute in the celebrated orchestra of Lully. The windows of Gabriel’s appartement were exactly opposite those of Coysevox; but as the latter worked constantly in his studio at the back of the house, it was natural enough that the melodious sounds of Gabriel’s flute never reached the ears of the sculptor; neither were the strokes of Coysevox’s hammer ever heard by the musician.

But Coysevox was not the only person in his house who possessed the faculty of hearing. Our academian had a niece, a sweet girl of seventeen summers, of whom he was the sole guardian. Fresh as the morning, hair as brilliant as jet, and eyes as dark, such was Marianne, who, besides these attractions, had a decided penchant for music. It was considered by many only pleasure in which the pretty child allowed herself to indulge, and this indulgence was solely due to having brought Gabriel into the neighbourhood.

Anxious to fulfill his responsible guardianship as conscientiously as possible, Coysevox had imagined that the best means of keeping his eyes ever upon his niece, was to allow her to quit the house only when he went out himself; and as all the outdoor exercise he was in the habit of taking consisted in a short promenade in the garden of the Tuileries on Sundays, when it was fine, poor Marianne lived truly the life of a recluse. A little needle-work, three or four affectionate words from her uncle at breakfast and dinner, and some vague castles in the air, which she was aided in building by an old nurse called Nicolle, constituted the little varied phases of Marianne’s existence.

We cannot be surprised, therefore, that she added to this monotonous life, as a sort of supplement, the pleasure of listening sometimes to the soft melodious sounds of Gabriel’s flute. No sooner was his music wafted across the narrow street, than her needle was allowed to fall silent into her lap, her gaze became fixed, she scarcely breathed, lest she should lose one pearl of the string of melody. Sometimes, when Nicolle was not present, Marianne was brawny enough to open her casement, and lean out for a
while upon the balcony, thereby lessening considerably the distance across the street. Nicolle was not, however, a person to be feared; it would have been impossible to find another creature, or one more devoted to her young mistress. But Marianne’s conscience at this period, whilst making her believe she had already something to keep secret, told her she had no right to this opinion. The old nurse Nicolle was not devoid of a certain talent of observation: all old maids are possessed of this faculty—the question is only one of more or less.

Here’s a singular coincidence,’ she said to herself, as she potted in and out; ‘it’s always just when the flute begins to be heard that mademoiselle ceases her work; and I am no sooner out of the room, than she feels the necessity of a little fresh air! Ah! there is something going on in that little heart there, that will not be long in making itself known to me. When the cup is full, it must flow over; and in matters of love, the heart of a young damsel is never very long in filling.’

That which had been observed by Nicolle had not escaped the eyes of Gabriel. However much precaution Marianne used to open her window quietly, the noise, slight as it was, never failed to tickle the ears of the couple in the next room. The lady, playing, did not keep her eyes so fixed upon the music as to be unable to recognise, every morning, the same pretty head attentively listening on the balcony over the way. It was not very long before Gabriel himself began to feel also the necessity of taking a little fresh air at his window, especially when he had studied, or rather performed, one of his pieces; for, it should be remarked, since he had become aware that his music was seriously attended to, he took care to study in a little back chamber; he only performed pieces of which he was perfectly master near the window which looked into the street, and Heaven knows if he played them or not with all the exquisiteness of which his talent was capable!

It sometimes happened that our artiste and his charming audience found themselves leaning on their respective balconies at the same moment; but neither had, at first, the courage to encounter each other’s gaze; they appeared on the contrary, absorbed in very different occupations. Gabriel’s attention was evidently riveted upon the clouds, as if he were inquiring which way the wind blew; and Marianne appeared to be attentively counting the rare passers-by in the street below.

However, one day, as they were probably about to change the rhythm of their respective musings, Gabriel’s eyes turned to count the people in the street, and Marianne’s to discover the way of the wind—their eyes met; each immediately felt a species of electric shock. Marianne blushed crimson, and retired abruptly from the window. She promised herself, there and then, never to commit such an imprudence again, and the very first thing that happened to her next day was to break her word. However, she showed a little mores courage this time in supporting Gabriel’s gaze, and did not think proper to flee from the window as she had done the day before. Gabriel, on his side, to put an end to such an embarrassing situation, thought proper to risk a respectful salute, to which Marianne, out of pure politeness, could not refuse to respond.

But here began the great difficulties of the situation. Gabriel thought of writing, but he durst not do so; he feared, and very properly too, that it would expose Marianne to disagreeable scenes at home. He thought of speaking to her, but it was in vain he sought for a convenient opportunity; Marianne never went out except on Sunday, nor without her uncle. It was to him she had confided all her feelings and devices that passed through the brain of poor Gabriel for the next few days. We should add, as a true historian, that Marianne also was tormenting her mind to discover, if possible, what this young man, who played the flute so well, who made her such gracious salutations, and who looked at her so tenderly, was going to do.

By one of the most singular of hazards, Cousvox himself was not less uneasy at this period than his niece, and the subject of his troubles was also a flutist.

In the Jardin des Tuileries, near the palace, and a few steps from the gate which opens into the Rue de Rivoli, many of us have admired the beautiful marble statue of the demigod Faunus playing on the flute. At the time of which we write, all the faculties of Cousvox were absorbed in the conception of this chef-d’œuvre. The illustrious sculptor had then attained that maturity of talent, and that degree of reputation, which forbade anything of a mediocre execution to leave his studio. Convinced of the necessity of producing a statue as perfectly beautiful as his chisel could make it, he often undid one day what had been laboriously done the day before; sometimes the entire attitude of his Faunus displeased him, or sometimes he endeavoured to give an arm or a leg a more graceful position. But what troubled him more than all the rest was the head. He actually despised of ever being able to make his Faunus play upon the flute without a ridiculous exaggeration of the muscles of the cheeks; and the more Cousvox advanced in his work, the further off appeared the object to be attained—all that he had yet produced was, to say the best, a frightful caricature. The cause of this—and he knew it too well—resided in the models who sat for him. These poor folk, whose profession consisted in being artists’ models, and not flute-players, were more awkward one than another. They could not even hold a flute properly, much less play upon it. Cousvox had tried all his models, one after another; he had come to the last of them, but all in vain. In the morning when he rose, and in the evening when he retired to rest, but more especially during his meals, and in the presence of his niece Marianne—who was thinking of something else—and of his servant Nicolle, who naively chimed in with his lamentations, Cousvox usually burst forth with the following exclamation: ‘By all the saints! the first condition requisite to a man who wishes to adopt the profession of model, ought to be that of knowing how to play the flute!’

Such was the situation of our different personages the day that the following incident occurred.

That day—it was in the morning—an observer sauntering in the Rue Mazarine between the house of the sculptor and that of the musician, might have remarked the same succession of facts and movements that had invariably taken place, about the same hour, for the last fortnight. Two windows would be seen to open, then a most charming melody would be heard, which, whilst on its road to the person for whom it was intended, could not fail to attract other ears that it might meet on its passage; then would appear Marianne and Gabriel, when the usual salutations, responses, and tender looks would be exchanged. Marianne held in her hands a bouquet of roses, upon which her eyes, when they were not engaged in another quarter, were fixed as if she were absorbed in a most minute botanical study. Suddenly the bouquet escaped from her grasp, and fell into the street. We cannot say whether this accident was arranged beforehand, or whether it was purely an accident; but one thing is certain—namely, that Gabriel descended into the street by his stairs almost as rapidly as the bouquet had fallen there through the air. Possessor of the precious treasure, he fled back again to his chamber, reappeared at his window, and had soon covered with kisses the flowers and the petals pressed by the hands of Marianne. But, fearful of the interpretation that could not fail to be given to her apparent carelessness, the niece of Cousvox had already vanished.
When he had sufficiently contemplated, admired, and embraced its flowers, Gabriel was again absorbed in reflection, when he remarked the sculptor leave his house, and stroll down the Ene Marzine towards the river. This circumstance conjured up in the young man's mind a somewhat courageous idea.

It was contrary to his habits that Coysevox had abandoned his work so early to take a little exercise. He had been up since daybreak, and had shut himself into his studio, determined to vanquish alone and without the aid of any model the difficulty which embarrassed him. A sort of fever had arisen in his brain, and the modelling-stick trembled wildly in his hand, shaken by a nervous frenzy. Obliged, therefore, to relinquish his work for a while, he decided upon breathing, for a few minutes, the fresh air on the borders of the Seine. Old Nicolle, who had never before seen her master leave his house at such an hour, had scarcely recovered from her surprise, when three extremely timid knockers startled her and called her to the door. She opened, and found herself face to face with Gabriel, whose awkward entrance, and very confused manner amply indicated that he felt his presence there to be a piece of audacious temerity.

"What does monsieur want?" said the old servant in a polite, gentle tone.

Gabriel showed her the roses he held in his hand, and began: 'Here are some flowers which—that—about—'

"Monsieur is probably mistaken," interrupted Nicolle; 'it is not customary for us to receive bouquets.'

'O no!' exclaimed Gabriel, somewhat encouraged by the kind looks which flashed across the physiognomy of the old servant, and belied the affected coldness of her words; 'it is not an offer I come to make, but a restitution.'

'A restitution!'

'Yes. Your mistress was a few minutes ago at her window, and unfortunately let slip this pretty bouquet in the street.'

'Oh! I understand,' again interrupted Nicolle. 'Monsieur hastened to pick up the lost flowers; and in his impatience to return them to their rightful owner, he has taken the liberty to await until the master of the house was absent from home!'

The smile which accompanied this penetrating reflection was nothing short of an encouragement. Gabriel joined his hands in a supplicating manner without daring to answer a word. Nicolle seems to have understood this silent prayer. 'Allons! she exclaimed, smiling, 'I have not the heart to repulse an affection which is honest and sincere.'

Gabriel nearly suffocated the old servant in his embraces.

At this moment the noise of a latch-key was heard at the door.

'Heavens!' cried Nicolle, 'here is Master Coysevox returned.'

'Where can I hide?' ejaculated Gabriel in a half shrill, half whisper.

'Impossible—there's no time. Silence!' returned Nicolle, advancing to meet her master.

And our three personages contemplated each other for a few seconds in complete silence: Coysevox, surprised to see in his corridor a young man whose face was totally unknown to him; Gabriel, awaiting, with fear an interrogatory, the issue of which, it appeared to him, would be anything but agreeable; Nicolle, mending her brains to imagine some means of avoiding the impending peril.

Coysevox broke the silence. Turning to Gabriel, he asked in a cool, haughty manner: 'May I know, monsieur, the motives which have procured me the honour of your visit?'

Gabriel bowed extremely low and very slowly, to give himself time to find an answer.

'The imagination of Nicolle was, fortunately, prompt enough to save him the trouble. 'Ma foi, monsieur,' said she, 'it appears to me that the motives will not displease you. It is now nearly a fortnight that I have not heard you explain. Who can procure me the satisfaction of having a model who knows how to play the flute?" Well, now, the satisfaction you desire, my master, you owe to me—here it is!'

'What! this gentleman?'

'That gentleman is a poor young man who is seeking a profession, and has begged me to recommend him to you. As he plays the flute neither more nor less than a veritable musician, I proposed that he should come to you as a model, and when you entered, he was about to accept my suggestion.'

Gabriel gave a nod of assent. He could not think of contradicting Nicolle; for, besides extirpating him from a great peril, the old good creature opened the house to him, probably for more than once.

'By all the saints!' exclaimed Coysevox, 'this notion of yours, Nicolle, is an exceedingly fortunate idea. Ah! you know how to play the flute, my friend, and you wish to utilise your time?—I engage you for to-day, to-morrow, and for the whole of next week. I will employ you on every occasion, and in preference to any one else. I will recommend you to my comrades: in a word, you shall be as contented with me as I hope to be with you. Say! is it a settled affair?'

'I obey your orders,' returned Gabriel slowly.

'Yes! Well, then, let us begin immediately. I felt a little fatigued—disgusted even—but your arrival has given me fresh vigour. Follow me into the studio.'

Gabriel did not wait to be invited twice; perhaps he thought that in a few moments he would be presented to one he was burning to meet, and who, doubtless, would not take it amiss if he himself engaged to play the part of model in order to be near her. Blisttered hope! Not a soul in the studio! only a few statues in the rough state, among which was the famous Faunus playing on the flute; and in a corner of the room, two or three blocks of marble waiting, before putting on their poetic forms, for a caprice of the imagination of the master.

'Nicole will not fail to tell her, thought Gabriel; 'and if my heart and my eyes have not deceived me, she will not be long in making her appearance.'

Whilst making this reflection, he sat down on a block which Coysevox had drawn into the centre of the studio. The sculptor then placed in Gabriel's hands a flute, which upwards of twenty models had already played; but not one of them had been able to draw a sound.

Coysevox, a hammerer in one hand, a chisel in the other, and standing erect before his Faunus, uttered a cry of joy when he perceived the elegant manner in which Gabriel held the flute and pressed it to his lips.

'By all the saints,' said he, 'I am a reawakened being! If between us we don't make achef de score, the devil himself must be mixed up in the work!' And after giving to his docile model a few last instructions, he said to him, in a solemn voice and with a gesture befitting the leader of an orchestra—' Play!'

Gabriel obeyed; he began an air of the opera of Alceste. 'Superb music!' exclaimed Coysevox; 'it is by our friend Lully.'

But what made most impression upon our sculptor was not the beauty of the music; it was the realisation of his dreams, the accomplishment of such ardent wishes: he had, at last, Nature herself for model! 'Perfect! excellent!' he cried, as soon as the air was finished. 'Begin again. Go on! go on!' Under the influence of a violent excitement, the sculptor felt his inspiration increase at each stroke of the hammer; his eyes flashed fire, and his chisel seemed to fly over the marble.

As for Gabriel, it was in vain that his eyes remained invariably fixed upon the door of the studio; no
woman-figure appeared at the threshold; not the slightest rustling of a dress was to be heard in the passage. Our musician began to complain inwardly of the length of time and the awkwardness of his position. He was playing for an audience upon the grand piano, and the air of Alcante, he ceased for a moment to take breath; but Coysevox would not allow him to remain idle for a moment. For the love of Heaven, my friend," he exclaimed, "do not let this sacred fire burn cold! Go on! go on!"

Gabriel commenced an air from Acis et Galatée, "Player, Student," before! One of his own, by Lully. By all the saints, young man, with God's help and yours, I shall become as great a sculptor as Lully is a great musician!" And the chisel continued to work in the marble; the head of the Fannus appeared to become animated under the charm of such delicious music. After Acis et Galatée, came Proserpine; then an air from Bellderophon; next, some passages from Perse, Phoebus, &c. All Lully's operas were passing through the flute, one after another.

Gabriel began to perceive with horror that this sitting might be indefinitely prolonged. But could he risk the chance of losing Marianne, once and for ever? Could he throw up an undertaking so well commenced? No! sooner die, thought he, than fall ingloriously at a moment when so much was attained. He resolved, therefore, to continue playing upon this flute with the same perseverance that the sculptor manifested in working his chisel; only, he endeavoured to keep up his strength by the most pleasing images his weary mind could conjure up. Alas! two-thirds of the day had flown without the realisation of his most modest dreams, and nothing appeared to indicate that Marianne would not continue to remain invisible! With what disappointment he would not have been overwhelmed, had our flute-player remembered before! and, that when, Coysevox also by once shut up in his studio not a soul was allowed to enter there—not even his own cherished niece—lest he should be interrupted in his delicate work!

The jings of the flute began to weary. Six hours of flauto obligato! and the sitting was not yet finished! No sooner had a sound died away from his weary lips, than Coysevox, his eyes glittering with excitement, cried in a piercing voice: 'Go on, my boy! Courage! Three lious if you like for this sitting. Go on! go on!' The indignant colour of the sculptor devoured two more operas of Lully—Amadis and Roland.

A seventh hour had flown, when the sounds of the flute, which had become gradually more and more feeble, were now suddenly drowned by an exclamation from Coysevox himself. Rushing to the door of his studio, he shouted: 'Marianne! Marianne! Come here, my niece; run, Nicole!' It would be impossible to describe the electric effect produced on Gabriel by these words. With a single bound, he sprang from his block to the side of the sculptor; but the latter cast upon him such a stare of astonishment, that, quite confused, dumb-founded, and with downcast eyes, he returned straightforward to his sitting-place, and posed himself again in the attitude of flute-player.

It is evident that Marianne and Nicole were not very far distant, for their names were scarcely uttered by the sculptor before both of them appeared in the studio.

In his first transports of joy, Coysevox threw himself upon his old servant, who had procured him so pleasant a model, and, without overruling, gave Marianne and Gabriel time to recover from their emotions. 'Look at that, Nicole! and you, too, Marianne! Now, tell me—Where is that gross lump that was the cause of my despair a few hours ago? It's gone—transformed—gone for ever, is it not? Ah! by all the saints, I knew that with such a model as this' (pointing to Gabriel), 'I should make a chef d'œuvre! But only look! See what a natural, elegant position; and, above all, how well my Fannus plays upon the flute!' Then after a few moments of minute and silent observation: 'This left cheek,' said he, 'requires just one more touch; two or three strokes with the small chisel will put it right. Wait—wait an instant! And you, my boy—a last effort, if you please! Go on!' At the sight of Marianne, Gabriel had not only regained all his lost strength, but would willingly have played for seven hours more; he determined to tell her in music what it was impossible for him, in his present position, to declare in any other way. He began the most passionate and melodious air in the opera of Armide, which some have considered as Lully's master-piece.

Never before had Gabriel, even whilst under the charm of public applause, played with such exquisite taste and finish; his whole soul seemed to pass through his lips and spread over the fascinating melody. Coysevox had given the final stroke of his chisel, but Gabriel did not perceive it. It was no longer he, but his love that played—love which, revealed its secret that had so long been kept compressed. Marianne, with eyes fastened upon Gabriel, listened attentively to this passionate and exquisite language. Nicole felt her heart beat hurriedly, and the tears which rolled down her cheeks sufficiently proved that she had not become an old maid from want of sensibility.

Coysevox himself, now that his work was finished, appeared to be labouring under a kind of magnetic influence; the chisel and hammer had fallen from his hands; he stood immovable, and with open mouth, gazing vacantly at Gabriel! No sooner had the last note expired, than he exclaimed: 'Admirable! marvellous! sublime! And you wish to become a model, my boy? Get along! Why, you are an artiste, and an artiste of the very first order! By all the saints, Lully would be proud to count you among the number of his celebrated musicians! and, whilst I think of it, Lully is an intimate friend of mine; and after the service you have done to-day, you may be sure I shall not recommend you slightly to him. Tell me—shall I speak to him about you yet?'

The enthusiasm of Coysevox had encouraged Gabriel so much, that, thinking Marianne an easy prize now, he answered: 'Ah! sir, when I presented myself at your house this morning, I—I had anticipated—I—I assure you—a very different prize!'

But he suddenly came to a stop; an anxious, terrified look from Marianne, and a similar one from Nicole, told him it was not prudent to go quite so speedily into the business. He had said enough, however, to cool down Coysevox, and take away all the esteem he had begun to feel for Gabriel.

'It is but reasonable,' said the sculptor, raising his head with pride; 'when a thing has been promised, it ought to be performed;' and going to a drawer of his desk, he took out three gold pieces. 'Is it possible,' thought he, as he was about to return to pay Gabriel, 'that with so much natural talent there can exist so little elevation of mind?'

As he turned upon his heel whilst making this philosophical reflection—by no means flattering to Gabriel—he saw the head of the young man suddenly raised, and the hand of Marianne as suddenly withdrawn. These rapid movements were to his naturally acute intellect an entire revelation.

Pretending to have observed nothing, he advanced towards Gabriel and presented him the three lious. He was received by the latter with a shake of the head.

'I am already too well paid, monsieur,' said the flute-player, 'by the pleasure of having been useful to you.' But Coysevox, raising his head with an air of offended dignity, quickly rejoined: 'What do you
mean, sir? Take them, sir, I insist upon it.' And
his hand, holding the three louis, still remained
obstinate stretched towards Gabriel.
Marianne knew by the severe looks of her uncle
that he had guessed all, and she trembled with fear.
Nicole also did not feel exactly at her ease.
'Take them, sir, take them!' continued Coysevox;
'it is not customary for me to be served gratis.'
If any idea of payment had ever entered Gabriel's
mind, he would certainly never have consented to
play the part of model as he had done.
'Never!' he exclaimed. And his pride being raised
to its greatest height, he pushed back the hand of
the sculptor with such force, that the three gold pieces
fell to the ground. At this moment, our four person-
ages formed a curious tableau.
After a moment of absolute silence—such as gener-
ally precedes great explosions—Coysevox rushed
towards Marianne, seized her by the wrist, and bring-
ing her gravely towards Gabriel, exclaimed; 'It shall
never be said, my boy, that I remain your debtor—as
you will not take my gold, by all the saints, then,
take my niece!' We will not endeavour to describe the scene which
followed—every one can imagine it. We will only
stay to say that the payment of Coysevox was ratified
a fortnight afterwards before the altar at the church of
St Germain-des-Fres.

AT LAST.
My life, it has been long,
And the years have sped away,
And in my youth, although they ran,
I wished them not to stay.

But the prime of youth did pass,
And I said to Time: 'Run slower,
O bear not away the spring of life,
That cometh to me no more!'

But Time made answer grave:
'The summer doth follow spring;
If ye have sown in the early year,
The summer the fruits will bring.'

But I smote my breast in grief,
For not a seed had I sown,
And I knew no fruits are for idle men,
But for him that has toiled alone.

The summer did come and go,
And lonely and sad was I,
I said to myself: 'When autumn comes,
I will lay me down and die.'

And I said to Time: 'O Time,
My sorrow is great to bear.
Will autumn seeds not bring forth fruit,
If tended with tears and care?'

But Time made answer grave:
'The winter cometh fast,
What! can ye hope for harvest still?
When ye let the seed-time waste.'

At the calm, cold words of Time,
There fell on my heart a chill;
But autumn winds swept over the land,
And they roused my sleeping will.

I said: 'It is not too late;
I will not sit still and sigh;
Others have reaped in the waning year;
It is better to do than die.'

Deep down in the dark chill earth,
I digged a pit for the seed;
I loved the hope that sprung in my heart,
And strengthened my soul in need.

Day after day I worked,
And tended it night by night,
And loosed the soil for the tender plant
That was springing out of sight.

But the winter-snow did come,
And the chilling wind and frost;
My pulses throbbed as I watched the storm,
For I feared that my hope was lost.

Despair would knock at the door,
But I never would let him in;
I thowed the lee with my own warm tears,
And remembered distrust was sin.

Slowly the plant would grow,
And the little shoots appear,
And 'Alas!' I cried, 'for the wasted months;
'Alas! for the wasted year.'

And I said to Time: 'O Time,
I would I could make thee wait;
I would I could turn thy footsteps back,
For I fear I have toiled too late.'

And Time made answer cold:
'Thou bringest me evil repute;
I warned thee spring was the time for seed,
And autumn the time for fruit.'

As waters that bound by frost
Take life again from the sun,
So thus my heart when I heard the words:
'Thy labour and work is done.

'Thy faith and thy sleepless nights,
Thy tears and thy prayers are known;
Turn thee; behold the golden fruit,
From the little seed thou hast sown.'

I turned—'twas an angel, lo!
He had bound the fruit in a wreath;
I saw his face, and I knew him then—
I knew that his name was Death.

A. W.

The Proprietors of Chambers's Journal have the
pleasure to announce, that in consequence of the Repeal
of the Paper Duty, they will be enabled, with the com-
 mencement of their next volume, in January 1862, to
present its Readers with a sheet of better material than
has hitherto been practicable. Earnest efforts will also
be made to improve the literature of the work, so that, in
the increased competition of able and worthy rivals, the
FATHER OF ITS CLASS may yet be able to retain a fair
share of popular favour.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, London, and 330 High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, 23 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, and all Booksellers.
HINTS TO ADVERTISERS.

That the system of advertising is largely expanding and ramifying, all who run—or at least all who travel by the railway trains—may read. At every station, a very rainbow of colours, emanating from the puffs of numberless 'establishments,' fatigue and dazzle the eye. That great Family Bedel, with the startling statement of Sent free by Post written underneath it, which formerly held almost sole possession of Station walls, has now a hundred haunting companions; there is scarcely one square inch of space which does not imperiously demand the attention of the public to some new thing, or to some thing so long established that it is better than anything new. On the Sydenham and other lines just out of London, the walls are divided into huge compartments, each filled up by a fresco or single advertisement, which can be read clearly even as one flies by in the express, and which not only can, but must be read under any other circumstances. This obtrusiveness is carried, however, to a far worse pitch, inasmuch as those nuisances are made locomotive. Second and third class passengers cannot get rid of them by speed, but are often forced to travel for hours in their odious company. They are stuck up in the carriages exactly opposite to the unhappy wayfarer, and in their insipidity, vulgarity, and barren glitter, are really terrible subjects for contemplation. A notice is affixed in some prominent place to the effect, that the victim will be punished if he attempts to tear down or disfigure these monstrosities—to deface the indefaceable. Not only is vertigo produced by the actual exhibition of these things perhaps for hundreds of miles, but the exhausted traveller cannot get them out of his retina even when he has reached home. The great god Terminus even is not able to limit their influence, nor Somnus either. The victim lies awake at night, and beholds the long procession of his Country's Manufactured Goods marshalled before him, as De Quincey beheld Caesar's legions in his opium-sleep. I know one unfortunate gentleman who went down to the last Derby in a Hansom cab, the splash-board of which was illustrated by a gigantic advertisement of the Mattin Brothers, and from having, all day long, immediately in front of him this dreadful thing, he has not been able to get it eradicated yet from his mind's eye. In vain he sought relief by looking through the side-windows; in the one it was reflected; through the other he perceived it repeated upon another Hansom. In vain he endeavoured to change the scene by gazing through the little window at the top: he could read, or thought he could read, nothing else but Mattin Brothers upon the driver's badge. He is now in the recesses of the Tyrol, endeavouring to forget that fearful name; but he complained in his last letter (from Interlachen) of having seen it, in superhumanly large characters, upon the snowy base of the Jungfrau. The poor fellow had been thrown back in his recovery through reading the thing at Geneva, among some advertisements about travelling requisites. He came upon it quite unexpectedly, and it struck him, writes he (without much novelty of metaphor, although before his misfortune he used to be particularly choice in his expressions) 'like a flash of lightning. In one instant I beheld the million razors of that detested cutlery establishment flashing upon me their concentrated rays.' I can myself bear witness that it is impossible to escape from Mattin Brothers. They haunt the piers of steam-boats; they dwell upon the topmost pinnacles of monuments and the like, where people pay their money for seeing (not them, but) nature; they lurk under the very waters themselves, in the Thames Tunnel; they bellow to their victims in the French and German tongues from the interiors of omnibuses. In short, if the whole tribe of advertisers had but one threat, and it were that of the Mattin Brothers, I could make a suggestion concerning a certain use to which they might put one of their best-tempered razors. But, alas! the advertising nuisance is hydra-headed. If you tear a puff down (for I have tried it), its place upon the blank wall is filled up within half-a-dozen hours. Like nature, the advertisers abhor a vacuum.

Why these things are, I cannot tell. I, for my part, never bought one single article in all my life in consequence of an advertisement, and I never mean to buy one. I do not even know the sort of people who do buy. The Queen and the Royal Family (to judge by what we read) seem to be quite unable to resist the fascination. So do the nobility; so do the 'landed gentry,' so do the clergy. Is the enchantment so powerful as to compel these distinguished persons to procure what they have no occasion for?—hygrometers, cocoa-nut fibre, traction engines—or are they even persuaded into parting with the good things they have, and adopting 'excellent substitutes' for them instead—self-acting corklegs in place of flesh-and-blood ones; artificial ivories for teeth; or some North Briton's marmalade instead of their own butter at breakfast? I can fancy a bucolic person, about to visit London for the first time, going to Leery's Celebrated Lodging-house, where beds are a shilling, and a chamberlain is kept up all night for his particular convenience, because he sees its advantages portrayed before him in his railway.
carriage, until he can think of nothing else; but why should he leave his tailor's (who 'made' for his grandfather), on account of an indecible pictorial exhibition of a tobacco establishment? I know he does it, but I do not know his motive. Mr Carlyle observes somewhere that the evil of his every lie is, or did lie, in that enormous hat upon wheels which used to perambulate Regent Street—the type of a generation that does not make good hats, but exercises much ingenuity in persuading people that it does so. But whoever bought a hat because he saw a thing, compared to which the helmet of Ulysses was a mere Blue-coat Boy's muffin-cap, perambulating the West End! I don't know who did it, but it is certain that a great number of people were weak enough to do so.

More especially is the success of the puff-system to be wondered at with respect to expensive and not necessary articles, such as magnifying-glasses, jewelery, and silver implements with which to take up the butt-ends of asparagus delicately and in accordance with the rules of good society. One would think that a man who had not much money to spare—and it is upon this class that advertisers, in spite of their patronised by their Serene Highnesses, &c. &c., in the main would take advice, and be guided by the experience of his friends as to where to procure such a costly article as a watch, for instance, and that he would not be dazzled by any assertion of a red mark, or blue, about durability and the rest of it. Yet this is evidently not the case. Again, one would suppose that a great House having once established a reputation for excellence in any expensive wares—such as people never buy out of mere whim, but which are heirlooms, from generation to generation, and not to be indulged in in disproportionate—might not relax its advertising exertions, and suffer the public to rest occasionally upon spots unoccupied by its name. The writer of the present paper once made bold to observe so much to the junior partner of a firm of this description, and this was his reply: 'When I first entered the business, I thought as you do, and persuaded the House to reduce its advertising account from L3000 to L6000 per annum; but the loss of custom consequent upon the reduction so far exceeded the L3000 saved, that we had at the beginning of the following year to advertise even more than before, in order to recover lost ground.'

Several firms expend the above enormous amount upon advertising, and some so much exceed it as to reach L17,000 a year, and the production of vertigo. I by no means imply that they are not worthy of the public confidence, or that their goods are not what they describe them to be—albeit I think they do protest too much—but why, I ask, are their advertisements so out of place, and so ill-looking? In books or newspapers, they occupy their proper position, and minister to the wants of persons who are really in need of their assistance; but why do I see them reflected in the depths of Windermere (stuck to the paddle-boxes of the steamers), and even affixed to the white cliffs of my native land, which (upon my return from foreign parts) ought to excite within me nothing but patriotism and the desire of making verses? Let me assure the advertising world that such an intrusion is nothing less than hateful to every well-regulated mind, and especially to that of the city-pent tourist, for whose eye it is intended, does not wish to be dragged back from Lakeland, or the summer sea, by vulgar reminiscences of Ludgate Hill and Oxford Street. And why not make these objectionable placards better-looking? Why waste a penny on an advertisement that has failed here, or perhaps there never was a demand on the part of advertisers for genuine learning, but only for something that should look like it. In that case, an advertisement should not be a little distrustful of the sort of illustrations, at least let some taste and skill be expended on them.

A hideous and unintelligent old person reading a newspaper through a pair of spectacles, is the most attractive medium for recommending a weekly journal; a female creature, half albino, half brunette, in the prime of her advantages of hair-dye; and a staring house on a small lawn, with half-a-dozen locomotive engines upon it, is the best picture with which landscape-gardening can furnish us. As for any touches of humor, I will not tinge the reader with melancholy by more than glancing at the wretch who, with his head leaning on his hand, ejaculates, 'O this dreadful toothache!' and who, in the combination wood-cut, leaves about in a sort of clumsy delirium, exclaiming: 'Ha, ha, cured in an instant!' I will be silent about the lean cow and the fat cow, with 'Before and after Puffin's Food for Cattle' written under them; but if nothing artistic can be done for the subjects themselves, the frames, at all events, no matter what wood they are made of, are not out of the pale of improvement. The simple, but by no means modest, inverted pyramid which is the escutcheon of Mr Bass, might surely have suggestively carved about its margin the intertwining hop!

The infant-perfect little face, smiling from out its border! I throw these hints out gratuitously, but I have many superior and more appropriate designs in my head, which will be divulged to the patriotic and liberal advertisers upon personal application.

Yet these matters are, after all, but the capitals of the pillars, which may be dispensed with: I have a much more serious charge to make against the pillars themselves—the very body and substance of the advertisements which at present disfigure all Old England's wall. I have a much more serious charge to make against the pillars themselves—the very body and substance of the advertisements which at present disfigure all Old England's wall. They form about the very worst specimens of the English language that can be read in print. They are almost, without exception, vulgar and ungrammatical in a very high degree, and particularly would be to offend; but let any Englishman acquainted with his native language read the first half-dozen specimens of it that cross his path in the form of advertisements—as half a hundred will, this very day—and they shall witness if I lie. Now, my object in writing this paper is to draw the attention of advertisers to their inconsistency with their own private belief, that they compose these effusions themselves, in which case let me adjure them for the future to stick to manufacturers; but if this is not the case, they must indeed have carried out their commercial theories to extremity, and gone into the very cheapest of markets to procure their literature.

Now, surely out of the L17,000, or even, let us say, the L1700 per annum, one single five-pound note might be expended, once and for all, in getting these all-pervading advertisements grammatically composed. Nay, why should we not say guineas, and so insure a certain Addisonian polish and perfection. I myself happen to know 'a party' who is open to a literary engagement upon the above terms.
the wares themselves? For a good ‘taking’ classical term, properly derived, accurately elaborated, and which, to use a commercial term, will ‘wash,’ would you consider ten guineas too high a figure? Ten guineas (at least) for a university education and degree guaranteed to be possessed by the adv— (I was very nearly trespassing upon your own ground)—by the present distinguished writer?

Once more, O my advertising friends! do seriously consider this great question. Is it worth your while to put these infamous specimens of their mother-tongue, and these bastard offshoots from the Greek, before your fellow-creatures, when for fifteen guineas—once expended—you may set before them good grammar and good scholarship?

P.S.—Since the above was written, I was passing peacefully out of a certain railway station in a cab, when a dirty hand thrust into the open window exploded like a shell, and overwhelmed me with half a score of little volumes. I do not approve of Tracts as a missile weapon, but I would have much rather been pelted with Tracts than with such as these. They were the advertisements of a great manufacturer, who, to judge by his name, of the Hebrew persuasion, and I would that this gratuitous literature of his had been written in that language. A horrid fascination compelled me to peruse the volume from end to end. It was not only the most execrable English that the Houndstitch College of Preceptors ever furnished, but some hiring scribe had actually been employed to construct poetry—eulogistic verses upon various articles of apparel, one of which I remember was termed a vest! The editor of this largely circulated work is said to be one of those whose advertisement expenses reach to L17,000 per annum. For the one-thousandth part of that sum I will engage to procure him a decent editor for his ‘winged words,’ his flying library; and even verses—not poetry indeed, for I think the subject of vests hardly admits of any very lofty flight of the poetic mind, but verses—which shall run with equal feet, and have correct rhymes at the end of them.

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

Chapter XXVII. Our Lodgings in London.

Our lodgings, in a dark street of the east end of London, consisted of two bedrooms, and one dimly carpeted sitting-room, furnished apparently with more regard to producing a general effect of gloom than anything else. Edward went to his office every morning at ten o’clock, and remained there till four or five in the afternoon. Mamma and I passed a dreary time, seldom walking out, and not having much to occupy us. Our landlady, Mrs Grubb, occasionally varied our monotony by appearing in the sitting-room, and giving us fugitive scraps of her own history, while she laid the cloth for dinner, or arranged the apartment according to her own ideas of elegance, for her servant, a middle-aged woman of most unprepossessing aspect, who had imbibed highly republican sentiments, from the perusal of sundry cheap publications, was more occupied in reflecting upon the political condition of the British government, than in performing her own duties as maid-of-all-work in a London lodging-house. Mrs Grubb was a thin, small, plain woman, scarcely four feet nine inches high, with a turn-up nose, and other features equally attractive; but she was an honest woman, and never parodied our vultures for her own use. Her husband was quite as unprepossessing in appearance as herself; indeed, they were so ugly, that each considered it necessary to apologise to us for having married the other.

‘You see, ma’am,’ said Mr Grubb, who also told us portions of his history while standing in the doorway of the sitting-room with one hand resting on the stair-latch, and the other spread out against the neighbouring wall—you see, ma’am, Mrs Grubb’s a plain woman, no doubt, but she’s as honest as the sun. That woman never said yes or no in the wrong place, and I never regretted that I married her, no, not for one instant.’

While Mrs Grubb on her side declared, that ‘though Grubb was what you might call very ordinary-looking, he was an excellent husband, true-hearted and just in all his dealings, and one as she wouldn’t exchange for any man living.’ She told us as she had met him first at the Shadows, where she was living as lady’s-maid to ‘the Honourable Mrs Godl, Mr Newdegate’s niece. Oh! how I drank in all those trivial stories of Mrs Godl’s sayings and doings! Mr Grubb had done much carpenter’s work at the Shadows; he used to be there for months at a time; and it was the sombrest place ever you knew, ma’am,’ he told me.

‘Mr Newdegate took no care of it: the trees and shrubs were overgrown about the house; and the grass and weeds were as rank as if it was a churchyard. People said it was haunted, and that was the reason the old gentleman left it altogether. I assure you, on my honour, ladies, I heard him myself declare that he never had a day’s real happiness since that place came into his possession. Somehow, it never struck me that he didn’t get the property fairly, and that the right owner of the place was starving in a garret in London here; but it’s hard to believe all one hears. The story goes, that Mrs Godl had a terrible vision the night before she died, and that next day she made her uncle take his oath he’d restore the Shadows to the gentleman that ought to have it.’

I now recalled to mind what Mr Legrand had told me of his poverty in bygone-days. Could he have been the rightful owner of the property?

‘I suppose,’ said I, ‘the real owner has the place now, then, since Mr Newdegate died?’

‘Is it Mr Legrand?’ asked Mr Grubb with a terrible sneer.

‘Yes.’

‘That man had no more right to the property than I had!’ said the man, taking his hand from its position on the wall, and striking it heavily against the door.

‘There are people down at the Shadows that declare Legrand and Huntley forged the will that gave the estate to Legrand.’

‘That is a dreadful suspicion.’

‘Not more dreadful than true, Miss Keppleton. The people down there knew more about their doings than they did where poor Mr Newdegate died. The last news I heard was that Huntley and Legrand had quarrelled about some young woman that lived with Huntley as his wife, but God knows whether she was his wife or not. Let her be what she may, it’s a pity of her to have anything to say to that wretch Huntley.’

I started at these words, but was for some moments incapable of uttering a remark. ‘And did Mr Huntley marry lately?’ I at length ventured to ask.

‘I don’t know as to the marriage, ma’am, but he brought some poor young girl in a low rank of life, I believe, to the Shadows, for he lives mostly there now, as Mr Legrand’s agent, and they say he treats her awful bad.’

‘Did you ever see her?’ I asked, wondering how I had courage to speak.

‘Oh, not I, ma’am: he keeps her shut up as if it was a prison; but I heard she was very beautiful. Ah! beauty’s a great snare, Miss Keppleton! Better to be honest and plain, like Mrs Grubb down stairs there!’

Mamma had been dozing in her arm-chair all the time Mr Grubb was talking, and did not hear what he had said. I was glad of it. The good man went on telling me various anecdotes of houses of distinc-

Where he had worked, but I could not attend to them, and I was relieved when his wife’s sharp voice
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calling. 'Grub! Grub! I want you for five minutes,' necessitated his departure below.

I told Edward what I had heard respecting Mr Kentley and his untimely companion at the Shadows, and we considered it might be well for him to visit that place, and discover if it really were our wretched sister who was thus in that bad man's power; but he could not get leave from his employers even for a single day. I dreaded to employ Mr Grubb, or to reveal the probable fact that the poor girl at the Shadows, of whom he seemed to have stopped, and whose name he knew. We could do nothing in the matter, cramped as we were by poverty. I felt that I ought not to remain idle in this time of need. My pride had all fled. I was ready to work for my bread, instead of living a burden on Edward's small pittance. One evening, I was resolving upon this, while returning home after having made some purchases, which detained me longer than I expected. The lamps were lighted here and there, as I hurried on; it was a cheerless, chilly evening near the end of January; the sky looked black, and anon a blast whirled through the streets, loaded with cold drops of sleet. Alas! for the poor who had no homes! I was going on rapidly, when I heard a heavy low moaning accent exclaim, 'My God!' It was a woman's voice, and I looked at the creature who had just met me. It was a female figure very ill clad. She bore an infant in her arms, closely wrapped in a dark shawl. For an instant, I hesitated where I had seen that face before, but it was only for an instant, for in the next I felt convinced I had beheld my sister Anna! I turned quickly to look after her, but she was moving at a pace even quicker than I had been walking myself, and now there were people jostling between her and me. I could only see the dimly clad figure, hurrying on in the faint light shed from lamps far apart. I stopped, and was moving, and then I noticed Anna's face. I was bewildered, amazed. People pushed rudely by as I stood there, and at last I lost all trace of the figure. With a beating heart, and a soul sick unto death, I hurried home.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE NOTICE IN THE TIMES, AND THE ANSWER.

It was only to Edward that I confided the circumstance of this miserable rencontre in the dark streets — I dared not speak of it to my mother. The state of poverty and misery to which my unfortunate sister appeared to be reduced was fearful to reflect upon; and then that only a little baby in her arms! Unnatural and cruel as her conduct had seemed in abandoning her home without ever writing to us, I still felt all the yearning of a sister's love for her. It was overwhelming to reflect that she was hidden in some unknown spot of the vast metropolis, exposed to all the temptations that belong to poverty and despair. Occasionally I thought of putting an advertisement in the Times, something like those I often read addressed to absent and fugitive friends, but then I recollected that the poor creature would be very unlikely to see any newspaper. Edward and I were full of perplexed thoughts for more than a month, when one evening he remained from home much later than usual. Dinner had waited for him for an hour and a half; nay, more; five times had Susan, the maid-of-all-work, put her head through the sitting-room door, demanding if the young gentleman had come back yet, and if she might dish dinner; but he came not. Mamma and I were uneasy.

'What can keep him?' asked mamma, as ever and anon she opened the shutters and looked out upon the street. I had my suspicions on the subject, but did not reveal them. Later and later it grew; still he came not. My anxiety was increasing. Mamma's eye was often fixed upon my face, as if she expected to read an explanation of the mystery there. I was standing at the window looking out, while my whole frame trembled nervously, when a cab drew up to the door. I felt my head grow quite in a whirl. In a few moments, Edward entered; his face was paler than ever, and his hair seemed clinging damp to his forehead. His eye was clouded by a gloomy expression, and a frown reposed on his brow; his glance, as it met mine, seemed charged with an answer. 'My dear boy, you have been overworked this evening, at all events,' said mamma, as she assisted him to remove his overcoat.

'I should have,' he replied, smiling bitterly as he flung himself upon the old sofa. 'But you know you must have patience,' continued mamma; 'perhaps something better may turn up for you soon.'

'Patience!' he repeated, starting up and walking hurriedly through the apartment; then he opened the door and went out. I followed him hurriedly.

'Edward, what has happened? Have you seen anything of Anna?' I asked.

'Yes,' he replied in an agitated voice. 'Come up stairs, and I shall tell you all.'

We both went up to his bedroom, and after flinging himself wearily on a chair, he began: 'In the first place, I received a notice in the Times, which is the public newspaper, and on returning home, I stopped at a book-seller's in C --- Street, when just as I was leaving the shop, a young fellow like a gentleman left it too, and entered the sitting-room; he was as the cab was driving past me, I looked through the window, and distinctly saw Anna's face looking out; but it was only for a moment, for she turned her head quickly. I don't think her eye lit upon me. She did not seem so badly dressed as you described her to be, but from the short glance I got of her face, she seemed very thin and pale. In an instant, I hailed a cab, and by a promise of money, got the driver to pursue the other till it should stop. The race commenced at once, and as it was still pretty light, I could see objects in the streets quite well. I thought the cab we pursued would never reach its destination. When I looked out, I always saw it several yards ahead of my cab, keeping up the same distance the whole way. At last it stopped at a pretty good house in a quiet street, and I pulled the check-string, that I might watch Anna getting out. The fellow who was with her got out first and then handed her out. They both mounted the steps of the house, but she only entered it. After some slight words of parting in the hall, he closed the door, and ran down the steps again and took the cab, and confronted him ere he had again entered his. 'I wish to know who the lady is that you have just conducted to that house,' said I, scarcely knowing what I was about.

'I am not at liberty to tell you who she is,' he answered with the most impertinent haughty air.

'But I have a claim upon her,' said I, growing angry.

'Then if you have, of course you know who she is,' he said impertinently.

'I must see her,' I said, running up the steps to the house.

'You had better not dare to try,' said the fellow, running along with me. 'That young woman is under the protection of a person who will make any one repent of intruding upon her.'

'I do not care whose protection she is under; I will see her,' I exclaimed, pulling the door-bell violently.

A woman answered the summons.

'Do not admit any person without receiving orders,' said the rascal, adding some ominous remarks on the subject, but did not reveal them. Later and later it grew; still he came not. My anxiety was increasing. Mamma's eye was often fixed upon my face, as if she expected to read an explanation of the mystery there. I was
his cab and drove off before I had recovered my surprise and indignation. I rang again at the door-bell, but no one answered it; and after a long while of making plans and determinations, I at length drove home, and here am, Jessie, scarcely any wiser than I was before.

"Misduguid girl!" I exclaimed, clasping my hands.

"What a lost state she has fallen to! You say the man was young who was with her?"

"Yes, young and good-looking enough—the ruffian!—tall and slight, and with a dark moustache."

"It could not have been Mr Huntley, then," I thought.

I now persuaded Edward to hurry down to dinner, which was by this time on the table, and mamma did not ask any questions relative to his prolonged absences.

Next evening, he drove again to the house which he had seen Anna enter, but his efforts to see her proved once more fruitless. The woman who opened the door declared that the young woman had left her lodgings early that morning, not to return again, having paid up to the end of the week. She said she knew nothing of her, except that she had given her name as Benson, and she supposed her to be a widow, or else that her husband was not in London. She had a baby with her, and no nursemaid, and had only enough money left for just the day. Whether the woman spoke the truth or not, could not be known. We were as much in the dark as ever. I now began to reflect on the advisability of inserting an advertisement in the Times, addressed to my unfortunate sister, who was perhaps throwing herself on the protection of some unprincipled man, merely because she had no other means of support. My mother, Mrs. Huntley, had probably abandoned her. Although I had but small hope of ever receiving an answer to it, I wrote the following notice, and Edward got it inserted:

"Anna will return to the friends she has abandoned, she will be gladly received, and all will be forgotten. They are in London now, seeking her with anxiety. Let her address a line to X.O.2, care of Messrs.— and —,—, booksellers, Fleet Street."

It was a wild idea to imagine such a notice would prove of use, yet every morning I went to the booksellers, eager to inquire for an answer. One day it was my surprise when a letter directed to X.O.2 was at length handed to me, written most assuredly in Anna's handwriting. I quickly tore open the envelope and read the lines:

"You need not seek me further, as no inducement could allure me back to a home that I looked upon as worse than beggary. I cannot live with you, nor will I ever acknowledge any claim that you may consider you have upon me. If it was any of my so-called 'friends' who lately attempted to force himself into the house where I had sought refuge, pray tell him from me I hope he will spare himself further trouble in searching for me, as I shall leave London as soon as possible, under the protection of one who will guard me from impertinent interference. Again I tell you to abandon all hope of my ever returning to your home; any affection I ever felt for you is turned to hatred—utter, unforbearing hatred!"

I stared at the writing of this letter in wonder for some seconds. What could the unhappy girl mean? What had we done to deserve such a communication from her? I was truly shocked and mortified. Tears rushed to my eyes, and I wept to think she had no thought of repentance, no shame, no remorse. What cruelty to answer our entreaties by such a letter?

"She is indeed lost to us," I murmured with a heavy heart, as I walked down Fleet Street. I did not return home at once; I wanted to calm the perturbation of my mind by breathing the open air, and as mamma had a commission for me to execute in a shop in Oxford Street, I hastened in that direction.

London was crowded now; the spring gayeties had commenced; carriages rolled through the streets—bright, beautiful equipages, with imposing coats of arms emblazoned on the panels, and horses whose harness glittered as they tossed their heads proudly, stood at shop-doors, or before private houses; but there was I, walking on, with eyes often blinded by the tears that filled them, and a heart torn with painful feelings. It did not give me much consolation to reflect that the owners of these costly carriages were probably not free from grief or misery themselves; such thoughts only made me feel what a dreary place the world was, where riches and poverty were equally care-laden. I had reached Oxford Street, when a figure leaning against the door of a handsome chariot, seeming to converse with the occupants inside, riveted my attention. Could I be mistaken? Could I dream? No, it was not a delusion—it was Curzon Goad himself! I pulled my thick black veil down, but his eye did not rest upon me; he was too busily occupied in conversing, and shewing some papers, which he held in his hand, to a lady in the carriage. I saw a pretty straw-honnet, trimmed with blue ribbon, and a small glove hand resting on the carriage window. A glance at the face—great Providence! my sister Anna! Somebody else was in the carriage also, but I cared not who. I hurried into a shop from which I could watch better, without being seen myself; and after some more conversation, I beheld Mr Goad get into the carriage, which drove away after he had spoken a few words to the coachman.

Ah! my heart was very heavy then; I scarcely knew what I was about, yet still I had sufficient presence of mind to execute mamma's commission correctly in a milliner's shop. Like one in a trance, I walked home, mechanically taking the right turns, while the rattle of carriages, cabs, and heavily laden omnibuses, and the crowd of faces I met on the way, all fell on ears that were only conscious of a noise like the roar of a stormy sea, and eyes that merely beheld moving figures, like the dim visions one sees passing and repassing in an uneasy dream.

When Edward returned home that evening, I showed him Anna's reply to our notice in the Times, and told him how I had seen her in Oxford Street with a man who I felt assured was the same person he had before observed in her company. I could not bring myself to reveal more—I dared not say I knew who that man was, that his name and the number of his regiment were familiar to me; strength failed me there. All that I had ever heard against Curzon Goad's character rushed to my recollection. The clear moon was darkening over with black clouds again; yet there was a mystery in the movements of my sister quite unfathomable. Most decidedly the name of Goad had occurred on the man Huntley's note written to Anna before her elopement, and as surely I had seen Curzon Goad in company with a person of the name of Huntley at the East Sutton Railway station.

**CHAPTE** **R XXIX.**

**I Unexpectedly Meet an Old Acquaintance.**

Days and weeks passed, and nothing further occurred to elucidate the mystery of Anna's movements; she was seen no more in London by Edward or me; and being convinced that she had left it, as she declared she would do, I tried, after some time, to arrange my thoughts, so as to fix them upon some other subject. I wished to obtain some employment that would enable me to add to the necessaries of my life, without being too exactly means. Why should he work all day, and I remain idle? One morning, Mr Grubb brought me up a Times, in which I beheld an advertisement for a 'companion' to a lady, at present in London, but whose usual residence was in the country. The salary offered was one hundred a year, as the 'companion'...
was expected to be a well-educated gentlewoman. I proposed to answer this advertisement, and neither my mother nor Edward objected to it. Mamma declared she could very well spare me from her while my brother remained with her; yet it was with a heavy heart I thought of quitting her. However, necessity is a hard task-mistress, and obliges us to crush our feelings but too often. I had the consolation of reflecting that I would send my mother whatever money I earned. I answered the advertisement accordingly, and received a reply, stating that ‘the lady’ (without mentioning any name) would see me on the following Thursday at her house in St James’s Street. I repaired thither at the hour appointed, and rapped at the door of the house. A footman answered my summons, and was looking rather doubtfully at me, saying in a hesitating way that his mistress never saw visitors so early, &c., when a voice which seemed familiar to me called to him: ‘Hollands, if any lady wishes to see me, I am at home.’ I was thereupon conducted up stairs to a large and handsomely furnished room. A tall and elegant woman, past middle age, stood with her back to me stirring the fire, which burned briskly, though it was already May. I was instantly struck with her appearance, and almost wishing I could fly from the apartment unseen, when she turned round, revealing to my eyes the placid face of Miss Milner!

I am sure I blushed deeply, and then turned pale as ash.

‘Miss Kepleton!’ she exclaimed, meeting me with warmth and pleasure. ‘This is indeed a surprise. I had expected some one on business at this hour, and instead of her I see you! I am very glad, my dear girl, to see you. And so you are in town for the season after all; ah! naughty child!’ and she tapped me playfully on the cheek.

A minute could not reply; I thought my pride had all vanished, but, alas! no; much of it existed still. At length I summoned courage to speak.

‘Miss Milner, many changes have happened to me since I was gay and happy at Ripworth Hall, more than a year ago. Misfortunes have overwhelmed my family. You will be astonished, I am certain, yet it must boldly state the fact, that I am here to day seeking for the situation of companion to yourself!’

‘How!’ she asked slowly, as she came forward and took my hand. ‘Is it true?’

The kindness of her manner, the tears that I saw gathering in her eyes, overcame me, and I burst into an incontrollable fit of weeping.

‘My dear child, calm yourself,’ she said, putting her arm around me; ‘I am deeply grieved for you, but admire your wish to be independent. With you, you will find a peaceful home, and you will assist me in my works of charity; you will soon grow interested in my poor people at Ravenshill. Perhaps it is for your good that this reverse of fortune has happened to you; but tell me all about it.’

As well as I could, I ventured to give her a rapid sketch of our family history, suppressing only one or two facts, in particular those relating to the elopement of my sister; I thought it best to mention nothing of her—our poor lost one! I had a bitter satisfaction in stating how my extravagance in dress at Ripworth had been the occasion of great difficulties at home. I felt that I deserved to be looked upon with scorn and contempt, but, on the contrary, Miss Milner only looked at me more pityingly than ever.

‘You only behaved like hundreds of young people, my dear,’ she said. ‘You did not foresee how affairs would end. Experience is often dearly bought—that is the reason old people like me, dear lady, are the talk of care so markedly on their brow. We must all pass through an ordeal of disappointment and remorse. Ah! which of us indeed can go through life without feeling that we have wronged even our best friends?’

Truly benevolent as she was, Miss Milner’s kindness to me proved most soothing, and I left her thankful and happy. I told my mother and Edward that I had known her while at Ripworth, and they were equally struck with myself that I had been fortunate enough to secure so good an appointment.

It was a fine evening when Miss Milner and I left London for Ravenshill, which lay about fifty miles from the metropolis. I had spent the day with her in St James’s Street; and we did not start upon our journey till six o’clock. We travelled for two miles by railway, and as we went swiftly onwards, many thoughts occupied me. It was a lovely spring evening, one of those when all outward things in the country seem to breathe of peace and new life opening freshly, and yet when thoughts of graves where dasies might now be springing up, and primroses opening their pale golden petals, rise before the imagination too like a shadow stealing over sunshine. Through the carriage-window I beheld glimpses of the passing country, growing more and more rural in its aspect, and dotted with pure white cottages, as we left London further and further behind. The daylight had faded away, and the broad moon rose before we reached Bettenwold, the railway station to Ravenshill. Here Miss Milner and I got out of the train, and a handsome private travelling chaise, drawn by four horses, conveyed us and the servants for the rest of the way.

In the bright moonlight, I thought the park of Ravenshill inexpressibly lovely—far more beautiful than Ripworth. It was much wooded, and the rustle of the leaves in the wind through the great groves of trees sounded like the placid heaving of a mighty sea.

When we reached the house, I beheld an antique mansion pierced by many windows. Try crept round the towers that flanked the sides of the road, and I saw its dark green leaves shining in the moonlight which fell full upon the old dwelling. We were ushered into a hall of great dimensions, and thence into a comfortably furnished sitting-room, where a single lamp was burning and a bright fire blazing. During supper, Miss Milner did not speak much; I thought she might have been wearied by the journey, but once she said rather abruptly: ‘Do you recollect Mr Good at Ripworth?’ and then, when I faintly said, ‘Yes,’ she dropped the subject. We separated early for the night; and on the morrow, when I entered the sitting-room I opened the window, that I might hear once more the murmur of the wind through the great chest-trees, contrasting with the clatter and noise of London the tranquillising and peaceful sound.

THE LAUREATE’S LATEST PUPILS.

The poet, unlike the prophet, has generally received honour from his own generation, although it is denied him by that which precedes it. The contemporaries of his father are his natural enemies. According to them, the divine art expired with Dryden, with Pope, with Byron, with Wordsworth, or with whomsoever may have flourished in their own period, or in that immediately before it, and everything rhythmical written subsequently seems but leather and prunella. It is ‘tame,’ or it is ‘obscure,’ or it is something or other which ‘does not suit their taste, they must confes.’ The most common complaint at present is, that our poets are ‘obscure.’ The advocates of the past regret the silence of the muse of Moore and Byron, the cessation of that easy flow which memory without tasking the brain, and pleased the fancy without awakening thoughts too deep for tears. They long for a new and better way, a new kind of poetic life, physical treatise, and wonder why it is written in rhyme, while Maud seems to them little better than the versified raving of a madman. ‘I hate the dreadful holies,’ remarked to us one of them but
Never did one man perhaps exercise so strong a poetic influence upon his generation. The anonymous Tannhäuser, which has lately made so much noise in the world of letters, and compelled so much notice, sonorous and encomiumed laudation from the leading journals, might have been almost published under the Laureate's name without discovery. By the time this paper will be published, it will be no breach of confidence to tell you that Mr. Julian Fanshawe and the younger Bulwer are the authors of that poem: the latter, who is the Protean Owen Meredith, having therein given up his allegiance to him of Bella and Pomegranates, and gone over to Tennyson—the liege lord of his brethren. All our living poets of any eminence, then, belong to the same school; and happy is it for our children, that the teaching of its master is pure and healthy. Now and then, perhaps, there is a morbid wail, an unintelligible spasm; but, upon the whole, we have never had so much good writing with less harm in it.

Let us take two examples which have occurred together very recently: one from the circle immediately about King Tennyson, one from the outer ring of his courtiers; and the latter first, since he requires more introduction. In a little blue book called Dryope and other Poems, by one Thomas Ashe, we find an idyll called St Guthlac.

St Guthlac could not bear the city's din.
The little children mocked him in the streets,
And threw the filth upon his long gray beard.
But this he did not heed; because his Lord
Was buffeted and mocked and spat upon;
And how should he be better than his Lord?
And so, for this, he rather gloried in it.

But men's worldly faces and women's lovely ones, and the chatter of the thoughtless world, distracted him—

For all his soul went upward. He would fast
For weary weeks; till haze of glory leemed
Athwart his eyes; and in his brain a fire,
And trance of God, burned like a beacon-light.
And then he would go weeping through the town;
And hurting his weak feet along the stones;
And moaning day and night, because his dream
Went from him. Till he could bear up no more:
But longed to settle in some hermitage:
And longed to have the quiet of the wilds;
And miss the haunting faint of human feet.

Now the wilds in St Guthlac's neighbourhood were the fens; so he hires a boat and a couple of stout Saxons to take him up the flood.

It was a sultry autumn afternoon,
When autumn meets the summer. Half the fens
Were flooded with unwonted autumn rains;
And all the year had been most wet and sick.
Black fever hovered in the villages;
And crept about the wretched huddled huts:
And not a breath of wind stirred in the land.
And so they took a boat, and rowed right on,
Due southward, toward the marsh of Alderlound.

And evermore St Guthlac prayed and groaned;
Groaning and praying for his many sins.
And bitter drops ran down his beard, because
He was not pure: and visions haunted him,
Of devils leering at him on the banks
And in the reeds. He picked up broken stones,
And spread them in the rib-work of the boat;
And kneeling hurt his knees, but did not heed.
And over and anon you heard the black
Long-threaded beads drop on his rosy,
And meaning prayers come from his blue sick lips.
And still the brawny oarsmen went on,
All that long falling autumn afternoon:
And measured pales of the cars kept time;
Or dragged in the reeds sometimes; or raised
The busy moor-bens in their rushy haunts;
Or scared the wild-swans, picking round the marge
Thistle and burnet and the arrowhead,
And saucious: and still a piping broke
About the bows; and many humming sounds
Mixed with his prayers, and seemed unnatural.
But, light of heart, the ruddy Saxons sang:
River Welland, River Welland,
In your rushes all day long
Little ripples curve and swell, and
Break to cadence of our song:
River Welland! River Welland!
Amber minnows, aye they shimmer,
O'er their shadows in your shallows:
Blue king-fishers dart and glimmer,
In the coolness of your shallows:
River Welland! River Welland
Yellow web-foot, silver feather,
Round your willow islands travel:
Swan and heron his together
To the red woods and the gravel:
River Welland! River Welland!

So sang the hardy Saxons, rowing on; but evermore
St Guthlac prayed:
And now, because thick sleep hang round the lids
Of his great eyes; and flealely care for rest
Dispelled his trance: he drew the hard ring tight
About his waist, and racked his flesh with nails
Dressed in it; till the blood crept down his thighs,
And trickled to his lanes and bloodless feet.
And so the sleep went from him; and his beads
Clecked thicker one by one along the string,
And echoed on the night, like some wild well,
Dropping a great height, slow, with one small drop.

'O gracious Lord!' he prayed, 'O merciful,
Pitiful God, forgive me my great sin!
For now these many days I have not drunk
The rain of heaven, nor tasted food, nor slept;
And these dry lips crack withered with the death;
And are not wet, save with the clinging dews
That gather o'er them, lying in the damp
Of reeking meads, beneath the stars of gold.
And in this brain, brim full of evil schemes,
A snarling flame of fever lapa and crawls.
And busy demons fit up out of hell,
With bat-wing flapping close against my eyes.
And not one drop of pity drops as yet
Upon this burning, from Thee, Blessed Lord!
O four times happy, those of old, who made
Sure peace with Thee, by death and bitter pangs
Of cross or fire! who would not live, for joy
Of Thy fair Cross; but bore it willingly;
Winning themselves a better world and crown!
But I dwell in the darkness. I, Thy saint,
Come not before Thee with a martyr's blood
Wet on my brows; and am too weak to bend
This body to Thy glory. I can catch
No blessed light gleam in the clouds on me;
Nor see Thee sitting, like a saint of old:
And hear no comfort whisper in the air,
Like him who toward Damascus' city went:
But druggle in the dust this wretched life;
And am not worthy even to think on Thee;
And if sometimes a little mercy gleam,
Like dash far off along a rainy coast,
Most faint, it flickers, dies, and all is dark.
And now I will go into sanctuary;
And build a little oratory, Lord,
In Croyland isle, amid Thy rivers four,
Thy rivers four, and make an Eden of it.
And ever in the morning, and till night,
And ever in the night, and on till morn,
These miserable hands shall writhe in prayer;
And seem to hold Thy feet, and make Thee yield
This blessed boon of grace withholden long.'

The peculiar scenery of the fen, the healthy cheerfulness of the rivers, the ecbastian and genuine piety of the saint, and in the end his meritorious suicide—

For, if he would have let his sores be healed,
And taken food, he might have lived long time;
But ever in the dark he moaned and groaned,
And, being holy, pricked himself with spikes—

are all admirably described. Twenty years ago,
Mr Ashe would have made a name for himself by
the publication of this poem; but since he has deferred
it until now, he does but recall Tennyson's
Stylistics, had he not read which, it is not too much
to say, that he would never have written St Guthlac,
or anything like it. And yet Mr Ashe is no mere
copyist, but simply one, of our many-gifted verse-
writers, who owes his poetic being to Alfred Tenny-
son; not only the form and style of his utterance—as
imitators of Scott and Byron owe to them—but the
very moulding of his mind.
The stronger a man is, the more loath he will gene-
really be to lose his independence; and hence we find
Mr Alexander Smith exhibiting more of what is his
own in his latest effort, Edwin of Deira, than does
Mr Ashe. Yet who that has read the Idylls of the
King need ask to whom Mr Smith is indebted, not,
perhaps, for what is called 'the idea' of his poem, or
for its scope or plan, but for its actual existence; not
for the sentiments or the action, which a man such as
the author in question would scorn to borrow, nor for
the outbursts of love and indignation, and reflections
upon men and things, but for the ordinary breath of
its life. There is scarcely a page in Edwin of Deira
wherein the influence of Tennyson is not as clearly
made known to us as though he had put his initials
on the margin. His very faults are akin to those of
the laureate; such as the writing 'tameless' for 'un-
tamable,' 'shaggyard' for 'loth,' and the absence
of personal pronouns whenever their presence would
discommode the metre—

And on the way, the steed of steeds beloved
Burst noble heart, and fell.
The beauties of Edwin of Deira, on the other hand,
are manifold, and the poet's own. Perhaps there is
no writer living who exhibits such wealth of imagery
as Alexander Smith.
The saddest grave
That ever tears kept green must sink at last
Unto the common level of the world;
Then o'er it runs a road:
the shallow stream
In which the sun had thrown a spear that lay
Golden on amber pebbles,
are examples of the new and glorious apparel in which
the true poet can clothe the most ordinary facts.
The plot of Edwin of Deira is simple in the extreme.
The hero being driven out of his dominions by Ethel-
bert, seeks the court of Redwald, his father's friend,
and asks for succour. He obtains it, recovers his
kingdom, marries Redwald's daughter, and finally
welcomes the missionary Paulinus, and becomes the
first Christian king that England knew.
Here is a feast-scene worthy to be worked on
tapestry:
Then Edwin stepped
Across the doors that lay upon the floor,
With drowsy muzzles on their outstretched paws—
Oft starting into voice, as if they chased
And bayed in the morning, and till night,
On the right hand of Redwald 'mong his sons,
A kingdom's strength upon a battle-day.
The lordliest game of forest and of hill
Made that board paradise, within whose small
The phoenix appetite divinely died
Into a rarer life. Sheep, steer, and boar,
And stags that on the mountain took the dawn,
High o'er the rising splendours of the mista,
Were placidly the thing. All fowls that pierce
In wedge or caravan the lonely sky,
At winter's slyly whistle, heaped the feast;
With herons kept for kings, and swans that float
Like water-lilies on the glassy mere.
Nor these alone. All flesh of glorious scale,
The fruits of English woods, and honey pure
Slowly oozing from its labyrinthine cells,
And spacious horns of meat, the beloved meal,
That can unpack the ladden heart of care,
That climes a heated reveler to the brain,
And sits there singing songs. And seated high,
'Mid torches' glare and glimmer, minstrels sang
Mailed gods of war, grim giants, kings who walked
In the gray dawn and morning light of time,
Cradled as life were in them. So the feast,
Led by the minstrel's scaling voice, and hand,
In fury 'mong the harpastings, roared till dawn,
Let through a loophole, fall on torches burned,
The upturned goblets of the deep debranch,
Lords tumbling on the rouses.

Here is a maiden rife for any painter's hand:
In at the door a moment peeped a girl,
Fair as a rose-tree growing thwart a gap
Of ruin, seen against the blue when one
Is dipped in dungeon gloom; and Redwald called,
And at the call she through the chamber came,
And laid a golden head and blushing cheek
Against his breast. He clasped his withered hands
Pondly upon her head, and bent it back,
As one might bend a downward-looking flower
To make its perfect beauty visible;
Then kissed her mouth and cheek. 'My little one,
A morsel to these lion-whelps of mine,
Yet pearl to pebble, precious gold to iron.
There came last night a stranger to our court,
Who brought with him a face from out the grave,
And with an ancient friendship warmed my heart.
He stands in centre of thy brethren there,
Worthy thy dearest greeting.' As she turned
Half-breaking from the arms that softly held,
A happy blushing face, with yellow hair
And sweet eyes averse as the flaxen flower,
The dim air brightened round her, and her voice
Drake into a lively welcome, then so stopped
That its increase was to the ear what light
Withdrawn is to the eye.

Here is a curse fit for the mouth of any angry king
discrowned:
'Though earth and heaven both had knit their hands
To grant my wishes, I would only ask
To be once more before him, host to host!
Ye iron destinies that rule the world,
From injury preserve him till that day,
From knife, disease, and heaven's smoky fire,
The links up life like the roots of yew,
For every limb of that same Ehlebert
Is dearer unto me than to his queen;
She never pined for him in all her love,
Or cursed the hours that kept them separate,
As I do in my hate. Oh, I could kill him,
Pondly as e'er she kissed him! King, my realm
Is sorrow and the memory of wrong;
My couriers are the ghosts of happiness,
Yet unmind evil lives not. Fallen low,
I see a new proportion in the world,
And hear another murmur of events;
Although the warfare of its muffled vans
Be noiseless as the downy owlet's flight,
I hear thy coming ruin climb the wind.'

Lastly, let us take a homely truth set down in golden words. The princess, seated on a turrett that 'takes the sunrise like a cliff,' is listening to the preparations of her people going forth to battle; and knowing that her life is being shaped 'by Fate's dark hands that need not sob or tear,' she sings:

'On many pastures man can feed his heart;
He drinks the wine of travel to the least;
His is the sceptre and the golden crown;
His is the strife and glory of the field;
But ears the empty couch on which he lay,
The listening at the gate for dreadful news,
The breaking heart, and binding up of wounds.'

VEHICLES.

The history of wheeled carriages is in no slight degree the history of human progress. Of all the manifold engines which men have invented, these, with the single exception of the ship, are the most important and valuable. Spinning-jennies and Jacquard looms, stocking-frames and steam-shuttles, derive all their merits from quick and cheap production of certain fabrics, and from their power of underselling similar wares made by hand. With them it is a question of market-value—of pounds, shillings, and pence. But let the giant of steam be suddenly famished or out-striped; let fuel grow propterestever dear, or human labour absurdly cheap; or, again, let some projector devise a new mechanism for which mere muscle can easily furnish the motive-power, and our machinery may rust neglected. But the wheeled carriage rests on a broader basis and a firmer foundation than the gigantic combinations of crank, and roller, and fly-wheezed, that make the stately factory treblem as the steam-pulse thrones. After food, shelter, and other mundane necessities, the most imperious of our earthly wants are, perhaps, for locomotion and for transport. Let us see, then, how our predecessors, earth's earlier tenants, have provided for the supply of those wants.

The most ancient and veritable of all chronicles mentions the use of chariots at a very early date indeed. The king of Egypt, with his nobles and chief warriors, went to battle in martial cars; for his signal discomfiture in the Red Sea was marked by the destruction of many chariots, nor is any hint afforded that the invention of such equipages was a novel one. Again, the Hebrews found some of the idolatrous nations of Canaan in possession of war-chariots, the employment of which ranked high in the rude strategy of the period. One remarkable passage, which records that the invading Jews 'could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, because they had chariots of iron,' has been laid hold of by those fanciful lovers of the past who would fain have us believe that our modern discoveries are but ricohungi from the dim ages of the pre-historic epoch. There are other enthusiasts than the author of Contarini Fleming and Panzer who love to attribute the electric telegraph to the priests of Isis, and who avow that the hieroglyphs of Memphis and Luxor could supply a key to all the scientific phenomena which we have painfully accumulated since Bacon's time. The phrase, 'chariots of iron,' offered a temptation
too strong to be resisted; chariots of iron seemed to imply great skill in mechanics, if not an actual railway with sleepers, rails, points, and brakes of most orthodox pattern; and it has, accordingly, been
inferred that the Scythian nations of antiquity were four centuries before us in the arts. But we may fairly suppose that 'chariots of iron' implied chariots armed with solid or barbed spikes, chariots bound and strengthened with iron, or perhaps chariots of remarkable strength of construction. Before very long, we find the Hebrews sending forth their kings and nobles to war in stately vehicles, in imitation not only of the Phœnicians, the Moabites, and other hostile clans, but of their formidable neighbours the Assyrians. From the age of Solomon down to that in which Alexander revolutionised the tactics of the eastern world, chariots were of great esteem in warfare; an army was reckoned rather by its chariots and its horsemen than by the comparatively despised rabble of slingers and spearmen who fought on foot. The chariot was appropriated wholly to aristocratic or royal combatants. The driver, indeed, was unarmed and of low rank, but in the car stood the champion, equipped in the choicest armour the age afforded, and brandishing the javelin and bow with which contests were usually decided. How the war-chariot of Asia was built, we can only conjecture, but probably its pattern was nearly identical with that of Greece, concerning the structure of which we have ample instructions. But the Phœnician and Assyrian reliefs and Assyrian shows us what was the appearance of those cars—two-wheeled, incommodious, and drawn by two horses. Homer's heroes flung their spears from just such clumsy chariots, though Greece at the time possessed a yet clumsier wagon, which was drawn by oxen.

The chariot was sometimes used for a journey, as well as for war. In his travels in France and among the Greeks, passionate lovers of the chariot-race, and who dated by Olympiads, as our own sporting-men speak of the Running Reim year, the Wild Bayreuth year, and so forth, Alexander was trying to create some perfection. No young gentleman's education was deemed liberal, in Athens or Thebes, who could not manage a team with ease and precision. Alcibiades, the 'eared darling' of his nation, was a most eminently gifted eccentric as he showed himself at times in his choice of cattle. But the professional chariotteers—male and female, half the Athenians—by far eclipsed the dandies of Hellas. The skill of these men was something surprising, and their rewards were very high, when the poverty of Greece is considered. To drive a race, standing, in a two-wheeled springless cart—to keep in hand and guide a crowd of morting, struggling brute—and to practise with whip, voice, and hand all the crafty tricks peculiar to the course, demanded nerve, judgment, and training, such as amateurs rarely acquired. The fall of presumptuous Phaeton was probably a mere myth, designed to indicate the dangers of incursions driving, and the 'couturers of the Sun' were but a figure of speech for any rampant team imported by a Thracian horse-copper, those Yorkshiremen of Hellas. But still, the chariot, though carefully built of the toughest wood, and with the stoutest rivets, was no great advance on first principles. It was wretchedly uncomfortable, its jolts were of dislocating frequency; to maintain the equilibrium in it was of itself an art, and it was easy, in Corinth or Argos, to distinguish the miserable man who had recently 'set up his carriage.'

The end of a repugnant system and the inauguration of a despotic era are commonly attended by a blaze of luxury and self-indulgence; accordingly, just as the Greeks of the stormy Demos, the Greece of orators, sang and spared, giving place to the Greece of the Macedonian conquerors, coach-building took a seven-leagued 'step in the right direction.' Chariots were no longer exclusively wooden fabrics; they were made of brass, and of bronze, and of electrum, and of carved ivory brought at great price from Carthage. They improved in comfort as well as in splendour; not only were they lined with Persian and Syrian silks, blushing with the royal dye of Tyre, but they actually contained seats.

A little earlier than this, the subjects of the Great King had adopted the horse-chariot, or rather a tilted camel-saddle, to wheels and draught purposes, and the ladies of Iran travelled in becoming seclusion. Alexander, though he preferred the saddle, had some magnificent chariots. The artists of Greece, enslaved, but under a glorious yoke, exercised their skill in decked forth the vehicles of an Albanian king. The horses that whirled along those rapid wheels were of the pure blood of Thracian and Thessalian, had been broken in by the offspring of the Centaurs, and were matched and chosen with a jealous care. The chariot was no unimportant feature in mythology: it was in his car, drawn by coal-black steeds, that Dian swept off Prosperpine to the Shades; Apollo was 'car- borne'; and the impety of Salmonesus, who was struck by lightning, as a punishment for rattling his abun-
dant chariot over a brazen bridge, while simulating the flash and roll of genuine thunder, appears to shadow forth the Trecostick and Stephenson of modern days. It was built, in a stupendous age; and the explosion of his boiler for want of a safety-valve, set pious flamens to record his crime and doom. Hero of Syracuse, as we know, had his toy steam-engine whereby to astonish his compatriots, and another of the restless race may have gone a step further. The Roman chariot was a servile copy of the Greek pattern; but the conquerors of earth never showed the same zeal for driving; no reins were to their taste save those of empire. The Grecian chariot-race took about as solid root in Rome as our English chariot in France; and the Romans liked better to make their servants, as the Mussulman said, 'with no dearer weapon, except for them.' When Cicero defended an eminent client from the charge of homicide, the clever advocate laid great stress on the fact, that the accused man was penatulus, or wrapped in his greatcoat, and sitting down in his chariot when the affray began. But if the Romans never delighted, as the Greeks had done, in the Olympian dust, they have given us a taste in the decorations of their horses, and the adornment of their chariots. The latter were bossed with gems and gold, fringed, painted with the loves of polytheism, carved into swans, doves, lions, peacocks, Cytherean shells, and threatening Typhons. The horses were drawn from Spain, from Arabia, from Numidia, from Pontus. The harness, purple, white, blue, or pink, flashed with gold and emerald, and the charioteer wore chains and medals of gold, the badges of his magnificent master; for, through-out the classic period, to ride in a chariot was a mark of distinction. The cart in which the peasant conveyed his corn to market was a wretched creaking aruba, like that of Turkey, only two-wheeled. No wonder that pack-saddles were preferred throughout the mountain-roads, no wonder that Hercules was adjoined to lift the sluggish wheel out of the slimy rut. Meanwhile, the Scythisans had adopted a four-wheeled wagon: it was behind a circle of these that the Hunas intrenched themselves by night, and their long trains, as they poured out of bleak Pannonia, struck Central Europe with awe.

The Britons whom Caesar found were innocent of four-wheeled conveyances. Their war-chariots, armed with scythes, and occupied by one or two accom-
panied, and sometimes a third, the adroit driver, were the rudest of contrivances. Their wheels, of course, were discs of solid wood; they had no springs, no seats, and were drawn by two shaggy ponies, with hardly
any harness about them. Yet even in that primitive form, they seem beyond the invention of the woof-
stained savages of Britain. Probably they were due to the teaching of those Phoenicians who came to
Cornwall for tin, and went to China for tea, and were
copies of the often-repeated type of Egypt and
Mesoopotamia. Caesar's steady veterans, indeed, strong
in discipline and faith, could only be routed by
the tactics which had been displayed at the
siege of Troy, a thousand years before; but still
there is something grandly picturesque in the idea
of Bowling green and streaming-silver hair,
and eyes that outshone her javelin, as her chariot drove
down the line of the tartan-clad Iceni, on
the battle-morning. That was the last occasion in
which the chariot was used in real war. We cannot,
unhappily, trust to the accuracy of Ossian, although
some of us have still a sneaking kindness for his
car-horse chieftains. I should not have devoted so
much space to the vehicles of the ancients, but for
the immense gap which separates the classic days
from those comparatively recent. The dark ages, in
respect to wheeled carriages, were very dark. The
bravery of tournament and pageant had reference to
riding horses, never to driving them. The business of
the carriages was gone. The only charioteer was the
frocked peasant, who, but rolling his heavy axles along
the road which his slow wain could only traverse in
summer. If a car did appear in a king's coronation-
show or a hero's triumph, it was an herald of
Charles of France. However, re-entered that Paris
where the baby Henry VI. of
England had been lately crowned, it was sure to be a
monkish copy of some Roman device.

For the convenience of quacks, lady-abbesses, and
other females of rank, the mule-litter was invented,
and elderly prelates gave it their patronage. But this
mule-litter was an awkward affair, a palanquin on
wheels, and even when well sprung, and its rate of progress was most lethargic; while at a
decorous amble it was too apt to jolt and shake its
fair and reverend inmates. Europe had then no horse-

wagons; the broad-wheeled monstrosities drawn by
oxen were merely used for short distances; and only
among the Sarmatians and Slavonians of Dacia and
Poland were there light carts that horses could draw
swiftly over hard ground. England depended on her
coasters and her carriers. The latter were merely men,
their brothers to the rórreres of Spain, and who ranged
the country for a strong season, contracting a long caravan of
packhorses. Shakespeare has photographed for us
the carrier of his day, and old men are still alive who
can remember the poet who traversed the moorlands of Devon.
Whittington, who went up to
London in a snug tilted wagon of the Georgian pattern,
is, I regret to say, an anachronism. The real Richard
of Plantagenet days, the hero of the feline episode,
the runaway prentice, the knightly master who feasted
kings and the poor so royally, ought to have come up to
the metropolis on a pack-saddle, as many a
Whittington did in after-times. The middle ages
possessed few machines, and certainly no carriage
worth the name. A Duke Visconti, of Milan, is
popularly supposed to have been the first person who
ever sat in a coach; and during the fifteenth century
such vehicles were built at Milan, Bologna, Padua,
Perram, and Florence. But the number was limited,
the expense of construction immense, and the taste of
the prudent Italians was rather to hoard wealth than to
exhibit a mark of ostentation which might invite the
pharaohs. A few cardinals, a few secular princes, always
Italians, seem to have been the sole owners of
coaches previous to the sack of Rome by Bourbon. A
Visconti, a Sforza, a Medicis, had alone the privilege
of using them. They were not likely to be given that
Queen Catharine, of the last-named family, introduced
into France both coach and side-saddle. However
that may be, no carriage was ever seen in England
previous to the reign of Elizabeth; and even then,
these equipages were built by Italian hands, and were
costly, heavy, tawdry, and unpopular. The Queen's
Highness had a coach; that was very well; and it
might be tolerated that the foreign ambassadors, the
Lord Treasurer, the Lord Keeper, and other great
statesmen should drive to Westminster, or the Green-
wich palaces; but it was thought an outrageous and
offensive piece of self-importance that the private
lady of a sovereign should affect such Florentine pomp. The queen's first
coach was brought on shipboard from Amsterdam,
and was gaped at by multitudes, who lifted their
hands and eyes in sheer amazement. However, a
little before the death of Elizabeth, the lord mayor
of London drove to kiss his sovereign's hand in a
gorgeous 'carrosse,' instead of riding on a war-horse,
as all mayors since the Conquest had done before him.

Coaches became common in the reign of James I.,
although they were still reckoned as tokens of great
wealth or of great profuseness. They were then
habitually drawn by six horses, the sovereign alone
appearing with eight; and Lady Hatton esteemed as
a valuable privilege the royal licence to harness four
pair of long-tailed steeds at a time. The horses used
for purposes of draught were all foreign. Flinders
supplied the carriage-horses, as Spain furnished the
chargers, since English horses were as yet but rough
Galloways, ill bred, and of trifling value. Postillions, a
French device, were not employed, to the best of our
belief, earlier than the time of Carthage. However,
the coachman was assisted by running-footmen
and grooms, who trotted on foot beside the ambling
horses, and were ever ready to grasp a bridle in case
of need. By the Restoration, a change had come
over the aspect of the country. Stage-wagons, and
even stage-coaches, such as they were, ran, or rather
crawled along the main roads. No coach, even of
that slow order, wentumed of it
York. But women and infirm persons could reach
most places on a great high-road contrivce to reach
London, though at irregular intervals. Then came
the innovation of the flying-coaches, the first of
which achieved the stupendous journey from Oxford
to London between dusk and dawn of a single sum-
mer's day. The eminent success of this enterprise,
which many wissacres had attempted to nip in the
bud by derision and solemn warning, led to the
establishment of such public vehicles in all directions.
It led also to the famous Grand Army of packhorses. Spurriers, and hirers-out of saddle-horses, that parlia-
ment would, in its wisdom, check the velocity of such flaming meteors, which travel the
fifty miles an hour threatened ruin to important trades
and the decay of horsemanship. And yet those
Stuart fliers were poor affairs, after all; they were
irregular as to their departures and arrivals, they
took twice as long in winter as in summer, and they were so continually overturned, that no outsider
passengers were ever taken, for fear of broken necks.
Meanwhile, London had enlisted the services of a
few hackney-coaches, and Paris, still more advanced,
had started an omnibus. This latter threw wonderfully
well, and was formally 'put down' by an act of
the moulding parliament of Paris, on the ground that
it offered too convenient accommodation to the ignoble
public. The beginning of the eighteenth century
found our island still poor in vehicles, though much
progress had been made. London and Bath alone
appear to have possessed a hackney-coach; and in
the latter town, the first specimen of a hired carriage
was rumpled by the chairmen. The stage-wagons
 carried passengers at about threepence per mile—half
the fare of a flying coach. The transport of goods by
land cost from five to ten times more than it does now,
and the carriages of the nobility were still tunnelled arks, with
the true gilt gingerbread display that we still admire
in a sheriff's equipage; they had yet room inside for
six or seven persons, including the boat or well, in
which were deposited the page, the chaplain, or the waiting-gentlewoman; and they were drawn by six horses. Indeed, in summer, an adventurous esquire, with a light charger, would ride a sometimes journey with House of Commons that no wheeled carriage in the world could safely voyage at the perilous speed of fifteen miles an hour.

**THE MYSTERY OF METZ.**

There existed, within the recollection of continental travelers of the present century, a large old clout daub, covering certain square feet of the wall of one of the galleries of the Hôtel de Ville, Frankfort, and, rather from its mystery than its merit, diverting many an eye from the monotonous assemblage of crowned ladies and gentlemen suspended in its neighbourhood. It exercised a fearful fascination. Issuing from the gloom of the picture might be distinguished strange symbols—red angry glints of fire, as from lamps half hidden; brandished weapons; and faces distorted with bigot-rage—while, barely visible in the centre, lay stretched upon a table a little naked child, bound upon crossed pieces of wood, and bleeding from innumerable, though apparently not mortal gashes. It was in this work that the excited fancy of the artist sought to vindicate the atrocities affirmed by Baronius, the Chronicle of Nuremberg, and other authorities, to have been prevalent among the Jews for ages, but more especially in the days of the Roman Emperor—"the massacre of a Christian child, with all the attendant cruelties suggested by the suffering and death of the blessed Redeemer of mankind."

While, in justice to this extraordinary people—at once the most favoured and afflicted of the earth—it must be owned that some at least of these alleged crimes were committed by the roads; and ere long, Englishmen justly boasted that in every convenience of travel England was ahead of the whole world. That was the time of the fast coaches, improving in speed and finish with every decade, until they sublimated in the wonderful Brighton Age, the Butterfly, and the Highflyer. These swift comets, with their blood-horses, their verse-capping, dandified jehus, their marvellous punctuality and power of changing teams in sixty seconds by a stop-watch, were utterly unlike the lumbering diligence and clumsy cocus of the continent. The many-caped hackney-coachmen gave place to the smarter cabman, whose vehicle, in turn, was superseded by a better one. The first omnibus appeared in London streets; and private carriages were built along with a lightness and elegance that made up for the tardy splendour of the great jugsman-carts they had supplant. Even the progress of wealth and civilisation would hardly have hurried on this great change as they did, but for the fanatical way in which fashion declared for the road:

*The road, the road, hurrah for the road,*

_in tandem, gig, or phaeton!*_

We were to be with the gay and free,

When touted by matchless Peyton.

A dandy of those days valued driving over all other accomplishments; the Four-in-hand Club eclipsed its rivals, and not only was the power of managing four spirited horses in a workmanlike way esteemed above all virtues and attainments, but the professional knights of the whip were regarded as oracles and heroes. Coachmen were caressed, feasted, bespattered with praise and graces; and their witticisms were fondly recorded in print; their biographies filled pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, their rubriced faces bloomed in the shop window of the tavern. But it is all over now. We throw ourselves languidly back in our snugly padded seats in a railway carriage, and remember, some of us, the journeys of old times—the straw, the dust, the driving sleet and rain, and all the hardships that seemed essential to travelling. Ya, railways, after all, supply us with better vehicles than those they have ousted; and we may remember with a smile, how learned a hell closed that House of Commons that no wheeled carriage in the world could safely voyage at the perilous speed of fifteen miles an hour.

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scurges, after which they opened veins in different parts of his body, pressing them with pincers to promote the hemorrhage. They then hung him up for three days, and then, by the head, sometimes by the feet, till blood had entirely ceased to flow. The foul deed had, however, been witnessed by a servant of the house, a Christian, who, watching her opportunity, hastened to the magistrat, and conducted him at once to the scene of butchery. But the immense bribes offered by the Jews proved too much for his honesty; they were permitted to effect their escape in a boat, taking with them the body of the murdered boy, which, when clear of the town, they flung into the river. Legends affirm that, instead of falling down the stream, it breasted the torrent, swimming up towards Bacharach. The probability is that, having no weight wherewith to sink the body, the murderers drew it back into the boat, and subsequently concealed it in a little cave, covered with thorns and brambles, near Bacharach.

The picture heretofore alluded to has disappeared from the walls of the Römer of Frankfort; perhaps in consideratiion to the feelings of the Jewish community, which, of late years, has formed so large and important a section of the population of the free city; perhaps because of many another prejudice, it had become at length completely obliterated. The actual incident it was intended to illustrate has never been very clearly ascertained—the doubt resting between two cases: the one in 1475, the other in 1669. Of the former, scarcely any record beyond the date has been retained; of the latter, some discursive notes, thrown together by M. ——, parliamentary advocate, furnish, when sifted, materials for the narrative that follows.

A little after noon, on the 25th of September 1669, Wilhelmina, wife of Gilles Lemoine the cartwright, residing in Glatigny, went to a spring, distant some few hundred yards from the village, to wash linen. She was followed by her little son Didier, a pretty rosy child, with fair long curls, aged about three. As they went, the little boy stumbled and fell.

"Not hurt, not hurt, my mother!" shouted the young hero, jealous of being assisted. "I am coming, my mother. Go on!"

She did go on, never to hear her child’s voice again.

B니ed with her work, some minutes elapsed before Madame Lemoine became aware that she was alone; but then she hastily retraced her steps, calling sharply as she went; for she fancied that the child had concealed himself. But she was at the moment, in no mood for play. Receiving no answer, she ran back to the house, and, unsuccessful there, hastened with her husband to the cottage of her father-in-law, which was close at hand. No one there had seen the child, and now, seriously alarmed lest he should have strayed into the adjacent wolf-haunted forest, the anxious parents assembled their friends, and, aided by the town-prefect in person, examined every inch of ground in the vicinity of the spring. Their search in this direction proved vain; but a shout from one of the party who had reached the high-road leading to Metz, brought everybody to the spot, where, clearly traceable on the soft white dust, were seen the footprints of the little wanderer.

Soon, however, these tiny tracks were marked in the marks of wheels and hoofs, and again the searchers were at fault.

Suddenly there came up, riding from Metz, a horseman, wearing the livery of the Count de Vendelmont, who, to the question, had he met a straying child, promptly answered that he had encountered, but a few minutes before, a black-bearded Jew, on a white horse, proceeding towards Metz, and carrying before him a little curly-headed boy, apparently between three and four years old. No sooner, he added, had the Jew caught sight of him, than he had quitted the high-road, so as to preserve, in passing, the distance of a pistol-shot.

There could be no question that the child was Raphael Levi of Boulay, whose face dwelt freshly enough in the speaker’s recollection; in any case, less than two hours since, Levi had passed him on the road to Metz, carrying something before him, covered with a cloak.

Where did he lodge, this Raphael Levi?

At the house of his cousin, Garoyon, not a minute’s walk from the gate.

To the eager demands of the Lemoines, Garoyon’s servant persistently declared that her master was absent, and that nothing was known of any strange child.

The baffled inquirers were about reluctantly to withdraw, when a young Jewess, who had stopped, in passing, to listen to the debate, stepped forward, and addressing the servant in German, warned her to afford them no assistance. Now it happened that Lemoine understood German, and, with these ominous words, stole into his heart the conviction that his child had been kidnapped by the Jew, for purposes too horrible to contemplate. Already it might be too late to save the little innocent; but revenge at least was left, and to this Lemoine, secretly despairing of his child’s life, devoted himself heart and soul. No time was lost in laying a formal complaint before the lieutenant-criminal of Metz; but before the suspected Jew could be apprehended, those of his people residing in the city wrote to him, earnestly advising him to appear and answer frankly to the charge preferred. Raphael Levi obeyed.

In the process which followed, Raphael Levi was described as aged fifty-six, born at Xelaincourt, of middle stature, black curling hair, very full black beard. A bold, determined man. Had traveled much in the Levant, in Italy, Spain, Holland; whithersoever, in short, the affairs of his people summoned him. Of late years, resident at Boulay, in the feudal duchy of Lorraine, where he exercised the functions of rabbi and chief of the synagogue.

On the day of the alleged abduction of the child Lemoine, he had quitted Boulay at seven in the morning, arriving three hours later at Metz, his errand being to purchase a ram’s horn for the next day’s Feast of Trumpets, and also wine, oil, and fish. These articles he delivered to his son, and despatching him homewards, followed himself an hour after noon.

The village of Glatigny is about a league and a half from Metz, and lies some two hundred paces from the high-road from Metz to Boulay. It has been mentioned that the child, in place of following his mother to the spring, had wandered into the road.

The presumption was that Levi, finding him there alone, had caught him up on his horse, returned to Metz, delivered him into the keeping of others of his people, and finally retraced his way to Boulay to sleep. Eighteen witnesses were produced, five of whom testified to having observed, on the day mentioned in the process, a Jew answering the description of Levi enter by the German Gate. He mounted a white horse, and carried before him, wrapped in his mantle, a child about three years of age, with long black curls escaping from his little crimson cap. One only of the witnesses, however, Blasiento Thomas, spoke...
positively to the identity of the infant-carrying Jew, while the Vaudemont rider affirmed that the man he had encountered on the road exceeded the accused in height and size.

The Jews of Metz, who neglected nothing to insure the acquittal of Levi, now tendered proof that, on the day in question, he had been at three o’clock at Lians, two leagues from Metz, and half a league from Glatigny, arriving at Bonlay at four, accompanied by his son.

‘Agreed,’ replied the judges; ‘that is very possible,’ and thereupon decreed that the accused, Raphael Levi, should be burned alive—being previously subjected to the torture, ordinary and extraordinary, with the view of discovering what he had done with the child.

Appeal was instantly made to parliament.

Two days after the first decree had been pronounced—namely, on the 11th November—the jailer reported to the recorder that he had surprised Levi in the act of throwing out a letter to a servant of the prince, and, on searching his cell, had found ten other letters, addressed at different times to the accused. These, the servant, Marguerite Houster, admitted having received at the gate from the prisoner’s son. The letters were in Hebrew and in German, the Jews of Metz habitually using the latter tongue for conversation. Some delay occurred in discovering an interpreter for the Hebrew letters, but one was at last found in the person of a young man named Louis Anne, a shoemaker, formerly a Jew. He read his translations in the presence of the accused, who admitted their fidelity, with the exception of the letter taken from the servant, Houster.

The communication in question was addressed to the principal Jewish residents of Metz. It was read to them. They were united enough in condemning the interpretation of Louis Anne, but differed widely among themselves as to actual meanings—the accused himself repeatedly varying his rendering of the same passage. At length, in despair, the authorities summoned to their aid Monsieur Paul Duvalier, formerly a Jew, and an eminent physician of Metz, but since of Kaisersburg, in Alsace.

This gentleman made a careful translation, the correctness of which Levi acknowledged, objecting only to one word, ‘bound’ (lifed), in place of which he claimed he had written ‘touche’ (touched), his object, if he was being, it was supposed, to induce either that the child was yet alive, or, if dead, to conceal the kind of death to which it had been subjected.

As the terms of this epistle are curious enough, and as to its testimony the result of the trial was principally due, it is here given literally, after Duvalier’s translation.

Written by Raphael Levi, in his captivity, to the chief Jews of the synagogue of Metz.

‘DEAR DIRECTORS—I languish to learn what the parliament hath pronounced, for the attorney of the kingdom hath spoken, and I dwell in constant fear. Let me know, I pray you, the proceedings of the court, and what the controller* doth before it.

‘The jailer’s servant told me that the Jew who brings my victuals said they bound (lifed) the child. Ah, write to me concerning my witnesses—write me everything, so that I may for once receive a little comfort! 

‘That Homant visited the prison to-day, and said that he would upset all that justice hath hitherto effected. Look, therefore, to the parliament. Invoke that which my words may be released from this wretchedness—delivered as I am from speaking to my dear wife and children—unable to reckon with the controller, my creditor. Ah! I am unhappy.

* A person at Bonlay, to whom he was in debt.

A person at Bonlay, to whom he was in debt.

‘I will die like a son of Israel, and glorify the name of God. All I ask is, that my daughter Blimel, who is betrothed, be married, and that my wife and little ones be cared for.

‘I am plunged in this misery for the sake of the community. God will help me in it.’

This letter bore no date, neither did any of the others, which contained little more than hints for the guidance of the prisoner when confronted with the witnesses. One of them, however, seems to have enclosed a piece of knotted straw, which the accused was earnestly exhorted to place under his tongue when called upon for his defence, pronouncing at the same time five Hebrew words, the import of which neither he himself nor any of the interpreters could explain.

Another of the captured notes was acknowledged by the accused to be, word for word, as follows:

‘To Raphael Levi, in his captivity—In case, 0 Raphael (the which Heaven forbid!), thou art subjected to the torture, thou wilt repeat thrice the following words: Moi Juif, Juif mort, vie Juif, Juif vie, mort Juif, Juif mort.’

Closely interrogated concerning these letters, especially the last, which was suspected to be a charm, Levi indignantly repudiated all dealings with sorcery, declaring that the above formula was nothing more than a prayer.

Still labouring to save their fellow, the Jews of Metz now had recourse to a stratagem, suggested, it may be, by the passage in Genesis xxxvii. 33: ‘An evil beast hath swallowed him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces.’

A report was indiustriously propagated, that the child had been carried off by wolves, and liberal rewards, emanating from the vices of the Jews, were offered to any person who might succeed in recovering a portion of the remains or attire of the infant, sufficient to establish his identity. Within a day or two of the announcement of the rewards, the child’s little shirt was discovered, hanging on a bush at the distance of three feet from the ground, in a dense part of the wood, about a quarter of a league from Glatigny.

Nor was this all. A woman living at Katzafai, a little village not far from Glatigny, affirmed on oath that she one day encountered on the road three Jews in armor of Metz, whose noses were bound. These men entered into conversation with her, appearing anxious to learn what was thought and said in the neighbourhood with respect to the missing child; and on her replying that, everyone had been divested by beasts, some portions of his dress might yet be found, one of the strangers eagerly assented, remarking, with significant emphasis, that the head at least might be forthcoming.

The observation seemed prophetic. Two days later—that is, on the 20th November 1669—four swineherds, passing through the wood, came upon the head of a child, with the neck and part of the shoulder; two little frocks, one within the other; one woollen sock, and a little red bonnet; none of the articles of dress being either torn or discoloured with blood.

Thereupon, the parliament directed a commissioner to repair to Glatigny, and report upon the discovery. In the presence of this officer, Lemoine at once identified his child’s dress. As for the head, so much was it mangled and disfigured, that the little features were no longer recognisable by mortal eyes. The flesh, notwithstanding, was singularly firm and fresh, and the blood in the veins seemed scarcely dried. The swineherds described the manner in which the articles had been found, and one of them boldly affirmed that it was impossible the child had been mangled by beasts, since, not to mention that the clothes were whole and unstained, he had observed that, when a wolf attacked a sheep, or any other domestic animal, it invariably preyed upon the head first.
Two master-surgeons, after minute examination, gave it as their opinion that the child had lived and breathed much within the period (two months and a day) that had elapsed, but that it died of a disease. The accused, in refuting the testimony that sought to fix his identity, returned to his alibi, and averring parenthetically that he had worn no mantle on the day of the child’s death, and that he had arrived at his own dwelling at Boulay by four o’clock in the afternoon.

These two statements were contradicted, singularly enough, by two of his own witnesses, who asserted that, on the 25th September, he had passed them, as though coming from Metz, at about half an hour before sunset (this being about the equinox, would make it between half-past five and six) so that he was mounted on a white horse, wore a mantle, was alone, and appeared so much agitated, that he permitted his horse to wander from the road, to which they, the witnesses, reconducted him.

Certain neighbours of one Gideon Levi, a Jew residing at Huy—one league from Glatigny, and three from Metz, who had not only seen the child, Jews of Metz were perpetually visiting Levi’s house, sometimes in parties of three and four, even five and six, and this at all hours of the day and night. One swore to having seen Gideon Levi quit his house, and go into the wood, carrying on his back a kotte (scuttle); and another declared that Gideon had advised him to join in the search for the remains, and even indicated the direction in which they would probably be discovered. Upon this evidence, Gideon was apprehended and interrogated. He denied all knowledge of the crime, but admitted that, by the direction of the Jews of Metz, he had sent persons to search the wood, and promised a hundred crowns for the discovery of any trace of the young Lemoine.

Once only, during the protracted investigation, did the accused commit himself by inconsistent statements. He declared before the parliamentary commission, that he could not possibly have carried the child upon his horse, the latter being already laden with barrels of oil and wine, which he had purchased at Metz—whereas, before the lieutenant-criminal, on the 14th October, he stated that he had placed the barrels on his son’s horse, and sent him forward, remarking that he himself, travelling more lightly, would easily overtake him.

Upon the whole evidence, the court decreed as follows:

Annulled the former judgment. Declared the accused, Raphael Levi, Jew, guilty of having, on the 25th September 1669, upon or near the highway between Glatigny, stolen the body of the child of Gile Lemoine, whose the face has since been found exposed in the adjacent wood. In reparation, condemned the said Gideon Levi to make the amende honorable before the great door of the cathedral church of Metz; and, kneeling, in his shirt, a rope about his neck, and a burning taper of three pounds weight in his hand, to confess his crime, declare his repentance, and ask pardon of God, the king, and the law. This done, the said Raphael Levi should be conveyed to the field of Seillé, and there burned alive, and his ashes scattered to the winds; himself having been first submitted to the question ordinary and extraordinary, in order to discover in whose hands he deposited the child, and the manner of its death; the goods of the condemned to be confiscated; one thousand pounds to be given by the king, and one thousand five hundred to Gile Lemoine, together with the expenses of the process.

Ordered, further, that Gideon Levi be submitted to the question once more, in order to discover from whom the remains of the child Lemoine were placed in the wood; that Marguerite Houentz, servant, be summoned before the council, to severe punishment for conveying letters to the said Raphael Levi; lastly, that Mayer Schaubue, Jew, of Metz, be committed to prison, and his goods inventoried, with a view to more ample inquiry as to the place in which the child Lemoine was secreted.

Died on the 16th January 1670.

Gideon Levi was subjected at once to the torture, but without obtaining from him the slightest answer, as it was by that time late in the day, the execution of the sentence on Raphael Levi was postponed to the following morning. At eight o’clock, accordingly, the unhappy criminal was conducted to the torture-chamber. Casting one hasty glance around upon the terrible apparatus, he drew from his pocket a small volume in the Hebrew character, and proceeded to read it from certain words. But the jealous suspicion of Messieurs the Commissioners instantly took the alarm. These words might contain a spell, similar to that contained in the formula he had been instructed to utter when submitted to the question. The book was taken away.

The sentence was then read, the condemned man evincing no emotion. When it was finished, he calmly observed that he had no complaint to make of his judges; but as for the witnesses, they had spoken falsely, and betrayed him to death. He warned the commissioners that, should the agonies of the torture force any confession from his lips, he would revoke it within an hour. This declaration he repeated thrice.

The warning proved superfluous: so far from confessing anything, he never ceased, while conscious- ness lasted, to insist upon his innocence. It was remarked, that during the severest moments of the torture—for example, while suspended in the air with heavy weights attached to his toes—the prisoner remained for a quarter of an hour in a kind of lethargy, apparently quite insensible to pain. Some of those present attributed this to the effect of the words they had imprudently permitted him to pronounce before the book was taken from him; "but," says the excellent advocate, gravely, "it is surely a simplicity on the part of any to believe that the speaking of certain syllables can be productive of such an effect!"

Torture having done its miserable work, the criminal was conveyed to the cell for the condemned, and handed over for a time to two reverend persons—the Sieur d’Arras, curate of St Marcel of Metz, and a Capuchin friar—who were awaiting him, with the benevolent purpose of exhorting him to embrace the Christian faith. The unhappy culprit, though acknowledging that he had not too deeply studied the mysteries of his own faith, still refused to submit to another, and turning away from his exhortors, seemed to await with impatience the closing scene.

Conducted at last to the head of the neck were then placed, at Metz, he tied round his left arm and forehead, narrow strips of leather, with knots in the centre. One of the officers having demanded the meaning of this ceremony, Levi replied that in the knots were contained the commandments of his law, and that it was customary with his people, at the point of death, to attach them thus to the head and arm. Still haunted with the idea of some concealed spell, the intelligent commissioners deprived the criminal of these symbols, and once more pressed him to acknowledge the abduction of the child, the place of its concealment, and the time and manner of its murder.

Raphael Levi returned thereupon to his first unqualified denial, asserting that he was perfectly innocent, and the witnesses perjured. It was remarked that during the trial he had, nevertheless, made no exception to their testimony.

Still, the church made one final effort to secure the convert. The curate and Capuchin pressed up to him and were commencing a new exhortation, when the criminal, bound as he was, pushed them from him with his elbows, sternly desiring them to notice that he died, as he had lived, a Jew; and that, dying in
such a manner, his soul would assuredly be carried
into Abrahm’s bosom—even adding, that for the act
imputed to him as a crime, he would not ask pardon
of God himself! This last expression confirms the
popular opinion, that the Jews include the abstraction
and murder of Christian children in the category of
religious acts.
The courage and calmness of the condemned man,
whatever their source, remained unabated to the end.
Arrived at the pile, he dressed himself, unaided,
in the garment in which he was to suffer. Attached to
the stake, and pressed, to the last moment, on the
one side to confess his crime, on the other to disavow
his creed, the unhappy man continued to reply with
as much courage as though he had not been standing
on the verge of death. At last, turning to the execu-
tioner, he begged him to put an end to the scene, by
strangling him with the rope that confined him to the
stake. And this was done.

BURNS AND MOORE.
The correspondence of Moore with his publisher, Mr
Povey, gives occasion for contrasting the bard of Erin
with the bard of Scotia. The result does not con-
form to traditional views of the characters of their
respective nations. The Scottish poet writes enthusias-
tically to his music-publisher [Thomson] about songs and
music—sorrowing remuneration—writing for love’s sake
alone—and only at the last gasp of life, when a jail is
before him, and he foresees a helpless widow and four
children, does he ask for money, and then a trifle—a ten-
pound note [in fact, only a five-pound note]. Ten pounds!
for fifty and more songs such as ring from side to side of
Europe. The Irish poet also writes to his music-pub-
lisher eagerly about music: his heart is in his subjects;
his fingers, you would think, are eternally on the harp of
Erin; and yet his hand is eternally in his publisher’s
pocket!—Athenæum, June 25, 1853.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.
Sheridan used to tell an anecdote of one of his constitu-
teus coming to him one day, and saying: ‘O, sir,
things cannot go on in this way; there must be a reform;
we poor electors are not paid properly at all.’

OLD LETTERS.
In memory of the dear old times,
Let’s keep them, though the dear, dear hand
Which penned them be in far-off climes,
Or in the silent spirit-hand.
Think how the loving heart pour’d forth
The warm sweet words now fading fast;
Then say not they are little worth,
Although their light be of the past.
Oh! some calm, quiet, winter’s night,
When sitting by the cheerful flame,
And poring with dimmed aching sight
Over those relics of old days,
Poor wearied hearts may find relief
In wandering back the paths of life,
Relating each old joy or grief
That cheerr’d or chilled us in the strife.
With weird, wild throbblings Memory tends
The chambers of the olden years,
And roosses from their narrow beds
Respectful shades of former smiles and tears;
And as the mists rise slowly up
Through the long years that intervene,
We recognise the buried hope—
The golden dream that might have been.
The oblivious pall is cast aside,
And earlier visions meet our view;
Wild offerings of a young heart’s pride,
What wonder that they proved untrue!

And follies of the days of yore
Revisit us with pain acute—
Youth’s errors, since repented sore,
And dearly paid for by their fruit.

In these dimmed, faded lines we trace
The lineaments of one foregone;
This page recalls a fair young face—
Young face! now old, and worn, and wan.
A casual word awakes a host
Of bygones as old times draw nigher,
And dear ones whom we prized the most
Seem sitting with us by the fire.

We read, and pleasant memories
Of youth and friends are back once more—
We’re sailing o’er life’s summer seas,
Or gathering pebbles on the shore.
The beautiful young days return;
Soft sounds again salute our ears;
Long slumbering feelings waking burn,
And thaw our icles to tears.

For one short while, sweet withered flowers
Bloom in a dying face—
And fond eyes shine, and hands clasp ours—
Dear hands, long moulder in the tomb.
Each creased and yellow-tinted page
Seems gifted with a magic art,
Which half removes the weight of age,
And soothes the weary laden heart.

Yet, as we lay them down, and thought
Resumes again the loosened rein
Of fancy, how our minds are fraught
With a sad pleasant—
For, ah! how sadly we contrast,
Whilst living o’er our lives again,
In the wan sunset of the past,
The difference betwixt now and then!

Ah! then our hopes a promise bore,
Our life-gate turned on smoothest hinge,
While Youth stood laughing at the door,
Whence all things were a golden tinge.
Now woe! to us to rest,
To seek again our mother’s side,
And lay our heads upon her breast,
Or calmly die as she has died.

Ah well, if rightly understood,
The moral these old letters give,
Doth wisely teach us ‘twere not good
For us that we should always live,
Yet lay the casket by; methinks
That there be no true hearts would dare
Destroy those frail old half-worn links,
Which bind us to the days that were.

The Proprietors of Chambers’s Journal have the
pleasure to announce, that in consequence of the Repeal
of the Paper Duty, they will be enabled, with the com-
menement of their next volume, in January 1862, to
present its Readers with a sheet of better material than
has hitherto been practicable. Earnest efforts will also be
made to improve the literature of the work, so that, in
the increased competition of able and worthy rivals, the
FATHER OF ITS CLASS may yet be able to retain a fair
share of popular favour.

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TOWN OR COUNTRY.

No one is so puzzled in the choice of a house as the man who has the world to choose from. Those who are compelled to live in a particular neighbourhood are generally the easiest suited and the best pleased. Liberty has its disadvantages in this as well as in other things. Many slaves lead apparently happy lives—sing, we suppose, at their work sometimes, for negroes are proverbially melodious—and take unbounded satisfaction in their dusky reunions. Thus there are people compelled by the slavery of civilization to live in some one town, or street, or house, and who seem not only to acquiesce but rejoice in proportion as their tether is narrow. When it is of no use grumbling, the gratification of doing so is much diminished; not that it will ever lose its charm, or fail to give some sensible relief, but to grow continually, without any prospect of ever being able to bite, becomes at last monotonous. We have so many matters to settle and make up our minds about, that it is a positive relief to find even one thing fixed for us, beyond our choice or control.

The country parson is perhaps more freed than any man from the perplexities which accompany the choice of residence. He is tied not to a neighbourhood, but to a house. His anxieties about it are generally limited to furniture; the knottiest point for him to decide is, which shall be the day, and which the night nursery; whether he shall have one or two stalls in his stable, and where he shall build the pigsty.

He is most perplexed who has the widest range. There are people who wander about, not from a dislike of rest, but from a desire to find it; they cannot decide even upon a country. They flit hither and thither over the continent, from inn to inn, probably telling half their chance-acquaintances that they are anxious to find a home. There are many, again, who have settled to live in England, but cannot make up their minds whether it shall be in town or country. Let me help to furnish these undecided vagabonds with some more pros and cons about the one great question of their lives. The case of rich people, who can afford to keep up two establishments, may be dismissed at once. We want to know which to choose, when we can't have both.

The subject is so complicated, however, so much depends upon your being married or single, grave or gay, man or woman, sensible or stack up, humble or ambitious, that it would be tiresome to affect any tabulated advice or set of stiff social rules. We will take the things which are uppermost, according to that inscrutable law of thought which jerks and twists the thread of meditation, however evenly we may try to spin it ourselves.

The first obvious advantage of London life is to many people its independence, its freedom from the petty espionage of a village or small town. If you are married, and have but moderate means, there are many social deprivations and annoyances which, I will not say you cannot escape, but which are peculiar to the country. You are free, and yet you don't like to eat without being eaten. But what are you to do when your neighbours are either too great or too small? You cannot exchange dinners successfully with the big square, or comfortably with Mr What-doyou-call-him, who, though he gives good meat and drink enough, yet sits below you in the social scale. If you were a bachelor, the case would be different; but you are, let us suppose, married, and therefore, however hospitably inclined, cannot follow your inclinations. But in London you may always find some people of your own standing, tastes, and income, whose society you can enjoy without any suspicion of extravagance or inequality. Of course, you can ape the entertainments of great people there, as well as anywhere else, if you are naturally a fool; but the temptation to do so is really, if you consider it, very small. There are few whom you astonish, or at least impose upon, by so doing. The neighbours whose jealousy you desire to excite—no doubt I am taking an extreme case, but then there are so many of them—the neighbours whose envy you wish to fire, don't know of your success or your attempt; there are many carriages driving down your street at all times. On the other hand, in the country, the gathering of beauty and fashion would have to pass the gates and windows of those who live for miles around. Inquiry would arise, astonishment, jealousy, contempt, admiration. But in town, only 19 and 21 know that 20 is 'at home,' except, of course, the housemaid over the way. Perhaps some idle member of No. 19's family may turn to the Post-office Directory, or more select catalogue, to see yourniljero unknowable name; but as for admiration or envy, why, there is none.

You observe that I am speaking of the people who do not fare sumptuously every day, but make an occasional splash. The entertainments of the great are chronicled. One of their balls keeps the street awake. The public-house round the corner is full of power and pluck. But when No. 20 A puff's himself out beyond his usual girth, the penny-a-liners are silent. None beyond the guests know that anything great has come off.

On the other hand, if you can't in London easily make people envious by your display, you are not insulted by the gobbling of some local turkey-cock. Of course, it is very foolish to care for the absurd pretensions of your richer neighbour,
foolish to be annoyed by them, but in town you are spared the temptation to yield to this folly; nothing can be more wholesome to your village magnifico than a visit to the continuing and unnoticed swim down the stream of Regent Street; or, let us say, a sharp public reprimand from a keeper not to point so perseveringly with his umbrella at the beasts in the Zoological Gardens.

The espionage of the country, the tyranny of the small, not the great, is far more irritating than the airs of the squire. There is to many people something absolutely close and suffocating in the consciousness of half the place knowing, or caring to know, what you are most in the habit of eating at dinner, when you have your hair cut, and whether you take a bath in the morning. In the country, we all live in glass-houses. What you do, and what you don’t do, finds its way throughout the circuit of village communion. Indeed, if a man shuts himself up there, and tries thus to avoid publicity, he takes the surest way to obtain it; the patient perseverance of the rustic gossip unravels the whole life of the recluse. In London, there is a sense of privacy unattainable elsewhere. You don’t know who lives next door. I have no doubt but that the family assembled at the other right elbow are characters, odd, eccentric to a degree; but I don’t know their name. Once, however, an elderly lady, without criminal, called to see me, full of anxiety about a certain prostrate tom-cat. It was my neighbour. Some days afterwards, my curiosity being a little stirred by this apparition, in the middle of a street at the west end, where rents are high, for I looked oftener than usual for a week at the house. Once a cart called filled with mould, which the carter hoisted up over the leads. That house may be called a spad in his hand, and gets through a good deal of his time in connection with pruning and flower-beds. One curious thing about him is his pressure of his incessant engrossing mind: the less man is employed, the less time he has to spare; a man with nothing to do has often not an hour of leisure. Hard work is the only receipt for hearty play and once versed. The want of true play, and the artificial substitution for it, make London bad for the artisan and his family. The man himself, with nerve and muscle strung up to work, may work with his back a spad in his hand, and wind up himself then and there with spirits? They give him a change at once. Nature avenges herself; she will not wait till the fields can be reached, or even the park, but turns on you if you knock at the door of a 229? Independence! privacy! give me one of those long streets about Portman Square, which in clear weather seem to lead right up to Hampstead.

With all this, however, it must be confessed that the independence of London is liable to be turned into licence. That same country espionage which frets the sensitive is only the evidence of wholesome public opinion in a disagreeable shape. When a man feels that he is not watched, that, in fact, no one cares where he is, or what he does, the great secondary safeguard of decency is removed. Nowhere can a man lead a more uninterruptedly selfish life than in London. He may shake off all those little proprieties and amenities of society which, though he be a solitary bachelor without accessible kin, do yet more or less connect him with the people he sees about. He may live like a wild beast, say in Baker Street, probably without comment or notice, if that be his rude wish, and he can afford to indulge it. For good or evil, there is no solitude like a crowd. In the matter of amusements, you will find London is likely to give precedence to the town. If your object is to provide a quick succession of fresh sensations, London will satisfy you, use you up, burn away the wretched tallow in your little dip of life as fast, ay, faster than you like. But if by amusement you mean what the word means, relaxation from study, from the Museums, then I take it you may find what you want in the country as well, if not a little better, than you can find elsewhere. After the congestion and depression of study, outdoor pursuits and pleasures are the best recreation; thus you get change, which is the essential thing. The mind, painfully bent over one thing, flies off with a spring when released. In London, it finds itself still in the midst of an anxious, irritating atmosphere, that of high-pressure intelligence. Then the country-knits up its reviled sleeve of care with grateful silent speed—like sleep.

It might be difficult to fix on any spot likely long to be pleasant to a man who has nothing to do, but perhaps he can play at work better in the country than in the town. It is true that he has no club in the country, but then he can get through a good deal of time on the way to and from the festivities and magisterial gatherings of his neighbourhood. The stable and the garden, too, consume many hours. The old fogen in town who buy their own fish, often make the purchase of a dinner the chief centre of their morning-exercise, around which the appetite is expected to collect. Now, your country gentleman can’t so kill his early hours as he does in London. He spends the morning in his garden, or on his walks, and has a spad in his hand, and gets through a good deal of his time in connection with pruning and flower-beds. One curious thing about him is the pressure of his incessant engrossing mind: the less man is employed, the less time he has to spare; a man with nothing to do has often not an hour of leisure. Hard work is the only receipt for hearty play and once versed. The want of true play, and the artificial substitution for it, make London bad for the artisan and his family. The man himself, with nerve and muscle strung up to work, may work with his back a spad in his hand, and wind up himself then and there with spirits? They give him a change at once. Nature avenges herself; she will not wait till the fields can be reached, or even the park, but turns on you if you knock at the door of a 229? Independence! privacy! give me one of those long streets about Portman Square, which in clear weather seem to lead right up to Hampstead.
lobster-shells or bits of tobacco-pipe to stick in it. Possibly, in time, he learns what he is expected to admire, and indulges the dirt-pie tendencies under the rose. On these grounds, I hold that the London unenlightened by the spring-time and the lady. Old maid would like best, town or country; it must of course depend much on nannies, nieces, and popular preachers, but I am inclined to think that the country suits her least. Perhaps the small town is the thing, a cathedral town with little doing, out of the highway of the world, ventilated by no railway, with at least two local papers, and a successful dissenting chapel. That is the place for tea-fights, small confidential dinners, and high-pressure gossip. Old maids multiply in such an atmosphere: living is cheap, decent houses are to be had reasonably, shops are fair, news definite. There are suspicions, or rather suspected people enough to make a foil to the untouched; scandal sufficient to spice the taste of society, and wilt the dry discourse. But Propriety outnumbers her opponents; old maids live there, and are happy. I know of a midland country town, not overlarge, retired, and conservative, where an inquiring friend of mine counted seventy.

One great advantage of dwelling in town is the appetite it gives you for the country. I am, though, ungracious enough sometimes to make very faces over the tonic. The season is now past; down-trains are all full; London is ‘empty;’ there are not more than two millions and a quarter of people left. My appetite for green leaves is getting strong,—I feel it now as I write. A shower has just fallen. I know how the light is glancing on the wet leaves in the wood, and how it turns the green benath till the grass beneath the oaks. I see the rabbits flirting about in the field beside the spinny, I hear the partridge call her growing brood; but when I replace the image of my imaginary hunting there is actually before me, I behold a hot stuccoed house-front over the way, and hear a diseased hurdy-gurdy beneath my window. The iron hum of a large London street helps to fill my ears; a few rakish flies are trying unsuccessfully to find a hole in one of the panes, occasionally taking a little tour about the room, and then returning to thill a corner of the oilcloth on the table. It is not a very country scene; it is worse, because it ought by rights and clock measurement to be evening—but only a second afternoon is come in its place, and the twilight will be dotted not by stars, but by the lamplighter. Is there ever any dew in London? Does it lie upon Pall Mall? Does it cool the Fig-tree Court? Does the spire of St Martin’s glow in the early sunrise, while white mist rolls off Trafalgar Square?

There is one matter in which London offers far greater facilities than the country—I mean the matter of housekeeping. Housewives can never really learn what housekeeping means in town. There is no difficulty in getting what you want at once; there is no necessity for calculations about the proportion of your stores, no obligatory provision. If you fail to lay in pickled walnuts at the critical moment when they are full grown, but may be easily pricked through with a pin—wise ladies will correct me if I am mistaken as to my test of fitness—if you miss the moment while the fruit is full, but not woody, you can buy them critically pickled. You need not know anything about the market, only that the butcher takes this important care upon himself; the fillet of veal comes fit for the spit. Now, in the country, all joints must be hung by the housekeeper, and cooked to perfection. But how do the people some dish, in case of a sudden increase in the number of the guests, and yet so watch the larder that no joint be ‘turned.’ In London, the barrenness, the unforeseen emptiness of the larder, can be covered by a hearty loaf of bread, a few slices of beef, the goulash, the pease-pod, which the Christmas duck can be bought for a song. But the London is brought every day, fresh, but tender. This makes housekeeping, moreover, cheaper in town than in the country—greater sudden effects can be obtained with less expenditure. Again, people sometimes say: ‘Oh, think of the abundance of fruit and vegetables you get from your own garden!’ Abundances, no doubt, but how about the cost? You can’t pay for the individual cabbage, you have no greengrocer’s bill, but the gardener expects to be remunerated. Every home-grown radish is worth twice what the same simple vegetable would be in town, if you would but calculate its ‘raising’ fairly. You have abundant greens from your garden, but then remember that you are obliged to have them. You cannot economise in this point; you eat them because they are there, but you must pay to have them there whether you eat them or not. Depend upon it, there is no greater delusion than that about the produce of a garden. You get only what you want in town, paying for it at the time or afterwards. In the country, you spend money on the garden in advance, and then flatter yourself that the resulting fruit and vegetables are almost costless.

Then, again, in the country, you keep your pony-gig, perhaps your carriage. What does it cost? You can order it when you like, to be sure, with your head immediately into your pocket. But take even a pony-gig—how many cabs could you have for the annual cost of that mill-cover vehicle? To say nothing of the original outlay for the pony and the gig, you buy oats, carrots, hay, straw; you keep a groom or boy; you repair the stable; you want fresh harness; you have to keep horses and a carriage; the whole is enough to turn out the farmer, the wheelwright, the farrier. The beast is lame when you want it most, or the shaft is broken, and you are obliged to send to the country town for a fly, in order that your wife may keep her engagement with a neighbour. How many cabs could you hire for the sum-total of those separate outlays? Depend upon it, you get more fun for your money in town. You can have a close-carriage at your door when you like, know no trouble about coachmen, and never unexpectedly find yourself the possessor of a dead horse. But you reply: There is no beauty in looking at your nag and your garden. You take a pride, though it be small, in your horse; you look after your groom with much display of his profession; you converse with your gardener; you raise cucumbers with success, and melons without; you thin grapes, snipping away the whole morning; ay, and pleasant idle work it is, standing there in the sun, picturing to yourself what each bunch will grow to in the autumn, only you never think them enough, you have not sufficient faith in their power of expansion; and so you fail, for the grapes, eventually, are not so very wonderful after all—rather sour, eh? and that when, unlike the fox, you have got them yourself. All this and more suggests pleasures which you cannot get in town. What interest do you feel in the cab-horse or hack? No friendly sensation of recognition comes over you when you see a bean stalk climbing your window; your ears do not ring with the distant thunder of a rainstorm; your eyes do not feel the scorching rays of a sun that has passed over your head. The buttered toast, the hot soup of the day, the tea, the wine, the milk, the meat with nature begins to be felt. The country housekeeper knows that there is no more searching test of her skill than to be provided with an extra
course refer to James; but I see the height of the houses; I know that those upper rooms are kept and cleaned; I know that the people who live in them rise late, are waited on, are given so much assistance in dressing, eating, and generally in dawdling through the day. I look at those upper windows, and see bars—ah! that is the nursery. I look down, and I see beneath my feet theugs of a kitchener; I can just catch the glow of the fire; I see stray knives and plates on a deal dresser; I see Mary Ann. Let me count. Reckoning two flights for each Floor, she has one, two, first landing; three, drawing-room; four, five, eight flights at least, before she can turn the handle of the nursery-door—perhaps seven. Now, in the country, some twenty steps upward will take her from the kitchen to her charge. As with the nursery-maid, so with the parlour-maid; and yet these silly girls like to come up to London, and think they have risen in servanthood above their cousins when they descend to the cellars of Tyburnia. True, the nursery-maids take walks in the park, which their fellow-servants do not. They can get up races and regattas with a perturbation, and smile under the glances of guardians. Is it not better than to take the children out into the garden, and sew while they play, and, for a lover of Hodge, to try the awkward attempts of Hodge to conceal himself behind the water-butt? Upon my word, when one begins to think about it, and make light of the stairs, the nursery-maids have, perhaps, a more varied, easy life in town than in the country; but I pity cook and Hebe; though, if they prefer it, I don't see why I should affect any opinion about them myself.

There is one undeniable advantage in London—undeniable, unless you are a brute—and that is the certainty of seeing all your friends. If you live in Coventry, or Blenheim, or the Andhich, you are likely to find you them now and then; but all come up to town sooner or later. You can show hospitality without being expected to entertain your guests. Let them come and go, at their own hours, and they will amuse themselves. I don't know which is most disagreeable—entertaining others, or being entertained one's self. Moreover, when your friends come up, you learn accidentally another feature of the cheapness of London. People say to you, you must dress so well there—it costs a fortune in clothes. All I can humbly urge is, that it need not. Those who know you, regard your person, not your suit—your heart, not your waistcoat. Those who don't know you, are hardly worth consulting. It is quite a mistake, believe me, about the additional expense of dress in town; middle-class people need not consider it at all.

Your country friends, moreover, shew you, by contrast, how you have overcome the natural tendency to buy things merely because they are pretty or cheap. A Londoner is not drawn aside by the temptations of the shops in Regent Street; he adores, it is true, but seldom feels a rapture to buy. Your country friend, on the contrary—who it is observed, can often manage to muddle away good large sums down there at Green Slough Grange—is bewildered by the bargains which greet him. He discovers unsuspected wants; he has only passing opportunities for their gratification; he shall never see such a chance again. 'You,' says he, 'come by every day; I leave on Tuesday-week.' I must get a few yards of that garden-hose, and some vulcanised door-mats. An odoriferous, bulky parcel blocks up your hall next week. You are serene and economical. It is the greatest mistake to suppose that 'things' cost the purchaser less because they are cheap. I do not refer to the supposed worthlessness of cheap goods, or to the very great that, in the long-run, you get more for your money than you would for a lesser outlay on a feebler article; I mean that, supposing the coveted objects equally good, whatever the price, you spend less money when they are dear. You think twice, you go without. I wish to be understood as speaking of common superfluities. Cheap bread is a blessing; but there cannot be very much political or social advantage in most of the cheap patents we see advertised; the variety of inkstands, for instance—perennial, fountain, pneumatic, &c.; but I know you go out of the way of the latter, and you will not put your business in writing with the necessity of using these useless ingenunities. Your country people are always the most curious and enthusiastic about them, while the Londoner gets to feel such an inexpressible con

MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

BRIGHTLY the spring sun was shining when I awoke next morning, gilding the crowd of evergreens, the tops of tall firs and stately elms that I beheld from my window. Although it was still early, I arose and dressed, for I was longing to run out and wander through shady walks among those leafy timber giants; and as soon as my toilet was completed, I slipped down stairs and opened the hall-door. What a fresh perfume blew round me as I emerged into the open air!—how peacefully the breeze still rustled and sighed through the trees! I heard the cawing of rooks, the twittering of a hundred sparrows, the chattering of magpies, mingling with the sweeter notes of the thrush, as I penetrated shadowy walks leading to romantic dells and groves. The very birds seemed tame, and a few that I saw hopping on the ground looked boldly at me, never flying away till I was quite near. As I advanced to less woody spots, I saw rabbits in great numbers darting here and there, while a squirrel amused me as it stood watching me from a neighbouring tree with earnest eyes. There was something in the air, the feeling of the place peculiarly grateful after the bustle of life; the hurry and worry, the excitement of business and pleasure to be witnessed in the crowded haunts of the great city, far distant. I could almost fancy I was in the heart of some woody island, where the footsteps of man had rarely penetrated. After wandering for a long while,
I at length made my way back to the house. As I reached it, I beheld about a dozen poor women advancing towards me, each bearing a bright tin can; they were all hastily dressed, and from each one I received a curt salute. A little while afterwards that these women were pensioners on Mrs Milner's bounty. Breakfast was early; and Mrs Milner told me she arose every morning at six o'clock, having an hour before coming down stairs to business matters—parish-school accounts, &c. After the morning-meal was concluded, she asked me to accompany her in a visit to Ravenshill, the neighboring village. We did not go by the principal avenue, but started by a route through narrow pathways among trees, and by open glades and wide meadows, where sheep were feeding, going through rustic gates, and occasionally climbing over stiles. When we arrived at a sequestered spot, surrounded by many trees, where the gurgle of a waterfall sounded musically on the ear, Mrs Milner stopped and drew a silver whistle from her pocket. ‘Now I am going to surprise you,’ she said laughing. ‘Will you venture to use this whistle?’

I looked surprised indeed. ‘And what will then be conjured up?’ I asked, slightly puzzled. ‘Give a good strong whistle,’ said my companion, nodding her head and lifting still. I blew the whistle with all my energy. There was soon a chattering of birds among the trees—a confused noise from the chipp of the woodpecker and robin, to the caw of the crow and cry of the wood–quest; and then, like magic, hundreds of those feathered creatures flew from the woods, gathering closely on the ground at our feet. Mrs Milner, watching my astonishment with pleasure, now drew out a hitherto unobserved basket, and scattered crumbs of bread in all directions, while the birds hopped about it. She had never before seen such a sight. ‘I never allow a shot to be fired in my grounds,’ said Mrs Milner in answer to my wondering exclamations. ‘Therefore I live in the woods here as unmolested as if they were on some desert spot undiscovered by man. ’But then do they not destroy your fruit-gardens?’

‘No—not more than elsewhere: we take precautions against them. But I would not destroy them. I look upon birds as one of the most exquisite creations. See how graceful their movements are!’

She was much amused at the tameness of the birds, that I watched them for a long while. At length we pursued our way once more, and coming out upon the high-road, were soon in the beautiful valley where Ravenshill lay.

Never had I beheld so picturesque a village; its houses, though small, were like ornamental villas, neatly kept, and all in uniform. Gardens lay before every door, and many a young spring-flower was peeping up in those pretty spots. The little children playing outside doors arose from their stooping postures as we approached, and even the youngest of them dropped curtsies of profound respect.

‘Don’t neglect to come to school to-day, Agnes,’ said Miss Milner, tapping a curly-headed girl on the shoulder with her parasol. ‘And you, Fanny Jones, must come earlier than you do in general, or I shall have to scratch your name from the roll-list before June.’

This terrible threat caused Fanny Jones, a wild-eyed girl of ten, to blush vividly, and droop her head in shame. Miss Milner then paced on till we arrived at a cottage, where she and my companion rapped gently at the door. A woman wearing a widow’s cap opened it for us. ‘How is Jane to-day?’ asked Miss Milner, subduing her voice to a whisper. ‘But, enough, ma’am,’ was the rejected reply. ‘Can I see her?’

‘O yes, ma’am, if you will descend to walk into the parlour.’

We went in, and I saw a young woman of delicate appearance working embroidery in the window; her face bore all the traces of a fixed consumption. Miss Milner spoke kindly to her, and promised to send some preserves to her in a few days. Miss Milner then asked, ‘Is Jane not shaking as much as usual, Mrs Milner?’

‘She is now much better, but she has a cough.’

‘That poor girl,’ said she, ‘married against her mother’s wish about two years ago, and was altogether discarded by her family. Her husband was of very bad character, and at last abandoned her in London, after living with her scarcely six months. She was induced to extreme poverty, endeavouring to support herself by needlework till ill health obliged her to give it up, and she then wrote to me to intercede for her with her mother. This I did, and Mrs Bibbsey agreed to take her home again. Poor thing, she is dying fast.’ We pursued our way through the village, making calls at many cottages, hearing glad and sorrowful news by turns. At one house, a marriage was in contemplation; at another, a husband was laid up with a broken leg; at another, a little Tommy or Neddy was ill with hooping-cough; and another was full of rejoicing, because a letter had arrived from the absent soldier son in a distant clime. Every one seemed eager to pour domestic tales into Miss Milner’s ears, and I was not surprised to find her an object of love and veneration. Eccentric she may have certainly been in some things, yet she erred on the right side. If she was too benevolent, too kind to suit the requirements of our hard world, who can feel inclined to blame her? Not I, certainly.

We met Mr Vetchney, the rector of the parish, and he walked a little way with us. Miss Milner introduced me to him.

‘Mr Keppleton,’ he repeated, on hearing my name. ‘We are just very much interested, Miss Milner, in that name, curious to say, for I do not think it is a common one.’

‘Yes, I know,’ replied Miss Milner. ‘Has our young friend arrived at the rectory yet?’

‘Yes, he came this morning; and we have got some further proofs and papers of importance. It is quite certain the deeds were properly executed and registered.

‘Will you tell him to come over and dine with me at half-past six this evening?’ said Miss Milner, who then whispered a few words in the clergyman’s ear, at which he smiled pleasantly.

We stepped at one more cottage before returning to Ravenshill: it was not in the village, but in a retired little nook, nearly quite concealed by trees. A young nursemaid, with an infant in her arms, stood in the enclosure before the door.

‘How is your mistress to-day, Janet?’ asked Miss Milner.

‘Very well, thank you, ma’am. Will you walk in and see her?’

‘No, not to-day,’ replied Miss Milner. ‘Tell her I am glad to hear she is well.’

As we left the front of this tiny cottage, I turned to look back at it, and saw that a small white hand was quickly withdrawn from the muslin curtain, which it had held aside. ‘Who lives there?’ I inquired.

‘A new tenant,’ replied Miss Milner; and I thought a very faint colour stole over her face as she spoke, but it was only afterwards that I attached any importance to the circumstance.

‘You will meet a person whom you knew before, this evening,’ she said, after a pause.

‘Who?’ I naturally asked.

‘Never mind who. But you need not dress for dinner, as we shall only be a trio.’

Situated as I was, I could not but feel agitated at the prospect of meeting any former acquaintance,
especially any one that I had ever known at Ripworth; and I had almost determined upon pleading illness as an excuse for not appearing at dinner at all, when I recollected that I had launched fairly upon a grade of life different to what I had formerly belonged, or seemed to belong to, and I might as well brave it out boldly.

I was changing my morning-dress for one more suitable for the evening, when a tap came to my bed-room door; a servant was outside with a note sealed in an envelope. The writing made me start. I opened it quickly and read:

"My dearest Jessie—I saw you this morning with Miss Milner outside this cottage. How glad I felt! My beloved sister, will you come and see me, if only for a quarter of an hour? I know I do not deserve such kindness, but it is in your nature to forgive. Come to-morrow—to-night, if you can. You will know the cottage I mean—the little one among the trees, where "Mrs Benson" lives. That is the name I have taken for the present, but Miss Milner knows my real one, though she has no idea I am your sister, nor will I ever tell her, if you do not wish it.

"Your affectionate Anna."

I was much surprised at the contents of this note; indeed, I forgot that I should finish my toilet for dinner, instead of being aware of it with staring eyes, doubting and wondering. A feeling of relief was certainly in my heart; and when another tap came to the door to announce dinner, I started up, hurriedly brushed my hair, fastened my dress, and ran down stairs lighter of spirit than I had felt for a long time, though still filled with astonishment at the strange fact of my poor sister being in the neighbourhood of Ravenshill. On opening the drawing-room door, a fresh surprise awaited me—there, in the full glare of the waxlights, standing talking to Miss Milner, was Curzon Good!}

CHAPTER XXXI

SOME DEEDS THAT AFFECT MY FAMILY.

He met me with "emphaticness," but I felt too much agitated to trust my voice in speech. In what light he was to be regarded as yet, I knew not. Never before had I seen him look so well; his air was animated, his countenance quite radiant.

"You did not expect to see me here this evening?" he said as he placed a chair for me. "No, I wished to see you," said Miss Milner, answering for me. "I only told her she would see a person she had known before."

"Your meeting here and your neighbourhood are in every way most strange, and yet most fortunate, just at present," he said. "Circumstances have brought to light the fact, that my uncle Newdegate's will, though quite a correct one, did not concern his entire property, as had been hitherto believed. Deeds had previously been made by him, unknown to his lawyer Huntley, making over one estate, the Shades, to one person, and Harklowe to another. These deeds have been registered properly in London, and—"

"Well, let us go to dinner, Mr Good," interrupted Miss Milner; "we shall have the matter better explained afterwards."

Now it struck me as singular enough that Mr Good should all at once begin entertaining me, on this our first meeting after such a long parting, with an account of his deceased uncle's affairs, and I was half inclined to be satirical on the subject while going down to the dining-parlour. I soon discovered, however, that he had good reasons for the subject. I myself was deeply concerned in it; my whole family were concerned in it. To my usual astonishment, I found that the Shades—a property worth eight thousand a year—together with a sum of fifty thousand pounds, had been made over by deeds and documents duly signed and registered, by old Mr Newdegate, to Robert Keppleton of Weston Cricket, in—shire, and to his children at his death! Mr Huntley, the lawyer of Mr Newdegate, was the person who first brought this matter to be investigated; he declared that on looking over some papers in a secret drawer of an old desk at the Shades, he discovered copies of the registered deeds, which led him to repair at once to London, and there he found the truth. The property had been legally made.

The deeds were drawn up by a notary of respectability, and the witnesses were Mr Vetchney, the present rector of Ravenshill, who was then a curate in the neighbourhood of the Shadows, and some other individuals, one among them being James Grubb, carpenter, our landlord in London! The estate of Harklowe—a property worth about four thousand a year—had in the same way, and at the same time, been made over, with all its appurtenances, to Curzon Good. After this disposal of his estates, Mr Newdegate had made a will, in which he stated that he left all his property, not otherwise disposed of, to Lucien Legrand, who was appointed residuary legatee. It will be remembered that in that will Curzon Good had merely been bequeathed seven thousand pounds. Why the eccentric old man had thus arranged matters, none could tell; but suspicion was at last that both Legrand and Huntley must have known something about it. Then it appeared that Mr Newdegate had confided in me that the affair was really of importance, had written to Mr Horne at Weston Cricket, to discover where my father and his family were. A reply had arrived, stating that we had repaired to London, but that Mr Good was unknown to Mr Horne. Thus matters had stood when Curzon Good and I unexpectedly met that evening. He told me that the war having been hastily concluded in India, he had joined the dépôt of his regiment at Chatham, on his return home, having received a slight wound during the hostilities abroad.

"My dear child," said Miss Milner to me, "all this account of deeds and transfers may be very exciting, but do not brood yourself up too much. There will be a hundred things to prove Mr Newdegate insane or deoting at the time the deeds were executed.

"If so, then he must have been insane when he made his will," replied Curzon; "and as I am the sole heir-at-law, his property would in that case be mine. It will be better for Legrand to submit quietly to give up the estates than lose everything. By the will, he was left about ten thousand pounds. As for myself, I am convinced my uncle had sufficient reasons for his disposal of the Shadows. You are aware, of course, Miss Keppleton, that he bequeathed the estate by your grandfather, Horace Keppleton, and that he wished to restore it to your father, whom, it seems, he considered had been defrauded of it?"

"I know nothing of the matter," said I, ashamed of knowing so little of my father's affairs. "I never heard my father allude to Mr Newdegate or the Shadows in any way. He has been ill for two years, but accounts from his physician say he is now much better, and most probably he would be able himself to state what he knew of his family affairs."

Distinctly to my memory now arose the story papa told me when I was a child, at the humble fireside of our little parlour in our little cottage—how poor Curzon was detailed at full length in the first part of this record; and quite as distinctly came back the scene in the dim sitting-room at the boarding in London years ago, when the strangely withered, dwarfish old man revealed my father's displeasure for intruding upon us last day of his stay in the city. Ah, if papa had not been so rude and hasty that day! Mr Good left Ravenshill..."
at about eleven o'clock, and I soon hastened to my room, to consider what course I should pursue with regard to my sister Anna.

CHAPTER XXXI

ANNA'S ADVENTURES

Early the following morning, I hastened from the house alone, and taking the same route as Miss Milner had chosen the day before, hurried to the little sequestered cottage which I surmised was the one where Anna was living. I was applying for admittance, and giving my name to the girl who opened the door, I was at once ushered into a prettily furnished apartment. All looked neat and tidy, even elegant. I had not sat long there, when a slight rustling was heard, a light step approaching. In a moment, my sister was in my arms. Neither of us could speak for some minutes, so great was the emotion on both sides. I dreaded to hear the story she might have to tell; I dared not ask a question.

'My dear, dear Jessie,' she said at length, 'how does it happen that you are here at Ravenhill?'

'I shall explain that to you by and by, I replied; 'and, in the meantime, you can tell me how it is that you are sitting here. At last--'

'It was very good of you to come to me,' she said, in a slightly dejected voice, for, in spite of myself, I fear my tone and manner were cold. 'Ah, Jessie, it was cruel of you never to write to me all these long months! How many letters I wrote without receiving a single answer!'

'Were any dear Anna? We never received a line from you,' I exclaimed.

'I wrote to Weston Cricket and to Ripworth,' she continued, 'and never got an acknowledgment of even one. I had not believed him possess'd; I should have got my own letters back, for my address was always given plain inside. You may believe me, Anna,' I replied; 'your letters were regarded as us. We never heard of you, from the day you quitted home, for a whole year—never knew what became of you; all was merely conjecture, even up to this day. My letters must not have been posted, then,' said Anna, while a flush overspread her face. 'I can understand it now. And did you and mamma never know that I married Mr Huntley, who had come for a short time to Weston Cricket?'

'No,' said I, heaving a sigh of relief; 'we could only suppose that you had left home with him; we could find no proof of it.'

'If I have caused much grief at home, Jessie, I have not gone unpunished for it,' she said in a trembling voice. 'Why Mr Huntley wished to marry me, I cannot imagine, for though his professions of love seemed most ardent before we were married, his cruelty to me afterwards surpassed belief. What I have gone through since I put myself in his power none can guess!'

'My sister's agitation now became so extreme that she could not speak for some moments. When she was calmer, I asked her to give me an account of what had occurred since she left Weston Cricket. I give the substance of her narration in my own words. The winter of my absence at Ripworth had passed very drearily, as the reader already knows, to my family at the cottage, and Anna felt most unhappy. Discomfort reigned at home; her brothers were away, her sisters were married; her mother so harassed by cares as to become a more gloomy companion than ever; Ross was confined to bed from illness, caught by want of proper fires—perhaps even of wholesome food. In January, after the departure of the Ripworth Cricket; report declared him to be a man of large fortune, wishing to purchase the old Park; he remained for some weeks at Farnley, frequently appearing at the church of Weston Cricket, and sitting in our pew, as Anna was the only member of our family who at that time went to church. Like many young girls, my sister was vain and fond of admiration; she saw that she was beautiful, and it did not surprise her that a gentleman, however rich or grand, should fall in love with her from merely seeing her at church. Through the instrumentality of Rachel the servant, a correspondence commenced. Mr Huntley, however, having discovered her love, and, blinded by romance and vanity, Anna put faith in his professions. She believed him to be rich, and thought it would be well for herself and her family if she married him. For sundry given reasons, which imposed upon a girl—scurly sixteen—he wished her to keep the matter secret; if she loved him enough to trust him, she must flee with him to Scotland, and be married there, as she was not of age; otherwise, they must part for ever.

'They were married in Scotland first, and afterwards in London. Anna soon discovered that her husband treated her rather like a child than a grown-up person; he kept constant surveillance over her; and she even suspected that the servant whom he hired to wait upon her was a sort of spy. She begged him to let her write home, and he gave her permission; but she soon concluded that the letters were not posted; he had probably intercepted them. They were all lost, and when she wrote no more, considering that her family had discarded her. They soon went to the Shadows, which she described as the most gloomy of houses, and there she lived without a creature to speak to but Bess Burritt, her servant, an elderly woman with a bad countenance and disagreeable manner, whom she was much afraid of. Mr Huntley was frequently from home, and when he did stay there, his ill-humour and violence caused her much misery. She learned that he had not any property like what she had believed him possessed of. Mr Legrand, the proprietor of the Shadows. This revelation may have embittered Anna's mind; she may have betrayed her disappointment in a way that provoked her husband; however it was, they lived together most unhappy. Mr Legrand once or twice went to the Shadows to receive rents, and she was aware that he and Huntley were not on good terms. She often heard them talking together in a manner that proved it. There seemed to be some doubt whether Mr Legrand had legal possession of the estate. She heard that he declared the heir to be a 'traitor,' and that he would ruin him yet. Upon one occasion, Huntley had returned home evidently intoxicated—he was in a fearful temper. Anna was hasty and imprudent—they quarrelled, and he struck her! This was the climax. My sister, in her indignation, determined to leave him—she cared not if it were to beg. Her life at the Shadows was unbearable, and she neither loved nor respected the man she had married. It often had occurred to her that he might find nefarious means of ridding himself of her in that lonely old house. Such things had happened; and they might happen again. A man capable of such cruelty as he exercised towards her, might execute any crime. One evening, when Huntley was away, and Bess Burritt absent, as she usually was, upon a gossiping expedition, Anna made a small bundle of a few clothes, and assuming the same peasant's dress that she had worn when leaving Weston Cricket, she hurried from the house, and running through tangled woods, climbed a half-broken-down wall to the high-road. It was a dark December evening; the air was cold and raw. She had three sovereigns in her possession and a few shillings. Knowing that the mail-coach for London passed that way every evening, she waited on the road till it came up, and the guard took her place on it as an outside passenger. It was early in the morning when she got to London, the stars and moon had not long disappeared; and there,
in the vast city, she found herself, a friendless young woman, in a delicate state of health, with very little money, and no probability of getting more.

She took a lodging in a very poor house somewhere in the vicinity of St Martin’s Lane, having only one room, barely furnished, and here became acquainted with a fellow-lodger, a young woman supporting herself by needlework, whose husband had abandoned her. This person was Mrs Dibdale’s daughter, whom I had seen the day before at Ravenshill. She was very kind to Anna. Misfortune was added to Anna’s sorrow by the loss of her only child. The landlady was kind to her in her time of need, but her hospitality was great. Often, when returning home in the dark winter evenings with her infant in her arms, after leaving some piece of needlework with the owner, she felt inclined to wish that death would release her and her child from a life of wretchedness. Her fellow-lodger, Jane Hart, was rapidly growing so ill that she found it impossible to support herself by her needle any longer. In her despair, she wrote to Miss Milner at Ravenshill, who, on her return from a visit to her husband, wrote to the most benevolent young woman women. This lady happened to be in London at the latter end of the winter, and she called to see Jane, who mentioned to her the distressed condition of her sister, and Miss Milner condescended to accompany Anna pretty closely about her circumstances, and at length she confided to her the truth, stating even the name of her husband, and how he had been induced to leave her home; but she did not mention her own family name. Miss Milner became interested in her story, and at once promised her assistance, but concealed her the time to her sister to at least to communicate with him. My sister firmly declared she never could bring herself to live with him again; and seeing her so determined, Miss Milner consulted Mr Vetchney, the attorney, who was well acquainted with the neighbourhood of the Shadows, and he found means of discovering that Anna’s story was correct, and that she had but too good reasons for leaving her husband, whose character was well known to those with whom he had dealings. Mr Vetchney and Mr Goad happened to be at that time in London on business, and connected with Mr Newdegate’s property, and both of them became interested in the account given of Mrs Huntley by Miss Milner, who, having formerly been a particular friend of Curzon Goad’s mother, was intimate with him. She frequently employed him to execute commissions in town for her; and it was while escorting my sister, at Miss Milner’s request, one evening from her house to the lodgings she had procured for her in a quiet part of the city, that my brother Edward observed her in his company. The advertisement which I had addressed to Anna in the Times was supposed by her and Miss Milner to have been inserted in the paper by Mr Huntley, and under this mistake she answered it. She also imagined that Edward, when endeavouring to force admission to her lodging, was an emissary of her husband. After this supposition, she left the house, and Miss Milner took her to live with her for a few weeks in St James’s Street, generally accompanying her herself when she went out in town, and both being often escorted by either Mr Vetchney or Curzon Goad, who always communicated to Miss Milner what progress was being made in the discovery, by different persons, for tracing the rightful possession of the Shadows and Harklowe estates. In April, Anna was permitted by Miss Milner to take up her residence at a small cottage near Ravenshill, and thus she disappeared from London. Such was the sketch of her adventures since eloping from Weston Cricket. In turn, I gave her a rapid account of what had befallen myself and our family within the past sixteen months; but for the present I forbore to mention to her that an unexpected turn of good fortune seemed about to visit us, and that Mr Huntley had had probably very substantial reasons for wishing to make her his wife.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH A WEDDING IS IN CONTEMPLATION.

I confided everything to Miss Milner respecting my sister, who was thereupon allowed to come and stay with us at Ravenshill; the baby came too—a fine sturdy little fellow, whom Anna considered to resemble every member of her own family. Of course I lost no time in writing to my dear mother; and in her kindness of our hostess, that she desired me to invite her to join our circle in the country, where we could all await the result of the investigation concerning Mr Newdegate’s affairs. In about a week, mamma, then, arrived at Ravenshill. Nothing could exceed Miss Milner’s good-nature to us all; in every way she endeavoured to render our stay with her happy. Mr Legrand, having found that he would only be a loser by entering into a lawsuit respecting the estates for so short a time in his possession, was obliged to submit to their restoration to Mr Newdegate. It was done very quietly, the affair scarcely getting into the newspapers. Whether Mr Legrand and his late friend Huntley were all along aware of the real state of affairs, none could positively say; but from the fact of certain papers having disappeared from Mr Newdegate’s desk after his death, and from the circumstance of Huntley’s eloping with his sister so shortly afterwards, no doubt could be entertained that one or other, if not both, was aware of the old man’s intentions. Had I not overheard some conversation between Legrand and his sister in the dead of night outside the library door at Ripworth, which seemed to concern people of the name of Keppleton—a secret too? Had my uncle Daubeney known all that his daughter and her child were to be one day as wealthy as himself—perhaps more wealthy—and was that the reason I was asked to Ripworth, and treated kindly there, till affairs went against us, and Mr Legrand was considered Bermond-ham Newdegate’s heir? While we were still at Ravenshill, a letter from Colonel Daubeney reached mamma, congratulating her on the unexpected good-fortune, and hoping that I had forgiven him for his hasty fit of anger, which he assured her he had long ago repented of! To my surprise, mamma put the letter in the fire immediately on reading it. Soon afterwards, we learned that the colonel was terribly involved with Mr Legrand; he owed him a vast sum of money—and what was still more shocking, it was discovered that he had taken up nearly all his stepdaughter’s fortune, of which he had been sole guardian, to pay pressing debts. The finale was, that he suddenly quitted England for the continent.

Arrangements have been made for a separation between my poor sister and Mr Huntley. He has produced various private papers, which he pretended to have found in the old desk at the Shadows: among them was a journal kept up to within a month of the old man’s death, in which Curzon Goad was mentioned to the last with the greatest affection, and no allusion whatever was made to any dishonourable proceeding of his grand-nephew. There was also a long account, in the old man’s handwriting, of his reasons for making his will over the estate of the Shadows to Robert Keppleton. Among all the circumstances that I had reason to be thankful for, the most important to me by far were those which led me to believe Curzon Goad perfectly undeserving of the malicious imputations cast upon his character. According to my mother’s wish,
my father was removed from Dr. Dircroft's care, and brought to the Shaddows—his childhood's home. His malady had abated much, and hopes are entertained of his ultimate restoration to health of mind and body, for both had succumbed under the weight of family cares and difficulties. He understands perfectly that he has been restored to the estate of his ancestors; he remembers the room where his father died; and he has showed me spots in the old neglected pleasure-grounds where he played hide-and-seek, long years ago, with his young companions, tenants' sons on the property. There is one thing remarkable: he has never asked for my sister Rosa; and once, when her name was inadvertently mentioned in his hearing, he raised his hands to his face, and covered it for some minutes. Full well he knows she is gone to her eternal home. Beloved sister, in the depth of night how often do my thoughts wander to your quiet grave in the churchyard at Weston Cricket!

I have still a strange circumstance to relate. My father has declared that Lucien Legrand was formerly a brother-officer of his own in the Austrian regiment to which he belonged, and that he behaved shamefully to him. They quarrelled one night in a café, and my father struck him with a knife. For a long while he supposed him to have been killed; but he heard, after some time, that he was alive. It was some years before they came into possession of a large property in England.

How glad I felt, then, that I had not married that man!

There is to be a quiet wedding soon at Weston Cricket, in the simple country church, and Mr. Horne, assisted by Mr. Vetchney, is to be the officiating clergyman. It is my wish to be married there, where I first beheld my husband. Greatly are we both altered within the last few years—sobered, subdued, and understanding that errors must needs bring their own punishment. Have I been too much done wrong; who has not? But we hope to pursue our onward path together, not unhindered.

END OF MYSELF AND MY RELATIVES.

BLOWN THROUGH A TUBE.

So far as we are aware, no human being was ever blown through a tube until this present year eighteen hundred and sixty-one. Men have worked their way through tubes in many other modes: the elder Bunsen through the big tube, the Thames Tunnel, under circumstances of great and varied difficulty; and his son, the Brunel of the Great Western, through the tube which bears his name. The Box Tunnel, near where I live, was opened by Mr. Robert Stephenson, who was the first man to walk through the mighty tube of the Britannia Bridge over the Menai; the Prince of Wales rode through the still mightier tube forming the Victoria Bridge at Montreal; water-work labourers and gas-work labourers are often required to crawl through iron pipes of sufficient diameter; Sir William Herschel's family walked through the tube of his majestic reflecting telescope at Slough. These, and other examples, are more or less familiar to all of us; but the being blown through a tube is something different.

It is of the Pneumatic Dispatch tube we are speaking—a tube which may one day convey our letters and parcels from one end of the metropolis to the other, and, for aught we can tell, all other commodities except meat—which, as is well known, should not be blown.

Those who regard this subject as a matter of mere speculation are not aware that compressed and expanded air have both been experimented on, many times in past years, as motive-powers. Papin, the inventor of the pressure cooker, many years ago, conceived the idea of producing motion by atmospheric pressure through a tube; but he did not pursue the subject practically. About half a century ago, Mr. Medhurst published a short account of a scheme, under the title, A New Method of Conveying Letters and Goods by Air. The public, as may be supposed, regarded him as a dreamer. Many years afterwards, he published another pamphlet—A New System of Inland Conveyance for Goods and Passengers. From this it appears that he had formed a plan, of which the following is an outline. In the first place, an air-tight tunnel was to be constructed, of sufficient magnitude to admit the passage of carriages within it. The carriages, running upon rails, were to be so formed as exactly to fit the tunnel; and to have around them only so much space as to permit them to pass through it without friction. They were to be propelled by compressed air, which would push them on because it could not find a passage around them. The air was to be forced in by pumping-machinery. Another arrangement planned by Medhurst was that of causing carriages to run through a tunnel, not by compressing air behind them, but by exhausting the air in front of them. This is worthy of being recorded, for it is just the principle now proposed to be adopted by the Pneumatic Dispatch Company. A third scheme suggested by this ingenious man was this: There was to be a small tunnel or large tube, containing a piston-carriage for the conveyance of goods, and a valve along the top of the tube, by which a rod would protrude vertically. The rod would be connected at the lower end with the piston-carriage inside the tube, and at the upper end with a passenger-carriage in the open air: this passenger-carriage would run upon a railway either above or alongside of the tube. By this singular arrangement, compressed air would not blow them in, but would blow the air inside the tube, but also a passenger-carriage outside and above it. Even this did not exhaust Medhurst's inventions. He planned the construction of a railway, in the centre of which would be laid a small tube, having a valve and upright bar as above described. This was a cheaper arrangement, as the tunnel was only to be large enough to contain a piston, not a goods-carriage. He contrived various ingenious modes of closing the valve at all times, except just at the instant when the carriage would pass. Medhurst appears to have relied more on the pressure behind the piston, than on a vacuum in front of it; and he certainly formed very magnificent ideas of the degree of propulsive power thus obtainable—much more so than was at that time admitted. What I mean is this: that in a tube of thirty-five feet sectional area, or between five and six feet in diameter, carriages might be propelled at the rate of sixty miles an hour without the condensation of air becoming uncomfortable to the passengers.

If ever the Pneumatic Dispatch scheme becomes really effective and profitable, society must say a good word for Mr. Medhurst: he certainly set the brains of other men to work, although he did not himself profit by his various tubular schemes. The same, in a smaller degree, may be said of Mr. Vallance, who, in 1823, invited the public to consider a new mode of travelling. His design was for conveying passengers along a railway laid within an air-tight tunnel, made either of cast iron or of vitrified clay. Knowing that experiments had shown a very great loss of power to result from the attempt to impel air through a long pipe, he selected the vacuum instead of the plenum method—exhausting the air in front of the piston, and allowing the ordinary atmosphere to press on the piston from behind. The possibility of doing this was actually shown on a small scale at Brenton; and then Vallance made a step in advance beyond Medhurst: but people laughed at him, and the improbability of true-born Britons ever consenting to be shot through a tube like pellets through a popgun. Years rolled on, and, to hundreds of years ago, conceived the idea of producing motion by atmospheric pressure through a tube; but he did not.
a longitudinal slit, an inch or two wide, on its upper side. Two raised edges on the sides of this slit formed a trough, which was filled up with a vaseline cord of Wheat of the ordinary or yielding oil; the whole was strengthened by a backing of iron. A piston travelled within the tube, and a bar, passing upward from it through the slit, connected it with one of a train of carriages running in the way. In fact, it was one of Medhurst’s plans, greatly modified in relation to the mode of sealing up the opening except at the moment when the piston was passing a particular spot. A small bit of experimental railway was laid down, and Pinfold’s apparatus tried on it; but, somehow or other, the affair went out of public thought, and Mr. Pinfold made nothing by his ingenuity.

Again we pass over a few years, and come to the labours of Messrs. Clegg and Samuda, who, in 1840, announced to the world their ‘Atmospheric Railway’. This really did ‘take to something’, though the ‘something’ was financially unfortunate to a good many people. Half a mile of the new apparatus was laid down upon the West London Railway; and it worked so successfully, that the attention of railway companies was attracted towards it. We need not enter into mechanical detail. We have simply to picture to ourselves a single jet of about a yard in diameter—a slit along the top of that tube—an elastic valve or flap closing the slit—an upright bar forcing itself a passage by lifting up the valve a few inches at a time—a piston at the bottom of the bar, within the tube—a carriage at the top of the bar, outside the tube—a train connected with this carriage—and apparatus for pumping out the air in front of the piston in the tube. Such was the atmospheric railway, which was actually put in operation on the Croydon, the Dublin and Kingstown, and the South Devon Railways; the expenditure was great enough for railroad any number of years. The system is still going on, and it is said that it is ready to start for the London and Birmingham Railway.

The reader must take all this as an exemplification of the well-worn truth, that ‘there is nothing new under the sun.’ The Pneumatic Dispatch plan of the present day is not new; it is only an improvement upon something which had long before taxed the speculative faculties of ingenious men.

In a district once forming part of Battersea Fields, but now a new Street for the Vauxhall Water-works Company, is temporarily laid a serpentine pipe about a quarter of a mile in length. It is mostly on the surface of the ground, but in some parts either supported above it or slightly buried beneath it; there are one or two sharp curves in it, and gradients almost as steep as that of Holborn Hill. At one end is a small train of iron carriages; at the other end, an engine-house with a steam-engine and an air-pump. The pipe is about thirty inches in internal diameter, and having in section a form something like that of a bee-hive. It is made in pieces, sutured together as to be air-tight from end to end. Such is the tube. The carriages bear some resemblance to cradles or cots, having a vertical section exactly like that of the tube, but slightly smaller, and being open at the top except at and near the two ends. Each carriage is about seven feet long, and is very strongly made of iron; four wheels allow it to run on a line to that of the tube. Here, then, we have a railway within a tube, and a train of two or more iron carriages to travel upon it. Not far from the other end of the tube is a small temporary engine-house with machinery. A steam-engine causes a very large vertical disc or wheel, more than twenty feet in diameter, to rotate rapidly. The disc is formed of sheet-iron, shaped like two gigantic watch-glasses, placed with their concave faces inwards, and meeting at their edges within an inch or so; the hollow axis of this disc is connected with the tube by a pin which, as the disc rotates rapidly, is driven off forcibly from between the two surfaces by a sort of centrifugal action; and this gives rise to a species of suction by which a vast body of air is withdrawn from the tube.

If the remote end of the tube were quite closed, this suction would go on until almost a vacuum was produced; but if it were only closed by an iron carriage which leaves a little margin all round, the vacuum would be very partial. Partial as it is, however, the vacuum is sufficient to give rise to a very rapid movement of the carriage through the tube. There being rarefied air in front, and the ordinary atmospheric air behind, the carriage is driven forward by a force depending on the difference between the two, and this force is much more considerable than might be supposed. A train of two carriages, each weighing seven or eight hundred pounds, is driven through the quarter mile of tube in thirty or forty seconds—equal to a speed varying from twenty to thirty miles an hour. A visitor to this experimental-ground is shown how these carriages, laden with several hundred dreedweights of beet or half a yard in diameter—a slit along the top of that tube—an elastic valve or flap closing the slit—an upright bar forcing itself a passage by lifting up the valve a few inches at a time—a piston at the bottom of the bar, within the tube—a carriage at the top of the bar, outside the tube—a train connected with this carriage—and apparatus for pumping out the air in front of the piston in the tube. Such was the atmospheric railway, which was actually put in operation on the Croydon, the Dublin and Kingstown, and the South Devon Railways; the actual working of which is still going on, and it is said that it is ready to start for the London and Birmingham Railway.

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proposed to be rendered by the Pneumatic Dispatch Company. It is now several years since the Electric and International Telegraph Company caused a tube to be laid down from their stations in Cornhill and St. Stocker to the station in the Lothbury. Instead of having the trouble of transcribing the messages, and sending them by hand, the slips of paper were themselves put into the tube, and blown along in about one second. The plan answered so well, that other pipes have since been laid down; and the four stations at Cornhill, Stock Exchange, Mincing Lane, and Lothbury, are placed in communication with Somerton Hill station in Moorgate Street, to which strips of paper are blown containing messages to be transmitted to all parts of the world. It is a small beginning, but it promises well. The dispatches are placed in a small cylinder roughly surrounded by felt; and this cylinder obviously represents the iron carriage of the larger apparatus. The tubes are small; but those necessary for the mail and parcel dispatch would be larger. Besides the conveyance of bags of letters through various districts of London, as just mentioned, the Company propose to carry small parcels to and from the several railway stations in alliance with the railway companies; and to convey professional, commercial, official, and private documents and papers of all kinds, as well as newspapers and books, from office to office, combined with a hand-delivery to the consignees. The Company propose also that the government should have a complete set of tubes for special and separate use, to convey the almost numberless messages and papers which have every day to travel between the several government offices at Whitehall, Somerset House, St. Martin’s Lane, and Victoria Street. The Admiralty alone would save a very large sum every year by getting rid of the difficulty occasioned by one-half of every day’s business being transacted at Whitehall, and the other half at Somerset House. The future must tell its own tale. It would not be wise to predict too warmly; but if this scheme once surmounts preliminary difficulties, and becomes efficacious, there is no calculating the amount of commercial and social advantage that may attend its adoption. Steam-pressure and water-pressure are working busily for us every day; perhaps air-pressure will shortly join the goodly company.

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT.

The camel, whose area of servitude extends over a wide range, embracing Arabia, India, Persia, South Tartary, the Canaries Islands, and a large portion of Africa, unlike the rest of man’s four-footed friends and servants, seems to be a total stranger to the pleasures of freedom. That such was not always the case is certain enough, without the evidence of the fossil remains lying in the British Museum, which were discovered by Colonel Cantley and Dr Falconer in the sub-Himalyan hills. The natives of Central Africa persist in asserting that wild camels still wander among the unfrequented mountain-ranges of that continent; but as no European traveller has yet set eyes upon them, their existence is too apocryphal to overthrow the prevailing opinion, that in the present day the camel exists only in a state of slavery. At what era man first enlisted the camel into their service, it is impossible to guess; but that it was at a very early period is plain from the fact, that six thousand camels formed part of the wealth with which the patient Patriarch was rewarded after the tribule trial. A straggling beast found its way to Europe. In the sixth century, the treasure of Mummolus was carried by its means from Bordeaux to Conventus; and when Cotsare made Brunswick a prisoner, he was carried out to the field of battle on the back of a camel. The camel is the most useful of all animals, the student of the desert. It is the schoolmate of the camel forming the centre of the apparatus, and keeping everything in its proper place. Across this
gigantic saddle the saddle-bags are thrown, and the whole covered with carpets and cushions, until a sort of pyramid is formed, upon the apex of which the traveller is perched; his water bottles, carpet-bag, and other paraphernalia swinging below. The harness is completed by a halter of goat and camel hair twisted together passing round the beast's nose like our common stable-halter.

When the sex dare the dangers of a desert-ride, they generally mount as English ladies used to do before the advent of Anne of Bohemia and the saddle-saddles; should they scruple at acting in so gentlemanly a manner, they can choose between the shil-reyeh, moonsultah, mahassa, and takht-ravan. The first named is a species of platform, built up with mattresses, carpets, and cushions, on a foundation of luggage-cheasts. The moonsultah is composed of a couple of frames—resembling in shape two old-fashioned high-backed chairs minus the seats—hung across the pack-saddle. Inside these frames the fair travellers seat themselves, and are screened from sun and wind by an awning supported by poles and the backs of the frame. The moonsultah is the most luxurious form of camel-riding. It consists of a pair of frames, or rather boxes, four or five feet long, two feet wide, and one foot and a half deep, with posts fixed at the outer corners; these boxes are hung across the pack-saddle, and the whole covered with a showy awning, supported by the posts at the corners, and another in the centre. If there is only one passenger, of course it is necessary that the capacity of equal weight must be placed in the unoccupied compartment, to preserve the balance. The most luxurious of all the accommodations for the tender portion of creation is the camel-litter; these boxes are draped over the pack-saddle, and the whole covered with a showy awning, supported by the posts at the corners, and another in the centre. If there is only one passenger, of course it is necessary that something of equal weight must be placed in the unoccupied compartment, to preserve the balance.

The average speed of the ordinary caravan-camels, which are seldom less than ten hours, and sometimes twenty-four hours continually on the march, is about two miles per hour; but the marehier or dromedary can accomplish a much swifter rate of progression, being able to travel seventy miles a day for two or three days successively. Colonel Cheaney, by employing four dromedaries, journeyed between Baarath and Damascus, a distance of four hundred and fifty-eight miles, in a little more than nineteen days; Laborde went from Alexandria to Cairo (one hundred and fifty miles) in thirty-four hours; and the mails have been carried between Bagdad and Damascus in seven days, at the rate of sixty-nine miles per diem. Still greater celerity was attained by Mehemet Ali, when he wished to communicate from Cairo with Ibrahim Pacha at Antloch. By adopting the system of relays, the distance of five hundred and sixty miles was traversed in the short space of five days and a half.

European travellers have descended much upon the patience and gentleness of the ship of the desert; but the Arab would seem to have a less favourable opinion of his temper, as they use no other term than 'camel's anger' by which to designate intense, unforgiving hatred; and when a caravan passes near the spot where the camel of the prophet Saleh was hamstring, drums are beaten, guns discharged, voices strained, and hands clasped vigorously over their hearts to bear the lamentation and complaining of the prophet's unlucky marehier, who, neither forgetful nor forgiving, yet haunts the scene of his misfortune. Camels, too, fight and kick and other members of the party amuse themselves with the Turk who can afford such a luxury, to pit one against the other, and, pipe in mouth, watch them rise on their hind-legs, thrust their necks together, and embrace each other with anything but friendly intentions. The indifference with which the camel receives the heaviest blows from his driver, is rather a proof of the toughness of his skin than the result of the innate patience of the animal. When he comes to be loaded for the day's journey, his docility is very questionable. The representative of the Times in the Crimea and India thus graphically describes his behaviour at such a time, during the Indian campaign: 'In the rear of each tent were conched three or four camels, which had been brought up noiselessly from their own part of the world, and were now expressing their resentment at present, and their apprehension of future wrongs. The moment the small wooden spikes being empy with a piece of wood passing through the cartilage of the animal's nostril, the camel, opening its immense mouth, garnished with hideous blackened tusks, projecting like cervaux de fer from its lips, and from the depths of its inner consciousness and of its wonderful hydraulic apparatus, gets up groans and roarings full of pleasure indicating that any can only be realised by actual audience. When solicited by the jerking of their noses, they condescend to kneel down and tuck their legs under them; they are prevented from rising by a rope which is passed under their fore-knees, and round their necks. All this time their complaints wax furious as the pail grows upon their backs, and do not cease till long after they have risen and stalked off with their loads.

The load for a camel in India is fixed by the government at 350 pounds; in Arabia, it varies from 360 to 400 pounds; in Persia, from 350 to 600 pounds; in Egypt, it varies from 300 to 500 pounds; according to Tavernier, the Turcoman camel will carry as much as 1500 pounds' weight.

Where the road is tolerably good, the burden-camels of a caravan are tied to each other, the nose-ropes of one being fastened to the tail of another, and so they march on, three to ten in a string, in single file; and such creatures of routine are they, that a caravan will refuse to proceed if the camel before him is changed for another. In Egypt, the caravans move abreast; and one of fifty camels will shew a front of a mile in extent. The pilgrim-caravan pursues its route principally during the night, lighted on its way with torches. It has been aorn of much of its splendour in modern times. Bagdad's celebrated ruler—

That monarch wise and witty,
Whose special taste for putting wrongs to rights,
Brought down upon him blows and sharp inventive
When it pleased him to be his own detective,
To scent out scandals of Arabian nights—

performed the pilgrimage to the Prophet's shrine no less than nine times, with a caravan of 120,000 camels, 900 of that enormous number being empy in carrying Haroun's wardrobe. The sultan of Egypt was accompanied by 500 camels laden with sweetmeats, and 280 bearing pomegranates and other fruits. Every year the sultan of Turkey sends a 'mahmal'—a beautiful covering for the shrine of Mohammed—to Mecca. The camel honoured by being chosen for carpet-bearer is magnificently adorned with ribbons, lace, feathers, and imitative gems. When Hasselquist saw the procession start from Cairo in 1750, this favoured beast carried a pyramidal pavilion six feet high, covered with green silk, under which the mahmal was supposed to lie; but, like other great officials, the carpet-camel did his work by deputy, and the precious gift being actually carried by some less fortunate brethren. As a reward for 'not doing it,' the mahmal-camel becomes exempt from all labour for the rest of his life, which is passed in a lodging provided for his special use, and it is a favourite amusement with the Turk who can afford such a luxury, to pit one against the other, and, pipe in
caravan, the wandering tribes of the desert do not scruple to lay it, like humble ones, under contribution; the authorities have, in consequence, resolved to abridge the land-journey as much as possible; and this year, for the first time, the mahmal was sent from Cairo to Jedda by railway, from whence it would be taken by stage to Syon. The camel's religious occupation is not quite gone, and the mahmal-carrier, after bearing the sacred carpet to the railway carriage, was provided with a truck to himself. The camel has served other purposes than those of commerce and religion: he has been pressed into the service of warlike sovereigns, and employed not only to carry the luggage of their armies, but to draw scythed chariots, and to carry bowmen and swordsmen. Semiramis numbered, in one of her hosts, ten myriads of camel-mounted warriors, besides seventy millions of baggage-camels. They were also employed by the strong-minded spouse of Ninus to carry the two millions of artificial elephants with which she marched into Mesopotamia. The legions of Xerxes suffered by their camels being carried away by lions in the night; and Cyrus defeated Croesus by craftily taking advantage of the antipathy the horse bears to the camel. He mounted some of his soldiers on camels, and ordered them to charge the famous Lydian swift-horses. The chargers of the latter, rendered ungovernable by fear, fled from the field, and with them the hopes of the wealth of the monarchy. Camels are still used in our Indian territories. The conqueror of Sinde, writing home while making his wonderful march upon the stronghold of the Amerees, exclaims: Oh, the baggage, the baggage! it is enough to drive one mad. We have fifteen hundred camels with their confined long necks, each occupying fifteen feet! Fancy these long devils in a defile, four miles and a quarter of them! Yea, and this addition of an army was far below the usual figure. Sir Charles is said to have been the first Indian general that marched with less than sixteen camels to carry his baggage. Lord Lawrence, the commander-in-chief, the former commander declared emphatically that they were utterly unfit for military movements. The time is possibly not far distant when the camel will be superseded by the great iron horse; but as long as the Arab finds in him a useful servant, meat, drink, clothing, and fuel, we need not wonder that the value of that animal remains. When I look into a white-winged camel awaiting him as he steps out of his sepulchre, to convey his soul to paradise.

VERY EXTRAORDINARY.

All I say is, it's Very Extraordinary. I don't believe in luck, of course; nobody does, I know. Luck is a heathen goddess, and we are not pagans. Certainly not. We do to others what we feel pretty sure others would do to us, and we owe no man anything. Do we? Oh, never mind your tailor; you must owe nine tailors before you have any reason to think you have failed in Christian duty; and as for the baker, he likes it; and the butcher wouldn't be easy unless you had a running account; and so, on the whole, we are tolerable Christians. It is therefore quite clear we cannot allow that events are influenced by luck; neither, for my part, do I think the stars have much to do with it. The fault, dear reader, is not in our stars that we are—underestised, for instance. If it could be proved that upon my being named in the will of an old parson, he put his foot between his legs, and howled with prophetic anguish, I might put some faith in star-influence; but as it is, I don't believe in it. But I do believe in Very Extraordinary. The way I did this last Sunday prevents anything like conversion from that faith.

Now, whereas my birthday fell on a Tuesday, things had gone on swimmingly all Monday; my boots had been easy, and there had seemed to be a majesty in my exterior which awed little boys from offering to clean them; the young ladies in the shops had been affable; the faces of acquaintances had brightened at my approach; my editor had complimented me upon my conscientious carefulness; I had received a letter with a cheque in it; a friend had insisted upon my sitting down to dinner; the young girl had asked me to 'ring the top bell,' which always gratifies me, as I'm not much over five feet high; a barber had cut my hair without comment; a tailor had said I 'measured well round the chest'; a Turkish-bath man had shampooped me without making a single observation on the state of my skin, or asking me whether it was not my 'first time'; the waiter at dinner had brought me up without any request on my part; the proprietor (landlords are obsolete—and I rather think I should have said 'attendant') instead of saying 'waiter!' had hoped I had had 'what was to my liking'—a most unusual attention; and one barmaid had whispered to the other, as I was passing out of the door, that some one was 'rather good-looking,' and there was no one else near to whom the observation could apply. I had gone to the French play, been sought by a neighbour to explain a French joke, had by some strange freak of Very Extraordinary been able to do it; and, consequently, had gone to bed contented and happy. Quid est futurum crese fugae quercure—don't bother yourself about to-morrow; says the poet; and he is perfectly right; for if I had the least idea what a night would bring forth, I should not have had a wink of sleep. Well, the first thing it brought forth—or at least that I saw in the mirror as soon as I looked in the glass—was a large bright-red pimple just on the tip of my nose. That was a birthday present with a vengeance! There is nothing to equal it in Messrs. Perkins and Co.'s. Yet a peacock's eye, coloured, and cheap. You may call it a trifle; but don't tell me; if it's a trifle to have a thing like the safety-lamp of a railway engine at the end of your nose, give me something three hundred times. I should think it a subject not to be decided by the public. No, you should know, or should know, Mr. Ecclesiastes, that life is made up of trifles, and not the least among them is a full-sized pimple on the nose. Out of temper at my mishap, I proceeded to shave, and cut myself in two places by reason of my ill-temper; two pieces of court-plaster therefore became necessary, and these added to the nasal ornament, gave me a faith of grace of which I had been engaged in some sort of personal encounter, and of having had the worst of it. Upon the breakfast-table lay a letter, seal uppermost, so that I didn't see the handwriting, but having one reasonable supposition, I naturally supposed it was a note of congratulations upon an auspicious event; it was—Well, never mind; but my cheque of the preceding day would hardly cover it. I proceeded with a heavy heart to put on my boots. They had been perfectly easy the day before; but now, whether the weather had changed in the night, or I had grown in the extremities, I cannot say, but the labour required to draw them on was Herculean, and the torture when they were on was Tartarism. Staggering down stairs, for the purpose of going out, I was accosted by my landlady with: 'Good mornin', sir; lor', how funny you walk; your boots is too tight, ain't 'em?' to which my response was curt, and elicited from madame a remark, addressed to Abigail, but audible to me, that 'Mr. Blank must ha' got out o' bed the wrong side,' though she must know—no one better—that I have no opportunity of getting into bed, but on one side, the other being close against the wall.

So forth into the street to work my way, with here a little business and there a little business, gradually down to the Woolwich Railway. I have the (I hope) with my remaining relation at his elegant villa at Woolwich. He is such a good fellow, he is sure to remember my birthday—fact, not in any way a fall—and stay at home on purpose to wish me 'many
happy returns of the day.' With a little black bag in one hand and an umbrella in the other, I commence my pilgrimage, and the moment I turn the corner of the street, meet Binson. I don't like Binson, and how I came to know him passes my comprehension; he never seems to see you unless you are in some uncomfortable state, and then he spies you directly. I'd give him half a crown to extort me, but I doubt whether he'd do it for five shillings, now that he has such a chance of triumph; his eyes twinkle and his mouth opens directly he catches a glimpse of me, and he rushes up, exclaims, 'My dear fellow, what on earth is the matter with you? What a guy you look! Are you lame?'

'No,' say I gruffly, 'I am not. Are you?'

'Well, no,' says he, 'but you walk so. And what have you been doing to your face?'

'Cut it shaving.'

'Ah; but that wouldn't account for the state of your nose. Why, it attracted my attention directly, or I shouldn't have seen you.'

'It's only a pimple, confound you! I suppose you've had a simple before now.'

'Not like that, that I know of; and with a recommendation to wear passion coriun shoes, and use a razor with a guard, and 'have something done' to my nose, he leaves me, hastily wishing he may happen to get run over. Then all the shoe-blacks want to 'give 'em a nice polish,' as if I wouldn't be the death of anybody sooner than myself who dare to touch 'em ('em are my boots) with the softest bristle that ever grew on animal. Why, I shrink at every step; that clanks behind me, and grin with apprehension at every urchin that crosses my path. This state of mind naturally causes my pace to be uncertain, so that collisions with passers-by are frequent. Moreover, when anybody stops suddenly, or is halting, or is in a careless state of mind, they slide or slip or stagger; I look out of my shop-window, moving one way and looking the other, I am certain to be in the immediate vicinity, and I think it's Very Extraordinary. This kind of progression is inevitably attended with perspiration, and perpiration necessitates mopping, and mopping is done with a pocket-handkerchief, and — by Jove, I haven't brought one! However, here is a shop where they sell them 'ready for use;' so I step in and buy one. Did you ever buy a pocket-handkerchief 'ready for use?' If so, there is no occasion to instruct you that 'to be held in your hand, it is 'ready' cannot be 'the use' to which you are in the habit of putting it; it might do tolerably cut into small obliqued for extricant circles of address, or for a 'catch 'em alive' paper, but for the ordinary purpose of handkerchief, give me in preference a sheet of note-paper — a penny newspaper would be in comparison a luxury, if one were not afraid of the print coming off. Of course, I speak of cambric handkerchiefs, for silk I consider out of place; if any one gave me a silk one, I should wear it round my neck.

Now I reach my editor's office. I accost him cheerfully, but he looks grave, and hands me a note with a quiet, 'That concerns you.' I read: 'Sir — it strikes me forcibly that the gentleman (of course he is a gentleman) who reviewed my book in your world-renowned paper, either adopted with respect to it the process which is known as "cutting the leavings and smudging the paper-knife," or deliberately misrepresented my meaning, or, from sheer ignorance, was guilty of a blunder for which a school-boy would have received condign punishment. I allude, of course, to his remarks in his last article, based upon actual calculation, as to the number of cows' tails which would reach to the moon.'

The truth is, I was wrong: I had made a blunder from sheer ignorance. Dr. Johnson's course seemed plain enough: to write a short note saying I had made a blunder, and was very sorry for it, and that the deductions of the theorist in the particular instance were perfectly correct. Dr. Johnson acknowledged his ignorance, why shouldn't I mine? Never mind why: I didn't. I had recourse to irony instead. After mediating my ironical epistle, I take leave of Mr. Editor with a heavy heart (for I don't like making mistakes, and being obliged to slur the fact over), and think a little luncheon would do me good. I therefore enter a well-known house of refreshment, take a chop and a glass of stout, and with an amiable smile tender the waiter a shilling in payment. The waiter, who has evidently been brought up at one of those schools where 'particular attention is paid to manners and deportment,' puts one leg over the other, passes his napkin to his left side in the attitude of a wounded stage-hero, and taking the shilling delicately between the tips of his thumb and forefinger, as though the coin were contagious, blandly remarks: 'I'm much obliged to you, sir; but if you 'are another shillin' — The use of the figure apopenesis is accompanied by a significant glance; and the idea of not 'avin' another shillin' is so exasperating to a man who has a natural tendency to be in that position, that I answer 'almost fiercely' (as the novelist says): 'Why, is there anything the matter with that?'

'Well, sir, I should say there was; sir; I should say it was very bad indeed, sir;' and the waiter chuckles at his wit's point.

'Oh, it's a bad one, is it?' say I.

'It's a melancholy fact, sir,' says he.

'Come, my good man,' I say, 'there's another shilling; but I came here to eat a chop, and not to listen to your facetiousness; you forget your place, sir; and I step majestically from the room, whilst I overhear my waiter remaining to his yokel-fellow: 'See that gent with a pimple on his nose, a-hobblin' out? Tried to pass a bad shillin'. Them games won't do here, I can tell 'im.'

I mutter to myself: 'It's Very Extraordinary,' and hail an omnibus. The conductor requests me not to keep them 'waitin' all day,' which I promise faithfully not to do; and while conscientiously endeavouring to perform my promise, I slip as the vehicle begins to move, graze my legs against the edge of the step, fall in the road, and drive my hat nearly over my eyes. Of course, the omnibus has to stop again. 'What's up?' says the driver, and as soon as I am seated, I hear from the conductor the following explanation, gulped out between peals of laughter: 'Gent's tight; tripped himself with his umbrella, backed his shin, and bonneted himself: such a obese he is!'

Well, think I, I may be tight, for I don't know what it means; anyhow, it's Very Extraordinary. But the worst was to come. Arrived at my destination — the Railway Terminus at London Bridge — and aware that the fare is fourpence, I hunt down the smallest coin in my waistcoat-pockets, hand it to the conductor, and slight as many as my condition will allow, when I am arrested by, 'Hilloa, this 'ere won't do, yer know; our fare's fourpence.'

'I know it, and I gave you a fourpenny-piece.'

'No, yer didn't; yer know'd it was a threepenny.'

'No, yer didn't; yer know'd it was a threepenny, and yer did it o' purpose. Yer ought to be ashamed o' yerself. It's only females as tries that game. Call yerself a gen'man, do yer, and try to make a penny that way!'
a first-class carriage, but have a Parthian arrow shot at me by the incredulous guard; he leaves me with a caution not to "smoke in there." Arrived at Woolwich, I don't know whether I ought to get out at the dock-yard or the arsenal station (for my relation has only lately moved to Woolwich), and after tossing with myself the best two out of three as to which it shall be, get out at the arsenal, and find I've lost the dock-yard. Loud have I been at least a quarter of a mile nearer. However, at last I think my troubles are over; I reach my relation's door, knock cheerily, am conducted by a smiling housemaid, and informed that my relative has gone to Brighton for a week. For the first time in my life he has forgotten my birthday, and I cannot but think it is Very Extraordinary. There is nothing for it but to return to town. The train is just starting, and I am very thirsty; so I purchase a bottle of bitter ale, drink the contents of it in the carriage, in which I am the only passenger, and with a sigh of relief toss the bottle out of window (taking care it shall clear the rail), and lean back reflecting how much there is in life which even at a cursory glance, appears Very Extraordinary.

As soon as we arrive in London, I am surprised by a policeman and guard both doing me the honour of attending at the door of my carriage. This"um!" says the policeman, and addressing me, continues: "Did you throw anything out of the window coming along, young man?"

"No, sir."

"What were it, now?"

"Only a beer-bottle."

"Ah! come along, then, please. You've done it!"

"What have I done?"

"Why, the bottle 'it a workman on the line aside o' the 'ed, and putty nigh cooked 'im. I don't kon…it's a Good heavens! is the man seriously hurt?"

"Well, I believe he is, but I ain't got no orders about that. My orders was by telegraph to stop a train with a white 'at, two bits of cow-pie plastered on in, a and a large bright-red pimple on end of 'is nose; and if that ain't you, I should like to know o' it."

"I am afraid it is," say I, sadly, and go with him like a lamb. Fortunately, another 'telegraph' is sent to say that the man is not dangerously hurt, so I am allowed to go after giving my address, and taking it as a point of justice that in this world can be that I should be forthcoming when wanted.

Breaking a man's head accidentally with a beer-bottle excites anything rather than appetite; nevertheless, man, being reasonable, must dine. I thought, therefore, under the circumstances, I could not do better than drop in at the tavern where I had the day before been so courteously treated; but Very Extraordinary was there before me, and put things in the right way for going wrong. The landlord was standing at the door as I walked up, and just as I was putting on the friendliest of smiles to greet him, he wheeled slowly round, thrust his hands in his coat-tail pockets, thereby shewing me as he walked away—well, very little civility; the two barmaids whispered and giggled, and I'm sure I heard the word nose. I entered the coffee-room, sat down upon the nearest chair, and was informed by the waiter that 'that place was taken by a gentleman,' and he emphasised the last word in a way peculiar to waiters, and not agreeable to him who receives it. However, having at last found a place which had not been engaged by a gentleman, I—didn't dine, but—had something to eat, which I cannot better describe than in the words I used to the waiter when he asked me what I 'd 'at."

"Tough steak," said I (loosely), "stale bread, hot potatoes, and a piece of plum-pudding heated with a red-hot poker" (for I declare there were great black bars across that edible which I couldn't account for on any other supposition). The waiter's whole soul was moved; he was speechless with indignation; he made no reply, but walked up to the proprietor, and the latter, who the day before had been so extremely polite (I'm inclined to think now he had been drinking), came up to me red-visaged: "Hem! sir," says he, "my waiter tells me you didn't like that 'ad, sir. You was a grumbling the other day, sir" (I only said my knife was blunt). "If it's the same to you, sir—if you're a goin' to grumble; sir—what I mean is, sir—when a gentleman's always a grumbling, sir, we'd rather not 'ave 'is custom, sir. Ex—cuse me, sir, but we ain't used to that sort o' thing, sir—in this house, sir; and he gets redder than ever in the gills, and bows repeatedly.

"You're very much mistaken," say I; "I didn't grumble; I was asked to say what I had had, and I described it to the best of my ability. If you would rather be without my custom (this with great dignity), I can fortunately oblige you in that respect, without much inconvenience;" and I march away, thinking that if a waiter may be jocular to me, and I may not be jocular to a waiter, it is Very Extraordinary. After this series of misfortunes, my spirits are at the very lowest ebb, and I think I will go home.

"Call me a Hannon," I say to the waterman at the stand; "not that one" (as an expectant driver flourishes his whip), 'it has such a wretched-looking horse.' I had no idea that 'calm' had heard me, but he had, and abuse fell fast and thick upon my head. "Oss!" said he, 'what do you know about a 'oss? Why, yer don't know a 'oss from a donkey; you don't; why don't yer git yer nines to come out wi' yer to look arter yer, eh?' To which I make no answer, but smile as blandly as possible. At this, 'cabby' breaks out afresh: "Well, I sha'n't pay again. 'Then I shall speak to this pieceelman.' A policeman is, curiously enough, at hand; we each tell our tale, and the policeman insists upon it that I not only was, but am still, 'in liquor;' and that if I don't pay the 'poor' man his fare, he'll lock me up. Vowing swift vengeance, I comply, not without taking the numbers of both cabman and policeman, meaning on the morrow to get justice; in the meantime, I trudge up to bed. At last, I think, as I turn down the clothes, I shall have a little peace, when—a sputter, and a whish, and a huge black cat jumps past me. Fitting conclusion to a day's troubles—trivial and contemptible compared with your trials, sir, or your anxieties, ma'am, but exceedingly disagreeable, I can assure you; and you must allow that the fact—which you will not be rude enough to doubt—of their happening all in one day warrants my belief in Very Extraordinary.
flower which may soon degenerate into a weed, if not carefully watched, and which needs intelligent culture to prevent a rank or sickly growth.'

After some observations and remarks on almsgiving, we come to the following: 'When charity to the poor takes the form of personal visitation—of teaching wretched, unromantic, unlovely children—of boldly braving sights and sounds, and smells ineffably distressing to refined senses; when it means doing that which is abhorrent to flesh and blood, for God’s sake and our brother’s, then it is true charity—charity wafting innocence up to heaven sweeter far than any shed about the altar of church devotions.'

But, 'even with the faithful professors, there is the true way and the untrue, the right and the wrong, the graceful and the graceless. Take the example of one very frequent kind of charitable woman, for instance—the generous-hearted, dense-nerved woman, with distinct ideas of her own, great in theories of rule and government, and with an inestimable desire to put every living soul to rights. She goes to the homes of the poor as if they belonged to her, recognising no right of privacy, no right of exclusion on their parts, but visiting them spiritually and temporally, as a something between an inquisitor and a confessor, and putting her hand on all concerning them from the state of their floors to the state of their souls. Unconsciously, and as if consecrated by the solemn rite of birth, she translates into our nineteenth century the habits of thought belonging to the feudal times, and without meaning to be offensive, violates every principle of good feeling and good taste before she has been five minutes in the house. This is the woman who weights all her charities with lead, and makes the poor pay in soul for what they gain in body. There is not a personal kindness that she does to them, but she mars by some flagrant act of discourtesy; her arrogance robs her grace of all its charms, and her mode of giving renders the recipient of her store more humiliated than benefited. But she means to do well, and only blunders by the way because of the coarse texture of her brain, and the rough-hewn quality of her nerves. Such women—positive, dictatorial, interfering—are the terror of their neighbourhood, and the scourge of the district to which they may be appointed visitor. The poor acknowledge their well-meaningness, and are eloquent in their good gifts; but, Lord love you! one kindly word is worth all their rice and blankets; and a half-hour's quiet talk, with a little morsel of comfort in it, does more good than a day's scolding from them, even with half-a-crown at the back of it. The poor are quick-witted, and know far more than such women as these give them credit for; above all things, they know that high-handed almsgiving is not charity, that love is better than gifts, and sympathy than peace; and that charity, to be true, must be the rich quality or expression of sympathy and human kindness.'

The writer then goes on to shew how charity of judgment ranks far before the charity of mere almsgiving; and 'where,' it asks, 'is this more nobly shown than in loving pity for the fallen?' But to continue our extracts into what follows on this part of the subject were to do violence to its sacred meaning, and to break in upon the flow of the writer's noble sentiments would be harsh and dishonourable. We have already well-nigh given half of the entire article, but its concluding sentences we cannot resist quoting:

'Charity in woman should encompass trust in the unknown, one of its chief properties, for then it is of that kind which “thinketh no evil,” of that kind which is potent, true, and living, while all the rest is only sham. Charity to the unknown—charity, love, trust, belief in the better things of human nature, faith in the nobler instincts of man, discredit of base reports until undeniable proved, denial of evil deeds, if by charity a better issue from unhappy appearances may be found, acceptance of the noble and the good, rejection of the base and the bad—this is the trust in the unknown, the faith in the absent, the protection of the unprotected, and the cherished truth of love, which makes women very beautiful and dear, and bids them be God-blessed of the generations.'

WO E D.

Is leafy girths, the garden-walls
Around the limes and plums were drawn—
Bound many a myrtle interspace,
And crisping breath of summer lawn.
High on the wild-sculpt Tuscan urn,
The peacock drowsed; and far below
Ranged many a tenet space-dashed,
And fringed with balustrades of snow.
'1 love,' I said; 'she silent turned
Her thoughtful face afront the south,
While twenty shadows, passion-winged,
Ran round the curvings of her mouth.
I stole one hand across the seat,
And touched her dainty, shining arm,
Leant to her neck, and whispered through
The trees that hid her small ear's charm.
The hot wind stirred the plebeian grapes,
And sifted half the fountain's trout;
'And if I love, or if I mean I love,
Sweet cousin mine, need'st thou be wroth?
One moment trysting with her fan,
She pressed the margin to her brow;
'Yes,' she replied, 'and peace and rest
Dwell in your heart, and hearth, and house.'

'Wouldst see the picture I adore!
Through passive lips she answered 'Yes;'
Then, slowly breathing, turned to me
Her sweet face white with pain's excess.
I drew the mirror from my breast,
And placed it in her passive hand;
'Look, cousin, look at her I love,
The brightest blossom in the land.'
A faint blush bloom'd adiant her brows,
Her low voice trembled through and through,
She drooped her head—'Ah, cousin mine,
God help her, for she loves you too.'

Then rising up, close-linked we paced
Where the dun almonds dunked the swarth;
Nor heard the bells of Time, until
The great stars wheeled across the north—
Till half the palms laid black in shade,
And half the poplar tops grew pale,
And woke, amid the passion-flowers,
The mellow-throated nightingale.
Rich peace was ours; from bird and plant,
To the faint splendour in the blue,
I fancy myriad voices sighed:
'God bless her, for she loves you too.'

CavIARE.

The Proprietors of Chambers's Journal have the pleasure to announce, that in consequence of the Repeal of the Paper Duty, they will be enabled, with the commencement of their next volume, in January 1862, to present its Readers with a sheet of better material than has hitherto been practicable. Earnest efforts will also be made to improve the literature of the work, so that, in the increased competition of able and worthy rivals, the Father of its Class may yet be able to retain a fair share of popular favour.

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NURSING.

After Miss Nightingale's bright, sensible little book about Nursing, it is with some hesitation, on my own account, that I put such a title to my paper. Still, as I have seen a great deal of sickness, and, what is perhaps as much to the purpose, have been a good deal nursed myself, we will, if you please, a little, quiet, general talk about nursing. The first, the essential requisite in a nurse, is hope. We are saved by hope. While nothing can be more bold and dispiriting than the professional smile of a capable old woman, without stays, who has paid to keep awake at night (which she does not), there is nothing more sympathetic than genuine hope. I do not mean belief, expressed or not, that a particular patient will recover, but hopefulness, which is like sunshine, which warms and cherishes the failing sap of life. It is the business of the nurse to look, not to the disease, but to the natural power making a protest against it. She—use the feminine gender, though bearded men have nursed with the tenderness of woman—she must search for the strength there is in the patient, and protect and educate that; she must seek for the little spark of the old fire which lies under the choked or burned-up heap, and educate that, helping it to circulate again through the body within which it has shrunk. Without an eye on that, she may try to soothe pain in her wisest way, but she will not succeed; she will be always making some radical mistake. I remember once, when I was recovering from a fever, becoming very low and wearied. The unnatural strength which fever gives had left me; I was helpless as a heap of clothes. Fever had worn me, like a coat, for some weeks, but now had thrown me off, and gone. As I lay there, I felt that all I needed was to be left alone, that the skin might grow over my nerves again, that the small molecules of life might accumulate undisturbed, and build themselves quietly up, like coral. Any attempt to amuse or assist me went against the grain. One day, a kind visitor bearing me say I felt tired, began to stroke my arm. It had the same effect on me that a slow rubbing has on the edge of a finger-glass. Then I appreciated the genius of my nurse. She let the delicate process of silent recovery go on without comment or curious inspection, and I gathered health with accumulating speed, as by compound interest.

Nurses should remember that almost all patients may be referred to one or other of two classes—those who like, and those who dislike to be noticed. A little observation and tact will soon show to which of these two genera a sick person belongs. The whole management of the case is seriously affected by a mistake in this matter. One man is actually checked every time you ask him how he is. The little feeler of life which he is pushing on towards recovery, starts back at the question, like the horn of a snail when you touch it. Let the snail alone, if you want him to make progress. Another man frets inwardly if you don’t give him the opportunity of talking about himself. That seems to be nature’s way of freeing him from his malady. Persistent silence puts him in a passion.

Never argue with a sick man. I don’t know whether you are wise in ever doing so with any one, under any circumstances; but it is positively cruel to do so with a man who is weak and ill. I have, however, known people prove that a patient is better, to his teeth, when he affirms otherwise. Now, what can be the good of this? If he is better, he is better; if not, you certainly make him worse. Any argument with him, however reasonable, however clear, is only selfish indulgence on your part. The only atonement you can make is to set the logical top spinning again for a few minutes, and allow yourself to be cleverly beaten. If you can manage that speedily, dexterously, you may as well try it; but perhaps the best plan is to say no more on the matter. Oh! what torture have I seen inflicted by the most conscientious, affectionate friends. There was no question about their fondness; but many a time their positive anxiety to establish a sanitary conclusion has retarded the recovery of their beloved one, nay, even sometimes rendered it impossible. There are many persons worried to death, killed with kindness, if that may be called such which frets the thin thread of life away, by daily fuss, till it snaps. Have you never heard in a sick-room: ’I have been telling him that he must not,’ &c. Don’t you know the appealing look the patient lifts to the visitor? What hours of affectionate recrimination does not that recall? How often the doctor would astonish his customers if he could speak out. ’How do you think he is getting on?’ says the friend, just loud enough to be unintelligible to the subject of his inquiry. If the doctor could speak out, he would say: ’Well, my dear Mr, or my dear Mrs, or my dear Miss What-do-ye-call-it, I think he is getting on miserably, thanks to you.’

If such people would be really unkind, they would very likely do less mischief. If the sufferer could feel himself justified in ordering them out of the room, or throwing a physic-bottle at their heads, or otherwise letting off the natural anger they had generated within him, he would take little harm. You must restrain yourself, my dear,” says Mrs Gawdifyly, as she fiddle-faddles about the bed with provoking neatness.
and quiet. 'Ay, there is the rub,' the patient thinks; 'restrain myself—it needs health and strength to do that. Please let me rest in comfort; let me have it out; it is there; and if you insist on my corning myself up tight, perhaps I might burst.'

Next to hopefulness in a nurse, I would say that cooperation is necessary. If too much, or not enough, consult your patient’s wants, but consult him as little as possible. Your decision need not be very obvious and positive; you will be most decisive, if no one suspects that you are so at all.

It is the mark of the unhealthiest to become unconsciously supreme. Nowhere is the same decision more blessed than in a sick-room. Where it exists in its genuineness, the sufferer is never contradicted, never coerced; all little victories are assented. The decisive nurse is never peremptory, never loud. She is distinct, it is true: there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper. She never walks tip-toe; she never makes gestures; all is open and above board.

She knows no diplomacy or finesse, and of course her shoes never creak. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She does not pester. She never blows her nose in a subdued, provokingly imperfect, and considerate sort of way, but honestly, and in a natural tone. She never looks at you sideways. You may catch her watching you. She swears, if you suspect the doctor, it is true, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were cracking a nut in the hinge. She never talks behind her. She never pokes the fire skillfully, with firm judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if he were well. She is never in a hurry. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physic, which, however, she knows at the right time how to conceal. In short, she is hearty, decisive, tender, and hopeful.

But the thing, when began, that the object of the nurse should be to look to and educate the shrunk fire of life, and not try too eagerly to battle against the disease. Nature is doing that. She wants to be helped, not coerced. She is not a second in command; to have a great peremptory dose, for instance, rushing into her bureau or office, and insisting on this or that result or performance, which she would have brought about before long in her own way. No doubt there are occasions in which, like all other powers, she is glad to make an alliance with a stranger; but all measures that essential without which all other active qualifications and faculties will only too frequently make her do mischief. The disease she is set to watch slowly, be bribed, like an old heathen god, by sacrifices of any kind, for they only established the bad character of the god, leaving him, in the estimation of the worshipper, more powerful and dangerous than ever. No, it is the nurse’s business to realise the sound element in the person under her charge, to encourage the small and weak good, content if it grow of itself, however slowly.

What I have said refers to the nursing of sick adults; it is also applicable to that of infants. There the little one has to be protected, not forced. It would be as foolish to catch a toddling infant up, and run with it across the room—when the object really is to help the child to walk, not merely to gain the open space—than it is to put a sick person into unnatural health by violent medicine and other measures. If the house is on fire, and the brat cannot walk, why, then, pick it up anyhow, and run for it; but the fire is not on fire—if that journey across the room be desirable only as of the child’s performance—then we let it go as much by itself as possible, reducing external help to a minimum, say to a little finger. So with a sick man; if

there be no pressing and immediate danger, if there be fair prospect of his being likely to get well, let his infant strength, like the baby, feel its own way with as small assistance as possible. If you insist on my corning myself up tight, perhaps I might burst.'

I believe that as many children are injured through life by careful as by careless nursing. They are helped by too much; their strength is impaired by too much, cooled by too much, kept from crying and romping too much. There is no, for instance, a more elaborate instrument of torture than a child’s high-backed chair, on which it sits at meal-time, or at other times, bolt upright, with its legs off the ground.

What should you think of a gardener who so shielded the young trees under his care that they could never feel the wind? I really don’t know what you would think, but, as a matter of fact, the gardener would be a fool, and ought to have warning. Wind is exercise to the young trees, ay, and the old one’s too. They can’t get up and run about over the field; they can’t play leap-frog or hop-sotch; their only exercise is swinging; this promotes their circulation, and opens their chests. They play up in the air. Now, children want all manner of tumbling and rolling about, for their proper growth; and when I see them set primly up upon one of those abominable high-backed chairs, I think of a stuffed scanty seedling standing upright where no breath of air can come to move its weary stalk. It is bad enough for any one to be cramped, but eight hours in a diligence—but it is worse for those who are young; they are intended to wriggle into life. Burn your high-backed, narrow-seated chairs. How would you like to get your dinner sitting on the mantel-shelf?

There is another instrument of torture—a patent one, I believe—I mean a perambulator. When I see two babies seated in one, with their legs meting the wind (which is always trying in sleep), and their heads hanging down, backwards, I think of calves going to market in a butcher’s cart. Why can’t babies have a cassette bear being put second in command; to have a great peremptory dose, for instance, rushing into her bureau or office, and insisting on this or that result or performance, which she would have brought about before long in her own way. No doubt there are occasions in which, like all other powers, she is glad to make an alliance with a stranger; but all measures that essential without which all other active qualifications and faculties will only too frequently make her do mischief. The disease she is set to watch slowly, be bribed, like an old heathen god, by sacrifices of any kind, for they only established the bad character of the god, leaving him, in the estimation of the worshipper, more powerful and dangerous than ever. No, it is the nurse’s business to realise the sound element in the person under her charge, to encourage the small and weak good, content if it grow of itself, however slowly.

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principle holds. Look to what there is of true life and strength, adapt your treatment to it; above all, use it. Learn of the aged, help them by being, and give help; strength by seeking strength. You may depend upon it, though your head may be cool, and your machinery of judgment in first-rate working-order, there is an instant wisdom granted to be used, when the fruit of experience is mellow and wholesome.

But if the fruit hang beyond its time, as I have seen grapes still upon a vine, shrivuk and white with mouldiness before they have been gathered, or dropped of themselves—if you have to nurse the querulous and bitter aged, oh! tend them as if they were sweet.

We cannot think about nursing without seeing how widely the word has been used. We nurse projects, prejudices, quarrels, and a very vigorous maturity do these last two sometimes rapidly gain; an infant grievance, a childish offence, is capable, with care, of growing up into a war, of setting the world in flames. How great a matter a little fire kindleth. But I don’t want to dwell over these. All I can say is, that if a young sucking of a quarrel be born to you, expose it, struggle it, apply the most effectual form of incitement of you ever heard of, or some day it will grow beyond your management and wish.

But remember, in regard to the nursing of thoughts and projects, that the very same principle as I have advocated still applies. Force nothing, or it will either grow crooked or die soon. Give an infant thought plenty of play; let it run about in the fields; and, if it is to grow, the motherly care of all growth will help it on. You will find fresh matter accumulate around the original idea; and some day, the once baby may be sent out into the world full-grown to make its way with such a constitution and brain-power as it may have inherited from you its parent.

THE DETECTIVE IN AMERICA.

Bravo off duty for the time, and the evening close and sultry, I was just settling myself in the open window of my lodgings, to smoke a quiet pipe, when another member of the force came to tell me that I was wanted by the superintendent. I went at once as required.

'Banks,' said the superintendent to me, when I was in his room, and the door shut, ‘we have got a clue at last towards finding that man Jennings.'

'Indeed, sir, I am glad to hear you say so,' answered I, and I spoke the truth. Uncommonly glad I was, for our profession, like the rest, has its pride about it, and we had been a good deal twisted in the newspapers for not having succeeded, during seven months of fruitless search, in securing that particular criminal. A sly bird was that Jennings. His doubles and twists and evasions baffled some of the deepest heads in the police, and although we had often come upon his hiding place just after he had left it, we never could lay hands on him. He was not a common offender. Well educated, and born in a very respectable station of life, he might have done well, and made an honest fortune, if he could but have kept straight. He was clever, and, a first-rate accountant, and got the post of cashier to the — Bank while still quite a young man. I need hardly repeat his debts to the firm and their figures in newspapers, and played ducks and drakes with the floating balance of his employers. It is a common narrative. He went off at last, just when detection grew certain, and carried with him nineteen thousand pounds, besides valuable papers and securities for a large amount. Every exertion was made, no expense was spared. For many times did I walk by him as he prowled up and down the country in various disguises; but at last the scent grew colder and colder, and we feared Jennings had given us the slip for good and all. Five months had elapsed since the last time he had been seen or heard of, and we had given up the job as hopeless, when the superintendent sent for me, and gave me the above information.

'Yes,' said my superior, rubbing his hands together as was his way when I considered, 'we got a clue to him at last. But he is a long way off —out of our reach, perhaps. He is in America.'

'This did not surprise me in the least. The number of rogues that I have had, professionally, to hunt down, and who were on their way to America, or starting to go to America, or making up their minds to go to America, would astonish you. Why, when we hear of a runaway criminal, the first thing that comes into our heads is Liverpool and the line of packets.

'Banks,' went on the superintendent, 'I intend to send you after him. But I doubt very much whether you will be able to track him out, much less to bring him and the property back to England with you.'

'I’ve very little fear about the matter, sir, if I can but come up with him,' answered cheerfully enough; for, you see, during the seven years I had been in my present department of the force, I had been on similar errands three times—twice to America, and once to France, and had been successful on all occasions. Not that I am a bit more expert than my comrades, nor perhaps equal to some that I could name, but I can say this, that an offender can generally be traced out, if a man will but give his whole heart to the work.

'Yes,' said the superintendent, ‘but I need not tell you that this Jennings is a slip of my custody, and too wide awake to fall into the errors of ordinary scoundrels. You won’t find him drinking at the bar of a Bowery tavern, nor yet lodging at a water-side hotel in New York. You took your first man in New York that way, did you not, Banks?'

'Yes, sir,' I replied.

'And your second at Philadelphia, where you had an easy bargain of him. But this is a different matter. Jennings has gone South, Banks?

'I am ready to follow him, sir,' said I. So, after some more necessary talk, the superintendent gave me the information that had come to the ears of government, and my instructions, and money to defray expenses, besides telling me where and how to draw for more, and handing me a warrant to apprehend the body of Caleb Jennings, properly signed by the secretary of state. One more help was afforded me—a photographic portrait of the runaway, which had been procured with difficulty, and only a very little while before, from the artist who had taken his likeness, and who had kept a copy, as usual. Perhaps, if we had had that photograph to assist us half a year back, we might have circumvented him, for we heard afterwards that he had twice seen and spoken with our officers, who took him for somebody else.

'Well, good-luck to you, Banks,' said the superintendent at parting; ‘and if you wanted, which I don’t believe, any further inducement to do your best in forwarding this important capture, I am in a position to supply it. The commissioner especially selected you for this duty; adding, that in the event of success, you might expect your immediate promotion to be inspector. Now, good-bye, and don’t fail to bring Jennings back with you.'

So I went. I did not disguise from myself, as I steamed pleasantly over to New York, that a difficult business lay before me. I steamed past the Atlantic, although they had only given me a sight of two or three important northern cities, had taught me that America differed from England by long chalks, and that there was still less likeness between North and South than between the Old Country and the New. I cannot pretend to much book-knowledge, though I impressed my mind with the thought that I have a chance, but I had talked to Americans a good deal, and read many of their newspapers, and kept
is this the case in the West and South, and a pretty
source of trouble.
Six days I wasted in Little Rock, and then, after
all, it was the stoker of a steam-boat from whom I
gleaned fresh news. This man had come up from the
river-side to Little Rock, and then, again, to Little
Jennings to be living under his own name at Mem-
phis in the Columbian Hotel. I suppose the rascal
thought, after taking so many aliases, his own name
was as safe as another for a bit. However, quick as I
was in hurrying to Memphis, I found that Mr Jen-
nings was gone; indeed, the landlord had forgotten his
personal appearance, and could only say that he was
tallish and dark, which he was; but as for his being
the original of the portrait, that he couldn't say, nor
could the waiters, though the bar-keeper was ready
to swear to it. Off I went, right up the river to
Cincinnati, in pursuit of that Mr Jennings. At
Cincinnati, I lost him again, then saw his name
accidentally in the books of a steam-boat office;
went after him to Chicago, and then to Buffalo,
and then to London, Canada West; and the end of
my wild-goose chase was, that just as I felt secure
of victory, I came up with this Mr Jennings, but he
was not my Jennings. He turned out to be a
corn-dealer, an honest townsmen of London, Canada
West, two inches taller than the abounded cashier,
and no more looked like him in life than he did in
my hopes. I was fairly at my wits' end. I had
to draw for money too, and had nothing to shew
for what I had spent, but the fact of my having
travelled over an immunity of land and water,
and declare I could have cried with vexation, as I turned
from the corn-dealer's door. Nor was my sorrow,
do assure you, at all selfish. Of course, I knew my
reputation was at stake, and my promotion to an
inspectorship too; but that was not all: we detectives
have a real pride and pleasure in being, in a sense,
the protectors of the community, and I hate a rogue
to get off scot-free—it does so encourage other
rogues.
At New Orleans, I found a letter from the super-
intendent, bidding me keep a good heart, and never
slacken my endeavours; for the joint-stock company
that had been defrauded were most anxious and
resolved to spend anything to effect the arrest of
their treacherous servant. It was not merely out
of revenge, nor yet for the nineteen thousand pounds,
though that is a vast of money; but there were papers
among those he had left behind him, which had been
deposited with the bank, title-deeds of estates, vouch-
ers, and what not, and no cost was too great to get
them back. The superintendent would send another
officer to help me, if I chose. I didn't choose. After
this baffling and winding, thought I, I will run my
fox to earth, if I grow gray in searching for him.
If he's in America, I'll find him. Indeed, I tried very
hard to do so. I spent months in the chase, and to
recount all my wanderings would be tedious. Here
I got a clue, and I followed it for a time, and then it
broke short off. And at another place I would get a
fancied inkling of my man's whereabouts, and find
out somebody who was evidently in hiding, and get
within arm's-length of the person, and find him a
suspicous-eyed, slinking stranger. Bless you! Jen-
nings was not the only rogue hiding himself in the
South. And now New Orleans, which had been
deserted ever since summer brought the yellow fever,
began to be full to overflowing. I went there, now
that the healthy cold wind—the norther, as they
call it—had taken to blowing, and that people were
crowding in from the south. Jennings might be there;
there were so many as bad as he, and worse, and I knew New Orleans attracted
all the scamps of the country; but though I believe
America, with all the slums of the people, so many
and gambling-house in that prolific city, never
a glimpse of Jennings could I get. He had been a wild
eyes and ears open; and I knew pretty well that,
down South, the laws were less respected than else-
where, that duels and street-fights, and stabblings,
and gougings, and shootings, were only too plenty,
and human life valued at a very low figure; and that
shows the extent of Jennings in taking his precious
self and his ill-gotten cash down South, instead of
staying, as all the uneducated scamps did, among the
whisky-shops and fourth-rate boarding-houses of the
seaports. He knew, Jennings did, how much tougher
would be the work of any officer to ferret him out,
and bring him back, if he were to put thousands of
mill-bell Mi's and river, and unhealthy climatitis and
lawless places, betwixt him and the usual landing-
place of passengers from England. Besides, in the
slave states, where people's tempers are hot and
peppery, the odds were fifty to one that a Britisher
would never be suffered to make a caption. It would
be resented as an insult to the states, and I should be
likely to get a leaden pill administered to me by some
native boon-companion of the forger. I did not lose
heart when I thought over all this, but I determined
I would be cautious, and not burn my fingers if I
could help it. I went from New York to Norfolk in
Virginia, not that it was believed the man was there,
because he had been heard of in Nashville, Tennessee,
at a later date, but because it was best to track him
regularly, and rake a benightful crop of information
against a rainy day. That is indeed a maxim of my
profession, never to neglect trifles. Nothing is a
trifle to those who have patience and wit to use it.
I've known an old distillation, a torn envelope, a worn-
out slipper, serve to bring a rogue to justice when all
else has failed.
From Norfolk, having picked up what little I could,
I went off into Tennessee, to Nashville town. Well,
Jennings had been there. Not under his own name:
he was not such a greenhorn as that. At Norfolk he
had met Mr Steed at Nashville; and says he, 'Dat Masses
Cap. Williams,' this black remembered Williams,
or rather Jennings, because he had won a lot of
dollars at billiards, and chucked Pompey a five-
dollar piece out of his winnings. But though I
heard of his destination, and made out that he had
gone west to Little Rock in Arkansas state, I was
less lucky when I asked him there. I was six
days in Little Rock before I could hear the least
word of news about him; and, as I do not want
to make myself out a cleverer person than I am,
or a more knowing one, I freely own that I found
myself thoroughly out in my estimate of the diffi-
culties of my search. You see, I had heard the Yan-
kees were very inquisitive, never at rest till they had
worn out a stranger's business; and quite true, so
they are; but they forget almost as quick as they
learn, seeing they have no real interest in the matter,
but just ask questions because it is their habit, and
talk they must. So it came about, that when, in an
American city or village, I went high and low to
trace out my sly customer, the work was like hunt-
ing for a needle in a haystack.
Often and often did I sigh to be in one of those
nice little market-towns at home in England, where
the dogs sleep all day on the pavement, and the
tradesmen look at one another over the half-doors of
their shops. Those are the places in which to inquire
about a man in hiding. A stranger can't go into
them without setting off a dozen tongues gossiping; house-
maids cleaning door-steps, shop-boys and their mas-
ters, nurses, children, old ladies, boys and men lo-
oging at corners, all remark the strange face. But in
America, with all the insecurity of the people, so many
thousand queer persons come and go, that they pass
out of sight and out of memory at once; and especially
fellow in England—on the sly, of course; for he was a 
finated hypocrite, and his masters had thought such a 
project up, intending he didn’t live at
their model cashier. This was why I looked for him in 
the haunts of gay folks. But I did not see him, could 
not hear of him, and began to despair. I was at 
Vicksburg, on the Mississippi, by mere accident. The 
planter was still there, and I became a landholder in due time, allied 
to a respectable family—that was about the most 
prudent thing he could have done. How could he 
guess I should ever be sitting in the hotel at 
Vicksburg, listening to the talk of those two lads? It was 
by mere accident the boat grounded, by mere accident 
that the other houses were full, and yet see how it 
checkmated all his excellent precautions!

When the young men were gone, I shipped out, 
and made inquiries, in a guarded way, about the 
Lesmoines plantation and Mr. Linwood. First, one 
couldn’t tell me; then, another thought the estate 
was down-stream a hundred miles; next, I was roundly 
asked what I wanted to know for, and whether I was 
a tarnation thief of an abolition spy, wanting to steal 
away niggers. But I pretended I was travelling for a 
Manchester house, and had some book-debts to look 
up. I heard, at length, that Lesmoines property was 
back a little distance from the river, hard by a town 
called Princeton, which is built on the bank of the 
stream, just at the angle where three states meet. These 
three states are Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas. 
I dared say it pleased Jennings all the better on that 
account, increasing as it did the chances of escape. 
I lost no time in going up to Princeton, and there I 
picked up at a little boarding-house kept by a Swiss, 
and where foreigners mostly lodged. Hitherto, I had been 
travelling in the printed calico line, but now I had to 
sing a different song. Having passed over my time as 
locksmith and bellhanger, in my native place, 
years before I entered the force, I took up the trade 
again. I bought a basketful of tools at Vicksburg, 
second-hand, except one or two choice ones, because it would 
never do to have everything bran new and bright, and as 
if I were a shen-smith. A little oil and charcoal-dust 
on my hands and clothes, and I really made up the 
character very fairly, though my old master would 
have stared to see me in a shabby suit of black, with 
a swallow-tailed coat, cut for evening wear, and a 
black stock, but that in American fashion. I gave 
myself out for an English workman, seeking employ-
ment, and who had been a twelvemonth at New Orleans. 
To pass myself off for a Yankee I knew to be hopeless; 
in fact, I had tried it, and could not imitate the twang 
so as to impose upon those who were born to it. Be-
sides, I was a deal too sturdy and round-faced, and 
not tall enough, for any one to imagine myself an 
Englishman, much less a southern man. So I just took 
the character I have spoken of, and which secured me 
from suspicion. I was not silly enough to begin 
chattering, directly, about Lesmoines plantation and 
the affairs of its proprietor. But I heard Mr Lin-
wood canvassed more than once in conversations I 
listened to, and the general opinion was, that he 
was a ruined man. But what I heard about Miss 
Katherine, his daughter, interested me a good deal. 
There were no two voices about her; every one said 
she was good and pretty, and going to be sold to the 
new overseer, who had got such influence over her 
weak father; and folks swore it was a shame. She 
had been, as I understood, regularly engaged to Lieu-
tenant Harvey Vaughan, of the United States Navy; and he was absent in the full faith that she was true 
to him, and that when he came back a first-lieutenant, 
they should be married. But the young planter was 
likely to find the girl he loved the wife of another man; 
for Duff or Jennings could twist old Linwood 
round his finger. He had lent the planter money—a 
most unusual thing for a planter to do—but people 
guessed he had got the cash by some speculation or 
trading hazard. The land of Lesmoines was good,
but mostly exhausted; there was plenty of virgin ground to hunt on, but weeds and wild-cane, but there were no hands to break it up; and why? Because old Linwood, a self-indulgent, care-less person, with a taste for cards and claret, had given steadily sold off all the slaves to pay debts of honour and pressing bills, and could hardly get on at all. In this reckless, ruinous course, he had been encouraged by his two last overseers, who had lined their pockets with their share of the purchase-money, having been commissioned to manage the sale of the field-hands at New Orleans city. Everybody said that Duff was playing a still bulkier game, since, by marrying his master's only child, he was sure to be owner of Leesmoneys one day; and a vigorous owner might restore the property to its original value. All people agreed that Kate Linwood detested Duff, and loved the absent lieutenant, but that her father, who was a violent man, for all his easy ways about money, had terrified into a reluctant consent.

It took me a fortnight, or more, to make out even this confirmation of the news I had picked up at Vicksburg; and, sharp as my watch was, I never could get a glimpse of the designing overseer. He never came into town at all. He had friends in Princeton, or perhaps I should say associates, who now and then rode out to Leesmoneys; but for a mouth or more he had not been seen to play the part of a landowner. He had his suit to press and his influence to keep up. At last I heard that a day had been actually fixed for the wedding. Impotence is a poor quality in most vocations, but it is fatal to the usefulness of a police-officer. Still, I got impatient. I strolled to the boundary of Leesmoneys estate twice over, and I was aboard one of the poor old negroes that were hoeing or rail-mending, but I luckily let them alone; I say luckily, because a Britisher, even a plain workman, cannot speak to a black field-hand without danger to his person, his life, and his liberty. To collar a collaret key to make, and doors and cupboards to look to, and the store-room lock to file and oil, and a lot more. 'And,' says Jennings, as he wheeled his horse to ride off, 'I had have forgot; Miss Kate wanted me to study my new look to her desk, or bureau, or something; so be sure you attend first to that. Always give ladies the preference! And I quite hated him for the odious smirk on his face as he marshalled and wore away.

Be sure I went up to the house quite punctual, though the walk was long, and the sun hot enough to raise blisters on my nose IU I was Watching along for it was the cold time of year. I chickened myself as I went, thinking how little Jennings knew who it was he'd called in. But I had only come to the beginning of my task, and the look of it was far from what it was. Jennings, and walk him off, may seem a simple operation enough, but in the South that's a dangerous game. He had but to bawl for help, and call me an abolitionist, or talk about the hospitals, the state of the states, and twenty rowdies would take up his quarrel. My work was not quite such plain sailing. As I went through the estate, I saw none but old feeble men and women, or quite raw boys and girls, at work; the fences were all to pieces, the cattle strayed where they liked, corn and cotton were choked with weeds, and the brushwood sprouted where it pleased. Everything was going to rack and ruin, and the road had ruts in it to bury a wagonwheel. But there was a creek of deep water from the river, running up to very near the house, and a moulting wharf where they used to ship the cotton. The house was a fine big one, Spanish style, with flat roof and shady verandas, and a garden in better order than I expected. But the paint was peeled off, the wood was all cracked and warped with the sun, and half the windows had lost their glass panes. The bail-door was in a heap, for I knew it was an old crippled negro, and three or four barking spaniels. I was expected, for the old black man grumbled, and let me in.

The house was almost as ramshackle and out of order inside as out—paint and paper all very old and ragged, and the furniture costly, but uncommonly old.
and moth-esaten. I saw old Mr Linwood in the room where I had the cellaret lock to take off—a portly, big-boned man of sixty, with a face I thought foolish, rather than bad or cruel. He was lounging in a rocking-chair, with a yellow silk handkerchief tied round his head. He bade me, with many oaths, be sure and make a good key, and be quick, for those damned robbers might come as fast as lightning and open it. He got very excited in telling me this, and then dropped back quite languid again. He was dressed in rags, and many plasters are thereabouts, and may have been a good-looking gentleman when younger, but he was none the handsomer for years of self-indulgence. There were pictures on the walls of the room—one of them I took for the deceased Mrs Linwood. Poor lady, it’s no wonder her eyes had that sad look, with such a home and husband. Presently, I was called by an old negro, who said Missy Kate was asking for me. In ascending the stairs, which were wide enough for a coach and six, with tremendous balustrades of solid Honduras mahogany, carved into grapes and leaves, I got a peep out of a window, and saw a small house in a garden, with stable and paddock, and beyond it, a row of huts. Said to the old grinning negro who was leading me, and who chattered and made faces like a great baboon. What a list day! Well, she answered me, ‘Massa busha live dar.’ I guessed I meant the overseer when she said that; but I did not know then that ‘busha’ meant overseer in the language of the African-born blacks, till a gentleman told me so on the homeward passage. So that was Jennings’s house. I found the young lady in a sort of morning room, leading into her boudoir, and where her books, and pictures of her own doing in water-colours, and other ginnacles were. I thought she was showing me the desk, the lock of which was bound in old paper and red thread, and that I had sold it to this planter’s child. Very young, perhaps nineteen, perhaps less, with dark hair and blue eyes, like her mother’s, and a delicate complexion, she was a gentle-eyed, modest-looking lady father might have been proud of. But she had rather a scared look, and a dark circle under her eyes, as if she had been crying her little heart out. With all that, she did not look sly, nor yet a coward. I should say she gave in to her father out of duty, somehow, but she looked far from happy. The old negro took me away, and I went up the stairs. I bought the young lady not to be frightened, to believe me to be a friend to her, and an enemy to the man who was persecuting her with his selfish love, and, in short, I told her the whole story—Jennings’s real name, and the whole state of the case. She bore it very well; she didn’t scream, nor yet drop down in a faint. First, she was rather angry, thinking me an impertinent meddler, but presently she got quite interested. And when I finished, if she didn’t hold of my broad griny hand in her own pretty white one, and wanted to kiss it, and called me her preserver! I never was so ashamed in my life. ‘Miss,’ says I, ‘I’m only doing my duty. But I do assure you that since I’ve heard this shameful story of the cheat put on your good father and yourself, and since I’ve had the pleasure of seeing you, I would take that Jennings, if all the scamps in Princeton were to help him, I’m not in the habit of making speeches, but that’s the truth.’ But the young lady, bless her kind heart, was not a whit more than half-settled, who are more inquisitive than white ones even, being within ear-shot. At last Miss Linwood exclaimed, with quite a light of joy on her face: ‘I forgot; how stupid!

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boy who had saddled it standing near, and rolling his eyes at the spectacle of the overseer tied neck and heels at the bottom of the boat, and visible enough in the bright moonlight. Lieutenant Vaughan bade the sailors pull in to the bank, and he jumped ashore, and talked for a time to Miss Kate, all in whispers, and she bent her pretty head till her dark hair almost touched the young man’s bronzed cheek—quite a picture to see. But Jennings writhed as if the sight tortured him. Miss Kate gave me her white hand as I stood up in the boat, and thanked and bade me good-bye very kindly. The lieutenant sprang on board again, and off we went, Miss Kate waving her handkerchief to the last. At Princeton, Lieutenant Vaughan proved worth a gold-mine. He got a warrant, and a state-marshall to execute it. Bless you, the judge and sheriff wouldn’t have minded me, but a states-officer was different. He and his men helped to guard Jennings all the way to New Orleans, where I took berths on board an English vessel bound homewards. We got home safe. Jennings was convicted at the Central Criminal Court, and got a long term of penal servitude; and quite right too. I became inspector; and only the other day a kind letter from Lieutenant Vaughan announced that he was married to Miss Kate, had left the navy, and that old Mr Lawro had given up the management of Lesmoines to the young couple. I hope they’ll do well there.

A SURVEY OF HUMAN PROGRESS. Does the history of the human race testify on the whole to a forward or a backward march? Has the law of man’s development been one of progress or retrogression? Has he advanced by gradual steps from the lowest to perpetually higher forms of civilization? or has he sunk and deteriorated by degrees from an originally perfect standard of light, virtue, and well-being? Was the outset of his career from the highest or the lowest point of departure? In a word, was the perfect or ideal state of man that of his primeval origin, or is it to be that of his future, ultimate, and as yet undeveloped powers? On these questions are based, we need scarcely say, two opposing systems of philosophy. Here are the two contending poles between which social and historical belief have for ages oscillated, and seem likely still to oscillate. In these later times, the current of sentiment and belief has set undeniably towards the pole of hope, aspiration, and prospective improvement—towards the pole of progress. For this the world feels an affinity on its youthful, warm, and sanguine side. In its older mood of caution, experience, and retrospection, it has bowed regrettably to the idea of retrogression or decline. Homer made melancholy music of the decay already visible in his age in valour, strength, and virtue, since the grand old days of demi-gods and heroes. Every school-boy has learned the legend of the Metamorphoses, that sang the decline of man and nature from the day of golden prime, when the earth, fresh and unpoluted, basked under Saturnian skies—when peace, and purity, and order reigned supreme, ere yet the poison of degeneracy, physical and moral, had begun to work in the veins of man.

The Golden Age was first; when man yet new, No rule but uncorrected reason knew, And with a native bent, did good worse.

Till swift-sinking by successive falls from Silver to Brass—

Hard Steel succeeded then, And stubborn as the metal were the men.

Truth, modesty, and shame the world forsook, Fraud, avarice, and force their places took.

Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns, And Justice, here oppressed, to heaven returns.

Not only the strains of the poets, but the sacred oracles of Scripture were wont to be invoked in testimony to man’s degeneracy, and in protestation against the innovating heresy of man’s upward progress from a savage to a civilized state. But the spells of poetry have gradually dissolved under the rays of historic and scientific truth, and it is becoming more and more evident that in prejudging the cause of progress by reference to the inspired volume, too much reliance had rested on those conventional and arbitrary notions which the poetical gloses of Milton and his companions had supplemented in the popular theology the strict language of holy writ. At the present moment, we may certainly pronounce the contest is virtually decided. Progress is king; and not a philosopher or littérater, great or small, but aspires to be minister or interpreter to the reigning deity. Among the multitudes who lay cock on cluck’s own record, we single out a northern philanthropist and sage, Dr Neil Arnott, author of the well-known but incomplete Elements of Physics. Within the compass of a moderate volume* of less than two hundred pages, our philosopher has contrived to set forth and exemplify, in a very complete and copious form, the leading outlines of the philosophy of progress, and indicated the laws of its perpetual influence over society. Approaching the subject of anthropology, or the natural history of man, from its matter-of-fact or positive side, he seeks evidences of the primitive condition of the race, not in the phantasm of mythol- ogy or the rhapsodies of metaphysics, but in the footmarks of mankind upon the surface of the world and in the path of history, no less than in the facts of a personal study of the genus yields to the contemporary eye of the physiologist and the biologist.

Past history,* he begins by saying, records that the human race, unlike the lower animals, whose condition has remained as unchanged, since man first observed them, as that of the trees among which they live, has gradually but greatly advanced from the low state called that of the savage to various degrees of civilization. He forbears to hazard any speculation as to the approximate period during which the processes of intellectual and moral elevation has been in progress—unlike the late brilliant, but adventurous theorist, Bunsen, whose draft of 20,000 years upon the chronology of the world still remains to be honoured by the consensus of scientific men at large—neither does he pretend to define the precise grade of savageness or animality which may be conceived as the normal condition of our first progenitors. He even passes over those indications of man’s presence, prior to all written or oral tradition, which exist in his knives and lance-heads of flint, newly discovered in beds of subterranean drift. He is content to take up the chain of proof where man’s own record of his species begins to speak, and his habits and mode of life are paralleled, in the main, by what is to be seen and heard of among existing tribes of men. Low, indeed, is the condition of not a few of our contemporaries, and great must be the stride ere their foot reaches the first round of the ladder of

progressive civilization. Witness Dr Arnott's note on the Fuegians of Wollaston Island, as extracted from the first volume of the Journal of the Anthropological Institute. Some of these wretches boast a few square inches of otter-skin laced across the breast, and shifted, according as the wind blows, from side to side. Many lack even this miserly protection; hungry, naked, in groups of five or six, coiled up like animals, on the wet ground. Verily, a lesson from our new acquaintance, the nest-building ape, would throw in here a spark of progress. Shell-fish and whale-blubber form their familiar diet, but when pressed in winter by hunger, before killing their dogs, they kill and devour their old women. A boy, quizzed by the missionary, Mr Low, evinced, by his answer, his degree of progress above the brutes: 'Doggies catch eeters, old women no can!' The selfish theory of man,—we contemplate the shade of the late Archdeacon Paley,—clearly forms the lowest or fundamental step in the scale of human progress. Of the same cast are the Dokos, south-west of Abyssinia, if Dr Latham's report be well founded, that they live promiscuously in trees, wear nothing but a snake-skin necklace, feast on the most loathsome vermin, recognize no rank or social order: 'Nobody orders, nobody obeys, nobody defends the country, nobody cares for the welfare of the nation.' Their only invocation of the Supreme Being is said to be: 'If you do exist, why do you not use this power to ask for food or clothes, and who live on snakes, ants, and mice?'

Well, we are glad to pass on to the dawnings among our primitive savages of what our author truly calls a great art, the cumulative result of many separate arts; that art, namely, 'by which people, however numerous, are led to live together with mutual help or cooperation, as a friendly brotherhood, instead of being like wild beasts and savages, almost always at war among themselves. By this crowning art, called that of civilisation, a country which in its original untamed state could scarcely furnish the coarsest means of subsistence to a small number of savages scattered over it, is caused to produce for at least a hundred times as many civilised people, not only unfeeling, but blissful, abhorrent to the prime necessities of life, but also innumerable comforts and conveniences, and new sources of enjoyment, of which the savage man forms no conception. This civilisation advances by steps or methods intermingled, but of which the principal may be studied separately, under the following five heads:

1. Occupation or employment, which soon leads to the invention of tools or machinery, and of means of employing in man's service the strength not only of inferior animals, but also of the inanimate forces of nature, as of wind, water-falls, steam, &c.

2. Commerce or exchanges, by which the increasing products of labour are duly distributed among the people, through the intervention of markets, money, wages, &c.


4. Laws and Government to maintain justice: which means to give to every person security for life and property.

5. Education for the young, comprising six sub-departments of knowledge and conduct—namely, 1. The language of the country, with the modes of counting and measuring in use there. 2. The geography and inhabitants. 3. The nature of health, and the means of guarding it against the hazards of climate, &c. 4. The laws and morality established in the country, breaches of which bring punishment. 5. Industrial skill in some bodily or mental labour necessary for the support of life, and beset with penalties. 6. Theology and religion, or sound views as to man's origin and destiny.'

A very complete and exhaustive programme of the great work for which the human body corporate has been created and endowed. Different parts, or sections of it, as we know, have been, and still are, prosecuted with special aptitude or success by this or that member of the human body corporate. But if the total advance is unmistakable. One age or nation may suspend or be interrupted in its particular task; but the finished results are sure to be taken up by another, and can never be wholly lost. Thus, by a figure identical with Dr Temple's much-criticised conception of the Colossal Man—society at large—the whole human race is to be regarded as forming only one vast rational being, with millions of eyes and hands, and separate yet connected minds, all labouring for the common good, and with memory which never forgets what has once been known. At this point alone, we must confess, is there room for misgiving or apprehension, when we survey the state and prospects of society in the light of our author's amiable optimism. It may be true that as regards knowledge alone, discoveries in science, literature, or art, we possess in the invention of printing a tolerably safe and permanent guarantee for the perpetuation of whatever has once been acquired; and no more than this was possibly in the writer's contemplation when he penned the words. But the vast system to which Dr Temple's theory refers, more especially since knowledge is itself but a means (though in his scheme the most potent) towards the end of moral advancement, to be brought face to face with the question, Is progress certain to continue? Is there no fear of a reaction, or apostasy, or shipwreck of society through disruption at home or violence abroad? Is the catastrophe that befell in the old fabric of civilisation, in intellect, in art, in organisation, rivalling, and oft-times outstripping ourselves, at no period likely to overtake the modern world? Dr Arnott appears too far in advance with his momentary survey, to dwell upon so adverse a contingency; too much absorbed in reviving and remodelling (as he does at length in his appendix of additional notes), Franklin's utopian scheme of the true art and science of happiness, to dream that, if attained, such happiness can yet be fleeting. We may, however, on a twofold consideration, feel hopeful that the stone of civilisation, so painfully rolled uphill, through so many cycles of national change, no longer threatens to recoil, as in the case of the Egyptian or Persian, or Greek or Roman, experiments. In the first place, our exhaustive survey of the world's map disclose to us no residuum of brutal, unripened barbarous force, calculated, like the Human God of old, to sweep away in wild resistless flood every landmark of past progress. The educated, and disciplined, and armed, have no longer any to fear from the savage unskilled races. Nor are there wanting, in the second place, distinctive elements in the highly organised and well-balanced mechanism of existing society, which tend to exclude the possibility of its breaking down, either by any internal or casual clashing of its parts, or any permanent debilitisation of its impelling forces. The harmony of individual with public order under constitutional forms, the consequent support of supreme power by every well-disposed and orderly citizen, the emancipation of trade, and resulting brotherhood among alien nations, the diffusion of social science, and general perception of the family relations which uphold God's universe, as designed to exemplify his own attributes of unity, goodness, and truth—laws the certainty of which a tithe of what is being daily more conspicuously brought to proof, and the neglect of which is ever more plainly seen to have drawn down its inevitable penalties, the law of the
of progress, give it a persistence hitherto unknown, and open to the human race a future, compared with which the past and the present shall be but as the twilight that precedes the dawn.

MELIBEOUS FINDS EVERYBODY "OUT OF TOWN."

'Melibeus,' said I, beholding my friend return one evening, after a dance, with his cabin—"incident quite unparalleled in his previous existence,—where have you been, and what is the matter? I have been sitting up for you these two hours; but that is nothing. I am most concerned at your vexed appearance. I hope you have not had your pocket picked."

"I have thought," returned Melibeus sententiously.

"You have not at all events, I trust, lost your temper, Mel—"

He interrupted me with a burst of reassuring laughter; and we shook each other by the hand.

"No," said he, "not quite that, indeed; but I have had a dreadful day of it."

"A day and half a night, Melibeus. We waited dinner for you till the ice melted in its blanket. You did not find many of your friends at home, I suppose. Come, confess that what I told you of the London August is not a fable."

"It is a horrid truth," returned my friend with much solemnity. "I could not, without this sad experience, have believed so ill of my species. To think that people should leave this great metropolis of their own freewill! Let us begin from the beginning—from when you left me at the dentist's, and terrorized that woman and child who sat opposite to us. I was glad I was in pain, because it gave me fortitude for the coming interview with Mr Wrencher. Generally speaking, the very sight of that gentleman's doorplate has a tranquillizing effect upon my nerves, and I go away again without calling; but, upon this occasion, I could have borne anything. I could have sat still, and had this grimmaleeh—oh no, it isn't out yet, very far from it—are I could have borne its being even filed with a sort of savage scorn. One cannot help it, the man is too much in common, at least, with every fibre of one's frame, suffers something under such an operation; and that reflection is very comfortable. I rang the bell with a tug, that reminded me of one of Mr Wrencher's own performances."

"I want to see your master," said I, hurrying past the servant; "I must see him immediately—at once—don't stand staring there, sir, like a painted ship upon a painted ocean." (For nothing is so effective with the lower orders as a metaphor they don't understand.)

"Master ain't within, sir."

"Fetch him, then," cried I; "run and fetch him; and I'll mind the door."

"I believe that man would have grinned if he had dared, as he replied: "Master's at the Hisle of Man, sir, and won't be back till the second week in October. Take a little myrrh, sir, do."

"I gave the man half-a-crown, and he fetched me some myrrh out of his master's room, and some brandy, and some tea, and several other mitigating agents, and after taking a little of each, I felt a good deal better. As the whole day was before me, and I knew it would be wasted if I remained in the city, I determined upon looking up some old friends in the Temple and Lincoln's Inn, where people are always glad to see one; where they shut up their call-bound books with a solemn wink and make believe to their clerks (who are not in the least deceived) that one is a client—until the door closes. When London is "empty," it has still, I have heard, more than two millions of people with very good grounds to feel that they are really alone, and I suppose those to be found if one knew where to look for them. But they were not in Oxford Street to-day, my friend, nor yet in Regent Street. The most determined culprits could scarcely have that run over to-day in crossing the Circus, and if he did, he must have content to have it done by an omnibus; of private carriages there was but one within sight, and that was only the doctor's—a class one may always know by their sitting so very well forward, in order to be seen of men, and by the life-and-death velocity of their jobbed horses."

"Even the shop-fronts had very little in them, as though it were not worth while to be in full-dress for such few spectators. The Equilibrium Ecarté Chair, however, was in its usual place, a piece of furniture whose name has always delighted me. Ecarté being a game at which I have seen many persons lose their equilibrium, such a chair, it seems to me, must, for unfortunate players, be invaluable. The Restaurant, too, was still open, which was "established in 1841, solely to supply the public with Hoppett's celebrated ale;" surely a more benevolent and praise-worthy institution, although not so entirely gratuitous a one as its statement would appear to indicate. A few doors off, however, there was an announcement in a grocer's shop upon a scale of undoubted liberality. "Our Christmas-club season has commenced. Take what you like, and pay what you please." This institution, I trust you will allow, most thoroughly bears out my favourite assertion, that London is the cheapest place in the world to live in—especially when its Christmas-club season has commenced. The very name of Christmas was refreshing on such a day as this, when the very pavements seemed at a white heat. When the eyes in the artificial-limb establishments could scarcely look out of window without winking. When the waxen hunter upon horseback, and the waxen boys employed in athletic and fashionable amusements in the tailors' shop-fronts did visibly melt and perspire. The names over the Emporiums, of course, remained, of course, invested, as in more populous periods, and among them I noticed my old friend Pantaenius. What could have induced this ancient Greek (or Roman?), I wonder, to try his hand at modern metropolis? I can't say; it must have been the desire—exhibited by a certain sage of his own era—of proving that a philosopher, if he only takes the trouble, may make his money and manage business matters, as well as a mere tradesman. Moreover, I came upon a door-plate which advertised me of a new profession, or at least of one which had never before come under my notice."

MR CHOLMONDELEY PERCY CHERRINGTON-JONES,

PROFESSIONAL CALLER.

For three guineas per annum, declared a neighbourly advertisement in a chaste frame, this distinguished gentleman would "do" all your calls for you, though your visiting-list were as long as the Atlantic cable. The cards were guaranteed to be delivered out of a genteel brougham, the driver of which would have a crest upon his livery buttons. Acknowledgments and thanks were certain, and the pastebounds which dropped into hall-doors after a dinner-party—were warranted to be left within the limit of time permitted by the very best circles. It was well known, added the advertisement, that this class of servant could not be sent for by post, or delivered by the hands of female servants. Hence, to persons of moderate means, or of much occupation, the above proposition would offer peculiar advantages. If I indeed were a Londoner, I would..."
pay Mr Cheriton-Jones his three guineas a year, and be truly thankful. And I think the gentlemen reading these announcements with an admiration scarcely inferior to my own.

"Bummy folks, they swells!" remarked he, in allusion to the exigencies of fashion; and I am sure I entirely agreed with him; only, as he wore an immense pasteboard hat, upon which was written DEATH TO PROSTITUTION, and the address of somebody who sold gilt poison, I could not help reflecting that there were other queer people in the world beside the upper ten thousand.

"There was not a wheel to be heard on the east of Somerset House, for the Strand was "up" from thence to Temple Bar; nay, there were but a very few passengers on the pavement, and they all with carpet-bags in their hands, about to start by the railways out of town. A few—I suppose authorised—persons were employed, as it seemed to me, in pulling down the Temple Church, but nothing else was stirring in that legal paradise. The fountain was dry in the court; the grass was faded in the garden, wherein but one solitary nurse-maid out of place was sitting suspiciously near the river. I hurried by without stopping Robin-son's rooms for fear I should hear a splash, and be, in consequence,ubenred as a witness. As to jumping in after anybody into Thames water, that is scarcely to be expected of even the most chivalrous.

"I generally find Robinson with his head resting upon his hands pursuing a curiously written and voluminoius pamphlet, under which, however, lies some periodical literature—not engrossed, but more engrossing—which obtains at least an equal share of his attention. In a little cupboard in an inner room, he keeps a box of chocolate of some pleasant sherry. It was the hour appointed in my System (which is invariable) for the reception of Lunch, and I made haste up the three flights of stone stairs. The door was closed, and underneath was written: "Address all letters to Lyttleton Robinson, Esq., Malvern." I should perhaps have expressed myself in stronger terms that might have struck upon Robinson's absence, but not I remembered Smith—dear Smith—in the next court, so justly famous for his mid-day pigeon-pies. He was not a man to be gadding down into the country—doubtless upon some "spooning" expedition; for who that is in good health would wish to go to Malvern, unless there was some unutterable object to that disgust but cold water, to which he was accustomed. No, Smith was a confirmed bachelor, I knew. The only thing against Smith is, that his chambers lie underground in a sort of catacomb; and he is rather hard to feel one's way to them in the dark. However, I did so (to the complete ruin of a new pair of lavender gloves), and at length hit upon his particular tomb. Alas, the sepulchre was completely closed, and over it was inscribed this dismal epitaph—"Out of town. In Switzerland for the long vacation," with that very day's date upon it. Underneath, however, in a microscopic hand, I detected "Clerk back immediately." Now I knew Smith's clerk, and Smith's clerk knew me; so I determined to wait and see whether Smith had left any pigeon-pie behind him. I could have found his collar key blindfold, if only the outer-door were opened; and oh how my parched tongue did desire his particular claret! I waited in that diurnal crypt for forty minutes, and had begun to think of dropping my card into the door-slit with strictures upon the conduct of Smith's clerk upon it, when I heard footsteps approaching, and exclaiming: "Come—you come out of that. You've been there quite long enough. I've been watching on yer. There's nobody down there, as you very well know; and I believe you're after no good."

"My friend, that Beadle absolutely imagined that I was a magistrate of my county—was a loafer about in the Temple" (I use his very expression) with some felonious intent. "I did not attempt to argue with him. Exhaustion and unrequited devotion to my friends had prostrated me. I limped away, without defending myself much, to Lincoln's Inn.

"The porter at the Chancery Lane gate inquired civilly of whom I came in search. "Stubbers," said I, "Old Court," and I hurried on, for I knew that Stubbers took his luncheon in the Hall, and I couldn't get in there without him."

"Gone to Spitzbergen," shouted the porter after me—"gone in a yacht with Mr Bulleyse and Miss Jorsett." "What! Bulleyse too?" cried I. "You have killed both my birds with that one stone. Mr Blinker, at least, will not be engaged upon any such ridiculous expedition."

"Mr Blinker is at Carriage, sir, exploring the ruins. No, sir; nor Mr Cracknell either; he is upon an Alpine excursion. Mr Griggs is gone special correspondent for something or another to the Southern States of America. Mr Hardup is in, sir; in, every day except Sunday; but you can only get to speak with him by private conference. I have just seen his luncheon through the gate—kidneys and a herb omelette."

"Alas! I don't know Mr Hardup," said I, sighing deeply. "Well, I'm sorry for that, sir," returned the porter; "he's the only one of our gents as is now in town; and he would be far enough away if he only could. Who would expect to find a gent in town in August?"

"Very true," replied I abjectly; and I bent my weary limbs towards the east.

"My editor," murmured I, "must at all events, I know, be in town; for his, thank goodness, there can be at least no holiday. I will share his handful of oatmeal, and compel him to send out for beer."

"It was now an hour and a quarter beyond my usual luncheon-time, and I had had but an indifferent breakfast. Of course, I could have gone into a chop-house or a confectioner's, but I always prefer to have a companion at meal-times; and, upon this particular occasion, I was obstinate, after so many disappointments, in my resolve to get one. With toil and toil, I made my way through the deserted streets to the literary Delphii. A universal quiet reigned about that sacred spot, which is not generally the case, because it is a roaring thoroughfare. One very young gentleman represented the whole of Object and Aim—the manager having gone to Brighton, the clerks to Herne Bay, and the porters to some still more suburban watering-place. He was employed in the active pursuit of killing flies with a paper-knife.

"Is the editor within?" said I very sternly; for my presence did not cause the youth to relax his exertions in the least.

"No.—(slap)—that is—(slap)—yes—(slap, slap)."

"Which do you mean, sir? My name is Melibeus, the great writer."

"Well, you see—stop a bit; here's a cock blue bottle (I was here kept in a state of anxious suspense, while the young man "stalked" his prey, for upwards of a minute, and at last, but not without a terrible outburst, missed it)—you see he is in, and he isn't. Look bless you, he don't want your card. First door on the right, and up the stairs, and you can't miss him."

"I took the way thus discourteously intimated. Constant association with literature had not softened the young man's manners, nor prevented them, as the Latin grammar says it will, from being ferocious. I knocked at the door of Mr Melibeus, and exclaimed: "Come in," cried a welcoming voice.

"My good man," exclaimed I, before I even got sight of the speaker, "I am starving; I am thirsty—bring forth the flowing."

"Here I rather suddenly interrupted myself, upon finding myself in the presence of a total stranger.
"I have nothing for you, sir," returned he sternly.
"I have no power to advance you any money upon account. You may be a deserving object, or you may be one of those would-be contributors against whom I was particularly warned by Mr. Stylistus." "Is not Mr. Stylistus within then?" gasped I. "Mr. Stylistus is at present at Toledo, sir, and I am acting in his place: if you have any contrivance to obtain admission before he can finish his sentence, and the first person that I can give to our Everard, Oliver. I had never thought much of Oliver when we were at college together, but upon the present occasion, I clamped him to my heart as though he were my brother.
"And so you are in London," I cried, "you really are in London, are you? You and I, and one man in the city, are the only people that are left here." "I am here," replied he, "but I can't stand it. I am going to Richmond, to have a little dinner at the Star and Garter." "Beloved Oliver," cried I, "in the enthusiasm of the moment, I forgot you, my friend, and your half-past six," "as sure as my name is Meliborus, I will dine with you. Here is a Hamlet; I never saw such a fine one, such a horse, or such a driver. H! It is a very fine turn-out altogether," replied my new companion, "and it is a great pace; our stage will have to pay for it. You have chosen the most expensive cabman in all London. It is the Peersel." "And who is he?" asked I. "Some people say he is a lord's son, and some a tailor's; but he is as well known to men about town as the York Column. It is useless to dispute his face. An ordinary police magistrate would scarcely venture to do it; to get redress one must apply to the Secretary of State." I calculated the time, said I, "and pending his little account, let us enjoy ourselves."

"Oh! happy London, with such fair places set around you, with Greenwich and with Hampton, with Highbury and with Kew, and above all, with leafy Richmond: sure never was little town so blessed as that, in the broad terrace looking down on all the glory of the earth, and in the stately park by poets larded." I had suffered a good deal, my friend, hitherto, as you will allow; but when the evening came, and I had dined and well, at the great Richmond caravanserai, and at the inns before it, a cigar between my lips, with the river, and the woods and fields beneath me, and the broad harvest-moon above, I forgot all my troubles: I forgot even my broken promise to yourself; I forgot Bertram Oliver, although he sat beside me overflowing with little rills of small talk. I should have forgotten Time itself, had it not been for the Peersel, who presently sent one of the waiters With his compliments, and were we going to stay all night, as he would in that case secure for himself some eligible apartment. He had dined, of course, at our expense, and the grand total of his entertainment was so remarkable as to induce us to inspect the items—which consisted of salmon, grupee, and iced champagne."

"Do you not think," said I, "that five-and-twenty shillings is a little over the mark for even a Hansom cabman's dinner?"
"Certainly not," returned the Peersel, with a certain frigid courtesy, "so far at least as my experience goes. The articles in question are such as I generally do dine upon. If, however, there is the least doubt of settling the bill, I will settle it myself (and he produced a handful of silver and gold, as if to put that threat into execution); only, when gentlemen ask me to dine, I conclude that they intend to pay for the snack."

"But you're so extravagant, my good man."
"You should never promise a thing which you are not in a position to pay for without inconveniences," returned the Peersel. "We paid for his 'snack,' as well as for our conveyance, from town, but, late as it was, we declined to employ him in taking us back again. He had shaken my faith in cabmen, as you perceived by my wrangling with the man that brought me home just now. So we left him, in great good-humour, at the Star and Garter—where he doubtless obtained a sleeping-chamber on the first floor, with an excellent view of the river—and took our way on foot to the Round-about Railway. Upon our leaving the last of the stations, we lit upon the 'Edgeware Road.'"

"How truly fortunate," thought I, "for that must be about the centre of district W, where I have already been due since half-past six." Bertram Oliver also happened to reside in the same neighbourhood.

Now, the Round-about Railway is far from being a swift railway, but we seemed, at least by the way-bill, to be nearing our destination. I say by the way-bill because, for all that we could tell by observation, we might have been in Central Africa. "Why, there are no houses," exclaimed Bertram Oliver, who sat near the window; "there is nothing but moorland and wilderness."

"Look again—look again," cried I, as Fatima cried to her sister from the top of the tower. "I see a lonely pond and a weeping willow," returned he sorrowfully; "and yet I do verily believe that the train is stopping here."

"Edgeware Road, Edgeware Road," exclaimed the guard, and the solitary echoes took up and repeated his lament. He might with an equal propriety have exclaimed: "Salisbury Plain! Salisbury Plain!"

"Can we get a cab here?" inquired we.

"What?" returned he with a look that questioned our sanity. "O yes, you can get a cab—at the gate."

"We should have been more fortunate," said I, "if this information if it had not been accompanied by a certain sardonic expression, which seemed to say, 'You might just as well look for a camelopard.'"

We descended a circling stair, and found ourselves in a desolate tract of country, which might be the road to Edgeware, but which was certainly not the Edgeware Road. Of course, there was no cab. We walked for a considerable distance, meeting nothing but a single butcher's dog—who was doubtless leaving London, like other people, for the long vacation—until we arrived at the turnpike. This was 'the gate,' and there were two cabs standing by it.

"And here comes the most awful portion of my recital."

'I was expressing my thanks to my companion for having helped to make the day so pleasant, which had promised so evilly at its commencement, when I observed him change to a sort of leaden colour. He stammered out: 'Not at all, not at all; don't say one word about it, my good fellow."

"Well, but," urged I, "it was good of you. I was miserable—positively wretched, when you picked me up. I could find nobody in. There was nobody in all London but you, O my Bertram Oliver!"

"Ay, and he wouldn't have been there if he could have helped it," replied he gloomily.

"What mean you?" said I, for his look was getting very objectionable—"what mean you? Speak, speak, I charge you, and cease to shake your gory locks [you remember how red that man Oliver's hair always was] at me in that fashion. How comes it that you are obliged to be in London?"

"Well, the fact is," said he, "all my people at home—and, by the by, I hope you are not still afraid about infection—all my people at home, except one, have got the small-pox; and when you met me, I had only just left them for a few hours, in order to get a little fresh air, and"

The remainder of the sentence was lost upon me. I fled from Meliborus into my own private apartment,
looking the door behind me; and I spent the night in burning little torches of disinfected paper, and in bathing myself in vinegar and water.

THE DANDIES.

While George III. was king, a great number of reactionaries were driven from England; but not from the vigour and sapience of that monarch, but simply because he was what Mr Cobbett called 'a very long ruler.' Among the rest, the order of Dandies, to whom his son, the present George himself belonged, was instituted. A Dandy is now a term almost extinct, and its only signification is that of a person scrupulously careful of his personal appearance, delicate as to his books, fastidious as to his neck-tie, and immaculate in the matter of his lemon-coloured kid gloves. The Dandies of old were indeed particular in their attire, but that was but a small part of their elegant peculiarities. Beau Brummel, it is true, was one of their chiefs, but the great Duke of Wellington was himself not a little Dandified too, and much cultivated the society of Dandies. Their historian is no less a person than the late Thomas Raikes, Esq., of Grosvenor Square, whose diaries have already taught us that the 'good old times' which are said to have been so much enjoyed by them did not, at all events, take place at the beginning of the present century.

The dandies, says the editor of Mr Raikes's Private Correspondence, just published, 'were, indeed, Society neither through the power of great rank nor great wealth; nor did either in itself admit its possessor to their freemasonry. Their fraternity was founded upon the Science of Civilised Existence, for the purpose of uniting the pleasures of intelligence with those of dissipation. The manners of the dandies were in themselves a charm, retained by some through infancy, by others, born in that fashion of birth. Their mode of speech was pleasant, their language thorough-bred, their raillery conciliating, their satire what they intended it to be; many among them highly gifted; doing all that they did well; the less apt always to the point, letting it alone; without enthusiasm, without allusion—a school of gentlemen, liberal and open-handed; ephemeral as youth and spirits, yet marked by this endearing quality, that they remained, with few exceptions, true and loyal friends, tested through years of later adversity, and even death's oblivion.'

Then, how, now, that so many of the deaths of their friends with such equanimity, if at least they were so vulgar as to hold as friends their relatives—their uncles, for instance, I am told. Alas! writes one, 'that his uncle is dying of apoplexy. Drummond Burrell [the present Lord Willoughby de Eresby] has turned away his cook; but A. has begged he will keep the cook disengaged for a month, that he may have him if the event should occur.' The engagement of a cook was perhaps the one transaction of life the Dandies treated seriously. 'I am going to ask you,' writes Lord Yarmouth, 'to undertake a most perilous adventure, one in which I hope you feel with bowels of compassion for my forlorn state. My prayer is, that you will look out, if possible, for what is called a rien de chambre cuisinier, a good pâtissier above all things, and a perfect operator, and not above casting his eye towards the déjeuner à la fourchette, or the coffee-manufactory. I hate a fine or a difficult gentleman, and I abhor a rogue, more from irritation than economy. I care not whether I give him one hundred or two a year. I am looking out, so do not engage anybody till I hear from me, lest I should have twiss.' This communication is signed, 'Amuses vous, and so God bless you—Yarmouth,' which is the phrase, and so God bless you—Mr Raikes, for the expression of religious feeling throughout the letters. Like Mrs Quickly, they trust that the time has not arrived when they need think of such things. They make themselves very merry with the demise of M. de Talleyrand, with whom one would think, of all men, they ought to have sympathised. 'Montrond is wonderful; apoplexy and gout do their worst, but cannot subdue his spirits and esprit. He killed us with laughing at his stories. M. Talleyrand's death, which, though it deeply affected him, has still its ludicrous side; and his legacy of a standing-up desk to write upon is by no means a bad one. His expression of resigning to be a little sarcastic. He said that when the signature to the retraction was signed, a priest declared that it was a miracle; on which he gravely said that he had known of just such another miracle; that when General Gouvins was killed, he, Montrond, with General Latour Maubourg, went to the spot where he lay, and that they asked the only person who had seen the catastrophe how it occurred. This was a hussar, who replied: "Le boulet l'a frappé, et il n'avait que juste le temps de me dire: Prenez ma bouche et ma montre; et il est mort." Nay, even when Montrond came to die, the manner in which his own familiar friend, Mr Raikes himself, narrates this tale, by no means conveys the notion of excessive sensitiveness. Having so long known his antecedents, I was naturally very curious to learn the tone of his feelings and the state of his mind at such a crisis, more particularly as I had often heard that his head was as a rock, and as collected as ever. Three or four days ago, when it was said to him: "Prenez bon courage, vousirez peut-être une boisson," he replied: "Oui, je vais bien la voiture dans laquelle je sortirai." Since this I find, to my great surprise, that the Duc de Broglie took upon himself to opérer son salut, and was equally in his efforts to bring him to a sense of religion; as also Madame Hamelis, who is became a very strict dévote. The same effort was made some years ago by that excellent woman the late Duchesse de Broglie, a fact which shows the Dandies were also in a state of extreme danger. She came and prayed by his bedside, but at that time without making the slightest effect on his mind, for he was then convinced he should recover, and by dint of his own energy. I remember very well he afterwards said to me: "J'aurai très bien pu mourir, si je l'avais voulu." Now it is said that he has shown great signs of religion and contrition: 'il a été administré, et il s'est confessé trois fois." The Abbé Petitpas was constantly with him, and during his first extremités said to him: "Vous avez sans doute des amis dans votre temps, dit beaucoup de plaisanteries contre la religion." His reply was: "Non, jamais; j'ai toujours vécu en bonne compagnie;" an explanation, however, by his goods, true, showed his good worldly taste. This change (for I will not call it conversion) is, however, very remarkable, particularly as we well remember that he did everything in his power to dissuade M. de Talleyrand from signing his retraction on his deathbed; and then turned it into ridicule. Enfin, he died yesterday in what the Catholics call ould de saintefid; he desired the crucifix to be placed at his bedside, and would not allow it to be removed. Peace to his manes!" In reply, the Duke of Wellington writes: 'I am sorry for poor Montrond, but pleased that he died a Christian.'

The most surprising things in this volume are the letters of the Great Duke. He often writes twice a week from England to Thomas Raikes, Esq., in Paris, with no apparent object whatsoever. His little notes, which begin with, 'Your letter of the 28th has interested me greatly,' 'Your letters are most valuable to me, and I am very much obliged to you for the communication of the circumstances you have mentioned,' contain absolutely nothing—nothing whatever beyond such hopes as any country gentleman might express that there would be peace and fine weather. The replies of Mr Raikes are indeed long enough, but contain quite as little—chit-chat about the state of things in Paris, and deductions
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of his own about what will happen in consequence between France and England, all which turn out to be false. The Duke's own prophecies in return are equally unfortunate in their non-fulfillment, but nevertheless Mr Raikes never fails to head his communica-
tions with a "Yes" and his expectation is undeniable. Perhaps it is but just that Statesmen, who have so much power while alive, should be subject more than any other class of people to have their reputations exploded—boasted with their own petræum—after death; and certain it is that one seldom reads the letters of a departed minister or diplomatist without being reminded of Orestes' remark: 'With how little wisdom the world is governed!'

The political opinions of the Dandies are, as might be expected, ludicrous in the extreme. So late as 1843, we find Lord Rollely writing of "the senseless dreams of the Anti-corn-law League;" but in 1831 the Dandies believed all was over with good society, and that, so far from engaging cooks, they might think themselves fortunate if they obtained a living in that capacity themselves. 'What a moment,' writes one, 'have our ministers selected for revolutionising the old-established constitution of the country! whilst the Jacobins of every country are moving heaven and earth to overthrow all existing governments! Surely, if it could be proved that such a step was necessary, this is not the time that parliament will reject the measure. The democracy is already too powerful; give it additional strength, and it will over-
whelm both throne and state.' The Marquis of Hert-
ford actually fixes the general overturn at 'a year hence probably;' but he is living at Rome, and therefore not personally concerned. These patriotic gentle-
men, indeed, generally prefer to spend their money abroad, and out of what they do not very respectfully term 'Boulдон.' One of the epicureans writes from Naples in a strain that leads us to hope he was enjoying himself there, in spite of the darkness of the political horizon. 'Here I am quite alone, as far as English are concerned, for they are all gone, and I alone cannot tear myself away from this delightful do-
0 nothing place. I have only to think that looking out of window at the sea, snuffing up the afternoon breeze, driving up and down the Corso at night, and then supping lightly on fish and Lecryma Christi, is the perfection of existence, and out of what we are to leave behind us more brilliant amusements, more exciting pleasures, and younger and happier days, flashes across my memory. I only have a little very quiet sigh, drink another glass of wine, and relapse back into the vacancy of thought from which it had momentarily roused me.' The writer adds: 'The people of the world here are glad to see you, if you come to them, and don't care if you don't.' Such were just the people the Dandies liked, and to whom they themselves belonged. They were altogether incapable of real friendship. The greatest kindness they ever did, even for one another, was to communicate, in gossiping letters, the latest scandal, or the last 'good thing' they had chanced to hear or remember.

Scrope Davis writes from Dunkerque: 'Bob Bligh, when travelling with the Marquis of Ely through the Highlands, turned the marquis out of his own carriage, because he did not know who was the mother of Queen Elizabeth. In vain might he look for a travel-
ing companion here. Do you recollect a story of Tom Stepancy—a man far underrated, in point of humour, by the world; and whose love of his countrymen, the Welsh? On the restoration of Charles II., a form of prayer and thanksgiving was sent down into Wales, to be read in all churches and chapels. 'The priests have been proscribed, perhaps, for Charles II.,' said the Welsh; "but what is become of Charles I.?'" Of Cromwell, they had never heard a word. What I have now heard is that I send them, and I am speaking; however, these letters are crammed with French phrases and French sentiment—all glitter and polish, with very

little good material underneath. If the Dandy grew poor, the other dandies fled from him as though he had had the leprosy. Poor Brummell, in his wretched exile at Calais, got very few amusing letters from any of them. 'If,' writes he pathetically to one of his ancient friends, 'you associate with rain, your 50 minutes of leisure, do not, I beseech you, forget such an exiled disconsolate devil as I.' He actually apologises to Mr Raikes for troubling him with a letter at all. 'As my personal communication at this place is confined to M. Quillacq, his waiter, to a domestic upon trial—who I firmly believe to be the Duc de Caxias—or Chauvelin, who daily instructs me in the French dialect, at three francs an hour, you must allow me, with all that kindness you have of late so ostensibly shown me, to talk to you a little in correspondence.' He goes on to beg pincers for a little Fioon de Paris snuff, and for some square pieces of muslin, wherewith, we suppose, to make those cravate, for the tying of which he had had in ancient days a European reputation.

The character of the Dandies generally will by no means be raised by the publication of Mr Raikes' correspondence; nor will many be found to regret, with its accomplished address, that they have been entirely effaced in the rapidity of industrial progress, and the increasing necessity and enormous power of money in the social realm.

There are, however, some things in the volume, independent of the Dandies, well worthy of attention. Letters from Russia in 1812 describe the retreat of the Grand Army in a strikingly lurid colour. 'When the Russian army reaches the ground last abandoned by the French, they find, in general, many of these unhappy wretches frozen to death, in the very position of sitting round their fires warming themselves. Some had fallen into the fire, and their heads were burned to cinders, not having had sufficient time to lose their balance. The roads are strewed with their bodies, and every village is filled with them.'

Mr Raikes thus describes to the Duke of Wellington the arrival of the arm of the armies of Napoleon from St Helena in 1840. 'I think it will gratify your Grace to hear that the singular and anxious scene of yesterday went off more favourably than could possibly have been expected. As soon as it was light, all the inhabitants of Paris were on their way to the scene of march, which extended through the Champs Elysées from the Pont de Neuilly to the Invalides, and was guarded by a double line of troops from one point to the other. The immense multitude collected on this spot, from the city and from all the surrounding coun-
try, must have amounted to nearly a million of souls; and yet, wonderful to relate, the tranquility of the scene was undisturbed, and the ceremony passed off without the risk of even a single accident. Your Grace will see detailed in the papers the programmes of the procession. I will only add, that although there was an evident intention to give it more a triumphal than a funereal air, it was really a serious and a solemn sight. Some of the people who lined the road, notwithstanding the intense cold, had climbed upon the trees and on the posts, between which immense pots of fire blazed into the frosty air; and when the gorgeous funeral-car appeared, followed by the imperial eagles, veiled with cape, a host of ideas, for which I had hardly been prepared, rushed upon the mind. The noblest, the most resplendent of the men, to whose tomb at St Helena this pilgrimage had been made; the countless multitudes assembled to hail the corpse of one whose memory had for twenty-five years been proscribed; the sudden silence; the torrent of heads that followed after, so thick, so close, that the earth seemed alive with; altogether were of an extraordinary and extraordinary sensation in the mind. All this multitude dispersed afterwards with the utmost
tranquillity. Paris was as quiet through the night as if no occurrence had drawn the inhabitants from their daily occupations. It is true that all the military posts were doubled, and patrols of horse and foot hourly paraded through the streets; but not a cry of disorder was heard, and even a silly Englishman, who had thought fit to put on a volunteer uniform, was allowed to pass unnoticed, notwithstanding the papers had advised us not to appear. I hear the scene at the débordure at Courbevoie was very striking. When the coffin was borne from the steamboat to be placed on the funeral-car, your Grace’s friend, the old Marshal Souff, who was waiting, bare-headed, on the shore, protrasted himself before it, and burst into a flood of tears.’

Of the grasping character of the late Louis-Philippe, the same correspondent, writing to the same high personages, gives us these particulars. ‘He was elected king of the French on the 7th August. On the previous day (the 6th), he made over, by a deed drawn up by Dupin the lawyer, all his private property, as Duke of Orleans, being five millions per annum, to his own children, reserving the usufruct to himself. He enjoys the income of the Duc d’Anmile (acquired from the Prince de Condé) till his majority, and his children’s rent from five millions per annum. With these colossal means, the whole study of his life is to throw, by every manoeuvre, his own interest, that of the Poujadistes, and the interests of the country.’

Finally, we have this extraordinary account of the manner of treatment of prisoners in France who are accused of high treason; if the date of the letter were not 1841, we might almost imagine we were reading of the middle ages.

‘My Lord Duke—Darmest, the assassin, who in October last made an attempt on the life of the king, is confined in the Conciergerie, and subjected to the prison discipline; but no preparations are as yet apparently made for his trial. The system enforced in such cases is this: the prisoner is at first treated with the greatest indulgence; nothing that he desires is refused him; the Chancellor and the Grand Registrar visit him, and the people about him are attentive to his wishes, and anxious to converse with him. This is called the process of kindness; and if it fails to work upon the culprit’s gratitude, and to produce the discovery of his plot or accomplices, recourse is then had to the process of reduction. He receives little or no nutriment, is frequently bled, and never allowed to go to sleep; his strength is sapped away by inches; and if in this exhausted state he makes no revelations, a third experiment is tried—the process of excitement. Wine and spirituous liquors are administered bon grâle, mal grâle; he is kept in a state of constant intoxication, in hopes that his incoherent replies may give some clue to his secret thoughts. Thus, the physical powers are tortured and perverted, to weaken the firmness of the moral.’

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Considering the interest that thousands of people take in the weather from hop-growers down to picnics parties, we may very properly help to make known that the Marquis of Tweedale has offered a prize for a series of thermometrical observations, whereby, if possible, some conclusions may be arrived at as to the laws which regulate fluctuations of temperature and changes of weather. The thermometers are to be exposed without regard to aspect, just as crops are in the field, so that their natural influence, in the various parts of the country, may be determined. The prize is to be awarded for the most correct series of observations. The prize is one hundred pounds.

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they acquire the necessary combustibility. The most combustible leaves grow on a soil rich in salts of potash; the most inflammable on a soil rich in salts of lime; and M. Scholesing has confirmed this theory by long-continued experiments on artificial soils.—M. Sarzeau shows, that by introducing a given weight of small iron nails into the inner cover of the apparatus for making soda-water or cau gaseous, and leaving them in the solution for forty-eight hours in a collar, there will be produced a quantity of gasoferrous water, which may be drunk with advantage by invalids to whom carbonate of iron has been prescribed.—M. Perrigault has introduced what he calls a thermo-aspirator into the Navy mills at Brest, by which he accomplishes two highly useful results: he can grind more flour in an hour or a day when the aspirator is in use, than by any other method, and maintain the flour at a temperature lower by five degrees centigrade than flour ground in the usual way. As many persons are aware, flour keeps best which has been least heated in the grinding.

By a new regulation of the French Ministry of War, one officer in every corps is to learn photography, so as to be able to take views of a country, or of objects, bridges, forts, cliffs, and the like, during a march or a campaign.—M. Niepce St Victor finds that certain kinds of porcelain absorb active light, and make an impression on sensitive paper after a lapse of twenty-four hours. That an insulated unpolished steel-plate will yield an impression, while a polished one will not; that exposure to light does not magnetise a bar of steel; and that all porous bodies, even the most inert, can be rendered active by illumination. In what does this activity consist? The able photographer imagines it to be neither a phosphorescence nor electricity, but an invisible radiation; and there at present he leaves the question. The best artificial light for photographers is that of magnesium, which is only 525 times less than that of the sun. A very minute particle of this metal gives as much light as seventy-four stearine candles; were it not so enormously high-priced, it would come into general use among photographers; for pictures taken by magnesium light are scarcely to be distinguished from those taken by sunlight.

M. Coulvier-Gravier, whose name we have at times mentioned as an astronomical observer, has for many years watched the heavens nightly to note the meteors and shooting-stars. His collection of observations is now so large that he has been able to corrobate them with the data, as he believes, from which to foretell the weather, and predict the meteoro logical character of the year. For the verification of his theory, he requires a number of small observatories, whereby to make simultaneous observations at many places over a wide extent of country; and has solicited the imperial government at Paris to undertake the establishment of these auxiliary observatories. The government declines the task, but is willing to publish the observations already made, so as to bring M. Coulvier-Gravier’s views to the test of examination by other observers and students of astronomical phenomena. Observations of meteors and shooting-stars are one of the subjects taken up by the British Association, whose annual reports contain long lists of these phenomena, collected by the late Rev. Baden Powell.

The thirty-first meeting of the British Association—the science parliament of England—took place at Manchester during the week commencing with the 4th of the month. The attendance was more than usually numerous—upwards of three thousand: indeed, the building was inconveniently crowded for both the sections and the general meetings, where heat and defective ventilation made themselves sometimes rather annoying. Most of the usual cardinal figures were present, along with a preponderance of gentlemen and clergymen belonging to the district, with a prodigious infusion of ladies. The selection of one of the illustrii of the town, Mr William Fairbairns, mechanical engineer, as president, was an interesting circumstance; his comprehensive, yet modest address gave great satisfaction, and all felt how right and fitting it was that so admirable a specimen of the self-made man should be put into the place of honour on such an occasion. There does not appear to have been any notable novelty in science brought forward at the Manchester meeting; but there was much work that was respectable, and doubtless the usual benefits derived from these conventions, in enabling men to compare notes with each other about the state of the art, and in creating a public feeling in favour of science and its cultivators, have been realised. Perhaps the greatest popular notability was M. De Chaillu, the African traveller. The ladies showed about not much eager curiosity as about the young Frenchman who had had the courage to meet the formidable gorilla in his native haunts. The naiveté of the clever little man in his various demonstrations and speeches made a very favourable impression. Sir Roderick Murchison gave, in Section C, a luminous and valuable exposition of the important revolution by which a large province of the north of Scotland has been left from the kingdom of Devonia, and added to his own peculiar empire of Siluria. It was duly acknowledged by Sir Roderick, that the way was here first pointed by the modest provincial naturalist, Mr Peach, of Wick, who, having occasion, in his duty as a custom-house officer, to visit Cape Wrath, observed some fossils in a wall by the way-side, and was struck by their resemblance to those of the Silurian formation. There were some discussions on the now celebrated flint-weapons of the drift and bone coves, from which it might be caught that there is a tendency to reduce the conceptions at first formed regarding the vast antiquity of those objects. The views of Mr Darwin were kindled, and subjects had their share of attention, and always appeared to excite the keenest interest; but nothing calculated to advance that class of questions to a solution was elicited. The next meeting of the Association will be at Cambridge, where it last was in 1845.

SONNET.

All is the same as when I was a child; But who shall tell the difference to me! Dear to me then the bud, the bloom, the tree, And sweet—how sweet!—the woodland tangle wild, Where, lying hid, my airy towers I piled, And crowned me king with flowers and revery, While Nature’s darling self upon me smiled. But now,—ah, woe! that such a thing should be— This lovely prospect—wood, hill, stream, and tower— With parent joy to fill my idle hour, And bid my heart like its free birlettes sing. Has lost, for ever lost, its golden power. Then, questionless, I drank at Nature’s spring; Now, mental yearning agony doth bring. M. B.

The Proprietors of Chamber’s Journal have the pleasure to announce, that in consequence of the repeal of the paper duty, they will be enabled, with the commencement of their next volume, in January 1862, to present its Readers with a sheet of better material than has hitherto been practicable. Earnest efforts will be made to improve the literature of the work, so that, in the increased competition of able and worthy rivals, the Father of its Class may yet be able to retain a fair share of popular favour.

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CAPITAL

There is nothing in the world more practically popular, or at the same time more theoretically odious, than capital. We pursue it eagerly, that glittering Will o’ the Wisp, and when it eludes us or leaves us stuck fast in the mire, we make up for our disappointment by giving it a bad name. No other thing, fact, or institution comes in for such racy and incessant abuse as Capital. Am I a popular preacher, somewhat at a loss for exciting topics? A sound polemical field-day is always to be secured by an oration on the Golden Calf and those that worship it. Am I a deep-mouthed delegate, preferring to live by the toil of my lungs, rather than the labour of my hands? I can rush boldly to the platform, sure to bring down thunders of applause, as I launch the lightnings of my wrath against the monster, the devouring Typhon, Capital. A poet need never be at a loss for a mark whereat to aim his arrows; metaphor: Capital supplies a broad target for the shafts of ridicule and invective, and stands in a moral pillory, to be pelted with aesthetic cabbage-stalks.

Is it in the eternal fitness of things that this over-rich sinner should do penance for ever, with white sheet and flickering candle, before a jibing public? Is the capitalist really the Feefawfum that some millions of not unintelligent people pronounce him? Is he truly a bleated vampire, that battens on the sinews of working humanity, and does he grind the bones of Englishmen to make his unhallowed bread? Perhaps, in some cases, he is actually guilty of such objectionable practices. This is only to say that capitalists are men, and are no more proof against error and temptation than the rest of us. Generals are sometimes blunders, soldiers are sometimes cowards, Oxenstierna did not think much of the wisdom of the statesmen he had treated with, and there have been bishops not quite fit for canonisation. Yet we do not avouch that all commanders, warriors, clergymen, and ministers are respectively ignorant, timorous, hypocritical, and stupid, and why should we not extend a little charity, a little forbearance and justice, even to the man of money-bags. What is Capital, in the first place? It is not necessarily money at all. In its earliest shape, Capital could never have been confounded with money, nor, even now, need it be. Capital is only stock in trade, a synonym more accurate than that of accumulated savings. Savings do not compulsorily imply capital; a hoard is not a stock, and a miser is not a capitalist. Yet, though a miser be not a capitalist in point of fact, he is the chrysalis from which may burst, one day, the gorgeous capitalist butterfly with gold bespangled wings more luminous than those of the Purple Emperor. Mrs Nipper, as she adjoins to the store in the secret stocking or the cracked tea-pot, is, I am afraid, only a miser. But let her carry the heap to the savings-bank, or possibly, after Mr Gladstone’s scheme is at work, to the post-office, and she will return home in the new-blown dignity of a capitalist. She has given life to that which was dead and useless; she has restored to the great ocean of commerce those few bright drops of the circulating medium which had hitherto formed a stagnant puddle, and henceforth she may call Rothschild cousin.

The genuine miser is now very scarce; perhaps there are no sane specimens of the race alive. A solitary person of morbid tastes and diseased intellect may here and there lead a raven’s life of painful accumulation, hoarding, hiding, living in seclusion, distrust, and penury, to furnish a paragraph in the county newspaper when death shall unclose the jealous door; but the breed is becoming extinct. Yet, a few years back—a mere span of time from the historian’s point of view—our ancestors knew no snagger investment than the wainscot, the garden mould, or the earth below the third flag from the corner of the dark damp cellar. They put their money underground, exactly as Hindus and Persians do now. Sometimes they shared the secret with wife and child, sometimes they kept it scrupulously intact, until the supreme hour when life and all its pains and pleasures were fading away into eternity, and then they spoke. Not always. Sometimes the skeleton hand struck too suddenly; sometimes the disclosure was too long delayed, and then the hoard was lost to human use, perhaps for ever. But Capital is, in its essence, a creative thing. It is not only property, but property made productive. If I own a chest of gold, stowed away under the roots of yonder old pear-tree, I have property, but not capital. Let me barter it away for shares and stock, even for the Mexican Debentures and Spanish Defecond, and I am of the brotherhood of capitalists, for my money is fructifying somewhere and somehow, and doing its work in the world. The first capitalist was probably an old patriarch, wealthy in flocks and herds. Sheep, camels, and oxen, constituted his capital, and as long as he was careful of them, they yielded regular interest, simple and compound. The wild hunter—Eauen of the deserts—had no capital, unless his weapons might be computed as such.

The hunter must always be poor, and his subsistence a precarious one, for he lives from hand to mouth. The pastoral system is the first step of
the ladder of civilisation; and the two next rounds are agriculture and commerce. The primitive capitalistic, then, possessed flocks and herds instead of corn, and sought the advantages, since there was no national bankruptcy threatened him; and it was very much more difficult for a defaulter to embezle cattle than cash. But a murrain might ruin him, while the crops, of this his failure, drought was insolvency, and war and rapine were more fatal to his interests than to those of his modern successor. The patriarch was exposed to as much envy as any moneyed man of our days, perhaps even more to envy, since his possessions were patent to all eyes; and the contrast between wealth and poverty was glaringly prominent. Dives of our time does not publicly jingle his money-bags, is not festooned with gold and jewels, nor does he insist on being preceded by a banner of thousand-pound notes. But my Lord Shik of Job’s time travelled in state, with tent and wain; his sheep whitened the plains, his oxen moved in lowing multitudes, and his camels stalked in stately procession. I am afraid that many a man’s mouth watered as he surveyed with greedy eyes that mighty march of live mutton and beef, and contrasted the imposing herds his own money could buy with a charge on the taxes of my lord’s herdsmen. What did he want with so many horned beasts, so many lambs and kids, with all those bleating ewes and horned rams, that migration of the beasts of the field open? Surely it was a monstrous wrong that he should eat up, by proxy, all the grass, drink the wells dry, and make the poor shepherd feel his narrow fortunes by comparison with such vast supplies! But what must have been the feelings of the hunter whose game was beginning to be thinned off, who went further and farther, daily, in his pursuit of wild creatures, and who beheld from the hill-top the crowds of tame animals grazing around the abodes of men. Of the results of his sentiments, at least, we do know something. All, or nearly all, the nations living by the chase have attempted to prey upon their pastoral neighbours, and have been exterminated, scattered, or subdued by those they assaulted.

Cattle, then, were the first capital: cultivated land, tools, beasts of burden, seed-corn, and slaves united to form the second. In our own time, and in Christian lands, there are proprietors who may justly be called capitalists, although they have no funded property, and handle but little money from year’s end to year’s end. So many hundred Russian “souls,” so many hundred negro “hands,” are capital, as long as they produce by labour an annual revenue. But the moneyed capitalist, though junior to the rest, enjoys a very respectable antiquity. About the first operation we read of was that of the Pharaohs of Egypt, who, under the advice of his vizier Joseph, purchased the lands and liberty of the Egyptians for the corn which famine rendered precious. It is true that the price was paid in grain, but the grain had first been bought up with money, and even at that early date the principles of commerce were clearly developed. Solomon was a capitalist, and a successful speculator, but the nation at large must have suffered rather than benefited by his enterprises, and indeed there is something unnatural in this idea of a royal trafficker competing with subject rivals. Athens had her moneyed men, true capitalists—her insurers, underwriters, insurers, joint-stock companies, and the other machinery of trade. The noblest citizens of that little sea-ruling state lent money at interest. But those Attic notables were not popular with the stormy Demos of needy商务部, and were expelled of banterings after a kingly rule; so that Capital and princes were mixed up in strange conjunction. Rome, whose aspirations were all military or governmental, professed to despise commerce in any form. But, as often occurs, the true national type was chiefly to be found in the lower ranks of the citizens. The plebeian, fond of war, plunder, and his farm, might sneer at the trading Carthaginians as a native province, but the publican of the Roman had his own opinions on that score. The noble Roman could not, to be sure, keep a shop or freight a ship, but some profitable things he could and did do in them, trading, with a tax on his false, new victory glutted the market with captives; he owned plantations in the vassal provinces, and which were filled for him by prisoners of war, working in gangs under fear of the whip; and he lent at high interest. No usurer was ever more rapacious and cruel than those haughty senators, with private jails beneath their mansions, defaulting debtors might rot or starve, with tortures and lash at their disposal, and the slave-market gaping for insolvents. By these and other means, great treasures were gathered. The Romans did not, like the stupid Moors and Persians of our time, glean up coin to be piled in a treasury, useless as when its metal slumbered in the earth. They found, after a time, profitable investments in mines, shipping, manufactures, and the Eastern trade. Their money was productive; and thus it was that they were able to endure all this colossal robbery, grinding the patient pages of annual records in volume after volume. To the last, Constantinople remained afloat above the devouring flood, purely by the force of accumulated capital; and finally the Scythes, because of the very Cyprian Greeks refused to open their purses in the public cause. A free expenditure of that wealth which was left to the Turkish spoilers would have maintained a fair fleet and army: Mahomed’s Janizaries might never have encamped in the Hippodrome, had the capitalists of Byzantium been less selfish. With the classic civilisation fell, for a time, the influence of wild animals, and the races in which the chase once flourished.

In old France, capital appears to have mainly consisted of poultry. The kings drew their chief revenues, under the Merovingian and Carlovingian dynasties, from eggs and chickens, produced in thousands of farms cantoned throughout the country. Tenants, in all Europe, paid their rents and tithes in kind. In all lands, money was terribly scarce. The purely feudal ages should have been luxurious beyond parallel, since money is the root of all evil, and they saw very little of it. Nor was the circulating medium alone deficient; no one, as a general rule, had money’s worth to any great extent. The plantation system of the Romans, on a basis of slave labour, was extinct; the trade of the Mediterranean had cruelly decayed; the mines were mired and crowded, and trade was further depressed by superstitious fears of demons and fiery dragons. There were broad lands and townships belonging to abbeyes, bishops, and great noblemen, all with small rent-rolls and large claims for military service. An earl, perhaps, would have his county divided into baronies, subdivided into knight’s fees, cut into manors, and minced into holdings. It was the yeoman, at last, who paid the dues, and who took pike and burgonet to turn out for his forty days’ campaign. No man owned above a very moderate proportion of sheep and cattle, a few horses, ears, and ploughs. If a noble contrived to amass a great fortune, it was sure to bring about his ruin. Attinder was frequent, and estates changed owners with wonderful rapidity. There was no employment for capital in a society so lawless, boisterous, and rude. For suppose some Isaac of York, some Wilkin of Flanders, had crossed to England with a good round sum of mechs and guilders, intent on becoming a Rothschild—how am I, Isaac, to begin operations? My lord the Constable of Chester, or my lord the Earl Marshal, is in want of temporary accommodation, a showy right royal interest. But the security? There, indeed, is the rub. Ah! Isaac, Isaac, have a care! No Hebrew in his senses would lend money on a dud, for the earl’s land is but a trust from the king, and may be revoked.
at pleasure; and they do whisper that his lordship is going to rebel, with that fatal addiction to conspiracy and revolt which keep block and axle so busy. I may advance some coin on the security of the jewels he nobly lends in honour pawning them all in the Vintry, both as for a mortgage, merci. Shall I lead to smaller men, to clothier, Skinner, draper? They may denounce me to the law as a usurer, may get me into sore trouble with a mentor and chancellor, and wipe out by the debt by ruining the creditor. Shall I lead to the king? No, for his majesty will probably repay me by fine and confiscation, and possibly draw my teeth by degrees to extort a fresh supply. There was a grant left in old times, but chiefly in pawnbroking fashion; and we know how the poor capitalists were served by the force noble of King Richard's reign. Merchants lost all when a ship was wrecked or taken by pirates. No one would underwrite a vessel; few persons, indeed, cared to own to the possession of spare cash; if they did, the king was likely to request a benevolence wherewith to carry on his wars. A speculator who should have founded a Cattle or Hail Assurance Company would have risked minor and major excommunication as an impious sinner.

Venice, Genoa, and the free cities of Germany and Flanders brought about a change. They grew rich by traffic and manufactures, and fighting Europe learned to imitate them. In England, Edward Ist's reign was probably the first in which anything like a recognised employment of capital arose. There were lately to be seen alive among us a few very noble gentlemen who had been used to keep their money in the Bank of Genoa or the Bank of Venice. Those active communities invested banks and banking, and kept their own guilds to afford for the Gaullish Eagle set her talons on their cash-boxes. They invented bankruptcy too, absolutely breaking up the wooden bench, not only of the insolvent, but of the convicted rogue. They did not become a great impetus to money-making. Holland, Flanders, and Pisa followed the example of Venice and Genoa, long before England learned to imitate them; and, to this hour, Holland and Flanders are rich with a hidden wealth, amassed by former generations, and invested in the funds of the world at large. Commerce and capital in exchequer, for under great obligations to war. If I wished to be uncivil, I should say that Moloch had helped Mammon; if I desired to be elegantly classical, I should hint the deep debt owed by Plutus to Mars. Imperial national wars did not go to the capitalist, as private fees and forays had done harm. Monarchs could not carry on a regular strife with the grudging service of feudal levies, whose term was but six weeks, and who consulted the almanac as shrewdly as the 'three months' volunteers of America. Mercenary troops needed punctual pay, or donatives instead of pay, steel armour, cannon, carts, rations, ships, and gunpowder, and all had to be bought. On the strength of tax and customs, rich persons were found to make the necessary advances, and when the national credit was tolerably good, other rich persons would buy the claim of them, thus preventing the treasury from being inconveniently dunned.

Thus arose the system of funds and stock-jobbing, the true element of the capitalist in his modern form. Two hundred years have not elapsed since the establishment of the first banker in England. The early goldsmiths, whetherman, or, like the Jingling Geordie, founder of Heriot's Hospital, a Scot, was always a dealer in plate and ornaments, and used as money-lender. But it was not till late in the seventeenth century that people began to jingling their broad pieces and pistols to the safe-keeping of another, and to hand about the goldsmith's receipt as a subterfuge for loans. Thus was found convenient; it promoted bargains and encouraged trade, since the paper representative of a single bag of gold might change hands a dozen times a day, and be carried in the waistcoat pocket. When Merchant North, the Lord-Keeper's brother, came from the Levant, he was angered with the goldsmiths who followed him, cap in hand, begging his patronage; no more alarmed was he with the friends who asked him where he kept his money. 'What should I keep it,' answered he, 'except in my own house?' But even he soon fell in with the fashion. Those private receipts for the advancement of the new bank of England, which seemed to double and treble at a stroke the national supply of money. Of course, there were murmurers—ay, and plotters. The goldsmiths bought up a mighty bag of the new notes, and presented them all at once, hoping to swamp the nascent concern. But the old lady of Threadneedle Street, even in her girlhood, was a wise and prudent maiden; by a mixture of discretion, firmness, and integrity, she weathered the storm. And now the capitalist had many paths before him; he could invest in the public Debt, in foreign banks, or in private firms; he could insure ships and cargoes; or he could safely lend on mortgage, and get a rent-charge of ten per cent for his money, as we know that young John Churchill, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, did with my Lady Castlemaine's gift of 6000 guineas. He could be an army-contractor, or a paymaster in the Flanders Wars, the most profitable employments of the day. The office of Paymaster to the Forces was then the fondest dream of wealthy men. It was a snugly feathered nest; the British treasury was not quite as methodical as at present, and the capitalist often paid the troops out of his own pocket, charging the nation a pretty heavy percentage for the accommodation. At other times, the soldiers would be disarmed, and the time, while his worship the paymaster was juggling with the public money, buying stock to sell at a profit, lending, buying, chartering, and so on. I am speaking of honourable men, of those of the early Georges—men who founded noble families and gained fine estates. There were capitalists of inferior probity, who sold bad beer, rum, clothes, victuals, to army and navy, who bought and resold condemned stores and crazy ships, who conspired with vaurious generals, and looted with unscrupulous clerks. Then came War of the South Sea, the South Sea Bank in our own country, the Mississippi scheme in France, which ruined multitudes, which broke hearts by wholesale, and which first cast the taint of trickery on stocks and those who dealt in the capital of the capitalist, as private fees and forays had done harm. Monarchs could not carry on a regular strife with the grudging service of feudal levies, whose term was but six weeks, and who consulted the almanac as shrewdly as the 'three months' volunteers of America. Mercenary troops needed punctual pay, or donatives instead of pay, steel armour, cannon, carts, rations, ships, and gunpowder, and all had to be bought. On the strength of tax and customs, rich persons were found to make the necessary advances, and when the national credit was tolerably good, other rich persons would buy the claim of them, thus preventing the treasury from being inconveniently dunned.

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those brick-and-mortar hives of poverty as an investment. They pay well. The sponge, squeezed by a hard hand, yields a great deal of gold and silver. Much of it may make streets would do. It is surprising how high an interest can be wrung out of so much misery, rags, and need.

Now, in the City—in the core of old London—I will show you the air of the true capitalist: a dingy counting-house, gaudily, with windows that must surely have been artificially brought to the present state of dirt, so dim and begrimed are they. A few stucco notes from the orchestra, and enter the bloated capitalist, the man of money, Humphrey Stodgman himself. Impossible! Can that fat flabby figure, those round little porcine eyes, that stupid face and vacuous expression, belong to the famous Stodgman? he who sucks the narrow out of unnumbered enterprises, who never puts his dirty thumb into another's pie without securing the daintiest tit-bit there? I assure you the fact is so. This is Stodgman himself. His aspect is not formidable; he is awkward, and a little shy, and stammerers. His education was not brilliant, and he never reads anything but the newspaper, and sleeps over that. His conversation is at best a few vague phrases: information is defective, and you feel rather a contempt for his brains and knowledge as you converse with him. Now bargain with him. You want a few thousands, to help out your new born company, to bring out your intention, to reform, undersell, revolutionise, or beatify the world, it matters little which. Ask Stodgman for the money; lay your views before him. You don't laugh in your sleeve as you have any longer. Let him refuse or accept. Stodgman is your master. It is not that he suddenly becomes clever or well informed; he is to the last a more money-grubber—of the earth, earthy. But you respect his tenacity and resolution before you have done with him. He makes you smart, but you cannot despise him. Stodgman knows the power of the most peculiar wax too far well to part with it lightly. He can conjure spirits from the vast depth by the flourish of his cheque-book. He will have the lion's share of your profits, or shew you to the door. Talking precedent does not move him at all; talking learnedly is of little use; he takes his limited practical view of your projects, sees through his own small eyes, and resolves his decision in his narrow but consistent brain. You might more easily win over a wiser man. See! he has got the lion's share in spite of you, and yet you are all superior to Stodgman, in everything but the magic wand that sways you. It is Caliban compelling Ariel. As for the wand, our friend was born to it; he inherited his fortune, and a certain amount of traditions, and an instinctive caution and obstinacy which back him in like the shell of an armadillo. He never could have made a fortune for himself—never. Quite another sort of man does that. If Stodgman had swept a counting-house in early youth, he would be at the broom still. He is only strong on one point—money; and cash, we all know, agglomerates to cash like a rolling snowball, when the funds belong to a thrifty plodder. Out of his own element, Stodgman is nothing; he is not even mulish or stiff-necked; his wife hampers, his children bully him, his servants twist him round their fingers, and the House of Commons puts him down with crows and laughter. It is only in his panoply of gold that he is a restless champion.

In the next court, in a cleaner counting-house, I will show you a different sort of capitalist—Crake—Luke Crake. He is really what he boasts himself—a 'self-made' man. He is much more disagreeable than his brother born to wealth—is hard, angular, self-assertive; his sharp elbows have dug their way through the struggling crowd. Crake is not so rich as Stodgman, nor so scrupulous, nor so dull. He would be a pushing man anywhere. He has the manners of a commercial traveller in the hardware-line, with whom the pork-chops have disagreed at supper. He jerks at you, contradicts you flitily, beats you down, hectors over you; whereas Stodgman is gentle and negative in demeanour. Crake, also, you will find, insists on the lion's share. There are higher members of the guild—the auditors of the profession who oblige emperors, and are props to ministers of finance. There are others who take out giganto railway concessions, and many the millions in a fashion that takes away one's breath. They lend one another vast sums, these Titans, and make ten or twenty per cent. without risk; their friendship is the surest support of a royal dynasty; their least operation has to do with myriads of pounds. Yet capitalists are not all-wise; they have their silly panies and silly infatuations like other men, and are sometimes involved in a crash when they fall, they fall unpitied, for nothing merits so little sympathy as the sorrow of Capital.

CRICKET ON THE GOODWINS.

'What is the meaning of all this bustle, waiter?' I never saw the two cricketers, so prominent. Such was the question I propounded to the sleek head-waiter of the Royal Hotel, the principal house of entertainment in Deal. I had been, for the sake of the bathing, for several days at a hotel at the Royal Hotel, and I was beginning to weary of the place. Deal is not very seductive to the sojourner, with its labyrinth of mean streets, its cobble-stoned pavement, its wooden hovels, its strings of flounders drying in the wind, and its all-pervading aroma of tar. At first, there was a certain excitement in playing hide-and-seek with the game on the lawns of the well known, and the game of a pocket-compass. These pleasures, however, were beginning to pall upon me, when a lively stir upon the crowded quay attracted my attention. There was music, or at least the sound in a husk or envelope of music, for saw a number of men carrying burdens wrapped in green bazine, out of which peeped here and there the glistening brass of a trombone, or the brown wood of a violoncello. There were numerous hampers and baskets, that indicated a care for the commissariat; there were flags fluttering gaily in the light summer breeze; there went the song that, to a practised ear, had very much the air of tents. Several boats, decked out in holiday fashion with streamers and ensigns, were receiving these lots, baskets, and musicans, while others seemed to await the lounging passengers for whom these preparations were made. No wonder that I asked the waiter what so unimportant a scene might import. Even he, generally the calmest of men, was slightly excited; he flourished his official napkin, instead of permitting it to droop gracefully, and his pumps creaked in a more important manner than usual as he passed to and fro. Not that the Royal Hotel derived much custom from what was going on; the commercial room held its customary hardware traveller, its hosier traveller, and its traveller in the soap-line; the coffee-room was only occupied by a sunburned midshipman, an old half-pay officer, and a couple of healthy-looking young men from the country, who were lunching hastily, and who wore flannel trousers and buff shoes with spiked soles. The waiter eyed me with placid benevolence, and returned: 'Desay not, sir! We are quiet, sir, not self-made men. Why, except elections, sir, and the Volunteers, as well as the Odd.'

'But this is neither a Volunteer field-day nor an Odd Fellows' festival,' interrupted I, rather impatiently. 'Is it a picnic?'
The waiter took time to consider. 'Picnic, sir! no, sir! Coming, sir!' And off went the tiresome functionary to obey the heste of one of the young gentlemen in flannel unmentionables. A sharp boy in a striped calico jacket has 'hand' a cork-screw and a bottle of bitter beer, I interrogated him as I had done his chief, and received the reply: 'Cricket-match, sir! Those gents in the coffee-room play in it, sir!' Off went boy and beer. 'Cricket,' said I to myself; 'I should like to see it. Kent was the cradle of the game, and though a little short of her honour, she can shew good sport yet.'—Where is the cricket-ground, waiter?’ for by this time the principal attendant had returned. 'Ground, sir!—there, sir!' and the waiter pointed to the sea, a glimpse of which could be caught through the window and open door of the coffee-room, and which stretched away, blue and broad, dotted by sails of all colours.

'What do you mean?' I demanded, for I thought the game was going on here.

'The cricketers play-to-day on the Goodwin Sands, sir—the Great Goodwin, sir. Match is very interesting, sir, on account of being only once a year, at a particular state of the tide, sir. Deep water in general, sir, where they'll be batting and bowling this afternoon.'

'Goodwin!' I cried incredulously. 'Do you mean, seriously, that there is cricket intended on the famous Goodwin Sands?' That was the waiter's meaning; and the landlady, emerging from her rear, corroborated his assertion; adding, that it was only at very low tides—'necess,' I think, was the word she used, but I have no conception of its purport—that theseHomeric sands could be used for human pastimes. This was the day; and a large attendance of spectators being reckoned on, tents and booths were to be pitched, and refreshments and mutton tents...</noscript>

I resolved to be a spectator, if possible. Very possible, the waiter pronounced it. Any of the boats could take me out and bring me back with the other spectators. 'Tis an unusual hour for cricket, sir, wickets being mostly pitched at eleven o'clock or so,' said the waiter, 'but the wait depends on the weather, tide, and time; you know, sir, wait for no man. They'll have a nice afternoon, sir; but I think there's dirty weather brewing for the night. Not that I'll hunt them, though,' and the waiter took a long look at the sky, and turned away. Every one in Deal is more or less weatherwise; a haberdasher will talk to you with enthusiasm of 'good, old, sound anchoring-ground'; and a librarian has much to say on meteorology; but I paid little heed to the waiter's prediction. Even if 'dirty weather' should come, it would scarcely affect me. I got a passage in one of the boats, and went out with a cheery, good-humoured party of spectators, and was presently landed on the Great Goodwin. The huge shoal presented a smooth surface of firm sand, no bad substitute for turf, while the novelty of the scene, to myself and others, had great charms. Tents and booths were pitched, flags flouted gallantly, corks popped in a brisk succession, and refreshments were in great demand. There were plenty of stout old Tritons, in blue cloth and oilskin hats, sweeping the horizon with their telescopes, plenty of townsmen, visitors, and country-folks, and no lack of gay bonnets and fringed parasols. The beauty and fashion of the coast must be strongly to see the cricket on the Goodwins. The wickets were up in due time, and the cricketers, in many-coloured jerkins and spotless flannels, fell to work with a will. There was abundance of excellent play; bowler, batsman, and fielder did their best, and shouts of applause greeted every exhibition of skill, shouts of mirth every display of good- ness, just as if the game had been played on a green meadow ashore, and not on the dreadful Goodwin, under whose sands lay the timbers of goodly ships, and the bones of brave men. I was much amused, and for a time interested. But I had not the attraction which local likings and jealousies afforded to the rest, and cared little whether Hodges were bowled out by Best, caught out by Decker, or stumped by Miller. Neither did I care whether the Walmer Eleven triumphed over the Eleven of Deal, or whether the latter kept their laurels intact. To me the sight of the match, Cricket on the Goodwins! I had since been at Deal, during my walks or rides about the coast, I had often turned my eyes, as by a kind of fascination, to the long line of white breakers that boiled along those fatal sands. I had talked to old sailors too, who were full of stories respecting the extent of the shoals, the depth of water in the channels that intersected them, the fearfully strong current—often running nine knots an hour, it was said—which skirted them, and the tenacity of the quicksands; but the day before, an old resident of the place used to tell me, he knew not which was most to be dreaded, the treacherous power of the quicksand, or the fury with which the weather upon a luckless vessel that had run aground. 'Only last year,' said the old man, 'I saw from my bedroom window that a big schooner, foreign-rigged, was on the Goodwins; so I ran up to the road, and there I saw the waves washing over her, most awful. I went down to fetch a telescope, for to see if any of the crew were aboard, hauled to the rigging or that, and when I got back with the glass, if you'll believe me, there was nothing to be seen but the topmasts; and they went down, sinking, sinking, right before my very eyes. If ever I saw a spectacle, sir, keep clear of the Goodwins.' And now a cricket-match was to be played on the most considerable of the shoals, and music was to resound, and the merry laughter of girls and children was to echo, where lately the waves rolled and the fish swam.
proverbially see most of the game, they sometimes yawn over the sight, and so did I. The day was hot, my resting-place was pleasant, the sun was out, the murmur of the surf a lullaby, the sparkling waves a melody, and Cobb’s celebrated Thalnet ale is particularly strong; I fell asleep. Pleasant dreams, rose-tinted and bright of wool, were mine, but I awoke, and, finding that I was not under the vague impression, and I awoke—awoke with a start, to marvel at my unfamiliar sleeping-place, and to ask mentally where I was, and how I came there. I rubbed my eyes; I gazed stupidly around, as memory returned. My heart throbbed quickly and hurriedly, and I uttered a cry of dismay. Why? I was alone—all alone. On the shalow where lately there had been so much of human life, of stir, and gaiety, and hot emulation, not a trace of human existence remained. I was as completely abandoned as Philip Quarril or Juan Fernandez. The tents were gone, the boats had vanished, the flags had been removed, there was not a vestige of the bygone contest and revelry, except a few empty bottles tossed carelessly on the sand, and some straw and paper strewed where the hampers had been packed. Every man, woman, and child had left the shore; worse still, every boat was gone. I could with difficulty realise my position, with all its danger and discomfort; it seemed like a fantastic dream, and I could hardly believe myself awake. Yes, there were the footprints of the last man, and the sand, there were the holes where the tent-poles had been planted, yonder stood the wicket, and those grooves and scoops were hollowed by the bat or scored by the ball. The game was over now, must have been over a long time. In vain I strained my eyes over the expanse of water, and the shore, and the hope of some being far off, some of the men, some of the boats, some of the men, some of the boats. It seemed like a flag high over my head, while I strained my lungs for a loud hail—in vain, in vain! The fishes were busy with their nets and lines, or in basking on their boats, or something; they did not observe me, and presently the last lug-sail and brown hull faded away into the deepening night. More sultry and heavy grew the air; one or two big flat drops of rain fell with a splash upon the sand; there was a premonitory grumble of thunder, and then a hush succeeded.

I turned my face to the land. The lights began to twinkle in the windows of the ship of forces to starboard, to port, too, on lonely cliffs, and spits of sand that ran out into the wild sea, and on the decks of light-ships anchored in dangerous places, the warning-beacons began to blaze. I saw the sea gleam far across the water wherever I turned: they were signs of human pity, of human watchfulness, and charity. But they could not save me. The fishing-boats were all gone. The tide was encroaching, stealthily at first, then more swiftly. Line upon line, the little foamy walls of water came sweeping on, arching and breaking into the group by a little space, and then pressing on, surely, steadily pressing on. My only hope—and be sure that my fancy was busy—was that I might be missed at the hotel, that inquiry might be made, and a boat sent back to fetch me off the Goodwin. But this was but a frail thread of a chance. I was fond of rambles, and not punctual as to hours: I had not ordered my dinner, having told the landlord that I would see about it after my return. The time of which was doubtful. Perhaps in those idle words I had spoken my own sentence of death! The wind whistled in a louder key, shudder and more shrew; the lights on shore shone out, peaceful and tantalising. I would have changed conditions with the poorest cotter from whose window poured one of those rays.

Hulp at last! What was that? A sea-mew flitting over me had uttered its melancholy wail with startling suddenness—that was all I watched the bird, and envied the strong white wings that bore it so fast through the air towards. More big flat drops of rain; regular thunder-shower. What a splash, lightning up land and water, and hastening the water, and dazzling me so that I shaded my eyes involuntarily; and then what an awful diapason follows, rolling roaring from one end to another of the stormy sky. Flash again, I ascertained that my spectacles were rent to fragments; and how much blacker grew
the night for the lurid glare of the lightning. I had seen and admired storms at sea; I had even enjoyed the elemental strife; but then I was on the safe shore, or in a stout ship, not on the Great Goodwin. Fear after fear, flash after flash, and the rain lashing my face as I turned despairingly from side to side, gazing out into the night. How the tide comes on, like an inrush of horror! The wind increased, and came leaping, wolfish, and eager, up the shore of the sandbank. The sea encroached with terrible speed; I saw yard after yard of dry sand was carried by the tumbling water; the billows grew in size like Frankenstein’s monster, and their clamour was as the hungry voices of beasts of prey. The wind moaned and shrieked fitfully as the storm gathered strength. Ah! it was all very well to lie on the smooth sand, basking in the warm sunshine, and to indulge in pleasant fancies of Neptune and Amphitrite, of their tritons in waiting, and nereid maids of honour, and conch-shells, and mermaids, and chariot drawn by dolphins—it was all very well to think of these things when I expected to finish the evening with a nice little dinner at my hotel, and a comfortable bottle of the yellow-colored wine. But now marine things were hateful in my eyes. Still the pitiless sea came on, on. It drove me back again and again. Very little sand; and even that must be swallowed up in a short time. I remembered the curious French tale of the man who owned a magic slip of ambergris, which shrunk with every accomplished wish, and as it shrunk, his life dwindled to the last span. Even so, but without the power of volition over the process, I beheld my life shrinking and contracting, foot by foot, inch by inch.

Another eldritch scream—it was but a white sea-gull, as before, that wheeled round me, piping out its plaintive cry, but I shuddered at the sound. Nearer came it to me, screeching for its prey; and all this while the thunder rolled and the arrowy lightning glanced over the crests of the waves. A sensation of cold in my feet made me look down; I was actually standing in the water; it had crept through the treacherous sand. Very little of the Great Goodwin was now left clear. I cast a despairing glance at the town-lights and the beacon on shore; the waves reached nearly to my feet; I sank on my knees on the wet sand, and prayed as I had never prayed. A loud report, sharper and more raging than the deep-o’er ocean waves; a smart rush at my ankles urged me to rise. I looked up. Another report—a cannon—a signal. Did it promise help? Ah, no. I cowered, and did not breathe. I was a stranger; no wife, no mother, no friend, would ask anxiously after me, much less seek me amid the waste of waters. In no family circle would my absence make a gap. There was no hope. Bang! went the gun again. I saw the ruddy flash and heard the sharp ring of the discharge, and then I knew it was a signal of distress. A rift in the clouds let in a part of flood of gray light, and I saw, driving before the gale, a large two-masted vessel. Whether this vessel had been schooner or brigantine, I could not tell, for only the stumps of her masts were standing, and she heeled over fearfully, overweighted by the mass of broken spars and torn rigging that encumbered her side. The gun was fired again, and a loud outcry of human voices rose at the same moment, and was swept away by the furious storm. The ship was evidently rushing to her doom; stem on, she was driving towards the Goodwin. With a dreadful creaking, she struck upon the shoal, embedding her bows in the sand, and took up such a caped wave over her in a white flood like a cataract. But the sight I thus witnessed gave me new hope, and promised shelter. But the ship, in her mad rage, drove for a time; it did not reach me, I should be reprieved at least, and might have a chance of safety. Splashing through the knee-deep water, I reached the vessel, and by dint of great exertion got a grip of the bowsprit, and scrambled on board. As I reached the forecastle, I could see that although the stern was swept by the waves, and the poop deluged, the greater part of the deck was free. Under the bulwarks to leeward were two old figures, dimly visible. I approached, and found the group to be composed of an aged gentleman, whose white hair floated in the wind, as his head was bare, and he was clinging to the bulwarks; a young lady, apparently his daughter; and a negro, dressed as a seaman. The last lay insensible upon the wet deck, and there were stains of blood on his sable face and woolly hair.

‘Papa, here is help!’ cried the girl as she looked up and beheld a stranger. ‘We are saved.’

‘Alas, no!’ I cried sadly; ‘I am but a fellow-sufferer, not a deliverer. I have been left by accident on this shoal, and have scrambled on board the wreck as a drowning man might catch at a straw. If the signals have been noticed on shore—’

‘O, sir,’ cried the young lady, ‘they have left us, cruelly deserted us, in spite of all we could urge.’

‘Who?’

The girl pointed to where a boat, full of men, could be faintly descried, tossing on the crest of an enormous wave.

‘Is it too true, sir,’ said the old man in a feeble voice; ‘the wrecks have abandoned the ship in a selfish, senseless panic. I warned them that no boat could live, and assured them that our only hope was to stick to the wreck, to stick to the wreck, to stick to the wreck, even if it should have been a signal to the shore, yet they would not listen to me, because I was only a passenger; the captain died a week ago, and the mate was coward enough to take the lead in abandoning us!’

‘They will have brought the penalty on their own heads,’ said I, glancing to seaward, ‘for I am sure no common boat can reach the land in such a raging sea. Are you, sir, and this young lady the only passengers?’

The girl replied in the affirmative; adding, that the vessel was a Spanish one, bound from a South American port to London.

‘We were the only English on board,’ said she, ‘and, as heretics, they had the less compassion in deserting us. The only one of the crew left is this poor fellow—the black cook of the schooner—who has been stunned by the fall of the topmast. I fear he is badly hurt, poor man; but unless Providence watches over us, we shall none of us live to see the daybreak. My father is in bad health, and I fear that the exposure to drenching spray and the night-air will go nigh to kill him. But I had aid—’

I now noticed that while the old man had been tenderly wrapped in a boat-cloak and shawls, the daughter wore but a simple white wrapper, which she had probably put on when hastily aroused from rest, and which was wet through with the drizzling spray. But she never complained; and through a long hour—a hour that seemed an age—she was the one whose spirit quailed the least in the presence of danger the most imminent. The only hope we could entertain was that the wreck might hold together until the lifeboat could arrive. The cannon must have been heard on shore, and the gallantry of the Kentish boatmen was proverbial. The waves beat upon the vessel with as much fury as if they were eager to end their cruel work before help could reach us. The schooner reeled from stem to stern beneath their blows, and quivered like a thing in pain. The planks groaned, the timbers creaked ominously, and still the surges reeled from stem to stern beneath their blows, and quivered like a thing in pain. The planks groaned, the timbers creaked ominously, and still the surges...
child calling on his nurse. The young lady, forgetful of herself, knelt beside him, and tried to chase his cold hands and to cheer up his failing spirits. Suddenly she turned to me. 'I have been thinking,' she said, 'that if aid should arrive, our friends could not find us in the wreck of this dark night. We ought to shew a light and a signal to those on the coast.' The justness of this observation struck me. With great trouble, I opened the fore-hatch, went below, and after much groping, to my infinite delight, I managed to secure a lantern and a box of matches. I lighted the lantern, carefully closed it, and returned to the deck. To fasten the light thus obtained to the top of one of the shattered masts, was less easy, for the ship shook all over at every blow of the waves, and the position of the deck rendered it hard to keep one's footing. But for the help of that brave girl, I never should have accomplished it, but we contrived at last to establish our small beacon. Its rays fell on the pale beauty of a lovely face, the face of a charming girl of about nineteen, whose dishevelled hair, of a golden brown, flowed loosely in the wind. This was the first glimpse I had had of her lineaments, although from the clear melody of her voice, I could have sworn she was beautiful.

We went back to our post beside the bulwarks. Minutes flew by, long minutes, for every nerve was strained to the utmost tension, and death was around us, either in our own ship, or in the dreadful conviction forced upon me, that the ship was settling down in the sand. Meanwhile the tide rose. The waves now curled, white and angry, over the side, overtopping the bulwarks, and nearly washing us away. I looked about. I did what I could to shelter poor Edith, who devoted all her care to her feeble parent, and shewed no fear. Suddenly she uttered a loud cry, a cry that reached the ears even of the almost immovable old men, 'Saved, saved!' I saw them, close to us! and she held up her hands, clasped together as they were, and a flush of joy came over her beautiful face. I looked too. Yes, there was a boat, a lifeboat, rather, a large smack, jigger-rigged, under a tiny midship of storm-sail, and manned by brave seamen. Words cannot picture our anxiety as they fought with the billows, and struggled to approach us. Their oars were out, pulled by strong and willing hands, and they faced the angry sea with dauntless courage, as it beat them back, and sprang to and fro in a tempestuous column of water over them, so that several were employed in baling, while others rowed. We crawled as near the gangway as we dared. I had a rope ready to throw to them, should they get within reach, but every moment it seemed as if they must perish or give up the generous effort to save us. Manfully they battled with the bursting wave; now their boats were tossed high on the crest of a giant wave, now they were sunk so low in the hollow as to be hidden from our eyes, and then they would reappear, dripping, baffled, but true as steel. The waves leaped and roared like lions, and we could hardly hold on, while the boats were still out of reach.

'Keep your heads up, there!' called out the rugged old seamen of the nearest boat, as the gleam of the lantern fell on his bronzed face and grizzled hair. 'Never despair, my pretty lady, we'll not go back without you all. Pull, lads, all together—pull, I say.' The oars flashed, dipped, and bent to the strain of eight pairs of sturdy arms. The boat darted in. 'Now heave the rope—cool and steady, sir; we've got to have it, and get it as steadily and strongly as I could. All our lives hung upon that toss, I felt. Hurrah! the rope was caught, and in a moment the boat was alongside. Mr Hestingtons—such or the South Greenland—such or the South Greenland, perhaps because he knew the value of a name to entice emigrants, or because the name, however unsuited to the outer sea-coasts, was really applicable to all the habitable islands in the world. Greenland. It grew in glowing descriptions, aided by the general spirit of the time, and was no longer considered a place of hardship for the hearty. But as this expedition was preparing, Erik returned to Iceland, and described his new country as a paradise, and the sea was no longer the same to him, perhaps because he knew the value of a name to entice emigrants, or because the name, however unsuited to the outer sea-coasts, was really applicable to all the habitable islands in the world.
found himself obliged to fight again with his old
enemy Thorgest, and was worsted; but they at length
became reconciled. After this, Erik pushed forward his
preparations for his second voyage to Greenland; and
in the spring of this year (1006) he led a fleet of twenty-
five ships, with emigrants, cattle, &c., to people the
new land. Of these ships, some were lost, others
reached unknown lands; but fourteen are said
to have arrived at their proper destination. We can
easily account for this, when we remember that these
ancient mariners had no compass, that fogs are pre-
valent on these coasts, and that, even in our day,
aided by compass and science, the voyage is one
requiring the skill of experienced navigators.

Erik’s ship was among the fourteen which arrived
safely. The several chief who accompanied the
expedition each took possession of one of the fertile
fjords which Erik had discovered. Nine of these
chiefs settled in the southern districts, near Julians-
haab; others went northward, and settled in Gott-
haab’s district; and it is curious to observe, from the
existing ruins, that throughout the whole length of
this coast, no place capable of affording sustenance
to cattle, or well supplied with fish and game, was
neglected by these early settlers and their descend-
ants. When the traveler has passed the immediate
entrance of the fjords where the steep and rocky
mountains are generally barren and forbidding, he
comes, as he proceeds inwards, to verdant dales and
grassy slopes, where he almost always finds some
evidences of the former presence of the old Scandi-
navian settlers, in fields enclosed by stone walls now
fallen, ruins of churches, convents, or houses and
stables for cattle; but an unbroken solitude now
reigns where formerly thronged a busy multitude.
Judging from the accounts in the Icelandic sagas, and
from the number and extent of the various ruins, the
mountains must have been at times not less than ten
thousand Scandinavians inhabitants; but now the
men, their language, their customs, and their religion
are alike extinct; and these heaps of stones alone
remain to prove that they once were there.

When Erik and his followers first settled in Green-
land, rumours of the Christian faith had just reached
Norway, but his followers were worshippers of
Odin and Thor.

In the year 1000, Erik’s son made a voyage to
Norway, and visited the king, Olaf Trygvesson, who
had embraced the new faith, and Lief and his crew
were persuaded to allow themselves to be baptised,
and to adopt the Christian religion. Lief remained
all the winter with the king, who was very kind and
hospitalable to him, paying him great attention, because
he saw in him a means of introducing the Christian
faith into Greenland; and it appears that Lief on his
return laboured zealously in the cause, and greatly
assisted and protected several monks who went with
him. His mother, Thiodotile, was the first convert,
and her example was followed by many of the colon-
ists. She built a church at Brattelid, in which
prayers and services were frequently performed; but
Eric the Red steadily refused to forsake his old faith,
and it is very questionable if he ever altered his
determination.

Not less remarkable than Erik’s discovery was
that by a Greenland colonist of the coast of America.
Horgulf had settled at Herjulfjæren when Erik
returned to Brattelid; he had a son named Birnir,
a young man who had a ship of his own in Norway.
When he sailed to Iceland, he found that his father
had gone with Erik to Greenland; he took con

union with his crew, and they came to the determination
to go on and discover the green land where his father
was, although none of them had ever been in the
Greenland seas. They sailed for three days until
they lost sight of land, when they met with a
northerly wind and fog. They knew not where they
were, so lay-to for several days; afterwards they again
saw the sun and stars, hoisted sail, and at last saw
land. They wondered what land it could be; but
Birnir thought it could not be Greenland. They
sailed closer in, and found the land destitute of moun-
tains, and they thought it could not be Greenland
this land on the left, sailed to the northward two
days, when they again saw land ahead: this was
also low land covered with bushes. Birnir said, ‘This
land also cannot be Greenland, for it is said, there
are there many large icebergs and mountains.’ They
therefore turned the prow from land, and sailed with
a south-west wind for three days, when they again saw
land. This was mountainous, and there were icebergs
in the water; but here would Birnir not land, as he
did not think it was the place he sought; it did not
quite correspond to the description given by Erik the
Red. After four days more sailing with the same
wind, they again saw distant land. ‘That,’ said
Birnir, ‘more nearly speaks to Greenland, and there
will we land.’ They did so. It was the country they
wanted; and Birnir sought out his father, and settled
in Greenland with him.

Now both in Norway and Greenland went the
rumour abroad of Birnir’s voyage, and of the pro-

mising lands he had discovered on the way, and it
greatly added to the general disposition for adventure
and discovery.

Lief, Erik’s son, who had lately returned as a
Christian to Greenland, was the first to undertake a
voyage in search of those lands. He sought out Birnir,
booth his ship, and collected a crew of thirty-five
men.

He requested his father to accompany him, and
take command of the expedition, and the old man at
last agreed; but as he roved from Brattelid to the ship’s
harbour, his horse stumbled with him, and fell. This
appeared to Erik a bad omen, and he said: ‘It is not
permitted me to discover other lands than the one we
now inhabit; I cannot go with you;’ and he returned
to his house.

Lief and his party sailed, and found first the land
which Birnir had last seen; they landed, and saw but
barren mountains, with loose blocks of stone covering
these slopes down to the sea-shore. Lief called this
place Heissland the Stony. They sailed further, and
again saw land: westwards, and found fine grass-
covered lands. This he called Markland. Again they
sailed with a north-west wind until they saw land
ahead; they entered a shallow bay, where the ship
was aground at the entrance of the tide. The country appeared
so pleasant that Lief determined to remain there
during the winter, and examine it more closely. They
therefore drew up the ship up into a lake and built
large houses. Here they noticed that day and night
were more equal than in Greenland, and that on the
shortest day there was sunlight from eight in the
morning until four in the afternoon. They must
therefore have been near Massachusetts. In this
country they found wild grapes, so Lief gave it the
name of Vinland.

When spring came, they loaded the ship with
timber, and taking a good supply of dried grapes,
sailed with a fair wind until they again saw Green-
land; and now had Lief the good fortune, through his
sharp sight, to rescue a shibwrecked crew from a reef,
and therefore he was called Lief the Lucky; and
with goods and honour he safely reached his father’s
house at Brattelid.

From this time up till 1013, during which Erik the
Red had died, and Lief succeeded him in the chieftain-
ship, his relatives made several voyages to Vinland,
and his brother Thorolf went to the same region. He
was the first who met with the natives, Indians or
Esquimaux? On the first occasion, he met with a
party of nine, eight of whom his men slew, the one
escaped; shortly after several small parties of
natives in skin-covered boats, from the interior of a
bay. The Scandinavians had mostly fallen asleep,
when a voice was heard crying: ‘Awaak, Thorwald,
and all thy folk, if you will preserve your lives!' Thorwald saw the danger, and determined to go on board the ship and act on the defensive. A fight ensued; the natives shot their arrows, and retreated; but Thorwald was mortally wounded, and was buried there with two crosses over his grave. His followers returned to the Greenland.

Many expeditions followed, and attempts were made during three centuries to establish Scandianavian colonies in America; but it appears that the natives were too numerous and troublesome, and that the Scandinavians never succeeded in permanently establishing themselves in the country. In Greenland, however, they met with better success; and a constant trade was carried on between that country and Norway up to about the year 1400, when the intercourse between these countries ceased. The colonies were left to themselves, owing to the long-continued wars; and at last the route to Greenland was forgotten. At this time, there were in the southern district twelve large parishes, and one hundred and ninety villages, a bishop's see, and two convents.

In the meantime, quarrels arose between the natives of Greenland (Esquimaux) and the Scandinavians, which apparently resulted in the destruction of the latter; for when, after many futile attempts to discover the 'lost land,' as Greenland was then called, it was at length rediscovered in 1856, by Sir Martin Frobisher, no Scandinavians were met with. Davis visited Greenland in 1585; and in the year 1721, Hans Egede was sent out from Denmark as a missionary, and a trade with the Esquimaux was attempted to be established. After many trials and difficulties, Egede succeeded in introducing Christianity amongst them.

A trade was also commenced, which has been carried on as a royal monopoly, and which at present yields no inconsiderable revenue to the kingdom of Denmark. Colonies and stations have been established, at short distances apart, from Cape Farewell up to latitude 73 degrees north, where the trade in oil and skins is briskly carried on. The whole of the coast and fords have been examined, and all the principal whaling stations have been found; but no living trace of the lost race has ever been met with. The causes which led to their complete destruction have never yet been discovered; but it is supposed that their civil wars had weakened them, they fell victims to the revenge of the natives, whom they had long been in the habit of ill treating.

The Esquimaux have some oral traditions connected with certain localities where the Scandinavians resided, relating to their petty wars and mutual slaughters; as well as others of a curious nature, elucidating the former manners and customs of the Esquimaux. These have lately been collected by Dr Rink, governor of South Greenland; and we propose giving our readers a translation of some of them. A few of the legends, as well as some scenes of modern life and manners in Greenland, have been illustrated by wood-cuts executed by the Esquimaux themselves, under Dr Rink's direction, which afford considerable proof of their intelligence.

**MELIBEUS HAS A FISH-DINNER AT GREENWICH.**

'Melibeus,' observed I, in early August, 'the appointed season has long begun, and you have never yet tasted whitebait.'

'That is very true,' returned he, 'I have indeed partaken of the fish in question upon the sea-coast and elsewhere,—once, in particular, at Lynmouth in North Devon, I remained a fortnight longer than he had intended in consequence of the arrival of a vessel of that delicacy—but, as you justly remark, I have never "tasted whitebait" in the highest sense of that expression. I have never had it at either of those suburban dining-rooms of London—Greenwich or Blackwall. How truly wonderful it is that a metropolis which is supplied with every luxurious edible from air, and earth, and ocean, and that from the most distant parts of the Universe, should alone enjoy the advantage of being within a few miles of the one essence which cannot endure travel. Devonshire cream in air-tight cans comes up to the Strand every morning, improved—positively moreclothed, air—by the journey; but whitebait, like a _jou de mort_, must, to be properly appreciated, be taken at once.'

'As it is whitebait, Melibeus,' said I, 'is an expropriation of pleasure. How much more enjoyable is it when and time? 'If arranged and looked forward to for weeks before that wet day upon which it is caught or off at last. The elements are propitious, the river is near; let us go down to Greenwich by the steamer immediately. No question need be asked but one: Have we got enough money in our pockets?'

'Yes; I had intended to have settled a bill at Dent's here for a watch and chain for Mrs M.,' said Melibeus, 'so that I am to-day a capitalist. I will let it run a little longer. The great London tradesmen are said to prefer credit—an excellent thing in watchmakers, and indeed in anybody. What a pleasant summer thoroughfare is this Hungerford Market! There is always a charming approach to the river, with the smell of fruit and flowere—'

'And fish.'

'Yes,' continued Melibeus calmly, 'just a suspicion of fish sufficient to give to the spot a local colouring. How finely those scarlet cray-fish contrast with the white skite. Look at your spotted mullet, the buttery, yellow, bluish of the sea, as somebody calls it.'

'Who calls it? I don't believe anybody ever called it so except yourself. I always suspect a gentleman who quotes with such excessive vagueness.'

'Very true,' returned Melibeus, 'and which at present serves for an assertion of doubtful value to travel in I have always to be found to be, "It was a saying of my late lamented father that there is no fish more dear to the heart of man than whitebait. I always elicit a murmur of applause. Albeit, my good father is alive and well, and never made an aphorism, a general reflection, or even an original metaphor in the course of his existence.—So return to the red mullet, however; that fish has a rival for colour in the Lake District. The crimson char is even still more beautiful.'

'Ah, and of how exquisite a taste, Melibeus! Come, you must confess that even London cannot afford what you can get in profusion at the little white inns at Buttermere. Oh, whitebait, must be eaten upon the banks of its native streams.'

'If you please to walk into our back-parlour,' said the voice of a maidservant, in front of whose shop we were holding our conversation, 'you will see both char and whitebait all alive-o!' Her tones were silvery as the scales of the salmon she presided over, her hair was as crimped as the skate; we could not choose but accept her courteous invitation. There were certainly two enormous troughs with live fish in them, and Melibeus was, of course, more loud than ever in his eulogies upon the great metropolis; but the place was so gloomy that they might have been mud-fish for aught I could see; nay, they might have been cuttle-fish swimming in ink of their own making.

The whitebait, observed the maidservant, in apology, were averse to very clear water (in which case I am sure their antipathies had been most amply consulted); and it was even averred that they would not feed if the Thames were purified—a statement which set Melibeus moralising upon our way to the steamer.

'It has often been pointed out,' said he, 'in arguments upon the necessity of evil, that there were no such thing, all the sublimer virtues would perish: if there were no wars, there would be no Garibaldi; if there were no wounds, there would be no Florence Nightingale. Similarly, if the metropolitan sewers
were withdrawn from this river, and nobody permitted to throw himself off Waterloo Bridge, we should get no white-bait—an exquisite dainty, but which, like the most delicate secrets of the laboratory, owns its being, or at least its peculiar excellence, to—

'Yes, my friend, it was indeed a very narrow escape, but now, I believe, our seats upon the steam-boat and to begin to recover ourselves a little. You should never step upon one of those planks in a hurry, and particularly at the very moment when the man is going away. If I had not caught hold of your shirt-collar (and how lucky it was that it was not a paper one!), you would, in a very few hours from this, have been improving the white-bait. I should never have parted of it in future without thinking of my Meliboueu!' When I squeezed the lemon, I should call to mind his generosity, and how he had promised, upon the very last occasion that we were together, to pay for the hook at dinner.'

'I don't remember that,' interrupted Meliboueu.

'I dare say not, said I; 'the shock to your nervous system has, doubtless, been considerable. You did promise, however—ask anybody else—just after we left the fish-shop.'

'It was all the fault of that fat fellow yonder,' observed Meliboueu moodily. 'He knew that he was safe, and therefore came on board at his leisure, whereas I, who was behind him, it positively pulls me in a perpendicular to think of it. Why did we not tempt the dangers of the deep, and in such selfish company?'

'Nay,' returned I, 'I have often seen the same thing done in the street. It is wonderful how calm and collected one can be when we have got a friend between us and the sea of Hansoms, and we ourselves are in comparative safety. We, whose heel no doubt is just on the wrong plank, are apt to think that Jones can so far forget his position in life as to want to run. Now, in Bullock Smithy there is no such—'

'No,' said Meliboueu grimly; 'it is there less bark than bite. Our broad-wheeled wagons would roll you out as dry as a pancake. But what an enormous cargo of passengers we are taking in! I hope there are not many more such piers to touch at upon the way down. What myriad of persons, even of the busiest class, must the leisure and luxury to throw the pleasure-boat like this!'

'It is Saint Monday,' said I. 'With many of the tradesmen of London, the first working-day of the week is always a holiday.'

'With a half-holiday on Saturday, and a whole one on Sunday, those trades therefore are not overworked. I wish,' quoted Meliboueu sighing, 'that our poor village-folks who are in the same line of business at Bullock Smithy, were equally fortunate.'

'But, on the other hand, in what an atmosphere are these compelled to work when they do work. The article they are really most in search of to-day is mere fresh air, and before diving below the waters of business for five days, it is not surprising that they should wish to lay in as large a stock as possible.'

'Yes,' replied Meliboueu, 'the hankering of you town-folk after country produce of all kinds is certainly remarkable. Behold, now that we have passed the grander warehouses, the abortive but touching attempts upon both river-banks to create something like a garden, the narrow slip of green baize-lookirg lawn, with the half-dozen flower-pots at its termination, which in the winter are immerged in grey and leaden mist, with a great stick to the side of the villa! Why, not one of these mansions has more than a few square feet of earth unappropriated by Commerce, and yet what a show they make of leaf and verdure! The crazy balconies are all, at least, supplied with mignonette, tendel, doubleless, by the assiduous hand of the wharfinger's daughter. The wharfs and warehouses above and about the Pool; the Pool itself, crowded with vessels, whose planks have been washed by every Sea, whose masts have felt every breeze, from the piercing gale of Spitzbergen to the whisper of the tropics; and the estuary of the river of half its argosy, and keep it land-locked behind those mighty gates—all these never cease to fill me with admiration, and even with a sort of personal pride, although I myself never owned a larger craft than the old fishing-boat in our pond at Bullock Smithy, and its companion 'the canco.' My heart swells, as I look, with the thought of the commercial greatness of my nation, and I sympathise with the feelings of that man who would get up and return thanks for the Navy, although he, personally, was only connected with maritime pursuits, in so far as he held some canal shares. But this lower part of the river is also equally striking in its way. These tumble-down warehouses, bulging so clumsily over their lower floors, as though they were trying to look at themselves in the water, and so discover if they really were so picturesque as people say; the villas in the mud; the amphibious population which is always wandering along about high-water mark, not looking for the 'wonders of the shore,' I fear, so much as for things that will fetch their price at the marine-store shops.'

'Meliboueu,' said I, 'you talk it like a book, and it much distresses me to interrupt you; but you perceive how crowded we are already. Even now, we can see nothing of what you describe so graphically, without standing on the seats. The boat absolutely rolls to the water's edge, by reason of these gentlemen standing on the paddle-box for want of space. And now, look ahead to yonder head of the river, so many more about to invade us as we have now on board.'

'I can swim,' returned my friend reflectively; 'but swimming amidst a vortex of importunate females would be impossible, even if to leave them would not be discourteous.'

'Do you think there is any danger, gents?' inquired a fellow-passenger, with a white hat stuck on the extreme verge of his left ear, and with a very fine marmot in his button-hole.

'In the highest class,' said I, 'Meliboueu gravely, 'that if those additional persons come on board of us, it will only be to find a watery tomb.'

'Our interpreter returned no direct reply to this information, but raising his voice to its very highest pitch, exclaimed to the man upon the engine-plank who directed the movements of the vessel: 'I say—yes—capita. We ain't again to take no more in, we ain't. Do you hear?'

'Quite true—'it's shameful!'—'it's overcrowding!'—'It's again the last!'—'Don't broke forth from all sides, giving evidence of the terms that had been agitating other bosoms beside our own.

'Oh, you are afraid, are you?' returned the captain derisively. 'You think you will be drowned, do you? And what a loss to society you'd be!'

'If don't the least care about being drowned,' replied the first speaker; 'but what I do object to is, having the aurch taked out of my shirt-collars.'

'It is possible that the witticism may not have been original, but it application to the circumstances, and its delicate evasion of the charge of punnalism were above all praise. Not only did it receive its just applause, but the whole ship's company—by which I mean not the man and the boy who navigated her, but the 500 persons or so who pressed her very cabin windows on a level with the tide—declared that they also did their washing at home, and would run no risks. We escaped by the pier, therefore, without touching at it, but not without receiving a
broadside of invective from its disappointed freight, which was returned by a corresponding salute. Presently, the noble Hospital came into view, and we embarked and landed, and took a tow of gracefully moving vessels celebrated for that interesting pile for ‘brown bread and butter and whitebait.’

‘Now do come and have some whitebait, now do,’ exclaimed a kindly lady to Melibokus almost before he had placed his second foot on shore. ‘Ere’s our ‘ouse, sir; fast street on the right ‘and; bilin’ water and a cool gate in England ready to it. What a magni-
ficent scene is presented to us from the foot of this Observatory wall! The glittering river that winds so cosily towards the sea that here and there it seems to be actually paralleled to it; the huge high-masted sailing-ships, each with its one or two black Tugs to drag it forth; and the mighty blur of London yonder, with St. Paul’s and Westminster Abbey alone standing out distinctly and clear. One never knows their vastness until distance dawns, as now, all other things about them. What noble buildings, too, are these immediately beneath us, and to what a noble purpose are they devoted! A home more fitting could scarcely have been built for these fine old fellows to end their days in; and how picturesquely do they themselves embellish it! A cockpit in which a young man always looks a mountebank, rather becomes gray hairs.

At this moment, a certain Ancient Mariner, whose glittering eye had more than once attempted to arrest us, bore down directly upon Melibokus, and grappled him. He was one of those few pensioners still living who had fought with ‘our Nelly’—as he familiarly termed the hero of Trafalgar—and he conceived that that circumstance gave him a right to grapple anybody. Beside his long sea-stories, to which we listened of course with all respect, he had with him a very formidable telescope, which he directed for us to various objects of interest. Melibokus, however, is one of those individuals—by far more numerous than they are supposed to be—who are quite incapable of using a telescope, or at least of beholding anything through that medium except the sky and a sort of sky of ground glass. The ingenious machine, too, always gives him acute neuralgia in the eye, through nervousness and fatigue straining after the Infinite. Under such circumstances, the little telescope and his friend sweeping the horizon under the auspices of this old Man of the Sea, whose feelings he would on no account have wounded by confounding the real with the case, could not but be grateful to me. The glass being brought to bear upon some edifice, and Melibokus placed in the painful posture requisite for telescopic observation, the mariner would dilate upon its architectural beauties, the year it was built, the name of the builder, and other statistical information, like a living guide-book bound in blue. Once only, Melibokus joyfully exclaimed: ‘I see it, I see it,’ when the subject of his eloquence was the most illustrious Sir Christopher Wren; but the old man, with tears in his eyes and much affectionate blinshemy, exposed my poor friend’s error—he had some how changed his field of vision from St. Paul’s, London, to the Ship Inn, Greenwich, about a quarter of a mile from where we stood. After this misfortune, Melibokus shut both his eyes, and was careful not to touch the glass with his hands.

‘I protest,’ cried he, when he was at last released by ransom from his tormentor, ‘that I never will be hypnotist enough to look through that sort of thing again. I should see a better view, and enjoy it incomparably more, if I looked through a kaleidoscope.

Our attention was here attracted by a conspicuous piece of print on the Observatory wall,—the British Yard; and under it a smaller measurement, entitled ‘Two Feet,’ and doubtless justly so. ‘But why people of such; why not one foot? We have no florin of long-measure.’

‘Nay,’ said I, like another Goneril, ‘why any foot at all? What necessity is there for preserving any standard of length so long as we have barley,—the John Barleycorn who forms the subject of so many patriotic songs at Bullocksmith. We should be at no loss although all reels and rods, nay, though the Greenwich Observatory itself were burned to ashes.’

‘They have a mighty tank of water,’ observed Melibokus, ‘to cool the science—supplies the town with the fluid to make tea with in their arbours, for do you not remember the excite-
ment which prevailed some time ago here, when it was discovered that a young gentleman bathed in it every morning.’

‘I do remember,’ said I; ‘and, talking of the Observatory, do you know that that simple pole points out—to the eye of Science—the Meridian?’

Melibokus regarded it with an interest scarcely inferior to that which had held the Pole all the time that the North Pole itself; but it might have been a clothes-peg, instead of a tree of knowledge, for all the fruit he found upon it.

He would have comeos run down the famous Hill, which so many thousands of lads and lasses have descended hand in hand together, but that there is now a palace built across half-way up it, in order to prevent that innocent recreation. We were warm enough, however, without running, and the river-breeze that came in at the windows of the 

Abode, and cooled us as we sat at fish, was most refreshing. The amber sherry and the iced still hock were rather refreshing also; and so were the diamonds of the deep served up to us in so many Prosen forms.

For my part, indeed, I soon began to feel like one of those unlawful nets which suffer no sort of fish to escape their meshes, which spare neither sex nor age. As for Melibokus, he protested that, what with the melted ice, and the water-sucket, and the eels, and the weakly salad he had consumed, he felt as though he had been drowned in a canal. We had so little appetite for the whitebait, when the dish of the day did at last make its appearance, that nothing but a strong sense of duty, and the exquisite brown bread and butter, carried us through it. Imagine, then, our indignation upon another evening, when the same friend swept the blue heavens in search of a small appearance, when we knew that there was yet a duck to follow.

‘Devilled, gentlemen,’ observed the waiter in ex-
planation, and he spoke a truthful truth.
Why, I wonder,' remarked Melibeus reflectively, 

'why should the Devil give his name to all the best dishes? I think it must be because they rather tend to produce excess. Let us have just a few dozen more of those things with us; it would be quite a bath to end with the duck. What a blessed island would that be, my friend, whose surrounding waters produced a constant supply of whitebait—whose balmy climate matured lemons and cayenne—and whose kindly soil brought forth the brown-bread-and-butter tree! What patriotism would fill the breasts of its privileged people! What wisdom would direct the councils of its ministers, who, without the trouble of engaging an apartment at the Abokir, might, after the toil of the session, come down to the shore of their native land, and eat!' 

'Here is the bill, Melibeus.' 

'Tear it up,' returned he gravely, 'and let it be hurried down by the remorseless tide to Gravesend. This is not a time to look at bills, my friend; far less to settle them. How charming is the prospect! Behold you mighty ship, splashing the foam up with her huge paddle almost in our very faces; she is going about her business in the great waters, and I am very glad that I am not going with her. Look, too, at those frail wagger-boats just beneath us, contending at the same thing with such unceasing drive, every strain of oarsman eager for our approbation—for it cannot surely be that they are making such exertions to please themselves. Do we not sit like gods together, and regard all things with an equal mind?'

'Melibeus,' observed I, 'beware lest that thing happen to you which very nearly occurred at the Benevolent Costermongers: I think we have eaten and drunk enough. Even in the absurd and supposititious case of your having had too much, however, there is nothing here to sober you as completely as a bucket of Thames water. It is the Bill, my friend. Shall I read you the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill, or shall I read you the items? Shall I tell you what they charge for their sherry? What think you of eight shillings a bottle for chablis, my friend—for chablis?'

'Then what, in the name of Proportion, do they charge for hock?'

Melibeus trembled at my whispered response. 'How very lucky it was,' observed he, 'that I didn't pay my account before.'

'Don't you think,' said the waiter apologetically; 'so that double charges are not, after all.'

'A cigar, a cigar!' cried Melibeus impatiently.

'We have no smoking-room, sir, at the Abokir.'

The shock was tremendous. I procured a light, and led Melibeus into the open air; but even his elastic mind took a little time to recover itself. Let us sit down in some Arbour, and be quiet,' said he; 'do not let us move about.'

'Bill! water and a cool garden and harbour,' was the invitation addressed to us by a lovely maiden ere he had finished his proposition.

The arbour was composed, as I believe, of the wreck of a ship, and the tables and forms within it were exceeding rickety. The garden comprised seven sunflowers and a scarlet runner—but the scarlet-runner's race was run: he was dead.

'Why, this is a perfect Paradise,' observed Melibeus to the nymph benignantly, 'and you are the Peri.' She brought tea, and had the assurance to offer us—us from the Abokir—whitebait; the former we accepted, the latter we rejected with a shudder.

'She likewise brought us eight eggs.'

'My good girl,' exclaimed Melibeus, with astonishment, 'are we to eat four eggs apiece!'

'Every lady and gent who teas here has at least four,' returned the damsel; 'they often eat half-a-dozen. That is their dinner, you know. I dare say as you two have eaten as much for yours.' The truth of this ingenious statement was undeniable. We were glad, however, to take a cup of tea, albeit neither the goblet nor its contents had certainly ever come from China; and I threw a couple of eggs over the wall into the next garden—there were harbours and tea-gardens attached to every house in the row—that the Peri's feelings might not be hurt by any apparent neglect of her viands. Then we called for the bill. The total liability we had incurred was eighteenpence, a sum, compared with our recent experience, ridiculously infinitesimal.

'I almost wish,' said I, 'now that it is over, that we had taken our fish-dinner here instead of at the Abokir.'

'So do not I,' returned Melibeus philosophically; 'we have been very happy, and it is said that no price is too high to pay for happiness. It is doubtless true that we could have spent our money more beneficially as regards the interests of the great human family, but scarcely with greater satisfaction to ourselves. Our little dinner at the Abokir will be a pleasant resting-place for my memory to linger on when I am buried alive again at Bullock Smithy. At all events, I enjoyed the thing incomparably more than I should have enjoyed paying the money to Mr Dent.'

**FORSON.**

A REVIEW of the life of a professor of Greek in one of our universities, who spent the greater number of his days in instructing undergraduates in the dead languages, in critically examining classically. and in collating ancient manuscripts, would seem a dull subject for the pages of a popular periodical. Mr Watson, however, in the work before us,* has not presented to us simply the most learned Greek professor of which this or any other country can boast, but has depicted the ordinary everyday-life of one of the strangest and most original beings who ever furnished a biography. Professor Forson is by name familiar to everybody, but known, we believe, only as the originator of many witty sayings, and as the perpetrator of many acts of reprehensible character. Detached anecdotcs relating to his learning and to his tipping exist in volumes of ane, but Mr Watson is the first to merit our thanks by presenting to the world a complete history of the great classical scholar.

Richard Forson was born near North Walsham, in Norfolk, on the 26th December 1759. His father was a weaver, and held office in his native village as parish-clerk; his parents were both uneducated, although sufficiently literate to teach their son mental arithmetic, reading, and writing. At six years old, he was sent to school, but was of so delicate a constitution as to be obliged to return home after a few months, in consequence of being unable to stand the rough sports and practical jokes of his companions. At nine, he again went to school, and then first astonished all who came in contact with him by the wonderful quickness which he exhibited in the acquisition of knowledge. One of the principal traits in his character through life immediately manifested itself—the determination to do his best in everything he took in hand. Writing appears first to have engaged his attention, and in the short space of three months, from the worst he became the best penman in the school. Forson was through life remarkably proud of

his handwriting, and never omitted an opportunity of displaying it: he was accustomed, says one of his companions, *to take a small book out of his pocket at dinner, and have it open on the table as a specimen of his handwriting.* He wasted many hours of the most valuable part of his life in imitating with immense trouble the print of his choicest books, and carefully begg'd Heber to allow him to letter the backs of his vellum-bound classics. Heber told him he should be far more obliged by his writing his valuable thoughts inside the books, than by any calligraphic display on the covers.

Having in three years at school learned as much arithmetic as his master possessed, and completely distilled the worthy pedagogue in other branches of knowledge, our hero fortunately came under the notice of the clergyman of his native town, who, astonished at his acuteness, took him into his house to educate with his own sons. Under the kind minister's roof the boy continued for another period of three years, at the termination of which, his wonderful abilities became so apparent, that his instructor had him examined by three of the most learned men he could select, and upon their certificate, commenced a subscription for the purpose of placing the youth at Eton.

To Eton, in his fifteenth year, the hard-working lad proceeded, and became, almost from his entrance, the idol of the school. Ever full of fun, and ever ready to assist his, what sciences in difficulty, we find him at one time writing a play for the diversion of the winter evenings; at another, knocking off with wondrous ease tasks which had proved too difficult for less acute minds; and at another, hunting rats in the long hall—his favourite amusement next to his books. It was while at Eton his love for ale and 'strong waters,' for which he afterwards became so celebrated, first manifested itself. We give the story in the words of a fellow-Etonian of his.

'When Colonel Disney was a Westminster boy, he was in the habit of meeting Porson at his master's house. When they were alone together in the evening, Porson asked Disney if he knew his way to the ale-cellar. Disney replied that he did, but that he was engage'd in doing his Greek verses. "Never mind," said Porson; "I will look to them; take the largest jug you can find, and fill it with beer." This Disney did, and on his return found his Greek verses finished. This occurred more than once, and Disney was always, on such occasions, at the head of his class.'

The secret of Porson's great literary acquisitions, according to his own account, rested in his astonishing memory. In his case, there was no learning a lesson, in the popular acceptation of the term—the merely reading the longest and most difficult task imprinted it so firmly on his mind that it never became effaced; hence, at school, we find him scanning pages of Horace in his class, with an Ovid held upside down in his hand, the proper hook having been mislaid; and in after-life, if he had read a book one day, and any allusion was made to it the next, it was no uncommon thing for him to repeat whole pages of the work verbatim. He would not only, says his biographer, repeat verse or prose from one edition of a book, but would, if necessary, revert to all the variant readings and critical notes contained in various reprints, as if he had their pages lying before him. In *Roderick Random* he could repeat from beginning to end, and even offered to learn by heart a complete copy of the *Morning Chronicle* in a week. Basil Montague relates that Porson, in his presence, read over two or three pages from a book selected by Montague; then repeated what he had read from memory, and immediately afterwards, a professor's request, repeated the pages backwards, missing only two words! Two other instances of this wonderful faculty deserve to be related before we pass on. Mr Cogan tells us that a friend one day consulted the scholar on the meaning of a word in Thucydides; Porson, without looking at the book, immediately repeated the passage in which the word occurred. His friend asked him how he knew it; and Porson, 'the word occurs only twice in Thucydides—once on the right-hand page in the edition which you are using, and once on the left. I see your eyes are directed to the right,' etc.

Rogers relates that taking him once to William Spencer's, he delighted a large party of the nobility by reciting an immense number of forgotten Vauxhall songs, drinking all the time. He got very tipsy at last, and, says Rogers, 'I brought him home as far as Piccadilly, where, I am sorry to say, I left him sick, in the middle of the street.' His retentive memory was, however, far from being delightful to him on all occasions. 'My memory,' he said on one occasion, 'is a source of misery to me—I can never forget anything which I don't wish to remember.'

When Porson had been four years at Eton, and had attained his eighteenth year, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge. In four years, he became senior wrangler; shortly afterwards, Chancellor's Medalist; then a fellow of his college; and then commenced those labours in teaching and in criticism which formed nearly the sole mental occupation of his after-life. As a tutor, though beloved and revered by his pupils, he did not excel either in patience or meekness; his common custom, if a youth betrayed any ready propensity to satiety, was to seize hold of the poker, chase him round the room, and threaten to split open his head. One venturosome undergraduate being treated in this cavalier manner, paused upon the tongs, and observed that 'two could play at that game;' Porson sneeringly said: 'If I were to split open your head, I believe I should find it empty.' And young, replied the undaunted pupil, 'I am sure I should find full of maggots.' The professor tumbled into his chair, roaring with laughter, and immediately repeated a whole chapter from *Roderick Random*, which was always a way with him of shewing his satisfaction.

We are not going to inflict upon our readers any lengthened account of Porson's literary labours; they consisted almost entirely in the emendation of corrupt passages, which, from careless or intentional error, had crept into classical authors; this was his most charming employment, and in it he had to compare thousands of manuscripts, and adjust with immense labour the most tiresome and complicated discrepancies. In pursuing his inquiries upon the Greek text, and the New Testament, he consulted with great care ninety-five Greek and Latin manuscripts. Original composition he regarded with abhorrence; and with the exception of witty trifles, thrown out now and then, without any apparent effort, he could seldom be, persuaded to put on paper the thoughts passing through his brain, even in the form of a letter to a friend, and by this means lost very many valuable acquaintances.

In reviewing the works of rival critics and commentators, Porson was continually in hot water with English and foreign authors; he entertained, however, no very profound view of the value of these disputes, and is asserted to have consciously summed up one celebrated literary battle with two German critics in the verse:

I went to Strasburg, where I got drunk
With that most learned Professor Brunnck;
I went to Wetz, and got more drunken
With that more learned Professor Ruhken.

However, as he neither visited the continent, nor saw any of his敌手, there is some degree of poetic licence in the lines.

Porson excelled in satirical and sarcastic writing; one of his best specimens is contained in a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, reviewing Sir John
Hawkins’s Life of Johnson. It thus commences—‘Mr Urban—Have you read that divine book, the Life of Samuel Johnson, L.L.D., by Sir John Hawkins, Knt.? Have you done anything but read it since it was first published? I Fobit. I scruple not to declare that I could not rest till I had read it quite through—notes, digressions, index, and all; then I could not rest till I had gone over it a second time. I begin to think that increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on, for I have been reading it ever since. I am now in the midst of the sixteenth perusal, and still discover new beauties; I can think of nothing else, I can talk of nothing else,’ &c. The rest of the letter contains fearful lashings of criticism, all couched in the same vein of sarcasm—such language, as Dr Rennell observed, ‘as the devil would write, if he could hold a pen.’

After several years spent in his college, in the enjoyment of his fellowship and the L.100 per annum attached to it, Porson contemplated entering the church. Two irremovable obstacles, however, presented themselves—one was his avowed opinion, that fifty years of theological study would not suffice to prepare him for the sacred office; and the other, a rooted determination not to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles.

In 1791, then, Porson resigned his fellowship, it being compulsory upon him either to do so or enter holy orders. He came almost immediately to London, and found himself, he says, a gentleman with sixpence in his pocket. Very little money could be raise by literary exertions, and for some time he took but two frugal meals in the twenty-four hours, living for six weeks on a guinea. What he would have ultimately done, under these terrible circumstances, it is hard to say, but friends who had a profound respect for his erudition came to his rescue, and in a very short time enabled him to find lodging, which, being invested, produced him a salary of about L.100 a year, and at once relieved him from his difficulties. It should be recorded that the poor scholar would only accept of the maintenance thus offered upon the condition, that the money should, after his death, revert to those who had so nobly subscribed it, or to their representatives.

Almost immediately after this settlement of his pecuniary affairs, Porson was unanimously elected Greek professor to the university of Cambridge, residing at St John’s, and his inaugural lecture, he appears, however, to have done nothing at the university, neither residing at Cambridge nor lecturing there.

After passing through three years of bachelor-life in London, our hero suddenly determined to marry, and with the promptitude which distinguished most of his actions, in a single day woed and won a Mrs Lunan, a lady whose first husband had been separated from her, and was still living. Porson does not appear to have been a very ardent bridegroom, for, having attended at the wedding-dinner, he left his blushing bride, spent the evening of the day with an intimate friend, to whom he never revealed his change of condition, and then adjourned with a surgeon, named Moore, to the ‘Oder Celler,’ which he did not leave till eight the next morning! Whether this slight weighed too deeply on his wife’s mind, or other causes conspired to shorten her life, we know not, but very shortly afterwards she died, and Porson was a widower.

Afflicted with asthma, with sleepless nights, and with the ever-newer ailments, the professor, from the period of his wife’s death, appears to have yielded unresistingly to the seductions of a vice which we have seen, early manifested itself in him—that of drunkenness. It is difficult to believe that the most acute critic and most profound scholar in Europe, to a drunken buffoon, such as Porson too often undoubtedly became, though his friends have laboriously endeavoured in every way to lighten the diast we must feel in beholding such a character.

Dr Parr says of Porson, that drinking was a mere habit with him; that he was an unusually fond of wine or spirits, but must always be drinking something; and that he, the doctor, believed he would drink ink, if he could get nothing else. This opinion is certainly corroborated by an anecdote told by Malby, of such an extraordinary character, that we should hesitate on less respectable authority to receive it. ‘He would,’ says Mr Malby, ‘drink anything. He was sitting with a gentleman after dinner in the chambers of a mutual friend, a Templar, who was then ill, and confined to bed. A servant came into the room, sent thither by his master, for a bottle of emulsion, which was on the chimney-piece. ‘I drank it an hour ago!’ said Porson. Rogers gives us a more disgusting account of this mania for tipping, and says that he would not scruple, when dining at a friend’s, to return to the dining-room after the company had left, pour into a tumbler the drinks remaining in the wine-glasses, and drink off the omnium gatherum.’

Hopper, the painter, was once the victim of this propensity. ‘Parr, one afternoon, unexpectedly arrived at Hopper’s house. Hopper said he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs Hopper had gone to town, and had carried with her the key of the closest which contained the wine. Parr, however, declared he would be content with a mouthful of soup, and beer from the next alehouse, and accordingly stayed to dine. During the evening, Porson said: ‘I am quite certain that Mrs Hopper keeps some little bottle for her private drinking in her own bedroom, so, pray, try if you can lay your hands upon it.’ His host assured him that Mrs Hopper had no such secret stores; and, probably, a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady’s apartment, to the surprise of Hopper and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day, Hopper, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drank every drop of her concealed dram. “Drank every drop of it!” cried she. “Good heavens, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!”

Although these anecdotes tend to prove the truth of Dr Parr’s remark, that Porson, beyond a doubt, was a confirmed drunkard, many of his doings shew that he had a profound contempt for tea and coffee, and for most forms of unfermented liquor. At breakfast, his favourite beverage was porter. One Sunday morning, when he was at Eton, he met Dr Goodall, the provost, going to church, and asked him where Mrs Goodall was. “At breakfast,” replied the doctor. “Very well, then,” rejoined Porson. “I’ll go and breakfast with her.” He accordingly presented himself at Mrs Goodall’s table, and being asked what he chose to take, answered, “Porter.” Porter was in consequence sent for, pot after pot, and the sixth pot was just being carried into the house when Dr Goodall returned from church. After such reminiscences as these, we do not wonder at one lady whom he visited deliberately insulting him, in order to hasten his departure, or at another declaring, after a month’s visit to her residence, that she had had more brandy consumed in her house during Mr Porson’s visit, than during the whole course of her previous housekeeping.

Porson was no solitary drinker; his luxury was to be in the company of men almost as learned as himself, and to spend the whole night in congenial conversation. He worked as well as imbibed; and having one evening heard that Dundas and Pitt had been to the House of Commons, he was determined to visit them; intoxicated, he returned home, and sitting up during the night, in company with his pipe and tankard, produced by the morning one hundred and one epigrams
Upon the subject! The two following are perhaps the best of these effusions:

When Billy found he scarce could stand,
"Help, help!" he cried, and stretched his hand,
To faithful Henry calling.
Quoth Hal: 'My friend, I'm sorry for't;
'Tis not my practice to support
A minister that's falling.'

"Who's up!" inquired Burke of a friend at the door.
"Oh! no one," says Paddy, "though Fitt's on the floor!"

Porson's ability to sit up all night, and even for several consecutive nights, was amazing. Whenever he dined out, his friends were obliged, at eleven or twelve at night, to turn him out of their houses, and he never failed when in the street to growl out, that he hated 'to be turned out of doors like a dog.' Horne Tooke took an ingenious method (as he imagined) of securing Porson's early departure. He ascertained when Porson had been sitting up for three consecutive nights, and invited him to dinner the day after. Unfortunately, the plan was wholly unsuccessful. Porson kept Tooke up the whole night, and in the morning the latter in perfect despair said: "Mr Porson, I am engaged to meet a friend at breakfast at a coffee-house in Leicester Square." "Oh," replied Porson, "I will go with you;" and he accordingly did so.

Seventeen years passed over the head of the professor, all spent in this strange mixture of study and dissipation; at the end of that period, he was appointed librarian to the London Institution, at a salary of L200 per annum, which, with his other income, placed him in comparative affluence. This appointment he held but two years; the terrible demon threw down another 'mighty man,' and obtained another victory! In the midst of his usual pursuits, and in the enjoyment of his ordinary health, Porson, on Monday, September 19, 1808, was seized with apoplexy, and in six days' time expired—an old man, though but forty-nine, with a constitution ruined by habitual excess.

The magnates of the university of Cambridge, who had undoubtedly been guilty of great neglect to him whilst living, hastened upon his decease to pay him every mark of respect; his body was removed from London to Cambridge, where it lay in state in the great hall of Trinity College, with Greek verses pinned around the pall; and shortly afterwards, the illustrious Grosset was placed side by side with the bust of Newton in the chapel of his own college.

Such is a sketch of the life of Richard Porson. It would be unjust to his memory to leave our readers in the belief that he was simply the greatest classical scholar, and the hardest drinker of his time—he was both these; but he was something more; he was the most honest and truthful critic that the world ever produced—the most thorough enemy to deceit and false pretension in the record of biography. If he drank hard, it was the custom of those days to do so, and he certainly never wasted his substance in riotous living, for he left behind him of his slender income L800 in the funds, and a library which sold for a thousand guineas! His very honesty sometimes offended his friends. Being asked for an inscription for the tomb of a deceased doctor of his university, for whose learning he had little respect, he sent the relations the following:

Here lies a Doctor of Divinity;
He was a Fellow, too, of Trinity; He knew as much about Divinity As other fellows do of Trinity.

He was a great lover of little children—no mean trait, in our opinion, in the character of any man, and would at all times unbend his great mind for their amusement. We have only room for one illustration. A little girl of whom he was very fond led him one day into the laundry, where a pretty servant, named Susan, was driving a bright 'box-iron' over some linen, and requested him to extemporise a verse on the subject. The immediate reply was—

When lovely Susan iron smocks,
No damsel e'er looks nester;
Her eyes are brighter than the box,
And burn me like the heater.

We are aware that a review of the life of Porson containing no reference to his classical and critical abilities, bears a resemblance to the performance of Hamlet with the principal character omitted. To the general reader, however, any reference to these matters would be altogether uninteresting; while the more learned we refer to Mr Watson's very instructive volume, congratulating them on the treat they have in store against its perusal.

True Loneliness.

'Tis lonely in the Desert,
When eye of man may scan
O'er all the wide, wide waste of sand,
No trace of fellow-man;
When from no meanest Arab tent
Doth the long smoke-cloud rise,
Grateful as that from Heaven sent
To pathless Israel's eyes,
With no green thing to look upon,
And the Sun-glares in the skies.

'Tis lonely on the Mountain,
Amid th' eternal snow,
When from the unseen lyric's brink
The eagles threat below,
And o'er the West the gory clouds
That swathe the dead sun glow.

'Tis lonely on the Ocean,
When the bare raft doth cast
Its shadow on the tropic seas,
Where winds have breathed their last,
And parched lips pray, and heated eyes
Strain vainly from the mast.

But loneliest in the city,
Whose streets with thousands loud
Have not one voice to welcome us;
No hand from the crowded crowd
Stretched forth to greet us, palm to palm,
In genial brotherhood.
Hermits lone these far transcendent,
Who have fellows, but no friend.

Emretics.

Influence of the Mind on the Body.

I remember an ingenious physician, who told me, in the fanatic times, he found most of his patients so disturbed by troubles of conscience, that he was forced to play the divine with them, before he could begin the physician, whose greatest skill, perhaps, often lies in the infusing of hopes, and inducing some composure and tranquillity of mind before they enter upon the other operations of their art; and this ought to be the first endeavour of the patient too; without which all other medicines may lose their virtue.—Sir William Temple, on Health and Long Life.
TO PERSONS ABOUT TO FURNISH.

The above heading will be familiar to many readers as having met their eye in the shops of ironmongers, upholsterers, and carpet-warehouses; and they who are bachelors, or who live in furnished lodgings, have doubtless been struck by the apparent solemnity of the address. It is indeed calculated to arrest the attention, and give pause to the most careless and unreflecting. It has a strong family resemblance to the title-page of a tract. It awakens thoughts upon ways and means, and the desirableness of settling in life, in all those who will soon be going down that hill of which we read in the ballad of John Anderson—for settling, as on board ship, not uncommonly precedes but by a very little our 'going down.'

But, with whatever serious images the expression 'To Persons about to Furnish' supplies the fancy, they must fall far short of the seriousness of Furnishing itself. The man who has had no practical experience of this matter is as yet imperfectly developed. He has not shared the common lot, he is not a man like his fellows, if he dies unfurnished. The same, too, may be said, although in a less degree, of one who furnishes, being unmarried.

'A bachelor employed in such an undertaking,' as I was observing to one of my maiden aunts but yesterday, 'is an anomaly.'

'I have not a doubt of it,' replied she decisively.

'Yes,' added I, delighted to meet the views of the old lady (who is funded), 'he is quite a linnet.'

'Ay,' interrupted my aunt, 'you may say that. I never knew any well-conducted man who set about Furnishing without a wife to help him; you may depend upon it some female must have a hand in it.'

I had been misunderstood in what I was about to observe, but I had elicited a valuable expression of opinion. All women believe that Furnishing is one of their peculiar missions; an occupation for which, as for poking the fire and writing letters, the feminine mind is particularly qualified; and they go about it with a hideous joy. It is perhaps the only opportunity in their lives of spending money on a large scale; of bestowing valuable patronage; and of fully gratifying their love of bargains. With men, on the other hand, Furnishing is often only another name for Confusion, Interruption, Debt, Dens, Indignation, and the Queen's Bench. Of course, the last synonym is a very unpleasant one, but there is this advantage about it: it does at least end the matter. An execution is put into the house, and all the things so laboriously accumulated are sold at their just value—about a third of what we owe for them. Otherwise, to Furnishing there is no end. There is always 'a charming bookcase I saw in a shop-window in Oxford Street, wonderfully cheap, my dear, and which will just fit into that empty corner in the boudoir.' Mrs Turtle Dove is always finding something (and bringing it home with her) just to fit a corner. This takes place, however, when the great avalanche of ottomans and tables, of consoles (though why they are called by that name, I can't imagine) and prié-dieu is over, and when the dropping fire of knickknacks—such as everybody must have, my love, about a house—has permanently set in. During the former period, not only has Mrs Turtle Dove to pay enormous prices for vast pieces of mahogany—beds as big as ordinary ships, and wardrobes of the size of aviaries—but he is compelled to go about with his consort, and take an unwilling part in his own ruin.

'Has my own pet,' observes she at the breakfast-table, 'got anything very particular to do this morning?'

'Nothing particular,' replies Mr Dove, with studied carelessness. 'I have, of course, to go to the office as usual. Why is it that you ask such questions, my dear?'

'Oh, then, we'll put it off till to-morrow,' returns the lady.

'Put what off?' inquires the gentleman tartly. 'I can do anything to-day as well as to-morrow. They are both equally inconvenient.'

'There's a darling,' exclaims Mrs Turtle Dove; 'I knew he would. I want you to come and look at some stair-carpets, my own, that's all.'

'I have not the slightest desire to look at stair-carpets: pray, please yourself, Mrs Dove.'

'Well, you see, it's such a responsibility, my dear. I hardly think you would like me to get the seven-and-sixpenny one—which is, moreover, certainly the prettiest.'

'Yes, my dear, you may get that, and have done with it. Now, please to give me my other cup of tea, for the bus will be passing directly. I do not consider seven and sixpence dear for a stair-carpet—although, indeed, it is quite enough money.'

'It is seven and sixpence a yard, my love,' exclaims Mrs Turtle Dove; 'and thirty-two yards at seven and six—Where are my tables?'

'Twelve pounds for a stair-carpet, Mrs Dove—why, you must be a lunatic! Where do you suppose I am to get the money from?'

'Well, my dear, I am sure I don't know. I never did understand money-matters; but the carpet-man is so civil, that I am sure he would never want to be paid unless it was quite convenient. Besides, you know, we owe him already for the drawing-rooms and the li—'
'There now, you've split the tea, Charles; that's what comes of using such bad language; and the washing of a table-cloth comes to something in London, let me tell you; and yet to grudge me a single morning to come and help me choose a car—car—car'

'I'm sorry, dear, I'll come and help you with you; only, for Heaven's sake, don't begin to cry. I suppose you won't mind coming down in the 'bus'?

'The 'bus, my love? Well, really, I don't much like a 'bus. And when one is going out Furnishing, in particular, it does not look very well, does it, to go in a 'bus? The shopmen will very naturally say: "Oh, those people can't have very much money to spare; we must look sharp after them." Now, I think, on the contrary, if we had a hansom—There, don't get in a passion, Mr Dove; a cab, if you like, then—anything to oblige you. Let us go in a cab together—it is always a pleasure to drive about with you, my dear.'

Mr and Mrs Turtle Dove arrive at the carpet-warehouse. Mrs D. spends two hours and a half in seeing every bale in the establishment rolled out before her and employing every description of shorthand man. Mr Dove is dazed with the colours, and finally sits down, collapsed, on a heap of carpet.

'Now, which have you set your affections upon, Mr Dove, eh?' observes the lady sharply, and as if to reprove him for his lassitude.

Mr Dove has no definite recollection of any pattern except the one which he saw first, and he therefore feebly proclaims his preference for that above all others.

'Now, that is just because it's cheap, Mr Dove. That is so like you. Do you know that that is made by steam-power, and not by hand-loom, and wouldn't last a week? Am I not right, Mr Kidderminster?

The obsequious Kidderminster hastens to corroborate this statement. 'The cheapest carpet,' observes he to Mr Turtle Dove, pityingly, as though that gentleman were an idiot, 'is not always the best, sir.'

'There, do you hear that, Mr Dove? Now, to my mind, this red and white, and this green one, are the two best suited for our purpose.'

'You will find them admirable wear, madam, and will never repent your choice,' remarks Mr Kidderminster mechanically, and as though he were repeating the responses in church.

'And now, Mr Dove, which of the two shall it be?

'Say what you will!'—cries he despairingly, and crushing his hat on for departure.

'Didn't I think so?'—exclaims his better-half triumphantly. 'Ah, what would you do without me, my dear? You never thought of the cover!'

'Cover,' returns Mr D., stung to life by the contemptuous expression upon the shopman's countenance—'what cover!'

'Why, the holand cover which every stair-carpet must have on when people are not expected, my love. Don't you see that the white holand would not contrast with the egging of the carpet you have chosen? It must, therefore, be the green carpet. And now, Mr Kidderminster, please to show us your patterns of holands.'

This is only one example of the duplicate system that prevails in Furnishing, but I could have brought forward hundreds. You must get the very best things—for depend upon it that the best things are always the cheapest in the end—pay as the price of intelligence beyond her years—and the same disregard to cost which distinguishes her beloved mother—has copied in a shop window. Mr Turtle Dove's actual Furnishing excursions—I mean those visits which she makes.
with the express purpose and malice prepense of 'getting things'-will sometimes extend over a twelvemonth, but after that period she does think it necessary to make some kind of apology.

'I should not have gone, my dear—for nothing. I hate so much as to run you into unnecessary expenses—I should not have gone. Furnishing any more, has not been for that gap on the dressing-room mantelpiece between the lustre and the clock on the left-hand side; that on the right my uncle Henry filled up with that pretty Undine; and I thought that it would be only common courtesy—don't you think so, love—after his great kindness, to get a companion for it.'

'And do you mean to say, Mrs Turtle Dove, that you have been from here to Regents Street after a superfluous chimney ornament?

'Yes, indeed, my dear; and I think you will say I have been very successful. Here it is—a sea-nymph with her shell. Isn't it lovely?'

'What did you give for it, Mrs Turtle Dove?'

'Well, now, you guess—it was quite a bargain. Look at the shell alone—why, you can scarcely tell it from a real one.'

'You could have got a real one of that kind for threepence or fourpence, so I hope that the imitation one was cheaper.'

'This is the proper or fourpence! I am astonished at you, Charles. But consider the sea-nymph. Is it not beautifully chaste?'

'Yes, indeed, she has her virtues; but I want to know how much you gave for her, Mrs Turtle Dove.'

'Well, I gave thirty shillings, my love. Think of that! The man wanted thirty shillings and sixpence; only I beat him down.'

'And what did you give for cabs?'

'Well, dearest, I wanted to be economical, so I took the cab by the hour, and—being so anxious to please me—I was never more choosing it, so that it took two hours altogether.'

'Humph! then it cost you four shillings, did it?'

'Yes, darling, only six cabs are such chuds. You know, I was anxious to get home, love, so I said "You won't be long, will you?" when I got in; and just because of that he charged me two shillings extra, saying that I had told him to drive fast.'

'Very good, Mrs Turtle Dove. Then you gave him six shillings, did you?'

'Well, love, I was obliged to do so, you see. But isn't all love gone, my dear—for nothing.'

'Thirty shillings for the superfluous chimney ornament, and six shillings for fetching it! That is to say, twenty-six per cent. upon the necessary purchase, Mrs Turtle Dove. You certainly are a pattern of economy. Now, how do you think that would look upon a mantel-piece in the Queen's Bench? No, it's no use kissing me, Mrs Turtle Dove; and I am not "a dear darling old fidget about money-matters," nor anything of the sort.'

'Well, it was almost afraid you would be angry about it, Mr Turtle Dove. But you must allow it's beautifully chaste.'

'Finally, when the Furnishing is really done, Mr Turtle Dove will find that he is by no means "out of the wood" even then. The windows must not be opened, because the dust will get in upon the carpet; the shutters must be closed, lest the sun should have a deleterious effect upon the curtains; so that not only is the atmosphere of his residence a little close, but he partakes of breakfast and luncheon in total obscurity. Moreover, but too often Mrs Turtle Dove becomes a prey to the Designing. Upon one occasion, when Mr D. returns from his office, he finds that lady in a state of uncommon exhalation. She leads him up and shows him a new dining-room side-board, and exclaims triumphantly: 'And now, my dear, what do you think of that?'

'It's a leaf,' says he; 'but I am sure I don't know what.'

'But the polish—look at the polish, love. Do you think that either oil or varnish could have given that?'

'Perhaps not, my dear; but neither would they have left such a very unpleasant smell.'

'It is rather strong,' her lord admits; 'but the professor assured me that it will go off after a day or two.'

'The professor! What professor?'

'Professor Sherez of St. Petersburg. He speaks English like a native. He is the sole inventor of the—I forget the name—but this is one of his cases of bottles. You save so much by buying a quantity at a time. He can't afford poor fellow, to take out a patent or set up a shop. He goes about with nothing in the world but a case of bottles, a handkerchief on his left arm, and a little bit of flannel.'

'What! nothing else on?' asks Mr Turtle Dove.

'He was dressed, of course, my dear, but even that undoubtedly. I particularly observed an absence of skirt incantations, but only think of that case of bottles for eight shillings!'

'Good Heavens,' exclaims Mr Turtle Dove, 'eight shillings—eight!'

'Ah! I thought you would be astonished. Didn't I say so, Harriet Frances? Isn't it cheap?'

'I tell you what,' returns Mr Turtle Dove gravely, 'it is not only not cheap, and very dear, but it is also excessively dangerous. No, I don't mean explosive, madam—although it may be that, for all I know—but burglary. That man came for the spoons, and for the lorks, and for the silk umbrellas. Is the thing missing? Very likely not; but there will be. He has taken away the plan of the house in his head. All the other houses in the Crescent are the fac-similes of our own. By inadvertently admitting that vagabond, you have not only exposed yourself and family to robbery and murder, but imperiled the safety of seven-and-fifty respectable householders.'

'Whether the evil prophecy of Mr Turtle Dove ever comes to pass or not, its fulfilment is always being anticipated; and in the meantime the smell of the patent indestructible polish continues unabated. To pursue its application under such circumstances is out of the question. Therefore, the leaf to which it was applied glitters in solitary splendour, causing every incantation beholder to inquire why the rest of the sideboard looks so dull.

'There are many incident unpleasantities connected with this painful subject, but I confine myself to those which must happen, more or less, to all persons about to furnish.' For every ten persons, for instance, before whom a tradesman bows in silent gratitude as they leave his establishment, after giving a furnishing order, there are a hundred who have to submit to the following indignity:

'I beg your pardon, sir—for he always addresses the male Duke upon the question of finance—but in the case of strangers, we generally require a reference.'

'Nay, happy may that stranger consider himself, to whom, when he has replied, with offended dignity, 'Mr Jones of Belgravia,' a second and still more inquisitive observation shall not be presented. 'Thank you, sir, but we do not know Mr Jones. Could you be so kind as to favour us with the address of your solicitor?'

'Have I exaggerated or set down aught in malice upon this dread subject? I appeal to the Patriot-familias of England; they will bear me out in all things, I'm sure, and even add that I have underestimated the case. Oh! ye that are yet bachelors, look before you leap into the gulf of matrimony; look narrowly for a woman that has the furniture-house—it is better than much fine gold. And you, ye married men, who live in lodgings, and are inclined to find fault because the furnishing is done in a style of inferiority—beware—beware, and rather suffer those small ills ye have, than fly to others that ye know not of. Better is a horse-hair sofa and a full-length attitude, than much damask and anti-macassars therewith. Your curtains
may be indifferent, but then they will stand tobacco-smoke. What has been viciously observed by Mr. Punch in referring to Denmark, that I repeat, all the savagery, with respect to this matter: 'To persons about to furnish. Don't.'

THE HAUNTED BANK OF HAMBURG.

As you might guess by their name, Peterson, my family were of Danish origin. An ancestor of theirs, and one of the old bank, came from Copenhagen to Hamburg about the beginning of the eighteenth century, and set up the first Danish bank in that town, as its charter sets forth, for the benefit of all merchants trading with Denmark and the Danish colonies. They got a grant from the town-council—at that time in great friendship with our king, Frederick IV.—of a certain old building in the Alster Stross, which had been a Carmelite convent before the Reformation. The old place had undergone many changes, and been occupied by a variety of tenants; a merchant therein, a merchant had done business, a jailer had locked up debtors and offenders, till it became too ruinous for their safe custody; and the merchants of the city, who always called our country poor, said nobody but Dames would set up a bank there, the Alster Stross had grown so old and out of fashion. It did not cost much to put the building in repair; and that was a consideration, for the house of Haroldson & Co. was not rich, though King Frederick had promised them his patronage, and they did business from Copenhagen to St. Thomas.

The first floor served for a counting-house; the cloister cells accommodated the manager and his clerks, who in those times lived on the premises; the convent kitchen was their dining-hall; and the crypt of the chapel, once dedicated to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and said to be the oldest building in Hamburg, was the strong room of the bank. In process of time, all that was Frederick and rich and prosperous and modern fashions came in; the ruinous parts were rebuilt, the cloister cells were altered to offices, the kitchen and refectory became the dwelling of the porter, a new counting-house was made out of part of the old chapel; in short, the whole building was remodelled, till nobody would have thought it had ever been a convent; but the crypt had been so securely fitted up, and was so admirably situated for the purpose, that it continued to be the strong room. The manager and his clerks had got houses of their own by the time; the latter had greatly increased in number; but the chief clerk was still occupied by a Peterson, and the manager was still a Haroldson. In the last generation, the grand-grandfather of the one, and the great-grandfather of the other, had been established in Hamburg nearly a hundred years before. The business and the confidence had descended in both families, but each had kept its level till the time of my story, when Mr. Christian Haroldson was manager, and my father, John Peterson, though only twenty-two, which is thought young for a Dane, was allowed to succeed his lately deceased father as chief-clerk.

Christian Haroldson deserved his first name, if any must be chosen; he was a steady church-goer, a good liver, and an honest man. His clerks and dependents said there never was a better master. The merchents of the town would have taken his word readier than most people, had they known him; he required that Haroldson had but one fault or folly, and that could scarcely be blamed, for it was the thinking too much of his son Frederick. He was the only boy out of seven children. The good man's wife had died when they were young; and he had brought up his six daughters, with the help of their old nurse, to be good women and careful housekeepers, in our Danish fashion, had laid by a decent portion for each of them, had married the three eldest to honest men of his own standing in the town, and said he would be satisfied with husbands of the same quality for the three remaining; but he had been too partial to his son, Frederick. Above banks and business. One reason for this was, that Haroldson reckoned himself of high descent. The loss of their lands in bloody King Christian's time had made his forefathers take to banking, which they learned in the Hanse towns. Their descendants had carried back the business to Copenhagen, from whence his grandfather brought it to Hamburg. But the north has a long memory. The Haroldsons had been noble, and traced their pedigree from a Danish sea-king. Christian kept the deeds and parchments of his family, their escutcheons and great seal, safely locked up in an oaken chest, which had come down from father to son, ever since the Haroldsons fled from King Christian to the Hanse towns, and used to open and look at them on his high holidays.

Frederick was to inherit these heirlooms, and regain the ancient honours of his house, for besides the pride in his noble lineage, Haroldson was proud of the boy, from his boyhood Frederick was clever. Nobody could or would deceive him, though schoolmasters, friends, and neighbours knew that the only son for whom so much thought was taken had little capacity, less spirit, and was likely to turn out a sort of scapegrace, but in a hidden underground way, for Frederick had a great deal more cunning than courage. Christian had different opinions of his son, and great designs for him. He sent him to the best schools in Hamburg, spared no expense on books or clothes, never let him in the bank except to see, which the boy did to every crevice and corner, for he was curious, and his father was manager; and when he was just eighteen, sent him to the university of Copenhagen, to study Danish law, that he might come to be a counsellor of state one day by his talents, and claim his family title.

My father used to say the son strongly resembled the father. Frederick was tall, straight, and fair, like Christian, but had not his open honest look, and was wonderfully fond of disguising himself, and playing pranks upon the old man, who had more than once taken him for somebody else, in whose clothes he pleased to come after dark, or the like. Well, he went to college with a very steady tutor, the eldest son of a Danish clergyman, who preached in Hamburg, and was also studying for the ministry. The most satisfactory accounts came back with every ship from Copenhagen, and Christian Haroldson grew quite sure that his son would be a great man.

Frederick was sent to college the very year my grandfather died. The young man entered among his comrades, but he had been four years about the bank as an underclerk, and early in the preceding winter a witness for the house in a forgery case, which attracted a good deal of notice, and gave Haroldson some trouble. It was just before the first French Revolution, when the whole world was at peace, or said to be so. There were very few French in Hamburg, and they were not liked; the Germans did not agree with them, and gave them a bad reputation for loose morals and no religion. Some of them were attached to their own consulates, some to the theatre, but then one of the name of Delapres who had no particular calling, but did all sorts of clever things, and spent the money as fast as he got it. Sometimes Delapres appeared on the stage, some one he knew him as fencing that Haroldson had but one fault or folly, and that could scarcely be blamed, for it was the thinking too much of his son Frederick. He was the only boy out of seven children. The good man's wife had died when they were young; and he had brought up his six daughters, with the help of their old nurse, to be good women and careful housekeepers, in our Danish fashion, had laid by a decent portion for each of them, had married the three eldest to honest men of his
acquaintance to exchange bows with in all public places, and was often to be seen in fashionable society; but no sober family wished their sons to associate with him; and nobody in all Hamburg cared to acknowledge him as a friend except Edward Grundler, the clerk next to his father.

Grundler had been born of Danish parents, in our West Indian colony of St. Thomas, which with some people is called a heaven for larceny, but in a body of men born in the warm and brain than a Dane ought to be. His hair was almost white; he spoke with a stammer, and was never quick or clever at anything. Nevertheless, Grundler had a will and fancy of his own, and they took him, in spite of all the good advices of his relations, friends, and employers, into a firm friendship with Delapre. They had got acquainted somehow at the theatre, and what was the bond between them nobody could divine. Two more unlike could not be found the world over; yet Delapre was kind to Grundler everywhere. He was a place of amusement, made him help to spend the money he earned in so many ways, would suffer no man to give him a slighting look, and being a first-rate fencer as well as ready with his sword, nobody cared to give him cause for a duel. Grundler was an orphan, in a manner under the guardianship of two uncles, who were timber merchants, but in a way, but on their families thought much of him; he was not likely to make a figure in the world; but they wished to keep him out of bad company; and the young man would mind his work in the bank steadily all day, and when it was over in the evening, steal away to Delapre. They had places appointed for meeting in street and coffee-house. Many a time poor Grundler's eyes could scarcely be kept open at his desk, with late sittings in the morning. Many a good advice, as I have said, he got from all quarters; but though manageable and amenable, there were some persons who thought the young man had no power or persuasion could detach him from his foreign friend. His relations naturally began to inquire after Delapre's history, and the result was not satisfactory. They learned that he had been a student in Paris, but obliged to leave both his college and his country on account of some singular charges made against him to the prefect of police. Some said they related to poaching, some to plots against the government, and one old officer of the Hamburg police, then superannuated, said, he had spoken with a priest from Paris, who acknowledged at present was accused, and he believed justly, of practising the black art. It was also discovered that Delapre had resided in most of the European courts, but he had lived in the same manner, and with the same reputation. Besides his acknowledged performances, singular feats were ascribed to him, even in Hamburg: it was said he could imitate anybody's handwriting exactly, and had some means of knowing people's private affairs, whether they concerned him or not. Nobody cared to be too intimate, but nobody liked to quarrel with him; and that sort of half fear kept the timber merchants and the bank people from more marked interference with Grundler's fancy.

This was in the state, when one morning there was presented for payment at the Danish bank a three hundred dollar-note, which proved to be a forgery. The presenter, a senator of the town, had got it from his correspondent in Amsterdam; the correspondent had got it from a Russian merchant; the Russian had got it from his correspondent in London; and at length the cashier of an English banking-house, then of high repute in Hamburg, declared that he had received it, among other notes, directly from the Danish bank, in exchange for some leased by his firm. On this evidence, Christian Haroldson recollected that, on the day mentioned by the cashier, he had exchanged notes with the English house, by the hand of Edward Grundler. The prudent manager, as his custom was, had registered the number of the notes sent, not only in the bank books, but also in a private ledger of his own, and the forged one was not among them. Moreover, the English cashier clearly identified Grundler as the messenger, but he persisted in knowing nothing about the forgery. The notes had been given to him in a sealed packet; as he got, so he delivered them. My father said it was curious that he never stammered while making that declaration; but neither questions, nor promises, nor threats could get out of him the smallest admission to the contrary. The cashier in some respects corroborated his statement, for he had found the bank seal perfect, and the time at which the notes were sent and delivered, agreed with that which Grundler might have taken to walk from the Alster Strom to the Elbe Strom, where the English house was situated. One thing, however, came out against him; it appeared that within the same hour he had been seen in a part of the New Town quite out of his way, but there all trace of his movements by the laws of Hamburg, Grundler was obliged either to tell how he had come by the note, under those peculiar circumstances, or suffer the penalty of forgery, which was there a capital offence as in most other countries of Europe; and as no explanation could be got from him, he was committed to prison, and a day appointed for his trial in the next court.

All who knew Grundler were sorry for him. Nobody thought of blaming Delapre; he had never been accused of any such public crime, and there was not a shadow of suspicion against him; but Grundler, friends and relations said that bad company was the cause of his ruin, and it was easy seeing how little Delapre cared for the boy now, for he was to be seen in all public places as gay as ever, laughing and jesting with new companions; but that was like his country. Late in the evening before the trial, Christian Haroldson remained in his office, trying some papers over accounts; the manager, if possible, stuck closer to business after that difficulty. My grandfather was failing at the time, and my father stayed to help long after the rest of the clerks had gone home. They had finished, and were about to shut up and leave for the night, when the porter said a gentleman wished to speak with Mr Haroldson; and with one of his best bows, in walked Delapre. Neither clerk nor manager had ever changed words with him, but they knew him well, as all Hamburg did; the town was not so large then, a man did not go long at present, and he was a dark handsome fellow, my father said, with a smile like sunshine, and eyes that looked cold and keen as steel. He seemed to live in the same manner, and with the same reputation. Besides his acknowledged performances, singular feats were ascribed to him, even in Hamburg: it was said he could imitate anybody's handwriting exactly, and had some means of knowing people's private affairs, whether they concerned him or not. Nobody cared to be too intimate, but nobody liked to quarrel with him; and that sort of half fear kept the timber merchants and the bank people from more marked interference with Grundler's fancy.

Then, after a pause, he said, 'I know you cannot,' said Delapre; 'but you can save the boy. The court is now sitting by his side, and his prospect is in your hands. Remember that neither your pen nor your memory is infallible: that note may have been in the packet.'

'I am certain that it was not,' said Haroldson.
But you could waive that certainty, to save a young man's life, and make me your eternal debtor. Excellent sir, what is tampering with a bank entry, or admitting you are not sure of its accuracy, compared with spilling blood?"

"What! sir—falsify my books, and swear what I know to be untrue?" cried the manager.

"You refuse to save him," he said, "because it is not your duty, or, in other words, because it would not please the merchants and bankers of the town. Well, listen: do what I ask you to-morrow, or I will make your bank, your family, and yourself an example to all merciless Danes, while the walls of Hamburg stand; and before a word could be said in answer, he had gone out, and shut the door.

Haroldson was not the man to be intimidated, but he shut up the bank with unusual care, and looked sober and thoughtful all the way home. My father thought he might have given in, and Delapres, in his despair, had offered to indemnify the bank to the full value of the forged note, and, they believed, would have laid down the money if he had owned so much. But Haroldson shewed him what a bad example it would set in Hamburg—what a wrong thing it would be for a manager to do, particularly after all the trouble and anxiety he had been concerned in the transaction, and their wisest plan was to give immediate information to the police. The police were accordingly informed, and Delapres' lodgings visited the same night; but he had removed early in the afternoon, his landlady could not say whither, and the whole city was searched for him in vain. Next day, the trial came on, and Haroldson gave his evidence. It was conclusive against poor Grundler. He would say nothing in his defence but what he had said before. Sentence of death was accordingly passed upon him; but in hopes that the boy's heart might fail, or something turn up to throw light on the mystery, that day three months was fixed for his execution. The poor fellow's steadfastness surprised everybody; he went back to prison without saying one word; but whether from the weakness of his West Indian constitution, or the terrors of his mind, he was soon after seized with brain fever, and died within the fortnight. No one thought him guilty, but they laid him in the prison burial-ground; it was the law for all who died in the work-house.

Nothing more was seen or heard of Delapres, and Grundler's relations thought it a good riddance; so did Christian Haroldson, though he did not say it. The manager was a prudent man, and things went well with him; his son went to college; my father came into my grandfather's office; no more forged notes turned up, and his wealth was increasing. In the safe of the three times, he was not only manager, but one of the four proprietors of the bank. One lived in Copenhagen, one in Bremen, and one at Lubeck; they did little in the way of business, but left the entire management to Haroldson, as the right of his family, and though not stingy, he kept his house and his son economically, that a capital might accumulate to pay the family estate when Frederick came to his greatness.

A year passed quietly away; the young man came home to see his family—they said much improved. He returned to college, but not with several of his son; Frederick and he did not sort well. His father now believed he could take care of himself, and it appeared the manager's confidence was not misplaced. Frederick's letters came so regularly, and were so proper, detailing from week to week how he spent his time, how he spent his money, what progress he was making, and what acquaintances he had formed; they were all the sons of grave lawyers or clergymen, steady students and exemplary characters. Haroldson shewed the letters with great pride to his friends, who all agreed that they had been mistaken, and he correct, in the estimate of his son.

That winter was a particularly dark and depressing one in Hamburg. Heavy fogs hung over the city night and day; the ice on the Elbe and the Alster was not safe for country traffic, while, as usual, it blocked up the shipping; provisions were in consequence dear, business was dull, and there was little news except what began to be whispered about the Danish bank. As the nights grew long and dreary, a report got up among the clerks and servants regarding a tall figure in white—suspect to worship—\—— which came out of dark corners, and surprised them in the loneliest parts of the building. The porter had seen it first in one of his nightly rounds; then it appeared more or less distinctly to various of the clerks, but always when they were alone; and at last my father got a glimpse of it in a corridor leading to the strong room. We Danes equal, if we do not surpass, the Germans in our fear of and fondness for the supernatural. The bank had been a convent, a castle, and a prison. Dark deeds had been done within it under every form. There was a garden behind, which had been changed into a prison cemetery; the strong room itself was the crypt of a chapel; the flat tombstones of knights and abbots might yet be traced in its floor. Half a score of men might be recalled to account for the apparition; but—why or wherefore my father could never make out—the whole establishment believed it to be Edward Grundler. They had a notion that he had been unjustly condemned, and that therefore his restless spirit haunted the scene of his accusation. The terror this idea inspired was so great that some of the oldest clerks gave up their places; the porter, whose courage had never been known to fail before, would not go on his rounds alone; and my father, who had given evidence on the trial, though only concerning the date of the transaction with the English house, said his hair used to stand on end when he had to cross any of the passages after nightfall. The manager alone did not appear to be frightened, though it was generally allowed he had the best right. It was long before any one dared to tell him of the spectres. When one of the clerks mentioned it as the cause of his resignation, he tried to laugh him out of the notion, insisting that good spirits had no wish to return to this wicked world, and that evil ones were not permitted to molest honest people; but when the man would not budge, and others went, when my father confessed to having seen it, he took to going about the place after dark, and must have caught some glimpses of it too; for Haroldson at all once acknowledged that
there was something in the business he did not understand, though nothing would bring him to admit that it was a ghost. A fact which seemed to have escaped his notice was that the light had been out of order during the previous winter, when the nights were longest and the fear at its height. It was discovered that cash to an unknown amount had been abstracted from the coffers in the store, to which, according to the establishment, no one had access unless accompanied by the manager or his chief-clerk. There was no mode of entrance or egress except by the iron-bound door of which Haroldson kept the key. On examination, the place appeared secure as ever; nothing was disturbed, nothing out of order; the papers, jewels, and plate deposited there for many a Danish family, were all safe in their chests, yet keys had been found for the old-fashioned coffers which contained the specie—the bank had a good deal in store just then—and crowns and dollars could not go without hands.

"It is a ghost, Peterson," said the manager, as he and my father talked over the matter in private.

"There is a wicked trick a playing on us. You remember when Delapaz came to us? I would not do as he asked. These French are fearfully clever in mischief. I know it is he that has first frightened the house, and then robbed it. Nobody has ever heard noise in the strong room; but don't you observe that the thing in white has been always seen in one direction. I can't imagine how he gets in; but I'll match him, Peterson, if you stand by me, and the manager looked fiercer and harder than my father ever thought was in his nature. To-morrow is Friday, the day on which poor Grusnie was condemned, and the clerks say the figure is always seen that night. We'll make-believe to go home at the usual hour of closing; but I'll have my pistols here, and come back, if you'll come with me. It may be cowardly, but I confess I do not care for trying it alone; there might be more than himself. We'll take no light with us; I know every step of the house; we'll station ourselves behind the great pillar in the corner of the strong room, and the first sound we hear, I'll fire in that direction. Mind you bring your pistols, and not a word to the clerks."

My father promised to stand by his principal, and keep secret. The bank was closed at the accustomed hour next evening; and when all the clerks were fairly out of sight, Haroldson and he met at the door as appointed, re-entered and locked it, found the pistols, which they had privately loaded, and deposited in the manager's office, groped their way to the strong room door, kicked the manager's chamber door open, and took their station behind the pillar, pistol in hand. It was the only clear night the city had seen for many a month, as the moon, which was near the full, shone through a small narrow window set high in the thick wall, and doubly grated. Just at that moment, they heard a grating noise in the corridor, then a key turned outside, and, as the door of the strong room opened, a tall figure clad all in white glided in, and made straight up to the coffers. My father saw the manager raise his arm, and level by the moonlight; the next moment the report of his pistol rang through the old house, but it was followed by a shriek from a voice they knew; and there was a heavy fall. Both rushed to the prostrate man, but they could not discern his face. "For God's sake, go and strike a light!" said Haroldson; and when my father brought the candle, he was standing in a pool of blood. The body was taken and the dead white face of his son! It was Frederick, from whom he had got one of the good and proper letters that very day, who had come, night after night, clad in a shroud and sheet and armed with skeleton keys, to frighten his father's clerks, and rob the bank.

The mode of his entrance was also visible: one of the flag-staffs having the top, the corridor was turned up, disclosing an open grate, a ladder of strong ropes, and a passage below, which wound away under the bank, till it terminated in a sort of fissure in one of the arches of the Alster Bridge hard by, of easy access. The man had stood on the ice on the river, and, when the night was longest, he had lighted out of the existence of that passage; it must have been constructed in the monks' time, as some convenience to those holy brothers, and the memory of it lost in the course of time. How spread, or who wrote the letters from Copenhagen, was never discovered. The unfortunate manager went all the way to inquire; but he could only learn that his son had never lodged at the respectable house from which they were dated, nor been known to any of the acquaintances mentioned in them. He returned to business, and tried to go on as he used to do, but never looked himself again. Within six months, he resigned his managership, and before the close of the year, was laid beside his son. The husband of his eldest daughter succeeded him—a discreet man, my father said; but the bank did not prosper under his government; people somehow lost confidence in it, after the story of young Haroldson. If that were Delapaz's revenge, or he had not executed it, neither time nor inquiry ever informed my father.

When the French occupied Hamburg, the Danish bank was the first of the public funds they seized. The old house was ruined in the subsequent bombardment, and has since given place to timber-stores. So my father lost his clerkship; but he got another in Bremen, lived to a good old age, and told my childish many a tale; but he was never partial to repeating that of the Haunted Bank of Hamburg.

ERICSSON'S CALORIC ENGINE.

It is now thirty-five years ago that John Ericsson, while in his native land of Sweden, working with his father as a mining-engineer, conceived the ideas of employing flame in some way as a prime mover, irrespective of, or dispensing with, the production of steam. He came to England, as his head-quarters in mechanical invention; and here he brought out his Flame-engine. This proved to be a failure; his flame was too hot, and spoiled the engine instead of setting it to work. Nature had, however, marked him out for an inventor, and he directed his remarkable powers in other directions. He invented an Artificial Draught for steam-boilers, which was in many respects the basis of one of the capital features in the locomotive. He constructed the 'Novelty,' which competed with Robert Stephenson's 'Rocket' engine, in the memorable trial of locomotives on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1829. He invented the Steam Fire-engine, in conjunction with Mr Braithwaite. He was among the first to propose the Propeller for steam-ships, and invented numerous arrangements of apparatus for perfecting the plan. He invented the Semi-cylindrical Steam-engine, intended to lessen the extent of space occupied by the machinery of steam-ships. He invented a Distance Instrument, to measure distances at sea in the operations of naval garrisons; a Hydrostatic Gauge, for measuring the volume of fluids under pressure; an Alman Barometer, in which the falling of the column of mercury causes a gong to sound; a Pyrometer, to determine high temperatures by the measurement of heated air; a Rotary Fluid Meter, to measure fluids by the velocity with which they pass through apertures of definite dimensions; a Reciproacting Fluid Meter, for measuring the quantity of water which passes through pipes during definite periods; and a new Sea-lead of peculiar construction, for taking soundings at sea without rounding the vessel to the wind, and without the aid of the lead and its apparatus.

These numerous inventions show what a fund of ingenuity must be in Ericsson, quite apart from his labours in reference to the caloric engine, of which we now proceed to speak.
Our transatlantic friends maintain a very fair equality with us in all that concerns mechanical inventions. It is not, as a matter of fact; a history of a hundred centuries so as to look back upon, with all its teachings and suggestions; but they have many inducements to economise labour as much as possible; and these inducements, I suppose, may be generally classed under the heads of the steam-engine, and construction of numerous labour-saving machines.

Even that mechanical giant, the steam-engine, has not been sufficient for them; they are quite ready to believe in a greater giant, whose powers are to be developed by them. Whether or not Captain Ericsson thought that American boldness would be more to his purpose than English caution, we know not; but he made America his home several years ago; and it is in that country that the caloric engine has grown up.

It is not by any means a new idea to make the atmosphere work for us instead of steam. The one as well as the other can cause a piston to move up and down in a cylinder; the only question is, how to do this effectively and economically. The air will move the piston, but what is to move the air? Whether the air be compressed or rarefied, power is required to produce this change; and it is just possible that an inventor might make the mistake of spending much power to produce little—as a spendthrift might pay 30 per cent. for money intended to pay off a former loan at 20 per cent. Nothing but experiment, frequently and carefully repeated, will show how power may be made to produce power in the best manner. Some years ago, a Scotch inventor, Mr. Stirling, contrived an air-engine, in which a portion of air was expanded and rendered lighter by the application of heat; an ascensive power was obtained by balancing this against colder and heavier air; and this ascensive power was converted into a prime mover for machinery. The contrivance so far succeeded as to be applied to a machine-bakery, where a current of hot air from the baking ovens worked the air-compressing and the ascensive engines and the drenching-engines. Some time after this, a German, the Baron von Rathen, made trial of an air-locomotive in the vicinity of the metropolis; compressed air worked the locomotive, but a small steam-engine produced the compression; and thus the machine was virtually steam-propelled after all. Then there was Mr. Davenport’s arrangement of an air-engine, employed in working and ventilating coal-mines—not so much to save the expense of steam-power, as to meet certain difficulties in the construction of a particular mine. Numerous and excellent as these various engines have been constructed or planned air-engines; some depending upon the difference between hot and cold air, some on that between compressed and rarefied air; but Ericsson has attracted more attention than any of them. For thirty years has he been engaged on this labour. He started engineers by telling them that he could produce something like a perpetual motion—an exercise of force without food to supply it. His first theory was—that hot air, when brought into contact with an extensive surface of iron wire gauge, is deprived of its heat; that this heat may be the next moment imparted to an incoming current of cold air; that these duplicate processes may take place over and over again; that fuel will be required only for the first action, with a little surplus for radiation; and that thus an engine might be worked continuously with scarcely any expenditure of coal. This was the rock on which, as our astronomers both in America and in England, said, Captain Ericsson split. They told him that it is not in nature to produce working-force without giving some equivalent or other to maintain it. But he defied them; he said, It is the theory, that the engine consumes less fuel than the steam engine, to produce the same amount of work; to be less in danger of explosion; to need no boiler or water; and to require no engineer to manage it, a common labourer being able to attend to such duties as putting on coal and tending the fire.

Ericsson’s darling object was to produce a caloric ship, a ship that should be propelled by heated air instead of steam. It was about ten years ago that this idea was started. He would build a ship of a thousand tons burden, and traverse the Atlantic, from New York to Liverpool in fifteen days; he would use very little coal, because the same heat should be made to work over and over again; and the steam would heat the Columbia; he would reduce the time of the voyage, by consequent on economical working. The picture was a bright one; and essays and treatises, lectures and discussions, were invited to render its brightness apparent to all. A company was formed, and a ship was built. It was very appropriately called the Ericsson. It was two hundred and fifty feet long, and had paddle-wheels required to perform its floating, as Off she started on a trial trip, and the New York papers of the next day gave a most glowing account of her performances. A second trip took place, followed by another glowing account. But after this the Ericsson somehow went into ‘the cold shade,’ one by one faults came to light, and these led to the invention of new contrivances, in which the original principle was a good deal departed from. In this new form of the caloric engine, the heated air, after performing its duty by raising the piston in the working cylinder, was made to circulate through a vessel containing a series of tubes; and the current of heated air, in passing through this vessel, was met by a current of cold air, circulating in an opposite direction through the series of tubes in its way to the working cylinder. Thus there was cold air within the tubes, and hot air without; and an equalising of temperature took place by a transference of caloric from the one to the other. The current of cold air, on its way to the working cylinder, after having been partially heated by the transference of caloric to parts of the furnace, was again sent to the furnace. The arrangement was very ingenious; but after all it nearly gave up the original idea, for the fire of the furnace, which was the source feeding all the furnaces are all want to do if real effective work is expected from them. The crack ship, the Ericsson, that was to beat Cunard, did not prosper. The first engine made for it was said by its inventor to be too cumbrous for the available amount of power in the ship, and to be liable to a larger amount of leakage and friction than it had an engine; and it was made a second; but the joints of the pipes of the heating vessel were not sound, and so mishaps occurred. At last, steam-boilers instead of air-engines were put in; and the ship could be propelling it an air or caloric ship, according to the original intentions of the inventor.

Still there was claimed to be something good in the idea, although not immediately applicable to large ships. The collection of tubes called by Captain Ericsson a regenerator of heat might, it was suggested, be worthy of attention if regarded simply as an economiser of heat. Many engineers have long believed that there are certain conditions under which hot air would be preferable to steam as a motive power; and Ericsson, by wisely modifying his originally enthusiastic views, has obtained evidence in support of that opinion.

Although scarcely known in this country, caloric engines are now coming very extensively into use across the Atlantic. They are sought for and purchased by manufacturers and others who calculate closely on the results not examined by any high-flown testimonials. When constructed on a scale fitted for manufactories of moderate extent, the caloric engine appears, from all accounts, to termine less fuel than the steam engine, to produce the same amount of work; to be less in danger of explosion; to need no boiler or water; and to require no engineer to manage it, a common labourer being able to attend to such duties as putting on coal and tending the fire. The absence of a boiler renders it possible to construct
and arrange all the mechanism within a very small space.

The American railway companies now use these engines very largely at the stations, for pumping up water into the reservoirs from which the tanks of the locomotives are supplied. It was but three years ago that this mode of operation commenced, and it has already become very general. The engines, it is agreed on all hands, do this pumping-work very well, consuming a remarkably small quantity of coal, and requiring very little supervision. Hardly less important are the engines employed to work printing-machines. In May 1860, there were no fewer than forty daily newspapers in the United States printed at machines worked by Ericsson’s caloric engines—-a pretty strong proof, in a country where steam-engines are well understood, that there must be some peculiar and remarkable advantages in the new mechanism. One of the most curious applications of the caloric engine is to the working of sewing-machines. These machines are in themselves a great labour-savers of human labour, and Captain Ericsson has sought how he may still further study the seamstress’s convenience. In large factories, where many sewing-machines are in operation, one caloric engine is so placed as to supply moving-power to all of them; thus, the foot of the workwoman is not required to press on the pedal or treadle; she is spared a kind of labour which often becomes very exhausting, and her whole attention may be directed to the management of the needle. There are four such engines in New York, where from fifty to a hundred sewing-machines are worked by one caloric engine. Another application of the engines, already alluded to, is for hoisting—-that is, lifting up and down heavy weights. New York shipowners are beginning to find this a very important adjunct for their ships. A small caloric engine, placed in some convenient part of the ship, and requiring very little attention, is made to pump water, load and discharge cargo, warp ship, weigh and cast anchor, set up rigging, and perform many other duties usually dependent on manual labour. It is believed that many a ship might be preserved from a leaky state, and possibly from wreck, if it had such an engine to aid the overworked seamen during trying weather.

The years 1858 and 1859 were those in which the caloric engines began to be extensively employed in factories, and at the present time their employment has become daily more general. One of our early critics employed a caloric engine to drive a morocco-polishing machine; another a goat-skin fulling machine; a third for splitting and squaring the square timbers for building; a fourth for shoemaking; others for leather-splitting, biscuit-making, bookbinding, ventilating, cotton-ginning, glass-cutting, hair-picking, lace-making, sash and blind making, colour-grinding, comb-cutting, artificial teeth making, wire-drawing, soda-water making, coffee-grinding, bone-crushing, malt-making, cutlery-grinding—-in short, it would almost be difficult to say what mechanical labour has not now been brought within the sphere of the caloric engine. In the laundry of a large military hospital, the mangle is turned by one of them.

There seems good reason to believe that the caloric engine will become very valuable on sugar-plantations, to press the juice out of the canes. In Cuba, the head-qua of the estate at home employ oxen to drive the sugar-mills. On some estates, twelve oxen are needed for this work, yoked together as a team, and changed every two hours; to supply this force, and “to the very death,” one hundred oxen are kept; seven or eight negroes are required to manage the stod. The expense of caloric engines is not great. Steam-engines have been employed only to a limited extent, for reasons which would be little regarded in England, but which are of serious import in Cuba. The island being destitute of coal, wood is the fuel employed, and hence the neighbourhood of the plantation soon becomes denuded of timber. Again, there is scarcity of water in many parts of the island, and some difficulty is found in supplying the boilers of steam-engines; steam-engines are made at Havana, and engineers are not very plentiful in such a place as Cuba. Now, in regard to the caloric engine, fuel is certainly needed; but the Americans all agree that less is required for it than for the steam-engine, to produce equal power, while it needs no water and no skilled engineer. Messrs Anguera and Martinez, the owners of a very large sugar-estate at Havana, set up a caloric engine in 1860, and the result was so important as to lead other planters to do likewise.

Many of the American newspapers speak in very favourable, although eccentric terms, of this new motor. The Brooklyn Transcript says: ‘We run our large double-cylinder press with one of Ericsson’s caloric engines, one of the most useful and perfect pieces of machinery in the world. It saves us an engineer; it saves us fuel; and it saves us from all apprehension of having that useful portion of our person, our head, blown off. It is as powerful as an earthquake, and yet as innocent as a child. We are sitting immediately over it as we write, and experience no kind of inconvenience from it; while our press, under its power, is tearing off sheets like magic. The Daily Thistle says, or rather did say, before the Secessionist troubles of Virginia commenced: ‘We kindle the fire with light dry wood, and then put on coke or soft coal until the furnace is hot enough to burn hard coal; and once having got the hard coal well under way, it only requires replenishing three or four times a day. The caloric engine is certainly needed; but the Americans all agree that less is required for it than for the steam-engine, to produce equal power, while it needs no water and no skilled engineer. Messrs Anguera and Martinez, the owners of a very large sugar-estate at Havana, set up a caloric engine in 1860, and the result was so important as to lead other planters to do likewise.

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MELIBEOS AMONG THE PERIPATETIC PREACHERS.

It was upon a Sunday afternoon, and still in the summer-time, that Mr. P. called upon me. I had, over the luncheon-things, a terrific battle upon the Sabbath question, which I must have broken into at any other time. The discussion was far from being an important one, but it was necessary to state that each, in his own opinion, remained at the conclusion master of the field, and that Dr. Poulter’s homily, listened to so recently by both with much decorum, concerning the consideration of others better than ourselves, was not considered appaDitable to the case of intellectual battle by either. Meliboeus, being a country gentleman, could not conceive the craving to be away from the streets which grows and swells for six summer days in the hearts of the workers in the city, and blossoms upon the seventh—how they faint and fail in the crowded alleys, and long for the outside air and the summer colours, for the wave of the meadow-grass, and the shadows on the face of the pool: or, if less poetical, how, at all events, they long to employ their leisure.

Meliboeus, who had been a little put out by the discussion, did not know that this was at all the case. ‘Then,’ said I, ‘it is high time that you did know. If, at a certain epoch, you set out on the “vacation,” or “the long vacation,” London is deserted by the upper classes, as though the plague possessed it, so at other periods, the lower classes flee from it with no less unanimity.’

‘At what periods?’ asked Meliboeus, curiously, and
not at all with the air of a man who is really desirous of information.

On every Sunday during the whole summer,' replied I; 'were there many poor persons at church to-day, beside servants and the like, who are bound to follow the example of their masters and mistresses? Did they bear the least proportion to the poor people, whom you see about this neighbourhood in the week-days?'

'I suppose they are dissenters, then,' observed Malibeaux, carelessly.

'That is very contrary to your usual asseverations, my friend, which would lead one to imagine that the poorer classes prefer the church to the chapel; but we will go over to Little Chapel, in order that I might see how he liked it, and what would be his views upon Sunday travelling when he came out.'

'I will go with you wherever you like,' quoth Malibeaux tenderly, and his gentle answer stilled my raging bosom at once. 'We will give up Dr Proudfetext for this afternoon,' said Malibeaux,' cried I, 'you shall not go without your sermon, although neither bishop nor dean, nor select preacher, as of Lincoln's Inn, shall deliver it. We will first bend our steps towards Hyde Park, and while we are there, we will then see how the people pass their Sundays elsewhere; and if not, we will see that another day.'

'I am afraid,' observed Malibeaux, as we drew nigh to the scene of action, that we shall not find these peripatetic gentlemen very orthodox.

'That is as you please, my friend: there are some of all persuasions. The evangelical societies send out their own preachers, with whose type you are, of course, acquainted; now and then, but very rarely, a High Church rector or curate will come in strictest ecclesiastical habiliments; and there is, or used to be, even a Mormon divine. The unaccredited preachers are, however, by far the most numerous, each of whom has his peculiar "views" and antagonisms. The majority of these, also, are what is generally understood by the term evangelical. There are a few Infidels; there is one Atheist; a Temperance lecturer or two; and one individual who considers himself as the champion of nothing in particular against the encroachments of the Latter-day Saints. It is popularly supposed that the wife and all the female members of this last gentleman's family have a family without object, can be so designated—of his harangue could scarcely be set down, even if good taste did not prohibit its repetition.

'He reminds me of nothing so much,' observed
Melibœus, 'as of the What's my Thought Like? of poor Tommy Moore—

Why is a pump like Viscount Castleagh?
Because it is a slender thing of wood,
That up and down its awkward arm doth sway,
And coolly spout, and spout, and spout away,
In one weak, washy, everlasting flood.'

Nor was the young gentleman sufficiently accustomed to his work as always to remember the style of address proper to the occasion, so that 'De fud,' alternated with 'My dear sir' in it, with strange effect.

A little further on, a tall, Solomon engliah-looking gentleman was accurately fixing the end of the world for that day six weeks; and among the outcasts of his congregation moved a serious man in a white neckcloth, distributing single tracts from a sheaf of that popular article, which he carried under his arm. His judgment of character seemed to be somewhat defective, or perhaps his instructions were to furnish evil and good alike with an equal share of his comment, for he gave one to Melibœus, to that gentleman's intense dissatisfaction, and, indeed, considering the general character of the congregation, it might have been better bestowed.

We then visited three orthodox ministers, where the sermons were certainly rather above than under par, such as would have quite conferred a reputation in some country churches I could name, and which would not have disgraced St Anybody's. The singing, too, which was of course quite voluntary and accidental, was unusually good, and had a remarkable reality and enjoyment about it. In no case was there any unseemly interruption. If any of the flock felt himself aggrieved by the pastor, or became weazed, he simply took his seat in another fold, the out of earshot. The preachers, although alike in genius, were different in style. There was, of course, the dismal preacher, who looked upon all Nature, including Man himself, only as material for huge bonfire; there was the cheery preacher of the Spurgeon school, who seasoned his discourse with much personal anecdote, not all of which, I fear, was genuine experience; and there was the Spartan preacher, who was perpetually explaining, 'Look here now! ' Answer me,' and other embarrassing mandates of that character. One, I distinctly observed—at the commencement of a very impassioned sentence indeed—to moisten the palms of his hands.

The young man who advocated Atheism was, as may well be imagined, entirely without enthusiasm, nor did his oratory borrow any meretricious attractions from the Muse. It was a curious farce of logic without reason, and premises without facts, and was certainly the least popular, though not the least numerous attended of all the Park discourses. His congregation was almost entirely confined to the male sex. One old lady in a poke-bonnet, however, evidently from the country, was attentively listening to him, holding her pretty daughter, of seventeen or so, very tightly by the hand.

'What a dreadful spectacle,' remarked Melibœus, 'to see a woman of that age bringing a young girl to hear her as they do. I am not much of a parson, but I'll just give her a bit of my mind.' And most undoubtedly he would have done so, but that, fortunately, the preacher at that very instant gave expression to a statement more monstrous than common, whereat the old lady exclaimed: 'Come along, Jemima Anne; I am quite sure this ain't true gospel.' The fact being, that up to that period she had been listening to the most respectable persuasion, that he belonged to her own doubtless most respectable persuasion, and was in the most total ignorance of all that he had hitherto been driving at. Nor was this ancient dame the only auditor whose feelings were outraged by that last remark of the preacher's; the whole congregation rose at him, and forcing him from his elevated position on the bench, proceeded to drive him hither and thither about the park, nor would they suffer him to confer his pitty upon his 'poor priest-ridden and superstitious fellow-creatures' any more.

'A very healthy exhibition of popular feeling,' remarked Melibœus, in allusion to this disrespectful treatment of our late preacher.

A beautiful example of that freedom of religious expression which is the boast of our country,' returned I. 'Let us ask this haberd of the place what he thinks of it. Does that gentleman often get ill-treated in that manner, policeman?'

'Yes, sir; mostly every Sunday. We got him off at first, but now we just let him take what he brings upon himself. He is as obstinate as a jackass, and is punished accordingly.'

'It is the good-feeling of his hearers,' observed Melibœus, 'that thus causes them to refuse to listen to him, and to hunt him about in this fashion.'

'Well, sir, yes; most on'em hates him; and, besides that, some on'em wants to get people together as much as possible—pussin' and crowdin'—in order to do a bit of business for themselves.'

'Ah,' said Melibœus, 'to preach better things to the people, eh? Very proper.'

'So, sir,' returned the policeman drily; 'to pick the people's pockets.'

The Mormon divine did not happen to be in the park upon the present occasion, but the Anti-Mormon preacher did. He was a rather intelligent-looking Scotchman, with a large head, and a slow, self-reliant manner. He informed us that at the commencement of his efforts against the objects of his crusade there were three thousand and another fold, the out of earshot. He had locked up the night before last for causing an obstruction in a public thoroughfare, and I daresay I shall be locked up to-morrow.' With the exception of the above remarks, I do not think this gentleman ever finished a sentence: not only was his lecture in itself discursive to an appalling degree, passing from Louis Napoleon to Joe Smith, and thence to the Pope of Rome, like the contents of the hose of a fire-engine not under control, but its diversity drew down upon him endless interruptions, to all of which he considered himself called upon to reply. His demeanor while listening to an objector, with one hand up to his ear, and the other raised appealingly to his audience, as though he would say: 'Be quiet—please be quiet, and restrain your righteous indignation; let him come to his end, and then see me demolish him,' was really a model of vulgur self-complacency. He would wink in a confidential manner to his audience (even when it was quite evident that their sympathies were with the other man), as if to remark to them: 'Yes, he is a fool; you are quite right there; but wait a bit till it is my turn, and then hear me.' And when his turn did come, the blatant conceit of his reply was something really tremendous.

'I protest,' exclaimed Melibœus, 'he is like a bad brass band performing an article out of the Superfine Review.'

This man, however, had some talent for coarse repartee, although none for scriptary, and he and his audience exchanged a good many cuts and thrusts with much good-humour. At the conclusion of some remark of an objector, which he did not well know how to answer on the instant, and therefore wanted to gain time, or simply perhaps through the overwhelming egotism of his own nature, he observed: 'Now, what am I, my friends? Why, I am a hardheaded, logical, straightforward Scotchman. I am not a
weathercock, mind ye, to be turned hither and thither"—

'Ay,' exclaimed somebody in the crowd, 'you'll never turn north, at any rate. I never heard of one of your countrymen doing that.'

At this there was a great burst of laughter. The preacher waited for it to subside, and then with a noncommittal that would have made the forlorn of a stage Tartuffe, he replied: 'No, that's true; and it is because you English are soavra kind to us. [Great laughing.] And because,' added he, sinking his voice to a confidential whisper, 'because you're all such flats.'

After this, we once more entered a purer atmosphere, and joined an orthodox congregation.

'I am very glad,' remarked Melibœus, 'to perceive this worthy man's ministrations so well attended; but I do wish that his discourse was a little more practical. These texts and commonplaces of his are the mere barren husks of religion, and the swine, you observe—the people that are not religious—will not even look at them. Why does he not apply his doctrine to matters that concern everybody here present, to the sins that are being committed here to-day? He has had nothing to tell us all the time we have been standing by except concerning Lot's wife, as though looking behind one was the great vice of the day, or the best illustration of disobedience to the Divine commands. I really should like to offer a few remarks upon this subject myself.'

A psalm, however, to my great relief, was here struck up, and barked Melibœus of his opportunity, but we found a confirmation of the truth of his remark only a few years away. A Temperance lecturer was there holding forth to an audience not of habitually sober persons, but to many evidently of the class for whom the discourse was intended. It was impossible to doubt the reality of the pictures he drew of the results of drunkenness, for if the impassioned words of the speaker failed to carry conviction, you might have read their corroboration in the grave and earnest faces of those who listened to them, not without sighs, and even tears, nor, let us hope, without some good resolves for the future. The arguments were addressed to each man's personal experience, and their application was irresistible, and not to be missed.

'Upon my word,' cried Melibœus, 'I would like to get such a missionary of Temperance down to Bullock Smithy. What power there is in simple truth, even when the man that presents it leaves out his la! I protest I feel as though I had pawned Mrs M.'s only bonnet for gin, and she was asking me in vain what I had brought home for dinner.'

But the cleverest of all the Park orators whom it was our privilege this day to listen to was beyond question the Lay or Political Preacher. It is not derogatory to the rest to say that they were all more or less on a level with their audiences, for these were very far from being stupid, but our democratic friend—who considered universal suffrage to be 'a step in the right direction'—was intellectually much superior to those of the party he addressed; whereas, in other cases, what is called 'the gift of the gab' was the only advantage enjoyed by the speakers over their hearers. His language, although not eloquent, was well chosen, and abounded in epigrams and bitter sayings, after the more striking of which quite a mariner of appreciation would arise from his auditory, exactly as in a theatre. His political views were by no means received with an equal rapture, notwithstanding that he was slightly personal (always a popular element in speeches), and would single out some well-known 'oppressor of the people,' such as Lord Derby, and favorable with many striking anecdotes selected from his family history, or, as the speaker himself expressed it, his 'blood-stained race.'

'Mr Diarnel,' said he, alluding to that gentleman's defection from the liberal ranks, and supposed seeking after place and emolu-

ment from alien hands—'Mr Diarnel is a Christianized Jew, who is always craving after political pork.'

This crushing remark was generally applauded; but a stout gentleman in a black satin waistcoat, all turned up, and a neat Conservative-looking watch-guard, made the following animadversion upon it to Melibœus:

'Specious, sir, very specious, but oller'—by which we understood him.

Whether we agreed with or dissented from this old gentleman's observation, it is not necessary to state. We gave him no reply beyond what might be gathered from the putting up of our umbrellas, for the rain came down just then with unexpected suddenness, and preachers and preached-at fled the Park together.

**TRADITIONS OF THE GREENLAND ESOQUIMAUX.**

**THE TALE OF OUNGARTOK.**

**AS-known to the Greenlanders in the neighbourhood of Qullerniarq.**

A native of this place, named Jonathan, also called Samek, has related this curious history; and from his oral narrative, it has been written down for the instruction and amusement of his countrymen.

One day, a Greenlander, wishing to try a new bird-harpoon, rowed in his kayak from Akpatsivik to the fishing-station at Kaktork. There saw he on the rocks below one of the houses a Scandinavian collecting mussels. This one, when he saw the Greenlander miss his aim at a bird, jeered at him, and said: 'Cast your lance at me! to which the Greenlander answered: 'Nay, I will not.' Then said the Scandinavian again: 'Yes, aim at me.' But the Greenlander replied: 'Because thou art friendly with me, I will not.' But now approached a Scandinavian chief Oungartok, and said: 'Well, since he persists in desiring you to aim at him, do so.' The Greenlander, holding his lance, said: 'You are my friends, and wherefore should I do this?' But when the Scandinavian came further out upon the rocks, he aimed at him, and the lance pierced and killed him. The chief said to the Greenlander: 'Thou art not to blame, for I ordered thee to throw at him; and therefore didst thou it.'

Now, when winter approached, and the lands were mitted by ice, the Greenlanders were in constant dread that the Scandinavians would take revenge; but the winter went by, and summer came, and still two summers passed. During the third winter, the Greenlander went again to Kaktork, and another accompanied him, having with him his bladde and lance for seal-hunting. The latter saw on the rocks another Scandinavian picking up mussels, and the idea came to him to kill him without saying anything to him. Rowing warily up, he threw his lance, which struck fast in him even whilst he was collecting mussels. He dragged his lance out of him, and without saying anything to the chief, sought his home. When there, he related how he had killed one of the Scandinavians; and when all the hunters came in, he told them the same. These asked him if he had informed the chief of it. He answered: 'No, I have not told it.' Then said several of the hunters: 'Wherefore hast thou not done so?' Then stood up he who had slain the first, and said: 'I killed because the chief commanded it;' and this he said because he liked not that the second had said nought thereof to the chief.

It was winter again, and the sea was frozen over. A girl at Akpatsivik went out to fetch water. As the pool was frozen over, she made a hole in the ice, and began to fill her bucket; but whilst thus occupied, she discovered something red reflected on the water in the hole, but believing it to be her own face, she turned towards home, when her eyes fell upon a great many Scandinavians collected near the spot; when

*Scandinavian chief.*
she saw these, she was frightened, and fled, leaving her bucket. When she reached the house, she said: 'Many Scandinavians are following me;' and as she entered, these took up their stations before the windows and entrance. All Greenlanders went out, but so soon as he appeared at the door, he was cut down with an axe, and all who came out were thus slain. But of two brothers, who were both tall, the elder brother said: 'I will spring out of the window, which looks out on the ice;' the younger said: 'I will follow directly after thee;' and so sprang they both out, but the elder was the foremost. The Scandinavians saw him on the ice, and when the younger got out, they saw him also, and said to the chief: 'See, there are two yet remaining; let us haste after them;' but the chief said: 'I am the fleetest; I will chase them;' and the chief began to run. Now commenced the chase upon the ice; but whilst they ran, the younger brother's new-soled shoe became slippery with the wet, and it was with difficulty he could keep his legs, and his brother ran from him. The chief gained rapidly upon him, lifting his axe to cut him down. The elder brother reached the land, and sprang up on the rocks; but when the younger should make the same spring, he slipped from the ice-covered rocks down amongst the loose blocks of ice, because his shoes were slippery. The chief reached him, and caught hold of one of his arms, which he held up to the brooder, saying: 'Canst thou, Kassapé, so long as thou livest, ever be thus thy brother filled?'

Kassapé escaped to his father-in-law, who lived at Kangergumiutak; and when he came to him, said: 'All my friends and kinsmen are slain; the chief was angry because a stupid Scandinavian had been killed; I am in want of a kajak.' The father-in-law answered: 'Thou mayest have mine;' and Kassapé had it.

Of all the seals which he that winter caught, he had taken new skins of all those seals which he killed during two summers and winters were all bleached white.

Kassapé then said: 'I will no longer go after seals, but seek a large piece of drift-timber;' and he found a very large tree, which he at once towed to land, and when summer was over it had become dry. Then began Kassapé to work upon it. He hollowed it out to a tube, and bored holes all over it, to draw lines through, and made pegs for these holes. When he had so far finished it, he brought it to the water's-edge, together with his two sealskins and a seal of land, and after having closed the ends, he set it in the water. All the canoes were then launched, and they took it in safety.

As the Fiord was blowing, they landed at Pingviarneq, and took the tree on shore, and made fast to it, with their hunting-lines, all the white skins which they used as sails when they left Pingviarneq. All the Greenlanders at Kangergumiutak saw from the mountains the large tree-boat with its sails of white skin, some of which were quite white, others looking like dirty pieces of ice. When the boat neared the shore at Kangergumiutak, there came many Greenlanders out to them. Kassapé then ordered those with him to pull on the lines, and spread out the white skins; and when they were spread, they on shore saw that the machine resembled a piece of ice about to turn itself over. When Kassapé landed, he asked how it appeared, and the Greenlanders answered: 'One would take it for a piece of ice.' Then said Kassapé: 'I should like to see it, so go you out with it alone, and I will look on.' Thereupon went the Greenlanders out; and it pleased Alink; therefore Kassapé went a little way up the mountain; and when he had well considered his work, he found that it forgot this piece of help; he let them land again, and took off all the skins, and spread them in the sun to dry. 'I have not,' said he, 'forgotten my younger brother.'

Three winters had now passed, when he went out to seek revenge. He drew towards Kakortok, and waited upon the coast of Akpatsivik for a favourable wind; for when the west wind blew, pieces of ice drifted into the water around Kakortok. The wind was fair. Kassapé unloaded all the skins, and set them up as sails, and drifted off. Many uniaika (skin-boats) followed, and these lay-to upon the northern side, and collected bruage upon the followers, who were inside the hollow tree, drove in below Kakortok's large house, all the while peeping through the holes which were bored in the tree. They saw some Scandinavians come out, and one was heard to say: 'There are the Greenlanders.' One ran in, and presently they all came out of the house, and the chief said: 'Ah! that is ice.' Then said Kassapé: 'Let the thing roll over;' and it was done, and Oumagortok the chief said: 'There, now, ye can see it is a piece of ice.' But still some of them said: 'It is the Greenlanders;' to which the chief again replied: 'No; it is truly ice;' whereupon they all went into the house again. Kassapé cried out: 'Let us now haste; they are not likely to come out again immediately. Let us now land, and go up to them.' And the others loaded with brushwood came up, and they surrounded the house, and the Scandinavians were taken unawares. Kassapé stuffed brushwood into the doorway, and they that were in the house pulled it inwards, in order to rush out, but more brushwood was collected and thrust into the passage, so that at last the house was nearly filled up. And then Kassapé fire-apparatus, and he drilled for fire, and obtained it, and set a light to the wood. The house caught fire, and the Scandinavians were burned in it, also those who tried to force their way through the fiery passage perished, and they became fewer and fewer. Kassapé paid no attention to the common people, but sought only after the chief to slay him. Kassapé would average when the sun shone, and when he had forgotten the chief's words, how he said when he chopped off his arm: 'Kassapé, so long as thou livest, remember thy brother's arm.'

When now the house was burning, Kassapé could see none but the common people, whom he did not care about, but left to his followers to kill; but the chief, whom alone he sought, could not be seen, until one of the Greenlanders said: 'Kassapé, he whom thou seekest is up there!' (pointing). The chief was fleeing from the house. Kassapé gave chase, but whilst running after him, he lost sight of him, and when he had gone far inland without seeing him again, he relinquished the pursuit, and returned. All the other Scandinavians were destroyed.

The escaped chief Oumagortok took up his residence at Igalikko. The next summer, Kassapé attacked him again; the fire again did its work, but the chief escaped, and went to the interior of Alluitsson, and took up his abode at Sioralik. Kassapé, who still thirsted for revenge, stationed himself at the entrance of Alluitsson.

When the winter had passed, he went again out to attack the chief. He reached his place, but was dis-appointed; the chief was gone to the interior of Tessermit. Kassapé therefore located himself at the entrance of the Fiord of Tessermit. Another winter passed; and in the following summer, Kassapé went again after the chief. This time he saw the chief, whom he had so long sought, and slew his wife; but the chief again escaped to the mainland at Alluk.

Whilst Kassapé still remained at the mouth of Tessermit, he learned that his enemy was residing on the shores of a lake not far from the mouth of Tessermit, and pitched his tent to the north of Alluk. When the winter was passed, he visited all the Scandinavians, and begged them to help him to take revenge upon Oumagortok. One of these said: 'I will help thee; I will give thee a rail from a barren wife's lamp-rack for an arrow'—and he gave him a rail—'I will help thee by conjuring over it, and it shall be
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...charmed; by which means thou shalt fight with the chief, and shalt slay him. When he had charmed it, he gave it to Kassapé, saying: 'It is only now, that thou hast obtained this, that thy enemy the chief can be killed.' Kassapé answered: 'If this thou sayest be true, I will divide with thee the produce of my hunting.'

Having his residence north of Alluk, Kassapé, towards the winter, went out after the chief, and climbed a mountain. He peeped between a cleft in the rocks, when it was evening, and saw the chief's house or hut by the side of the lake. Kassapé then went to his canoe, and took out all his arrows, and strengthened his bow. He brought them up to the side of the lake, and placed them in order, putting the arrow he had obtained from the South Greenlander aside. He was alone, none with him, and he said to himself: 'I was never to forget the fate of my brother; but if I cannot now get hold of him who slew him, and if he still persists in residing among the southerners, I will no longer strive to kill him, and I will cease to pursue him, without however, forgetting; and I will return to my kinsman at Kangermiutiaq, who helped me by giving me his only kajak.'

Kassapé approached the house, and peeped through the window, and saw his enemy, whilst it was late in the evening, past bedtime, and watch no longer kept. Kassapé observed his enemy, and saw him walking to and fro on the floor of his house. He heard maiden he moved so actively, and lively from right to left that Kassapé could not take aim at him; but he saw his second wife lying in bed with her face turned upwards. 'It is the husband that I should get hold of,' thought Kassapé; 'but, perhaps, if I kill the wife first, I shall, if the charmed arrow retain its power, be able afterwards to kill him, and as he could not take aim at the chief for his restless movements, he shot through the window at the wife. The chief turned at the noise she made, and saw an arrow sticking fast in her bosom. Kassapé ran immediately for his arrows, which he had placed by the lake, and the chief sprang out with his axe, the same with which he had killed Kassapé's brother. Kassapé fitted an arrow to his bow; the chief stooped down, so that his shield covered his body; nevertheless, Kassapé shot his arrow, but missed him. When the arrow glanced from the shield, the chief took it up, broke it in pieces, and threw it into the lake. Kassapé said to himself: 'I came to kill my enemy; but if I go on this way, and all my arrows be used up, he will at last kill me, so as I did my brother, when he shall cut off my arm from whom will he shew it.' His many arrows began to get fewer, for the chief broke all of them in pieces, and threw them into the lake. Kassapé now took the charmed arrow, which was now the last but one. He took aim, and again the chief crouched behind his shield. Kassapé shot without thinking he should hit him. The arrow pierced the shield, and stuck in Ungarjok's breast; and Kassapé made an end of him with his last arrow. When he had killed him, he threw down his bow, hurried up to him, and chopped off his arm with his own axe.

Notwithstanding the chief was dead, Kassapé held up a second arrow, and said: 'I have not forgotten my brother's arm.' Though the chief was senseless, Kassapé said: 'So long as I live, and so long as thou livest, wilt thou ever forget thine own arm? for Kassapé's enemy, thou, the chief Ungarjok, boasted me never to forget my brother's arm, and see I have not forgotten it. Thou beset me my mind easily by slaying thee, if I could. I have done so. Our wishes are gratified. Kassapé is satisfied.'

As he had been helped by the South Greenlanders, who was an aged man, he took him with him to his home, at Kangermiutiaq, and said to his kinsman: 'This old man enabled me to slay my enemy, by giving me for an arrow the foremost rail of a barren

wife's lamp-rack. I have nothing wherewith to repay him, and he is old; therefore I will support him, and he shall live near me and under the Scaran-miutiaq, at the mouth of Kakortok's Ford.'

It is said that this old man lies buried there, and that his bones can still be seen there even at this present day.

It is said that when the first Scandinavian was killed, his death was not avenged, since it took place at the instigation of the chief; but when that was missing, the chief had him sought for, and he was found pierced through with a lance. It was an inhabitant of Akpaitavik who sat in his kajak watching for seals (whilst the sun was over the stoe north, and it was low water), and saw a Scandinavian picking up mussels. He rowed gently up to him, laid by the sunshine upon the water, and set his lance in him. It was for this the chief was angry, and therefore was it that he made an end of all who lived upon the island of Akpaitavik whilst it was winter.

Here ends my tale."

THE SALE OF WIVES.

It is well known that the Englishman of French novels, plays, and essays, is a different creation to the real being who talks upon 'Change, and rides after the hounds, on this side of the Channel. The former compels his first master he made in a casual walk to marry him, after half-an-hour's acquaintance; he puts a halter round her neck, and sells her in the catle market, as if she was tired of her; and in November, getting full of yellow fog, and tired also of himself, he throws himself into the Thames. A French essayist of the last century accused the English of making an institution of suicide. 'They kill themselves on the slightest occasion,' says he, 'and often merely to annoy one another.' This last accusation—thanks to Jean Jacques Rousseau and sensibility—soon began to fit the English, for M. de Dourc far better than ourselves. The first of these alleged Anglican customs is ridiculously untrue.

To the second custom, however—wife-selling—we are bound to plead a certain, though a very small, measure of guilt. Some Englishmen actually have sold their wives; and my purpose here is to record a few of the sales of this article that have taken place in our country during the last hundred years.

The first I can find after the accession of George III., occurred in the month of March 1766. A carpenter of Southwark, Higgison by name, went into an ale-house for his morning's draught; there he met a fellow-carpenter, and their talk turned upon wives. The carpenter assured Higgison that there was a way—that old English custom had made it quite lawful for a husband to sell his own rib. 'No one would be such a fool as to buy mine,' sighed Mr. Higgison. 'I would do so,' answered the other, 'and think I had made a good bargain too.' 'Dame!' shouted the delighted husband, and clenched the matter on the spot. Mrs. Higgison was fetched by her new lord, and lived with him as a wife. A few days after, however, Mr. Higgison, wearing of a mateless home, or suspecting that he had not done right, went to the other carpenter, and demanded

* The lamp-rack is a kind of clothes-horse suspended horizontally over the lamps, for drying clothes.

Kajak, canoe.

Omiak, a large boat covered with skins, rowed by women.

The ruins of Kakortok still stand. On dugouts for the grass inside the houses, a layer of carbonised matter and charcoal is found, apparently the remains of a burnt-down village.

Ungarjok must have been one of the later Scandinavian inhabitants of the southern part of Greenland, probably in the sixteenth century.
back his wife. Mrs Higginson strenuously refused to go back. 'A sale was a sale,' she said, 'and not a joke.' Higginson went again and again, but to no purpose. After a week or two, he ceased to call. Mrs Higginson was jumpin' to her lord, that her husband peaceably ceder her at last, when she was cited to identify his dead body. He had hung himself. What price the poor fellow received for the lady, I am not informed.

The next sale I shall recount was made in the summer of the following year, 1767. This also proved a bad, though not quite so smashingly a bargain as the salesman. The lady was, what is often found in that class, a wife in courtesy, but not in fact. She had resided for several years with a bricklayer's labourer at Marylebone. Her 'protector' sold her; and here we have the sum: he valued her at no less than five shillings and threepence, and a gallon of beer. Three weeks after the sale, the lady being duly housed with her new lord, a wealthy uncle in Devonshire died, and, quite unexpectedly, he acknowledged kinship, and left her the sum of two hundred pounds, and a quantity of plate. The protector at once signified his distaste for 'protection,' and became her husband*

In August 1773, three men and three women went into the Bury freehold, and bought the sale called for the toll-book, which was kept there, and made the following strange entry: August 31, 1773—Samuel Whitehouse, of the parish of Willenhall, in the county of Stafford, this day sold his wife, Mary Whitehouse, in open market, to Thomas Griffiths, of Birmingham. Value (I really blush to write it), one shilling! To take her with all her belongings!

(Signed) SAMUEL WHITEHOUSE
MARRY WHITEHOUSE.

(Voucher) THOMAS BUCKLEY, of Birmingham.

That I know not how the lady found an expensive business to the purchaser, unless, like our American brethren, he calculated upon getting something out of the 'incumbrance.' On the 5th of July, 1800, a fellow at Tuxford took his wife's freehold in the market-place, with a halter round her neck, and her child in her arms, and sold her and the child for five shillings. 'It is to be regretted,' says the paper from which I cut this, 'that nobody present had the courage to take the rope from the wife's neck, and lay it on the husband's back.' The probability is, however, that the persons whose vile transaction were either struck dumb with the marvel, and could only think it a joke, or else knew the man to be such a brute, that they fancied the most unrighteous charges were better for the woman and the child than their continuance as they were. The quiet consent of the wife was a witness not only of her discomfort with her husband, but also of the degraded view of wifehood held by this class of salesmen and sold persons.

In February 1807, a fifth sale is recorded. In this case, the parties contracting must have had some wealth, however great their vulgarity and moral debasement. A Mr John Lunton, of Linton, offered to purchase the wife of Mr Richard Waddilove, innkeeper of Grassington. He was content, he said, to go as high as a hundred guineas. Waddilove consented, and received one guinea on the spot as earnest-money. The next day the eager buyer hurried off to Linton, taking with him the ninety-nine guineas, and demanded the fulfilment of the bargain. Mr Waddilove was quite ready; he would have packed the goods and got her off if it were not for the fact that Mrs Waddilove had some womanly dignity and sense of right. Even if she might, she did not choose, she said, to be parted with as mere disposable chattel; and she sent off her purchaser with scorn and threats. The crafty Waddi-

love kept the earnest-guineas. Doubtless it was dearly earned; for it must have cost him endless court-lectures.

If Mrs Waddilove was valued at the highest rate, the next I have to record was certainly the cheapest of all sold wives. In September 1822, a silly boy named Thomas Jones, working for a house-painter at Caerleon, and not knowing his own mind, rashly married a silly girl. In three weeks, they were weary of each other, and the girl agreed to let her husband sell her. Accordingly, with a proviso that if the buyer after three weeks repented of his purchase, the salesman should take her back, and return half the purchase-money, Thomas Jones sold his young wife for three pounds.

The seventh sale I shall chronicle is the first in which I have found any interference of the law. It took place early in the December of 1822. A notice was given out to the inhabitants of Plymouth, that at half-past twelve on a certain morning, a man named Brooks intended to dispose of his wife by public sale. The lady, it was declared, was not only young and handsome, but would ride to the place of sale, of her own free-will, on her own horse; and further, in a few days she would succeed to the testate sum of six hundred pounds. There was a huge concourse of people to witness this marvellous ceremony. Precisely at the advertised hour, the husband rode up; and soon after, the wife, accompanied by the ostler of the Lord Exmouth Inn, also appeared.

The husband, as auctioneer, put up the wife for sale, and requested the bidders to commence. 'Five shillings' was the first offer, then 'ten,' then 'fifteen.' The price continued rising until it came to 'three pounds,' which last bid was made by the ostler of the Lord Exmouth. But here the business was suddenly arrested. Two constables came up, and seizing the goods and the 설명, to the great disappointment of both, carried them to the Guildhall, to be questioned by the mayor.

That worshipful gentleman asked Mr Brooks how he dared commit such an illegal act. The auctioneer answered, in an innocent way, that he thought it was all right. He and his wife both agreed that it was the best thing to be done. They had not lived together for a long time; she had had children by other men; she was no wife to him; and since he understood there was a man willing to give him twenty pounds for her—they had not seen each other since Christmas—and as his wife was so anxious to belong to this man, they both agreed the sale should be made. 'There was nothing to board in,' he said; 'he had advertised it publicly in Modbury three successive market-days.' The wife, too, asserted that she had been given to understand that she could be honestly separated by being sold on a market-day in the market-place.

The mayor asked the name of the person who had undertaken to buy her. 'Mr K—,' answered he. 'I am very vexed that he has not kept his promise.' And she went on to say that she was so determined to be bought from Mr Brooks, that she had (on finding Mr K— absent) employed the ostler of the Lord Exmouth Inn, where she put up her horse, to buy her with her own money, 'unless,' she said, 'I go for more than twenty pounds.'

Mr and Mrs Brooks were bound over to answer the charge at the next sessions. Neither of them being able to find sureties, their own recognizances were taken.

The next instance I have to chronicle, although it took place ten years later, and so near our time as 1832, seems to have escaped magisterial notice. Joseph Thompson, a small farmer, residing between forty and fifty acres, lived at a village three miles from the city of Carlisle. He had been married about three years. He had no children. His wife and his wife could not agree. There was a continual soreness between the
Montagues and Capulets, his family and hers. These three things made them resolve to part. So, on the 7th of April, early in the morning, Mr. Thompson sent round the bellman to give notice that a man would sell his wife at twelve o'clock in the market. The odd announcement of course drew together a considerable mob. The lady placed herself upon a high oaken chair, with a halter of straw about her neck, and a large circle of friends and relatives around her. The husband-auctioneer stood beside her, and spoke, saying authority, nearly as follows:—

‘Gentlemen, I have to offer to your notice my wife, Mary Ann Thompson, otherwise Williamson, whom I mean to sell to the highest and fairest bidder. Gentlemen, it is her wish as well as mine to part for ever. She has been to me only a blood-serpent. I took her for my comfort and the good of my house; but she became my tormentor, a domestic curse, a night invasion, and a daily devil. Gentlemen, I speak truth from my heart when I say may Heaven deliver us from troublesome wives. Avoid them as you would a mad dog, a loaded pistol, cholera morbus, Mount Etna, or any other pestilential phenomena in nature. Now I have shown you the dark side of my wife, and her faults and failings, I will introduce the bright and sunny side of her, and explain her qualifications and goodness. She can read novels and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you could take a glass of ale when thirsty. Indeed, gentlemen, she reminds me of what the poet says of women in general—

Heaven gave to women the peculiar grace,
To laugh, to weep, and cheat the human race.

She can make butter, and scold the maid; she can sing Moore’s melodies, and plait her frills and caps. She cannot make rum, gin, or whisky; but she is a good judge of the quality from long experience in tasting them. I therefore offer her, with all her perfections and imperfections, for the sum of fifty shillings.’

The reporter, fancy, must have dressed up this speech. Remembering that the goods and the auctioneer were a not very rich north-country farmer and farmer’s wife, it is difficult to believe that she had the kind of accomplishments mentioned in the speech, or that she really uttered this speech. He affirms that she did, however, and adds that the lady was ‘a spruce, lively damsel, apparently not exceeding twenty-three years of age. She seemed,’ he says, ‘to feel a pleasure at the exchange she was about to make.’ The sale took between an hour and a half and two hours. At last, Mrs. Thompson was sold to Henry Mears, a pensioner, for one pound and a Newfoundland dog. The newly coupled pair left the city together, the mob huzzaing and cheering after them. Mr. Thompson coolly took the straw-halter from off his old wife, and put it on his new dog. He then betook himself to the nearest inn, and spent the remainder of the day there. No doubt, before the setting of the sun, the whole purchase-money of his wife had gone down his throat in drink. ‘He repeatedly excited,’ says my authority, ‘in his happy release from bondage.’ It is fair to state that this account is not taken from a town newspaper, but from a country one, The Whitehaven Herald and Cumberland Advertiser, for May 1, 1832; this paper, too, merely inserts it, without remark, from the Lancaster Herald. The London Chronicle for February 22, 1766, contains a notice of a double sale, or rather an exchange, of wives. Two ‘reputable’ tradesmen, near Lincoln’s Inn Fields, being in a scrape, agreed, without consultation of their ladies, to effect such a transaction. But one of them having a wife whom both agreed to be more personable than the wife of the other, received a twenty-pound note, a gold watch, and a guinea. The next day, he called on the purchaser, and delivered his wife, she, poor lady, merely fancying she was going there to dinner. When the business was explained, however, both the women refused to abide by the silly bargain of their husbands. What the feelings were of that unfortunate one who had been valued by both the men at twenty-one pounds, one shilling, and a gold watch less than the other, I dare not think.

The strangest thing about these sales is, that the women sold seem to have rejoiced in the change more than they lamented the deprivation. In one instance, in 1766, this was so plainly marked, that the wife of a Rosemary Lane plasterer, who had been sold to a sailor for thirty-six shillings and a gallon of ale, actually hired a fiddler to precede her with a rude epithalamium to her new home.* The loving couple had only been wedded a fortnight.

In 1738, there was a correspondence in the Gentleman’s Magazine on the question, Whether a man could let his wife on lease? There is no instance, I believe, of a man allowing his Xanippe to sell him: but in 1736, a woman sold the body of her dead husband.

THE DESERTED.

And does he quite forget
How the first hour we met,
Ere the sealed kiss had set,
This pulse was stirred!
How were the vows of each
Too deep for sound to reach,
Free from the chains of speech,
Felt, but not heard!
How did I gather fast
Hopes that could not last,
Moments for ever past,
Moments divine!
But when the parting came,
Whose was the grief and blame,
Whose was the loss and shame?
Mine, only mine!
On the slow wing of day
Float the sad years away,
Till his hair is gray,
Till youth is o’er,
Till the warm blood is gone,
Till the bright cheek is wan,
Shine never more.
Yet in the dreams of night
Comes back my lost Delight,
Making the darkness bright,
Leaving me never,
Speaks in the olden tone,
My hand within his own,
Words which are mine alone,
Now and for ever.
When from a dream like this
Wakened by tears of bliss,
How the young morning’s kiss
Thrills me with pain!
How dull the day appears,
And through the mist of tears,
Till my horizon clears
Nightly again!

* Lloyd’s Evening Post, June 13, 1766.
CONCERNING EGGS.

An ancient orator defined rhetoric as the art of making small things appear great. Perhaps the lively eloquence which is to be found in the pages of that delightful and suggestive book, the Almanach des Gourmands, will, by some thoughtless people, be accepted as an instance of the justice of the definition. We are not ourselves quite so sure they are right—nor are all sure that the author of that incomparable composition, instead of unduly exaggerating the importance of the topics he had to deal with, does no more than set forth that importance in a fair and candid manner, or than vindicate with becoming warmth the value of a science more closely connected with human welfare than is generally supposed.

Speculative philosophers have told us a man is what he knows, forgetting at the same time that a man is also what he eats, and that the expression 'fruges consumere nativam,' which indicates one end and aim of mankind's existence, enjoys an antiquity quite as remote as any bomastical puff of the sovereignty and worth of human intellect. If a man were only what he knows, there is many a man who is no man at all—but eating is proper to the universal race, and therefore, regarding the matter in the spirit of true philosophy, the science of eating must take precedence of the science of knowing.

This being granted, we think the author of the Almanach des Gourmands is not fairly obnoxious to the censure presumptuous ignorance has so freely cast on him, for discussing a mean and vulgar subject in a vein as lofty as that of Eccles himself. With what ready wit, with what fervent zeal, does not this champion of the kitchen enter the lists, to assert the rightful dignity of the egg as an article of human food, as supplying to man nerve and muscle—

The wrestling thesis that throw the world!

It is evident this delicate viand—delicate in spite of Falstaff's brutal sneer, uttered, however, only when his temper had been ruffled by the contretemps at Datchet Mead—had, like other excellences, become the unmerited victim of shameless asperity, and no doubt required to the full the ample and passionate exposition of its virtues which it received. No cook, it is broadly affirmed, be he ever so skilful, can dispense with the egg in practising the mysteries of his profession. To renounce the assistance of the egg in the composition of certain dishes, would be, on the part of the cook, a renunciation of the first principles of his art—an act of lesse-majesty against his august vocation. For what part does an egg fulfill in gastronomic manipulations?—what but that of a mediator, a peace-maker, a reconciler of otherwise discordant elements, which, once brought into harmony by its mollifying and conciliatory qualities, constitute a whole of unrivalled excellence. Without the egg, crèmes would be impossibilities, and pâtisserie and omelettes but graceful legends.

Pliny exalts the merits of the egg much higher, for he discovers in it vast therapeutical virtues and likens it to wool. A most striking resemblance no doubt subsists between the two, inasmuch as, in the wool, it contributes to the healing of certain disorders in the eyes, and, moreover, is of singular efficacy in erysipelas and various maladies originating in functional derangement.* As a diet for the sick, he considers it unrivalled; in which opinion two of his successors, Dr Paris and Dr Kitheener, do not exactly concur; whilst Dr Arbuthnot, Pope's friend, goes so far as to assert that 'eggs are perhaps the highest and most nourishing of all animal food, and the most indigestible.' The last opinion scarcely comports with an old English proverb in praise of a light supper, and which runs in this curt fashion: 'An egg and to bed;' but seems rather to warrant another, which declares that 'you must drink as much after an egg as after an ox;' on which Mr Ray very properly remarks: 'This is a foud and an ungrounded old saying.'

Our ancestors, if we may judge from such of their colloquial apothegms as have been preserved to us, were not of the mind of the aspiring young man in the story who did not like his eggs over-fresh, for their familiar proverb recommended 'eggs of an hour, fish of ten, bread of a day, wine of a year, a woman of fifteen, and a friend of thirty.' If, however, we can credit a statement which appeared in the Gardiners' Chronicle in August 1853, friendship is less durable than the sweetness of the egg, for we learn that, in removing the old wall of a sacristy, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Lago Maggiore, a number of eggs were discovered, which had been inhumed for three hundred years, and retained all

* The thin pellicle which lines the shell, he holds a sovereign remedy for chapped lips, and considers that egg-shells have in themselves a medicinal virtue. The effect of the egg's yolk in clearing and strengthening the voice, is illustrated by a pleasant story of Charles II. The king, who was fond of music, was especially attached to a gentleman of his chapel (afterwards sub-dean of St Paul's), one Mr Gosling, father of the famous Canterbury antiquary. To this gentleman, whose voice was as musical 'as a Apollo's lute,' and who often used to join the king and the Duke of York in a glee, Charles once presented a silver egg, filled with guineas, observing in that good-humoured way of his: 'Here, take this; I am told eggs are good for the voice.' The king would often say: 'You all talk of your nightingales and thrushes; I have my gosling [so pronounced] here, worth them all.'
their primal purity. With the exception of milk or bread, there is perhaps no article of diet now in general use which entered so largely into the consumption of our forefathers. From a curious manuscript, now printed, of the date of the thirteenth century, preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris, which records the street-cries of that metropolis at the time—Les Crieries de Paris, par Guillaume de la Villeinave—we learn that eggs were regularly hawked in the city, in common with many other commodities. The Romans, as we all know, commenced their family meal, the cena, with eggs, and closed it with fruit. Judging from an expression of Apuleius—*metulae*—the eggs in this repast played sometimes a more important part than at the present day. Eggs were among the delicacies on our breakfast-tables have been found at Pompeii and elsewhere; but the Romans, as we learn from a passage in Martial, usually, if not invariably, roasted instead of boiling their eggs, and that has been also the practice of various Celtic nations. Indeed, the ancient recipes in their cooking processes seem for the most part to have preferred roasted viands to boiled, for, as Athenaeus remarks, the heroes of Homer are rarely represented as boiling their meat; and we may add that, in the *Iliad*, there is a passage inviting the inference that the use of the stewpan or saucepan was little known in that remote period. The memory of the custom of roasting eggs, which is now little followed in England, seeing that coal has displaced wood as an article of fuel—although we have heard that the Wykehamites at Winchester, until very recently, adhered to the ancient fashion—gave rise to the popular saying: 'There are eggs on the spit,' that is, I am too busy to attend to you; the egg in roasting requiring constantly to be turned, and therefore needing the most watchful attention.

In England, in early times, buttered eggs usually formed part of the morning meal, although meat sometimes took their place. They figured on the board of the fifth Earl of Northumberland, as we learn from his Household Book; and Shakespeare tells us they were the fare of country carriers—'They are up already, and call for eggs and butter; they will away presently.'—*Henry IV*, ii. 1. Massinger, in *City Madam*, associates the dish with the festival of the Nativity:

*Men may talk of country Christmasses, Their thirty-pound buttered eggs, their pies of carps tongues,*

—luxuriously which, alas! have long disappeared from the hospitable board; and presuming the recipe 'for buttering eggs with cream,' which is to be found in Sir Kenelm Digby's inimitable cookery-book, to represent exactly the legitimate mode of preparing this once favourite dish, it is really much to be regretted that *polluitum* of so agreeable qualities should have fallen into disuse. There was an old custom at Grey's Inn—old when Queen Elizabeth had sat for twenty years on the throne, and the 'swash-bucklers in the four Inns of Court' were conspicuous above all the cavaliers—for members of the society attending divine service and Holy Communion on Easter-day, to be feasted thereafter in the hall with a sumptuous breakfast, in which eggs and green sauce cut a prominent figure. Our old English regale of eggs and bacon was also well known in Chaucer's age, when the first named appear to have been hatched with the advent of Lent, and were roasting in a roll of the time of Edward I., that four hundred eggs were purchased for eighteen-pence, which would be probably at the rate of one shilling a hundred of our eggs. He gave the egg a great deal more value, 'for money,' was equivalent to, 'He has bullied me out of my cash; he has made a tool of me, getting my coin, and giving me next to nothing in return.' The toper's vulgar doggerel is to the same effect—

*He that buys land, buys many stones;*  
*He that buys flesh, buys many bones;*  
*He that buys eggs, buys many shells;*  
*But he that buys the good old ale, why he buys nothing else.*

The popular expression, 'As dear as two eggs a penny,' was applied to an improvident bargain—you have paid too much for your purchase; and, again, should you have made a very bad market indeed, and your proffer to prove to any degree below experience, then you roundly reprove the dishonest dealer with the remark: 'You come with your five eggs a penny, and four of them be rotten. From the proverb, 'Neither good egg nor bird.' Better half an egg than an empty shell,' 'Give him the other half egg, and burst him,' we may readily understand that this article of diet was formerly in this country in even greater request than it is at present.

The northern regions have always been prolific of marvels, and thus we read in a singular work of the Hon. Robert Boyle, how Father Kircher was shown that 'the Dutchmen who went to Nova Zembla saw on the ice near the north pole such a quantity of eggs that were sufficient to feed all Europe. Now the ice coming to melt, and in some eggs to drop into the sea, there they lie at the mercy of the waves; they turn the sea into such a cauldle, that those islands that are moist near, as in particular Scotland, come to receive some of these eggfished waves.' It is well known that, both in ancient and modern Egypt, artificial modes of hatching eggs were resorted to; and not long ago an ingenious contrivance for this purpose was publicly exhibited in London and in many provincial towns. We learn from Pliny that it was not unusual in his day to employ the warmth of the human body in this wise; and he mentions as a fact, that for some time before the birth of Tiberius, Livia his mother carried an egg in her bosom, in order to ascertain of what sex her expected child would be. The egg in due time produced a cock-bird, and rejoiced her heart, as foretoken the approaching birth of a son. In the parish of Caer y Derwyddion, near Corwen in North Wales, dwelt, once upon a time, an honest weaver, who not only could play the violin well by ear, but had the rarer faculty of determining, by merely looking at an egg, what the chick would be. He had once the good-luck to name his eggs of excellent promise, and his hen having unfortunately fallen a prey to a badger, and no feathered substitute offering herself, he assumed the office of incubation himself. Going to bed, he lock the eggs into his personal care, and was rewarded with a brood of six chickens. Four of these, however, died; but the two survivors, a cock and a hen, were successfully reared. The cock was matched against some of the finest of the gallinaceous species in the neighbourhood, and invariably proved victor; so that its owner would boast that he had hatched a cock and a hen himself which had kept him for half a year in eggs and bacon. A more singular instance of the same kind was that of James Sandy, a native of Aith, in Perthshire, the inventor of the Laurence-kirk snuff-boxes, and altogether a man possessing much mechanical genius. He kept his bed for fifty years, never quitting it but thrice—when his house was inundated, and when it was threatened with fire. He would stay by his natural warmth, eggs of different birds; and it was a common thing to see birds he had thus hatched perch on his head, and were the hairs he had taught them. This, however, is beaten by Southey's story of a woman, wife of a Northumberland pitman, who actually smirked two lambs, the ewe-mother of which had been killed by a bear, just before. We read in Pliny of a bibaceous Syracusan who was accustomed
to commence his orgies by burying eggs in the earth, and would then vow never to cease his devotions to the wine-pitcher until the birds had emerged from their shells. The Greek proverb, _Ae
detine pond par le bec_ (The hen lays through its beak), is evidently designed to warn us we must not deny the bird a sufficiency of food, if we would not owe our lives to the same; and this maxim seems to have been taken to heart by the fortunate Scotman who possessed a fine goose that had been laying—it is from an eminent poultry-fancier's statement is derived—for nearly eighty-nine years, and who was at last killed by an unmannerly sow, who sat down on her eggs, smashing instead of hatching them. It must have been no sparing hand that dispensed this antique female's food, and enabled her to preserve to such an advanced age not only her life but her fecundity.

The egg was held in great veneration by the Egyptians, sometimes as symbolising the regeneration of the world, and sometimes as an emblem of the world itself. The ancient Persians regarded it in the latter point of view—Graeco-Roman, the creative principle of good, after he had called mankind into existence, having mysteriously enclosed them in an egg; and for the first of his enemies, he had intimated an incessant combat with Ahriman, the principle of malevolence or evil. Sir Robert Porter mentions a feast of ante-Mohammedan origin which he saw celebrated in Persia at about the period of our Easter; and when the rejoicings, it was customary for friends to interchange presents of eggs, typical, as it was supposed, both of the creation and the deluge. The mundane egg was also recognised in Brahminical theocracy; and if it be true that the Hellenic worship of Bacchus was derived from India, we can, in consequence, understand how it was that eggs were carried in solemn procession when the souls of the departed were persecuted. Stones, egg-shaped, have been found in the excavated chambers at Nimroud, as also the figure of a person richly apparelled, who wears an egg-shaped head-dress. The ancient Egyptians appear to have set great store by the eggs as well as the plumes of the ostrich; both formed part of the tribute they extorted from conquered nations. To what exact use they put these eggs, we have no certain information; but the reverence they paid them, and the fact that they were hung up in the temples, is evidence they were in some way connected with the superstitions of the country. The Coptic Christians now a days have ostriches' eggs pendent in their churches, as emblems of the resurrection, and, no doubt, are pierced, to enable the rope on which the lamp is hanging to pass through them, and thus prevent the rats from descending and getting at the oil. According to Christian iconography, the egg has generally been understood to symbolise the Resurrection, and hence probably arose the custom, which once prevailed in the north of England, of giving infants, the first time after baptism they are sent abroad to visit the neighbours, an egg, some salt, and some fine or manchet bread. Hence also arose the custom which still subsists in Russia, and obtained up to a very late period in many parts of England, of friends on Easter-day exchanging gifts of eggs—in England, these being always, or at least most usually, coloured, or otherwise ornamented. In Mesopotamia, the native Christian children akin the eggs red, in commemoration of Christ's blood. In Cumberland, a few years ago, the boys were wont to entertain themselves by challenging each other to a trial of the strength of their respective eggs, and these being boiled hard, much sport ensued. He whose egg survived the contest in which his was broken, or his was unhurt, was entitled not only to the fragments, by way of spoil, but to the dignified and coveted title of 'Cock of Five or Six,' or whatever the number of eggs might be which his own had discomfited.

The superstitions connected with eggs and their shells are very numerous. It is a fearful story that which Pliny tells of the egg of the serpent. When laid, by the violence of the wind it was thrown into the air, and any one lucky enough to catch it before it falls to the ground, must take himself off with all speed, for the angered reptiles will be after him, and pursue him; and if he has passed a broad river between himself and them. The possession of this egg will secure to its captor the favour of great men, and success in suits of law; so much so, that Claudius Cesar directed a noble Roman to be put to death only for having carried one of them in his breast when pleading before the emperor, and thus unduly influencing the imperial judgment. Pliny himself had seen one of these eggs, which he describes as being of about the size of a common round apple. Even when set in a plate of gold, it would not sink in water, and was known actually to swim against the current of a stream. In Normandy, cocks were supposed to have the power of laying serpents' eggs; but the less imaginative people of our own Suffolks and Norfolk are content with stigmatising a cock's egg as an abortion. Indeed, so sceptical is the turn of the English mind, that in an interesting literary miscellany, entitled _The British Apollo_, published between 1708 and 1711, we find propounded amongst other queries of correspondents, such as, 'How old was Adam when Eve was created? ...Is it lawful to eat black puddings? ...and in Dutch, we find the important question propounded—'Do cocks lay eggs...?' Persons knowing in such matters assert that no account should one give eggs to a witch, and that whenever an empty egg-shell is found, it ought to be forthwith broken to bits, 'lest,' as Sir Thomas Browne observes, 'witches finding it whole, should wickedly draw or prick their names therein, and do you a serious mischief.' This opinion is as old as the time of Persians, when a close relation was considered to exist between evil spirits and broken eggs. Of old, in Angus, 'Noroway' was considered as the proper rendezvous of witches, and accordingly no 'welledisposed person,' finding an egg-shell, would forbear crushing it, to prevent its being some witch's mode of conveyance to one of the celebrated meetings in Scandinavia. This explains the lines in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of _Women Pleased_—

The devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell, To victimize out a wife for the Bermoothes—

Bermuda being, in England, held the witches' head-quarters. In the north of England old, it was usual to make a solemn vow on Halloween, to drop the white of an egg into any pure liquid: if a rural landscape appears, your lot will be cast in the country, and you must make up your mind for a bucolic life; if hares and stooples present themselves, your future abode will be in the labyrinthine maze of great towns. In Teviotdale, we learn that dreaming of egg-foretokens approaching anger, but the danger is dissipated if the eggs are broken. In some parts of Nottinghamshire, it is considered ill-luck to let eggs leave the house after sunset. If you have purchased the whole store of her hen-roost, the good dame will not permit you to remove your own property, should the sun have gone down the sky.

Egg-shells have no doubt a special virtue of their own. John Wesley proposed to cure rupture by their agency; but Mrs Sullivan exceeded even that. Didn't the fairies steal her beautiful boy, and leave an ugly brat in its stead; and didn't, in her distress, Mrs Sullivan (honest woman!) ask aid of Grey Ellen, and sure didn't Grey Ellen tell her what to do, and sure didn't she do it. Taking those of the shattered, beards and chaff out, the laid eggs, Mrs Sullivan kept mashing them up in a boiling pot, which attracted the baby's attention. 'What are ye doing, mammy?' asked the two weeks-old infant. 'Is it what I am doing, hinnie?'
HOW THE DUEL BEGAN, AND HOW IT ENDED.

Our regiment was quartered in a small and miserably retired place. There was no society, no enjoyment, no open house; we were left to our own resources; nothing remained but to collect together at each other's lodgings, where, except our uniforms, there was nothing to be seen.

There was only one person that joined us who did not belong to the army. He was a man of about thirty-five years, an age which, we felt, fully justified us in considering him an old man. His years and experience enabled us to look on him with no little deference; while his ordinary meanness, austere manner, and bitter sarcasm, worked a powerful influence on our young minds. A certain mystery, too, was associated with his fate: he appeared to be a Russian, but had a foreign name. At one time, he had served in a regiment of hussars, but it was evident that he did not regard his term of service, or the circumstances connected with it, with any degree of satisfaction. No one knew the reasons which had induced him to give up his commission, and settle in such a miserable place as this which he had chosen. Here he lived, at the same time, wretchedly and prodigally; he always went on foot clad in an old worn-out overcoat, yet kept an open table for all the officers of our regiment. It is true, his dinners consisted only of two or three dishes cooked by an old discharged soldier; but champagne flowed like water. No one knew his circumstances, or the source of his income, nor did any of us ever venture to question him on the subject. His library consisted of a number of volumes, mostly on military subjects, and novels. He willingly lent them, and never expressed any wish to have them returned. His chief amusement consisted in exercising with pistols, and the walls of his house bore sufficient evidence of his partiality for this exercise, for they were completely covered with the marks of bullets. The skill to which he had attained in this his favourite occupation was incredible, and if he had offered to shoot an apple from the cap of any of us, none would have shrunk from exposing his head to his unerring aim.

Our conversation often fell on duelling. Silvio (for that was his name) never joined with us on these occasions. To the question, if ever it had fallen to his lot to be engaged in one, he would simply answer that it had; but with that he ended: he never entered into any details, and it was evident that the subject was disagreeable to him. We supposed that there were on his mind unpleasant recollections of some victim of the deadly skill. With regard to his countrymen, he never entered into our heads to suspect him of anything approaching to timidity. There are some people whose appearance alone forbids our entertaining such suspicions.

It happened that ten of our officers on one day dined with Silvio; we drank very deeply, as usual, and after dinner used all our endeavours to induce the host to play a game at bank. For a long while he refused; for he very seldom played; at length he gave way to our entreaties, and produced the cards; he then strewed on the table fifty dukats, and sat down to throw. We arranged ourselves around him, and play began. While playing, Silvio always preserved the most strict silence; he never engaged in any disputes or explanations. We knew his peculiarities, and therefore never disturbed him in any of his arrangements. On this occasion, it happened that among our number was a young officer who had lately joined the regiment. While playing, he had unwittingly made a false calculation; Silvio took the chalk and squared the account according to his own reckoning. The officer, thinking he had made a mistake, endeavoured to explain it to him. Silvio disregarding the interruption, continued to throw. The officer, losing his patience, took the chalk, and altered Silvio's account, thinking it to be an intentional malicious calculation. Silvio evidently did not approve of the conduct of the lieutenant, and immediately replaced the original figures. The officer, heated with wine, excited with the game, and provoked by the laughter of his companions, considered himself violently insulted, and in the height of passion, seized a brass candlestick which was near him, and hurled it at Silvio, who barely succeeded in escaping the dangerous missile. Silvio rose up, his countenance grew pale with rage, and with flashing eyes he said: 'Sir, oblige me by leaving this place, and thank God that this has occurred in my own house.'

The officer departed, but not before he had acquainted the host that he was ready at any time to answer for the affront he had given. We did not doubt the consequences of such an affair, and already looked upon our companion as a dead man. The play continued for a short time; but seeing that, after what had passed, Silvio could not be in much humour for play, we dispersed, each one to his quarters, where we occupied ourselves in reflecting on the events of the evening, and on the changes that would ensue from a vacancy. The next morning, at the mess, we were already speculating on the probability of our comrade's existence, when he himself appeared among us; we were all eager to know by what lucky stroke of fortune he had escaped. To our questions, he answered that he had not, as yet, received any communication from Silvio. This very much astonished us. We went to him soon after, and found him in the yard, sending ball after ball into a card which he had nailed to the great doors at the entrance of the yard. He received us in his usual manner, but did not mention a word of the occurrence of the preceding evening. Three days passed by, and the lieutenant was still alive. We asked one another with astonishment: Is it possible that Silvio will not fight? Silvio did not fight; he contented himself with a very slight explanation, and made no allusion to the affair.

The termination of this quarrel produced an immense effect on our young minds. The want of courage is excused by young people, than the lack of any other of those qualities which excite the admiration; for courage they consider the most worthy of human virtues, and even a palliation for all possible failings. However, by degrees, the whole
affair was allowed to pass by, and Silvio once more acquired his former ascendency.

For my own part, I could no longer approach him with the same feelings of confidence and pleasure with which I had hitherto done. Naturally of a romantic disposition, I first thought that the inclination towards this man, whose life was such a riddle, and whom I believed to be the hero of several legendary tales, would certainly be somewhat distasteful and distasteful to me at least. I thought, therefore, that I was free from the attacks of his ever-failing sarcasm, and he often conversed with me on various subjects with great freedom and extraordinariness. But after that unfortunate evening, the idea of his honour having been compromised, and that he had taken no steps to retrieve it, I could not shake off, and it prevented me from behaving towards him as I had formerly done. Silvio was too keen and experienced not to observe the change in my manner, and also to guess the cause of it; and it evidently vexed and pained him.

The inhabitants of the capital and of other great cities have no idea of the many trifling circumstances which produce an incredible influence on the minds of those far removed from the more civilized world, as, for instance, the anxiety and excitement attendant on post-days. On Tuesdays and Fridays, our office was filled with officers, some expecting letters, some money, others newspapers. The fortunate recipient of a packet of these last generally opened it on the spot, and communicated the principal news to an eager audience. The office at such times presented a picture of the most enlivening and exciting character. Silvio was generally found among us, for he received his letters through our regiment. One day he received a packet; with the rest, with the rest, he tore it open; his eyes beamcd with delight as he began to run over its contents. All the officers, being engaged in devouring the contents of their respective letters, did not observe how Silvio's correspondence had produced on him. It was not long before he drew our attention by suddenly exclaiming:

'Sirs, circumstances have rendered my speedy departure necessary. I set off to-night; consequently, I hope you will not refuse to dine with me for the last time. I shall expect you without fail,' said he, turning to the others, 'and the lady, she is happily retired, and we, having all agreed to meet at his house, returned to our several duties.

I arrived at Silvio's at the appointed hour, and found only the whole regiment assembled. He had already packed up all his valuables; there remained scarcely anything but the bare perforated walls. We sat down to the table. The host was in extraordinary spirits, and his good-humour soon extended itself to all his guests. The corks were flying continually, the glasses were frothing and hissing incessantly. We drank to his success times out of number, and showered over him our good wishes.

It was late in the evening when we rose from the table. When Silvio had taken leave of all, and we were preparing to depart, he took me by the hand and led me aside, and said quietly: 'I wish to speak to you.'

The guests left, and we remained alone. We sat opposite each other, and for a long time smoked our pipes in silence. Silvio was much embarrassed; already all traces of his convulsive manner had disappeared. A deadly paleness, glistening eyes, and the thinness of his face, gave him the appearance of a perfect fiend. At last Silvio interrupted the silence. 'Perhaps,' he said, 'we shall never see each other again. Before we separated, I wished to unburden myself on a subject of which the particulars are well known to you. You have no doubt observed that I care very little for the opinion of others; you have reason to believe, and it would be very painful to me to leave on your mind any wrong impressions as to my conduct on the occasion, to the particulars of which I have just referred.'

He stepped, and began to fill his pipe, which had gone out. Meanwhile, I sat perfectly silent, with my eyes cast on the ground.

'It seemed strange,' he continued, 'that I did not demand satisfaction from that drunken, insolent lieutenant, Bodolf. You may think that the choice of weapons, his life was in my hands, while I was comparatively free from danger. I could not avenge my moderation, pally, but I wish to deceive you. If I could have punished him without exposing myself to the slightest injury, I would not, on any consideration, have allowed the matter to pass by so easily.'

I looked at Silvio with astonishment. Such a confession utterly confounded me. He continued: 'I really mean what I have said. Indeed, I should not be justified in exposing my life to any danger, for, six years ago, I received an insult, and my enemy is still alive.'

'My curiosity was excited to the utmost. 'Then you did not fight with him?' I inquired. 'Circumstances must have prevented you?' I did fight with him; and here is something which will bear witness of the affair,' he answered.

Silvio rose, opened a small box, and took from it a red cap. It was ornamented with a tassel made of gold fringe, and trimmed with gloom. He put it on, and I observed that it had been shot through at about an inch and a half from the forehead.

'You know,' he said, 'that I served in the Hussars; you know also that I have always been the ruling genius. From my youth up, it has been my prevailing passion to be pre-eminent. In my younger days, extreme respect of conduct was in vogue; irregularity and wildness of behaviour was the order of the day; and in this I was second to none in the army. We boasted of drunkenness. I drank deeper than Silvio himself. Duels were constantly taking place in our regiment, and on every occasion I acted either as second or principal. My companions idolized me, and although my proceedings were not openly censured by the commanders, I was looked on as a necessary evil.

'I was revelling, with a feeling of undisputed security, rue. With the enjoyment of my acquired reputation, when a young man of a very rich and celebrated family was appointed to a vacancy in the regiment. Never before or since have I met with such a brilliant prodigy of fortune. Imagine to yourself a man like the flower of youth, intelligent, possessing a most handsome exterior, unbounded gaiety, courage the most daring, a high-sounding name, and riches of which he himself did not know the extent, and you may form some idea of the feelings with which I regarded a rival who possessed such preponderating advantages. It was not long before I began to feel that my fancied security was only a delusion; my popularity began to decline. Influenced by the high opinion entertained of me, the new arrival, at last sought to cultivate my acquaintance; but as I received him coldly, he had, without any apparent regret, left me to myself. I thoroughly hated him: his success in the regiment, and especially in the society of the ladies, drove me to desperation. I endeavoured to find a quarrel with him. I wrote epigrams: to these he replied with epigrams which always applied to me more unexpec ted and much sharper than my own, and which were certainly incomparably livelier. He jeered: I retorted with an irritation which I could not control.

'At last, we both happened to be at a ball given by a Polish gentleman. Here I saw him the centre of attraction of the whole company. Under the pretext, and it would be very painful to me to leave on your mind any wrong impressions as to my conduct on the occasion, to the particulars of which I have just referred.'
present position with that it had been not long ago was sufficient. My resolution was taken; and meeting with him afterwards in a side-room, I whispered into his ear some meditated insult. He turned into a rage and struck me a blow on the face; we drew our swords; then followed a scene of confusion; the ladies fainted, the gentlemen separated us, and we hastened that very night to settle the dispute in a more satisfactory manner.

'It was at daylight that I arrived at the appointed spot, with my three seconds. With the utmost impatience, I awaited the appearance of my opponent. The sun had risen, and we were already getting hot, when I saw him in the distance. He was coming on foot, accompanied by one assistant. We hastened to meet him, as we approached, I saw that his cap, which he held in his hand, was filled with cherries. The seconds measured twelve paces. It was my place to fire first; but I was so agitated with the desire of revenge, that I felt there was no dependence on the accuracy of my aim; so in order to gain time enough to cool my fevered brain, I proposed that he should take the first shot: to this he would not agree; we were therefore obliged to cast lots. He, the fortunate, drew the lucky number. We resumed our places; he took his aim, fired, and sent the bullet through my cap. It was now my turn; his life was saved in my hands. I gloated over my victim with a fiendish delight, and eagerly looked at him, endeavouring to catch if only a shadow of agitation; but there he stood, motionless, face pale, his hands trembling as he brought his arm to his face, with such force that several of them reached the place where I was standing.

'His equanimity perplexed and enraged me. Of what use is it, thought I, to try to punish a man who does not care a pin whether he is dead or alive! I reflected, then, on the business in hand, and in the hearing of my pistol, said:

"It appears that you are very unconcerned about death just now; perhaps you would like to breakfast first; if so, I have not the slightest wish to disturb you."" You do not disturb me in the least," said he.

"Fire, if you please; and if you do not wish to fire now, you can reserve it for any future occasion. I shall hold myself at any time at your service." I turned to my seconds, explained to them the uselessness of revenging myself on an individual so indifferent to life as my opponent, and with that the duel ended.

'I left the service, and then found my way to this place. From the time I came here, not a day has passed in which I have not thought of vengeance; and now my hour is come.'

Silvio took from his pocket the letter which he had received in the morning, and gave it to me to read. Some one— it appeared to be an agent of his—had written from Moscow to inform him that a certain person whom he knew was soon about to marry a young and beautiful lady.

'You guess,' said Silvio, 'who that certain person is who is about to marry. I am going to Moscow; and we shall see whether he will regard death with such indifference, on the eve of his wedding-day, as he did on a former occasion, when feasting on those cherries.'

With these words, Silvio rose, flung his cap on the floor, and began to pace the room backwards and forwards like a tiger in his cage. During the time he had been speaking, I sat quite motionless, while strange and conflicting emotions violently agitated me. The servant entered, and announced that the horses were ready. Silvio warmly pressed my hand, and we took leave of one another most affectionately. He jumped into the sleigh—a small wagon without springs—in which he carried his apparatus; containing his whole collection of pistols, and the other all his movable property. We bade adieu once more, and he was soon far away on his long journey.

A few years had passed away, when domestic circumstances compelled me to settle in a miserably country residence in the district of Dolova. This kind of life was not at all suited to my tastes; and while initiating myself in the principles of life, I turned to philosophize on my former boisterous and careless life; but the most difficult task of all was to accustom myself to spend the long winter evenings in complete solitude. I generally managed, however, to employ myself until my dinner-hour. I chatted with the old people who lived near me; I rode about, inspecting new works which had been set on foot; but, with the daylight, these resources failed me; nothing remained for me but to sit idle for the remainder of the evening. A small number of books, which I found in a cupboard and in the storehouse, I read so many times, that at last I knew them pretty well by heart. When these sources of intellectual enjoyment were exhausted, I had recourse to the services of my housekeeper, who related me all the tales she could remember. Although well stocked, she could not last for ever; when she did fail, my weariness and vexation became so insupportable, that I resolved to drown my cares in the less innocent bottle. This only increased my wretchedness, by adding to it the weight of bodily suffering. I confess, also, that I was afraid of becoming a habitual drunkard, of which I saw many deplorable specimens in our district.

About three miles from me was a fine estate belonging to the Countess, but this estate was neglected. It was occupied only by a steward. The countess had only visited it on one occasion, and that was with her husband, directly after their marriage, and then only remained a month. However, in the second spring after I had taken up my residence in my solitary abode, a report became current that the countess with her husband intended to pass the summer there; and in the month of June, the report was verified by their appearance.

The arrival of a rich neighbour is an epoch of great importance to people who live in the country. It is the talk of the neighbourhood for some months beforehand, and it furnishes the principal topic of conversation for at least three years after. I longed with the greatest impatience to see them, and on the first Sunday after their arrival, I set out immediately after dinner, to pay my respects to their excellencies, as their nearest neighbour and most obedient servant. The servant shewed me to the countess's boudoir, and I went to announce my arrival. The immense cabinet was fitted up most sumptuously; around the walls stood cupboards filled with books, and on each cupboard was a bronze bust; on the marble mantel-piece was a splendid mirror; the floor was covered with green cloth, and on the cloth were placed several small rich carpets. Living as I had for so long a time in such an insignificant dwelling, I was quite unprepared for such a sudden change. I began to feel very ill at ease, and awaited the appearance of the count with just as much diligence as a country solicitor would the arrival of a great man of state. The door opened, and the count, a fine, handsome man of about thirty-two years of age, entered. He approached me with a look full of candour and affability. I began to take courage, and was beginning to recommend myself, when the count interrupted me, and prevented any further speech. My name was not even mentioned in his conversation so free and perfectly unconstrained, that in a short time I conquered my uneasiness, and had just recovered my ordinary self-possession, when, the countess entered. My manners, I knew, returned with renewed force. The count perceived the state of my feelings, and in order to give me time to recover myself, he began to treat me as though he wished to lay aside all ceremony, and regard me as a respected neighbour. In the meantime, I moved about here and there, examining the
books and pictures. I am no connoisseur of pictures, but one attracted my attention; it represented a scene in Switzerland. I was not struck with the beauty of the scene, or with the skill of the painter, but my attention was riveted by seeing the marks of two balls which had been shot through it, the mark of one ball very nearly corresponding with the mark of the other. 'This is a good shot,' said I, turning to the count.

'Yes,' he answered, 'that is a celebrated shot. Do you shoot well?'

'Pretty well,' I answered, delighted that the conversation had fallen on a subject with which I felt perfectly at home. 'At thirty paces from a card, I will not miss, provided I have a trustworthy weapon.'

'Really?' said the countess, with a look of great attention. 'And you,' said she, turning to the count, 'could not you shoot with equal accuracy at thirty paces?'

'Some day we will try,' he replied. 'Longer ago, I did not shoot badly; but four years have passed since I took a pistol in my hand.'

'Oh, if that be the case,' I observed, 'I will lay your excellency a wager that you will not hit a card even at twenty paces, for the pistol requires daily practice, and I know by experience, for I wet out,' he went on, 'I reckoned one of the best shots in our regiment, and on one occasion I had not fired for a whole month, as my pistols were undergoing repair. What do you think of the consequence? The first time I tried, I missed a bottle at twenty-five paces, four times running. No, your excellency, to attain to perfection in the use of the pistol, one must not neglect to practice. The best shot whom it has ever been my lot to meet, practised every day at least three times before dinner. His practice seemed as natural to him as the glass of woody which he drank to sharpen his appetite.'

The count and countess were pleased that I had at last got into a humour for talking.

'And what did he do?' asked the count.

'I will tell your excellency. Whenever he happened to see a fly on the wall—you laugh, countess, but I can assure you it is true—whenever he saw a fly on the wall, he called out: "Conza, my pistol!" Conza always brought him a loaded one. He took his aim—bang! and the remains of the fly found a resting-place in the wall.'

'That is extraordinary,' said the count. 'And what was the name of this prodigy?'

'Silvio, your excellency.'

'Scarpered the count, jumping out of his seat. 'Is it possible that you know Silvio?'

'And how should I not know him, your excellency? We were all on terms of intimacy with him: in our regiment, he was treated as a brother-officer, but for five years I have had no intelligence of him. From your manner, I suppose your excellency also knows him.'

'I know him very well. Did he never mention to you anything of a very strange occurrence?'

'Do you refer to an insult he received from some hare-brained young officer?'

'I do. But did he mention to you the name of that hare-brained individual?'

'He did not, your excellency. Oh! I continued, as the truth began to dawn upon me, 'it may excite me—I had not the slightest idea—Is it possible that you are the person?'

'I am the very person,' said the count, with a look of great embarrassment; and that picture, which has excited your curiosity, bears witness to our last meeting.'

'Oh dear,' interrupted the countess, 'do not on any account enter into any details of the affair. It would be very dreadful for me to be obliged to listen to the particulars of that distressing event.

'It cannot be helped,' replied the count. 'I shall relate the whole occurrence: he knows how I offended his friend; now let him know how he revenged himself. The count drew his chair towards me, and with the most excited curiosity I heard the following account: 'About five years ago, I married. The honeymoon I spent here, on this estate. In this house I have passed some of the happiest moments of my life; but it has been also the scene of an event of the most painful remembrance. One evening, we went for a ride on horseback: the horse on which my wife rode became restive, and she, being alarmed, gave me the reins, and having dismounted, walked home alone. On reaching the yard, I saw a travelling talega. My servant informed me that there was a man in my cabinet who wished to see me; he refused to give his name, saying simply that he had some business of importance to transact with me. I hastened to the room, and saw in the gloomy light a man covered with dust, whose outward appearance gave evident tokens of carelessness and neglect. He stood here, by the chimney-piece. I went up to him, and endeavoured to recognise him. "You do not know me, count?" said he with a trembling voice. At the sound of his voice, which I well remembered, I was struck motionless, and my hair seemed to come out. With an effort, I exclaimed "Silvio!" "I am Silvio," he replied. "I am come to settle an account which has long been standing between us. Are you ready?"'

'I measured twelve yards to a corner, and begged him to fire quickly, before my wife returned. He lingered, and, after some hesitation, asked me for a light. I preserved him a candle, and shut the doors again, after ordering that no one should disturb us. I once more begged him to fire. He took out his pistol, and aimed it. I counted the seconds—I thought of her—O the terrible agony of those moments! Silvio dropped his hand. "I am sorry," he said, "that my pistol is not loaded with cherry-stones; you will find this bullet very hard. But it appears to me that this is not a dian but a mere amusement. Where is your pistol? I am not accustomed to fight with an opponent who is unarmed. Let us begin from the beginning; we will cast lots for the first shot." I was giddy with excitement, and at first refused; but dreading to prolong the harrowing scene, I at last loaded another pistol, tore off two bits of paper, and threw them into his cap, which I remembered having shot through on a previous occasion. On drawing, I found that I had again the first number. "You are still as lucky as ever, count," said Silvio with a smile, which I shall never forget. My excitement was so great, that I know not how I did it, but I fired, and hit that picture. The count pointed to the picture in question, his face burning with the excitement caused by the recital of this most momentous circumstance. The countess was paler than the white handkerchief which she was holding in her hand, and I could not refrain from giving vent to my feelings of astonishment. "I fired," continued the count, and, thank God, I missed. Silvio was taking his aim, when, on a sudden, the door opened, my wife rushed in, and with a shriek fell on my neck. With her presence, all my former courage returned. "My dear," I said, "do you not see that we are only jesting. Why are you so alarmed? Go, drink a little water; calm yourself, and return, and then I will introduce you to this gentleman, who is an old friend and companion of mine." My wife scarcely credited this, and, turning to Silvio, whose stern and rigid countenance was not calculated to produce a very favourable impression, she said; "Tell the truth, is it really true that there are only joking?" "He always jokes, countess," answered Silvio. "On one occasion, he gave me a blow on the cheek—a joke; in another joke he sent a bullet through this cap which I wear; and in a joke
he has just now fired at me and missed: now it is my turn to joke." With this, he was about to take his aim, when my wife threw herself at his feet. "He is a fool, sir; stop the shot," she cried. "In the madness of my rage. "And you, sir, cease your trifling with the feelings of this afflicted and terrified woman. Will you fire or not?" "I will not," answered Silvio. "I am satisfied; for now I have seen your agitation, your dread of my presence, and your lack of courage. This is enough." With that he turned, and was going out; but stopping in the doorway, he cast his eye on the picture through which I had shot, and almost without taking an aim, he put a bullet through the same hole I had made just before. He immediately disappeared. My wife lay in a swoon; the people of the house were filled with horror, and none dared to interrupt his retreat. He went out on the steps, called for his driver, and was on his journey before I had succeeded in recovering my senses."

Thus I heard the end of a story, the beginning of which had so moved me on a former occasion. With the hero I never met afterwards; but I have heard that, during the rebellion of Alexander Ipsilanti, he re-entered the army, held the command of a detachment, and was killed in a battle near Scolani.

AFTER THE RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

The wise man has told us that it is better to go into the house of mourning than into the house of feasting, and most certainly there is more to be learned in it. There we may see the Life Drama cut down into short parts, which are performed by real actors; and thence we may derive the truest lessons of pity and tenderness and love.

An opportunity lately presented itself, which enabled me to see how small an idea of a railway accident we derive from even the graphic columns of the daily press. I do not pretend to give any striking description, for I am but a surgeon accustomed to such scenes, and to take cold and calculating views of professional subjects; but any who choose to read this article may be assured that it is a statement of what I saw, heard, and felt.

Not many evenings ago, a railway train was passing towards London at the rate of forty miles an hour, which, though it is possible to attain a speed of sixty, or even ninety miles, even engine-drivers allow to be dangerous. Thoso was, indeed, the speed they were going on just then at any great pace, since it was unexpected, and the line was not clear, shot past a bewildered boy of nineteen; he paused to think what he should do, and the consequence was, that some simple hard-working labouring men, with their wives and families, were in a few seconds scattered piece-meal about a neighbouring field. They were returning from a day in the country, to which they had long looked forward; their families had discussed it for long; for it, lads were kept from school, servant-maids had asked for a holiday, lovers sought each other out; and they all walked gleefully to so many third-class railway carriages, parents carrying children, and children leading parents, to place them in circumstances more dangerous than the most bloody battle-field. They were going at forty miles an hour to the gates of death, which a poor lad, who would not have hurt a fly, set open to let them pass.

"I saw the train," says a man who was in the field, "coming along very fast, and some ballast-trucks with which it must come in collision; the engine shrieked out, but too late, and the next moment it was against a truck; then it gave two angry snorts, and sprang over the parapet; two men, driver and stoker, held on it, and they reached the ground all standing, ran a little way, and then it fell to pieces."

Then the steam, which was its life, flew hot and scalding over these two devoted men; but these are only two—not to speak of in a railway accident; merely five or six, perhaps, who have seen what comes now into the field: there is that clumsy caravan called a railway carriage, full of people, coming over. It falls on its side, and should the oaken walls keep their shape, the engine may still be saved; but now, while I look, it disappears, and is a mere shambles of steel and wood, with flesh and bones, flattened out under No. 2, which has also fallen flat on its side. But No. 2 has no reason to congratulate itself, for here comes No. 3, and just the way to do most mischief; it falls end on, on No. 2, and shivers it to atoms. Now, No. 3's woman's wild face as she is toppling over the edge; but there it hangs, and if the couplings of good English iron hold it, may go no farther. No. 4 hangs in mid-air, and terrified people get out, and clamber to safety as they best can.

Where are those pleasure-seekers we saw so lately enjoying that rare indulgence to them—fresh air and leisure? You cannot find them now by their merry voices; we must light a fire of carriages 1 and 2, which are in conveniently small chips, and get light, because it is now growing dark. There they are. Yes, my brother, you sought some rest to-day, and found it. Your last few hours of this life were not spent in your accustomed labour. And you, too, my sister—you with the gray hair and little basket flattened out in your hand—you have ended during a brief taste of pleasure, your forty years of sorrow as an English labourer's wife.

We pile up the fire, to let doctors distinguish between dead and living; we cart them off in vans to workhouse, dead-rooms, and hospitals. Above, on the line, which is torn up in parts, are locomotives shrieking, like terrified animals, running to their excursionsists, also coming at forty miles an hour towards the undiscovered country.

Down in the field are thousands of persons of all descriptions. Watch that woman with the wild face as she rushes now to the dead lying on the ground, now to the smashed carriages, then to the doctors, then to us. Have we seen her husband? No; how should we know her husband? We advise her to go to the hospitals and search for him.

Let us also go thither, and first to the Middlesex Hospital. There are many persons lying, some in the lines; others in the court; some are gathered in little groups, in the centres of which will be one who saw or was in the train, who is eagerly describing the accident to eager listeners. In all have been lost simple labouring men, seen with wondering eyes; there is a girl crouched in the corner, with her face pressed into its angle, and her shoulders shaking as if she were in convulsions.

We ask the civiljanitor whether any cases have been brought in; he takes a key from a nail, and walks silently along a long passage, descends a few steps, and we enter a small room lit from the roof. There are four coffins. 'These,' said he, 'are two brothers. Their father sought for them all night. He came here at eleven o'clock to-day, and recognised them. I thought the sight had killed him. His wife lies dead at University Hospital. This fair-haired boy of eleven had a little brother on his lap when the accident occurred; the poor little fellow was found unhurt, though deluged with blood, wrapt in this lifeless body. That tall lad of seventeen has not yet been owned."

This last was a strong fellow, with a fine Anglo-Saxon head, but sadly battered. Their faces are all placid, with no look of pain; they have not died, as the French say, but suddenly ceased to live.

Now to see the living. Here is a woman with smashed face and broken leg; the former is covered with wet lint, with breathing-holes cut in it; the latter lying so neatly dressed up in splints. O genius of Destruction! I won't all this minute trouble,
taken to counteract your efforts, soften you a little! Then down stairs again to see one with broken bones, a tall strong man, with black-whiskered, honest face. He will not suffer any bandaging. His head has been in the air; two broken ribs on the dilated pupil a surgeon attaches so much importance to. He feels indifferent at what has happened. Keep him in bed! he says, as he bounds from it, and Declines to sign his address to this incipient and his calls for Susan, who is dead in another hospital, totally useless; but what is to be expected from human nature fighting with golden calamity? He was to be married to Susan, and had taken her for a trip; and here's the end of it. An old man, in a swallow-tailed high-collared coat, is sitting by him—that is his father. And the old woman clutching the Bible—that is his mother. He supported them, poor old creatures. The railway will give compensation, of course; but it will not compensate them for the want of that young giant's honest face, and all the hopes accident to him and Susan they have talked over together. As we go out, a girl catches the surgeon's arm, and with her eyes asking him about her brother. 'I don't think,' says he, 'my dear girl, that he will recover—I fear not.' She compresses her lips, turns sharp round, and walks off before us; I see her fall almost senseless into a woman's arms.

Come, now, to University College Hospital; there, as at the Middlesex, we meet with great kindness and attention. Here, too, we are first shewn the dead. In the area of a small house lie six of our poor holiday-makers—two women, one with almost a laugh still lingering on her face; all so calm: a little golden-haired girl with one leg amputated, the other smashed; next her a powerful man, who died soon after coming into the house. He had been bent down by pressure from above, and his own efforts for relief had rent his diaphragm—the great muscle which separates the abdomen from the thorax—and forced his liver up into the latter. Fancy this—fancy the despairing efforts of tremendous strength which caused this misfortune! Now upstairs. Yes, reader, you must come. See the dressers and house-surgeon sitting noiselessly from bed to bed, doing their work so silently and well. Here is a strong man with his breast-bone broken, panting for breath; there is another, the stoker, almost parboiled. A woman is standing staring at a bed; it is our friend of the anxious eyes. So you have found him. Yes, she had. 'You see we were in different carriages; he was in the one in front of me. I got down the bank to where his carriage lay, and couldn't find him; then went home; then to the station; then to the different hospitals, and then I came here. But suddenly an idea struck me he might be at home; so I ran away there; it was very far, but I made sure he was home; and he wasn't; so I ran back here, but couldn't see him; and then again to the Middlesex; and so I ran about, sir, all night. I was here three times; and it wasn't till eleven this morning I found that that was him; and the anxious eyes turned again to the bed. 'Ah, but he'll do very well!' said a kind voice, as a velvety-footed dresser rapidly passed to a bed where another lay. Most were bearing their sufferings without a murmur. Strange! when we bystanders felt so indignant to see God's image so mangled, that these brave English hearts never yielded, and only seemed to feel gratitude for the tenderness they met with.

But what are these short three notes of suffering repeated about twice in the minute? They come from a man who says: from a little child suffering from some internal injuries, which rolls constantly from side to side, uttering these three short cries. Poor child! we have just seen your mother; she is lying very tranquilly where your feebile voice cannot disturb her. There are many others. But let us go away. What good can we do? and we may be impeding others.

I can hardly take leave of the subject without a general remark. The Hampstead Junction accident followed close upon the Brighton one, the first proving no warning adequate to prevent the second. This second showed too strongly—rather too indifferently—to the demands for increased care, or unable, in the conditions pressing upon them, to take greater care, unless at an expense which they are not disposed to encounter. Looking at the large deductions amounts made from their profits to pay damages for life and limb, it seems like infatuation that they should undertake a business so full of risk, except under proper precautions, for which, of course, the public should pay. Here, however, we are met by the fact, that excursion trains are upon the cheap principle. This is as much as to say that both parties in the affair are blameable—the railway authorities, in undertaking what they have not the means of safely carrying out; and the public, in yielding to the temptation of cheapness at a risk proportionate thereto. The love of gain or necessity for dividends on the one hand, the love of a bargain at the hazard of a loss on the other, appear to be each concerned. Some reform is required on both sides.

CAVOUR.

This Italians do not care to know whose great-grandson a man is, and thereby they doubtless avoid much prolixity in their biographies. A writer of that nation, who has just published a memoir of Cavour, commences by the statement, that, according to some, the subject of his memoir was of ancient family and lineage; according to others, of a small tradesman at Nice. But the matter being of no importance, he, the writer, had not taken the trouble to inquire which of the two versions was correct. One of our own countrymen, however—Mr. Edward Dicey—with less philosophical disregard for external facts, has supplied us with certain information upon that point, as well as with many interesting details concerning the great Piedmontese statesman.

The Benni, which is the real name of the Cavour family, are among the oldest of the noble houses of Piedmont, and existed certainly so far back as the year of grace 1150. In the eighteenth century, Michele Benso was raised to the rank of marquis, taking his title from the little village of Cavour, in the province of Pinerolo. The family has always been closely connected with the Bonapartes. The Marquis Cavour was grand-chamberlain to Prince Borghese, the husband of Pauline Bonaparte; his wife was lady-in-waiting to the princess; one of his sisters was maid of honour at the French imperial court; and another held the same office in the court of Hortense, the mother of the present emperor. Count Cavour himself was baptised on the 10th of August 1810, under the name of Camillo Benzi di Cavour, taking his Christian name from the Prince Camillo Borghese, who acted as his godfather, while the Princess Pauline held him in her arms. His favouritism at court, however, did not much outlive his infancy; and we find him at eighteen something like an exile from royal sunshine, in consequence of the expression of what were then called liberal opinions. By the Austrian government, he seems to have been considered dangerous, even at that early age, since, upon the occasion of his visiting the Lombard provinces, the director-general of police at Milan issues the following instruction to his officials:

'Milan, May 15, 1835.

'A young Piedmontese nobleman, Camillo di Cavour,
is about to set out on his travels. He was formerly an officer in the Engineers, and in spite of his youth is already deeply corrupted in his political principles. I lose no time in giving this intelligence to the con-
missaries of police, with instructions not to permit the entrance of the person in question, should he present himself at our frontiers, unless his passport is perfectly es rèle, but he, you can in this case, only after the most rigorous investigation into his clothes and luggage, as I have reason to suspect he may be the bearer of dangerous documents.'

'Even the police,' remarks Mr Dicey, 'are sometimes right; for bitterer or more fatal foe to Austria never breathed than that same youth was destined to become. He had that confidence in himself and in his future which doubles the strength of a man who is really strong. At twenty-four, we find him writing to the Marchioness Barolo, in reply to her compliments upon his court disfavour thus: 'I am very grateful, madame, to you for the interest you are kind enough to take in my misfortunes; but I can assure you I shall make my own way notwithstanding. I own that I am ambitious—enormously ambitious—and when I am minister, I hope I shall justify my ambition. In my dreams, I see myself already minister of Italy.'

Nevertheless, at this time, the young Count Cavour lived precisely the same sort of life as other young noblemen, remarkable neither for excess nor absti-
ence. The only passion he ever had was for gambling. Upon one occasion, he incurred in this way debts to the amount of L8000, which the marquis, his father, paid out of his future share in the property, with the declaration, however, that no more would be forthcoming from that source. Thereupon Cavour, with a most characteristic moderation, instead of leaving off gambling, simply reduced his stakes, and continued playing as before. Till within the last few years of his life, when his occupations became overwhelming, he was the first wisest player in Turin; and on one of his later visits to France, after he became minister, he was asked to play with M. de Rothschild at 1000 francs points, and rose from the table a winner of 180,000 francs.

The Piedmontese often style themselves the English of Italy, and not without reason. They are a truthful and practical people, with a love of law and order, and by no means doltish or of the south. Cavour was especially English-like, and his admiration for England and its institutions was such as his own countrymen did not hesitate to call him a Jacobin. His opinions upon the Irish question, at the time of O'Connell's prosecution for sedition, when throughout the continent, and especially in Catholic countries, the Liberator was looked upon as the heroic leader of an oppressed nation, are very illustrative of this, as well as very characteristic of himself. He denies that Repeal was desirable for Ireland; but his real ground of dissatisfaction with O'Connell is, that a possible reform had been abandoned for an impos-
sible revolution. Count Cavour was perhaps the first, as most unquestionably he was the greatest, of Liberal Conservatives. He was a wise man, who aimed at the good of society, but he was not a philanthropist; the conclusion of his fine essay upon Communism is one of the few instances in his writings of anything like philosophic benevolence. 'The remedies, then, which should be opposed to these socialist ideas, at whose propagation society is justly alarmed, are, firstly, the diffusion of the most unanswerable truths, calculated to enlighten the intelligence of mankind; and secondly, the promotion of feelings of mutual good-will between all classes of society. . . . To every man, then, his politics would have been very simply and easily done, in time, and in a gentlemanly and decorous manner. To the disinterested reader, however, this line of argument is a little like that of the famous
practice the great principle of universal benevolence, act upon the hearts of mankind as science acts upon the minds.' These are golden words, with which no wise or good man could quarrel; but they are not always so lenient or so liberal in his political sentiments. When we find the Piedmontese court turning the cold shoulder upon this nobleman by reason of his life and politics, we begin to believe that they were democratic. He was, if not the author, at least the chief promoter, of a Gagging bill against the press of Piedmont, and the view, which he expressed upon that subject would sound strange enough in the mouth of even the most conservative of English statesmen. 'The press is of small use,' says he, 'in my opinion, when it treats of subjects unconnected with the country, or with internal politics. . . . If it attacks foreign governments, or undertakes the defence of any party in a foreign country whom it may consider oppressed, it is in all probability excluded from the state to which its criticism refers, and therefore it cannot produce any influence on public opinion there. . . . But while it is excluded from private circulation, it is read by the government, by the very persons against whom it directs its accu-
sations, or, to speak the plain truth, its invective and insults, a result which certainly produces no effect whatever, except to irritate still more the governments or individuals attacked, and possibly to aggravate the condition of the very party whom the press seeks to aid.' Views such as these do not, at first sight, seem to be supposed, render Cavour popular; and upon the occasion of Mr Cobden's visit to Turin, his intimacy with the count, who was then considered a reactionary and a monarchist, gave great offence to the liberal
party. When they walked arm in arm together in the streets, it was even observed by enlightened patriots: 'Voilà la liberté du commerce garante par le monopole.'

Nevertheless, in 1850, one of the boldest measures ever passed in Piedmont owed its success to Cavour—
an act for annuling ecclesiastical courts and other clerical immunities, and rendering the clergy amenable in civil matters to the common law. To give an idea of the audacity of such a proposal, we may mention
that in consequence of it, Santa Rosa, the Minister of Commerce, having died suddenly, was refused extreme unction, by the orders of the archbishop of Turin, unless he solemnly expressed his repentance for
the part he had taken in the measures which had
proposed this measure against the church; and Santa Rosa being resolute, he died unconfessed and unabated. Mindful of the Apostate, M. Cavour himself made arrangements with a priest whom he could trust, so that he might rely on the last sacraments being administered to him; and when he died, this priest, the well-known Fra Giacomo, was not wanting to the promise given. The court's conduct was courageous enough at times, and generally—for a diplomatist—straightforward. Still, there is no excusing his concealment, and, indeed, his denial of the secret agreement with the French emperor con-
cerning the cession of Nice. Garibaldi could, perhaps, have forgiven him the sale of his native city, but he could not forgive the falsehood that veiled the deed up to the last moment. The simple soldier of Cavour could not understand that duplicity which the diplo-
mates' code of morals is understood to wink at. Cavour himself was ashamed of the transaction, and
on his part, therefore, found it hard to forgive Garibaldi. Mr Dicey is all for the statesman in the
quarry, and has the courage to say what is hard for the hero.' He accuses him of having freed Italy in an
undiplomatic and vulgar manner, of which Cavour had no little right to complain. If he had waited, and the count had lived, they would have done everything well done, in time, and in a gentlemanly and decorously manner. To the disinterested reader, however, this line of argument is a little like that of the famous
scientific swordsman who protested against having been run through upon inartistic principles. The whole treatment of Garibaldi by the 'moderate party,' as they call themselves, has indeed, since the taking of Gaeta, been a sporting affair, and at a very high degree.

The poor man having delivered the city, nobody now remembers 'that same poor man,' and Mr Edward Dicey boasts of all. The endeavour to depreciate the hero as widely as possible by the construction of the biography, is the weakest part of the volume; where it is confined to Cavour himself, it is admirable.

The private life of the count was a very simple one. He rose between four and five, had audiences chiefly on matters connected with his private property till six; breakfasted very lightly, according to Italian fashion, and then, with the interval of half an hour's walk in the middle of the day, worked till the chambers met. He dined late, after the chambers were over, and almost always, except on the rare occasions when he gave state-dinners, alone with his brother. When dinner was over, he smoked a cigar, sitting in summer-time on his balcony, where the citizens of Turin used to come and look at 'the count,' as they were wont to call him; then slept for half an hour, and worked again till he went to bed at midnight.

His appearance was neither captivating nor imposing.

With regard to Cavour's outward form and person, any photographer will give the reader a clear perception of it, and what no photograph can give—the look of power, the half-mild, half-jealous smile, and the keenness of those worn, overworked eyes—despair of giving alone. . . . The squat—and I know no better term—pot-bellied form; the small stump of legs; the short round arms, with the hands stuck constantly in the trousers' pockets; the thick neck, in which you could see the veins swelling; the scant thin hair; the blurred, haggard face; and the sharp gray eyes, covered by the goggle spectacles—these things are known to all who have examined the likeness of Italy's greatest statesman. When Cavour was at Plombières, and the terms of the alliance were under discussion, the Emperor Napoleon turned to him one day and said: 'Do you know, there are but three men in all Europe: one is myself, the second is you, and the third is one whose name I will not mention before this observation was made in respect to personal beauty or moral excellence, is not known.

The death of Count Cavour is, as is popularly imagined, to be laid to the charge of the doctors. Those best qualified to judge, believe that the real malady was congestion of the brain; but be the final disease what it may, there can be no doubt of the broad fact, that Cavour killed himself over work. If bleeding was not the proper remedy, the fault of its adoption lay with Cavour, not with the doctors. Like most Italians, he firmly believed in the efficacy of bleeding, and was accustomed to be bled in every case of illness. Both the physicians and Cavour himself were early convinced that there was but little hope of recovery. During the last four days his mind was constantly wandering. If anybody spoke to him, he woke up, and answered coarsely and calumni; but when left to himself, his thoughts seemed to stray back confusedly to the interests of his public life. The names of Rome and Venice, and above all, of Naples, were constantly on his lips. . . . On the Monday, when he knew that he was dying, he sent for Fra Giacomo. "Let us say a prayer for you, my son," said the padre; and Cavour replied: "Yes, father; but let us pray, too, for Italy.""

The city of Turin was so filled with anxious multitudes, and among the crowd on the last day, Victor Emmanuel entered, almost unnoticed, the room where Cavour lay. The dying man's eyes caught sight of the king before those around his bed had done so. The room was cleared, and what passed between the first king and the first minister of Italy on this their last meeting, after so many years of friendship, remains a secret. Throughout the day, too, there came hourly telegrams from the Emperor Napoleon, asking after the sick minister, but there was no good news to return. He died soon after sunrise the next morning. The burial honours paid to him were national: his countrymen mourned him as though he had been of each a blood-relation; but instead of his being buried, as he might have been, in the royal vaults of the Superga, he was taken where he had always wished to lie, in the little chapel of his own home at Santena. About his tomb there is a story worth telling, and which may fitly conclude this sketch of the great statesman's life. 'In the village of Santena there resides a well-to-do landed proprietor, who, years ago, made his fortune as a mason. On the occasion of the funeral, the farmer begged permission to be allowed for the time to resume his old trade, and fasten up the slab himself. The permission was granted, and when the work was done, some one noticed to him that the black clothes he had put on for the funeral were stained with plaster-marls. 'Don't touch them,' he answered: 'I shall just leave these clothes, just as they are, to my children, as the most precious of my possessions.' And the stained clothes now hang treasured up in the house of the mason-farmer.

BIBLIOMANIA

Had we time to dwell on the subject, we might trace the madness of book-collecting to a very remote date, and give it a pedigree almost as respectable as that of the Gascon gentleman, who, claiming descent from an 'original inhabitant' of the Garden of Eden, looked down in secret scorn upon the large body of mankind who come from 'that parvenu Adam.' History, from age to age, gives us casual glimpses of the libraries of days gone by, from the countless tomes of the Ptolemies down to those few choice volumes, valued at more than a king's ransom, which the royal care of the great Alfred gathered together on the soil of Britain. The phrase attributed to the Emperor Julian—'Alii quidem equos amant, ali avidi, ali feras; mihi vero a puero mirandum acquirendi et possidenti libros insecutum desiderium'—well expresses the feeling of a genuine collector. And we are all familiar with Chaucer's description of a bibliophile of his own days, who would rather have at his bedside A twenty books, y-clothed in black or red, Of Aristotle and his philosophy, Than robes rich, rebek, or pellary.

It was not, however, until the habit of collecting books and forming libraries had become well established, and, so to speak, fashionable, that the extreme refinements of bibliography came into vogue. In Great Britain, perhaps, the birth of the new 'science'—as it is fondly styled by its votaries—may be dated from the earlier part of the last century, when Mead, Harley, Sir Hans Sloane, and others, laid the foundations of collections that have since become of national importance. It is to the last named, for instance, that we owe the origin of the British Museum. Foremost amongst these virtuosi was the celebrated Dr Askew, who, in reality, was the first man, as far as we know, that collected up the received principles of the present day. His immense library was rich to excess in copies, printed on vellum and on large paper, of the rarest editions, particularly of the classics; and long after his death, an exemplar Aeschinum was sure to bring its full price in the
market. We believe his Aldine Plato—the editio princeps of 1513, in two volumes—printed on the purpest vellum, is still regarded as one of the choicest books in the world. The sale of his library 'apud S. Baker and G. Leigh, in vico dicto York Street, Covent Garden, February 1725' occupied twenty days, and brought what were then considered high prices; one of the highest, we believe, being that paid for the Teucide of Boccaccio, printed at Ferrara in 1475, which sold for eighty-five pounds. Many amusing anecdotes are still told of Askew's singularities. So chary was he of his dearly beloved volumes, that he would suffer no hand but his own to unlock the cases in which they were kept. Perched upon the ladder, he would thus exhibit some unique volume to the envious eyes of a less fortunate brother, who might indeed read it in that position, but could never hope to hold it in his own hands.

In the formation, indeed, of so many choice libraries, a discrimination in the selection of the best and rarest editions was at once a natural result; and the consequence is obvious. From the contents of two rival amateurs arose the most celebrated collection of its day in England. When Harley, Earl of Oxford, was forming his famous library, a hundred and fifty years ago, a bookseller brought to him one morning a book of undoubted rarity, the Decameron of Boccaccio, printed at Venice by Christoffer Valdesfar, in 1471, being the first edition printed with a date. For this volume, then—so late as 1807, erroneously supposed to be unique—he demanded the modest little sum of one hundred guineas. Lord Oxord, like Mrs Cautile's 'philosophical girl,' was doubtless willing to accede to any demand 'dictated by good sense, and comprehended within the bounds of eloquence;' but he did not look upon the price demanded in that light, and flatly refused to pay it. The dealer then offered it to Lord Sunderland, Harley's rival collector, and with as little success. Accident, however, threw him in the way of Robert, the second Duke of Roxburghe, who had just succeeded to his title, and to an ample estate, that had been long at nurse, and who, caring probably as little for this edition of Boccaccio as for an old almanac, purchased it without a moment's hesitation, for the mere gratification, perhaps, of buying what was beyond the reach of the distinguished Earl of Oxford and Mortimer. Having thus laid out his hundred guineas, he hastened to invite Oxford and Sunderland to dine with him, and their conversation naturally turning on the unique volume they had seen that morning, and which each hoped to buy at a cheaper rate, their host quietly pointed out to them the identical book upon his window-sill; 'ce qui fut,' says honest Brunet, 'pour ces bibliomanes paracimonieux un véritable crevo-cour.' This is said to have been the beginning of that princely collection which, on the death of John, the third Duke of Roxburghe, was brought, in 1812, to the hammer. A few years before, Beloe had predicted that, if ever this volume was exposed to sale, it would bring at least five hundred pounds. Two other copies were subsequently discovered, both imperfect—one in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, wanting one leaf, and one in the Bibliothèque Royale at Paris, wanting three. But the Roxburghe copy, which was in perfect order, far outran even the anticipations of its reverend historian, being finally knocked down to the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards Duke of Marlborough, at the price of two thousand two hundred and sixty pounds! His unsuccessful oppo-

* Sir Walter Scott, in his essay on Pickwick's Criminal Trials, tells this story in a somewhat different fashion. In the version in the text, the writer has followed Brunet and Beloe.

nent was Earl Spencer, who, however, lost nothing by waiting, since, in June 1819, he bought this identical copy, at the Marlborough sale, for only nine hundred and eighteen pounds, fifteen shillings; 'ce qui est encore un prix fort honnête,' as M. Brunet again naively observes.

From the number of distinguished amateurs who met in London on the occasion of the Roxburghe sale, an election into which was so highly prized by Sir Walter Scott, and which undoubtedly has suggested the host of printing-clubs that have arisen in later years—the Bannatyne, the Maitland, the Spalding, the Camden, the Shakespeare, the Percy, the Hakluyt, and a score more of like learned associations for the preservation of such rare information as stands in likelihood of loss or destruction by reason of its being in a unique copy. Certainly, whatever opinion a philosopher may entertain of bibliomania in the abstract, no one will deny that, in many of its results, it has been practically of the first service to the cause of letters.

To define in what this 'science' consists is a task that might well puzzle a more erudite lexicographer than old Scaliger himself. One favoured votary, however—himself no undistinguished son of the Museus—paints, with the focused freedom of a successful lover, the various charms which cause the bare sight of

The small dark volume, rich with tarnished gold,
bearing the mystic colophon of a Caxton, a Pynson,
or a Wynken de Worde, to make the heart leap for joy, and the purse-strings relax, till the precious tome—

rurus, raresimus, or unique—

is cheaply purchased at its weight of gold.

'Here,' says Sir Walter, in his description of Oldbuck's library, "were belles lettres extantes first, and there stood those scarcely less regarded as being the last and best; here was a book valued because it had of the author's final improvements, and there another which, strange to tell, was in request because it had them not. One was precious because it was a folio; another, because it was a duodecimo; some, because they were tall; some, because they were short; the merit of this lay in the title-page; of that, in the arrangement of the letters in the word Finis. There was, it seemed, no peculiar distinction, however trifling or minute, which might not give value to a volume, provided the indispensable quality of scarcity or rare occurrence was attached to it." In the conclusion of the last paragraph lies, doubtless, the root of the whole matter.

Of the extremities to which collectors are often carried in their zeal to procure the volume "rareissimus" of Brunet or Lowndes, there are examples innumerable. Witness the charming little tale of Charles Nodier, the most tasteful of amateurs, the most graceful of modern French writers; witness the forere of which Mr Jonathan Oldbuck descants upon the story of Caxton's Book of the Chess—the first book printed in England—how 'Snuffy Davy' bought it at a stall in Holland for twopenny; how it came to Dr. Askew's hands for sixty guineas; and how, at his sale, 'this inestimable treasure blazed forth in its full value, and was purchased by royalty itself for one hundred and seventy pounds!' Witness the price paid in 1847 at Leigh's auction-room for a Magazine Bible—namely, five hundred pounds; while three hundred pounds were freely given at the same time for a copy on vellum of Tully's Offices, printed in 1465.

There is a very considerable difference not only between the principles which govern the collection of books in England and in France, but also in the character of the collectors. In the one country it is a taste that is, in general, not much indulged but by gentlemen of hereditary fortunes, whose position in
society is assured, and whose hobby it is to lay out forty or fifty thousand pounds upon a library. In France, on the contrary—though, of course, there are numerous exceptions to these rules on either side of the Strait of Dover—the principal collectors are men of letters, whose incomes are derived from no fixed capital, and whom, therefore, the practice of selling off, from time to time, so much of their libraries as may be convenient or necessary, is not discreditable. Again, there are refinements in French collections that are not yet entirely in vogue in England. The distinction between a plain copy of a rare edition, on ordinary paper, with fair margins, and modestly bound, and another, fresh and clean as when it first left the press, on Holland paper or on vellum, spotless and uncut, and sumptuously bound in the most expensivestyle, is much less marked in the former country than in the latter. In France, the process of renovating books is carried to an extreme. Two or three imperfect copies, for instance, of the same edition will be brought together; taking a part from this, and a part from that, a complete set of the most perfect leaves will be formed. Then it passes underneath the hands of a person whose business it is, by means of washing it will be certain preparations, by careful erasures, by sizing, and by a thousand other modes, to cleanse each page from every stain or blot that it has received. Should a part of a leaf be gone, he finds paper precisely similar to that on which the book is printed (in a case of the last necessity, taking a fly-leaf from the book itself), and prints the missing portion in type of the same character—joining the whole together so artfully that the most practiced eye is often deceived. By this process (formerly called bidio-guinanie, but which is now known as la bibilatrique), perfect copies of the rarest works are constantly produced; and our readers may judge of the skill with which this is performed when we assure them that a thousand francs are not unfrequently paid for such a restoration of a single volume. From the hands of the restorer, the renovated treasure goes to those of the binder; and here, again, is a field for the indulgence of taste and expense. Scores of pounds may be spent in giving to an octavo or quarto its costly girt of morocco and gold; so that by the time the collector has filled a single shelf, he may easily have expended a moderate fortune. It is true that in these last two arts France has, it seems to us, the decided advantage over the rest of the world. Highly as we rate the abilities of our own binders, of Riviere, of Hayday, of Mackenzie, or of Clarke and Bercow, we cannot but confess that we have never seen binding of a living workman equal to that of Baunonnet; but whose desires specimens of his best workmanship, may well count over his sovereigns very carefully ere he sends them on such a flight.

WITHIN MAKES WITHOUT.

All of us make our own world. The nature of the without is determined by the within. The selfish find all men selfish; the gourmets detect gourmets in everything; the good believe all to be good; and the amiable generally find themselves among pleasant-natured people. Even the criminal classes exemplify this principle; not a swindler amongst them but is convinced that, under the decent rube of Respectability, there fester a mass of sins.

We are thus furnished with a key to the characters of men. If you hear one proclaiming the universal self-seeking of mankind, you may be pretty sure he is one who takes unusual care of himself. If another is always on the watch in suspecting him. If he takes generally depreciatory views of human nature, you may safely conclude that he is himself no very favourable specimen of the race. When you hear any one treating all others as knaves, it will be very excusable that you set him down as such in his heart, if not in his ordinary actions. And all this simply because we furnish forth the world from our own hearts. The world is just what we make it to ourselves.

One would think that the very experiences of us poor mortals are in some mysterious accordance with our prevailing strain of sentiment. Be jolly and good-humoured yourself, and you will be constantly meeting pleasant people who treat you hospitably and kindly; be cankered and suspicious, and everybody you fall in with will be something bad. Be a pessimist, and things really will put on their worst aspect; be an optimist, and the world will be an unforfeited Eden. A Damp Blanket finds all humid round about him. A misanthrope will never once in life encounter an amiable person. It seems as if there were a special providence in it. I certainly never do call upon the family of Mr Felix Summerley, but all seems paradisiacal about them. They are full of kindness to kind, pleasant friends, and merry picnics, and all kinds of fun and merry-making, as if there were no such thing as knaves, fools, or bores in the world. Neither do I ever visit the Growley De Winters—an equally respectable family—but I am regaled, as long as I will stay, with stories of wife-abusing husbands, ruinously extravagant wives, sons rusticated for misbehaviour at school, and the rapidly approaching bankruptcy of every one of their acquaintance who has a good house over their heads. How it happens that the one party never has any pleasant, or the other any unpleasant experiences, seems at first perfectly inexplicable on any natural theory.

The truth, however, is that we make our circle what it is. The Summerys start with cheerful unsuspicous minds, disposed to be generally obliging, and capable by their high spirits of greatly impressing all around them. They naturally attract the best kind of friends, and thus secure that their ordinary experiences in the world shall be of an agreeable kind. The De Winters, on the other hand, having no sort of attraction for good souls, are apt, for want of better, to take up with an infernal crew, with whom they eminently verify all their misanthropical notions. They never know what good and lovable people there are in the world, to be had as friends by those worthy of them. That portion of society remains to them as a fountain closed and a book sealed; and all because they are not, in the first place, good and lovable themselves.

There is more in this piece of domestic philosophy than at first appears. It is a very common mistake among us, with regard to certain social duties, to look for others making the beginning. We sit still, not ill-disposed, perhaps—not unwilling to reciprocate kindness—but expecting that it shall first be shewn to us by some other person. Why others should begin, cannot be demonstrated. There is, in truth, no reason for it. There is, possibly, however, a reason for the expectation, in some profound unacknowledged defect of self-confidence or self-reliance. When this kind of error arises from merely a false modesty, or what is called a retiring disposition, it is much to be deplored, and the consequences may be sympathised with. Where it arises, as it often does, from some perversion egotism, it can only be condemned. However it may originate, one thing is sure, that there
is great virtue, great safety, for ourselves, in being always ready with kind and equal demonstrations. Think not of what is due from others. Pay your own debt of loving-kindness at once, without a moment's thought of what will or ought to come of it. Most assuredly, such is the rule of the Summerleys, by which they bring such a pleasant social atmosphere around them.

POKING ABOUT IN SOMERSET HOUSE.

There are not in London many buildings more remarkable than Somerset House and its occupants. A stranger, standing near the front archway in the Strand, would at certain hours of the day marvel who and what are the people going in and out. From ten to twelve o'clock in the forenoon, they flock in by hundreds; and at various periods from two to four they flock out again in equal numbers. Nothing particular can be inferred from their appearance; for in these days the Inverness cape, the cut-away coat, and the peg-top trousers, are distributed very impartially among all grades of society. Going within the quadrangle, the stranger would speedily be bowled over. So many stairs, doors, and windows; so many passages and corridors, so many unconnected and incongruous inscriptions on, or over, or near the several entrances, leave him in doubt concerning the real ownership of this vast mass of building.

The truth is, Somerset House is not now what it was. The Strand was a famous place for royal and noble mansions three or four centuries ago. It was really a Strand, and not merely so by name; for there were walks by the river-side, with mansions and gardens intervening. At a time when the Strand was still a country road leading from the city of London to the city of Westminster, the site of the present Somerset House was occupied by a building of much magnificence. Edward Seymour, whose sister was made a queen the very day after the unfortunate Anne Boleyn perished on the scaffold, was raised rapidly in favour by Henry VIII. He became successively Viscount Beauchamp, Earl of Hertford, Knight of the Garter, and Lord Chamberlain; and when the youthful Edward VI. became king, Seymour was appointed governor to the young king during his minority, Protector of the realm, Lord High Treasurer, Earl Marshal, and Duke of Somerset. It is from him that Somerset House took its name. He was the owner of much ground hereabouts: he demolished numerous mansions of small extent, in order to build on the site a palace worthy of his own great ambition. Building materials being scarce, he pulled down various structures with astonishing audacity, simply for the sake of the stone, and with almost as little regard for the rights of others as his royal master Henry would have shewn. Those who would know what the Protector Somerset did in those days will find all about it in Burnet, Froude, and Vaughan; and they will find also that Edward VI. thus laconically recorded his uncle's death (for Edward was the son of Seymour's sister, Lady Jane Seymour) in his diary: '1552, January 22. The Duke of Somerset had his head cut off upon Tower Hill between eight and nine o'clock in the morning.' Somerset began his palace in 1546, but it is doubtful whether the building was habitable before his death. It must have been a majestic structure; for the area covered was six hundred feet by five hundred. It was planned by an Italian, known as John of Padua, and was the first Italian building constructed in this country.

Somerset House, known as Somerset Place, became royal property after Seymour's death. The Princess Elizabeth sometimes resided there during the remainder of Edward's reign; and when she became queen, it was still occasionally inhabited by royalty. James I. gave it as a residence to his queen, Anne of Denmark, and lavished large sums in entertainments there to Christian IV., king of Denmark, on the occasion of his visit to England. Anne and James both 'lay in state' in this favourite palace, the one in 1618, and the other in 1625. The palace then passed to Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I.; she lived to see the beginning and the end of the Commonwealth, and to come back to Somerset House on the restoration of her son Charles II. She readornado the place, and made some additions from the designs of Inigo Jones. Cowley, the court poet, wrote some verses, in which the palace is made to speak of itself and its surroundings thus:

Before my gate a street's broad channel flows,
Which still with waves of crowding people flows;
And every day there passes by my side,
Up to its western mansion, with a spring,
The spring-tides of the term. My front looks down
On all the pride and business of the town.

When Henrietta Maria died, Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles the Second, became the occupant of Somerset House; and it continued to belong to successive queens until 1775, when the nation took possession of it, giving Queen Charlotte Buckingham House in exchange.

For about eighty-five years, then, Somerset House has belonged, not to kings or queens in their own right, but to the nation. The building, through a long period of neglect, had become ruinous and miserable, and Sir William Chambers was commissioned to plan a new edifice. By the year 1750, a sum of about £350,000 had been expended on the structure which still rears its front towards the Thames. It is really a very large building, for it covers an area little smaller than that of Russell Square. There are two modern additions on the east and the west. When King's College was founded, somewhat over thirty years ago, it was determined to construct a building for it at the east end of Somerset House. It will be seen, on taking a glance from the river, that this addition is in harmony with the older structure; indeed, it gives a finishing touch to that portion of Sir William Chamber's plan which had not been fully carried out. From the Strand, this unity does not appear; there is a separate gateway, and all intercommunication has been cut off. On the west of Somerset House, the reader may possibly recollect an unsightly piece of unoccupied ground adorning upon Lancaster Place, and near Waterloo Bridge; this has been filled up, within the last few years, by an elegant building appropriated to the Inland Revenue department. Nevertheless, it belongs virtually to Somerset House; for it is merely an extension to find room for that which was too cramped, and it has an entrance from the quadrangle of the large structure.

Science, Art, and Red Tape have struggled for the possession of Somerset House ever since the present structure has existed; Red Tape is gaining the battle, for Science and Art are gradually being given out. George III. gave apartments in the building to the Royal Academy, which were occupied by that body until it migrated to Trafalgar Square. Years afterwards, other apartments were given or lent to certain learned societies, especially the Royal Society; but Red Tape, wanting more and more room,
elbowed Science out by degrees, and sent her to Bur­lington House, leaving only the Antiquaries and the Geologist (and those probably only for a time) at Somerset House. When Whittington’s College was founded, with King’s College and University College as its two components, apartments were given to it in this building; but here, again, a transfer to H. Whitehall has taken place. A number of the govern­ment established Schools of Design some years ago, they were located here; but Red Tape drove them to Marblehouse House, and then the prospective wants of the Prince of Wales drove them still further west to South Kensington. Thus it has been—Royal Society, Royal Academy, University of London, Schools of Design, all have gradually been driven away from Somerset House; and now Red Tape reigns triumphant, and almost alone.

When we speak of Red Tape, we refer, in this instance especially, to the Admiralty and the Inland Revenue; for these are the two departments to which Somerset House is for the most part appropriated. The Admiralty would be very glad to get rid of Somerset House altogether, and to assemble all its clerks and officials at Whitehall; but as matters now stand, this is simply impossible; it would be an attempt to swing a half-pint vessel.

The Admiralty lives in two houses, because one house is not large enough to contain it; and as those houses are nearly half a mile apart, the consequent waste of time is very considerable. Here we find the Sick and Wounded Seamen’s Office, the Transport Office, the Victualling Office, and others belonging to what is called the Civil Branch of the Admiralty; whereas at Whitehall the men are more immediately presided over by the Lords of the Admiralty. It is chiefly on the south side of the quadrangle that we meet with the Admiralty offices, with some three or four hundred clerks. On the eastern side, part of the range is occupied by the Audit Office, where sundry persons are always employed in checking the accounts of the ministers and the different government depart­ments.

The west side of the quadrangle, however, including the new building in Lancaster Place, presents the most extensive labyrinth of rooms. The words ‘Inland Revenue’ express the business here con­ducted; better known to John Bull by the short decisive word ‘Taxes.’ Not customs duties, but excise, and a great deal else. If you wish to know about omnibus and cab duties, post-chaise and horse duties, here is the office; cards and dice duties, here on the left; pawnbrokers’ duties, here on the right; patent-office duties, over the way; pawnbrokers’ licence-duties, round the corner; per­mits, a little further on; land-tax redemption, second door on the right; fire-insurance duties, ever so many stairs up; attorneys’ certificates, ever so many stairs down. If your Uncle Thomas died, leaving a good round sum of money, Somerset House is sure to hear of it. Did he not leave a will, then there are offices—and a rare number of them—at which you are called upon to pay to the Queen a portion of the legacies he bequeathed to you all. Nay, admirable to relate, there is one room where, if you have paid too much, they will give some of it back again—taking care, however, to give you a great deal of trouble in the process. The Legacy and Succession duties have a whole range of offices to themselves; so have the Income and Property taxes. The Stamp-office is an immense affair, so large is the amount of revenue raised on stamped papers—in some cases, such as receipts and stamps, bill-stamps, transfer-stamps, and the like. As for postage-stamps, these give employment to one of the most interesting departments of Somerset House. The south-west corner of the structure is the domain of Mr Edwin Hill, the brother of the famous Sir Rowland Hill of the post-office. Here the postage-stamps and the stamped envelopes are perforated, wholly or in part made, in the process of perforating the sheets of postage-stamps. Our readers will perhaps remember a description of this depart­ment, given in these columns, a few years ago; and they would like to know when the government itself would certainly agree—why the perforations are not quite so well done as they used to be, so that the stamps are apt to split and tear instead of separating.

If weorrect out the rooms where the Royal Academy once flourished, we shall find them ab­sorbed in the official domain of the registrar-general. The staircase up which Reynolds and Fuseli, Gains­borough and Turner, so often went, now leads to ‘Births, Marriages, and Deaths.’ The old council­room of the Royal Academy, somewhat richly adorned, is the sanctum of the registrar-general himself; and in the old rooms where the annual exhibitions of the Academy were wont to take place, clerks are now writing down and tabulating all the Smiths, Browns, and Joneses who have been born, or died, or given in marriage, for ever so many years past.

A most curious establishment is this registrar­general’s office. For four-and-twenty years past, a network of surpassing usefulness has been going on. Until 1837, the registers of births, marriages, and deaths were kept in a most clumsy and imperfect way. Some people were married in a very far as available registers could tell, were never born; some died without having been either born or married; and some children appeared to have never had either fathers or mothers. At length, the legislature took up the matter, and established a general registry for the whole of the United Kingdom. Mr Graham has, if we mistake not, been at the head of the establishment from first to last; and he has worked it up to an astonishing degree of completeness. He has not been able to do anything thoroughly in reference to the older registers, for abundant reasons; but the movement of the population for twenty-four years has been recorded with surprising fulness and minuteness. Nearly thirty million names are here placed on permanent record, in reference to the im­portant events of birth, marriage, or death. How they are collected, it would take too long to tell; but here they are. When the reader next enters the central gateway of Somerset House, and turns round to the north-west corner of the quadrangle, he will tread upon tens of thousands of John Smiths and William Thompssons. All the left about the pave­ment are endless vaults, lighted here and there by a skylight or a gas jet; and in these vaults are ranged large and strongly bound volumes filled with the names of all the millions who, in these realms, have come into or gone out of the world, or have been united in holy wedlock, for years past. It is said that five hundred ‘John Smiths’ expire every year; and many more destined to bear the same name are born; and hundreds marry. But no matter what the name; here it is sure to be found. The Duke of Wellington is there; the green-grocer’s baby round the corner is there; and so is the Duchess of Kent; and so is the man who killed himself by eating too much plum-pudding at Christmas-time. You may cause any name to be hunted out for you for a shilling; and if that labour is grudged to make the search successful, in case it may be important to you in reference to legal or family matters. If Mr Graham were asked for any particulars concerning the birth, marriage, or death of Sairey Gamp, and Betty Frig, he would at once set to work to find them—provided only you gave him reasonable ground for asking that those ladies had really lived in the flesh, and were not as Mrs Harris.

Chamber’s Journal, No. 47, present Series.
THINGS HOPED FOR.

Her silver lamp half-filled with oil,
Night came, to still the day’s turmoil,
And bring a respite from its toil.
Gliding about with noiseless tread,
Her white sheets on the ground she spread,
That wearied men might go to bed.

No watch was there for me to keep,
Yet could I neither rest nor sleep,
A recent loss had struck so deep.
I felt as if Omnipotence
Had given us no full recompense
For all the ills of time and sense.
So I went, wandering silently,
Where a great river sought the sea,
And fashioning the life to be.

It was not drawn from book or creed,
And yet, in very truth and deed,
It answered to my greatest need.
And satisfied myself, I thought,
A heaven so good and perfect ought
To give to all what all have sought.
Near where I slowly chanced to stray,
A youth, and old man, worn and gray,
Down through the silence took their way;
And the night brought within my reach.
As each made answer unto each,
Some portion of their earnest speech.

The patriarch said: 'Of all we know,
Or all that we can dream below,
Of that far land to which we go,
This one assurance hath expressed,
To me, its blessedness the best—
"He giveth his beloved rest."'

And the youth answered: 'If it be
A place of inactivity,
It cannot be a heaven to me.
'Surely its joy must be to lack
Those hindrances that keep us back
From rising on a shining track,
'Where each shall find his own true height,
Though in our place, and in our light,
We differ as the stars of night.'

I listened, till they ceased to speak;
And my heart answered, faint and weak,
Their heaven is not the heaven I seek:
Yet their discourse woke again
Some hidden memories that had lain
Long undisturbed within my brain.
For oft, when bowed earth’s care beneath,
I had asked others of their faith,
In the life following after death;
And what that better world could be,
Where from mortality set free,
We put on immortality.

And each in his reply had shown
That he had shaped and made his own
By the best things which he had known;
Or fashioned it to heal the woe
Of some great sorrow, which below
It was his hapless lot to know.
A mother once had said to me,
Over her dead: ‘My heaven will be
An undivided family.’

One sick with mortal doubts and fears
With looking blindly through her tears—
The way that she had looked for years—
Told me: ‘That world could have no pain,
Since there we should not wait in vain
For feet that will not come again.’

A lover dreamed that heaven would be
Life’s hour of perfect ecstasy,
Drawn out into eternity!

Men bending to their hopeless doom,
Toiling as in a living tomb,
Down shafts of everlasting gloom,
Out of the dark had answered me:
‘There is light for us to see
Each other’s faces, heaven must be.’

An aged man, who bowed his head
With reverence o’er the page, and read
The words that ancient prophets said—
Talked of a glory never dim,
Of the veiled face of cherubim,
And harp, and everlasting hymn;
Saw golden streets and glittering towers—
Saw peaceful valleys white with flowers,
Kept never-ending Sabbath hours.

One, whom the cruel sea had crossed,
And seen, through billows madly tossed,
Great shipwrecks, where brave souls were lost,
Thus of the final voyage spake:
‘Coming to heaven must be to make
Safe port, and no more journeys take.’

And now their words of various kind
Came back to my bewildered mind,
And my faith staggered faint and blind,
One moment; then this truth seemed plain,
These have not trusted God in vain:
To ask of Him must be to gain!

Every imaginable good,
We, erring, sinful, mortal, would
Give our beloved, if we could;
And shall not He, whose care enfolds
Our life, and all our way controls,
Yet satisfy our longing souls?
Since mortal step hath never been,
And mortal eye hath never seen,
Past death’s impenetrable screen,
Who shall dare limit Him above,
Or tell the ways in which He’ll prove
Unto his children all his love?

Then joy through all my being spread,
And, comforted myself, I said:
‘Oh, weary world, be comforted!
Souls, in your quest of bliss grown weak—
Souls, whose great woe no words can speak—
Not always shall ye vainly seek!
Men whose whole lives have been a night,
Shall come from darkness to the light;
Wanderers shall hail the land in sight.
Old saints, and martyrs of the Lamb,
Shall rise to sing their triumph psalm,
And wear the crown, and bear the palm.

And the pale mourner, with bowed head,
Who, for the living lost, or dead,
Here weeps, shall there be gently led
‘To feel, in that celestial place,
The tears wiped softly from her face,
And know love’s comforting embrace.
‘So shall we all, who groan in this,
Find, in that new life’s perfectness,
Our own peculiar heaven of bliss—
More glorious than our faith believed,
Brighter than dreams our hope has weaved,
Better than all our hearts conceived.
‘Therefore will I wait patiently,
Trusting, where all God’s mansions be,
There hath been one reserved for me,
And go down calmly to death’s side,
Knowing, when on the other side
I wake, I shall be satisfied.’

PHOEBE CANT.

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MELIBEOUS ON THE CANAL.

Before that shower came on which interrupted the devotional exercises in Hyde Park, Melibeous had made up his mind that he would see for himself how the Londoners spent their Sundays, but while balancing of his intention for that time, he could not again be persuaded to undertake the enterprise. A great deal of interest and matter is the devil's loss; for ever to the intelligent public, many shrewd observations, and much excellent wit. It is sad to reflect from how slight a cause (namely, the shower) the greatest misfortunes (such as the silence of Melibeous) may spring; and it forms a convincing proof, if one were needed, of the general incompleteness and unsatisfactory character of mundane things. Still—although it is always well to bring in a moral reflection—I do not myself think that the shower had anything to do with it. Melibeous assured me with much earnestness that his 'views' had undergone a great change during the week, and that he now considered it would be wrong in him, even in his character of public instructor, to join any party of pleasure whatever upon a Sunday. In vain I protested that in a crowded steam-boat, upon a broiling day, there could be no pleasure, but its contrary; that in Kew Gardens—in which, says a board at the gate, 'as they are intended for Instruction and Recreation, smoking, idle sports, and play are forbidden'—he would be wretched without his cigar; that in Windsor Park his feelings would be outraged by such obnoxious notices as the following: 'Gentlemen are requested, and servants are directed, not to ride on the turf;' and that, in short, he would not enjoy himself upon any of these suburban excursions at all. None of these considerations moved the virtuous Melibeous in the least from his planted purpose. And here again, although I have thought it right to portray the highest principles as manifested in my admirable friend, I must be allowed to mention that I do not believe that it was these which in reality actuated him, notwithstanding that they supplied him with arguments. No. I am strongly convinced that he was deterred from Sunday excursions solely through the multitude of recent railway accidents. Otherwise, why did not his 'whole moral nature revolt,' as in other cases, from a Sunday excursion on the canal? It revolted from Brighton, it revolted from Kew, it revolted from all places connected with the metropolis by a line of rails, but it did not revolt from Paradise Gardens, Edenbower, which are attained only by the incalculable but comparatively secure means of a pleasure-boat.

Melibeous himself pointed out the promised trip in a penny newspaper, and asked me what I thought of it.

'The safest excursion out of London,' said I, quoting a well-known advertisement, 'without tunnels, and without overcrowding.'

If ever I saw a man colour in all my life, Melibeous did it, nor do I believe that Mrs. M. herself wore a more decided blush upon her marriage-day.

'What do I care about tunnels?' exclaimed he.

'What do you mean? An excursion upon a canal seems to me one of the most harmless as well as the most healthful that respectable persons can indulge in. The distance, too, is so inconsiderable, that after morning-service is over'

'Melibeous,' interrupted I, 'do you seriously contemplate this expedition? You, whose whole moral nature has revolted against so many propositions? Even I, who have lived in town these twenty years, have never yet been in a pleasure-boat (and certainly in no other barge) even on a week-day, and far less upon a Sunday.'

I am much mistaken if the muttered reply of Melibeous was 'the more something you,' but the next moment his countenance reasumed its accustomed benignity. He had been temporarily ruffled—as who would not have whose detection in hypocrisy had been so complete, and, I must confess, so unsparing—but now he was only amused at his own irritation.

'You are beyond all question the most forgiving and genial old humbug that ever imposed upon humanity,' cried I approvingly; 'but where is Edenbower, my friend, and what Canal is it that goes there?'

'I know nothing of that,' returned he; 'but I know the bridge from which the boat starts; and the chief officer of the craft, who had a gold band round his cap, himself informed me that the time of departure was two punctual, but that for persons of quality he did not mind making it two-fifteen—which I think would suit us very well. Impressed by his gorgeous appearance, and, above all, by his affable demeanour, so rarely found associated with splendid habiliments, I discussed the canal question with him at considerable length. He protests that the motion of his barge—although some barges are very different, and especially a certain red barge belonging to an opposition company which "turns and dips like a porpoise"—is the easiest of all motions, not excepting that of a bird of the air. The scenery on both banks he describes as superior to that of the far-famed but much overrated Rhine. The machine is drawn by a pair of horses, as near to Arabians as their aptitude for purposes of draught will admit. Above all, the company is select, and he laid particular stress upon the fact that we should find no Boughs on board. At first, I
understood him to mean a species of pigeon; but he explained that the early barges (and especially the red barges) were ill-omened, and that persons of the most depraved yet respectable character, whereas his own was patronised mainly by the aristocracy. An aristocrat would sometimes hire the entire vessel, so that himself and his friends should be enabled to keep themselves to themselves. He had taken down but last week a hidalgo of this description, who had, however, (he could not but suspect), made money by the transaction, since he had procured the conveyance for three guineas, and brought along with him more than two hundred passengers—which certainly seems an unusually long visiting list. You and I, my friend, can secure this splendid vessel for the same money for ourselves, or we can go down to Paradise Gardens, Edenbower, and back for one shilling sterling, which also includes bread and butter and tea.

'By all means, my dear Meliboeus, let us go. Such a transcendental economy will go far to efface the memory of that dinner at the Auberie. The excursion will positively be cheaper than stopping at home.'

On the next Sunday afternoon, we sought the bridge from which this gondola started. It was a vessel exactly resembling the Ark of our childhood, with the exception of the roof, which was flat, for the convenience ofoutside passengers. The interior was divided in the middle by a little wall, which separated, or was supposed to separate, the upper ten thousand (or as many of them as could be admitted) from the lower, although all paid the same very reasonable passage-money. The uncovered poop and stern projected far enough to accommodate half-a-dozen persons each, and in the former we took up our quarters. Instead, however, of the vast crowds we had anticipated, there were only above fifty persons in all, and those of the most respectable and uninteresting character—working tailors, shoemakers, and the like, with their wives and daughters. The chief officer, who at once recognized Meliboeus, and took us both under his protection, explained that the paucity of passengers was owing to the absence of the Roughs, who had already preceded us by some hours.

'You now go down all nice and gentlemanlike, you see, just as though you were in your own carriage, without any of that riff-raff and revelling as goes on in the red barges.'

There was certainly nothing that approached to revelling on board of the stately _Suen of Edgar_, as the boat was designated; a moderate peeping of corks would indeed have relieved our proceedings very agreeably. It might have been the barge with Elaine's dead body on board, such a solemn silence held our company. It was like sitting in a water-omnibus. The women sucked the handles of their umbrellas, and the men as many of the joints of a fishing-rods as they could get in their mouths. The joints were not, of course, put together, but each man carried a bundle of them in his hand like fiscas. Meliboeus and myself felt quite uncomfortable because we had no fishing-rods. Even the Roughs, we were informed, did not appear upon the canal without their fishing-rods; although it was darkly added by the chief officer, that the lower joints were loaded with lead, and not infrequently had a large iron spike in them. All the Roughs that we saw, however, were lying down at full length upon barges of their own, with picturesque scarlet caps on, and short pipes in their mouths; the female Rough (or Reeve, if we may be permitted to call her so), who was also provided with tobacco, in all cases steered, and did the whole work of the floating-house, with the exception of swearing at the people who got in the way of the rope, which pleasuring duty was performed with much gusto by her liege lord; and as the towing-path was very crowded, this occurred three times in every minute. Business—by which I mean the conveyance of coke and coal, and timber and stone—was so far from suspended, that I suppose the laws against Sunday-trading do not operate upon a canal at all. Above these cargoes of barges there were crowds of Roughs, in costumes admirably adapted for causing the least inconveniences to their friends in case they should fall overboard; and in their company was always to be found a terrible dolce of the brute which is associated with the memory of the late Mr William Sykes.

'If anything does detract from the charm of our position,' observed Meliboeus, when we had been some three-quarters of an hour on board without the _Suen of Edgar_'s evincing the least symptom of departure, 'it is the proximity of these passing dogs. I felt the hot breath of that last brute distinctly upon my left whisker, and he murmured something hoarsely in my very ear.'

'They'd never hurt a fly, bless you,' remarked the chief officer, who always listened to our conversation, and joined in it whenever he had a mind to do so.

'That is not the question, my good man,' returned Meliboeus; 'they might not hurt a fly, and yet they might bite my ear off.'

'Not unless you moved, sir,' continued the chief officer, 'or did something as was unexpected like. At a word—ay, or a wink—from his master, he'd crunch your 'ed just as though it were a chicken-bone; but in a general way he must his own business, and sit quiet—thinking perhaps of his matches past and future—as quiet as a lamb.'

'His matches!' exclaimed Meliboeus, moving to the other side of the boat, which was near the towing-path. 'Do you mean to say, then, that these are fighting dogs?'

'That's just about what they are, sir; and when they once gets hold, they never lets go; that's where it is that it's so unpleasant if they catch one up by accident; you may cut 'em into mince-meat first. But you won't be troubled with any more of 'em, gent, for here are our horses, and you see that there ain't a team upon this here path as can overtake them.'

The two Arabsians did not at least discredit their lineage by being too fat and bulky. When we were once off, and the rope began to tell upon them sideways, I thought it must have infallibly dragged them both into the water. You see, gentlemen, the chief officer admirably, 'tis no use having an inferior sort of cattle (such as is used in the red barges) for this here work. Why, to give a low price, and then to lose a horse in a week or ten, that's the economy of that! What's tidman as ever drove, now, goes faster than us!'

Putting aside any base comparisons, we were certainly going a very good pace, and that with a very easy motion; but this rapidity engendered much confusion upon the towing-path, on which many hundreds of people were fishing or promenading, all of whom had to get out of the way of our inexorable rope. The screaming at these untidinesses was continuous, and carried on by four voices—the boy on the leading Arabian, the steerer of the _Suen of Edgar_, the chief officer our friend, and an individual called Jack, who sat astride upon a little bawparret close to Meliboeus and me, who like some priest of Baal, was paid expressly to anathematise the people who impeded us; and I am bound to say that he earned his money. Every now and then, this rope of ours would break with a great report, and spring about in all directions, to the excessive consternation of everybody; but the 'way' on the vessel was so great that we never stopped upon that account; and continuity, by means of a knot, was resumed as satisfactorily as before, except that of course we drew gradually nearer to the Arblans. Meliboeus calculated that after this fashion we were going at least fourteen knots an hour.

Upon one occasion, while stopping for repair, we
stepped out upon the towing-path, and walked on for a little way in advance of the Ark. Among the fishers, we came upon a small boy, with an evil face, fishing with an enormous hook—such as is used in the fish-hunting shops—fell into the hands of the enemy. The chief officer and Jack remorselessly gathered up their garments, and brought them back with them into the Ark.

We were too overwhelmed by this intelligence to shape any further inquiry upon the instant, but the lad resumed of his own accord.

'I pulled an old oman out here—me and Bob Bradway—only yesterday fortnight.'

'Gracious goodness!' exclaimed Melibeaus, 'do you mean to say she was dead?'

'Yes, she were—dead,' returned the small boy scornfully.

'There was a young un drowned under that bridge only last night; its 'im as I'm a-fishing for.'

Melibeaus and I hastened into our Ark again—taking great care not to slip—and imparted what we had heard to the chief officer.

'Very like,' said he—'very like; this 'ere canal is a favourite spot for parties wishing to commit suicide.'

'My dear sir,' cried Melibeaus, 'do you mean to say that they make up parties to drown themselves?'

'No, no, sir—not quite that; one day, another come on, bless you, that's all. The govenment has put boys upon the bank expressly to put a stop to it. They was afraid, I believe, that it would come in time to interfere with the navigation. Dead dogs is bad enough—there's one, you see, a-bobbing about, and there's another just a-rising—they rise after a very little—and the boys delights in nothing so much more for to shy stones at. Then, again, it's the same thing with bathing: respectable females such as our—'

and the chief officer waved his protecting arm over the Ark and its inhabitants—'will not come down along with us if there's bathing. It is not to be expected that they should; so bathing is put a stop to.'

We were now getting clear of the suburbs, and really had on either side a very pretty prospect, while the foreground was still pleasantly diversified by woodlands, arable lands with their Beloved Objects, with the disciples of the Gentle Art, and with teams of horses attached to the various up-barges, the ropes of which, as we met them, had to be passed under our keel in an ingenious but slightly hazardous manner—an operation which never failed to evoke Jack's bitterest eloquence. All of a sudden, as we came to a certain bend in the canal, a terrible cry arose. The boy on the leading Arabian had telegraphed some alarming intelligence. 'Ladies, ladies!' exclaimed the chief officer frantically, 'Look out' (he meant to say: 'Hide your eyes'), 'and shut the door; there are persons bathing!'

It is impossible to describe the tumult that took place within the Ark upon the receipt of this awful news. Jack's language—although excellent in intonation, and having for its subject the enormity of the offence committed—became of such a character that I was quite relieved to see him leap on shore, horse-whip in hand, and followed by the chief officer armed with a similar weapon. Nor was the panic less complete among those who had caused it than with the rest of the passengers of any fifty young gentlemen, who, with little or no drapery, had been disturbing upon the bank or in the water, no sooner caught sight of our advancing vessel than they broke and fled over the surrounding country. I beheld with my own eye two of these wretched youths endeavouring to surmount a quickest hedge, in which event, our chief officer, possessing the damnable impatience, and some even plunging headlong in the flood, and swimming over to the other side, where they remained decently immersed in water. By these means, all escaped from their pursuers; but the whole of their baggage—their boots, their unmentionables, their all in their watch-hats—fell into the hands of the enemy. The chief officer and Jack remorselessly gathered up their garments, and brought them back with them into the Ark.

'We will give them a run,' exclaimed the chief officer, with virtuous indignation; 'we will teach them to outrage the sense of propriety, and break the by-laws of the canal company.'

'That you will give them a run,' observed Melibeaus gravely, 'I have no doubt; and, indeed, about a dozen of them were already pursuing us at full speed, in the same costume in which the savages pursued Friday upon his first introduction to Robinson Crusoe; but you will scarcely improve their sense of propriety. Why, this is far worse, my good man, than letting them remain in the water.

After a discussion of some minutes, during which the poor shivering wretches besought our pity with clasped hands and penitential gestures, it was agreed that Melibeaus spoke with reason; and the clothes were cast forth upon the bank, to be fought for by the sans-culottes mob.

It was about this time that the chief officer began to docty Edgerton and the Panther Gardens. They are extensive,' said he, 'but they are very far from being select; and besides, you'll spend art the day in getting to them. Now there's the Minneses—where we shall be in less than no time—now that is a much nicer place, with even convenience. Donkey-racing, pole-swarming, wrestling, and dancing on a real elastic floor. Then there's no Roughs at the Minnes, bless you.'

'And no red barges,' added Melibeaus sily.

'No sir; no red barges, nor revellings, nor such like. Now you take my advice, gents, and git out at the Minnes. I am not going further than them myself to-day.'

The Minnes consisted, as far as we could see upon our arrival, of a tent, three wooden tables, a landing-stair, and several trees, among which stood a diminutive public-house. It did not look a very promising place to spend an afternoon in, and when we had landed, and the barge had gone on without us, we ventured to hint as much.

'I suppose,' observed Melibeaus to the chief officer, 'that the fun has not begun yet: the donkey-races and the pole-swarming?'

'O no, sir, there's nothing of that till to-morrow, sir: St Monday is the day for the Minnes. Of course, there is no sort of revellings in a respectable house like this upon a Sunday.'

'And do you mean to tell us that there is nothing to be done at this miserable spot whatever, chief officer?'

'Well, sir,' returned the man, with a grin, 'I ain't no chief officer now. You see my master he keeps this here Inn, and has a share in the pleasure-boats on the canal as well; so of course all people as I can get to land here, why I does. But don't take it so much to heart, gents; look at them three beautiful open fields; they're all my master's, and you may go just where you like about them; he's spent a power of money upon them three fields: that's where the donkey-racing will be to-morrow; anybody may bring a donkey as likes, you know; its hopen to Hall Green; and even to-day, why there's a swing, you see, and one of you gents can take it in turn with the other—turn and turn about, as we say—and everything is to be ad up at the Inn.'

'When can we get away, man?' cried Melibeaus.

'When does that barge come up again to take us home?'

'Well, gents; the red barge—'

'Any barge, any barge,' interrupted Melibeaus impatiently.
Well, gents, the fast barge will be ere about eight o'clock.'

Melisbeus and I fell into one another's arms in an agony of despair, and the next time we saw that false chief officer he wore no gold band at all, but carried the napkin of servitude on his wrist—a waiter confessed.

No situation, indeed, except some extreme case of shipwreck, could be more desolate and unpromising than ours. About four other persons had disembarked at the Minnoes at the same time, and collecting themselves together at the corner of one of the three fields, where a ditch emptied itself into the canal, had already commenced fishing. One of these had a red herring in his pocket, which he laid on to the hooks of the others when they were not looking, and this venerable joke he absolutely repeated four times! Beside the red herring, they caught nothing whatever; and although they frequently put a fresh bait on, it is my opinion that they never had a bite. There were some cows in the field, which we drove about for a little while, until reprimanded by the innkeeper for so doing, and we were obliged to purchase some excusable bitter beer in order to pacify his irritation. I gave Melisbeus one or two swigs, but they made him feel rather sick, I did not trouble him to perform the same kind of office for me; and then our list of amusements was exhausted.

'Why,' cried I, 'did you bring us down to this execrable place?'

'It was you,' retorted he, 'who insisted upon getting out here; you know it was. I wanted, of all things, to go down to Edenbower.'

The wicked waiter presently ran a bell, to let us know that the gratuitous tea and bread and butter was about to be served in the great tent. I shall never forget the hideous solemnity of that meal. I had never considered Tea to be a cheerful repast, but I did not know to what a depth of melancholy it was capable of sinking. The four anglers and our two selves occupied a table that was capable of accommodating seventy persons. After a little, it came on to rain, and the wet began to drip disconsolately through the canvas upon the lattice spring-boards. The scene of wretchedness may then be said to have been complete and unredeemed.

'This,' said Melisbeus solemnly, 'this is what comes, my friend, of patronising pleasure-excursions upon a Sunday.'

I could only nod my head in melancholy adhesion. 'Will the barge be punctual, chief—waiter?' inquired Melisbeus sorrowfully. Three hours of the Minnoes had completely bent my poor friend's spirit, and he was very meek.

'Yes,' punctual as clock-work, as far as time goes. Our barges are always ready to start to the minute—not like them red ones: but they never do start, you see, on account of the passengers. Some of them is invariably behind, and has to be waited for. Our barges never thinks of starting without its compliments.'

Indeed, said Melisbeus, 'that is very proper. You mean to say, then, that if my friend and I were missing, for instance, you would delay until we were searched for and found.'

Melisbeus nudged my foot with his, and the sleeping fire of vengeance glazed within me as I began to understand his design.

'Certainly, sir; we shouldn't dream of starting without you, if it was ever so. Yesir, coming sir; and off he went to purvey two pennworth of peppermint waters to an angler who had got wet in his feet.'

Melisbeus and I sauntered out into these hatted meadows that had been purchased by the proprietor of the Minnoes: we tried to look as much as possible like people who were going to spend the evening in those Elysian fields. Then we clambered over a gap in the hedge, and across a lane, and reached the towing-path by a circuitous route. We had escaped, and the conviviality of our companions and the rain continued to fall with resolution, but anything was preferable to remaining at the Minnoes. Better to be chased with nothing on by infuriated chief officers; better, far better, to be hitched up by the evil-faced boy with the big fishing-hook, than to longer undergo that fate which we had just eluded.

At eight precisely we reached the borders of the metropolis, at the very hour, as we were delighted to reflect, that the lying waiter and his myrmidons were beginning their fruitless search for us, in the tent and in the fields, in the inn and by the water-side, at the refreshment-tables and in the Swing.

'I have been,' quoth Melisbeus, as we sat down to supper, 'on board a floating-light ship in a sea-fog for hours; and I once spent a wet day at the Trosachs in the month of January, but I protest that both were scenes of maddest excitement compared with the Minnoes and its company.'

'Yes,' replied I, 'it would have been better to have gone with the Roughs in the red barge. Suppose we try that to-morrow—what do you say?'

Melisbeus returned to his determined habit of not believing in human invention, a device for increasing the comforts and recruiting the strength of the great family of Adam. Ideas nearly as extravagant have prevailed in bygone times; the plough, the alphabet, and so forth, were all gratefully attributed to the single effort of some mythical discoverer; Bacchus had his triumph for the fermentation of the grape-juice; and what Prometheus was to the Greeks, Turf-Einar was to the Orkneymen. But beds, at any rate, were not spontaneous productions. Successive generations had been persuaded and trained through centuries of comparative discomfort, before our present sleeping-machines budded into being. The bed, in some form or other, appears to be almost a necessity of animal existence. It is by no means a monopoly of those conceited bipeds who are just now so perturbed at the reputed consciousness of the gorilla. All birds have beds, often so daintily lined with velvet moss, with woven feathers, with yielding down, as to convey an impression of extreme luxury. Many insects have beds, artfully constructed of ligneous fibres, of a fragment of leaf, of a blade of grass, selected by an unerring instinct. The wild rabbit makes a soft couch of withered leaves and her own fur, far down in the dark tortuous burrow, and out of that nest dear peer forth the round black eyes of her large and interesting family, as they take their first view of the subterranean rabbit-world. The deer, when they couch on the lee-side of some hollow hill, love to rake together all available dead leaves and stalks of fern, wherewith to screen their rusted hides from cold and rain. But men, in lands the most remote and dissimilar, have found the need to invent regular accommodation for the slumberer, and have done their best to provide it.

In its earliest shape, the bed was no doubt a most simple affair. The hunter naturally stretched his tired
limbs on the spoils of the chase, and drew another skin over him for a coverlet. The northern hero would roll himself in his furs, in the shaggy coat of the bear that his predecessor had worn. The Scythian had sheep-skins enough; and the painted Camsanche could sleep in his buffalo-robe, precisely as his descendants do at present. But there is a wide interval between this gemmed bed, this splendid bed, and for the latter we must look eastward. Early history shows us the bed as an Oriental institution. There were beds among the star-worshippers of Babylonia, and of the strange polytheists of hoary Egypt. Nor, so far as we know, was there the slightest difference between the couch of Pharaoh and that of Solomon; change is hateful to the Asiatic mind. This bed, this bed constantly alluded to in the Bible, exists to the present hour. We meet with it in the seraim of a Turkish mansion, in the wooden house of a Syrian Christian, in the tent of a rich sheik, always virtually the same. It is but a long cushion, that is laid sometimes on a wooden divan, sometimes on a crazy framework of timber or cane, and there are pillows, and a quilted counterpane, to which a sheet is occasionally stitched. But this is rarely the case, because Easterns do not undress to sleep; they only undress for the bath. Usually, the divan runs round the walls of a large octagonal apartment; the ivory havest at least adjust the cushions and quilts, the male members of the family untwist their turbans, kick off their slippers, and sleep best on the floor. Even when in bed the rugs are folded up, the pillows swept off to reconcile cupboards, and the bedroom becomes a reception-chamber, banqueting-hall, and sitting-room. Of course, such a bed is a bed of three-legged stool, possibly covered with buffed leather, and a bench or two, with heavy tables, and a canopy of dais, made up the inventory of a comfortable apartment. There were no looking-glasses, however, except, perhaps, some ledge or rafter, whereas its use was strictly in accordance with custom. Any adult with the free use of his limbs can carry a Oriental bed, and the healed man was simply once more on a par with his healthy neighbours.

The Greeks had beds in Homer's time, but in all likelihood they were imitated from those of the Western Asiatics, if not from the Egyptian civilization to whom Helias owed so much. The Grecian bed and the Roman bed, even during the palmiest ages of the classic period, must have been inferior in comfort to our own. They had an Athenian house or a Roman villa, were very small and airless, mere cellae, in fact; and the beds were for the most part very bad. The mattress was a trundle-bed, sometimes a sofa of considerable splendour. We read of ivory couches, of bedssteads inlaid with gold and amber, and rare Indian woods, of down pillows, and mattresses stuffed with soft plumage; of purple coverlets, and of Sybarites who yet rose with a rose-leaf were ruffled as they reposed on a pile of fragrant petals. And yet, by aid of the spindle and mattock, we can see such a couch is light and portable. The painted reed bed, the palmy stricken man was, as we all remember, commanded to 'take up his bed and walk.' The former injunction appeared in itself to imply a miraculous exertion of strength to those who heard it; and yet, whereas its use was strictly in accordance with custom. Any adult with the free use of his limbs can carry a Chinese bed, and the healed man was simply once more on a par with his healthy neighbours.

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They did defy time. A bed was no ephemeral affair; it went down from generation to generation, the pride and palladium of a family. Daughters were provided for in life by the free gift of a bed, by way of dowry; men of undoubted rank and good position gravely dictated their wills thus: 'Item, to my dearly beloved daughter Dorothy, I give and bequeath six spacious mattresses, forty bushels of wheat, and the blue bed, with all napery, pillows, quilts, &c.' Then another bed will be mentioned as 'the green bed that standeth in the yellow chamber;' and the 'white bed' will go to a younger son, and be esteemed as a valuable legacy. These beds were very large and cumbersome, though none, perhaps, ever equalled the Great Bed of Ware, which, hundreds of years ago, was reckoned as a remarkable curiosity of England. But the Sanitary Commissioners would have disapproved of at least one result of this high respect for beds of immemorial antiquity. Not only was the bedstead retained for a long time in use, but the imprisoned goose-feathers had to sustain the weight of successive proprietors for a longer period than altogether wholesome. One reason among many for the prevalence of plague, pest, and epidemic, was presumed to be the mistakes about the manner in which masses of frothy body-liquor were preserved from age to age. But it must not be supposed that these great fabrics were universal; on the contrary, there was a much more marked division of the rich and poor in this respect than now exists. Now a days, the Hon. Alfred Trumpton, or my Lord Frederick Cuffe, very likely sleeps in a little brass bed no finer or bigger than that which served the purpose of the
late Duke of Wellington; and James, who obeys the behests of the Hon. Alfred, or John Thomas, who wears the Carfax livery, has a little brass bed too. But a hundred years ago, a gentleman would have slept in a huge machine as pompous as the chariot in which the Good Fairy 'comes on' in a pantomime; because there would have been around him, lace walls and golden clouds. Down pillows! how honest Trumppington, who likes a bolster as hard as the sofa-squat at a Brighton lodging-house, would swear at such smothering luxuries! Painted mythology! Carfax would give it a coat of tar, if not of feathers, and blot it out of sight for ever. We are in things more manly than our great-grandfathers. I shall not indulge the reader with a peep at the den in which rejoiced James and John Thomas, a century or so since. It was not of an inviting character, not airy, not savoury, not wholesome; servants were expected to put up with scanty accommodation then; they were packed like the Greek slaves of the procession of Sicily. Their beds may have been softer than in the Plantagenet days, when a rough log with the bark on, draped in a sheet of brown homespun, formed the pillow of churl and halberdier, and sometimes the yeoman as well. But they were wretched pallets, and each of these indifferent couches, in the case of servants at least, had to be shared by two or three occupants. The box-bed, common in the Scottish Highlands, and which is constantly met with in Iceland, Brittany, and elsewhere, shows some originality of conception. An idea of snugness clings to it, and most likely the verisimilitude of a honeymoon lay at the suggestion of the box-bed. But box-beds are opposed to all sound rules of hygiene; they act as reservoirs for foul air and miasma, and the infection of fever and typhotic disorders; and all enlightened proprietors, from her Majesty downwards, are waging against them a war of extermination. The Arabs introduced into Spain a bed of peculiar character, well adapted for camp use; this consisted of four strong pillars, with iron-tipped and sharpened ends, which could be thrust into the ground with trifling effort, and an old hundred yard of sheeting spread over these pillars, and stretched as tight as the canvas of a drum. A saddle or valise supplied the pillow, a cloak the cover-sheets, and what could a soldier want more? It was a desire to escape from a dangerous dampness of the earth which first caused the invention of the 'tent-bed' in brass or iron. Metal, it was discovered, was lighter, more durable and cleanly, and better fitted for the rough work of campaigning, than wool of equal strength. But to supply soldiers with a raised bedside in camp and bivouac is a philanthropic preoccupation that must be reserved for some Secretary at War in the far future. The hammock is an American invention. Not that Brother Jonathan has any right to insert its discovery in the catalogue of the Washington Patent Office; it was found out neither by Old England nor New, but by the copper-skinned aborigines of Spanish America. Native hammocks were made sometimes of cotton, sometimes of plaited grass; they were suspended from the boughs of a tall tree, by ropes of the same material, and they served the Indians alike for bed and chair. The Catholic conquistadors were not slow to perceive the merits of such a device in a hot and unhealthy country, and to appreciate the luxury of swinging in a flexible and rooky couch, at a height which insured the enjoyment of every particle of cool air, and which guarded the slumberer, at least in a measure, from snakes, insects, and night-dews. It was not long before the hammock was adopted in the sea-service, where a bed which yielded to every wayward motion of the vessel, and which could be rolled up and stowed away during the daytime, proved an invaluable addition to the sailor's comforts. Before hammocks were invented, the mariner must have had a sorry time of it, lying on a damp plank in his medieval blankets. The Papuan who sleeps in his hollow tree, the Bojesman who wakes up in a red sward, the negro who sleeps in his brown karroo; these and their brother-savages may be said to have no regular beds. A heap of karosses, a mountain of greasy sheepskins, will content all the dusky children. At South Africa. But the negroes of the Guinea coast construct clumsy bedsteads of cane or branches; and among the Indo-Chinese races of the Malayan and Burman countries, there is always a neat platform of bamboo wherever the mats are spread. The grand old four-poster, with all its cumbersome pomp and barbaric dignity, was the original bed of the upper ranks in France, in Germany, and especially in England, where an odd contrast was afforded between the small rooms and the colossal fabrics that nearly filled them. A great change was inaugurated when what was called the French bed began to appear in British chambers. It came in, at first, in a sneaking and apologetic manner; people were ashamed of their French beds, as they were ashamed to exhibit storage rooms, one-horsed carriages, and electro-plate. But the innovation was cheap and convenient, and not ugly, though the angular productions of English cabinet-makers, and optically little tents which a Parisian workshop can turn out. Then succeeded what was dubbed the Arabian bed, presumed, doubtless, to be modelled on that which sustained the great princess, Scherezade. Next, much to the detriment of vested interests, arose the light bed of brass or iron, much patronised by school-boys, subalterns, and miscellaneous hazardous beings. The French, now in peripatetic Albion devised spring-mattresses; and though his countrymen eyed him coldly, having a rooted affection for goose-feather, the lively Gault snapped up the discovery in the most eager manner, and elaborated it into a bed so firm and so elastic as to approach perfection. The Italians remain, on the whole, tolerably constant to their broad couches, irregularly stuffed with the husks of Indian corn, and which are more excellent in practice than in theory. But the Germans—oh! when will the beneficent influence of the sun, with beer, smoke, and philosophy, become practical enough to reform these strange structures? Was it as a penance that such a complication of evils was put together as that escape from the dangerous dampness of the earth which first caused the invention of the 'tent-bed' in brass or iron. Metal, it was discovered, was lighter, more durable and cleanly, and better fitted for the rough work of campaigning, than wool of equal strength. But to supply soldiers with a raised bedside in camp and bivouac is a philanthropic preoccupation that must be reserved for some Secretary at War in the far future. The hammock is an American invention. Not that Brother Jonathan has any right to insert its discovery in the catalogue of the Washington Patent Office; it was found out neither by Old England nor New, but by the copper-skinned aborigines of Spanish America. Native hammocks were made sometimes of cotton, sometimes of plaited grass; they were suspended from the boughs of a tall tree, by ropes of the same material, and they served the Indians alike for bed and chair. 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disagreeable steel curiosities. These do not belong to common life. Perhaps invention is exhausted with regard to beds; perhaps they have reached their apex of comfort in the cradle conjunction of steel springs: their exquisite power to suspend and support the human frame has long since. Now a day's task is to simplify, to weed and prune, and we prefer decency to pomp, and health to profligate life; perhaps that is called progress, perhaps we have no place on earth, except, perhaps, if there is room for it, in the South Kensington Museum.

SCARECROW HALL

It was a bitter cold night,—so cold and wet, that even the stingy Mr Ralph Holdfast put an extra log upon his fire, and made himself a glass of hot brandy and water. He took the spirits from a press in his library, putting the bottle away again, corked close, as soon as he had measured out a dram; locked it up fast; shook the door, to see that it was secure; and buttoned his pocket upon the key. Then he mixed his drink; drew his chair close to the hearth; took a sip, which he swallowed economically; spread his hands over the blaze, and began to think. But the wind, which roared in his chimney—the chance drops of rain which found their way down it, sputtering in the fire, as it will, and rustling dryly to his ear—the wind, which at least his circumstances—the angry gusts of the storm, which every now and then splashed heavily against the windows, did not for a moment divert his thoughts from himself. What had he to do with men upon a lee-shore, who saw the breakers by the lightning's light, and felt the anchor drag? What care he for homeless tramps who crouched close under the stack, and chattered curses at the wind? What cared he for the driver of the incomparable train, which rushed through the storm like a shot? What cared he for the wife of the fisherman who listened to the shrill moaning of the blast over the beach, and shuddered as the white flakes of foam struck against the darkened window-pane? Did he think of such as these? Not he; he thought about himself, and the resolution he had just been making, after much debate, to intrust his money to the Funds. Himself, he had kept it in his house—thirty thousand pounds—mostly in bank-notes of a large amount, once clean and crisp, but now limp from constant passage through his clamy, trembling hands. He kept his keys in the wallpaper of his room, and counted them again. They were all there. How could he best transmit them to the stockbroker? That was the question; but he was thinking about, he took his drink in stony sips. Yes! he would take them himself; he would carry them to town the very next day in the lining of his coat—that was a safe place—the very next day, and leave directions for the interest to be invested and added to the capital as fast as it grew. Then he drained the last drops from the tumbler before him, and chuckled audibly to himself. Ha! what was that? It sounded like an echo. He thrust away the pocket-book, and glanced at the window. The curtains were drawn close; it was impossible for any one to have seen into the room. There was a step without, no doubt; he heard it distinctly in a lull of the storm; then the door-bell rang. Taking up the candle, and going out of the room to bid his old servant, Rutherford, get his keys and his coat, and putting a match to the fire, he saw the stranger close behind him on the rug. Before he had time to express astonishment, he had to answer the summons, he crossed the hall just in time to see her open the door, and a figure enter the house. With it came a puff of wind, which extinguished both her light and his. Rutherford filled his room, and, putting a match to the fire, he saw the stranger close behind him on the rug. Before he had time to express astonishment, he had to answer the summons; but he was expected to remember me by this light, and coming in this sudden way; but I am your brother John. I returned to England yesterday, and came straight from Liverpool to this place.'
them on; but he heard them, and rushed out of his room while it was as yet only filled with smoke.

There was already a crowd around, for the village was close by. The crowd, useless crowd, which stood to windward of the flames. Into this Ralph ran before he well knew where he was; then, suddenly recollecting that he had left his money behind, he looked as if he would under the house again, but a dozen hands restrained him. ‘My money!’ he shouted, as he struggled to free himself. ‘My money! Robbers! Let me go; or I will swear you have done it all yourselves! ’

But they would not let the old man return, for he was so frantic, that they felt themselves answerable for his safety.

At last a young man, who was well known for his feats of daring, said: ‘I’d go without a word if a tare was left behind; but not for your box, sir, without a price.’

‘Fifty pounds, then!’ shouted Ralph—‘fifty pounds! A box in my room—in a closet!’

‘What is it like?’ said the other.

‘Glass!—glass marked on the top.’

Off he dashed, and in about five minutes returned with the box in his hand. Ralph caught it in his arms, and unlocked it, for he always had slept with the key about his neck, and had it still, then staggered a few paces backward, and fell insensible to the ground. The box was empty. In the agony of his fright, he had forgotten the coat, to which he had so recently transferred the notes; but when he looked for them in their old place, the remembrance of his occupation the previous evening flashed upon him, and he fell as if he had been struck; and so he was, but by no mortal hand. The village doctor, who by this time had joined the crowd, felt his pulse quietly running at him by the light in the blaze, said at once: ‘He has a paralytic stroke. Is there any one belonging to him under whose charge he can be put?’ But not a soul stepped forward. He had not a friend in the place.

Old Martha, the only other inmate of his house, was missing; till they found her, afterwards, dead, beneath a great heap of blackened tiles.

They were about to lay him, for the present, in an outhouse, which was untouched, when a stranger, pushing his way through the crowd, came, and looking at him, said: ‘Leave him; I am—his friend.’ So they made way; and the stranger took him to the village inn, had him laid in a bed, and sat watching by his side the next day. Nothing but the doctor was admitted to him, and when he came out into the fire of questions which met him down stairs, all they could get out of him was: ‘I did not know Mr. Holdfast had a friend so near; he could not nurse him more tenderly if he were an only brother.’ In which speech the doctor showed more sagacity than he supposed. But he kept to himself the stranger’s intimation, that he would pay all the expenses attendant on the sick man’s treatment. For John Holdfast was not ruined; he had been a bankrupt, it is true, but not dishonourably; and already two years had elapsed since that time, during which he had made some return towards a competency; indeed, he had latterly made such successful purchases in the neighbourhood of a rising town, that he had come back to England for the express purpose of laying his plans before his brother, and inducing him to embark his fortune in the property, which now insured a safe and large return. But after the reception which he met, his heart recoiled from partnership with so mean a spirit, and he left the miser’s house with only a sad reproach, as we have seen.

When the stranger arrived, it was to drivelling life. His brain remained affected. He had lost all memory of the fire; and his weakened intellect still glimmered about him. For a long time, those about him could not make out what he said; until at last, when he was enabled to totter about with a crutch, they found him in the garden of the cottage to which his brother had removed him, trying to wrap a cloak, as if he intended to escape. ‘Poor fellow!’ his brother knew what he had been trying to say. There he was standing by the tattered effigy, muttering ‘Pity,’ ‘Poor man,’ ‘So cold!’ And for many months, whenever he saw one of those/sketches of figures in the fields, he would make his way to it, sometimes taking off his own coat, and putting it on the thing, with broken sentences of pity and drivelling tears; for his brother’s parting words had sunk into his heart, and now, out of the broken wreck of his thoughts, he had patched together this strange amend for the cruelty and forsworness of old life.

Something still undestroyed in the man had risen up and asserted itself, though it had been so long cramped and buried. The miser’s habit had passed away, but with it the power to direct that better impulse which survived.

The touching tenderness with which he sought for and clothed the present objects of his companion came generally known in that neighbourhood. Some few were cruel enough to laugh at the Nemesis which had fallen upon him; and once or twice a forsworn, rabble-sentiment of his father, whom he had nearly ruined by a lawsuit—as cruel as his former self—sent him bundles of rags in scorn, or led him to bestow his charity on some ‘scarecrow in the wind-swept fields,’ and then distressed him beyond measure by beating it to pieces with a stick, and leaving him wringing his hands and crying over the shattered fragments.

Meanwhile his brother’s house had stood, and the interest of this was all that the poor sufferer had for his support—not enough, for a consolable share of the brother’s earnings went towards the same object. The paralytic could not be left alone, and several shillings a week were necessarily spent on the wages of an attendant. John Holdfast would have returned to the colony, but he could not bear the thought of leaving his brother behind; and it was apparently shown to take him to memories of him. The medical men said that the voyage would probably prove fatal; so he remained, working, and hoping that some change would come.

At last it did come, but it was not at all sure—but there were clear intervals of sense, which gradually lengthened, and joined themselves together. The visits to the fields in search of ‘Poor,’ as the temporary idiot had called the senseless effigies, grew short and few, until sometimes three or four months had passed away without any reference to them.

But the fire and all about it was still a blank in the memory of Ralph. He seemed to waken to an intelligent life, but it was a new one. Nothing could surpass the affection which he showed to John, though he still forgot he was his brother. The two men now worked together—for strength of limb came back with strength of brain—and John entertained good hopes of their being able to return together to the colony. He heard well of his property there; but though he might have made some money by parting with it, the prospect of its providing a competency for them both in town was too taunting; he wanted a little longer, delayed the temptation to a sale. At last it seemed as if some decision must be made.

The estate on which the brothers worked came into the market, and John received notice that he must either sell or let it. In the buying and selling of cattle would be required no longer. His brother grew daily better in mind as well as body, though he showed no signs of returning to the fire, or to the loss of his property, and John was unwilling.
to mention it, lest the fabric of his returning health should perhaps be suddenly and irretrievably upset; nor did he try to explain their relationship. Once, indeed, he ventured a suggestion—Ralph—who knew himself only by that designation, having forgotten his surname—became so agitated, as if some tribunal was about to sit in judgment upon him, that the next day Ralph told him that he had had a hideous dream. So he waited and hoped. But now that his office was to be taken away, he proposed emigration, saying that he had means of his own far away, which they two together might improve, and live upon in comfort. They tried inquiring about ships; and John calculated how far the remnant of his money would go, adding the price of the land on which his brother's house had stood. There was enough to pay for their passage, and enable them to carry out some things which would fetch a good return by their sale in the colony.

Everything was settled. The estate with which John had been connected was already in the market, and the two made no secret of their intended voyage. No one knew that they were brothers, and the neighbours had too much pity for the paralytic, or too much interest in their own affairs, to trouble Ralph with any reference to his former, happier and less uncertain life. There was long a sort of mystery about him, which repelled as much curiosity as it provoked, and so protected him. Only Mr Savage, whose house he had nearly ruined, and condescended with Ralph—sending him bundles of rags, as we have seen, and sometimes leading him out into the fields to make sport of his idiot pity. But now that Ralph was a man again, or nearly so, Savage had left him alone for months. It was not till they were on the point of sailing that he saw him again, and the opportunity was so tempting that he could not resist it. So they went down to Broadlands. The man who saved the box had stolen the coat, which had last been really worn by a scarecrow. Ralph caught up a knife from the table, and ripped it open; there were the notes, stated’d, but safe—thirty thousand pounds—just the price of Broadlands. So he took Mr Savage's advice, and stayed in England; and the house where the two brothers Holdfast happily lived and died changed names as well as owners, for, though it stood in Broadlands, everybody round, knowing the strange story of its purchase, called it Scarecrow Hall.

GIPSIES.

There are some abuses which almost soar to the dignity of institutions, and some spectacles which, to our fancy, are so completely part and parcel of Old England, that we can scarcely imagine the yet older times, when they were novel or unknown. What can be more familiar, yet more striking, than the gipsy-camp upon the wayside turf, the bright-eyed brood of tatterdemalions scrambling around the weather-stained tents, the white-kneed girl who starts up to tell our fortunes and ‘annex’ our silver? Our artists, though their eyes have been more intent upon conventional Italian peasants and uncouth Spanish muleteers than on the picturesque groups nearer home, have a real affection for the gipsy. We all know with what charming effect a patch of bright colour, a scarlet cloak, a yellow kerchief, sets off the leathy verdure of some green English lane; how mysteriously the red bivouac fire flickers through the shadows of evening; and how even the lean horse tethered to the bank invites the study of a painter. So entirely has custom interwoven the gipsy-tent, the gipsy cart or caravan, and the presence of these Oriental loungers, with British rural life, that they appear indigenous to our island; and yet the Zingari is no more native to our cold climate and moody skies than the cat there purring by our fireside. Look attentively at the latter as she licks the roof, and in the lithe power of those velvet-skinned limbs, the soft foot-fall, the peculiar tigerish carriage of the head, and the glance of the restless eye, you trace not only a half-tamed nature, but a tropic exaction. So with the gipsy: there is the same idle activity, if so seeming a paradox be permitted, the same careless strength, the same felice scent, the same avarice, the same suggestion of Eastern descent.
Some philosophers tell us that all men had originally the same complexion, and, indeed, there is a tradition of the rabbis which declares Adam and Eve to have been black. They, moreover, assure us that climate and mode of life produce changes of colour which we find among the nations of the globe; though we believe there is a powerful dissent rising up against this doctrine. The negro's jetty hue, they say, is said to be caused by the secretion from the true skin of a peculiar deep-tinted pigment, evoked by the continual action of a blazing sun and moist climate; the colouring of the eastern Indian is assigned to the dry, ozone air of the New World, its summer heats, and the effects of continual exposure to weather. The sages in question omit to inform us how many generations under an African sun may be warranted to bring the offspring of British parents to a coal-black hue, or what amount of naturalisation will whiten the Ethiop. But they also overlook one or two isolated facts which give a partial support to their daring theories—as that Hindus become remarkably bleached after a few months spent at the higher hill-stations of India, such as Similah, Ootacamund, and the like; that negro babies are born white; and that a couple of centuries have effected a great change in the aspect of the North American continent. On the other hand, the gipsy, our own domestic Ithmaaret, affords a striking example of the tenacity with which the physical characteristics of a race can endure the most complete change of life and environment. We not unfrequently meet with whole families as swarthy as Moors, and among whom their progenitors of four hundred years ago could not have surpassed in orientalism of aspect, even after all the effects of English climate and weather for a score of generations. To this day we may encounter in our rambles Hayreddin the Maugrabin, just as Scott described the Highlander, who cut his hair by the side of Quentin Durward. True, the outer husk has changed a little; turban and haick have given place to a loose suit from the stop-seller's booth; Klepper, the pony, has lost his Arabian bridle, and the shovel stirrups and the scimitar have been disposed of to the dealer in old iron. But the man is the same; in his roguish, sparkling eyes you may read a spirit more vivacious than that of Gil Bias or Scapin, and his very walk partakes of the limber indolence of the python. Talk to him, and if you have tact and accomplishments enough with tongue and looks to impress him, he may perhaps impart to you, in Hayreddin's own language, stories quaint and wild enough for Hayreddin's own lips. And Zillah, or Zara, though her Arabian name may have been corrupted into Sally, is not unworthy a moment's notice, as she comes smiling forward to read the lines of destiny on your honour's palm. What white teeth the jade has got! All Mr Rimmel's patent tooth-powder, all Moses Price and Gonnell's bristles, could never Blanch our Anglo-Saxon incisors to such a pearly lustre as that. The eyes, too, are glorious eyes—great, flashing, liquid stars—and none of your hazels and browns (called black by courtesy), but genuine sloe-black, with lashes like night itself. Raven hair, straight delicate features, a well-shaped, active figure—such as you may see by hundreds in Hindustan, when the women of the village come out to fill their pitchers at the tank—and a rich complexion of bloom and olive, make up no uncomely picture. Pity that the Zingara damsels should have so brief a tenure of their charms, should so early transmute themselves into a gaunt Meg Merrilies, like that terrible matron who is fingering for a price to deck her snaky hair; and then into wrinkled crones, yellow, grizzled, and weird, like her who is whining at your elbow. But they blossom and fade in true Arabian style.

Let us trace the pedigree of this strange people, these wallas and strays of the world, premising that their origin has puzzled many a wise head, until the light of modern research fell upon it. The various names by which the wanderers have been designated throughout Europe, denote the extreme perplexity into which their immigrants threw the sons of Japhet. In Eastern Europe they were called Zigeuner; in France and Germany, Bohemians; in Spain, Maugraban and Zingalas; in Britain, Egyptians, which latter word was easily confounded with the name of Egyptians. The title of Bohemian was acquired from the fact that Bohemia became the habitat of many of their hordes at a very early date, and that it was from the Bohemian hordes that the gipsies of all Western Europe. Zingaro means a wanderer, and Maugrabe is simply a Moor from Africa, derived from moghreb, or the west. But the voice has principally assigned the gipsy tribe an Egyptian origin, and those mainly concerned in the matter, the rovers themselves, caught greedily at the suggestion. There are gipsies in Egypt, as indeed, with the exception of Scandinavia, there are gipsies everywhere; and many of the earliest arrivals reported themselves, perhaps with truth, to have come from the shores of the Nile. But there were reasons which induced these nomads to adopt the character of native Egyptians, as we shall presently see. Their first introduction to the civilised world was in the year of grace 1427, when two troops of four hundred individuals, reached Paris, and created much excitement and curiosity. They numbered more women than men, but among them were, as the chronicle says forth, 'a prince, two dukes, six counts, and several of the inferior nobility.' It was into such burlesques of European distinctions as these that the Eastern Egyptians were transplanted, and were placed in the outskirts of Cotelwall's Asiatie tribe. These strange immigrants amazed all men by their dusky complexions, and the tawdry and dirty finery of their attire. They were dressed in the costume of the Eastern Turks and red, they wore turbans and crooked swords, and some of their great men had showy ornaments of silver, but the general aspect of the horse was squalid and uncouth to the last degree. They had a specious story to tell, giving themselves out, as they did, for native Egyptians from Egypt, the relics of a nation that had been despised and massacred by the in-dead Turks. They further hinted that they were the legatees of the ancient mysteries of those magicians who had contended with Moses; that the 'white spells,' or thaumaturgies, were these, and that they had been preserved among them; and that they were ready to foretell, by palmistry and the stars, the future fortunes of the Parisians. Nothing more was required than this statement of superstition to throw a temporary halo over the travellers. Paris welcomed them heartily, as martyrs for the faith, as persecuted Catholics, and as fortune-tellers who had inherited all the wisdom of Hierapolis. The king fed them. The clergy re-baptised them, lest there should have been any irregularity in the ceremony of the chrism as practised in the Opie church, a supposition rendered the more probable from the fact that no priests accompanied the exodus. The ladies and gallants of Paris hastened to submit their hands to the inspection of these dark-skinned alykah, and a golden harvest was reaped from the curious and the credulous. Ere long, new hordes arrived, but already the popularity of the new-comers was on the wane. The French began to discover that the morals of their guests were not strict, nor their notions of property rigid. Pilferings, frauds, dancings, of a character too inconsiderate even for the French of the fifteenth century, were roused the anger of the authorities and people, and the Parisians discovered that the interesting confessors they had been canvassing were but very sinful heathens masquerading in Eastern attire. By edict of the parliament, the Egyptians were driven forth from the capital, and forbidden to approach it under pain of whipping. Very soon the penalty was
augmented to death itself. The provincial parlia-
ments took up the ball of legislation, and soon the
"writings of Henry VIII."
and what no. But they
were put beyond the pale of law, hunted like wolves,
and reduced to a still worse condition than the
Pariahs of their native land. But in spite of gibbet
and branding iron, the outcast race held fast to the
land that strove to eject them. Chased hither and
thither, slaughtered, tortured, evil entreated, the
wanderers showed all the stubborn endurance, the
craft, and the hardihood of wild beasts. They were
not always hunted. They gained a precarious protection
here and there; they kept up their profession as
wizards and prophets, they sold elixirs, love-philtres,
amulets, told fortunes, cast horoscopes, mended ornaments,
patched kettles, repaired broken pottery, just as they
did now. By those small arts, combined with poaching
and petty theft, they kept body and soul together,
and camped alternately in the wastes or among the
villages.
They spread wonderfully over Europe. Before a
century after their first appearance, they were
plenti-
ful in Germany, in Spain, Italy, Hungary, Britain.
They were also found in Turkey, Greece, Syria,
and Egypt, always a race apart, always migratory
and camping out like the Bedouin, and always keeping
perfectly distinct from the nation in whose land they
dwell. In Mohammedan countries the gipsy called
himself, in India, he became the
Christian; but he seldom saw the inside
of mosque or minster, and lived, by all accounts, in
the darkness of contented unbelief. It was James IV.
of Scotland who issued letters-patent conferring legal
authority over his own tribe on 'our trusty and well-
beloved John Faa, Lord and Erle of Eitil Egypte.'
This 'Lord and Erle of Eitil Egypte' is the Johnnie
Faa first mentioned in Scottich ballad. But it must
have been a grandson or great-nephew of this
swarthy nobleman whose eloquence with Lady Cassils
furnished the theme for the Galavant hard, to whose
lyre we owe the poem whose refrain is:

They were fifteen valiant men
Black, but very bonnie.

In those days, according to the rude but not
musical scraps of song in which they have been
embalmed, we find the gipsy preserving much of the
Eastern character. The sweet singing of their
minstrels is mentioned, and to this day the musicians
of Hungary are all gipsies; the gift of 'ginger,' then
together, enter into their character. Sometimes the chief,'by
the staff of his spear,' are especially
noteworthy in the ballad. But Johnnie Faa did not
long keep the good-will of royalty, and the Egyptians
were put to the horn at Kirk and market as broken
men, thieves, and outlaws. They were never extir-
pated, but they were often treated with a cruel
and capricious severity, in spite of which they still abode
on the Borders, the village of Yetholm being mainly
peopled by gipsies, who are still loyal to the family
of Faa. This is perhaps a solitary instance in which the
gipsies have abandoned their open-air life to dwell in
permanent abodes, but I believe that the village is
only crowded in winter, its population roving the
country as long as the pleasant summer tempts them.
Nor is this temptation a trifling one. Many of us
have looked with a sigh of half-irrational longing
at the tents on the moor, and have had aspirations for
the freedom from care, the incessant change of scene,
and the unfettered liberty of the
Zingaro. Lured by such a spell, not only have many of
the dissolute, the lazy, or the desperate, joined the
migratory gypsy, but the abandoned, cultured home for
a seast beside the fire and a share of the
patchwork tent. It is remarkable that we
know nothing of the manner of their first entry into
England. From time to time they were confounded
with strollers, broken soldiers, and all kinds of
vagrants, against whom proclamations were fulmi-
nated, but they make no figure in history. It may
be that the sharp, hard lands of the
merciless rigour with which the beggars
and vagabonds with whom the land swarmed were 'put
down,' may have thinned the gipsies. At any rate
Shakespeare has failed to introduce into any forest or
rural scene in his dramas such apparently tempting
materials as the Bohemians presented; and Spanish
play-wrights made capital out of the picturesque
wanderers, long before English literature had begun to
catalogue them with indigenous vagabonds.
In the course of the last century much attention was
paid to the singular phenomenon which such a paras-
itic race presented in the heart of wealthy kingdoms.
But all efforts to trace the gipsy to the cradle of his
nation proved fruitless; and although words enough of
their traditional tongue were collected to form a
vocabulary, the key was not yet forged that could
unlock the mystery. In the earlier part of the last
century, before the conquests of Clive, and the learned
labours of Jones, Wolf, D'Herbelot, and others had
popularised the study of the oriental dialects,
and especially of Sanscrit, it was impossible to obtain a
bird's-eye view of the Indo-German tongues. At
length the campaign of Egypt solved the enigma:
the Sepeys of Baird's army at once recognised the
gipsies of that country as the exact types of certain
low-caste herders in India, the Jats, the Coles, the
Pariahs, Bhools, Gonds, and so forth. The British
grenadier on his part could claim the dusky nomads
beside the Nile as his ancestors, and as such he
considered those he had seen on the banks of Thames or Tyne,
and the chain of evidence became perfected. A gipsy
vocabulary, when compared with a similar com-
pendium of Hindustani, shows surprising likeness,
and although the words derived from the Persian
or Arabic may vary, those from the old Hindi are
nearly the same. It has been plausibly conjectured that
some irruption of the Mahommedan conquerors
was the wave which cast these fragments of the
Hindu social system on the shores of Europe. But
it must be remembered that, with the language of the
Aryan race, the gipsies by no means brought with
them the Aryan religions. No trace of Buddhism or
Brahmanism is to be detected in them: they have no
scruples about conforming to the laws of that region, nor do
they consider themselves defiled by eating any animal food,
reptiles and carrion inclusion. I have seen them
among the Turks, filling the office of suridjes or
poet, and as gipsies. It is a Mamolou costume as our old friend in Qventis
Dywayd, but they had no solid repute for belief in
Islam, despite their external adherence to its forms.
In England, they occasionally have a christening,
more rarely a wedding, performed in a church;
and they are very fond of laying their chiefs in consecrated
earth, with all the ceremonies of religion. In 1810,
Ralph Stanley, a gipsy king, was buried at Burnt-
wood, in Staffordshire. Four hundred gipsies collected
at his obsequies; they listened, bare-headed and
respectful, to the funeral service, and afterwards
returning to the churchyard, performed a service of
their own over the grave, chanting a jargon of
rhymes which no one could comprehend. It is
not impossible to discover the actual religious belief of a
gipsy. Probably, 'none at all' would be a true verdict
in the case of the majority, while their chief persons,
although less ignorant, have preserved a wonderful
farrago of astrological absurdities, and seem to put
more credence on planetary influence than in aught
else. It has been supposed that their creed may be
a relic of the Sabean standing, but they resemble
rude epicureans, and are very little con-
cerned with anything but the visible world. They
are still under the moral sway of certain of these
families, of which some, like the Faas, are
probably descended from their aboriginal leaders; and
others, like the Stanleys and Gordons, may perhaps
derive their patronymics from some well-born scone-
grace in auld langsyne. There are many so-called
kings, and the communication between the different
tribes is frequent and rapid. In 1836, a dispute arose
at that extinct place of revelry, Groomeitch Fair,
between a gipsy potentate and the lessee of a well-
known dancing-boat, the Crown and Anchor, respect-
ing the priority of hiring a certain piece of ground.
What the wild monarch wanted with the ground in
question, I cannot say, whether to devote it to 'prick
the garter,' or giff gingerbread, or pink-eyed Abahines,
but in any case the decision of law was against him.
But such numbers of the king's liegenmen—shaggy,
bronze, cud-de-carrying fellows—came flocking to
the place, threatening loudly to pull down the dan-
cing-boat, and immolate its owner, that a riot was
only averted by the presence of a troop of hussears,
who patrolled the fair for three days as a measure of
precaution. Since then either gipsy royalty has
grown feebler, or the arm of the police has waxed
stronger, for no conflict has ever taken place with
these tributary princes.

It is not easy to induce a gipsy to aow that
he has a peculiar language or religion. The lan-
guage that Romany speaks which Mr Borrow has
made such use of, is a sort of bastard Hindustani,
mixed with all sorts of outlandish words, and it
forms a convenient jargon for those whose life is not
strictly legal. In its most corrupt form, it is called
'thieves' Latin' or 'patter.' A gipsy is always
averse to betraying his knowledge of a dialect that
labours under such a stigma, and unless you can
acquire enough of it to accent him in the right words
and with the right accent, you will receive no satis-
factory answer. A phrase in simple Hindustani may
cause the Lomazite to prick up his ears, but it will
be beyond his comprehension. If, however, you can
bribe one of them to act as your teacher, you may
learn enough to excite their wonder and friendship in
all land, and, as Prince Hal boasted, 'to drink with
every tinker in his own language.' It is not every
nominal gipsy who understands Romany. Many of
them shew by their blue eyes, light hair, and light
complexion, that they are not of Indian stock, but
Anglo-Saxons run wild. The true breed may be
known by their jetty hair and eyes, their plant
forms, their somewhat delicate limbs, and that pecu-
liar complexion which is unlike that of the whole
world beside. The author of Lavenge has done
much to mystify inquirers. He has tried to make us
believe the gipsy is an Armenian, a Childarne, and per-
haps of a nationality yet more recondite; but the
identity of the race with several Indian tribes is
as clear as day, and we may faithfully believe Old
King Cole to have been a most jovial monarch of the
'Coles,' or low-caste natives of Dekklian—perhaps
their leader in the emigration. In all lands they
beg, and pilfer, and tell fortunes, and promise rich and
handsome husbands to credulous maidens, and tinker,
and mend china. They have some traditional skill,
too, in the art of the goldsmith, in basket-weaving,
and smithery; they are jockeys, fiddlers, and pug-
lists. Cheerfully will they eat brazy mutton, or
partake of the dead horse or cow, if the hen-roost be
too well guarded, the keepers too alert. As poachers,
they are univalued; their famous gipsy stew in the
great kettle over the fire is seldom lacking in game,
and by drugs they can stupefy the fish in a pond or
stream, till they fast helpless on the water, an easy
price. Child-stealing and poisoning of animals are
charges more often made against them than sub-
stantiated. It is certain that they are light-fingered
and vindictive; but they are grateful for a little kind-
ness, are usually civil and obliging, and, unless
molested, never rob within miles of their camp. In
spite of utilitarian reformers, I for one should be
sorry if the gipsies were 'improved' off the earth,
and if no future traveller in England could hope to
catch a glimpse of the Murillo-like group gathering
in autumn around the smoky fire in the woodland
lanes.

TITLE-PAGES.

A hundred years ago, literary baptisms were more
carefully performed than at the present time. When
our powdered and periwigged ancestors carried their
intellectual offspring to Paternoster Row for baptism
of the ordinance, the important question, 'Name this
child,' received a much more lengthly reply than
modern parents trouble themselves to furnish. Two
or three words, with a motto appended, were not held
sufficient to admit an infant book into the rights and
privileges of literary fellowship; still less was the
officiating priest content with those ambiguous
ought-containing couples under which many modern
children of the brain struggle through life, and make
a good thing of it after all. When, by dint of careful
study and much perseverance—for men did not rush
into print then as they do now a days—a writer had
produced something worthy the public reading, that
fact was announced in a decorous and comprehensive
diagram. In a title-page, the naming of a book must have required
well-nigh as much care as its composition. Take, for
instance, this specimen of elaborate explicitness, and
fancy it figuring in a modern publisher's circular—

MATEHATICAL Institutions

In Three Parts.
1. CLAVES, KEY.
2. JANTA,
3. ANCELLA, (HANDMAID)

TO THE
MATHEMATICAL SCIENCES.

WHEREIN

THE DOCTRINE OF PLAIN AND SPHERICAL TRIANGLE
IS SINCERELY HANDLED, GEOMETRICALLY DEMON-
STRATED, ARITHMETICALLY, GEOMETRICALLY, I-
STRUMENTALLY PERFORMED AND PRACTICALLY
APPLY'D TO

GEOMETRY, 
COSMOGRAPHY,
NAVIGATION,
ASTRONOMY,

BY WILL LEYBOURNE, PHILOMATEM.

INGREDERE UT PROFICIAS.

1704.

Why, a modern author would cram all this into half
a dozen words, and think it too long even then.

Now, whatever else this title-page omits, it cer-
tainly informs us, honestly enough, what we may
expect to find in the book—a useful piece of informa-
tion which cannot always be gathered from modern
advertisements. An old gentleman of harmless, reflec-
tive habits walks forth into the fields to meditate at
eventide, and comes to the conclusion—whether justly
or otherwise, we presume not to decide—that the
reading public will be advantaged by said meditations.
A sentimentalist of the present day would have intro-
duced them to the world as 'Crumbs,' 'Musings,'
'Fragments,' 'Stray Blossoms,' or some other title
equally enigmatic. Mr Sturm, however, goes to the
root of the matter, and gives us the following sum-
and explicit definition of his work: 'Reflections for
every Day in the Year, on the Works of God, and
of His Providence, throughout all Nature. In Two
Volumes.' Writers of the present day, however, have
learned to do things differently, and, as they think,
more wisely; they use title-pages as Talleyrand used words—to conceal instead of explaining. It would be curious to recount the blunders to which the modern version of the former are laid. Not long ago, the corporation of a north of England town resolved to erect a new cattle-market. The mayor of the place, who was on the look-out for suitable plans to order a copy of a published work on 'The Construction of Sheep-folds.' To his complete disappointment, he received, by return of post, a tractate on 'Religious Denominations!' An inexperienced young farmer, wishing to add to his stock of agricultural knowledge, bought, on speculation, a book called 'Ploughing and Sowing,' and found it to contain a minute account of some benevolent lady's operations amongst the labourers of a country district in Yorkshire. We have heard of a work entitled 'Sowing and Reaping,' published since; and we imagine the series will be continued in 'Thrashing and Winnowing,' 'Sorting and Grinding,' until it comes to a conclusion in 'Kneading and Baking.'

Look down the columns of an advertising-sheet, and you can make neither sense nor reason of half the titles. An enterprising publisher of books of a somewhat tender type, 'Ointment' in a gilt wrapper for sixpence; but what particular ailment the preparation is intended to reach, remains a mystery. We have 'Healing Waters,' bound in cloth, and 'Balm of the Soul' at a shilling the dozen. A little further down, we learn that 'Sunbeams' are two-and-sixpence each. We have no fault to find with this statement; sunbeams ought to be worth half-a-crown anywhere, but when British Islanders are called upon to pay three-and-sixpence for 'Mists and Shadows,' we think the price rather exorbitant. Surely the Scottie, at anyrate, might be supplied with the former of these two articles at a lower figure.

Broken meat appears to command a ready sale in the literary market. Those who prefer their 'serious reading' in this shape, may have 'Crumps' and 'Fragments' for a penny each, or a shilling a dozen, a liberal allowance being made to bazaars. 'Scattered Passages' and 'Daily Scraps' are largely advertised, together with 'Evening Morsels' and 'Morning Food.' The price is not always affixed, but we presume they are sold by dry measure. This homoeopathic refreshment need not be taken in repeated doses, judging from the numerous editions called for. One lady presents us with a 'few thoughts through the day,' all together; and one composition this with the fair sex—and modestly describes the mixture as 'Weeds.' Another, who is of opinion that her productions are decidedly sparkling, introduces them to the public as 'Diamant Dust.' 'Idle Moments' are to be bought in packets, twenty for a shilling, and 'Vacant Hours,' like eggs, for fifteen pence a score.

This class of current literature draws largely upon the vegetable kingdom for title-pages. A well-known writer brings us 'Green Leaves' at so much apiece, and offers them with gilt edges at a trifling advance in price. Another, disposed, we should imagine, to look on the dark side of things, asks five shillings for a 'Cypress Wreath' elegantly bound in morocco. 'Mown Grass' has been introduced to the public as a desirable little volume; we hope a second edition will shortly be ready, in which the material shall have reached the state of hay. 'Withered Leaves' may be had for something more than a farthing, and 'A Dying Leaf' has been offered to us with a discount of twopence in the shilling ready money.

But chiefly, however, in 'biographical sketches suitable for family reading,' that we find the most extensive variety of botanical specimens. Twenty years ago, we were conversant with a magazine in which the lives of good children formed a prominent park. We feel it our duty to state that the leading impression formed upon our juvenile mind from the perusal of such sketches was this, that if we behaved ourselves very well, and always did what we were told, we should be sure to die before ten years old, and have our lives written in the 'Child's Friend.' This, however, is only a passing remark, and may not agree with general experience.

These biographies usually commenced in the following style: 'Life and happy death of John So-and-so. The subject of this memoir was born at such a place in such a year. In early life, he was blessed with pious parents, who trained him carefully, and did their utmost to check the evil tempers which,' &c. Now, this is plain and straightforward, it is nothing else, and we respect the honesty, if we cannot admire the originality, of the diction. But, in this refined age of ours, if a little boy behaves very well, and dies very young, we find him sketching out into public life shortly afterwards as 'A Broken Lily,' a 'Gathered Flower,' an 'Early Blossom,' a 'Faded Rose,' or some other horticultural specimen. A young lady of amiable manners and possessing personal appearance falls into a decline, dies, and is buried. Write a memoir of her—for every one has memoirs now a days—and call it what it really is, 'The Life of Miss So-and-so,' just that, and nothing more; and you may safely consign it to a twelvemonth's sleep on the publisher's shelves, with a further siesta in his waist-paper basket. But call it 'A Study in your Aid,' introduce your book to public attention as 'The Bud of Promise; being a Brief Sketch,' 'The Damask Rosebud; a Short Account,' and it goes off like magic. Maummas buy it for their daughters; it is read at all sewing-meetings and working-parties; young ladies run after it as being such a sweet pretty thing, so very touching; and a fresh edition is called for in three months. In the literary world, botany and biography go hand in hand.

Lately, these symbolic phraseologists, not content with hartering the vegetable kingdom for their use, have laid violent hands on the Bible itself, and appropriated for trade purposes those grand and time-honoured expressions which right-minded men are wont to utter with bowed heads and reverent hearts. The twenty-third Psalm has been hatched into fragments, and doted upon piecemeal for title-pages. We have 'Green Pastures,' in fancy cloth, and 'Sick Waters,' with gilt edges, sixpence each, or the two together for tenpence: 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death, Devout Musings for a Soul in Affliction,' price two-and-sixpence—bazzars surmise method of composition this with the fair sex—and modestly describes the mixture as 'Weeds.' Another, who is of opinion that her productions are decidedly sparkling, introduces them to the public as 'Diamant Dust.' 'Idle Moments' are to be bought in packets, twenty for a shilling, and 'Vacant Hours.' like eggs, for fifteen pence a score.

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But chiefly, however, in 'biographical sketches suitable for family reading,' that we find the most extensive variety of botanical specimens. Twenty years ago, we were conversant with a magazine in which the lives of good children formed a prominent park. We feel it our duty to state that the leading impression formed upon our juvenile mind from the perusal of such sketches was this, that if we behaved ourselves very well, and always did what we were told, we should be sure to die before ten years old, and have our lives written in the 'Child's Friend.' This, however, is only a passing remark, and may not agree with general experience.

These biographies usually commenced in the following style: 'Life and happy death of John So-and-so. The subject of this memoir was born at such a place in such a year. In early life, he was blessed with pious parents, who trained him carefully, and did their utmost to check the evil tempers which,' &c. Now, this is plain and straightforward, it is nothing else, and we respect the honesty, if we cannot admire the originality, of the diction. But, in this refined age of ours, if a little boy behaves very well, and dies very young, we find him sketching out into public life shortly afterwards as 'A Broken Lily,' a 'Gathered Flower,' an 'Early Blossom,' a 'Faded Rose,' or some other horticultural specimen. A young lady of amiable manners and possessing personal appearance falls into a decline, dies, and is buried. Write a memoir of her—for every one has memoirs now a days—and call it what it really is, 'The Life of Miss So-and-so,' just that, and nothing more; and you may safely consign it to a twelvemonth's sleep on the publisher's shelves, with a further siesta in his waist-paper basket. But call it 'A Study in your Aid,' introduce your book to public attention as 'The Bud of Promise; being a Brief Sketch,' 'The Damask Rosebud; a Short Account,' and it goes off like magic. Maummas buy it for their daughters; it is read at all sewing-meetings and working-parties; young ladies run after it as being such a sweet pretty thing, so very touching; and a fresh edition is called for in three months. In the literary world, botany and biography go hand in hand.

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At the present time, utilitarian title-pages appear to be coming into fashion. The 'Family Bread-basket' is now advertised as a monthly publication, containing miscellaneous articles of instruction and amusement, suitable for all classes. This has a comfortable sound, and suggests a pleasing contrast to the 'Crumbles,' 'Scraps,' and 'Fragment' with which some authors mock our hunger. The 'Bread-basket' has its best wares provided by the publishers, and what is offered to us is home-baked, raised with honest brewer's yeast, and guiltless of lime, bones, or alum. Knowing the character of the metropolis, we should be more satisfied if London 'contributions' were rejected, and the contents supplied from the country. As the 'Bread-basket' is intended to meet the wants of young people, and we have not yet outgrown our own juvenile tastes, may we suggest a little confectionary, in the shape of biscuits, seed-cake, &c., introduced in judicious portions, by way of helping down the more solid food.

Lastly, if the editor has any connection with Scotland, he will pardon us for reminding him that the best—incoparably the best of all bread—is short-bread.

Let this hint suffice.

An infant magazine usually slips off its long clothes—that is, monthly wrappers—and assumes a change of dress on the first anniversary of its birthday. We hope at the expiration of our twelfth week, to see the announcement that 'covers for the 'Bread-basket' are now ready, and may be had at all booksellers.' Would not croquet covers be appropriate, or diaper neatly braided? If the young lady is still in existence who, being interrogated as to the nature of a piece of fancy-work on which she was engaged, replied that it was an anti-macassar for bread-basket, we have no doubt she will be quite willing to provide a supply.

These matter-of-fact title-pages having once come into vogue, we may expect, in the course of a few months, to half the advantage of 'The Family Meal-tub,' 'The Household Flour-bin,' 'The Domestic Rag-bag,' and 'The Waste-paper Basket.' To this last-mentioned periodical, whenever it emerges into public life, we guarantee a liberal allowance of contributions. By and by, the title-pages of books will be more amusing than their contents, and those who are in search of a little harmless recreation will find it nowhere more daintily supplied than in the baptismal registers of Paternoster Row.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

What with fearful iteration of fires and other lamentable catastrophes by land and water, there has been no lack of things to talk about during the recess; and this remarkable crowd of accidents has set some of our moral philosophers and students of social phenomena seriously thinking. Is there a law at the basis of social as there is of physical phenomena? Some hold that there is, and they find an analogy between the unusual number of casualties and our street-traffic. For instance, a person is frequently prevented crossing a street when he wishes to do so, by a great assemblage of passing vehicles, which seems as if it might continue for hours; but in a few minutes the crush lessens, and but a few scattered vehicles occupy the recently crowded thoroughfare, and during this lull the crossing must be effected; for ever long there will be another crush, as any one may see for himself who will watch the traffic in the streets of London: it is a succession of waves, now diminishing and now swelling, at irregular intervals, all day long. And the same prevails, so say the students, in other social phenomena.

The opportunity has been seized by many to put forward remedies based upon science. One ingenious individual recommends the mixing of soluble glass with the water to be pumped on a fire, as an effectual means of extinction; another would use dilute alumina, that is, clay and water; and another argues that phosphorus is a capital thing for putting out a fire, because it develops so much phosphoric acid, in which nothing will burn. Unfortunately for the latter promoters of the employment of phosphorus as a fire extinguisher, he forgets that before the acid can exert its protective influence, the phosphorus quickens the conflagration, and leaves nothing to be protected.

How to prevent railway accidents, is still a question hard to be answered. We have been informed by one of the government railway inspectors, that the risks of railway travel are always much greater than the public have any conception of; that there is more of what may be described as 'touch and go,' in the ordinary traffic, than the numerous class of optimists would be disposed to admit. This fact renders it the more essential to discover and apply a means of safety; and there is no doubt that as preliminaries to this discovery, it would be well to take immediate measures for the constant supervision of a train while in motion, and for communication between guard and engine-driver.

To insist on this would be a better popular cry than that about underrated or overworked servants. Public sympathy is too apt to forget that there is something to be said on the other side of the question; and that the public impatience in this case, as at others, is founded on a want to get rid of the means of prevention. We would insist strongly upon punctuality in the service of a line of railway, and with the greater earnestness, because it is easier to be punctual than unpunctual, and because, judging from our own experience within the past two months, unpunctuality appears to have become the rule on most of the English railroads.

The suggestion that risk may be lessened by diminishing the amount of passengers, is worth consideration. If excursionists could travel very cheaply by any train, there would be little need of the regular railway service. If it be profitable to carry a thousand passengers one hundred miles by one train at half-a-crown each, would it not be equally profitable to carry them in fifties or hundreds on the regular trains throughout the day, and with advantage to the public by affording them a choice of hours at which to start? Statistics appear to lend weight to this suggestion: in 1869, the total receipts on the railways of the United Kingdom amounted to £27,786,622, of which more than £1,100,000 was taken from passengers. The whole number of passengers in the same year was 163,435,678, comprehending, in round numbers, 93,000,000 third class, 49,000,000 second class, 20,000,000 first class; and the greatest part of the £1,100,000 was made up by third-class passengers. The number of miles of railway open at the end of 1869 was 10,433; and the increase in the number of passengers over 1868 was 12,500,000.

As was expected, the abolition of the paper-duty has occasioned a burst of activity in many things that occupy themselves with paper. To say nothing of the cheapening of popular literature, we have reason to believe that paper will henceforth be employed in the arts to such a varied extent as might at present seem almost impossible. Even with the burden of a duty, we have seen wonderful things accomplished with different forms of paper for useful and decorative purposes; and when men can buy collars at four shillings a gross, and women can purchase collars stamped out of paper at sevenpence each, which at a few feet distance can hardly be distinguished from the choicest lace, what we may not expect now that in the smartest newspapers there is a further unfettered play on the raw material? There will be gain to science and art, and, not least, to the beauty and comfort of many a home.

With so many writers in mind, it is a relief to hear of the success of that tremendous new iron warship, the 'Warrior;' to say that her first voyage from the Thames to Portsmouth exceeding all expectation,
is no figure of speech. The result is one that makes us aware of the astonishing progress of the mechanical arts; for a counsel, which not two years ago would have thought it as likely that the Sebastopol forts would be sent to sea, as steam-ships built of six-inch iron. The completion of the breakwater at Portland had, however, formed a sufficiently spacious harbour for all the ships we are likely to build. This mighty barrier is now more than a mile and a half in length, rising, at its outermost extremity from a depth of eleven fathoms, and has required for its construction about 60,000,000 tons of stone. It will be effectually protected by the massive fortifications which are now building on the Verne, the highest part of the island, and which, isolated by a ditch 80 feet deep and 100 feet wide, are said to excel all the defensive works hitherto built in this country.

Other results apart, the meeting of the British Association at Manchester was remarkable for a couple of lectures—one by Mr Airy, the Astronomer Royal, on the solar eclipse of July 1860; the other by Professor Miller on chemical analysis by means of the spectrums. Those who wish to be informed as to the present state of astronomical science in the particular of eclipses, and its bearing on our knowledge of comical phenomena, or to know the history and signification of spectrums analysis, would do well to read the lecture which has been published by the contemporary journals. An important connection will be perceived between chemistry and astronomy, for while one notes the appearances of the sun and its atmosphere, the other analyses that atmosphere by means of its spectrums; and the photographer with his chemical appliances gives us pictorial representatives of all that has taken place.

Appropos of photography, we hear that Niepce St Victor has made another advance towards taking pictures—of landscapes, for instance—in their natural colours. Though results are yet far from perfect, he still hopes for eventual success. Another Frenchman has succeeded in taking two photographic views of the vast panorama held from the summit of Mont Blanc. Another, whose experiments in the phonographing of sound we mentioned some time ago, is improving his apparatus, and feels pretty confident of being able to make a speech record itself by means of his phonautoscope. In this instrument, a light style is set in motion by the sound of the voice, and traces lines on a strip of prepared paper which is kept always moving by a plectrum novelly invented.

In a paper laid before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Faye develops a theory which accounts for the motion of comets and for certain phenomena that take place in the movements of planetary satellites, by supposing the existence of a repulsive force, which force is due to the incandescence of the sun. Astronomers will doubtless have something to say on a theory which so directly opposes the theory of attraction, and, so far as comets are concerned, the theory of a resisting medium; and those who are interested in the question may anticipate much learned discussion thereupon. Professor William Thomson, whose theory of solar heat we noticed some time ago, took up another view of the subject at the Manchester meeting, and read a paper, entitled "Physical Considerations regarding the Possible Age of the Sun's Heat."

It is our readers that the electric light is still kept burning nightly at the Dunganess light-house, by way of introduction to the fact, that under the sanction of the Trinity Board, the light-house is on trial at the Trinity House. For at the light-house, and as yet with highly satisfactory results. This is a more powerful light than the electric; indeed, the most powerful hitherto discovered. In the experiments made previously, it was found to be visible to an observer standing on a hill at a distance of ninety

miles; but owing to want of volume and of continuity, it did not appear likely to become of practical value. In the present instance, the objection has been overcome; the light is as large and as much under control as can be desired, and only requires a modification of the reflecting apparatus to bring its full power into use. As many as twelve of such reflectors, suit oil-lamps will require some change to fit them for the intense light of lime. The apparatus by which the two gases are made to effuse in the oil-stream and commix in a chamber before flowing upon the ball of lime, is ingenious, and, what is of great importance, secure. Risk of explosion would be a fatal objection to its use. This is not the first attempt that the lime-light has been practically employed: it was tried for two months without a failure at the building of Westminster Bridge, and for some time on the Landing Stage at Liverpool. It would something to be proud of to know that this piercing light was sending its rays far across the deep from every English light-house. In leaving this subject for the present, we may mention that an experimentalist at Paris has demonstrated that plants will turn green as well under the influence of electric light as under sunlight.

Many years ago, some enterprising individual, whose name we forget, proposed the making of gas in the mining districts where coal is cheapest and most abundant, whence it was to be conveyed in pipes to all parts of the kingdom. It would be an excellent thing could we get rid of all the gas-works south of the Humber, and yet keep our lamps alight; but nothing came of the proposal. Mr Leslie now brings it forward in another shape. Instead of converting the coal into gas, he would distil it at a low temperature, condense the vapour given off, and respire its oil. This oil would be as capable of transport as any other liquid, and placed in proper vessels, might be delivered wherever wanted, whereby all the cost of 300 miles of pipes from Northumberland to Middlesex would be saved. With a supply of this oil and a small retort, any person might manufacture his own gas—a fact which would perhaps be beneficially appreciated by the occupants of country-houses far from gas-works. It should be understood that this gas would be pure, because it is much easier to purify the oil than it is to purify gas there. The usual way.

Dr Tyndall has returned from another scientific Alpine excursion, during which he climbed to the summit of the Weisshorn: the first ascent of that frozen peak. The expedition sent from Melbourne to explore the interior of Australia, under the command of Mr Burke, has in part, and, it may be, entirely failed. A mistake appears to have been made at the outset, for instead of sailing up the coast to the nearest starting-point, the whole journey was by land; hence, when the party arrived on new ground, they were already exhausted.—From Africa we have news of acquisition of territory: Lagos, a place on the west coast, well known to slave-merchants, has been ceded by its king to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. We think it likely that our Liverpool merchants will make greater profits out of the palm-oil, timber, and cotton to be thence imported, than the slavers did out of their human cargoes, enormous though they were.

A new system of lighting the stage of a theatre has been introduced in the Imperial Opera-house at Paris, which supersedes the present objectionable arrangement of the foot-lights. These lights, as is well known, fatigue the eyes of some actors painfully, set fire to dresses of incautious actresses, at times with fatal result, and produce an effect of artificial and quick motion between singers and the audience. In the new method, the burners are kept below the floor, the products of combustion are carried off by two tubes, and the light is thrown upon the stage by a double reflector, and is at the same time so screened...
by a plate of unpolished glass as to save the actors’ eyes from annoyance. This method of lighting may perhaps be found applicable to other places as well as theatres; and seeing that, in addition to the advantages above named, it prevents the diffusion of noxious vapours in the atmosphere, it has claims to consideration on the score of health. - Some learned doctors think that part of the ill health of London, manifesting itself in unusual forms, is attributable to the saturation of the soil by leakage of gas from the pipes. The amount of leakage is estimated at one-tenth of the whole quantity of gas consumed by the great city; and as London burns 630,000,000 feet of gas in a year, the quantity in the soil and exhaling therefrom must indeed be great. Thousands of Londoners know full well that it is impossible to dig in the streets without releasing an overpowering smell of gas. — At the beginning of the present year, the gas-burners in Paris, numbering 18,469, were all changed from the narrow-slit to the broad-slit burner, invented by M. Dumas; and the result is a threecold greater amount of light, without any increased consumption of coal. — A new kind of gas has been exhibited before the Société d’Encouragement by Mr. Chandon, of New York, derived from naphtha, turpentine, and vegetable tar, treated in a peculiar manner. The gas, when prepared, is placed in a generator, where it vapourises readily, without throwing off any bad smell, and is transmissible from thence by india-rubber tubes in any required direction. The light emitted is described as excellent, provided the burner be suitable: the best as yet tried is the butterfly-wing burner used in New York. In addition to giving light, we are told that this new gas will heat rooms, and drive machines, as is to be shewn by its impelling a small steamer on the Seine; and those who hold that locomotion can be worked by gas as well as by steam, will now perhaps have an opportunity of testing their theory.

We have more than once called attention to Signor Bonelli’s telegraphic researches, the results of which have been practically applied in Sardinia. He has now invented a new system, which, as we hear, prints the messages sent in legible characters, and with such economy that their cost will be not more than sixpence. A company, it is said, are about to introduce this new system between Liverpool and Manchester, so that we shall ere long have news of its merits.

The Americans have been the first to demonstrate the possibility of telegraphing between a balloon and the earth, by the flashing of a message down to the President from the astronomer-general, who had gone up to take a bird’s-eye view of the enemy’s camps and proceedings in the neighbourhood of Washington.

The production of an economical electric light is still an object of anxious quest with a number of experimentalists, whose fortune would be made if they could only show a uniformly steady light at moderate cost. An approach towards a solution of the question is shewn by Mr. Way’s electric lamp, which was exhibited at scientific soirées in London during the past season. In this the carbons are replaced by a thread of mercury. The light produced is so intense, that a purple solution exposed to it appears perfectly white; tested by the spectrum, it shews a distinct ray beyond those commonly visible; which ray we should see in ordinary circumstances, were our eyes formed so as to be susceptible to its undulations. Others are in eager search of an electromotor, but are as yet baffled by the fact that the increase in the size of the magnets employed does not increase the power of the engine. The larger the boiler of a steam-engine, the greater will be the working capability; but bigger magnets will not increase the stroke of an electric engine. Practically, a number of small magnets are found to increase the working-power; but the advantage is apparent only, inasmuch as the increased consumption of zinc at the batteries raises the cost far beyond that of coal for a steam-engine. A small model of an electromotor may be constructed which satisfies all the conditions; but should the sanguine experimenter enlarge the dimensions, in hopes to increase the power, he finds the principal result to be an increase in the magnitude of the spark at the commutator, and becoming at last sufficiently intense to burn all portions of the apparatus within its influence.

An inventor in New Jersey has effected an improvement in the roofing of sails. The lower part of the sail is fitted with what seamen call a ‘bonnet,’ and can be furled independently of the upper part. We are told, that ‘this improvement applied to the topsails of large ships accomplishes everything that is effected by the use of double topsails, while dispensing with the weight of the two extra yards required with such a rig.’

THE GRAVE ON THE HILL.

Deep in a silent wilderness,
Under the southern sky,
Far distant from his native isle,
A white man’s ashes lie.

A broken, rough-hewn tombstone marks
The grave—dug long ago,
In shadow of a mighty rock—
On a hill broad and low.

The grass is short, and scorched, and brown,
On that forsaken tomb,
And there no blossoms ever spring,
To grace it with their bloom.

The daisy, from far England’s soil;
The primrose, pale and sweet;
The violet, dearest gem of all—
None such the eye may greet.

These are for grassy churchyard mounds,
Where Love’s wild tears are shed,
And Love’s eyes watch, and Love’s hands tend
The dwelling of the dead.

Only the thin, paraded, summer grass,
And dark-green thistles wave,
Where lies, beneath the hill-side rock,
The exile’s lonely grave;

For, when Death’s awful presence cast
A sacred terror here,
Love’s hand, and eye, and heart were far
From the rude, basty bier.

And since, the storms of thirty years
Have swept above the spot;
The sun has gloomed, the chill rain poured,
But Love has known it not.

And yet, it may be, far away
Still beats some faithful heart,
For which that wild, neglected grave
Holds life’s most sacred part.

Love, that has never failed or died,
Unseen, may linger still
In some true breast—and all for him
Whose grave is on the hill.

Tasmania.

A. D.
CHEERFUL PEOPLE.

I don't like cheerful people. Now, don't misunderstand me, respectable reader; I don't mean for a moment to insinuate that I'm right: on the contrary, I think it very possible, may, probable, that I'm wrong. It is not my desire to convert you to my way of estimating worthy persons; I only feel called upon to make a confession. The doctor says it's my liver. I dare say it is. I've had a liver, I regret to state, for a great many years, and it has accounted for a great many peculiarities; among which, not the least is an unconquerable aversion for cheerful people. They would be very good for me, I dare say, but I don't like the look of them. I feel towards them as I do towards parens. Parens, I've been told, are very wholesome food, and I ought to eat them whenever I have an opportunity, but I can't; they have to me the appearance of carrots in a bad state of health. If I am to eat carrots, let them be of a healthy red, I say; but don't set before me carrots of a palid hue, and bid me devour them under the name of parens. And then there are oysters: I will not go so far out of the track of truth as to say that I never eat oysters: I have eaten them in all shapes; but I declare I never liked them, and I don't like them now, and I don't think I ever shall like them. I never eat them without shutting my eyes, for indeed I cannot bear the look of them. So it is with cheerful people. I take them in the way of business, or of sociality, but there is to me something inexpressibly repulsive in their appearance. It may be they can't help it, but it is my private opinion that they can. I never look cheerful; why should my fellow-creatures? They have as many crosses to bear as I have, perhaps more (I hope so); and yet they will persist in looking cheerful. It's downright hypocrisy, I say. I can understand a man's being merry, and I can comprehend his being sorrowful; but cheerfulness is more than I can realise.

Perhaps I have a bad disposition: it is not at all improbable; and if I have, I can't help it, any more than Lupkins can help having a bad hat. Not so much; for my disposition is natural, and Lupkins's hat is artificial; and he might have a new hat by paying for it, and he might pay for it if he had any money, and he might have money if he'd work for it, or if some relation or friend, or even enemy (which would be an agreeable surprise), would leave him any, and he might have work if he only knew where to look for it, and if he knew better than to look shabby, and be a reproach to his friends and connections, who have got on very well without him, and so why shouldn't he get on very well without them? But, as I was saying, perhaps I have a bad disposition. And, talking of dispositions, it strikes me that what is called a naturally good disposition is rated a vast deal too highly: it covers a multitude of sins; all kinds of wickedness are forgiven for the sake of the naturally good disposition. If your heart is in the right place, as the phrase goes, you may put everything else in the wrong place, if not with impunity, with a tolerable chance of being extricated and set right again; but if you have a naturally bad disposition, woe betide you. And yet I can't see how a man with a naturally good disposition is entitled to more consideration than a man with a naturally bad one; on the contrary, it seems to me that the latter has more claim to indulgence and sympathy. The former begins his game of life with—to use a phrase not unknown to billiard-players—a considerable number of points in his favour; whilst the latter may be said—to borrow an expression from the interesting game of pyramids—to commence by owing two or three. There are, depend upon it, many men who struggle frightfully against a naturally bad disposition, some of whom overcome it, and deserve immortal glory, and some of whom succumb to it, and earn eternal shame; but these last merit pity and sympathy, as well as contempt. Old John Bradford showed a proper feeling when, as a wretch rode by to Tyburn, he turned to his friend with the exclamation: 'But for the grace of God, there goes John Bradford!'

So I say, if I have a bad disposition, I'm very sorry for it, but it is no more my fault than it is your merit, sir, that you have a fine head of hair, or an aquiline nose, or regular teeth, or a villainous trick of the eye. Besides, I'll back my disposition against yours; and yet you say you like cheerful people. Very well; then I dare say you like parens, and oysters, and caviare, and all sorts of things that raise my gorge to look at. You're very welcome to do so; but pray, don't expect me to do the same. Of course, I am talking only of the cheerful people that I have met; there may be some very agreeable persons of that persuasion amongst your acquaintance, honoured sir, or fair madam, or supercilious miss, so recollect I am not alluding to them. The people I mean appear to me to have made up their minds to put on a cheerful countenance always, just as you lay it down as a rule to put on gloves always: they are never more or less than cheerful: they are cheerful at weddings, and at funerals they are only just cheerful. I was once present at one of the latter (to most people gloomy entertainments in company with one of the cheerful sect. His cheerfulness never deserted him for a second. He talked cheerfully about the weather
(which, by the way, was excessively cold), and about the distress among the coal-whippers very cheerfully; he recounted cheerfully the number of deaths there had been from starvation, and he dilated cheerfully on nothing being upon the money-market; he cheerfully reminded us that 'in the midst of life we are in death;' he cheerfully ate a ligament, and cheerfully gave me one, which I declined by no means cheerfully; he drank a glass of wine and a glass of brandy very cheerfully, recommending me cheerfully to do the same (for which I could cheerfully have insulited him); and at last, when it was found that there would be some crowding in the mourning coaches, he offered, with the most touching cheerfulness and moving incongruity, 'to outside, if it would be any convenience to anybody.'

If it had been that man I was following to the tomb, I really believe I should have looked cheerful.

Then there is a man, whose name I do not know, but whom I meet in the public ways nearly every day of my life. I've never seen him laughing; I've never seen him with his teeth set, as though he had something was determined upon; I've never seen him melancholy; I've never seen him gay; but he is always cheerful. Confound him, I say; why does he always look cheerful? He wears spectacles too, to which I strongly object, for he by means of them evidently copies me at a considerable distance, and immediately surveys me cheerfully from head to foot, as though he were poking a neuralgic censure as to how much my outfit might be worth altogether. The man has just the sort of grin I have observed on an entomologist's face when he is engaged in scrutinizing some wonderful but very insignificant-looking insect. I wish he'd take it into his head to travel. However, if he has any bowels of compassion, he hereby informs me that his doctor says he interferes with the healthy action of my liver.

Then there's Hickup; his cheerfulness must be affected. Why, he has no digestion, no more than a wooden doll; and it is defensible for a man with no digestion to look cheerful, then I renounce all distinctions between right and wrong. It's true he is getting on very well with the bar; makes L1,300 a year; they say—that is (allowing for the multiplying tendencies of cautious friends), perhaps L200, which you know is a great deal for a barrister of only ten years' standing; but he has nothing else to make him cheerful. He's as edacious-looking a man as you'd see in a large hospital: he has lost nearly all his hair (hasten not to worry, I suppose), and the way in which he has not is not at all of a creditable description, either in point of texture or colour. He's pimply too; and I should say his eyes were decidedly aquaint. But just as he is, he'll sit opposite you at dinner, with his shirt-collars running into the corners of his eyes (for he eschews fashion), eating a steak, and looking cheerful.

The idea of a man with no digestion eating a steak and looking cheerful! I've spoken to the proprietor of the dining-establishment upon the subject, and told him how exceedingly annoyed I am; but he only told me to mind my own business, and if I objected to gentlemen looking cheerful over their victuals (particularly such victuals as he provided at a modest price), I should have nothing to do with him. Hickup is evidently one of those persons who think it a duty to put a cheerful face upon everything. I say it's downright acting, and not dealing honestly with your fellow-creatures. If you've good reason for being merry, be merry; if you've good reason for being miserable, be miserable. When Job lost all his property, and had breakings out all over his body, he didn't put on his Sunderland, and dine at a restaurant, and then look cheerful; but, in the frankest way in the world, acknowledged the change in his position by sitting in the corner in a sate's petticoat, and crying, and curling himself with a potsherd. You don't set yourself up for a better man than Job, I hope; and yet you say that a man is bound, under all circumstances, to keep up a cheerful appearance. I say he isn't. I say, if a man is miserable, he is bound, in common candour, to look so; and if he ought to feel miserable, and doesn't, but puts on a wilful expression of cheerfulness, he ought to be ashamed of himself for being so callous; or, if he is callous to his lot, and for his contumacious resistance to the efforts which are made to render him a sufferer, perhaps, but a wiser man.

When a boy at school takes a caning cheerfully, doesn't the schoolmaster (and I hope you'll not gainsay the authority of a schoolmaster) immediately tax him with obstinacy and impudence, give him a double allowance, and consider that he has not done his duty until he has removed from that school-boy's features every trace of cheerfulness? And should a man who has gone through this preliminary discipline not know better than to bear the chastisements which are inflicted upon him cheerfully? Resignedly is a very different thing. I've no particular objection to a man's looking resigned (from an artistic point of view), but I beg he'll not look cheerful. I'm told that general cheerfulness is assumed on Christian principles; if it be so, I have nothing further to say.

Let me remark, he has in a note of Cruden's Concordance under the word 'Cheerful' and its derivatives, but have found no passage which bears out this assertion. A 'cheerful giver' is certainly commended; but I believe I mean never give anything (that is, of value to yourselves, and what other kind of gift is commendable?) except advice, which I must do them the justice to say they dispense with excessive cheerfulness.

Another unchangeably cheerful person is my friend the Rev. Mr. Lawyer. I went with him upon one occasion when he wished to purchase some branch-candies from a well-known lamp-seller's. The lamp-seller thought he had exactly the article wanted, and he proceeded to describe minutely a pair of candies which he was sure Mr. Lawyer would like. Mr. Lawyer listened to the description with the most cheerful smile imaginable, interposed a few questions, made several suggestions, prolonged the conversation for about half an hour, and then solemnly informed the lamp-seller that the article in question was precisely what he didn't want. The lamp-seller, I regret to state, swore in an undertone; but Mr. Lawyer left the shop as cheerful as he had entered it, whilst I was afraid that the lamp-seller, seeing I had no cloth to protect me, would visit upon me the indignation with which he was repulsed. Mr. Lawyer alone could sympathise heartily with him; for nothing provokes me so much as cheerful patience.

But worse than Lawyer is my cousin Thomas; there never was such a cheerful creature as Thomas. If you have the toothache, he looks as cheerful as ever, and dilies upon what must be your sufferings with an agonising smile. Tell him of a common friend who is dying of starvation, and his cheerfulness is not a whit impaired. 'Ah! poor fellow,' says he, with a cheerful air, 'he hasn't a very full set in this world.' 'Well, but won't you help him in some way or other?' 'My dear Jim,' says Thomas, 'I would with pleasure; but I don't see how it can be done. All the money I have to spare, I lay by for my little boy, and it only amounts to a few hundred. Charity begins at home, you know; and Thomas bids me cheerfully adieu. Our common friend dies miserably, and Thomas wears a hat-band with diminished cheerfulness. But did you ever spend a quiet evening with a few cheerful friends?' I did, and I spent the most wretched time that ever I did in this life. Poor Grelip sat on the floor, and wept over the misery and most melancholy dog you ever saw in your life, when he had the misfortune to marry (for his sins, I suppose) what they call a 'cheerful little woman,' so I called upon him to condole with him, but, to my horror...
And astonished, I found him beginning to look cheerful, with the remembrance of the effect; and not many days afterwards, received the following note:

DEAR SIR—We are going to have a few cheerful friends to dinner this evening with us next Friday, and Tom desired me to write and ask you to give us the pleasure of your society. We take tea about seven o'clock; and you may be sure, in a cheerful manner, I hope I need not say how very glad we shall be to see you. Tom told me to say that he thought a little cheerful company would do you good; and I think we can promise you that. Yours very truly, PANSY GROLLIP.

It quite upset me; the number of years I had known Grollip, and that he should think cheerful company would do me good! I didn’t believe it. ‘Mrs Grollip,’ I said to myself, ‘you don’t speak the truth, ma’am.’ I knew what it is. You saw that I was low-spirited the other day, and you talked to Tom about it, and arranged to try whether you couldn’t reduce another fellow-creature to the same state of happiness that I observed in him. It’s just like you women; you take an unusual interest in your husbands’ old friends, and if you see them in a state of natural and proper despondency, you think it incumbent upon you to endeavour to effect a cure. But I am, really, I haven’t got to be cheerful, if I know it. Shew me something ludicrous, and I’ll laugh as heartily as anybody; but don’t make me suffer from an agony of condition of cheerfulness. I’ll drink your tea, though you dispense it at the hour at which I usually dine; but if you see me cheerful, I give you leave to tell me of it.” On Friday, therefore, I made for Grollip’s, with much communicating with myself as to the proper costume for a ‘quiet evening with a few cheerful friends.’ One of my chief objections to cheerful people is, that they don’t give entertainments like other folks. When you get a note formally requesting the pleasure of your company at ten o’clock, with the word ‘Dancing’ in the left-hand corner of the first page at the bottom, you know what to do. You clothe yourself appropriately in mourning garments, thrust your feet into uncomfortable patent-leather boots, make yourself as much like a statue as you can, without the fear that your clothes might be capable of being a false head, put on the best possible pair of white kid gloves, and make up your mind to stand on the staircase for an hour or two, lamenting that you should ever have been born. But cheerful people write you a friendly letter, babble of green tea, and lead you to believe that you may drop in in walking-dress. It’s a mercy I didn’t go to Grollip’s in a pair of yellow cord trousers and a lounging coat; and I thought there was great excuse for a fellow-sufferer I observed there in a coat which was black miserable, but cut as for shooting. He was the only person beside myself who didn’t look cheerful; and he soon pleaded toothache, and retired. As for the other people, they stared at each other in a cheerful manner, and occasionally interchanged a cheerful remark; they drank tea and coffee cheerfully, played whist (which I hate) cheerfully, and some cheerful young ladies played and sang cheerfully. This is all certainly very cheerful, thought I; but I don’t think it will do me much good. I don’t know anybody here, except Mr and Mrs Grollip, who are engaged with their guests. I can’t drink any more tea and coffee—I’ve had too much already. I feel very uncomfortable. I know I’m very red in the face, and I should like to slip out without attracting attention, but I can’t; for though all the people are in full evening-dress, this is evidently not what is usually termed an evening-party; and if I vanish without giving notice, I shall be thought rude; and if I do as Grollip wishes, I don’t like my entertainment, which is quite true, but not to be acknowledged. So I fell to examining the prints as carefully as though I were a line-engraver (and I’m sure I wish I was; it is profitable, I’m told); then I scrutinised my boots, congratulating myself that I had not come in my lace-up ones, with iron tips; after that, I scrutinised the other men’s boots, and wished I hadn’t such large feet; and then I scrutinised the ladies, and wondered why they were in ball-dresses, when they were only spending a cheerful evening. Presently our cheerful hostess proposed a quadrille. This was walked through in a cheerful manner, and so was a second, and so was a third. There was no waltzing, as that, I suppose, is considered incompatible with cheerfulness; but there was a polka and a country-dance. After this, we had some negus (which I abhor), for all cheerful people drink negus; and then I managed—by telling, I am sorry to say, something very like an anathema—to get away, and wandered homewards with my spirits at zero. My road lay over the river; and as I walked across the bridge, my despondency was such that I believe I should have thrown myself in, only I could see no one at hand to pull me out again if I did. But my motions had been watched; and just as I gained the opposite shore, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and the rough voice of a policeman said: ‘You ought thought better of it, young man, ’ave you? If you’d threw yourself in, I should a took you into custody; but aparently you ain’t got the pluck to do it.’ ‘You’re quite right,’ said I; ‘I haven’t, so needn’t trouble yourself on my account.’ But I declare if anything would inspire me with courage for a moment from an agony of condition of cheerfulness, it is ‘a quiet evening with a few cheerful friends.’

LIGHTNING-PRINTS.

Of all meteors, lightning, though one of the most common, is doubtless one of the most interesting and surprising in its manifestations and effects. The admirable experiments of Franklin and Dalibard having proved the identity of the lightning-flash with the spark of our electrical machines, the meteorological effects of the former become doubly interesting, as we endeavour to imitate them in the laboratory.

Now, among the curious effects produced by lightning, there is one class of phenomena which appears to us well deserving of attention, and which, from the rarity of its occurrence—or perhaps we should say, the small number of observations we possess—is yet very little known.

We are all acquainted, in these days of photography, with the peculiar action of light upon papers imbued with salts of silver, or other chemical preparations sensitive to its influence, by which the images of surrounding objects are permanently and elegantly fixed upon the paper; but few are aware that the lightning-flash is capable of producing a similar effect upon the bodies of its victims. Such a phenomena have really occurred, and will undoubtedly occur again, is now an established fact in the scientific world; some meteorologists have recently given the name of Keramography (from Κεραμίν, lightning, and ψάλω, I write) to these images produced by lightning, and have collected together the most authentic observations relating to them; and it is principally to papers recently published by Orioli in Italy, Dr Boudin and Baron d’Hombres-Firnas of Paris, and M. André Poey, director of the Observatory of Havana, that we owe most of what we know upon the subject.

The first mention that appears to have been made of lightning-prints is found in a work of one of the so-called Fathers of the Church, St Gregory of Nazianz, who declares that in the year 360, images were printed by lightning upon the bodies and clothes of the workmen occupied in rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem. The Jews having been caused by the Emperor Julian to reconstruct their temple, the labourers were occupied with the foundation
when an earthquake took place. It was preceded by a whirlwind and tempest, which suddenly arose, and forced them to take shelter in a neighbouring church. According to St Gregory—a contemporary of the Emperor Julian, and the only one who has left us a detailed description of the circumstances—during the tempest, 'gloves of fire' were seen to proceed from the earth, and the workers who had taken refuge in the church had certain figures of crosses mysteriously printed upon their clothes and their bodies. These crosses are said to have been dark or invisible during the day, but brilliant or phosphorescent in the darkness of night.

These facts are repeated by many ancient writers who lived a century or so later, and whom it is useless to quote here. More modern writers, however, such as Moyes in England, and Bannage in France, do not admit them, and appear to be of the same opinion as an anonymous writer in the Encyclopædia britannica, who says, speaking of this impression of crosses, that 'some have endeavoured to account for it on electrical principles. But it is a degradation of philosophy to attempt to account upon philosophical principles for a fabulous legend which bears the most evident marks of one of those pious frauds which have so often disgraced the Christian faith.' However, it will be seen, from other cases brought forward in this paper, that it is not improbable some workmen may have been struck by lightning during the building of the temple, and had figures of crosses printed upon their bodies. In more modern times, this same impression of crosses upon the body by the action of lightning was noticed by the Rev. Dr John Still, bishop of Wells, in Somersetshire, and handed down to us by Isaac Casaubon, who inserted the observation in his Adversaria about the year 1610–1611. It appears that one summer day in the year 1590, when the people were attending divine worship in the cathedral of Wells, two or three claps of thunder were heard, which frightened them so much, that they all threw themselves upon the ground. Lightning fell without hurting any one present, but, strange to relate, crosses were found to have been printed upon the bodies of those who attended the church; and, what is more, the bishop himself found upon his own body (upon his arm) a similar mark. Others had these crosses upon their shoulders, or upon their breasts, and they were witnessed by many persons.

A third case of crosses printed probably by lightning is on record; it happened during the eruption of Vesuvius in 1600. The fact was communicated to Father Kircher, who published a long dissertation upon it in 1661, entitled Dictiones de Prodigiosis Crucibus que post ultimam Incendium Vesuvii Monstrabantur. A copy of this work exists in the Bibliothèque de St Genevieve of Paris. It informs us that, after the eruption of the volcano, crosses were seen upon various articles of linen, such as shirtsleeves, women's aprons, and table-cloths, which were exposed to the open air during the volcanic phenomenon. These crosses were observed in great numbers throughout the kingdom of Naples. Thirty had been counted by one individual upon the linen cloth of an altar, fifteen upon a shirt-sleeve, and eight upon the dress of a child. According to the same author, the size and colour of these crosses were very different. Pure water could not efface them, but soap and water caused them to disappear. Some are said to have lasted for a fortnight, others longer still. It has not been recorded by Kircher whether lightning was observed or not during this eruption; but it is well known that atmospheric perturbations, and often the most violent tempests, accompany the volcanic eruptions of Vesuvius, and indeed of all volcanoes.

In 1750, William Warburton published a curious book, entitled Julian, or a Discourse concerning the Earthquake and Fiery Eruption which defeated that Emperor's Attempt to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem, in which the author appears to be of opinion that the crosses printed upon the bodies and clothes of the workmen were not discerned at night, and dark or invisible in the daytime. Busn and Socrates, according to the same author, assure us that the inscriptions on the walls were effaced by any means that were attempted. Warburton supposes the form of a cross to be owing to the zigzag shape of the lightning discharge, which, when not clearly defined, as a zigzag, might easily appear as a cross. Another circumstance worth noticing is the following: the crosses observed at Jerusalem were printed upon the skin and the clothes of the workmen; those observed in the cathedral of Wells were printed only upon the skin; whilst those at Vesuvius appeared solely upon clothes exposed to the air.

Robert Boyle, in the fourth volume of his works, adopts an opinion put forth by Kircher in the book quoted above, and attributes the production of the figure of crosses to the transport of some volatile matter exhaled from the earth, and which, being deposited upon the threads of the linen, crossing each other at right angles, would infallibly give rise to crosses.

A paper printed in the Journal des Savants for 1690, by the Abbé Lamy, puts us in possession of another curious relation of impressions. On the 18th July 1689, lightning struck the tower of the church of St Sauveur, at Langy in France, and, in an instant, printed upon the cloth of the altar some Latin words, Qui praedit quan poteretur, &c., to the end of the prayer, were all reproduced, with the exception of Hoe est corpus meum, and Are est sanguinis meus, which were printed in red ink, whilst the others were in black characters. The only difference marked between the two sets of characters—namely, those of the prayer-book and those printed by the lightning—was, that the latter were reversed.

But leaving these impressions of crosses and prayers, the accounts of which have come down to us chiefly from ecclesiastics, we pass on to some more interesting and more tangible cases of what might almost be called lightning-photography.

In the year 1756, that distinguished member of the Academy of Sciences, Lavoisier, announced that Franklin had frequently repeated to him, some forty years back, the case of a man who, whilst standing at his door under a tree during a thunderstorm, was struck by lightning upon a tree opposite to him. It was afterwards remarked that a reversed image of the tree was indelibly printed upon the breast of this man. Another still extraordinary case occurred in the year 1812. It was related by Mr James Shaw to the members of the Meteorological Society of London. In the year named, there existed, near the village of Combe Bay, about four miles from the town of Bath, an extensive wood composed chiefly of oaks and nut-trees. In the center of the wood was a pasture-ground of some fifty square yards in extent, where six sheep were lying when a storm came on, and 'all the sheep were killed by the lightning.' When the skins of these animals were afterwards taken off, it was observed that the internal parts of each separate skin bore the most faithful image of the surrounding landscape—every detail of which was distinctly printed upon the skins. 'What the skins were taken from the animals,' says Mr Shaw, 'a fac-simile of a portion of the surrounding scenery was visible on the inner surface of each skin. . . . I may add that the small field and its surrounding wood were entirely surrounded by the storm, and that when the skins were shown to us, we at once identified the local scenery so wonderfully represented.' These skins were exposed to public gaze at some time, as a curiosity, in the town of Bath.
M. José J. Figueras has communicated to M. Poey several interesting cases of lightning-printing, from which we select the following:

An old inhabitant of Cuba, who has now entered upon his eighty-first summer, relates that in his younger days he knew an individual who had the image of a piece of money printed upon his arm by lightning. At the moment the electric discharge took place, the person in question was seated at a table upon which the piece of money lay, and with his right arm (which received the impression) leaning upon the table.

M. José Blanco, a lawyer of Havana, has often heard a story related of a countryman who, whilst riding on horseback through a wood, was overtaken by a tempest, and the image of a cross was printed upon his breast by the effect of a flash of lightning, which killed his horse instantaneously. This image was the exact representation of a metallic cross which hung upon his breast, and which was nowhere to be found, when the man recovered from the effects of the electric shock.

From the same source we get also the history of a cat killed, whilst suckling its young, by lightning, which struck the Audience Chambers recently erected at Havana. On the body of this animal was observed the image of a number of small patterns of the right hand, though much smaller, of another larger circle which formed part of the building.

And lastly, in the province of Jibacoa (Cuba), lightning was seen to strike a large tree in August 1823, and printed upon the trunk of it the image of a bent nail which had been driven into one of the higher branches.

We now come to a very well-known case of lightning-photography, recorded by Professor Orioli, and communicated to the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. d'Hombres-Firnas in 1847. In September 1825, lightning fell upon the ship R Buon Siro, lying at anchor in the Bay of Armiro (Italy). A sailor, who was seated at the foot of a mast, was struck dead by the flash. On his body were observed two slight marks—the one yellow, the other black—which proceeded from the man's neck, and continued as far as the region of the kidneys, at which spot the most distinct image of a horse-shoe was printed. This image was the exact representation of a real horse-shoe nailed upon the mast, at the foot of which the sailor sat. Moreover, the image and the real object were exactly the same size.

Wonderful and exceptional as this fact may appear, we have, from the Orioli, the evidence of many others and a less extraordinary case. A sailor was struck by lightning whilst asleep in his hammock on a ship lying at anchor off Rio de Janeiro. The number 44 was most distinctly printed upon his breast. The sailor was killed by the discharge; but all his comrades attested that the figure of this number did not exist upon the man's breast before the accident. It was the exact copy of a metallic figure 44 attached to the ship, and placed between the mizen-mast, upon which the lightning fell, and the place where the sailor slept.

To Mr. Poey, who has been at great trouble to assure himself of the authenticity of the facts he relates, we owe several other extraordinary examples of lightning-prints, which we will endeavour to describe in a few words.

The first happened in the province of Candelaria, Cuba, in 1828. A young man was struck dead by lightning near a house, upon one of the windows of which was nailed a horse-shoe. The image of this horse-shoe was most distinctly printed upon the neck of the unfortunate young man, underneath the right ear.

The next is the case of a lady of Trinidad (Cuba), who fortunately was not killed, but upon her body was found a print resembling a breast or brooch, which she wore in the band of her apron.

The following case of this kind is exceedingly curious, and reminds us that lightning-prints may occur upon inanimate tissues, such as linen, &c., as well as upon the bodies of men and animals. The phenomenon we are going to describe was related in a letter addressed to Dr. Boudin by Monsieur de Bassay, who was present when it occurred. On the 14th November 1830, lightning struck the Château de la Benatonnère in La Vendée. The following day, one of the inmates remarked upon the back of a lady's dress a peculiar design, which happened to be a faithful copy of the ornaments on the back of one of the chairs in a saloon of the château. The lady to whom the dress belonged remembered that she was sitting in that chair when the storm raged over the château.

The image upon the dress was so distinct, that it appeared as if it had been recently copied, with great pains, from the design at the back of the chair.

We now come to an example of lightning-prints which is not only known to be perfectly authentic, but which has given rise to some scientific discussion as to the manner in which the image was produced. The facts are simply these: On the 9th October 1836, lightning killed a young man near Zante. He had around his body a belt, containing some gold pieces, and the images of six of those pieces were indelibly printed upon his right side, by the electrical discharge. An account of this phenomenon was communicated to the Neapolitan Scientific Congress, on the 22d of September 1845, by the president of the congress, Professor Orioli, with a report by Dr. Pascal Diacpano of Zante, and certain legal certificates relating to the affair. A discussion ensued upon the subject. Professor Orioli said he had no doubt that the electric current which killed the young man had passed through each of the six pieces of money, and left the impression of them upon the skin; and Signor Gennaro Galano corroborated this opinion; besides which, Professor Palmieri brought forward an electrical experiment, which appeared to confirm Orioli's statement. At the next sitting of the congress, on the 23d September, Signor Vismara, Signor Longo, and some others, evinced the opinion that the electrical discharge had carried off some of the metal, and deposited it upon the skin. But it appeared, after further examination, that the pieces were completely intact. On the 17th December of the following year (1846), Baron d'Hombres-Firnas brought the case before the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and again in January 1847, when it gave rise to more discussion. The images produced were not face-similes of the gold pieces, but circles of three different dimensions, corresponding precisely in size and form with the three kinds of pieces in the young man's belt. The impressions were upon the right shoulder, and the money in the belt was slung over the right side of the man's body. The circles were not coloured: the skin in the printed parts was of its natural colour, but all around it was blackened by the lightning-flash, so that the images were seen by contrast. To sum up: it appears most probable that the six pieces of gold, being good conductors, concentrated the electrical discharge, which, radiating from them in all directions upon the man's body, produced a chemical change in the constitution of the tissue of the skin which it blackened.

It has been imagined that the blood of the person struck by lightning participated somewhat in the production of these images, and the case we have just related seems to point at this conclusion. Indeed, Arago, Bessat, and Leroy were all of opinion that the electrical discharge forces the blood into the capillary vessels on the surface of the skin, and so modifies this liquid as to leave indelible impressions. They quote the case of a man struck by lightning, whose body was covered with very singular marks resembling the ramifications of minute blood-vessels. Again, in July 1841, a magistrat and a miller's boy were
struck by lightning in the department Indre-et-Loire (France), when it was remarked that the breasts of both were covered with spots resembling the leaves of a poplar-tree. The miller's boy was killed, but the magistrate recovered, and the marks upon his body disappeared as soon as the circulation was re-established.

We have no doubt of the truth that in most of these examples of lightning-prints, where external objects, either in contact with the body or at some distance from it, have been reproduced as if by photography, the blood in the capillary vessels was the medium which received the electric influence. Such, for instance, was evidently the case with Madame Moroana, an Italian lady of Lugano, who, whilst sitting at her window during a storm in 1847, felt a severe shock; and the image of a flower, which appears to have been in the electric current, was so indelibly printed upon her leg, that she preserves the mark to the present day. But a difficulty seemingly arises with regard to various objects where no blood is present; for instance, the impression observed upon the lady's dress in the Château de la Bernonnière, quoted above, and that of the nail upon the tree, not to mention the images of crosses and Latin words upon linen, &c., allied to before, which were the most unsatisfactory reports we have had to deal with in this paper.

Moreover, a Cuba newspaper reported in 1852, that lightning struck a palm-tree in the plantation of St Vincent, and covered with the dry leaves of it a representation of some pine-trees growing in the neighbourhood, at a distance of some 340 yards. The image was so perfect, it appeared more like an engraving than anything else. These and similar apparent difficulties will vanish at once, when we become acquainted with what has already been done in the laboratory; for instance, when we know that by placing a person upon a plate of resin, and passing an electric discharge through it, we can obtain an image of the medal upon the resin, we cannot see anything marvellous in lightning being able to print forms upon similar inanimate matter.

Cases similar to that reported by Franklin of the image of a tree being impressed upon the body of a person struck with lightning, have been more than once observed in later years. In August 1853, the New York Journal of Commerce reported that a young girl was struck by lightning whilst standing at a window during a severe storm, the lightning struck the tree, the girl, and the cow. The latter was killed, but the girl recovered. However, whilst lossening her dress, to induce respiration, a distinct image of the cow was observed upon her breast.

Last year, the French scientific periodical, Le Cosmos, registered the account of a terrible storm at Lappon (Ain), where six workmen and a child received severe shocks, and a woman of forty-four years of age had the image of a tree, trunk, branches, and leaves, distinctly printed in red, upon her person. There appears no doubt that in all these cases of lightning-prints, the image produced upon the body indicates the object from which the electrical discharge emanated on its way to the person struck with lightning; in other terms, that the object whose image is produced formed part of the electric circuit. The extraordinary velocity with which electricity travels renders it of little import whether the object printed upon the body be in contact with the latter or at some distance from it. The same remark holds good for the action of light in photography. As to the molecular change induced in the tissue upon which the image is impressed, it may be assimilated to what takes place upon a photographic plate; and when we can explain how the forms, and even the colours* of objects placed at a distance, print upon the skin, and when considering the preparations, we shall have made a step towards the complete solution of the problem of lightning-prints.

Of late years, many curious experiments have shown us that images similar to those of the lightning-flash can be produced in the laboratory. One of the most interesting was recently made by Mr Grove. Having scratched a design with the point of his pencil upon a piece of white paper, he placed it between two plates of polished glass, which were then submitted to an electrical discharge. On removing the plates, no image was visible upon the glass; but on exposing the latter for a few minutes to the vapour of hydrofluoric acid, the impression came out most distinctly.

In another experiment, made in Germany, a manuscript was transferred, by means of an electric discharge, to a paper imbued with iodide of potassium and starch.

Experiments such as these will doubtless lead to some useful applications in the arts. We are not of those who are constantly exclaiming that steam, light, heat—everything, in fact—should be now a days replaced by electric power. It seems an axiomatic, perhaps, that the phenomena which have occupied us in this paper, when submitted to deeper study than they have been up to the present time, will lead to some extremely practical results, especially in this country, where so much printing of every description is daily at work. The calico-printer, the lithographer, the photographer, and the engraver, may soon have to coincide with our opinion.

Lately, a Belgian author proposed that the guillotine should be replaced by the electric discharge. * Fancy the criminal, says he, standing on the scaffold addressing the multitude. The hand of justice lowers itself upon his head, the electric spark flashes and cuts him short. . . . . Death, which we fear so much, is only the pain multiplied a thousand times, and electricity traveling some two hundred and forty thousand miles per second, whilst the biggest criminal rarely exceeds two yards, the passage from life to death would be accomplished in about one-thousandth part of a second! The author soon perceives, however, that such a death would be too easy, and would be likely to tempt man-kind to crime, whereupon he proposes torture instead. Had he known anything of lightning-prints, he would certainly have proposed electricity to brand his criminals, and not to kill them.

UNDER WATER.

There is one incident in my life which never recurs to my memory without causing a cold shudder to run through my whole body. It took place at a time when I contemplated entering the church, though I had even then begun to have doubts whether my vocation tended that way; but as it was desirable in any case that I should take my degree of M.A., I accepted the offer of a post in one of the best conducted of our endowed schools, to pass the months that most necessarily intervene before I could go up for my degree at the least pecuniary cost to myself. There was another reason why I practised economy where it was possible to do so without interfering with my immediate object, and this was that I might have more funds at my disposal for experiments in mechanics, and especially in the construction of a dress and appliances for enabling a person to remain under

* According to some experiments by Becquerel and Niespe de St Victor, repeated very lately by the latter, with marked success.
water for any length of time he might desire. Experimental apparatus of this kind can only be made at a considerable outlay, and required a greater amount of space for the construction of the tank; than I could conveniently devote to the purpose in my rooms at the university. It so happened that the school in which I had accepted an engagement was within two miles of the most rocky portion of our coast, and the sight of the numerous coves, in which the water was always deep, offered an excellent opportunity for putting my ideas to a practical test.

One day, as I was wandering along the top of the cliff, stopping every now and then to look down to its precipitous sides at the smooth sea which alternately swelled against and retreated from it, I came upon a coastguardman whom I had not met before. He touched his hat, as they always do at these out-of-the-way stations, with the hope of getting a few minutes' conversation, to relieve the monotony of their existence, and I did my best to gratify him. 'You cannot have been long in this part, for I do not remember your face, and I think I have never passed any man of your force without looking at him since I have been down here.'

'O yes, sir; I have been here a long time, and have often seen my glass, you have been down on the beach to bathe; but my boat ended where you see the cliff projects yonder so far out into the sea, and you never came up there.'

'That is true; it is too far out of the way, and is difficult to get at; yet I have several times thought of going there, on account of the fine view which one must get from it.'

'Then a view along the whole coast in fair weather; but when it is blowing a gale, you must look out, if you don't want to be blown over. Many a time I have lain there and seen a vessel driven in, foot by foot, in spite of all that those on board could do.'

'I suppose, on a coast like this, the crew of a vessel driven in by a gale are always drowned?'

'Almost always. Now and then, it strikes the cliff on the top of a very high wave, and one or two of the crew get pitched up on a rugged part of the rock, where they can only hold on till the gale abates, and a boat is able to get round and take them off; but that rarely happens.'

'It was of large tonnage wrecked here since you have been on this station?'

'Well, there was a brig of I should say about three hundred tons went down in that cove away yonder about a month ago, sir, and you will see a part of the cliff which points towards you like the bowsprit of a vessel. It lies just beneath that; and on a quiet day like this, you can see it half a dozen feet below the water when the tide is out.'

'I see the spot you mean. Does your beat extend so far in that direction?'

'A good deal further than that; for since she was wrecked, I have been moved round here, to be nearer help, in case of being attacked by some who have sworn to do me mischief if ever they have a good opportunity.'

'What for? What had her wreck to do with you?'

'Why, I made a report as to the way in which I believe it was brought about. But if you would like to walk over and look at her, I will tell you how it was as we go along.'

I accepted his offer, and we went on: 'It was about as dark a night as ever I saw, the night she was wrecked. I was lying right out at the end of that bluff you shewed you; I was sweeping the coast with my glass in search of lights, when all at once I caught sight of a figure making out and falling, as though it were hoisted at the mast-head of a vessel. At first, I thought it really was a vessel, although I knew if it was it must be quite close to the cliff; but after watching it a bit with my glass, I found it never changed its place in the field, but kept always in the same position; then I knew it must be on land, and I judged it to be a signal to a smuggler out at sea. If you were out on that bluff now, you would be able to see between two and three miles off a part of the cliff, where a few shrubs and crooked slender ash-trees grow. As I felt pretty sure it must be there, I left the edge of the cliff, and staked out a good path of direction. Before I got there, I met one of our men, who was waiting for me to come up. We found the light was hoisted at the place I had supposed, and we got down the cliff as quickly as we could, so as, if possible, to avoid being heard or seen until we had made out how many men we should have to deal with. To our surprise, though the light continued to rise and fall, sometimes more and sometimes less, we could make out no sign of a human figure. We pointed our glasses at every dark object, until we had satisfied ourselves that, as a matter of fact, there could not be more than one or two men there; then we took a firm grip of our sticks, and crept, as straight as we could, towards the light. I went first, because I knew the ground better, and it was lucky for both of us I did, for otherwise we should most likely have tumbled over the edge of the cliff into the sea; in which case, with our heavy jackets on, we should have been drowned, for though the top is not more than ten or twelve feet above the water, it is so steep that it is impossible to climb up it. There was no man there. The lantern was tied to the top of one of the ash saplings, and its weight held it against the spring of the plant by putting stones in the bottom, so that it bent over the edge of the cliff, and rose and fell with every breath of air. I went about till I got hold of the ash, and cut away the top of it, lantern and all, and gave it to my mate to carry to the station, where we agreed he should go to put them on the look-out, while I went back to my post on the bluff, where I should most likely to see if anything happened in consequence of the light being hung out.'

'You see, I knew pretty well now that it was not put there as a signal to a smuggler, because in that case it would have been placed where it could not move, the effect of the motion being to give it the appearance of being hung from the mast of a vessel at sea; but still, smugglers are so artful that it was impossible to be certain that it was not a signal arranged in this way to deceive us, and capable of being recognised by their mates at sea. What I believed, however, was, that it had been put there by some villains, with the hope of bringing a vessel against the rocks. You will understand that a ship running along the coast on a dark night, and seeing this light, would imagine that it was a vessel between her and the coast, and the depth of water all along here being well known to mariners, the officer would suppose, if he had four or five hundred yards more othing, that he was quite safe; but if you notice the lio of the coast, you will see how easy it would be for a ship misled in this way, while steering a course which ought to be safe, to run right upon the rocks out there. Well, I have told you already that the night I am speaking of was pitch-dark, and if I had not been able to find my way to any part of my best blindfold, I should not have found my way back there that night; as it was, I was obliged to be very cautious in my movements. I must have got pretty near the end of the point when I stopped to turn my glass towards a light at sea. There could be no mistake about its being a vessel, for I could make out portions of her rigging by the light she carried at her mast, and also at her bows. On such a dark night, when it was quite impossible to make out the least sign of land, I could not tell whether she was holding a course which would take her safely past the point we are going to or not; but I feared not, and I hardly dreaded while I watched her going
steadily along. Suddenly I saw the light at her mast dashed backward, and could distinguish the sound of the breaking of timber; the light at the bows was extinguished, and I saw nothing more. This was just at the time of high-water.

'It wanted some time to daylight when this took place, and several of our men were on the spot waiting to see what had happened; but even when it came, we could make out nothing, except an empty boat floating out to sea, and here and there a smaller object tossing about in the water, and going out with the ebb. We tried to hope that, after all, the vessel had escaped with damage to her masts only, and that her crew had managed to get up some kind of sail, so as to get away upon the strong current. It was several miles above the wall of cliff with my glass, I caught sight of a piece of rope dangling from that piece of rock I shewed you that looked like a ship's bowspirt. I called the attention of the others to it, and some of us went to the station, and paddled round from there in a boat, and then, as the sun was by that time quite up, we were able to make out a vessel standing on her keel, as though she was in deep water, and her bottom cleaned or repaired. She had come in on the top of high-water; her bowspirt had most likely been just under the projecting rock, which had then caught her masts, and swept them from her deck, rigging and all, at the same instant that her bow struck against the jagged rock, so that she filled directly, and went to the bottom.

'What her name may have been, where she was bound to, or where she came from, there was no means of knowing. Nothing, as we know of, has ever been washed up here, nor have any of the men about here who have tried it been able to get anything up through her hatchways with grappling-irons. Four days after she went down, some fishermen brought in the body of a middle-aged man, and the only name that was one of the crew. His right arm was very much torn, as though by the rigging attached to the falling masts. He was most likely steering when she struck.

'Up to this time we have been able to get no clue to the ownership of the lantern; but there is no doubt that some wretches hung it there with the view of bringing vessels against the cliffs, though they were disappointed in their hopes by its happening to catch my eye, and by the only vessel that was missed by it going down in such a curious way in deep water. For the last few days, I have picked up a letter on my boat, threatening to toss me over the cliffs, and so on. I gave it to our commanding officer, who removed me to a boat in ordinary, and set me ashore. There! that is where she lies, just below that fence.'

'I found, when we reached the point of the cliff referred to, that the sun had sunk so low that its rays struck the water at an angle which made it impossible, even with the glass, to see more than a few inches below the surface; but my companion told me that any day I felt disposed to go out to look at it, I might do so by sailing at the coastguard station, and sending in my name to the officer, who would be certain to give me a place in the boat if it were going out. A day or two afterwards, I had an opportunity of doing this. The officer was very obliging, and ordered the boat to be manned at once, he himself going in it. The oars were taken into the boat as we lay over the sunken vessel, and I found no great difficulty in satisfying myself that the coastguardian's statement as to her position was quite accurate. To all appearances, she had run straight against the rocks, her stern having been forced under water by the pressure of the rock against her mast; her fore-part had then been stove in; the water had reached the promontory, and had filled and gone down almost instantaneously in the deep water, finding a natural cradle among the rocky peaks at the bottom. That she had not shifted her position, or been broken up, the officer attributed to her being so far below the surface of the sea as to be beyond the reach of the influence of the tides, and that nothing short of an unusually violent gale would be sufficient to displace her.

'As I walked homewards, an irresistible desire took possession of me to put my invention to the test. It was almost impossible that a more favourable opportunity could occur for determining the effect of the terrible ruin from a morbid dread of the ridicule which would fall upon me in the event of failure. Once a day, either morning or evening, I went to the post to bathe, having discovered that a platform on the opposite side of the projection on which the submerged vessel lay could be reached with perfect safety by cautiously descending the cliff. This platform was a few feet above the level of the sea, and very effectually screened from the eyes of the coastguard. It became an everyday amusement with me to swim round the point and dive down to the deck of the vessel, until I had become so familiarised with its appearance, that it seemed to me it would be perfectly easy to descend the hatchway and make my escape, in the event of an accident to the apparatus. The more frequently I descended to the deck of the vessel, the more eager became my desire to penetrate to her interior, and learn something about her construction. Recently, it so happened that I determined upon making the attempt, and running the risk of being seen, and I only waited for a favourable opportunity to do so.

'The apparatus I had prepared was so simple that a clear idea may be given of it in half-a-dozen lines. It consisted of a cap or head-piece of stout indiarubber, the upper part of which was thicker than the lower, and fitted pretty closely round the forehead. In the fore-part were fitted two large eye-pieces of fine, strong glass, and below these the tube passed through into the mouth, the air being in this way drawn directly the atmosphere exhaled from the lungs through the nostrils, and forced out into the water through two short thin tubes, which were readily distended by the pressure of the breath, and closed themselves when the expiration was completed, without admitting a particle of water. To keep the whole thing in its place, and prevent it from being dragged off, a strap was carried over the top, each end of which was attached to another strap which ran down the helmet, and fastened beneath the armpit. The tube I made use of on the occasion of my descent into the vessel, which I have just described, was a little over forty feet in length, having, about twelve inches from its upper extremity, a V-shaped flaring, which gave it the power of expansion, which is necessary above the surface of the water; the twelve inches of tube projecting upwards from this bulb being quite sufficient, as I considered, to prevent the chance entrance of any spray into the tube.

'The greatest difficulty was to make the lamp burn under water. I could see my way clearly enough to the construction of the thing, but it involved appendages which would have been very inconvenient for my purpose. In this dilemma, I had recourse to a friend who has since made a reputation as a chemist, and from him I received certain substances, with directions to mix them in a strong stoppered bottle, immediately previous to use. Thus prepared, I packed the things in a small bag, and started one Saturday morning for my usual bathing-place. Arrived on my platform, it took me but a few minutes to prepare myself for the descent. At the last moment, I mixed the change, according to my instructions, carefully tied down the stopper; and on letting it sink below the surface, I had the satisfaction of seeing that it emitted a strong phosphorescent light. I drew on my head-piece, buckled the straps under my arms, and thrusting my left arm through the coils of tubing, used the other to swim round the projecting rock. Here I released my arm, and plunged straight down to the deck of the vessel by a
mode of propulsion familiar to swimmers. I laid hold of the man until he was on the deck for three or four minutes, with the view of testing the efficiency of my apparatus before descending the hatchway. I found it to answer admirably; the great thing was the absence of any resistance on the air from the lungs into the tube, instead of expelling it through the nostrils; but I had so completely accustomed my breath to the unaccustomed mode of breathing that I had not thought it worth while to adopt a mechanical appliance to render this impossible, as I might have done. Finding that all was satisfactory, I crawled along the deck to the cabin stairs, and forced my way down. Here I had to move with extreme caution, for things were floating about which, though not heavy enough to do me harm, might have entangled themselves in my tube. In the first-cabin, the skylight had been either forced off by the pressure of the air, or what is more likely, had been taken away the better to provide for the ventilation of the cabins. On the table there still lay a thick volume, which, on opening, I found to be an old quarto edition of Anson's Voyage Round the World, bound up with a German version of Kentor's Japan, and another of tumbler's were lying on their sides against the raised edge of the table, in the middle of which stood a heavy metal inkstand. A round piece of wood, hooked up, hung from the roof of the cabin, and two decanters, partly filled, retained the position upon it in which they had been placed by hands so soon afterwards rendered incapable of changing it.

There were two sleeping-places on the left of the entrance to the cabin, both of which were empty; and on the opposite side there were two other, in one of which was the body of a little boy, and in the lower one, the body of a little girl. Her face was blanched by immersion, or had been in her lifetime of a white watery appearance, and her hair was long and worn in plaits. She lay partly with her face on her pillow, and one little arm hung over the side of the berth, and waved gently up and down as I approached, owing to the motion communicated to the water by my presence in the cabin. The same movement caused a sheet of paper to float out of her berth, and this I secured and passed under a strap I had brought on board; and I could not forbear taking it. Not seeing any drawers, or any place in which papers could be kept in this cabin, I passed into the next. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that the bodies of the two children I had seen in the other cabin had a good deal unnerved me, though I had made up my mind, before coming down, that I should have to encounter some such objects; but to the sight that met me now was far more painful, and had time to impress its horrors upon me by reason of the slowness with which I was able to realize them in consequence of the weakness of the light I carried. A low bedstead projected across the open entrance, and I felt relieved when I moved my light over it to find that the bed appeared empty; but on edging my way up to the side I felt a naked foot thrust between my legs, and I had to make a violent effort to prevent my feelings from overcoming my reason. Beside the bed there lay the bodies of a man and woman, probably the captain and his wife. The man lay on the floor, and the woman with her head against the side of the cabin, her legs on the pillow, and her arms clapping round her husband's neck. From their position I imagine the captain was in the act of getting out of bed on feeling the shock; and at the same instant, as the water came rushing into the cabin, his wife clamped him round the neck, and both were forced down by the rush of water, and drowned. I was obliged to move the woman's body slightly to see what was the case, and my wife clapped him round the neck, and both were forced down by the rush of water, and drowned. I was obliged to move the woman's body slightly to see why the man was dead. I opened his mouth, and I might have supposed he was asleep but for the unnatural white appearance of his flesh (an appearance, by the way, which might have been partly owing to the nature of the light by which I regarded him). He was dressed in a yellowish beard, which he wore long, and I perceived that some of the front teeth were wanting in the upper jaw. The woman, too, was fair-haired, but I have seen her face must have been carried up from her husband's neck, and that I had not the heart to do.

As to the principal object I had in view in entering the sunken vessel was to ascertain her name and the place to which she belonged, I looked round for any drawers or other place in which the captain would be likely to keep his papers; and on a little table at the further side of the cabin I could make out what seemed to be a writing-desk. I moved towards it, and was just stretching out my uncoupled hand to lay hold of it, when I felt a drop of salt water pass from the tube into my mouth. I stepped back instantly into the outer cabin: in my eagerness I had forgotten to bear in mind the length of my tube and the distance I had advanced, but this suddenly reminded me of the danger I ran from advancing only an inch too far, as well as from the rising tide, even if I remained stationary. A couple of tumbler's were lying on their sides against the raised edge of the table, in the middle of which stood a heavy metal inkstand. A round piece of wood, hooked up, hung from the roof of the cabin, and two decanters, partly filled, retained the position upon it in which they had been placed by hands so soon afterwards rendered incapable of changing it. Half choked as I was, I succeeded in swallowing it, and drew three or four inspirations with freedom, upon which I was encouraged to make another attempt to disentangle it, but the instant I moved, the water again rushed into the tube, and this time in larger quantity; so that I was nearly falling down suffocated. A moment's reflection, when I was again able to breathe, made the whole position of things quite clear to my mind. The tube had become enmeshed among the articles floating about in the cabin and at the bottom of the stairs, so that the ball was unable to rise as the tide flowed; consequently, the orifice was but little above the surface of the sea; and the tube might, the very next instant, be filled by a wave a little higher than the mouth, and I should be rendered powerless. In this emergency, I decided on attempting a means of escape which a good swimmer will perceive to be perfectly feasible. I undid the string which held the bottle, and let it go; then drew my knife from my belt, and taking hold of the tube, I cautiously filled my lungs with air—having previously placed myself exactly under the skylight—and drawing the pipe from between my teeth, I cut it away close to my mouth. Without the loss of a fraction of a second, I sprang up to the skylight, and drew myself through. This was the critical moment; and had the circular opening in the skylight been ever so little smaller, or had I been impeded by the accidental presence of any obstacle, I should have been lost. Fortunately this was not the case; but I had another difficulty to encounter before I found myself safe on my platform. A desperate spring upwards and a few strokes brought me to the surface; I thought I had only to look round and swim to the place I had started from, but when I tried to do this, I found that I could distinguish nothing clearly through the wet eye-glasses. However, what a man can do out of the water he can do in it, only more slowly; and having freed my head from the apparatus which encumbered it, I struck out for the point whence I had started, which the tide had almost reached. It was not just at the time that I felt the most acutely all the horrors of the situation I had passed through; I seemed only to realize them very degrees; and when this was at the worst, I was so completely unnerved, that I refrained from even walking on the cliff, for fear of falling off into the sea.
I append a copy of the fragment of the letter I rescued from the vessel, not on account of its possessing any particular interest for the English reader, but from the possibility that it may meet the eyes of those for whom it was intended, and lead to the identification of the vessel. The letter was written in German, and I have translated it very literally.

'MY DEAR MADAME DE GEORGES—We expect to-morrow to finish our voyage, which my husband says is one of the best he ever made. We have had a fair wind all the way, and the sea has been as smooth as could be desired, which rejoices me much on account of the dear children, who have not been sick at all since they came on board.

Little Anna has been busy working a bag to hold your dear husband's tobacco, and Theodore is making the rigging of a beautiful war- vessel for your little Carl, and good old Bernhard is helping him.

'You were quite in the right in saying that I should not regret making this voyage with my husband; my health is very much improved already; still it is very inconvenient to live in such a confined space, and the smell of the cargo is very unpleasant. This evening...

TRADITIONS OF THE GREENLAND ESQUIMAUX.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE GREENLANDERS WITH THE SCANDINAVIANS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF GODTHAAB.

Some Esquimaux were once travelling in a skin-boat from the southward to Godthaab, but as the country was at that time but thinly populated, they did not meet with any people at Godthaab, nor at the place where the Moravian settlement of Nyherntak is now located. Sailing onwards, they discovered at Kangiussak, eastward of Kornek, a very large house; they landed and went into it, but did not know who the inhabitants were, because they were not Esquimaux; in fact, they had suddenly, and for the first time, fallen in with the Scandinavians. The arrival of this boat afforded the latter great pleasure, as they now for the first time saw the Greenlanders; but these were frightened at the Scandinavians, notwithstanding that they showed themselves friendly disposed; therefore they hastily launched their boat, and went away, although they were eagerly entreated to remain.

When the boat reached Kangerminnak, they discovered many more Scandinavians living at Inilalik, Ujkargssuk, Ivisarlit, and Nunatsarsuk; but they rowed hastily past these places.

When they returned from this journey, they informed their countrymen of what they had seen; and when these heard of the strangers near Godthaab, they visited them, under the guidance of the first party. Many boats went together; and when they reached Kangerminnak, they entered freely into communication with the strangers, for they noticed that they were friendly and peaceable.

Gradually the Greenlanders came and settled in their neighbourhood in great numbers; and as the Scandinavians soon learned a little of their language, friendship and good-fellowship soon sprang up between them.

Now saw the Greenlanders that there were also Scandinavians at Kapissilk and Amsarlaik. It is related that at the first place a Greenlander and a Scandinavian became very good friends, and liked each other much. It was their custom to challenge each other to trials of skill; and when they tried who could shoot the furthest with the bow, their countrymen always stood around to witness their skill, since they always shot their arrows unusually far; but they were such equal bowmen that their arrows generally fell side by side, so that neither could outdo the other.

One day, when they had been shooting this way, and the others stood looking on, the Scandinavian said to his Esquimaux friend: 'One of us must be the master. Let us propose that he who can stretch out a large reindeer-skin upon the little island below it, and then let us see who can, from the summit, hit the skin with his arrow. He who misses shall be thrown off the precipice; and he who hits the mark is the best man.' Thus spoke the Scandinavian, but the Greenlander answered: 'I do not like the proposal; for we are comrades, and it is not good that either of us should perish.' But the first repeated the proposal; and although the latter sought to turn him from it, he obstinately insisted upon its being done, and his countrymen said it would serve him right if he should be thrown off the precipice. Notwithstanding the Greenlanders' reluctance, they at last consented to go, and a great crowd followed, to see the trial of skill.

When they had come up on the mountain, the Scandinavian shot first, and missed the mark; then the Greenlander, and he struck the target, so that his arrow flew right through the skin. The Scandinavian, who had himself made these terms, now went to the edge of the precipice, and addressed the crowd, and the Greenlander pushed him off the precipice just as he had proposed. The Scandinavians were much hought about it, since he had brought the fate upon himself, and continued to be good friends with the Greenlanders. From that time, this mountain was called Pasigark, because here two shot together with bows.

About the same time, the Icelanders at Ujarasuit hired as servant an Esquimaux girl, named Navaransak, and at first seemed very well satisfied with her, and at this time the Greenlanders and Scandinavians began pretty well to understand each other's language.

One day, Navaransak said to her master: 'The Greenlanders are beginning to get angry with you; and when she visited her own people she said: 'I have heard that the Scandinavians are coming to make away with you. All would be the stirring up of the air, for both parties were living in the best understanding. Nevertheless, the Scandinavians began at last to get angry, as they gradually put fear in the words of Navaransak; whereat, they at last armed themselves, and went out to destroy their threatening enemies, who were living in tents at the entrance of Ujarasuit. When they reached the tents, they found that all the men had gone reindeer-hunting, and they only met with the women, whom they immediately commenced putting to death.

When this slaughter began, two women ran from the tents, but the Scandinavians soon saw them, and pursued them. The same who was carrying the child was now deserted by her fellow-fugitive, who crept into a crevice in the rocks. When the pursuers came near to the one with the child, she sprang up on a large stone, whither she was immediately followed. One aimed a blow at her with an axo, which she escaped by springing off the stone. At last she was tired out, and they killed both mother and child. When the murderers had retired, the woman who had escaped returned to the tents, where she found all the others lying dead.

When the hunters came home, they found all their wives murdered; but one remained alive, whilst all the numerous tents had lost their female population. The husband of the woman who was murdered with her child was the most enraged. This man walked round visiting his countrymen, in order to find a clever conjurer; and when he had found one who well understood his art, he entered into a compact with him. He took him with him to his own house, and began to construct a boat that should not be like an ordinary umiak, and which should enable him to take revenge on the Scandinavians. When he had finished the framework, he covered it over with finely bleached
white seal-skins, mixed with a few others of a dirty white. When this was quite finished, the conjuror charmed it. He then had it launched, and several Greenlanders got in to try it on the sea. When it was a short distance from the shore, and it resembled a piece of ice, without shewing that it was full of people, who could see all that passed through holes that were left in the sides of it. The boat drifted on with a gentle westerly wind, and it rolled over, and when it did so, it precisely resembled the rolling of a large piece of ice. He was satisfied with it, and the Greenlanders considered it an excellent means of falling unawares upon the Scandinavians.

They made their first attempt upon the inhabitants of Ujarsuit; but when they came there, they found all the houses empty, for the Scandinavians had been apprised of their intention, and had, together with the inhabitants of their neighbourhood, removed to Amassalik, collecting themselves in one place for mutual protection. The husband of the slaughtered woman went with his comrades to Amassalik. When they were yet a good distance from the Scandinavians, they waited for the sea-wind which blows into the fiords, and drifts up the lumps of floating ice. With this wind, they made use of the new boat to get close in. They were led by the conjurer. They soon saw the coast, to which the wind had driven the boat, which was painted black. (It was because of this painted house that the Greenlanders called the fiord Amassalik.) In the meantime, the boat drifted on with a gentle westerly wind, and they got sight of the Icelanders, who now and then went in and out of the house. When one went in, another came out in its place, and so they kept watch. One came out, and looked sharply in the direction of the boat, shaking his eyes from the sun with his hand. He called out: 'Here come the Greenlanders!' Instantly rushed a great many out, and one called out so loudly that it could be heard out on the fiord: 'That is not a boat; it is a lump of ice.' And instantly the Greenlanders allowed it to heel over, in imitation of ice calving; and after a short time the whole of the Scandinavians went into their house. When the boat had drifted ashore, the Greenlanders said to the conjurer (Angerok): 'Now must you conjure your boat.' He sang an incantation, which hindered those who had gone into the house from coming out again.

The Greenlanders approached the house, and began to fill the entrance with brushwood, and one from Nivviaqvit, who had brought fire with him, set light to it. Whilst he was doing this, another peeped into the house, and saw the Scandinavians spinning the woman's head upon a stick, using it as a kind of wheel of fortune in a game of hazard. When the husband saw his murdered wife's head, he became furious.

Now first when the brushwood in the passage was in a great flame became the Scandinavians aware that there was something wrong. Some sought to force their way out, but the Greenlanders shut down with their arrows all who forced their way through the burning brushwood. At last the whole of the outside of the house caught fire, but as yet the chief, Oungartok, had not been seen; but whilst they waited for him to rush out, one of the Greenlanders called out: 'See, there is a Scandinavian coming from the west.' The others said that it was the gigantic Olav, one of the chiefs, who came dragging after him a large fiord seal. He was running; and when he came near enough to see the house burning, he became furious, and ran at such a speed that the heavy animal he was dragging went hopping and bounding from the ground. Nevertheless, before he could reach the house, he was killed by the Greenlanders, after having received so many arrows that his body was nearly sti with them. He was the only one who dared to go hunting every day, whilst the others kept themselves at home in anxious fear.

When the flames had destroyed a great many Scandinavians, Oungartok sprang with a great leap through the large window, having his little son in his arms. He took to flight, but was followed by the murdered mother's husband, who gradually gained upon him. Oungartok ran as fast as he could, but every time he looked back he saw his pursuer growing nearer. He therefore kisses his son, and throws him into a lake, by the side of which he was running. Freed from this burden, and his speed urged on by rage, he soon outran the pursuer, who quite lost sight of him.

Oungartok escaped from Amassalik, and went to the south, and joined his countrymen, settled a little to the eastward of Kaksoq.

The Greenlanders now thought that they had killed all the Scandinavians who were under Oungartok; but whilst they were still seeking for him, they heard a sound like the voice of one hauling upon a rope, and caught sight of a Scandinavian who had gone on board a boat, had hoisted sail, and was ready to start off. When he saw the Greenlanders coming, he called out to them mockingly: 'When the summit of Great Amassalik is clear of mist in the morning, there will come an easterly wind; adding mournfully: 'Ah! you scum of the earth.'

Now sprang there suddenly up an easterly wind. The Greenlanders hastily pursued him, but as the boat sailed fast, he easily escaped them.

The next day the Greenlanders returned to their homes, they were grieved at all that had happened. They accused Navaranak of having caused all the mischief by his malicious falsehoods; they therefore determined to put her to death. Cordes were fastened to her hands and to her hair, and she was then dragged over the ground and loose stones until her entrails came out, and she died.

Oungartok was afterwards killed by a Greenland in South Greenland.

Note by the Greenlanders.—Although I have written this tradition, I do not know from whence the information was first obtained, for our forefathers were without knowledge; and could not commit their history to writing; and on these grounds I think it possible that their descendants, when describing the downfall of the Scandinavians, may have altered some facts, and exaggerated others, but the principal part is generally believed to be true.—Written by ABON at Kangaq, near Godthiab.'

MELIBEUS DISCOVERS THE APERTYR.

It is a pity that one of so amiable and loving a disposition as that of Melibeus should not have been dowered by nature—through the intervention of course of Mrs M.—with children; and I write this with some unsentimentality, inasmuch as he is sponsor to my own Emilius John, and he, I am aware, in his last testamentary instructions, behaved towards him, as the phrase is, 'something like a godfather. Melibeus not only loves children, admiring them as he walks abroad, and tickling the fat cheeks of unknown babies, to the considerable alarm of those who carry them, but he is in some respects, in character, a child himself. No man is wicked, no man is a fool, who is fond of the society of children, and sympathizes in their pursuits. I envy my friend above all things the facility with which he makes allies of the shyest and most antagonistic infants; for I, for my part, do not possess that happy gift, and really feel less at my ease, when in company with my own Emilius John, than Melly himself does, as that disrespectful youth denominates his godfather.

When, therefore, my friend proposed to take the child to the Zoological Gardens—as a visitor of course, although none of his mind relishes and no wife especially, aver that he is a most extraordinary
production, and quite worthy of presentation to any Society—in my company, and without a nurse, I was comfortably static. I have only one formula for Emilus John whenever he goes wrong—which occurs incessantly, and without the least change to going right, or even that slight repose which might be derived from his disinterestedness. That for him is this: 'If you do that, again Emilus John, I'll whip you—mind you—as sure as ever you're born.' And then he does it again, and I don't whip him. But upon Meliboeus most solemnly promising to take the whole responsibility of the youth, and even the youth himself, it if should be necessary, upon his own shoulders, I consented to make one of the three; and the more readily because I knew my friend was himself consumed with a desire to make acquaintance with the Aperyx.

The contents of the young gentleman's Noah's Ark—a vessel about the size of a Thames wherry, and the gift of Meliboeus himself—were minutely catalogued upon the evening previous to the expedition, and I disregarded myself in my son's eyes by confusing the leopard with the jaguar. It would be very much better, I think, since this sort of toy is sought to such a pitch of perfection, that the name and habitat of every animal should be printed promptly and distinctly upon some portion of its person.

On the next morning, instead of seeking the city in a 'bus, as is my invariable custom, I found myself in a Hansom (and how that boy, as 'bolkin, did kick!), with Meliboeus and Emilus John, in Regent's Park. The mansion of the late Marquis of Hertford attracted the boy's simple fancy: 'Let us live there, pa,' exclaimed he; and observing, I suppose, the same expression pass over his father's countenance as he sees there when his mamma demands some novelty beyond the reach of my limited purse, he added: 'Melly is rich, Melly will buy it—won't you, Melly?'

Well,' replied Meliboeus gravely, 'I am afraid, my boy, it is rather too much of a country-house for me. I should like to live more in the town.'

'Rather!' murmured Emilus John; by which he meant to suggest that tame rabbits might be kept at such an establishment—a convenience and source of pleasure the very greatest, but which his mind is at present capable of conceiving.

'Here are the rabbits,' exclaimed Meliboeus, with that dexterous evasion which distinguishes him in all his arguments with the 'bolkin. 'Who was Emilus John would have worried me for an hour about buying that house, I know—here is the place for the rabbits; and for the guinea-pigs, as well as for the more ferocious of the animal creation. In this little lodge by the turnstile lives 'the Man'—you have heard of him, my dear child, have you not, of the wonderful power of his eye over all other creatures?'

I have been often assured (by his mother) that Emilus John, like the great Nelson in his youth, does not even know what Fear is, but I am bound to confess that it was with something very like that sentiment that he approached the gatekeeper. He was certainly relieved when the complicated machinery had grasped, with a click, from the immediate supervision of that official, and he felt himself fairly in the garden, for he looked up in our faces and observed, in a confidential tone: 'I didn't like that Mr Noah one bit.' The biblical knowledge of the child is really remarkable, and is constantly being applied to the affairs of everyday life, and rice vers. After having been presented with a tin tazanum by his godfather, in which to carry his meal, he was informed, in the course of study, that Moses was the leader of the Israelites through the wilderness, whereas upon this instant inquired: 'And who was the wheeler? Moreover Emilus John upon his god-papa's shoulders, and beheld dinner served to the King of Beasts. It was rather a savage exhibition, to my thinking, but the ladies seemed to enjoy it greatly.

If! I heard muffled sobs, but these, I thought; but a little cooked, or smothered in onions or something, it would be quite delightful, but really it is so excessively underdone.'

The benevolent and small Meliboeus detected that the male leopord had appropriated that portion of food
alotted to his consort to himself, as well as his own, and indeed was sitting upon them both in his wooden crib, demanding more, like a spotted dog in a manger.

We drew the attention of the keeper to the conduct of this liking and discoursable animal, but the lady received no redress.

'He allus does it, and he allus will do it,' was his reply. 'He is the bane of the country; we feed these apes with nuts, and persuading him to have a bagful in his hand, they had doubtless planned the capture of the entire cargo. Disgusted with this ingratitude, he now sought for worthier recipients of his bounty among the parrots, for the most part a gentle and loving species, which, as Melibeus justly observed, appeared to be descended from ringdoves and raspberries. The cockatoos, on the contrary, were a proud and imperious race, with noses very much too big for them, and in particular, there was a black one of most Satanic appearance, whom Emilinus John immediately designated 'Bogey.'

This remark of the infant's, coupled with his inquiry, when we came to the anteteer, of 'Did he eat Aunt Susy?—a relative of my wife's, recently deceased, transported his godfather with delight. I never know which of the two enjoyed themselves most thoroughly; which appreciated most keenly those Flying Foxes, that the younger spectator compared to old boots, and the elder to those smelling water-proofs, which, worn by the cad of an omnibus, I have known to turn half his 'inside' out in the worst of weather; or that gaudied and knotted Salamander, who looks so much more like firewood than an animal to whom flame is said to cause but little inconvenience.

Finally, we arrived at the main object of our expedition—the apertyn—that is to say, we arrived at her dwelling-house, in which, as is perfectly notorious, she is never by any chance to be seen. The arena in front of it was quite deserted; the public having taken themselves off elsewhere, preferring some less rare specimen of feathered fowl who could be held, to even a wingless bird who was also invincible.

In Bullock Smithy's opinion, Melibeus, 'the people would stand here for hours, staring at space, and lose all the rest of the garden in hopes of the impossible; how far wiser and more philosophical are the Londoners.'

'Ve at least,' returned I, 'seem to be quite as foo'

'Hush!' replied Melibeus, 'and you shall see what you shall see, as the children say.'

It was the most extraordinary bird I ever beheld. It would have been more like a guinea-hen than anything else in the world, had it not been so much more like a hare. We picked up three of its feathers, for it had feathers, although it did not look as if it ought to have had them. One of its eggs, almost as large as that of an ostrich, stood upon a table having a glass shade upon it, with a purple velvet border; but the apertyn of course had only laid the egg. She was very much frightened, and glad to run back again into the dark corner where she lived, and cover herself up with straw. Ever since she came from New Zealand, she has, it seems, avoided the public eye in this manner. Only a very few people in all London have really seen her, although a great many will, of course, be found to affirm the contrary. By what device, then, will be asked, did we ourselves obtain a view of this animal? Alas! I am not at liberty to disclose that matter.

'What shall I say, Melibeus, when people inquire how we obtained this interview? I think we may rely upon the secrecy of Emilinus John.'

'If he whispers one syllable of the matter,' returned he with gravity, 'I will give him to the Great Carnivors.'

'I don't believe there is none,' observed the young gentleman obstinately.

'Then I will purchase the black parrot, and cause it to be set loose in his nursery after midnight.'
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

At this frightful threat, Emilius John protested, with many tears, that he would never reveal the means by which this rare treat had been afforded to him.

'And as for us, my friend,' said Melibeus, 'let us say that we lured her forth by imitating the cry of the male; that we brought to light the Invisible, the Wingless Bird, by uttering the plaintive (I daresay it is plaintive when it isn’t defendant) the plaintive cry of him she has left so long disconsolate in the distant antipodes.'

D I E T.

Without giving our adhesion to some rather startling theories on the subject, it is impossible to deny that the character of a nation, physical and moral, depends greatly upon the national diet. Among the lower animals, we trace with sufficient distinctness the direct connection between their food and their qualities, and, in a modified degree the same maxim may be applied to ourselves. The more diversified the nourishment, the larger is the field in which the energies of the race develop themselves; while, on the contrary, where there is restriction to one or two articles of food, the energies are always seen to be contracted into a narrow compass. Far be it from me to assert, even by inference, that the best fed nations are superior in merit to those on scantier, communal, and that virtue or learning is the invariable concomitant of a good dinner. I wish merely to imply, that a country whose inhabitants are well fed, is usually possessed of more than material enjoyments, that the arts and sciences flourish best where the markets are well supplied, and that intellect acquires a wider range and stronger stimulus from the very exuberance of popular prosperity. Doctors tell us that our diet should vary as much as possible, that man is omnivorous, and that all the earth should minister to his nutrition. Farmers and graziers prove to us that cattle are all the better for a change of food, and the registrar-general confirms the doctrine in its widest application to the human race. An inquiry into the diet of our ancestors and our neighbours may not, therefore, be devoid of interest.

Bread is the staff of life; but the word 'bread' is liable to be interpreted too narrowly. With us, bread implies a paste or leavened paste, shaped into certain familiar forms which we name loaves, rolls, and so forth. The sailor, the purser, and the ship-chandler would extend the definition to 'ship's bread,' which we call biscuit. The Arab or Hindu, again, would stretch the word a little further, so as to make it include his rude staple of thin cakes, hastily kneaded on a flat stone, and as hurriedly baked on an iron plate or girdle; but the article 'bread' is elastic enough to embrace these and a great deal more. All grain, however prepared, whether rice, wheat, Indian corn, or millet— all seeds, as those of the holcus sorghum, or of the bread-fruit tree—all root-flour, as that of the manioc, the cassava, or the yam—in a word, all farinaceous food, must constitute 'bread' in the broad and true sense of the word. And bread is really the first fruit of a drowning civilisation, the universal and most ancient food of man, when man is found in a position above that of the savage. The wild wood-rangers, the 'noble savages' of the past, they who eat the berry, or smear the beast, or rob the wild-bee of his golden honey, have no bread. Before their women have learned to grind some dry root to a coarse powder by the aid of two broad stones, a great stride in civilisation must have been made. The next step is, perhaps, to plant some kind of native grain within a rude enclosure; the hoe and the sickle conduct the inventor gradually to the barn and the store-house; stores of food are garnered up, forethought and the new sense of property replace the reckless improvidence of the barbarous hunter, and the year is not spent in alternations of fasting and famine. Bread, therefore, is really the staple food of the family of Adam. Much as it may vary in character and in preparation, the nutritious principles—the starch and the gluten—are always present. The Swede and the Malay are nourished by the self-same substances, however the black loaf of the one may differ from the mess of rice that makes the repast of the other. The various grains have each their empire and prescribed locality, but two out of the number assume a special importance—namely, rice, the monarch of the torrid zone; and wheat, the staple of temperate latitudes. The latter is the 'corn' of Scripture, the grain mentioned in the foremost of the Jew and Gentile, of Greek and Trojan. It was to buy wheat that Joseph's brethren crossed the desert to Egypt. It was wheat which, previous to a time of dearth, Joseph monopolised in his royal master's interest. Wild corn is, in truth, a theme for hypothesis: experimental philosophers have of late shown us that the seeds of wild grasses will, when cultivated, produce a very close approach to an inferior grain, but history does not record the prefarinaceous epoch when corn flourished in a wild state. Still, so far as we know, the fat plains of Mesopotamia and the Nile valley must have been the cradle of wheat. The mummy wheat found in Egyptian catacombs, stored away, thousands of years back, along with embalmed Pharaohs and hieroglyphs, had preserved its vitality well, and sprouted and multiplied when sown. At the same time, it is curious to note the different estimation in which Egyptian wheat has been held in ancient and modern times. Rome and Byzantium were fed by Egypt and Barbary, as we know, and the classic writers gave liberal praise to the fertile soil and the yellow grain of the Nile. Now a days, Mark Lane sets a very trifling value upon the Egyptian wheat, and the corn-factors of France, in especial, consider it as good as 'corn out of Egypt' than for any other, attributing its inferior quality to the irrational method of its tillage.

Space is wanting to discriminate between red wheats and white wheats; between the power of keeping inherent to British flour, the delicate quality of South Russian, and the great amount of nourishment, far surpassing that of the Old World, which American wheat-flour affords. Nor in a few lines could justice be done to the flint-wheat, so called, of Sicily and Naples; that hard small grain from which the finest macaroni is made, and which contains in its husk an unusual percentage of silex. It is a patent and notable fact, that the wheat-growing countries of the world are those which rank the highest in arts and arms, as well as in rational freedom and the amenities of life. I am aware of but few instances in which wheat-flour is perverted from the office of bread; the bread-making, and of these the most conspicuous were the Anglo-Saxon formity and the Moorish couscoussens. The latter mere of boiled grain, the easy preparation of which suits the indolence of Jew and Gentile, and is the chief dish of all the tribes of North Africa. Rice, on the other hand, though it feeds many more mouths than wheat does—for nearly two-thirds of the human race subsist upon it—is incapable of imparting the
same vigour to the muscles or the same solidity to the flesh alike. It has perseverance as compared with wheat. It is impossible for even the Chinese or the Hindu to live on rice alone; a food so insipid requires pungent seasoning, such as curry, the native peppers and other spices. But we find the whole world accord on that point. In ancient times, when this was less understood, and before the potato was naturalised in all countries of Europe, dreadful maladies—such as the Plica Polonica—were endemic among the labouring classes of Germany, Poland, the north of Italy, and elsewhere, and even in England the same class of complaints existed in a milder form. The use of animal food is very unequal throughout the world, depending, as it does, partly on the demands of temperature and habit, and partly on the supply. The millions of Hindustan depend on that sacred creature, the cow, for their share of such nutriment. That native must be poor indeed who cannot afford a few spoonfuls of ghee, or clarified butter, to add to the needful salt and pepper which season his mess of rice and peace.

In China, where there is no milk, fish and vegetable oils are a palliative; while the fat of the pig, or, where it can be obtained, of the porpoise, sturgeon, or salmon, lubricates John Chinaman’s bread. The Tartar and Tibetan wallow in milk and other dairy produce, luxuriate in buttered tea, and eat the flesh of deer, sheep, and horse indiscriminately. Western Asia and Europe find the cow their chief prop and stay in this respect; so long as butter and milk are obtainable, bread can afford nourishment. The Levant has little food but what his reed reinforces him; and the Esquimaux, who has no bread, relies on his harpoon, and on the whale and seal oil, whose heat-giving properties enable him to bear the arctic climate. On the whole, Australia and America, the New World and the Newer World, eat much more flesh than we natives of the ancient triple continent. Doubtless in all Australasia, a country which has found almost destitute of mammals, there is no person so poor as not to eat meat every day. Would that we could say as much at home! In America, too, the consumption of animal food is immense. Even the plantation negroes receive more fat pork with their Indian corn than falls to the lot of the peasantry of the most prosperous countries of Europe.

America has always been a land of flesh-pots and solid meals. The aborigines of that vast continent were probably the only savages who were ever found living wholly on the produce of the chase, with the exception of the inhabitants of the Arctic Circle, to whom the rigorous cold denied fruit-tree or corn-field. To this day the thinned tribes of the far west trust for food to the migrating herds of the bison, to the deer of the woods, and the bighorn of the Rocky Mountains. The small quantity of roots and parched corn which is produced by the desolate soil of the squaws, shews how trifling is the esteem in which the cereals are held by the ancient lords of America; and charrope, or buffalo-beef dried in the sun, is the staple dependence of as well-grown and athletic a race as the world can exhibit. It is, perhaps, scarcely surprising that the nations which have subsisted principally on animal food have been almost always active and warlike. The Scythian hordes of Attila, Genghis, and Timour, the American Indians, and the fierce cannibal tribes of the Pacific, as well as the Caffres of the Cape, are notable examples of this.

Pastoral nations, or nations of hunters, are easily disposed to war, when game grows scarce or grass scanty. On the other hand, the most prolific races of mankind are certainly the sedentary inhabitants of agricultural countries, and especially of such agricultural countries as can afford but poor nourishment to their denizens. India, China, and Persia, who, in spite of the dangers of actual starvation, could never be brought to fancy the ‘yellow meal’ which public and private charity afforded them.

There is one peculiar condition belonging to all bread made from seed-flowers, that all the tastes which come from root-flour, that it will not, alone, support a healthy existence. Some form of animal grease, fat, or butter, is absolutely necessary to its assimilation, and it seems to accord on that point. In ancient times, when this was less understood, and before the potato was naturalised in all countries of Europe, dreadful maladies—such as the Plica Polonica—were endemic among the labouring classes of Germany, Poland, the north of Italy, and elsewhere, and even in England the same class of complaints existed in a milder form. The use of animal food is very unequal throughout the world, depending, as it does, partly on the demands of temperature and habit, and partly on the supply. The millions of Hindustan depend on that sacred creature, the cow, for their share of such nutriment. That native must be poor indeed who cannot afford a few spoonfuls of ghee, or clarified butter, to add to the needful salt and pepper which season his mess of rice and peace.

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is perhaps more remarkable still. The extraordinary rapidity with which the population of the island increased between the time when the potato, which Sir Walter Raleigh first planted in his garden at Yonghall, had become the national food, and the famine of 1847, which was to a great extent the result of poverty and misfortune, has, on the whole, a great blessing to Europe. Its antisecabotage purpose has been done more good to the health of the most needy classes than perhaps be appreciated by any one who has not read in the records of the past how black was the cloud of annoyance and misery that hung over the millions of Europe two centuries ago.

In the middle ages themselves, a healthy skin was esteemed a sort of privilege of superior station. Soap was rare, linen costly, calico unknown; and the black bread, the indifferent fruit, pickled herrings, and salt provisions, which were the usual food of the poor, produced many disorders, which medical skill and improved cleanliness have extinguished. Famine, too, and famine compared with which our modern scarcities are trivial, was a constant companion in the land, and Plague was ever ready to tread on the heels of that grisly intruder. There is a sentimental belief among some of us, due to the fancy of a few romance-writers, that in ‘the good old days’ the population of England lived comfortably on roast-beef, white bread, and unstrained ale. They have given us most already, &c., says the ingenious deceptively author of Comingby and Siben. No more glaring blunder was ever made. We are apt to be dazzled by the recollected splendor of the middle-age feasts—of the four wethers set aside to supply gravy for a single peacock—of the hecatombs of swans, game, poultry, pigeons, and wild geese—of the slaughtered hogs, and the venison pasties whose walls were solid as those of a tower, the flowing oceans of ale and wine, the glutony and drunkenness that grazed a coronation or a triumph. But there were the field-days and grand gales of the epoch. There was much of fasting, much of unwholesome feeding, that went to compensate for one of those roaring orgies. We know by the year-books of the Duke of Northumberland that for half the year the gentlemen and pages of the ducal household, second in point of splendour to no subject’s in Europe, were strictly reduced to a diet of salted beef, only tasting fresh meat during the summer season. Indeed, at a time when there were no provisions whereon to maintain the cattle, the artificial grasses, and a limited stock of hay, it was necessary to kill and salt down whole herds for winter consumption, lest they should die of actual starvation when the grass failed them. The only fresh provisions attainable, even by gentlemen of ample means, during winter, consisted of river-fish, game, and wild-fowl. The tradesman, still more the country dervish, deemed himself lucky when he could command a sufficiency of corned beef or pickled pork to add to the garden stuff and barley-beer which formed the principal part of his dinner. Salmon, in its season, was ludicrously cheap to our notions, but only on the banks of certain rivers. While the apprentices and servants of Newcastle, Shrewsbury, and Worcester were coothing with their masters not to be fed on salmon ‘more than four days of eche weke,’ this royal fish was excluded from most markets for lack of transport. The Londoners were, as they still are, by far the best supplied of all Britons where fish was in question; but even in their case, Billingsgate was nearly silent in winter. Mackerel and herrings, from very early times, were sold cheaply enough during summer, but cod was less plentiful, and was mostly salted, for the better keeping of fast days. Carp, tench, pike, eels, lampreys, all sorts of slippery natives of the pond, the stew-pit, or the river, were in brisk demand, and many forgotten recipes for cooking them were handed down from generation to generation. We know that Queen Elizabeth sent to Holland for a salad, and that in her reign England had hardly learned to save the cabbage, the carrot, leek, and onion, peas and beans, most of which were brought by the cruisers from Asia. Herbs, accordingly, were much valued, and many a plant was eaten that we now trample under foot. The fruit produced at that time—damsels, plums, pears, apples, strawberries, outdoor grapes, nuts, currants, and in a great extent, especially in and compassion of a modern gardener. Spices were very dear, though in high esteem, sugar scarce and costly, tea and coffee, two centuries ago, unknown. The hop, proscribed by Henry VIII., was slow to make its way into the brew-house, from which it had been barred by law. Beer is almost the only article of consumption which was in a great degree cheaper than at the present day. Cheap it was, however, and sweet withal, the modern taste for the bitter blood of John Barleycorn being only known to the few eccentric persons who sipped musad stirred with rosemary. Beer, or ale, was, as Macaulay happily remarks, not only all that wine and spirits are now to ordinary Englishmen, but all that groceries are in our time. The mark of honour in Queen Elizabeth’s reign were wont to breakfast at 8 a.m. on beef-steaks and nutty ale; and so late as the reign of William III., the populace went gladly to see the execution of Sir John Friend, inasmuch as he was reputed to have drawn beer of exceedingly bad quality for the use of the navy, an offence beyond that of treason itself. Not until 1790 did the English peasant give up the rye-bread, which, with salt-herrings, eels, and bacon, had been their food since the Conquest; while Scotland achieved still later, to a great extent, to the oatmeal porridge, the scone, and the bannock. We none of us, from the highest to the lowest, have much cause to regret the hard fare, varied by occasional feasts, of the days that are gone.

**The Spark.**

As when, amidst the embers cold,
Some little spark is seen,
Which, slowly fading, serves to shew
Where light and heat have been;

When all but hopeless seemed the task
To raise the sinking flame,
Some gentle breath has stirred the spark,
And fanned it into flame:

So, when within the human heart
The spark of sacred fire,
With lustre dimmed, though lingering yet,
Seems ready to expire;

When Hope is fled, when quenched by Sin,
No more does warmth enfold
The heart, where duky winged Despair
Broods o’er the ashes cold;

God in his loving mercy sheds
His Spirit’s quick’ning breath,
And upward spring the seeds of flame—
Life reigns where once was death.

F. D.

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EVIDENCE.

A STATE of polarisation is not peculiar to matter, whether ponderable or ethereal. Intellect has its poles, as crystals and light have theirs. There are some minds so constituted that they imbibe at once, without doubt or question, any statement which may be laid before them; there are others whose instinct leads them to reject or deride even the most probable and moderate assertions; and between these two extremes of credulity and scepticism there is room for every conceivable shade of belief, and its opposite. It is no easy task, therefore, to define Evidence with any degree of accuracy; and yet we all acknowledge its value to the human race in every relation of life. Does the reader need an illustration? Let him go with us to the county town, now all astir with the bustle of assize. Hark! how the trumpets bray and twang forth their brazen peals as the legal pageant marches in. See! the long array of jessamin-men, perhaps arrayed as Tudor beef-eaters, or Charles II.’s cavaliers, if the high-sheriff be a gentleman of long purse and antiquarian taste; the carriages, the band, the satellites of Themis. In that coach, accoutred with full-bottomed wigs, scarlet robes, horse-hair, ermine, and all the habilalsherry of law, sit those awful beings, her Majesty’s lords-justices. They are coming in to hold the royal courts of oyer and terminer in the old dignified way. They will deal forth civil and criminal justice to many, will award damages for broken hearts and bones, eject from estates, nonsuit pretenders, and doom numbers to oakum-picking and penal servitude. But there is a mightier stake yet to be played for—life for life, blood for blood—since this is no maiden assize, when Mr Sheriff smilingly presents my lords with white kid gloves, and their lordships congratulate the county that Cain’s brand is on none of its children. There is a murder-case to be tried, and with redoubled interest do the bystanders gaze at the fine coach, from whose windows the judges nod a stately salute in answer to the cheering. Opposite to Baron Rhadamantus and Justice Minos sits the sheriff, with his back to the horses, dressed in a new court-suit, and rather uneasy about the obtrusive sword that is sure to slip between his ankles as he bows my lords into their lodging. Some three hours after comes on the top of the coach, or by second-class rail-car, a very important servant of the commonwealth, who glides modestly into the town, who courts no notice, and before whom no trumpets twang nor jessamin men parade—Calcraft the hangman.

They are all there, the ministers of Themis, and to-morrow they will open the courts with due pomp and swearing in of juries, grand, special, and petty, and the work of the assize will begin. But there is one little element needed for attaining the ends of justice, without which all the queen’s horses and all the queen’s men, the Baron and the Justice, Mr Sheriff in ruffles and silk hose, the ornamental jessamin-men in plumed hats and slashed satin doublets, the useful blue-clad police, the bench of magistrates and box of jurors, and even Calcraft himself, can do nothing. Evidence is the thing lacking—Evidence, personified by Marjory Turniptop, a most valuable witness, suddenly missing. Hark, how the vaulted roof of the court-house resounds to the crier’s voice, bawling for Evidence, in the shape of Marjory Turniptop. In the very street, in the market-place itself, there are stentorian tipetáveis, and town-serjeants in gold lace and cocked-hats, roaring for Marjory Turniptop. Distracted attorneys run here and there, like hounds when the fox is in cover. Where is she? Where can she be? She is invaluable, indispensable; she knows all about it; it was to her that the prisoner made those fatal admissions; she saw this; she heard that; she, and she alone, can knit the halter round the neck of the guilty wretch now in the dock, behind the spiked rail and the sweet herbs. The murmur and buzzing increase. Where is this woman, this witness? Spirited away, no doubt, by the prisoner’s friends. Most disgraceful negligence on the part of the prosecution! She ought to have been looked to, watched, locked up, to prevent any tampering. Crown counsel are all to blame, seniors and juniors; so are the attorneys; so is Mr Sheriff, who plays pantaloons’ part throughout, and who is now shaking in his buckled shoes at every reprimand or rebuff from the cross old judge, and wondering whether he shall be fined for his neglect. We can fancy the attorney-general rising to justify himself: ‘Not my fault, my Lord!’ Very well. Send Superintendent Walker and intelligent Detective Spry in search of her. And while Walker and intelligent Spry ferret out the fugitive, and while the prisoner is removed from the bar, and sits in a back room, gasping, anxious, with blotches of red on his white face, and listens like a conchant harp for the dread music of the pack, let us slip out too.

Let us visit the other court, the Civil Side, as lawyers term it, where business goes briskly on, although there is plenty of standing-room. Why? Because the superior interest of the drama played on that other stage has sucked away all but a very thin audience. So we have elbow-room enough, perhaps even a seat on the bench, if we have a justice-of-the-peace air about us. Evidence, we find, is in great demand here also; it is the motive-power that urges all this grand display of
legal machinery. Without it, or with an inferior or
damaged article, nothing can be done. Deep over
that clerk's shoulder at the roll of causes. Nineteen
nonsuits already, as I heard. Nineteen applications for
redress have already turned from the doors of
Themie—sent empty away, like wandering papa-
ses from St Stoneyheart's workhouse. And
crass fancy all these plaintiffs were of necessity in
the wrong, greedy rogues, or frivolous complainers,
or bull-headed blunderers. Some of them were good
men and true, honestly asking relief from genuine
illusage. It was evidence which failed them; moral
presumption there was; legal proof there was not.

'Rule refused, Mr Batters!' is the hard but necessary
fact with which Baron Rhadamantus is obliged to
crush the hopes of a well-meaning suitor. Evidence
takes many shapes. Just now, we saw it assume the
form of a bundle of old love-letters, yellow old love-
letters, frayed and sealed, which were added in
Evidence in the great case of Lovibond v. Gadabnut—
break-of-promise case—damages enormous, and the
first nisi prius talent on both sides. It is not always
that Evidence takes a form so amusing. No farce could
be more successful. The reading out of those ardent
epistles, full of orthographic blunders, bathos, fond
names, and poetry original or borrowed, was constantly
drowned by peals of mirth and laughter. How jovially did Sergeant
Bilkins 'bring down the house,' as he commented
on them, as he turned them inside out for the contempt
of jury and people; and how the wretched defendant
writhed and winced at the laughter and jokes, even
before that swingeing verdict of a thousand pounds
to heal the wounded heart of the fair Lovibond.

But the next case is called; no breach of promise
nor marry, but the violation of a contract to pay.
It is all about moneys, and accounts, and goods, and
work done; and it is traversed on such and such a
ground, and set out as amended, and there is plenty
of legal fencing, also plenty of cross-swearings and
counter-statements; a good case this by which to
test the practical value of Evidence. Four and
forty witnesses for the plaintiff, nine and thirty for the
defendant, besides some documents. You see the
witnesses marshalled in regular files, under the
officiership of solicitors' clerks, all lined along the corridor
and across the waiting-rooms. They ought not to be,
by rights, exposed to the dangerous tempting they
would receive in court by hearing the statements of
other. Now Mr Solicitor opens the case, and
opens his brief and heart as well for the edification
of the enlightened jury. He draws a graphic picture,
and lays on the colours with a masterly hand, boldly,
firmly, but dartily. Quickly the conviction dawns
on spectators and jury that the plaintiff is a very ill-
used man, and a very honest man, and that the justice
of his cause is clear as the noonday. They plainly
follow out that rascal the defendant in all his course
of chicanery, greed, and crime; they see through his
subterfuges, and pity his victim with all their hearts.

And when Mr Solicitor ends his peroration by deli-
cately hinting that the criminal court would, but for
the imperfection of law, have been the arena wherein
to decide that dispute, and the dock thereof the proper
abiding-place of the defendant, why, the jury and
spectators shake their heads, and mentally condemn
that individual to a long imaginary term of penal
suffocation.

Then up rises Grinder, Q.C., and begins a long
loquent discourse. He has an up-hill fight at
first: jury and spectators are prepossessed against him;
best gradually, then. But艇ly, that in less than a minute's
voice pervades the court. Grinder, Q.C., tears to pieces
the web of legal sophistry spun by his learned brother.
Grinder, Q.C., presses the shibboleth argument, which the jury
has lately heard; on and on goes he, in a most
flawless for fiction, he
thunders, wheedles, draws tears from female audience,
gives a plain practical statement of the plaintiff's
villainy and the defendant's candour, and, in fact,
sure that such and such is a leading question, and
something else ought not to be asked, and as Grinder
will not yield, both appeal to the judge; and they
batter the judicial ears with quotations and autho-
rine, and make it worse.
But if cruel Grindel giblets the witness in so
pitiless a way when the bias is against the defendant,
very different is his conduct when he has one of his
closest friends in the dock, a little laughing person,
tenderly Grindel treats him; what patience and gentleness he
envises; how playful is the manner in which he
extracts all he wants, bit by bit, discreetly checking
the utterance of whatever would prove harmful.
In his turn, Mr Solicitor skirmishes around, objecting
to this question, cabinetting at that, and finally seizing
on hostile Evidence, embodied in human shape, and
browbeating or puzzling it without mercy.
The witnesses are strictly classified. So many belong
plentiful, to plaintiff; so many to defendant; to simple truth and
good-natured, none, practically speaking. But the
vile Grindel and his astute foes know well that the
most valuable admissions can be drawn from one of
the enemy. The confessions of an unfriendly witness
are much more the ears of a cross-examining counsel;
but how to extract those confessions is the rub. And
then, Evidence is so chameleon-like, ever varying.
You shall see, the self-sacrificing, the too-willing witness, the indifferent witness, who fears
about him, is rebuked for careless answers, and
replicates to each question with the most provoking
vagaries. There is also the conscientious witness, a
rare species, who is horribly furnished and perplexed,
and scarcely able to speak out for downright anxiety;
also the nervous witness, who keeps a rugged hand,
keenly pressed to her stormy eyes, and who
weeps when asked what she knows; also the suspi-
cious witness, who will not commit himself in any
way, who won't tell his birthplace but under pressure,
and who objects to revealing the trade he follows, lest
it should be made a handle for persecution. There
is the defiant witness, who screws up her mouth
alarmingly tight, scowls, and casts sullen glances
at the court. This last form of Evidence is very
trying to all concerned, as thus: 'Your husband, Mrs
Gubbins, is a carpenter?' To which Evidence replies,
with a sniff of contempt: 'Cabinet-maker and j'iner;
and why not?' 'You were present during the two
last interviews, were you not?' and so forth; to
which Evidence retorts: 'Perhaps I was, sir; and no
harm neither, I presume.'
Cross-examining barristers find big voices and
black looks of little avail with this refractory form of
discreet Evidence, and seek to mislead the dragon
by compliments. It is a legal maxim, and one of
venerable antiquity, that witnesses may be divided
into three classes or qualities — positive, compara-
tive, superlative: men, women, and children; and
of those three sections of humanity, legal experi-
ence decrees women to make the very worst, and
children the very best witnesses conceivable, men
occupying a mediocre or negative position. The
reason of this distinction between adults is not that
women are false, less honest, naturally, than
their husbands and brothers; it is, that they are
much keener, heartier, more thoroughly practiced.
When lovely woman elicits beneath a banner, pole-
men, and the patriotic social, that you will, she gives
no quarter, and fights faithfully to the death. Under
the standard of Themis, she does gallant battle for
her own side. She gives implicit credence to the
story told by her own; and hears a word in
mitigation. Is proof lacking? It will soon be
furnished, for see, Miss Flora Smithson is entering
the witness-box, becoming bonnet, new gloves, a fashionable dress, for she has
to struggle with her crinoline before she can enter
the narrow wooden pilory. 'You are Miss Flora
Smithson, niece of the defendant?' Lift up your veil,
if you please; take the book in your right hand;
repeat the words of the oath after the officer of the
court; kiss the book — so —' The ceremony is
complete.
But not seldom there is a little preliminary skir-
mish. Miss Flora is rebellious; she won't shew her
face — she won't remove her glove from the hand that
grasps the book — she won't obey at all. A growl
rises from the judge, a little laughing person,
tenderly Grindel treats him; what patience and gentle-
ness he envises; how playful is the manner in which he
extracts all he wants, bit by bit, discreetly checking
the utterance of whatever would prove harmful.
The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' O Flora Smithson, naughty, naughty Flora! How can you face the
court as you do, fibbing so unmercifully, for all the
innocence of your demeanour? That memory of yours
must be a wonderful specimen of amnesia. You
recollect everything that can help your uncle's case, or
damage the other side. Surely you must have been
conveniently deaf and blind every now and then;
at other times, what a lynx to see, what a
mole to hear. O Flora! But as a pretty girl enough, and Mr Solicitor is convic-
tious, he cross-examines you, and smiles, and talks banter
and nonsense, and tries to cajole you into telling
what he wants to hear. He sits down like a baffled barrister, and the young lady retires triumphantly. So with Mrs Brown, who comes next.
This latter has no age of youth and beauty, no
good looks, no crinoline, no veil, no tight like
gloves. Mr Solicitor is by no means so gallant now,
but he can only make Mrs Brown involve herself in
a mass of impossibilities; he cannot extract a word
in favour of the enemy. Half-a-dozen more succeed,
all female relatives, servants, or allies, of plaintiff or
defendant. Every one has rehearsed her part over
and over again, has said 'what she shall tell them in
court,' has been primed as to what 'she must be sure to
say,' and has the profoundest faith that her own
faction is white as the driven snow. Now for the
children. I see a little head just on a lever with the
top-rail of the witness-box—a little boy, with a nut-
brown face, and a bright eye like a squirrel's. He is
the son of the bricklayer that we examined just an
hour ago. He knows a good deal, and will tell what
he knows so simply and well as to convince the
jury. Truth can generally be got out of a child; for,
although children are often sent into court well
tutored, crammed with facts true or false, and per-
haps actually loaded with lies, cross-examination
almost always upsets the lesson. The urchins do not
trace cause and effect so warily as their elders; truth
bubbles up to their lips, somehow, in answer to
questions that were not expected. But there is one
dreadful stumbling-block in the path of their little
feet; there is a test, failing in which they may not
give their testimony. 'Stop!' cries artful Grindel,
Q.C. — 'stop! Don't swear the boy. Boy, do you
know the meaning of an oath?' No verbal response.
The bright young eye glitters with a puzzled intelli-
gence as it glances at the man of law, who rules his
hands, and chucks. Baron Rhadamantus speaks.
'Don't be frightened, little boy. Do you know the
value of an oath? You cannot be sworn in unless
you do.' The little fellow's education is behindhand.
'Yes,' he knows what an oath means. 'Father
swears sometimes, and so do the men at the Chequers
public.' Send him down. Out of court with the
ignorant little wretch! Evidence that can't define an
oath is black-balled by the British Thames.
But the triumph of Grindel, Q.C., is short-lived.
Call Susan Fletcher, the boy's little sister, aged six.
She goes to school, knows her letters by heart, and
evinces enough knowledge to satisfy my lord judge. The usher puts the little flaxen
head as he holds up the black volume, and begins
his formula, and soon the blue-eyed baby does great
mischievous to Grinder and his client. She tells her tale. She was in the cottage when Mr Smithson came to pay father the money. She heard almost every word that was said. She remembers most of it, and clears up a most doubtful portion of the business. With the lance of simple truth, she hurles Grinder, Q.C., out of his forensic saddle. The jury murmur, and whisper, but the judge smiles approval. ‘You can go down, my dear.’ And all the Evidence has appeared, all save one lingering scrap—that strong man in velvetoe, with the restless eye and shaggy hair. He gives more proof of a quick and impetuous nature, scowls around the court, looks for an acquaintance, will not meet Grinder’s eye. ‘My lad, I appeal to the court. I can get this witness to look me in the face.’ Rebutting enough, the strong man in velvetoe does look Mr Grinder in the face, with an evil eye, but a shy one. Grinder has his own learned optics riveted on the victim’s face, seizes him up, and tries all his horrors on him. A new kind of Evidence this—the witness against whom the counsel for the defence knows a good deal. His character is bad. Grinder does not spare him; Mr Solicitor makes but a feeble fight for him. He is asked countless questions wholly apart from the case, merely to damage him with the jury. ‘Poaching—slyly—what besides porcupine?’ That’s what Mr Grinder wants to know. ‘Come, take time; mind you’re on your oath. Do you know Black Will and Bob Cracknell—I shall avoid the facts whither our pump is empty—what was good, and eschew the bad. In this day, it but partially succeeds. The chronicles of Greece and Rome, so long credited, are now regarded as storehouse full of beautiful myths stranded together with a medley of fact and fiction. Niebuhr destroyed the authority of Livy and others, as ruthlessly as the pavement of Bagdad smashed Peter Almascher. Here, and in the fountain-nymph, the ox which talks to us yet from Livy’s pages, and the voice that pronounced the death of the great Pan. But they have been clipped, and short, and recast in such a form, that we don’t know our old favourites.

It is not without a pang that we can give up, to those salient points and bits of stage effect which were precisely what we desired in history. It is very tiresome to think that Fair Rosamond was not hidden in a labyrinth, nor reached by the reverence of the queen by means of a clue of three, nor to choose between dagger and poison. She died in a convent, to be sure, in the colour of sanctity, and we may see her tomb now, and she was a good girl, very likely, and much more properly behaved than the Rosamond we read of in our school-days. But it was cruel of the critics to spoil a pretty pathetic little story, for all that. And so Queen Eleanor did not suck the poisoned wond which the Saracen arrow made in her royal Edward’s arm; and Queen Philippa did not go on her knees to beg the lives of those stout citizens of Calais whom her royal Edward meant to hang, and who look so piteous yet in effigy, with stone halter round their stone necks. Lady Godiva never rode through Coventry without a decent habit of supersede Saxony. Richard III. never smothered his nephews in the Tower, and did not stab anybody in particular, and was not crooked in the least, and had no more a withered arm than Apollo has. In the later Tudor papers, telling of the capture of Marjory Turnip, the unwilling witness. She is placed in the witness-box with the red, and looking excessively as if she wished herself a bull for the nonce, that she might run a tilt and toss high in air big and little wigs—judge, bar, jury, and police. But Justice Minos utters a stern reprimand; the usher puts the book in the woman’s reluctant hand; ‘the truth, the whole truth. See! Marjory Turnip is sworn. And as Evidence, looking through her eyes, meets the uneasy stare of the prisoner, the lawyer, and the judge smiles approbation. ‘You can go down, my dear.’ And all the Evidence has appeared, all save one lingering scrap—that strong man in velvetoe, with the restless eye and shaggy hair. He gives more proof of a quick and impetuous nature, scowls around the court, looks for an acquaintance, will not meet Grinder’s eye. ‘My lad, I appeal to the court. I can get this witness to look me in the face.’ Rebutting enough, the strong man in velvetoe does look Mr Grinder in the face, with an evil eye, but a shy one. Grinder has his own learned optics riveted on the victim’s face, seizes him up, and tries all his horrors on him. A new kind of Evidence this—the witness against whom the counsel for the defence knows a good deal. His character is bad. Grinder does not spare him; Mr Solicitor makes but a feeble fight for him. He is asked countless questions wholly apart from the case, merely to damage him with the jury. ‘Poaching—slyly—what besides porcupine?’ That’s what Mr Grinder wants to know. ‘Come, take time; mind you’re on your oath. Do you know Black Will and Bob Cracknell—I shall avoid the facts whither our pump is empty—what was good, and eschew the bad. In this day, it but partially succeeds. The chronicles of Greece and Rome, so long credited, are now regarded as storehouse full of beautiful myths stranded together with a medley of fact and fiction. Niebuhr destroyed the authority of Livy and others, as ruthlessly as the pavement of Bagdad smashed Peter Almascher. Here, and in the fountain-nymph, the ox which talks to us yet from Livy’s pages, and the voice that pronounced the death of the great Pan. But they have been clipped, and short, and recast in such a form, that we don’t know our old favourites.

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to their declination from motives of state policy. Every year brings forth some startling discovery, some new light whereby to view the old familiar things and names. Are historians to blame for this change of all change? Alas! you doubt, and every one is prepared to move anything out of history. Chronicles could not become impartial in taking up a pen; they remained men, partisans, politicians, and the rest of it. They kept their bias. Your history, and if you will it, the history of the world, Tory histories, Roman Catholic histories, Infidel histories, Puritan histories. You know beforehand that Dean Lingard will have a good word for poor bespattered Bloody Mary and headstrong James II.; that Macaulay, in his series of magnificent pictures, will not be able to help laying a little extra black on the Jacobite portraits. Home and Gibson had predictions of their own; they did not always swerve from the exact path from mere hate or liking; their authorities were not faultless. Old chronicles must be quoted, but then from what do they quote? Not always, not often, from the statements of an eyewitness. Nor are eyewitnesses always trustworthy; nor even when honest, do they always trust themselves. Scant Bernal Diaz was a soldier who fought under Cortes in his wondrous conquest of Mexico, and he wrote a plain rough narrative of the events he helped to bring about. At a certain decisive battle with the natives, the Spaniards were roused to prodigies of valour by a cry that St James, the patron saint of Castile, was charging the heathen on his white steed. The news was not well received. The miracle was established. Honest Bernal Diaz wrote down that 'he saw a man on a white horse, but took him to be his comrade, Martin Somebody—adding, however, that he had no idea it was St Jago, but that he, miserable sinner, was unworthy to know him.' Evidence is not always so clear and so satisfactory as this.

T. E. A.

Goering Mr Pepys little imagined, when he wrote in his Diary, September 25, 1660, 'I did send for a cup of tee (a China drink), of which I never had drunk before,' that he had mentioned a beverage discovered, that it was a work of discovery, and in due time gladden every heart in his country, from that of its sovereign lady Queen Victoria down to that of humble Mrs Mill with her 'mortified bonnet.' Reader, you will now be acquainted with the history of your own drink. It is as ancient as the heaven and earth. The Chinese, the subjects of tea-growing, gathering, curing, and shipping, you must come with us to China, and in one of the great hongs on the Canton river we will give you a short lecture on the virtues of Souchong and flowery Pekoe.

The native name of the article is Cka, although it has borne two or three names among the Chinese, in the fourth century being called Ming. To botanists, it is known as Thea, having many affinities with the camellia. It has long been a doubtful point whether or not two species exist, producing the green and black teas. True, there are the green tea-country and the black-tea country, hundreds of miles apart; but the latest investigation goes to prove that there is really but one plant. Mr Robert Fortune, whose recent interesting work, The Tea Countries of China and India, is familiar to many of our readers, has not only had peculiar facilities for gaining a knowledge of tea as grown in the Central Flowery Kingdom, but is, moreover, one of the most scientific of English botanists. He maintains the unity theory of the plant. It is a very curious fact, indeed, to be told him—the differences in the leaves being owing to climate, situation, soil, and other accidental influences. The shrub is a low plant, the branches long, numerous branches, and a very dense foliage. Its wool is hard and tough, giving out a disagreeable smell when cut. The leaves are smooth, shining, of a dark-green colour, and with notched edges; those of the Thea bohea, the black tea, being curled and oblone—while those of the Thea viridis, the green tea, are broader in proportion to their length, but not so thick, and curled at the apex. The plant flowers early in the spring, remains in bloom about a month; and its seeds ripen in December and January. According to Chinese authority, tea is grown in nearly every province of the empire. Part of it is produced in four or five provinces, affording all that is shipped from Canton. Very large quantities, however, are consumed by the countries adjoining the western frontier, and Russia derives an immense supply by caravans, all of which is the product of the north-west provinces. The Bohea Hills, in latitude 27° 47' north, and longitude 119° east, distant about nine hundred miles from Canton, produce the finest kinds of black tea; while the green teas are chiefly raised in another province, several hundred miles further north. The soil of many productions examined by Mr Fortune is very thin and poor, in some places little more than sand, such soil as would grow pines and scrub-oaks. The shrubs are generally planted on the slopes of hills, the plants in many places not interfering with the cultivation of wheat and other grain. They are always raised from seeds, which in the first place are sown very thickly together, as many of them never shoot; and when the young plants have attained the proper size, they are transplanted into the beds prepared for them, although in some cases the seeds are sown in the proper situations without removal. Care is taken that the plants be not overshadowed by large trees; and many superstitious notions prevail as to the waters that flow over the hills, and the roots of the vetches. Although the shrub is very hardy, not being injured even by snow, yet the weather has great influence on the quality of the leaves; and many directions are given by Chinese authors with regard to the care to be observed in the culture of the plant. Leaves are first gathered from it when it is three years old; but it does not attain its greatest size for six or seven—thriving, according to care and situation, from ten to twenty years.

The famous Bohea Hills are said to derive their name from two brothers, a prince of ancient times, who refused to succeed him, and came to reside among these mountains, where to this day the people burn incense to their memory. Another legend states that the people of this district first taught the use of tea as a beverage by a venerable man who suddenly appeared among them, holding a sprig in his hand, from which he proposed they should make a decoction and drink it. On their doing so, and approving the drink, he instantly vanished.

There is very great choice in the teas, connoisseurs being much more particular in their taste than even the most fastidious wine-drinkers. Purchasers inquire the position of the gardens from which the samples were taken—tea from the summit of a hill, from the middle, and from the base, bearing different values. Some of the individual shrubs are greatly prized; one of these, called the 'egg-plant,' grows in a deep gully between two hills, and is nourished by water which trickles from the precipice. Another is appropriately exclusively to the imperial use, and an officer is appointed every year to superintend the gathering and curing. The produce of such plants is never sent to Canton, being reserved entirely for the emperor and the mandarins of the court. It commands enormous prices, the most valuable being said to be worth about thirty pounds per pound-weight, and the cheapest not less than five pounds. There is said to be a very fine kind, called 'monkey tea,' from the fact that it grows upon heights inaccessible to men, and that monkeys are therefore trained to gather it!!!

The picking of the leaf is frequently performed by
a different class of labourers from those who cultivate it, but the customs vary in different places. There are four pickings in the course of the year, the last one, however, being considered a mere gleaning. The first is made as early as the 15th of April, and some
times sooner, when the delicate buds appear, and the foliage, just opening, is covered with a whitish down. From this picking the finest kinds of tea are made, but the quantity is small. The next gathering is technically called ‘second spring,’ and takes place in the early part of June, when the branches are well covered, and produce the greatest quantity of leaves. The third gathering, or ‘third spring,’ follows in about one month, when the branches are again searched, the most common kinds of tea being the result. The fourth gathering is styled the ‘autumn dew,’ but this is not universally observed, as the leaves are now old, and of very inferior quality. These poorest sorts are sometimes clipped off with shears, but the general mode of gathering is by hand, the leaves being laid lightly on bamboo-trays.

The curing of the leaf is of the utmost importance, some kinds of tea depending almost entirely for their value on the mode of preparation. When the leaves are brought to the curing-houses, they are thinly spread on the bamboo-trays, and placed in the wind to dry until they become somewhat soft; then, while lying on the trays, they are gently rubbed and rolled many times that they may receive the labour attending this process, the tea is called Kung fooncha, or ‘worked tea;’ hence the English name of Congou. When the leaves have been sufficiently worked, they are ready for the firing, an operation requiring the exercise of the greatest care. The iron pan used in the process is made red-hot, and the workman sprinkles a handful of leaves upon it, and waits until each leaf ‘pops’ with a slight noise, when it is removed from the pan, lest they should be burned, and fires another handful. The leaves are then put into dry baskets over a pan of coal. Care is taken, by laying ashes over the fire, that no smoke shall ascend among the leaves, which are slowly stirred with the hand until perfectly dry. The tea is then poured into chests, and, when transported, is placed in boxes containing leaden canisters, and papered to keep out the damp. In curing the finest kinds of tea, such as Powchong, Pekoe, &c., not more than ten to twenty leaves are dried in the pan at one time, and only a few pounds are rolled at once in the trays. As soon as cured, these fine teas are packed in papers, two or three pounds in each, and stamped with the name of the plantation and the date of curing.

Besides the hongs in Canton, which I shall presently speak of, there are large buildings styled ‘pack-houses,’ containing all the apparatus for curing. Into these establishments, foreigners are not very readily admitted. Two or three rows of furnaces are built in a large, airy apartment, having a number of hemispherical iron pans inserted into the brick-work, two pans being heated by one fire. Into these pans, the rolled leaves are thrown, and stirred with the arm until too hot for the flesh to bear, when they are swept out, and laid on a table covered with matting, where they are again rolled. The firing and rolling are sometimes repeated three or four times, according to the state of the leaves. The rolling is attended with some pain, as an acrid juice exudes from the leaves, which acts upon the hands; and the whole operation of tea-curing and packing is somewhat unpleasant, from the fine dust arising and entering the mouth and nose, to prevent which the workmen often cover the lower part of the face with a cloth. The leaves are then packed in boxes of curing by pouring boiling water upon them; and their strength and quality are judged of by the number of infusions that can be made from the same leaves, as many as fifteen drawings being obtained from the richest kinds.

Many persons have imagined that the peculiar effects of green tea upon the nerves after drinking it, as well as its colour, are owing to its having been fired, in copper instruments. This is not the case, as no copper instruments are used in its preparation; but these effects are probably due to the partial curing of the leaf, and its consequent retention of the peculiar properties of the growing plant. The bloom upon the cheaper kinds of green tea is produced by gypsum or Prussian blue, and perhaps even the effects alluded to may in some degree be caused by these minerals. Such teas are prepared entirely for exportation, the Chinese themselves never drinking them.

Each foreign house employs an inspector or taster, whose business it is to examine samples of all the tea submitted to the firm for purchase. When a taster has a lot of teas to examine, several samples, selected from various chests, being placed before him, he first of all takes up a large handful and smells it repeatedly, then chooses some of it, and records his opinion in a huge folio, wherein are chronicled the merits of every lot examined by him; and, lastly, he puts small portions of the various kinds into a great many little cups, into which boiling water is poured, and when the tea is thoroughly infused, he judges whether it has ‘a decided tea-flavour.’ But the accuracy of good tasters is really wonderful. They will classify and fix the true value of a crop of teas beyond dispute, and the East India Company’s tasters were occasionally of eminent service in detecting frauds. A first-rate tea-taster may make a fortune in a few years; but from constantly inhaling minute particles of the herb, their health, the wealth of the company, is occasionally endangered. A small grain of tea leaves, blown into the wind, has been known to cause the death of a horse.

The teas which come to Canton are brought chiefly by water. Only occasional land-stages are used in transportation; the principal one being the pass which crosses the Inseling Mountain, in the north of the Canton or Quang-tong province, cut about the begin-
ing of the eighth century. As every article of merchandise which goes through the pass, either from the south or north, is borne on the backs of men, several hundred thousand porters are here employed. Many tortuous paths are cut out over the mountains, and only a few pounds are rolled at once in the trays. As soon as cured, these poor creatures, condemned by poverty to terrible fatigue, the work being so laborious that the generality of them live but a short time. At certain intervals are little bamboo-sheds, where travellers rest on their journey, smoking a pipe and drinking tea for refreshment; while at the summit of the pass is an immense portal, or kind of triumphal arch, erected on the boundary-line of the two provinces of Quang-tong and Kiang-ni. The teas, securely packed in chests wrapped in matting, are placed in the boats which ply upon the rivers flowing from the tea-counties into the Poyang Lake, and, after successive changes, are at length brought to the foot of the Inseling Mountain, carried over it on the backs of men, and reshipped on the south side of the pass.

The boats in which the tea is brought to Canton convey from five hundred to eight hundred chests each, and are called chop-boats by foreigners, from each lot of teas being called a chop. They serve admirably for inland navigation, drawing but little water, and are so rounded as to make it almost impossible to capsize one. A ledge is built upon the side of the boat for the trackers, who, when the wind fails, collect in the bow, and sticking long bamboo-poles into the bed of the ship, with all the strength of their bodies, to the stern, thus propelling the large, and repeating the operation as often as they have traversed the length of the planks. A number of excise posts and customs-houses are established along the route from the tea-regions to Canton, for the purpose of levying
duties on the tea, none being allowed to be sent to that city by coasting-voyages.

Along the Canton river the great hongs stretch for miles, and are crammed in the busy season with hundreds, or even thousands, of naked fellows, with the fragrant herb. The hongs front upon the river, in order that cargo-boats may approach them; but they have also another entrance at the end which opens from the garden. I have traveled on the river a hundred feet long by twenty to forty broad, and in some portions fifty feet high, built of brick, of one story, here and there open to the sky, with the roof as level as that of a rope-walk, and cut to such extent that a person standing at one end, forms at the other end appear dwarfed, and men seem engaged in noiseless occupations, and you have a picture of a Chinese hong. In these warehouses the tea is assorted, repacked, and then put on board the chop-boats, and sent down the river to the ships at their anchorage off Whampoa. Here are enormous scales for weighing the chests, where, there where the light streams in from the roof, are tables placed for superintendents, who carefully watch the workmen; further off are foreign inspectors inspecting a newly arrived chop; at the extreme end is the little apartment where the tea-merchant receives people upon business; and through the high door beyond we see the crowded river and ships waiting for cargoes. At the river-end of the building a second story is added, often fitted up with immense suites of beautiful rooms, elegantly furnished, and adjoining with rare and costly articles of furniture. Here is a door leading higher still, out upon the roof, which is flat. Below us is the river with its myriads of boats, visible as far as the eye can reach, no less than eighty-four thousand belonging to Canton alone. On our right is the public square, where stand the foreign factories, destroyed by the mob during the government of Vice-roy Yeh, but since rebuilt, and from which float the flags of many foreign states. On our left is another vista of river-life, the pagoda near Whampoa, and the forts of Dutch and French Folly. In our rear is the immense city of Canton, and opposite to us, across the river, lies the verdant island of Honan, with its villages, its canals, and its great Buddhist temple. On descending, we find that a servant has placed for us, one, two, and three on a chair, let us say, cups of delicious tea—it being the custom in all the hongs to offer the beverage to strangers at all times. A cup of the aromatic Oolong will serve to steady our nerves for the completion of the tea-lecture.

The visitor will soon form some idea of the magnitude of the tea-trade by going from one hong to another, and finding all of them filled with chests, while armies of coolies are bringing in chop, sorting cargo, loading chop-boats, making leaden canisters, packing, and labelling the packages. A heavy gate, with brilliant figures painted on it, and adorned with enormous lanterns, swings yawning open, and admits the stranger. Just inside the gate, at a little table, sits a man who keeps count of the coolies as they enter with chests of tea, and sees that they do not carry any out except for good reasons. Looking down the length of the hong, a busy scene presents itself. It is crammed with big square chests just from the tea-regions, and piled up to the roof. Presently a string of coolies, stretching out like a flock of wild geese, come past, and set down chests enough on the floor to cover the room, the nimble fellows will unload a boat full of tea in an incredibly short time. Very valuable as an animal is the cooly; he is a jack-of-all-trades—works at the scull of a boat or in a tea packing-house, bears a mandarin's sedan-chair, or sweeps out a chamber. His ideas are as limited as his means, and nearly as much as the pig he eats at day-meal. But, grumbling at his lot, is cheerful, and seems to enjoy life although he lives on a few halfpence a day. He sleeps soundly at night, though his accommodations are such as many an English beggar would scorn. Any person visiting a hong will see on the sides of the building, at a considerable elevation from the ground, a number of shelves with divisions arranged like berths in a steam-boat, intended for the crews of rough boards with square wooden blocks for pillows. Each one is enclosed with a coarse blue mosquito-netting; and, mounting to his apartment by a ladder, here the cooly sleeps the year round.

The teas are not generally brought to the hongs until sold. Previous to sale, they are stored in warehouses, chiefly on Honan Island, opposite the city; but after disposal, the large-sized chests are carried into the hongs, where the teas are sorted and repacked in smaller boxes according to the wants of the purchaser.

You will see different parts of the floor covered with packages, large and small, into which the coolies are shaking teas. Each box contains a leaden canister, into some of which the teas are loosely poured, while in others the herb is wrapped in papers of half a pound weight, each stamped with Chinese characters. The canister is then closed by a lid, and afterwards securely fastened down by the top of the chest. These canisters are made close at hand. Look around, and a few yards off you will see three or four expert hands turning the large sheets of the prepared metal into shape and shape and shape; knowing the required size, the operators have a cubic block placed on the metal sheet, which, bending like paper, is folded over the block, assuming its shape, and the edges of the canister are instantly soldered by a second hand; a third, with the aid of another wooden form, prepares the lids; and thus a knot of half-a-dozen workmen, keeping steadily at their tasks, will make a large number of canisters in a day. Besides the labourers who cultivate, and those who make the tea, and the porters and boatmen who transport it, thousands are employed in different occupations connected with the trade. Carpenters make the chests, plumbers the leaden canisters, while painters adorn the boxes containing the finer kinds of teas with brilliant flowers or grotesque scenes.

About the season of the arrival of tea, in Canton, the Chinese dealers come to the foreign factories with 'musters' or samples, in nice little tin canisters, with the names of the owners written on paper pasted on the sides, and you can select such as you like. The principal business is, of course, transacted with the tea-merchants themselves, not those who come from the north, but the Cantonese, while the minor business of all the hongs is in a great measure conducted through the 'pursers' or foremen, who act between the Chinese and the foreigners, bringing in the accounts to the shipping-houses, and receiving the orders for cargoes. Give one of these men an order for tea, and go to the hong shortly afterward; you will find numbers of workmen employed for you, some bringing in the small boxes, others filling them, or, when filled, fastened, papered, and covered with metalising, securing them firmly with rattans; and others, finally, labelling them on the outer covering—the labels being printed with the name of the vessel, of the tea-merchant, of the tea, and of the Canton forwarding-house, as well as with the initials of the purchaser, and the number of the lot. These labels are printed rapidly, being cut by one set of hands to the proper size, for the use of the other set who stamp them. All the types are carved in blocks of wood, and the whole fastened into a frame; then, in a little space, just large enough for work, a Chinaman will sit down, snatch up a paper in one hand, and stamp it instantly with the wooden block letters, moistened with the colouring mixture used in printing.

When the teas are fairly ready to be conveyed to the ships, heavy cargo-boats are got ready; a day or two before the arrival of the hong, their crews prepare for the chop, and the coolies within the hong stand ready to carry the chests. Every box is properly weighed, papered,
and bound with split rattan, the bill of the purchase has gone, duly authenticated, to the foreign factory, and the tea bid farewell to their native soil. The vessel is given, and the practice—placing his two chests in the ropes swinging from his shoulder-bar, lifts them from the ground, and at a brisk walk conveys them on board the chop-boat, where they are carefully stowed away. As they are carried out of the hong, a fellow stands ready, and, as if about to stab the packages, thrusts at each one two sharp sticks with red ends, leaving them jammed between the rattan and the tea-box. One of these sticks is taken out when the chest leaves the chop-boat, and the other when it reaches the deck of the vessel; and as soon as one hundred chests are passed into the ship, the sticks are counted, and thus serve as tallies. Should the two bundles not correspond, a chest is missing somewhere, and woe betide the underer!

In the dry season, the chop-boats are seen pushing down the river with every favourable tide. As for pushing against the tide, no Chinaman ever thinks of such a thing, unless absolutely compelled—the value of time being quite unknown in China. Coolly anchoring as soon as the tide is adverse, the crew fall to playing cards, until it is time to get under-way again.

Nearby every boat contains a whole family—father, mother, and children; sometimes an old grand-parent also included in the domestic circle, and all assist in working. At the stern of the boat, the wife has a little cooking-apparatus, and prepares the cheap rice for the squad of eager Germanics, who bolt it in huge quantities, without fear of indigestion. The family sit down to their supper on the deck; the men keep an eye to windward, and a hand on the tiller; the mother knots the cord that goes round the baby's waist into an iron ring, and, one by one, secures every swinging and yawing of the boat. They chat sociably, occasionally enforcing a mild reproof to a vagabond son by a tap on the head with her chop-stick. There is but one dish—rice, of a very ordinary sort; and a splinter of fish, yet all seem to relish it on the boil.

The crew, when they smoke their pipes, and the wife washes her cooking-utensils with water drawn from the muddy river; and then, strapping her infant to her back, overhangs the scanty wardrobe, and mends the ragged garments.

It is interesting to mark how accurately the chop-boat is brought along the stream for which it is destined. No matter how strong the wind blows, or the tide runs, the sails are trimmed as occasion requires, and the big scull does its office without ever the least mistake. The boat, running under the quarter, scrapes along the edge, the ropes are thrown, caught, and delayed, and the crew prepare for passing the cargo into the vessel's hold. The stevedores who load the ships are very active men; they have also good heads, and, measuring the length, breadth, and height of the hold, calculate pretty accurately how many chests the ship will carry, and the number of small boxes to be squeezed into narrow places. When the hold is full, the hatch is fastened down, and called, as exposure to the salt air injures the tea. The finest kinds are so delicate, indeed, that they cannot be exported by sea; for however tightly sealed, they would deteriorate during the voyage. The very superior flavour noticed by travellers in the tea used at St. Petersburg is doubtless to be attributed in an important measure to its overland transportation, and its consequent escape from the influence of damp; the large quantities consumed by Russia being, as before observed, all carried from the north-west of China to Kiakhta, whence it is distributed over the empire.

Much of the green tea is shipped from China arrives in England coloured—tinted with Prussian-blue. The inviting appearance produced by this artificial means is erroneously supposed to be a proof of good quality, whereas its chief recommendation is to the dealer, in hiding all defects of the leaf. Large quantities of pure green tea are sent from London to Hamburg and Jersey—where there are no excise penalties for the practice—and are afterwards respliced for home consumption.

Many substitutes for tea are in vogue among the Chinese, but in general only the very lowest are resorted to by the poorer class.

Being the universal drink, it is found at all times in every house. Few are so poor that a simmering teapot does not stand ever filled for the visitor. It is invariably offered to strangers, and any omission to do so is considered, and is usually intended, as an insult. It appears to be preferred by the people to any other beverage, even in the hottest weather; and while Englishmen in the heats of July would gladly resort to iced water or lemonade, the Chinaman will quench his thirst with copious draughts of boiling tea.

**BONJOUR CRISPE.**

About four miles west of Margate, close to the village of Birlington, lies the ancient manorial domain of Quex Park, containing a modernised villa, built on the site of an old mansion of an Elizabethan style. In the latter there lived, exactly two hundred years ago, a Mr Henry Crispe, whigmell high-sheriff of the county, a man of great property, and with a large family. The Crispes and their descendants in the female line of the noble house of Quex, had been sheriffs of Kent for generations, and one of them, the great-uncle of Mr. Henry Crispe, possessed such influence in those parts as to be styled 'Regulus insulae Thaneti.'

In a dark night of August, in the year 1657, Henry Crispe, Esq., on his horse's falling over him, and the horse's kicking him, was left quite unsupported in a field. He was as old as eighty, sitting in the large hall of his mansion, conversing with one of his servants, when suddenly the confused sound of voices and the shuffling of many feet were heard in the distance. The old man started from his seat, in visible fright, apprehensive of danger to his property, perhaps even his person. The state of the country well excused such fear. The rule of the Lord Protector of the realm was generally believed to be drawing to an end. Moody and suspicious, with the knowledge of his unpopularity hanging over him like a funeral pall, Cromwell began to relax in activity, and with him the government of public affairs seemed to sink to the ground. While his time was taken up by religious and secular contemplations and meditations, his favourite daughter, bands of robbers committed depredations in the northern counties, and pirates appeared on the coasts of Essex and Kent. It was the fear of the latter which had induced Mr Henry Crispe, some time before, to fortify his residence, and to have loopholes made in the walls for the discharge of muskets. At the same time, he exercised a generous hospitality to such of his neighbours as would consent to lodge with him. However, on the evening in question, none of these friends were present; and even his son, Sir Nicholas Crispe, and his nephew, Mr Thomas Crispe, happened to be away from home. Nearer and nearer came the steps; louder and louder got the noise of many voices outside the mansion. All at once, with a sudden crash, the gate was broken open, and a few seconds after a troop of wild-looking sailors, most of them evidently foreigners, stood before the trembling old gentleman. The leader of the band addressed him in good English, telling him to remain quiet, and he valued his life. The stranger then gave a few hurried orders, in a foreign language, to his companions, whereupon they proceeded to bind the hands of the owner of the house. To take him on their shoulders and carry him off into his coach, was the work of a very few minutes, the old man being speechless and motionless from fear and terror. Silently the whole
party proceeded, along the high road, to the village of Birchington, Mr. Crispe riding in his own coach, attended by one of his servants. Finally, a halt was made on the sea-shore, close to the village, where an open house was prepared for the passengers. The equipage was commanded to step in, and his servant received orders to return with the coach to the manor-house. By this time, the anguish of the kidnapped man had found working in his nerves and tears, and probably entreated the men not to take him away by sea, or, if they were absolutely bent on doing so, to allow him at least the assistance and consolation of his servant. But the robbers turned a deaf ear to all his prayers, and pushing him into the boat, set sail forthwith for the coast of Flanders. Long before the trembling servant had returned with his coach to the manor, all sight was lost of the mysterious vessel from the white cliffs of the isle of Thanet.

Captain Golding of Ramsgate, a fine tall man of about fifty, formerly in the merchant-service of Great Britain, was at the period of this history attached to the court of Charles II.; in no particular capacity, but with instructions to make himself generally useful. Of some use the gallant captain had been already to the exiled prince; for when, after the disastrous battle of Worcester, Charles had himself resolved to fly to France, where he had great honours paid him, but no certain income, Golding replenished his exchequer in quite an unexpected manner. Being in command of a merchant- vessel with valuable freight on the voyage home from India, called the Blackamoor Queen, the captain took the liberty of running his ship, instead of into the Thames, into the Scheldt, and having disposed of ship and cargo at Antwerp, laid the proceeds at the feet of the king. The gift was exceedingly welcome to his majesty, then in lodgings at Versailles, and with instructions to make himself at home. His majesty’s mother, Clarendon informs us, ‘at his majesty’s first arrival, had declared that she was not able to bear the charge of the king’s diet, but that she would manage the expense of his table. This, Charles II. was not able to do, and consequently had to go dinnerless many a day. The king’s followers, says Clarendon, were in no better condition, the Marquis of Ormond himself being compelled to put himself in pension, with the chancellor and some other noblemen, with a poor English woman, the wife of his old friend, carrying away for a week’s diet for himself, and to walk the streets on foot.’ Imagine, then, the joy with which the captain of the Black- amoor Queen received the news of Charles II.’s return, and the blandishments bestowed upon him by king and courtiers. But the money was soon spent; and being unable longer to bear his destitution near the brilliant seat of the French court, Charles resolved on removing into Flanders or Germany. To get the necessary funds, Prince Rupert, according to Clarendon, had to sell his fleet, ‘ships, and ordnance, and tackling,’ which, he presumed, would yield a good sum of money to enable him to remove, and support him some time after he was removed. ‘His majesty, therefore, the faithful historian continues, write to Prince Rupert that he would find some good chapmen to buy all the ships, and ordnance, and tackle, at the value they were worth: which was no sooner known at Nantes, than there appeared changers enough.’

The articles fetched tolerably good prices, particularly fifty good brass guns on board the Swallow, which were very valuable. The funds thus obtained served for a short while to pay the king’s rent and lodging at Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Bruges; but on the king’s exchequer becoming once more empty, fresh monies were ‘raised in foreign countries.’

Gallant Captain Golding was appealed to, and immediately hit upon an excellent and most simple scheme. The idea was worthy of the principles of an ardent royalist. His majesty Charles II., the captain argued, has the right of taxation over his subjects, and although he is temporarily deprived of the crown of England, can yet draw any sums he pleases from the purse of its inhabitants. The gathering of the tax being the only difficulty in the business, the captain proposed to simplify this part by naming a representative tax-payer for each county in the king’s realm, and summoning him for the discharge of his duties to the court of language. This scheme was fully approved of by royal Charles; and Captain Golding having received the necessary instructions, set sail for the Kentish coast, to arrest, in the name of the king, the ‘representative tax-payer’ of the county, Henry Crispe, Esq. of Queen’s Wharf, sheriff, and great-nephew of ‘Regulus insuls Thaneli.’

Poor old Squire Crispe, once lodged in the open boat, on the stormy sea, made no further resistance; and, the wind being favourable, was landed early the following morning at Ostend. A short stay was made here, and then Captain Golding and his prisoner proceeded further inland to Bruges, where his majesty, Charles II., was holding court. The exiled monarch, at this time, was suffering from the extremes of want, as we learn from a letter of J. Johnson, a royalist spy, to ‘The Worshipful John Ashe, Esq., in London’—letter intercepted by Cromwell, and printed in Thurlow’s ‘Proceedings of the English court,’ says this epistle, ‘remayne at Bridges, never in greater want, nor greater expectation of monys, without a speedy supply of which all their levies are like to be at a stand; for English men cannot live on bread alone.’ Great joy, then, there was at the ‘English court’ when Captain Golding arrived with his representative tax-payer. The sum to be levied from the county of Kent was fixed at three thousand pounds sterling, and this amount the ex-sherriff was required to pay forthwith. In vain his protestations of poverty, insolvency, and inability to reply to all which was that he would remain in custody till the whole amount was forthcoming. After some further parleying, the old man resigned himself to send for his nephew.

This, his son, Sir Nicholas Crispe, being absent from England, engaged in catching ‘nigers’ on the coast of Guinea. Thomas Crispe immediately attended his uncle at Bruges; and it was arranged, finally, that he should return to England, and with the assistance of the other members of the family, raise the three thousand pounds. When engaged in carrying out this plan—no easy undertaking in those days of scarcity of specie—a sudden order from the Lord Protector intervened, formalising the progress of the affair. Oliver Cromwell having received the news of Captain Golding’s landing, and the kidnaping of the Lord of Queenes, suspected the whole to be a collusion between royalist parties for procuring money for ‘the young man that was the late king’s son,’ and accordingly forbade the raising of the loan. Thereupon, Thomas Crispe returned to Bruges, to confer further with his uncle, when it was arranged that part of the Queenes estate should be sold to procure the ransom. This was done, with the assistance of Sir Nicholas Crispe, meanwhile returned from Africa; but new difficulties broke upon the negotiators in the sudden death of Sir Nicholas, and the thereby necessitated renewal of most of the legal documents. To allay the impatience of his uncle, Thomas Crispe went over to Bruges no less than six times during the winter of 1657-58, and it was not before the end of April 1658 that he brought with him the much-coveted three thousand pounds. When Captain Golding, he was allowed to deposit the money in the hands of the treasurer of the ‘English court,’ against proper receipt in due form. When Squire Crispe at last set foot again on the shores of his beloved native country, more than eight months had passed, and his manorial residence was, through neglect, nigh falling into ruins. Great had been his
losses by this forced voyage across the Channel, and the profits sit, he not even having acquired a know-
ledge of the Roman tongue, the whole among whom ill-luck had thrown him. The only sentence of French of the old squire had mastered was bon jour; and it was this that made as threaten him for the rest of his life 'by the Croix du Roy.'

Of Captain Golding—'the brave Captain Golding,' as he is called by Echard—little more remains to be said. His expedition to the isle of Thanet having made great noise in England, his employers thought it best at present to dispense with his services in that direction, and to lead his energies into other channels. From the letter of a 'secret intelligence,' dated July 18, 1658, and printed in Thurlow's State Papers, we learn that the captain was intrusted with another confidential mission, soon after the release of Mr Henry Crisp, 'Charles Stuart,' says this letter, 'is now at Brussels, also my Lord Gerrard, there is now at Brussels, also my Lord Gerrard, . . . . There is Captain Holmes and Captain Golding have gotten commissions—one from the king of Spain, and another from Charles Stuart, for each of them to set out a man-of-war to take prizes; and they are suddenly to go away to St Sebastian to that purpose.' How many British vessels the brave buccaneer captured is not known, but probably not few; for not long after he was recalled to the court of Charles II., to attend his majesty in his triumphant entry into London. Once in England, in the merry month of May 1669, the captain landed on the Kentish coast; this time, in the suite of a king, princes, generals, and admirals. Before Cromwell's body was hung at Tyburn, Captain Golding was appointed to the command of the Dismount man-of-war, one of the finest ships in his majesty's fleet. He made several successful cruises to the East Indies, and returning to England, had his engagement ensued, May 1665, when the captain was killed, bravely fighting to the last.

ONE TAX WE DON'T PAY NOW A DAYS.
In the year seven hundred and twenty-six after Chris!

The maintaining of a Saxon hostel, which was a penny of every house or family yearly, to be paid at the feast of St Peter in his church, called 'The Hostel of Saxon's Pence.' (29th June to 1st August). This was the origin of the famous St Peter's Pence.

King Offa of the Mercians, going to Rome in penance, sixty years after, confirmed this gift of land, ordering that a 'Rome-penny' should be paid annually by every family in his kingdom. Mighty King Ethelwulf, having founded, in 854, that the dedicate St Peter's Pence would be paid, under heavy penalties, throughout the whole of England. Ethelwulf, educated originally for the church, went twice on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and, when he died, left to the Church of St Peter at Rome, and, in order that the sum might be well expended, the pope was to have one-third of the sum for himself, for the trouble of his conveyance. This arrangement appeared to give great satisfaction to the successors of St Peter, who thenceforth took the third, not only of Ethelwulf's three hundred dearensi, but of the sum total of St Peter's Pence. The income of the church from this source must have been very considerable about this period, inasmuch as it was thought a high and particular privilege granted to the church of St Albans, to collect and retain, to the use of the church, all the Rome-scot, or Peter-pence, throughout Hertfordshire. With the single exception of this priory of St Albans, the whole of the Anglo-

Saxon realm had become tributary to Rome at the end of the ninth century.

The disastrous invasions of the Danes for a time interrupted the rich flow of English coin to Rome, which was only fully restored in the reign of Edward the Confessor. This prince, having vowed to undertake a pilgrimage to the residence of the viceroy of God on earth, and being prevented therefrom by his civil duties, sent, as ambassador to Rome, Hereman, a Fleming, his former chaplain, through whom he promised to exact for the future the rigorous levy of the St Peter's tax, and to erect, moreover, a minster in honour of St Peter and St Paul. Both promises were fulfilled in Edward's reign; and while the demise of St Peter's, now called Westminster Abbey, arose on the isle of Thorney, where, according to the legend, the apostle had been ferried across the river Thames in a stormy winter's night. The laws for levying the Rome-scot—also called heard-penny, from being assessed on each household—were made by Alfred, the most stringent kind. Every man having an annual income of thirty pence had to pay the demesnes St. Petri, under penalty of 120 solidi in the first case of contravention, and in the second, the king and the king's wife, the chief man Ethelheard, of the race of Cordic, and, accompanied by Ethelwella, went on a pilgrimage to Rome. Rejected with the rest of the pilgrims to Rome, the king, the queen, and the king's wife, Ethelheard, and the king's son, and the king's son's wife, were punished with the loss of his whole fortune and property in the third. Besides, excommunication invariably fell on the reluctant payer; the terrors of both civil and ecclesiastical justice were brought to bear against all who would dare to delay their contributions beyond the appointed first day of August. The collection of the tribute was placed by Edward into the hands of the archdeacons of dioceses; but the
pope being suspicious that these ecclesiastics might drop some of the funds on their way to Rome, dispatched, in the reign of William the Conqueror, 20,000 l. to secure the object of gathering the eclemsyna Sancti Petri. The eclemsyna, soon after this time, were held to be the custodians of the king's goods.

But the culminating point in the value of Rome-scot came in the reign of John, King 'Lackland,' having sworn fealty to Rome, and for remission of his own sins and those of his family, made England and Ireland over to God, to St Peter and Paul, and to Pope Innocent and his successors in the apostolic chair, and the Rome-scot, as a matter of course, rose to its maximum. The additional thousand tons of silver which John promised to pay in feudal homage annually to the papal chair, scarce visibly increased the vast amount. For papal emissaries were constantly busy in gathering the 'hearth-tax,' the sum-total of which must have amounted to a truly enormous sum. Köhler, a German historian, calculates that the popes annually drew from England, about this period, no less than 80,000 marks, which would be equivalent to more than a million and a half pounds sterling at the present value. But with the amount of money drawn from England grew the exactions of the court of Rome. The island, having already produced such enormous sums, was thought to be inexhaustible—a milch-cow appointed by providence for the especial use of the Holy See. The demand of the pope, in every succeeding year, grew more enormous; and in the reign of Henry III. reached such a height as to give rise to the universal complaints, not only of the laity, but even of the clergy and bishops. In consequence, King Henry, on Whit Monday 1245, according to Brady, 'caused diligent inquiry to be made in every county of England to know whether the Italians were possessed of in England, by gift of the court of Rome, and they were found to be 60,000 marks by year: the consideration of which great sum moved the king much to his admiration, and more,' the university of the kingdom composed an elegant epistle, in which they set forth the execrable papal extortions, and the exactions of the legates (extortiones papales excruciables), and sent it to the council of Lyon.' The 'elegant epistle' having no effect whatever, King Henry, in the spring of the following year, summoned a Parliament to meet at Westminster, to London, to lay before the members a remonstrance 'about the pope not keeping his promises concerning the removal of their grievances.' These grievances were: (1) that neither King John nor any other English king could bring himself, his realm, and his people, under such subjection, without their assent; and that, therefore, in case the pope should attempt anything by process, or any other move, to constrain the king and his subjects to perform what he says he lays claim to in this respect, they would resist and withstand him to the utmost of their power.' This spirited assertion of independence was confirmed by the last parliament of Edward III., sitting in 1377, which resolved that the payment of the hearth-penny should henceforth cease, 'because divers usurpations are, by the sea of Rome, made upon the king, his crown, and realm.' At any other time, the apostolic see would have probably replied to this statute by anathema and interdict; but there being, at the period, a great schism in the Roman Catholic church, two popes having been elected, each supported by different nations and factions, both pontiffs considered it the best policy to gain England by peaceable means. Instead of orders, therefore, for the collection of Peter's pence, humble petitions were sent for a while to the English bishops, praying for alms and aid to the holy church of Holy Urban VI., solicited assistance to conquer the anti-pope, Clement XI.; and the latter, in his turn, sued for aid to destroy Urban. The prelates of Great Britain, with touching impartiality, granted pecuniary to both, though it was to the interest of each that they might eat each other.

The first English king, after John, who made serious resistance against the Rome-tax was Edward III. The complaints of the people, by this time, had become so loud, that it was impossible to disregard them; and accordingly, the king, in his speech to the parliament, January 21, 1355, strongly declared the necessity of reforming these abuses. His majesty stated that the gift once voluntarily granted as eclemsyna Sti Petri, had of late been forcibly collected, 'to the great scandal of the ancient laws, and the derogation of his crown.' An act was made accordingly, and passed this session, to forbid the papal envoys the levy of any moneys whatsoever without the king's consent, under heavy penalties both for payers and receivers. A threat of excommunication and interdict speedily followed the announcement of this statute; and in the next session of parliament, opened March 30, 1366, the lord chancellor notified the pope that 'his majesty had lately received notice that the pope, in consideration of the homage which John, king of England, had formerly paid to the see of Rome, and of the tribute which the English were used to pay, intended, by process, to cite his majesty to appear at his court at Avignon, to answer for his defaults in not performing what the said king, his predecessor, had so undertaken for him and his heirs, kings of England. Whereupon the king required the advice of his parliament, what course he had best take if any such process should come out against him.' The bishops, lords, and commons desired twenty-four hours to give in their answer; when, being again assembled, after full deliberation, they declared 'that neither King John nor any other English king could bring himself, his realm, and his people, under such subjection, without their assent; and that, therefore, in case the pope should attempt anything by process, or any other move, to constrain the king and his subjects to perform what he says he lays claim to in this respect, they would resist and withstand him to the utmost of their power.' This spirited assertion of independence was confirmed by the last parliament of Edward III., sitting in 1377, which resolved that the payment of the hearth-penny should henceforth cease, 'because divers usurpations are, by the sea of Rome, made upon the king, his crown, and realm.' At any other time, the apostolic see would have probably replied to this statute by anathema and interdict; but there being, at the period, a great schism in the Roman Catholic church, two popes having been elected, each supported by different nations and factions, both pontiffs considered it the best policy to gain England by peaceable means. Instead of orders, therefore, for the collection of Peter's pence, humble petitions were sent for a while to the English bishops, praying for alms and aid to the holy church of Holy Urban VI., solicited assistance to conquer the anti-pope, Clement XI.; and the latter, in his turn, sued for aid to destroy Urban. The prelates of Great Britain, with touching impartiality, granted pecuniary to both, though it was to the interest of each that they might eat each other. The bishop of Norwich, in particular, collected large sums of money, besides jewels, necklaces, bracelets, rings, necklaces, spoons, and other articles of silver and gold, and
having divided the proceeds into two equal parts, forwarded one half to Rome, and the other to Avignon. Many of the higher English clergy, who formerly had spoken loudly against the pope, soon after this began to relent in their opposition, afraid that the church of Rome might fall into destruction from internal causes, on the one side, and the attacks of the adherents of Wickliffe on the other. In the parliament of 1389, the two archbishops of Canterbury and York, for themselves and the whole clergy of their provinces, made protestation, ‘that they neither intended nor would assent to any statute or law be made against the pope’s authority;’ which protestation, at their request, was entered upon the roll.

But the current of public opinion, from this time forward, ran too strongly against Rome to be withstood by the steps of bishops, and every succeeding parliament published new and more stringent statutes against the payment of taxes to the see of Rome, under whatsoever form and name. The fourth parliament of Henry IV. (1403), in a statute worked more carefully than any preceding order, resolved ‘that no person shall carry any gold or silver coin out of the nation without a special licence from the king, and that no provisions shall be brought from Rome, by any religious or other person, to exempt them from obedience to the secular power.’ Notwithstanding this direct prohibition to collect supplies for the papal court, and despite ‘that the English hostelry at Rome, for which the Pope’s pence were originally destined, had long ceased to exist, the supply of the denarii and pence from Great Britain did not altogether cease for some time. The feelings and prejudices of the people in favour of the so-called Vicar of Christ upon Earth were as yet too strong to be kept down. Small by small, however, civil enactments; and the high prelates of the church in England being always more or less willing to favour the cause of the apostolic see, there was no great difficulty in forwarding the annual Rome-sent in some form or other. From documents found in the papal archives, and published during the occupation of Rome by the French at the beginning of the present century, it appears that as late as the reign of Henry VII., the following eleemosyna Stepherti were sent to the apostolic treasury in the course of one year: From the diocese of Canterbury, 12 pounds, 18 shillings; York, 11 pounds, 10 shillings; Rochester, 5 pounds, 12 shillings; London, 16 pounds, 10 shillings; Norwich, 21 pounds, 10 shillings; Ely, 5 pounds; Winchester, 17 pounds, 6 shillings; Chichester, 8 pounds; Exeter, 9 pounds, 5 shillings; Worcester, 10 pounds, 8 shillings; Hereford, 6 pounds; Bath, 12 pounds, 9 shillings; Salisbury, 17 pounds; Coventry, 10 pounds, 10 shillings. This amount, in all probability, does not represent the sum-total of the English contributions in the time of Henry VII.; for there are actual Peter-penny coins in existence with the names of other towns besides the above mentioned. The coin in question is now very rare; but there is reason to believe, from the specimens extant, that it was manufactured in every cathedral town, from whence it was sent to Rome, to be there melted into solid bars of silver. The token was of fine silver, forty-eight solidi, or two hundred and forty denarii to a pound’s weight, with a ‘St Peter M.’ (Sancti Petri Moneta) stamped on one side, and the place of the mint—for example, Ebora ciuitatis (the city of York)—on the other. The Cabinet Library at Paris is in possession of several coins of this description, still in a fine state of preservation.

The final and real abolition of the St Peter’s tax resided with the monarch himself. The hatred roused in trying times sustained nobly the honour of the English name, and carried the commonwealth securely through the hardest crisis in its history—Henry VIII. By especial command of the king, a bill was brought into the House of Lords, July 4, 1537, which swept away every vestige of the eleemosyna Stepherti. In the preamble of this bill, which passed both houses after but a few weeks of debate, it is stated, ‘that the bishop of Rome, whom some call the pope, who has long darkened God’s word, that it might serve his pomp, his glory, and tyrannical lust upon the souls, bodies, and goods of all Christians, excluding Christ out of the rule of men’s souls, and princes out of their dominions, and who has exalted himself in England greater sums by various superfluous ways; His usurpation,’ the bill continues, ‘has been at divers times by law put down in this nation, yet many of his emissaries have been practising up and down the kingdom, and persuading the people to acknowledge his pretended authority. Therefore, every person offending, after the last day of July next to come, is to instigate the pains of a prenuniciare, and all officers, both civil and ecclesiastical, are commanded to make inquiry about such offences under severe penalties. This statute, rigorously put into operation, at length annihilated the grievously oppressive St Peter’s tax, a tax which had been lying on England for more than eight centuries, and produced immense riches to the papal see. Lorenzo Friuli, a Roman historian, states that Pope Sixtus IV. got from the English crown and provinces 117,000 crowns, by the sale of letters of. August 26, 1537, an edict was issued declaring the pope’s right to the English church and territories to be abolished, and the pope’s name to be struck out of any charters and other public documents. The Act of Supremacy was obtained from several other Catholic countries; the contributions, however, were very irregular, as in no way to be compared to the vast revenue derived from the subjects of Great Britain. King Alfonso of Portugal agreed, in 1442, to pay an annual tax of four ounces of gold to the apostolic see for maintaining a Portuguese college; but as the establishment was never built, his successor, Alfonso III., in 1475, repudiated the grant, notwithstanding the threat of war and interdict. The Duke of Ajaia and Calabria, and the Prince of Cefalonia, imitated the example of the English king, Casimir I., having fled to France, and became the inmate of the monastery of Clugny, and lawless barons and feudal lords ruling in his absence. The country was on the brink of destruction, being threatened with an irruption of the Bohemians, when, finally, as a last desperate remedy, an assembly of the states was set up, and a depopulation elected to bring the king back from his retreat; but Casimir had already taken the vow as monk, so that it was necessary to obtain the papal dispensation.’

Pope Benedict IX., then ruling, at first seemed reluctant to grant the necessary bull, and only came to terms when the Poles had solemnly engaged to pay for ever an annual annuity to St Peter’s, to be paid from every man in the kingdom, with the sole exception of the members of the clergy and nobility. Part of the tax so obtained was to serve to keep a perpetual lamp shining in St Peter’s Church, and the rest to go to the pope for supervising the arrangement. The Poles paid this contribution for about three centuries, during which time, it is computed, a sum of money equal to about half a million
of Florins found its way to Rome. Some of these Polish Peter-pence are still to be met occasionally on the banks of the Vistula, where they are highly prized, being held of sovereign efficacy in cases of disaster. An appointment was where to be tied to the feet of the patient. Those Polish coins are greatly inferior to their English brethren, being of very base metal, a mixture of copper and silver, of the value of about 142. As a token of friendship, the coins stirred in the eighteenth century on the side one side the Polish eagle, and on the other St. Peter, with the key in his uplifted left hand.

As far as the ancient coin is concerned, the denarius St. Petri is now a thing of the past, an object valued only by numismatic collectors. But the tax itself has by no means as yet altogether disappeared, though, from a forced, it has become a voluntary gift. The pope himself is now above St. Peter's pence and hearth-money; but the business of foreign-tax collecting is continued by a distinguished society of cardinals and priests, called the Archbrotherhood of St. Peter's Pence, instituted within the last five years, on the wreck of the papal treasury. The last annual meeting of the Archbrotherhood was held on the 15th of August of the present year, when Monsignor Nardi, the president, gave an address of all goodwill to the society. He appears, from this account, that the number of Peter's pence collected in 1860 amounted to, in round numbers: from France, L.320,000; Austria, L.300,000; Ireland, L.70,000; Italy, L.50,000. There is eloquent speech in these few dry figures. England, the wonderful milch-cow of the apostolic treasury, has disappeared from the field to which she was transported by old King Ina, eleven hundred years ago, and her place has been taken, to some extent, by France, Austria, and Ireland. Yet they altogether produce but a fraction of the valuable not once given by the mother of Peter's Pence. Sixtus V. was right; there is no country in the world like England for giving off cash on a delicate pressure. German sovereigns know it, and Spanish generals and mendicant princes; but the successors of the apostle Peter found it out long before any of them. And they are now the first to feel the loss.

MRS. LIVERWING.

I suppose there never was a large family, of some member of which it could not have been observed with truth, that he was 'not so sharp as he should be.' Perhaps none of us are quite so sharp as we should be in one sense; and I am sure, for my own part, that I learned as little as possible at all my schools, and forgot that little with the most misplaced celerity and dispatch. But I am referring, not to the indisposition to learn—which I hope is common to all highly organised natures—but to the inability. I am speaking of those unfortunate persons who mingle with the rest of the world, but with reference to whom the rest of the world put their forefingers to their foreheads and wink in a sanguine and mysterious manner: to the people who are said to be 'touched in the upper deck,' or 'not Solomon's eldest,' and who, in the ancient days of private lunatic asylums, would have run great risk of being locked up by their heirs-at-law for their natural lives. Mr Dick in David Copperfield has a very admirable two of this class, of person, and I have had the privilege of knowing his twin-brother, Mr Liverwing, for many years. He resides, and resides now, with his cousins at Liverpool; and when I was first appointed agent at that place for the Locomotive Wine Company, I happened to take apartments in the same house. The wine was too good for me at the time, when I was getting rather tired of 'looking about me,' and of that state of inactive preparation which is termed the being 'ready to turn one's hand to anything.' Nobody who has not tried the experiment can tell how difficult an oyster to open the world is, and what a very great advantage it is to get it opened for you. It is easy enough, however, to procure gratuitous pepper and salt, and to be tied to the feet of the patient. Those Polish coins are greatly inferior to their English brethren, being of very base metal, a mixture of copper and silver, of the value of about 142. As a token of friendship, the coins stirred in the eighteenth century on the side one side the Polish eagle, and on the other St. Peter, with the key in his uplifted left hand.

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permitted, and then pronounced crassly, and with a decision that would have done honour to the Bench or the Woolpack, that it was sherry.

The company were electrified; my uncle was almost out of his mind with astonishment.

'Confound you, sir! how dare you set yourself up in opposition to my opinion, and also,' added he, in a more mitigated tone, 'to the opinions of these gentlemen.'

'My dear sir,' returned I with calmness, and taking another sip at the golden liquid (the matter is one of fact, and not of opinion; and you're all wrong, and it's sherry,' It is not sherry!' roared my uncle. 'I will cut you off with a shilling. You shall never more dine at this table as long as you live.' You may well look at him Gusto—confound his impudence—for you will not see him here again. Now, what do you say, alderman? What Madeira have we here?

The alderman, who had been holding the wine up to the light, smelling it, and letting it trickle between his lips for the last five minutes, was now entirely occupied in staring at me.

'Good heavens!' cried he, 'what a palate that young man has for his age! I didn't begin to enjoy life myself till I was forty. There are not ten men in all England who have known for certain—who would have staked their prospects in life, as your nephew has done—that this wine was not Madeira.'

'It is Madeira!' reiterated my uncle savagely.

'Pooh, pooh,' returned Gusto; 'don't contradict me. It's sherry. Send for the butter.'

The butler protested that the wine had come out of the same bin as did the previous bottles, and the cork being produced, with some mysterious seal upon it, my uncle was obliged to admit that a certain very rare and luxurious sherry had got mixed with his own.

After dinner, the alderman took me aside, and asked me whether I would be the agent at Liverpool for the Locofanti Wine Company, of the direction of which he was chairman. 'We will make it well worth your while,' said he, as I was pretending to hesitate; 'I should never forgive myself if I lost then such a palate as yours for the sake of a hundred a year to you.'

My uncle shrugged his shoulders when I told him of the appointment, and in giving me a tolerable sum to start with, made it a special stipulation that I should never bother him with any samples, choice or otherwise, of my own choosing; but with a eulogy from Alderman Gusto, and five hundred a year, paid quarterly, I could very well afford to bear a little depreciation. And now upon the very harbour-bar of Prosperity, a circumstance occurred which well-nigh made shipwreck of all my fortunes. In the house at Liverpool, in which I occupied the dining-room floor, lived also, upon the floor above, a most respectable family—the Mirmadens—connected in some way or other with the Docks, and the Shipping, and Foreign Parts. My sleeping-apartment being at the very top of the house, I was often met by male and female Mirmadens descending or ascending the stairs, which were narrow; whereupon ensued first frowns, and then graceful apologies. On one occasion, I was so fortunate as to pick up a handkerchief emblazoned with the initials M. L. M. (for Matilda Isabella, the youngest of the three young ladies), and I had it washed and 'got up,' and presented, with my best compliments, in the ample grey envelope, to the legitimate owner; after which, an invitation to tea (as I had cunningly foreseen) became a matter of absolute necessity. Mrs Mirmaden welcomed me with dignified hospitality at the drawing-room door, and introduced me to the ladies and two sons, but Mr Mirmaden (as I then took him to be) came half-way down the stairs to greet me, and wrung my hand as though I had rescued Matilda Isabella from the most horrible of deaths. This gentleman was, however, Mr Liverwing, and it was only his peculiar eccentricity which led him to imagine that he was Mrs Mirmaden's husband. He had no foundation whatever for such a belief, but he paid this trumpery visit with considerable sum per annum for the privilege of entertaining it without contradiction. The late Mr Mirmaden had indeed been his first cousin, but that circumstance did not, of course, entitle him to consider himself married to his widow; and yet she always called him 'papa,' and her daughters (which was worse) always called him 'papa,' as well as the young men who were connected with the shipping interest, so that there was no other course open to me (even if I had been looking for one) than to call him Mr Mirmaden.

'Liverwing, Liverwing,' observed he testily; 'my name is Bartholomew Liverwing, at your service.'

'Yes,' corroborated Matilda Isabella, as I looked aghast, 'dear papa's name is Liverwing. It always surprises strangers, but such is nevertheless the fact.' And presently, when Mr Liverwing had sat himself down to an enormous desk, in a corner which I afterwards found out to be peculiarly his own, Mrs Mirmaden quietly confided to me the whole explanation of the affair. 'With the exception of this singular hallucination,' she said (with a smile as she put ink in a pen) 'he delight in writing letters—of which he composes about one hundred and fifteen daily—he is as sane a man as any in Liverpool. We are but mere relations, and it is our painful duty to take care of him, and put up with his little eccentricities; for which inconvenience, indeed, we receive an ample remuneration.'

The open and straightforward character of this speech was in strict accordance with the nature of this lady. My intimacy with her and her family—and especially with Matilda Isabella—was of the day, and I began to bless my stars that the Mirmadens had got the first floor. I even found Mr Liverwing to be far from an unpleasant companion; and he, on his part, was so far pleased with my friendliness, as to observe, with a wink of much sagacity in the direction of M. I., that he would like to be my papa some day, as well as hers. For the three weeks that followed upon my introduction to him and his reputed wife and offspring, I was, in short, as happy a man as ever owned a palate.

At the end of this period of life, which had dashed off without the least effort; I had even composed, with comparative ease, an acrostic upon a certain young lady that very week; but the framing of the Report took me three whole days; and when I had finished it, I left it on my table in its official envelope, lost some happy finishing touches might occur to me before the afternoon post went out. In the meantime, I took a walk to the Docks and among the marts of Commerce, in hopes of inspiration, as a poet might have gone into a clover-field, or down to the sea-side, or to the top of a great hill, in search of his more spiritual materials. It is possible that I might, by this means, have rendered the document a perfect model in its way, to be looked up to and endeavoured after by all generations of wine company's agents that should come after me, had not circumstances occurred which set me thinking upon other things.

In one of the Docks, I came upon a great ship undergoing some repairs, when, however much the crew have 'missed stays' (but I speak under correction, being perfectly ignorant of nautical matters), for people were building about her an immense ribwork of wood,
as if to supply some deficiency of that nature. Hearing some bystanders upon her personal appearance, I took the trouble to walk round to the but-end of her and read her name. She was called the Liverw oing, and her owners were the Messrs Mirandin. It was clear, therefore, that my new acquaintances were persons of no little property. Her tonnage was a great number of figures—either 1700 or 17,000, I could not quite catch which, on account of my informant having a quid of tobacco in his mouth—and her copper bottom glistened like gold.

'Beautiful Matilda Isabella,' murmured I, 'your ang Ostall for the Locofonio Wine Company's produce to the ends of the earth!'

Then I repeated my acrostic—the whole twenty-three lines of it—to myself, word for word, and over and over again, until I almost cried, for poetry always moves me tremendously. I think I should have cried, but that all of a sudden it struck the quarter to posting, and I had to take a cab and drive off triangle home without one new idea for the Report, even if there had been time to put it in. Conceive my horror, upon finding, when I reached my room, that that precious composition had vanished, and how it was mitigated when the maid assured me that she had posted it herself:

'I thought as it ought to go, sir, lying there ready stamped and directed, so I just put it into the box along with Mr Liverw oing's five-and-twenty.'

'But it was not fastened, my good girl; the envelope was open!'

'No, sir, it wasn't; because I tried to—because, I particular examined the sticky part, and it was quite fast.'

For this native admittance, I gathered that she must at least be telling the truth; and yet I had the most perfect recollection of leaving the thing unfastened. It was certainly very extraordinary; but I thought it well not to say anything about anything but Matilda Isabella—for the next eight-and-forty hours, at the expiration of which I received the following letter:

'Sirs—If the addition to the Report which came to hand this morning was not written under the influence of liquor, you must be mad, and therefore unfit to be our agent. If you were intoxicated (at 4 P.M.), it is equally possible that you should continue to hold your present situation. Your statement of business matters is satisfactory and creditable to yourself; but the lampoon with which you have thought proper to conclude, is the most unbecoming—I don't care a rap for Alderman Gus, &c., is so offensive, not only to its subject, the chairman, but to the whole direction, that they have unani mously agreed to your dismissal.

(By order of the Board.)

JONATHAN GRIMBOY, Sec.'

I sank down upon the horse-hair sofa, and covered my face in a transport of wretchedness. How long I remained in that uncomfortable position, I know not; but a gentle touch upon my shoulder, and a silvery voice within my ear, recalled me to myself and to Matilda Isabella. She was standing before me with a tear in each of her large eyes, and evidently, though mutely, inquiring What was the matter. I, too, was unable to articulate, and referred her with a despairing foreboding to Mr Grimboy's letter.

'Did you leave your Report where anybody could get at it in your absence?' inquired she, when she had possessed herself of the fatal news; 'or did you lock it in the table, and as I believe the envelope was unfastened.'

Then Matilda Isabella began to laugh in what I could only mistake for the most considerate manner.

'It's poor dear papa,' said she; 'he can never resist adding things to people's letters when he gets a chance, and he can imitate anybody's handwriting in the world at sight.'

I rushed to the table, and wrote a letter both to Alderman Gusto and to Grimboy, explaining matters; and then I ran out to the telegraph-office, and explained them again. Before evening was glad news flashed back by the intelligent wire that all was forgotten and forgiven, and that I was still the agent for the Locofonio Wine Company, to Matilda Isabella that very evening, and the dear creature accepted me; she made only one condition, which was, that I should not resubmit Mr Liverw oing for his breach of good-manners in opposing my tables; and making thereto the poetical addition which had so nearly lost me my means of livelihood. She even added: 'You know, my love, it may not have been poor dear papa at all.'

But that very same evening, when I happened to be in the vicinity of his corner of the drawing-room, I heard him humming to himself:

'I don't care a rap.

For Alderman Gus, &c.,

and all the rest of it, so that there is not the slightest doubt on my own mind as to the authorship of that elegant poem. Ever since that day, I have always taken care to seal my letters before leaving them to be posted, and with that precaution, have got on with Mr Liverw oing most admirably. He insists upon my considering him as my parent in common with the rest of the family, and I accede to his innocent desire; compliance pleases him, and doesn't hurt me.

Through long habit and familiarity—for M. I. M. has exchanged her final initial for mine these many years—I have even got to doubt whether Mr Liverw oing can be considered to be aberrated. At all events, I should like to see any one venturing to dispute his will (which is a most excellent one) upon that ground. We take great care not to open the document out of his way, for fear he should perpetrated a codicil—in Hudibrastic verse—which he has expressed himself anxious to execute.

BITS OF LUCK

Few people are aware how much we owe to accidents. That we often lose by them, is indeed true. Property is destroyed to a frightful extent, valuable lives are sacrificed, or a work on which years of labour and ingenuity have been spent, is suddenly rendered valueless; but, on the whole, I believe the world is a gainer by accidents. They have added, beyond the power of calculation, to our stock of knowledge and riches. Without them, the astronomer would never have been supplied with his telescope or pendulum; many of the conveniences and necessities of life, as we now consider them, would be unknown; and much of the wealth floating about in the world, and finding employment for thousands, would be lying undiscovered in the bowels of the earth. Accidents of the kind I am speaking of are indeed no more than friendly hints of nature, which require attentive minds to seize upon and understand them. The thoughtless or careless would pass them for ages day after day, and never be a jot the wiser or better for them.

There must be a quick eye, and a mind as sensitive as the prepared paper of the photographer, to catch these hints. While the eye sees, the mind must seize upon and retain the lesson. Mr Smiles, in his Self help, gives a most admirable case in point. 'While Captain, afterwards Sir Samuel, Brown was occupied in studying the construction of bridges, with the view of contriving one of a cheap description to be thrown across the Tweed, near which he lived, he was walking in his garden one dewy autumn morning, when he saw a spider's net suspended across his path. The idea immediately occurred to him that a bridge of iron ropes or chains might be constructed in like manner;
and the result was the invention of his suspension bridge. A most trifling incident this, it would seem, and yet what beautiful results it has led to! His mind was thoroughly prepared for the slightest impression, and a spider’s web was sufficient to imprint upon it an idea which has eventuated in such stupendous and beautiful works as that which spans the Menai Strait. I never look on one of these triumphs of engineering skill without remembering that a little spider was the first constructor of suspension bridges, and gave the hint to man.

But perhaps there seems too little of accident in this for some persons; they would like a more decided case—a man picking up a stone, and finding it a lump of silver, or something that was really worth calling a ‘piece of luck.’ Here, then, is the very thing. Darwin tells us of a man who was driving a loaded donkey over one of the mountains of the Cordillera chain, and wishing to make the animal quicken its pace, took up a stone to throw at it. Thinking the stone heavy, he picked it up again to examine it, and to his astonishment found it full of pure silver! The man, though a brute, was something of a philosopher; he judged that there was more of the precious ore where this had come from, and began to search for the vein; for the joint action of the sun and rain wears down the rocks, and sets free portions of the precious metals embedded in them, which roll down into the valleys below. He was rewarded for his search by finding the vein of silver at no great distance, standing up in the form of a wedge out of the bare mountain-side. This was no other than the famous mine of Chancutello, from which silver to the extent of several hundred thousand pounds was raised in the course of a few years.

Accidents have been no less favourable to the cause of science. Glass was first discovered by accident, at least so Pliny tells us, and his account is generally received as the most probable. ‘Some mariners,’ he writes, ‘having a cucumber of nitrum (salt, or, as some have supposed, soda) on board, having landed on the banks of the river Belus, a small stream at the base of Mount Carmel in Palestine, and finding no stones to rest their pots upon, placed under them some masses of nitrum, which, being fused by the heat with the sand of the river, produced a liquid and transparent stream; such was the origin of glass.’ In process of time glass developed itself into the form of spectacles, and thus assisted defective vision; and at this stage, as it gave birth to the telescope, it seems scarcely credible that that wonderful, far-seen instrument, which brings the most distant worlds under our curious ken, should have had its origin in children’s play; yet so it is. The children of a spectacle-maker in Middleburg were allowed at times—at least, probably on wet days—to play in their father’s workshop. On one of these occasions, they were amusing themselves with some spectacle-glasses, when one of them placed two together, one before the other, and looked through them, at the weathercock on a neighbouring steeple. To the child’s astonishment, the vane appeared larger and nearer to it than when seen through one glass only. The father was called to see the sight, and struck with the singular fact, resolved to turn it to advantage. His first plan was to fix two glasses on a board, by means of brass rings, which might be brought nearer to each other or further off at pleasure. He was thus enabled to see distant objects better and more distinctly than before. The next improvement was to place the glasses in a tube, which may be termed the first telescope. Galileo soon heard of it, and applied it to astronomical purposes. The mention of this great man recalls to my mind his accidental discovery of the pendulum. A correct time-measure had long been a desideratum in the world. Water-clocks had been tried, and found wanting; Alfred’s candle, it is said, would not do for the world at large. Another lucky accident must supply the want; and it came as follows: The future great astronomer, though then only a young man, was in the cathedral of Pisa, where the famous experiments had been supplying a lamp with oil, which hung from the roof, and left it swinging to and fro; this caught Galileo’s attention; and carefully noting it, he observed that it vibrated in equal intervals. He first conceived the idea of applying it to the measurement of time. It cost him fifty years to complete his pendulum. After the telescope and pendulum, we can hardly pass over Sir Isaac Newton’s discovery of the law of gravity, though it is too well known to require more than naming. An apple accidentally falling to the ground before his face revealed to him this mighty, Nature’s keystone secret of nature! What vast results have sprung from these seeming trifles! Distant worlds have not only been discovered, but weighed and measured; the pathless ocean can be travelled over with the same certainty as if guide-posts were erected every three or four miles; and time can be measured to the greatest nicety!

Should these few facts stimulate but one individual to pay more attention to our great teacher, Nature—to look out for her hints, and try to turn them to good account, it is impossible to say how much richer the world may be through that one man in half a century.

A U T U M N A L D A Y S.

It seems but yesterday that merry Spring
Leapt o’er the lea, while clustering round her feet
Spring buds and blossoms, beautiful and sweet,
And her glad voice made wood and walk ring.
Now Autumn lords it o’er the quiet lands,
Like Joseph, clad in many-coloured vest.
Flinging rich largess from his bounteous hands,
And calling upon man to be his guest;
Like Joseph, he dispenses needful corn,
And fruitage, too, of many a goodly tree.
So that we may not feel ourselves forlorn,
Filing for sustenance at Nature’s keen secret of nature!
Oh, would that none might lack, when such blest gifts abound!

Not yet is Autumn desolate and cold,
For all his woods are kindling into hues
Of gorgeous beauty, mixed and manifold,
Which in the soul a kindred glow transfuse.
The stubble-fields gleam forth like tarnished gold
In the mild lustre of the temperate days;
And where the eternal ocean is unraveled,
Light clouds, like banks of silver float alway;
Buffling the colours of the forest-leaves,
The winds make music as they come and go;
Whispers the withering brake; the streamlet grieves,
Or seems to grieve, with a melancholy woe.
While in soft notes, that o’er the heart prevail,
The ruddy-breasted robin pours his tender tale.

The varying seasons ever roll, and run
Into each other, like that of fire light,
Born of the shower, and coloured by the sun,
Which spans the heavens when April skies are bright.
First comes green-kirtled Spring, who leads on
Blue-mantled Summer, of matuer age,
Sultana of the year. When she is gone,
Gold-stroiled Autumn, solemn as a sage,
Reigns for a time, and on earth’s ample page
(Illumined by his hand) writes ‘Plenty here!’
Then white-cowled Winter steps upon the stage,
Like aged monk, keen, gloomy, and austere.
But he whose soul sustains no cloud or thrall,
Perceives power, beauty, good, and fitness in them all.

J. C. F.

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HARVEST AT THE GRUNDEL.

"Dr. Willie talks about the sea-side! Nonsense! There was no sea-side for young folks when I was a girl, and they did well enough without it. Come back with me to Suffolk on Tuesday, Annie; you'll find the harvest month at the Grundel do you more good than a sea full of salt water."

The speaker, an enterprising, motherly-looking old lady, knitting rapidly while she spoke, at the rate of a stitch to a word, was Mrs. Howell, my father's cousin, who had come up this summer for the first time in her life to pay her London relatives a visit. The invitation was accepted as promptly as it had been cordially given. On the evening of the appointed day, after a long railway journey, and ten miles more of a jolting drive through cross country roads, I was relieved to find our vehicle stop at last before a gate, which Mrs. Howell told me shut in the Grundel—that is, Greendale—Farm. Not that there was any house in sight; the chaise rumbled down what was a cross between cart-road and avenue, shut in by trees from fields on either side, now lying dim under the summer twilight.

After a full mile of this, a sharp turn brought us suddenly out into an open space, and there stood the farmhouse straight before us, and its master, a fine old man, with a broad handsome face, already at the garden-gate to welcome the travellers.

That night I was too tired for anything beyond enjoying, in a languid sort of way, the delicious quiet, and making friends with my pretty cousin Mary, who, as Mrs. Howell had already told me, was the youngest child, and the only bird now left in the old nest; all the others had found homes of their own. But the next morning I threw open my window early, eager for a first glance at the country; and what a panorama for eyes wearied out with the dust and glare of a London suburb! The house stood in a hollow. Up from the pretty garden in front, and stretching away to the left where eye could reach, sloped one great sweep of cornfields, right to where it was belted in by distant woods on the horizon; while to the right, between the trees, you had glimpses of pasture-lands, with the cattle moving lazily about them. When I first looked out, it had seemed like a landscape by Paul Potter; but I felt how completely all art must be beggared before that fulness of nature. What painter could have given that morning, breezy, cloudy, and yet bright; could have sent the flying shadows over the gold-brown waves of wheat, and the silver billows of barley; could have touched those elms into dark and bright as cloud or sunshine ruled the moment; or transferred to canvas so much as the great clump of willows by the pond, with their tops blown white in the wind.

The scene from my window has changed since I saw it that first morning; its foliage is sombre with autumn, while the uplands present a dull range of stubble, broken by gigantic beehive stacks, which look over the fields not unlike Martello towers along a naked level of sea-coast. For the first time in my life the process by which this change is brought about has passed under my eye, from the first stroke of the sickle, till the reapers vanished from field after field, and their place was taken by picturesque groups of gleaners. And what a golden time it was throughout! For the season has been, in this district at least, one of the kindest ever known, and the harvest month made to match it. It was pleasant to hear the farmer declare in his stackyard, his fine portliness thrown into bold relief by the huge ricks which backed both his person and his assertion, that this year has made amends for the last, and 'more than a bit over.' Very pleasant, too, to know that the labourers have shared the benefit with their master. Each man on the Grundel farm agrees for a fixed sum 'to see the harvest in,' as their phrase goes; and as this year they have not lost a single day through bad weather, their pay has averaged a lawyer's fee—six-and-eightheight per diem. Think what a boon to poor fellows who earn their ten or eleven shillings a week for the rest of the year; how such a harvest helps with the rent, and buys a pig for the sty, and let us hope still leaves something towards warm clothing for wife and child. A cheery sight, too, were the great brown heaps of gleaning corn in the cottages, for good gleaners have gathered a full cobb of wheat, and are proud to tell that the miller says their wheat is quite as good as the best corn reaped last year.

What especially strikes a stranger's eye at harvest-time, is the generous abundance it sees on all sides. I don't know that farmers are, as a class, famous for liberality; slow gains, and a close acquaintance with heavy poor-rates, not tending to cherish this virtue. But here it seems, as if it were, impossible for man to be a niggard in the midst of the crowning bounty of nature. Everything that has a mouth is allowed double rations to put into it. The horses are eating, as well as carting, all day long; and the two ragged farm-donkeys grow as sleek as negroes on a sugar-plantation. As to their biped fellow-workers, the amount of viands taken into the field was marvellous. At noon, when the party settled themselves with their backs against a pile of newly-cut wheat for dinner, what hunches of bread, what stores of cold meat did not every man draw from his home-spun bag! Bacon, too, enough to make all the pigs in the country tremble for their sides, and a lump of solid-
looking cheese, as a trifle by way of dessert. With the utmost gravity, the diners ploughed their way through their provender not swiftly, but with a steady inevitable destruction, as if every man’s jaws had been those of fate itself. There was neither talking nor laughing, and whatever portion of mind could be spared from the anticipa-
tion of the draught at its close. Some persons might imagine that beer might be slightly the worse
for having six or seven hours under an August sun, but
nothing of the bottle having been half-emptied at
the eight o’clock breakfast. But the brooding mind
knows nothing of such fastidiousness. Witness, now
that the meal is over, the brown bottle up at the
pursed-up lips, till you might think it had grown
there. What sweetness, long drawn out, our rustics
find in draining the last drop; what relish in that
smack conclusive; and mark how the lack of the
hand, drawn slowly across the mouth, rounds off the
performance with a gesture of calm regret.

There is no pleasure to having no taste for the
cast-country ale, not even for Mrs Howell’s best, which
had stood in its eighty-gallon cask since last October.
It was hard, strong, and just in that state of acid-
fermentation that muddles the drinker’s brain. But
my approval of its constant companion, the harvest-
cake, was unqualified. This is a variety of the bun
tribe, which, to my taste, beats the famous bath bun
bellowed round, round, and barked, as the most
tempting shade of brown. A warm spicy scent filled
the house whenever these buns were fresh from
the oven, which was pretty often, for the bountiful
old custom, now mostly dissuaded, of giving the reapers
‘fources cake and ale’ was kept up at the Grundel;
and every afternoon, at a quarter to four, the donkey-
cart set off from the lodge-door to the harvest-field
with its stone beer-bottles, and buns piled up on
the white cloth. I will have nothing to say respecting
the opinion of an antiquarian friend, that the pagan
ancestor of this cake’ was offered up to Ceres; the bare
notion of such remote antiquity would, in my fancy, give them a smack of mustiness;
but, oh, my reader, curious in old manuscripts, have
you never come across a picture with the harvest-
field to the left, and on the right an interior with the
Saxon housewife busy over her batch of buns, as
like those of the present day as monkish skill could draw them?

In an unbroken round of eating, drinking, and
honest hard work, the time went swiftly on to the
evening, when we all stood before the house watching
the harvest home. With three hearty cheers, the
last load of barley entered the Grundel gateway, and
then wound slowly on between the elms; the horses,
a handsome team of true Suffolk breed, stepping out
with cart-horse dignity, as if conscious of all their
finery, even to the items of plaited tails, and the
crimson dahlia planted as a finish-off behind each
binder. By their side walked, as ‘lord of the harvest’*, Nathan Cole, the yard-man, his hat gay
with ribbons, as if he had just taken the Queen’s
shilling. Nathan’s attention was much distracted
from Jolly, Smiler, and Co.; for perched on the top
of the load sat his two boys, ruddy-faced and chubby-
legged, their cheeks nothing as the wagon rocked,
like poppies among the corn. Behind came the farm-folks, men and boys, their rear brought musically
up by an Irish harvest-man with his bagpipes. And
now the procession, defiling out from between the
trees into the open space where a noble growth of
Scotch fir forms the background, halts full in the
glory of a deep amber sunset. As if by magic, the

*pale barley brightens into richest gold, while from
those great red clouds hung across the zenith, a light
flickers over a tall field, and follows a fallow
on the group of weather-worn faces. Even the silence
and want of stir among the people serves to heighten
the effect of this grand tableau vivant; and from it
the eye turns to a black line on the upland
stubble shews that the plough has already begun its
work, and so takes in the circle of man’s toil complete,
as if set in harmony with the great processes
of nature. Our rustics, however, had come to this
dead stop with an eye less to the picturesque than
to the cellar. Witness the low, joyful grunt which
welcomed Jenima, the dairymaid, presently seen to
issue from the house with a foaming can in each
hand. I liked the stanza then struck up well enough
to preserve it:

The wheat is cut, the corn is mown, and carted all the
clever;
Let every man drink off his can, and toss it over and
over.
Over, over, over, and over. Let every man drink
off his can,
And toss it over and over.
While the chorus rose and fell, the last load slowly
vanished into the great barn behind the house, and
so the harvest was ended.

This ‘bringing the harvest home’ is distinct from
the Hawkey*—that is, harvest-supper, which was to
come off on the following night. Next morning there
were astir betimes; I say so, for I came down by half-
past six, in white apron and turned-up sleeves, bent
upon showing my host how rash his assertion of the
day before had been, that no Londoner bred and
born knew anything about a pudding till it smoked
on the table. Mary was busy butter-making in the
dairy that morning; but on entering the kitchen, there
stood her mother at the table by the window, sur-
rounded by groceries, already about the pastry for
the apple-pies, with a sharp eye meanwhile on the
suet-chopping done by the kitchen-boy, who, as I sat
down before a hill of raisins, gave a droll look of
envy at my task, and the opportunities it presented.
In my way, I was quite as covetous as my shock-
headed neighbour. I envied my country cousins
their kitchen; such a contrast as this was to the small
suburban den where my pudding making ordinarily
went on. Why, I am not ashamed to say that, save in
the matter of height, you might have stowed away
in the Grundel kitchen the whole of our genteel
suburban villas. Then here, instead of black beetles
scuttling off to hide in holes and corners, there
were shadows dancing all over the quarried floor from
the poplars which guarded the window right and left;
instead of damp-stains on the walls, there hung a
galaxy of Jemima’s ‘brights,’ polished up this morn-
ing far beyond the skill of all the Jemimans that ever
scrubbed, by the sunshine, which poured through
the doorway, where bowls of an inquiring mind perched
and peered at us from the threshold, or the turkey-
cock, en possessant, patronisingly put in his handsome
head with an apoplectic gobble of encouragement.

The supper was to be held in the kitchen, of course;
so in the afternoon, when dinner had been cleared,
and the great puddings were simmering in the copper,
Mary and I dressed it up with foliage and flowers.
We were helped in our work, and with much skill
and taste, too, by Robin the shepherd. Now, I had
heard Mr Howell say that the most superior man on
an east-country farm was pretty sure to be the
shepherd, and Robin certainly made good his master’s
assertion. A tall man, somewhere about fifty, with
gray hair and a thoughtful face, bringing irresistibly
to your mind one of those noble chiefs of the
Saxon Landseer delighteth to honour. Though Robin has

* Harvest is always begun in this district by the men meeting
at the public-house to ‘wet their skillets,’ as they term it.
They then appoint one of their number to be ‘lord of the
harvest.’ He takes the lead throughout the season, settles any
disputes which may arise, and acts as M. C. at the harvest-
supper.
not the remotest acquaintance with the three 'Ba,' he amuses himself, while up early and late with his flock, by what he calls 'making verses out of his head.' Like most votaries of the muse, he is not unwilling to add that he is able to assure the world that verses made out of the Suffolk shepherd's head are, to say the least for them, not half so wooden as those which nearly won a pension for him. Moreover, his art is deeply versed, in the folk-lore of the district; and while he was setting round the clock's face a decoration much like a frilled cap-border of Laurisarina, Mary persuaded him to give us a genuine east-country fairy tale, which his mother used to tell her children as she sat at her spinning-wheel.*

The guests were punctual to the time, for before the clock on the staircase had finished striking six P.M. they all came in a body—the men, their wives, and a sprinkling of great farm-boys, in number more than forty altogether. On these occasions, the farmer keeps up the old custom of taking the head of the table; but we others, after bidding the company welcome, retreated into the parlour, where a window into the kitchen permitted our seeing the table without disturbing it by our presence. Looking through the window with me, the first observation the reader will make is that of the huge, many-lobed cistus plant, which is that they must surely be, one and all, members of the same family. Beyond the distinction of youth and age, they shew almost as little individuality as you might look for in so many sheep. They are the same healthy, ignorant stare, the blunt nose and unfinished chins, the same roughly-cut Teutonic cast of feature, not, however, without a certain stamp of honesty and rude worth, runs round the table. Our peasants are Angles with little mixture of race, and Angles, evidently, of the obtuse species. Looking at them, we feel that the stock must somehow have degenerated since St Augustine's days. Now suppose these two youths, creaking in their corderoys at the bottom of the table, were to be shipped off for Rome to-morrow, can anybody believe that their personal appearance would justify Pio Nono in reviving the pun perpetrated by his predecessor of pious memory? We must say that the women present a more favourable specimen of the race. Service in their young days, and afterwards household care, with the wider range of thought and occupation it involves, give them a brighter look, altogether superior to their lords. Among the latter, however, one face besides the shepherd's breaks the uniformity. Look at the tall old man to the carver's right, with the foxy eye, and a shock of hair now grey, but still tawny red. He is always called Old Zach, and just as little suspects his real name to be Zachariah as I suspect yours to be, my reader. Zach will never see eighty-five again, yet his master says that he does a better day's work than the man sitting next him, his junior by a score of years. Something about the old man tells us that he has not lived all his life rooted to his native soil like those round him, even without the medall which, with its bit of ribbon, blue and red, sets off his grey suit well. People who look at that medall have need to rub up their history, for it bears the names Martinique and Guadeloupe, and the date underneath is 1794. Here is a man still going forth to earn his daily bread who fought the armies of the French Republic when the French Nation stood and got his discharge as wounded after twenty years' service—eighteen of them spent in the West Indies—two years before the battle of Waterloo! How many know, I wonder, are left alive to eat their harvest-smacker this year, of the twelve thousand who sailed out under Sir Charles Grey in 1793, the brave fellows

*I found this Suffolk legend (Tim-tat-tit was its title) to be evidently the same as that called Zempinitschken in the German collection by the Brothers Grimm.
interest as fragments of a remote past. There were
amatory effusions, which probably furnished the
valentines in Queen Anne’s day; comic songs, which
dropped out of fashion a century or more back; and
now and then, strangely enough in that company, one
would flash some bitter strain of party politics, that
had been dead and dusty Heaven knows how long!
As for the singing, the less said about that the better,
with the roisterers having a rude notion of time, and
none, absolutely none, of melody. These sons of
Orpheus began every line in a lugubrious monotone,
and then halv-way through, each man turned up his
face like a dog, ending it in a crescendo howl. Not
a verse but was twice given; and generally, when the
song did come to an end, the performer exclaimed:
‘There, company!’ bringing down his hand at the
same time with a thud upon the table. The singing,
smoking, and drinking went on till close upon mid-
night, when the party all lumbered off together, most
of them clearly had no sleep in store for all the
strong drink they had consumed. Next morning,
the men came to breakfast, by way of finishing-off
the remains of the supper; and there were few of
them, the farmer told me, but what would be drinking
at the Dragon—the village alehouse and smutty com-
bined—all the afternoon, would sleep nearly through
the next day, Sunday, and be ready for work again
on Monday morning.
Such is the old Hawkey as it still exists in many
rural districts; but the reader asks, Why should not
such a mere debauch be superseded by the joyous
‘harvest-home,’ now become so general? Why should
there not be the bell-ringing and church-going in the
morning, the genial gathering of rich and poor, the
temperate feasting, the dances and the games? I
put the same question, and was told that the more
enlightened plan had been tried for three successive
years in this country; but in matters pertaining to
the harvest, the people had set their faces so completely against it, that it was an utter
failure. One cause for this, no doubt, is, that no nock
can be found throughout England where the rustics
are more hard to move from old customs, good or
bad; also, that they are a generation without any
faculty whatever for being amused; and, moreover,
perhaps there is something in what my friend the
shepherd had to say about the harvest-home. ‘It
were a fine sight, ma’am,’ quoth Robin, ‘an’ the best
way—there’s no gainsaying that. There was all the
tough farmers and shepherdesses, an’ the gentlemen
for miles round. They were as kind as could be, an’
that were pretty to see the squire’s sister dancing out
on the green with the protector. But then so many
fine folks altogether seemed to come up past one.
Nowadays, it wasn’t comfortable. And, ma’am, to
my mind, the best victuals ‘ll fare to choke you,
when a heap of gentlefolk stand round to see
working-people feed, as if they was just so many
fat hoggets in a sheep-pen.’

NEWSPAPERS UNDER THE PAPER-DUTY.
The number of journals published in the metropolis
is very considerable—say two hundred and ten.
Of these, twenty are published daily, thirteen in
the morning, and seven in the evening; but of these latter,
four may be regarded as reprints of morning papers,
with the addition of any news of importance that may
have been received during the day. Five of the
twenty are devoted entirely to commercial and ship-
ings matters, and have no circulation except among
those engaged in business, and, consequently, no
direct political influence. Of the remaining fifteen,
eleven support Liberal principles, and four Conserva-
tive; but these four, strongly speaking, may be reduced
to two, the Morning Herald and the Standard, the
other two being simply evening editions of the same
papers. None of the daily journals are of very
ancient foundation; only seven can lay claim to an
existence dating from a period anterior to the present
century; and the oldest of all, which is not a political
paper, has only recently passed its centennial anniver-
sary. Leaving the purely commercial papers out of
the question, there is the rest of the London press,
which falls into a range between one penny and fourpence; seven being published at fourpence, one at threepence, two at twopence, and six at one and a halfpenny.
The remaining 190 papers which go to make up the
London press are for the most part published only
once a week; the exceptions are three thrice a week,
three twice a week, and about thirty fortnightly and
monthly. A large proportion of these are class
papers—that is to say, the organs of some particular
profession. Naturally, in this religious country, the
religious element is largely represented; more largely,
indeed, than any other, the commercial not excepted.
Church of England principles, combined with strong
Conservatism, are advocated by nine journals; Wes-
leyan and other forms of dissent are supported by
seven, all Liberals; and the Roman Catholic creed
finds four organs ready to defend it. Next to religion,
commerce has the largest number of organs, there
being not less than seventeen journals devoted
exclusively, or nearly so, to the enlightenment of com-
mmercial men. The extent of the interests involved
in this country is shown by the fact, that there are nine newspapers which
utterly disregard all inferior subjects, and give them-
selves wholly to the consideration of one or more of
these elements of our national greatness. Agriculture
is only slightly better cared for than the subject is
which the bucolic mind is supposed to take an especial
interest, what our French neighbours term Le Sport,
there being eight papers which make the farmer their
sole or chief study, and seven to record the doings on
the Turf, in the Ponds, or in the Pits. Considering
the public avoid the productions of one profession on account of their dryness
and general unintelligibility, and those of the sister-pre-
ession on the score of their technical phraseology and
the nature of the subjects they handle, we are rather
surprised to find that Law and Physic support eight
journals, in equal proportions. Navy volunteers and
military men, it may be assumed, are abundantly
enlightened on matters connected with their profes-
sion by means of the six organs devoted to warlike
subjects. That leaves only five journals to deal with
musical affairs, and in all three musical affairs, we are
massively informed: the Morn. Post, the Era, the
Barb. Review, the Musical World, and Le Musique.
As to the theatres, they have two journals, one daily, and the
other weekly, and a third, the distinctive feature of
which is, that it publishes portraits of the ‘players.’
Three journals devote themselves almost exclusively
to the noticing of books as they appear; and if any
person wants evidence that there are two sides, at
least, to every question, he has only to read the opinions of these publications on identical subjects.
The sciences are for the most part represented by the
press generally. Chemistry speaks to the world
through its speculator, the Chemical News; but those
of less general interest are obliged to be content
with the casual notice they receive from different
quarters, or with the amount of publicity they can
obtain by their monthly or quarterly Reports.
The pamphlers have their own gazette, and so
have the police, but they do not circulate among the
public. There is a Court Circular and a Court
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which falls into a range between one penny and fourpence; seven being published at fourpence, one at threepence, two at twopence, and six at one and a halfpenny.
As far as mere number is concerned, there are about five newspapers published in the provinces to two in the metropolis; in other words, the thirty-nine counties, exclusive of Middlesex, into which England is divided, produce not less than five hundred and eighty journals—possibly some half-dozen more than this. The prices at which these are sold range between 1d. and 5½d., but nearly one-half the total number are sold at the former rate. Stated precisely, it is as follows—four at 5½d., fifty-seven at 4½d., a like number at 3½d., sixty-three at 3½d. nine at 2½d., seventy-nine at 2½d., seventy-eight at 1½d., and two hundred and thirty-four at 1d. With the exception of the papers published in large manufacturing or commercial cities, the circulation of which is really large, and accompanied with considerable political influence, the political influence of the provincial newspaper is not great. The circulation of many of these papers is very small indeed; and, in the case of some of the cheaper ones, their appearance is only possible by the existence of an arrangement which allows of their being printed in London from the same types, only with different titles.

There are not less than two hundred and thirty provincial newspapers which support Liberal measures; one hundred and ten which term themselves Conservative; and forty-seven which profess to take an independent view of political measures; and one hundred and ninety-three which are avowedly neutral in politics.

As regards religious principles, there is, in a great number of instances, a wise reticence. Some few are avowedly neutral in such matters, but of those which blow neither cold nor hot, there are fewer in proportion than in the metropolitan press. One journal is the professed advocate of religious conciliation; another of 'Liberal Christianity'; there are twenty newspapers which support dissent; and there are at least one hundred and fifty which stand up as defenders of the Established Church. We cannot well give a more striking proof of the recent nature of the growth of the newspaper press in this country than by stating, that of this large number of journals—say five hundred and eighty, which is certainly within the mark—only fifty-one can date their existence from the century preceding this. The oldest of these is the Worcester Journal, founded in 1709, followed by the Nottingham Journal in the succeeding year, by the Newcastle Courant in 1711, and the Leeds Mercury and Kentish Gazette, six years later.

The actual increase in the number of newspapers established within the last twenty years may be reckoned by hundreds, and the circulation by hundreds of thousands. There is one of the penny daily papers which has an average circulation approaching seventy thousand; and large as this number is, it is almost insignificant in comparison with that of one of the cheap weekly newspapers. Of course, the political influence of a newspaper does not depend altogether on its circulation. The Times does not circulate sixty thousand copies daily, yet its influence on the government of the country is incomparably greater than that of any other journal. In fact, it is the London press which gives the political tone to the whole country; and even in towns like Liverpool and Manchester, where there are local papers conducted with great ability, the cheap weekly papers published in London have a great circulation, and exercise considerable influence.

Travelling from England into Wales, we find that the Principality produces thirty-two papers; all, with the exception of four, printed in the English language. Nearly two-thirds of the whole number are published in South Wales. As regards political views, one-third advocate Liberal views, another third holds itself neutral, and the remaining third may be divided between the Conservative and Independent.
elements, in the proportion of one of the latter to two of the former. There is only one among them which sells for so high a price as 4d., six for 3d., ten for 3d., one at 2d., ten at 2d., two at 1d., and seven at 1d. The greater part of them are silent on the subject of their religious principles; out of the whole number there are only eight which support particular creeds, and six of these are in favour of Church of England, and two of dissent.

Scotland, in proportion to her population, is well represented by the 150 newspapers she possesses. Not only do many of these journals contain articles on affairs in their own country, but also articles on matters affecting Scotland. In favour of Liberal measures, there are ninety; of Conservatives, seventeen; the Independents are fourteen; the rest avow themselves neutral in politics. A large proportion, also, are neutral in matters of religion. Of those which avowly support particular religious creeds, nearly one-half are advocates of Presbyterians, ten describe their religious opinions as evangelical, eight defend the Church of Scotland, four the Free Church, four dissent, and one stands forth as the defender of Roman Catholicism.

The prices at which newspapers are sold in Scotland are very much the same as in England, except as regards the higher-priced papers, there being not more than six which are sold for 4d. and upwards. Forty-two are sold at 3d., fourteen at 3d., ten at 2½d., twenty at 2d., seventeen at 1½d., and forty-one at 1d.

If Ireland has still wrongs unredressed, it is not from a want of newspapers to make them known, nor any lack of energetic language on the part of their contributors to put them in the strongest light. There may have been a time when gentlemen who had been connected with the Irish press formed a large section of the readers of English newspapers, but that is no longer the case. On the whole, we think there is more Scotchmen than Irishmen connected with the London press, but there are many more Englishmen than of either. The total number of newspapers published in Ireland, including a few which are circulated gratuitously as mediums for advertisement, is 128. As regards their political and religious principles, the facts are rather surprising, and not at all what would be imagined by one unacquainted with them. Thus, the Liberal and Conservative newspapers balance each other, there being 32 of each. Then there are 11 which declare they take independent views of political events; 40 which are neither Liberal nor Conservative, nor Independent; and, finally, there is a small minority of 3 which, some time back, proved their concurrence in the opinion of the historian who affirmed that revolutions were not made with rose-water, by recommending bottles of vitriol to be cast from the house-tops in furtherance of that object.

The same reason which induces so many of the newspapers in other parts of the kingdom to avoid the profession of any particular religious principles, prevails also in Ireland; but among those which do openly avow themselves the advocates of certain creeds there is this striking difference, that whereas in England, Scotland, and Wales, there are not more than half-a-dozen papers supporters of Roman Catholicism, there is in Ireland, which is generally understood to be a Roman Catholic country, more than twice as many papers avowedly supporters of the different Protestant sects.

The prices charged for newspapers in Ireland are generally higher than in other parts of the kingdom. Of journals sold at 1d. there are at present about 14; at 1½d., 5; at 2d., 24; at 2½d., 2; at 3d., 10; at 4d., 1; at 5d., 10; at 6d., 1; at 7d., 5; at 8d., 3; at 1s., 1; and a very small number at 6d.

We conclude our notice of the existing newspaper press with a statement of the number published in the British Isles. Governed by their own laws, their journals were free from the impost levied on those published in this country; and attempts were made some years ago to sell the Manx papers at a penny per copy, which failed; as much, perhaps, from the disfavour with which newsagents regarded cheap papers as from the interference of government. In the Isle of Man, however, six of these are in favour of Church of England, and two of dissent.

Jersey, as becomes her larger size and greater population, has six journals, three of which are printed in English, and three in French. Three support Liberalism in politics, a fourth is Conservative, and a fifth advocates that modified form of Conservatism which is termed Liberal. Those printed in French are sold at 1½d., the other three at 1d. each.

To sum up briefly: the total number of newspapers published in the United Kingdom is 1142, thus distributed: 790 in England, of which 210 in the metropolis; 150 in Scotland; 138 in Ireland; 123 in Wales; and 32 in the Channel Islands. Classified according to their political creed, there are 464 Liberal papers; 190 Conservative and Liberal-conservative; 53 Independent, and the remainder are neutral. As regards the prices at which they are sold, there are 22 sold at 6d.; 51 at 5d.; 114 at 4d.; 115 at 3d.; 142 at 2½d.; 24 at 2d.; 149 at 2½d.; 106 at 1½d.; 329 at 1d.; and 10 at ½d.

The object we had in view in preparing this article would be defeated if we were to take account of the changes which have already been effected among the papers by the repeal of the post-duty, which has taken effect since it was in type.

MELEBEUS DINES AT THE BANK.

Among the numerous letters which daily evidence the interest taken by the public in my bucolic fancies, and which demands an immediate reply. "May I ask, writes she, and I can fancy (for I am not unmindful of my own task with which she wrote it) — may I ask, what becomes of Mrs Melibeus during the lengthened sojourn of her gad-about husband in town? Is she left at Bullock Smithy, day after day, night after night, with nothing to do?" A letter full of interest, and as Miss reading in Chambers's Journal the account of the dissipation of Mr M."

Certain feminine threats connected with the discontinuance of the periodical in question, if the matter is not satisfactorily explained by return of post—and, of course, she forgets to give her address—are fixed in the postscript. But these do not move me in the very least; I am only concerned for the domestic character of my friend. This touches me indeed, and I hasten to explain away the suspicion of my correspondent—a baseless and gossamer thing it be—and I am ready to exhibit my Melibeus to the eye of that British matron and her sisterhood immaculate as the driven snow." 'Madam, the experiences which have had the post-office fortune to excite your interest, have been in reality spread over many years—nay, lustrums. For aesthetic reasons — dramatic unity, and a number of other things which would be tedious as well as inexplicable here, I have represented Melibeus as a permanent resident with me; whereas, in reality, I can scarcely ever get him to leave his beloved home at Bullock Smithy.'
stout resistance, he does sometimes give way, and comes. He came up yesterday, for instance, but it was upon a matter of the last importance—nothing else could have brought him from Horse-whales—he came up to dine—nay, madam, bend not those beautiful brows in anger until you hear the end of it—to dine at the Bank will not call that an expedition of pleasure, I hope. You will not conclude that solemn Institution in Threadneedle Street with dissipation and the loosing of domestic ties.

"My own dear," said Melibeus, as he impressed upon the forehead of Mrs M., not the frantic salute of Neogams—of newly married persons—about to be parted for eight-and-forty hours, but the sober seal of middle-aged affection, "I regret, I am distressed to say that the Bank has written that I must be there on Friday next."

"Alas!" returned she with a sigh, "then I suppose you must go, dear. I know that there is no getting out of receiving those horrid dividends."

Melibeus—kind-hearted soul—who cannot bear to give pain to anybody, and far less to those he loves, had not the heart to undeceive her, although it was not exactly dividends for which he was wanted at the Bank. He was going to dine with the officer on guard there at half-past seven p.m., which is considerably after business-hours.

The Bank directors, although of necessity commercial persons, have always had a becoming sense of the value of blood as well as money. Their establishment has never been watched over by less Guardsmen. At the time of the great Chartist Revolution that was to have been (temp. 1848), the government offered the services of the ordinary Line to protect the Bank, but the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street tossed her head, and would have none of them. "Amerindian" she cried, as the Indian sailor cried, "More curries; and more Guards were sent. I am afraid to say how many hundreds of that top-heavy legion lined her ramparts (which, as they constructed, were numerous) with coldstreams nightly within her walls, beside her own numerous body-guard of porters, who are drilled to act like soldiers too, if need should be. And if man could o’er

Die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods,
'Twould surely be in keeping
Our money safe and sound.
In notes, and gold, and silver
Upon Tom Fiddler’s ground.

In return for this military and aristocratic protection, the Bank provides from the London Tavern dinner for three for the officer on guard, as well as three bottles of wine; and unless he has a very unhealthy appetite indeed, he asks a couple of friends to join him. Upon the Friday in question, it so happened that Melibeus was one of these friends.

"I wish you were going with me," said he kindly, as he sat eastward, after leaving his carpet-bag at my residence.

I had promised to take the chair at Ex—. But no matter; these papers have Melibeus for their subject, and not myself; let it suffice that I was otherwise engaged—and had received no invitation."

"I wish I could go with you," returned I honestly; "but if you win the last, for the Bank turns you out at eleven willy nilly; I shall sit up for you myself."

Now you had better let me send for a cab." Thank you," said he; "I have plenty of time, and I had rather be in a bus. I do not know so much about 'busses as I should do."

This was very true; and I took care to see him into one with the right direction on it, for the City was to him a terra incognita.

At twelve o’clock P.M. two high-stepping bays with plated harness and flashing panel brought my friend home again. Like the mouth of Mowbray, he came up to dine—nay, madam, bend not those beautiful brows in anger until you hear the end of it—to dine at the Bank will not call that an expedition of pleasure, I hope. You will not conclude that solemn Institution in Threadneedle Street with dissipation and the loosening of domestic ties.

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This was very true; and I took care to see him into one with the right direction on it, for the City was to him a terra incognita.
"But are you sure? The Tabernac?"—

"Yes, sir. Mind the step, sir. All right. (The jerk of one of our plows cast off my observed arms.) We go to that charming palace called the Tabby Cat and Pigeon. Don't we, sir?" And the whole herd had the anecdote which appealed to me with a wicked wink, for corroboration.

"I do not wish to go to any such place," expostulated the victim.

"Then you shouldn't ha' said you did," returned the other indignantly. "You mentioned the Tabby Cat as you stood on this very step. Two-pence is the charge, sir, for however short a distance. Thannke kindly, sir. Bank, Bank, Bank, Bank," And the conductor shouted that password of his profession so triumphantly, that the feeble remonstrance of his disembarking freight was drowned in the clamour.

"You will put that down, if you please!"—remarked he in an interval of silence—"to the creditor side of my account with the Company." I took this observation to be some slang of a conciliatory character, and therefore smiled intelligently without reply.

"Presently, we got more passengers, with more accurate notions of direction than the last incomer, and all wearing that sullen, flat expression which is peculiar to habitual omnibus "inside." Through long suspension of pickpockets, they get to be slightly furtive and felonious in appearance themselves, and so help to excommunicate the money and valuables which make so anxious their own journeys to and fro. The omnibus outside travellers are of quite a different species, and are divided into two kinds—middle-aged fatherfamiliars who can yet climb up the wheel on to the front seat, although they are glad to avail themselves of the driver's strap; and the demoted of the knife-board, a race of commercial acrobats, who ascend the machine while it is actually in motion, and clamber across one another's legs in a manner to make one, who has only seen Blondin, shudder.

"After I had seen a dozen pair of legs ascending and descending, I could not forbear inquiring of the cad, how he could tell at dawned in the clamour.

"Well," replied he, "of course you've a right to know (again I smiled intelligently), and I don't mind telling you. I keep 'em all in my head, and knows not only where they come from, but their worry position on the bus, lest 'em change it ever so. Indeed, I could almost tell a Marybone Rooder from a Easton Rooder, by the way he looks of him—and you may tell 'em that, if you like."

"Tell whom?" inquired I; "I am quite a loss."

"O lor!" interrupted the cad, "that is a good un! Why, Bill and me, we spotted you and your note-book the instant you got in. You're one of them chestas as our Company sends about to see as we acts all fair, and makes our proper returns. You're a Spy, you are, and a werry pleasant and gentleman-like occupation too."

"This position of mine was not of course a gratifying one, but I perceived that any attempt to underrate my traducers would be quite useless. The worst part of it was that I could not now ask a certain question of him in confidence which I had been meditating all the way. The fact was, that I did not know the Bank by night. Conversant as I was with the West End, I had never been but twice to the City in all my life; and quite, neither of the occasions had I chanced to visit that famous establishment at which I was about to dine. Lieutenant and Captain Fitzmarmadale had been particular to direct me to "the little door flanking the Exchange's front," but then I did not happen to know the Royal Exchange, even had the military—flanking—conveyed to my mind any definite idea of it. So, when the omnibus stopped at the top of the Poultry, at a spot equidistant from three enormous public buildings, I said, as I put a shilling into the conductor's hand: "Please to tell me which is the Bank?"

"None of your asking cast off my observed eyes severely, returning me half the money: "the fare is sixpence, my fine fellow. You won't catch me tripping, Mr Informer." I say, Bill (raising his voice so as to attract the little crowd), here's this chaps pretending not to know which is the Bank—that's what I call a booklet overdoing it, eh?"

"The machine drove on, leaving me quite crestfallen; the first and only individual probably whose sixpence an omnibus cad has ever refused. The situation was frightful, and reminded me dimly of something out of the Ancient Mariner. Public edifices all around, and not a gatekeeper to be seen to tell me which was which.

"Policeman," said I, addressing one of the civil forces—and I had half a mind to adopt a foreign accent, so ashamed did I feel of my stupendous ignorance—"which is the Bank of England?"

"The friend of order eyed me with great severity. "Just keep them larks for the West End," returned he, "my gentleman. In the City, we don't relish'em. Now, you'd better go away home while you can; you've no business here. You ain't one of the company asked to this here Mansion House to-night, I dare say."

"I had thus gained a point, although at a slight sacrifice of personal dignity. I had found out which of the three edifices was the Mansion House, which limited my field of inquiry very considerably. I went over to the little armpit of shoe-latches, which has a standing camp in that region, and while one of them was polishing my boots, I inquired judicially whether he had ever shied a stone through your big window."

"What, the 'Guards' or what?" exclaimed he, evidently aghast at such a supposition. "No."

"That's a good boy, then," said I, "and here's twopenny for you."

"I had thus discovered the Bank by elimination, but I had not discovered the way into it. I therefore made a circuit of that enormous building, in hopes of finding a door-open, or some outward sign of the hospitality which must, I knew, by that time be awaiting me within. I found nothing but walls, and spikes, and a monstrous gate that would have admitted the Great Eastern broadside, by the way. It looked of him—and you may tell 'em that, if you like."

"Tell whom?" inquired I; "I am quite a loss."

"O lor!" interrupted the cad, "that is a good un! Why, Bill and me, we spotted you and your note-book the instant you got in. You're one of them chestas as our Company sends about to see as we acts all fair, and makes our proper returns. You're a Spy, you are, and a werry pleasant and gentleman-like occupation too."

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tremendous dissatisfaction here interrupted the gallant officer's speech.

"Then let us have the golden sherry."

So we sat down to the golden sherry, drinking very fair and very slowly, like persons becalmed upon a tropic sea, with an insufficient quantity of water on board. But never was scarcity the cause of such unhindered merriment. Like Henry V. at Agincourt, I would not have had another glassful there—and most certainly not another man to help us—had such a thing been possible. Even Fitzmarmalade, who had been quite distressed at first, was tickled by the situation. We watched the man who had the bottle in his hand like Bank detectives, and I must say that the host, in helping himself first, got a most decided pull. He had but followed the custom out of doors, he said, and there was nothing to the contrary effect in the Bank regulations, which were hanging over the chimney-piece. The most severe of these—which mainly related to what was to be done in case of fire, and not in case of thirst—was one that excluded the entire female sex from the premises. I shall therefore be able to inform Mrs. M., with truth—who had a great desire to accompany me to see how the dividend business was transacted—that she must not set her heart upon any such thing.

"Whereabouts do they keep the money?" I said in a careless off-hand sort of way.

'Lieutenant and Captain Fitzmarmalade touched his sword, and replied: 'None of that, Melibœus;' as though he would say: 'I must, if need be, sacrifice friendship on the altar of duty;' but it is my belief that he could not have answered the question one bit better than I.

'There was still half a glassful of the golden sherry left at five minutes to eleven, and we drank it with all sincerity to our next merry meeting. But you know now, my friend, why it is that I am at this moment taking a little more of my friend. One is so afraid, now-a-days, of some penny-a-lining fellow getting hold of everything, and putting it in print.'

'My dear Melibœus,' returned I with dignity, 'I hope you do not take me for one who keeps company with literary people. I was only setting down a memorandum about your having Badminton for dinner the next time you come to see us—since you seem so fond of it.'

'Thank you, my friend: you must make it very well, however, to beat Fitzmarmalde's.'

'Well, when the second bottle was gone, our host informed us in broken tones of the fatal error we had committed. Dinner was but just over, and we had already drunk two out of the three bottles provided by the Bank direction.

'If I knew I would have drunk two more of this stuff—which is next kin to water'—and he pointed contemptuously to the empty silver tankard—'I would have taken care that other wine should have been at hand; people that dine here do not generally drink two quarts'"—

'The last part of this sentence was drowned in our derisive cheers.

'As it is, however, what wine will you choose for your third bottle—to last us until eleven o'clock, my friends? What wine takes longest to drink?'

'A brilliant idea illumined the countenance of the other guest.

"Send out," cried he, "for some more wine to the place from whence you get your dinner. The London Tavern has some very tolerable Madeira."

'Lieutenant and Captain Fitzmarmalde shook his head. "Alas, no human being is allowed to enter these precincts until to-morrow morning. Nulla estgita retroseus. You might go out to fetch it, but you could never get back again. Of course, you can have plenty of beer"—'

'Tremendous dissatisfaction here interrupted the gallant officer's speech.'
MONT ST MICHEL.

One drawback to the interest with which you visit many celebrated spots is the difficulty of identifying them when they are small, or of taking them in at a glance when they are extensive. 'Tradition,' says the faithful, assigns the exploits of— to this locality.' There is the hitch. Whereabouts did the gulf open in the forum? Here is the forum, but where was the cleft? Did the patriotic Roman who rode into it, look east or west, when he put spurs to his horse for the leap? Descend into the Mamertime prison; tradition says that St Paul was confined there. He was a prisoner somewhere in Rome,—and—that is all—tradition does the rest. It has a ragged edge, has tradition. It has led to mistakes in everything. It has perverted histories and religions without end; it has lured and hoodwinked the keezest antiquaries. But if it be so probable, so attractive, however uncertain, that it saves as much trouble as it gives. Since the majority of mankind prefer a respectable tradition, received without pains, to a fact which needs to be established by labour, learning, and patience, we need not wonder at traditions generally carrying the day.

'The cleft was here,' says the cicerone, drawing a line on the ground with his stick. Give me a fearless, uncompromising, positive cicerone. But a conscientious guide, who scratches his head, and thinks: what can be more provoking?

I fell into this train of thought this morning, while I sat upon the rampart of Avranches, and looked down upon the singular rock of St Michel, standing up as clear as a ship out of a sea of quicksands—standing up there more than 500 feet high, looking round upon the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, as much as to say: 'Ah! you have a history, no doubt, but your accounts are all in a muddle. I am like the dog on an above ground line. There is no mistake about me; I have preserved my pedigree distinct; I am where I have always been, though I may not be what I was.'

The rock of St Michel, famous in the border history of England and France, is a many-pointed granite pile, about three thousand feet in circumference, and five hundred and eighty feet high, rising abruptly in an immense expanse of sea and flat sand in the bay of Avranches—like a solitary crag-stand in the middle of a large round dining-room table. There it is. No tradition ever helped to identify its position. How irregularly fortune has scattered her marks over the world! Here is one district which no book of history can pass without allusion; there is another which no historian has even marked, or so much as alluded. This mountain is a calendar of events; that has offered itself to the notice of a thousand generations, unmarked, disregarded.

Perhaps there never was a spot round which, considering its littleness and seclusion, more local history has gathered than round this Mont St Michel. Like the final point of an electrical machine, about which the stream of magic fluid buzzes, while the rest, though charged, is still, so this granite peak drew the streams of war and peace from a wide circle for two long thousand years—as a sanctuary and centre of the Druids; as a temple of Jupiter, and Roman military station; as a convent, towards which long lines of pilgrims converged from far; as a fortress which never was taken—never, till the Revolution whirlwind swept away. Britannia had turned St Michel, for the first time, inside out. What visions of the past came floating up as I sat and dreamed on the rampart of Avranches, on the luxury which distinguishes this great metropolis.

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like footballs, and horses smothered with trappings, intricate crosbrows, warriors in wonderful boots, and trumpets with flags to them; so I flatter myself I have an under-current of undistinguishable original inspiration. Talent Noblemant and Fantastick, in.

Well, then, a great slice of the land of Froissart lay beneath me—lies beneath me, I should say, for I am writing out of doors. Let me first go back a while. On that curvi-dressed, curvi-sheltered wall of Druilla, I can see, through the cortina of Druidical influence in these parts. When naked painted sailors crop from point to point in wicker-conceived ghillies, they used to go to that road before they set foot in their slippery creaking craft, for magic arrows, which, when discharged by youths who had never known the passion of love, were supposed capable of laying storms. My authority does not say what happened when these were shot against the threatening skies in vain; probably, the youths were taken to task for having deceived the crew; but when the order was received, when the clouds cleared off, or the wind fell after the mystic archery, the youths, on their return, presented themselves at St Michel’s rock, and the Druidical priestesses rewarded them by their love—testifying the extent of their affection by the number of golden shells they fastened to their garments. The barometrical changes must have been watched with interest, of interest, by these amorous damsels, since the changeable mercury supplied them with relays of gallants. Where can I find an authentic account of these Druidical things that were learned, influential, but who taught them?

Now the scene changes. Straight Roman roads have streaked the face of Gaul. Regiments, with their bright armour, high floating plumes, and spurs with broad glancing heads a foot and a half in length, have marched and countermarched throughout the countryside. With hight, they used to go to that road, dived into the valley, now shewing like a long brazen serpent as the column tops the hill. There is a temple of Jupiter on Mont St Michel. Bronzed, hooked figure of sacrifice and consult. Legionaries discuss among themselves the pros and cons of a British invasion, lounging in the shade of the mount.

The scene shifts again. Building, busy monks have erected a rock. Day by day the road went on the chips and blow of mason’s chisel and hammer—cranes, long since retied, hoist the graven stones; the con\-weeks, the days, are marked by a Christian church; masses are sung, and bells are rung. The convent grows famous. Sunburned pilgrims thread the roads of France towards St Michel, thanking God when they see at last the view beneath my eyes; sitting down to rest may be on some such place as this, and then, staff in hand, once more setting their sandalled dusty feet upon the road. The monks are rich and warlike. In their council-chamber there, I see them sit in high debate; William of Normandy proposes an invasion of England. How many ships shall they fit out to help him? They equip six. After a while, a courier comes with tidings of the battle of Hastings; and the brethren gladly talk to one another of it, not without grateful mention of the piety of their Norman soldiers before the fight. Then they have their projects in England too. There is a mount in Cornwall placed somewhat like their own; they establish a dependency there, a second St Michel Mount, as soon as this day.

Ages go by; the strong austerity of old times has passed away—the monks are sensual and fat. Here, in their stronghold power, they stand at reforma- tion, so long as they can keep superiors in good-humour. Here they linger on, rebuked at times, but undisturbed, until a sharper power than the German monk took the land. The Revolution has begun. The brethren—first incredulous, then terrified, impatient—hear reports which grow louder and nearer. The bonnet rouge crosses the sands of Avranches, and confusion fills St Michel. Three hundred aged priests were confined to the dungeons for the remainder of their lives; the convent was suppressed, and the place became a jail. Politicians who sur\-volved the doctrines of the Revolution, with the recanting them, were sent here before they were transferred to Cayenne; and now criminals weave and work drearily within the once sumptuous abbey-walls, and eat their stinned rations in the church. The Mont St Michel is a penal prison; and who\-ever wants to see the prisoners, and the ins and outs of their long famous place, must get a written order from the sous-préfecture, gritty with sand, ‘pour visiter les objets les plus curieux.’

Thus have I let my pen wander on, as the distant sight of St Michel suggests the changing scenes which have passed within it. Meanwhile, the sky, just now so bright, has become clouded, and a drop or two of rain has fallen pat upon my paper. We must go in. Bah! I have forgotten the umbrella. We will get this same order from the sous-préfecture, and if the day be fine to-morrow, enter the place itself. But I don’t much fancy it. Nearness often dispels the little else. At the same time, the positive pipe-clayed form of a gendarme, however polite, will be sure to occupy all the space which, to my eye, has this last hour been so pleasantly filled by successive generations of the inhabitants of Mont St Michel.

I thought so. I have just come back from the place—it is full of convicts and red trousers, stolen work and sharp military supervision. I called on the sous-préfet, who, in a white linen coat, with his clerks, had his office in a bald first floor. He most politely filled up a printed form, and then, putting out his lips in the true magisterial way, held the wet order over a bowl of sand, poured a large wooden spoonful over it, like gravy, and bowed me out. We got a chaise with one brown horse, energy by his own; but though, on closing one’s eyes, the pace sounded frantic, actual observation gave something between live and six miles an hour. We descended to the coast by some zigzags, and then a straight highway, and after skirting it for some time, found ourselves getting gradually into a world of white sand. The road was sand, the walls little else. At some remote time, the sea had burst in upon this whole district, and smothered it. Soon we left nearly all the trees behind us, and continued jolting away close by the side of the bay.

All the while, the Mont St Michel seemed nearly as far off as it did from Avranches, for we were obliged to make a great detour before reaching that part of the sands which can be traversed by wheels. At last, we came to an open space where the road disappeared on the beach; St Michel rose before us, about a mile off, across what appeared to be water quite as much as land. The tide was out, but here and there were little pools, brushed into small waves by a fresh breeze from the sea. There was no track, except from two or three vehicles which had crossed to the rock that day; following these, we left the lump and rattle of the road, and steered straight across the great wet waste towards the mount.

There is a causeway for foot-passengers, of rough stones, for no one could walk across the sands without getting wetted ankle-deep. After we had creaked some distance, a bare-legged old man came splashing hastily towards us, as if he were bringing some bad news about the tide; but he was only a guide, though we did not want him in the least; however, he did his best to comfort us. We drove up to the town-gate from the sea, like Neptune; and after a short lunch, ascended the steep narrow street of the town, which lies beneath the old
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Abbeville. The people seemed a very cheerful, cleanly set; indeed, they could hardly be otherwise than the latter, as they live in sand and water, and necessarily scrub their feet whenever they take a walk. I could not help thinking that some of them must be as gritty within as without, for we passed one or two farm-yards on the main shore, where the corn was being threshed on the bare sandy ground, by a number of men and women, who surrounded it in a circle, as if they were playing 'Bull in the Park.'

When we had threaded the little town of St. Michel, which contains 400 inhabitants, we reached the old gate of the abbey, and gave in our order. A woman who was knitting in the deep shadow of the gateway, just inside, then led us to read a notice by which we were expressly forbidden to offer any gratuity to the warder, who would presently come to shew us round the prison. We sat down on a bench till he arrived, as he soon did, with a bunch of large keys.

Then we went over the prison. All these old prisons, or buildings made in them, seem, to my eye, alike. There is a penal atmosphere about them which swallows up lesser distinctions; there are the same heavy doors, huge locks, monotonous walls, and felon uniforms. We were taken through a wilderness of dungeons and passages, ending in several places with contabulies, now boarded over, and black as night. At times, through stone port-holes, we caught glimpses of the sea of sand in which the rock stood; and the wind whistled through the place like a ship. One other sound alone was heard, like the hoofs of a troop of horse walking down a paved street. I inquired, and I proved to be the ceaseless clicking of the prisoners' looms and hammers, for them work at these. The large hall of the abbey is filled with them, wearily weaving out their term of imprisonment. Down below, in the town, you can hear the incessant clatter.

The first cell we entered was used as a dining-room for the convicts, and was full of wooden benches and panikins.

On a small terrace, commanding a wide sea and land view, was a string of prisoners walking silently round and round, headed by a yellow old man, with his chin hanging on his breast. 'These,' said the warder, 'are the sick'—and sick they looked, circling there. Though the sun was bright and the breeze fresh, one could almost have thought the sight of the green country and the open sea added to their misery. 'It is the prison,' he answered, 'that is the sickness!' 'Many for life,' replied the warder, looking at the crawling circle as if they were a bed of caterpillars.

We went to the top of the church, and then descended the different strata of the building to the town. Having hunted up our driver, we were launched again into the sand sea, and started for the shore. We met many of the inhabitants coming back from fishing—sturdy, barelegged Tritons they were, splashing along. One old man, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, made a military salute in passing, and cried: 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'He is a fool,' said our driver, cracking his whip; by which I understood him to mean, not the emperor, but his unreasonable admirer.

The drive to Avranches took three hours—twice as long as it need. Our poor old brown horse, though, had a lift coming, and was not so dead as I had imagined it—but it consisted merely in the privilege of putting his nose against the hind boot of another returning carriages. He began to trot directly he found this chance; and when the other vehicle parted company, it carried away, on the outside of its rumble, a dusty impression of his head.

At the Druids, Roman soldiers and priests, middleage monks and men-at-arms, had faded away during our visit; warders and felonias had complete possession; and it was not till I had gone back to my old place on the ramparts, that I could revive the scenes which I had associated with my first look at Mont St. Michel, and bring back the long train of its historical tenants.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO
AT NEWCASTLE.

The municipal records of Newcastle-upon-Tyne are preserved as far back as the year 1516, and, as might be expected, afford much valuable information as to the punishments and customs of the people of the times to which they refer. They are especially interesting with reference to the punishments inflicted in the days of the Tudors.

The first item I shall extract is as follows: 'Paid to Gawny Rolls for uyneg a boye about the town, and for setting a man on the pillorie ye two days, 16d.'

This payment, which was made in October 1561, refers to the scourging of some unfortunate youth by the town-sergeant, most probably for some domestic offence, as lying, or for disorderly conduct in the streets, or penchant for impertinence to the municipal magistrates. At that time, the use of the cat of nine tails was very common, and was whipped about the town, 4d.' This item affords another curious insight into the usages of the time, for we find from it, that before being considered fit for chastisement, women had to be 'powled;' in modern language, deprived of their hair, an operation which was generally performed, as a further degradation, by the common hangman.

That domestic infidelity was considered a fit offence for public notice is shown by the following items: 'Paid Gawan Adon, sargant, for a horse and a carta for carting a woman about the town taken in adultery, 16d. Paide Ralf Coke, pauter, for makynge a paper for the same woman, 4d.'

The offender seems to have been carried through the streets in a cart, bearing on her breast, like the scarlet letter of the New England Puritans, a paper on which was recorded the offence of which she had been guilty. That this manner of branding criminals was by no means uncommon, is proved, for a very short way further on, of 16l. 'For 4 papers to 4 folks which was sett on the pillori,' occurs. Another of the punishments which were devised by the authorities of Newcastle was one for the especial benefit of scolding women, called the 'branks,' and which was nothing more than an iron cage and gag, the former of which was placed on the head of the brawler, while the latter, which was in the form of a tongue, entered her mouth, and most effectually silenced her. This barbarous instrument, which was used so lately as 1741, is still preserved in the police office at Newcastle, and is well worth inspection.

Akin to the branks in nature, though not nearly so brutal in its operation, was the instrument called a Newcastle or Drunkard's Cloak, and which consisted of a barrel, one end of which had been removed, while in the other was a hole large enough to admit the head of a man. The person who had taken more liquor than he could conveniently carry, was made to put this novel contrivance on to his shoulders, his head appearing through the hole in the end, after the manner of a Jack-in-a-box, and was then led about the town by the sergeant or his assistants.

A much more unmerciful mode of dealing with offenders than the foregoing was the practice which was regularly pursued by hunting down the man who had managed to get clear of the town-walls by means of blood-hounds. Thus we find: 'Paid to Hall of Chester who followed with his dogg,
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woman being killed in the towne, for his paines, 13s. 4d., and also a dog which came from Denton to follow and did not, for his paines, 6s. 8d. Whether it was a dog that was killed that was followed, or her murderers, is not made very clear by the item which the worthy town-treasurer of that day has entered in his books, but it at least shows what has been again, and again we encounter similar items. It is most probable that, in the foregoing case, the dog from Chester was successful in discovering the murderer of the woman, as the services of the Denton dog were not called into requisition.

By far the most barbarous and undeserved torments inflicted in those days were those which the unfortunate women suspected of being witches were compelled to suffer. No one now can ever know the extent to which the revolting persecution of innocent females under this pretext was carried; but when we find that the informer or ‘finder’ received twenty shillings—of course, a very large sum in those days—for every woman he thus brought to the stake, we can readily imagine how frequent must have been the sufferings occasioned by this brutal custom.

Under the date of January 1993, appear the following items: Paide Mr. George Selbie’s two men for their paines taken in apprehending Edward Wateron for a seminary priest, who was lately executed, 20s.; and mor for watching Robert Chamber, who was taken by a commission for ney Lord Warden, 2s.

Paide for a papist which studd of the pillers for abusing oure majestie by slanderous woordes, 4d. Paide to William Sever, serjaunte, which headed Edward Wateron the seminaries priest, for his paines, 20s. Two labourers for making a remorse for making of the fier, 12s.: for one sproon to the leache, 6d.: for a spade, 6d.: for ane pound of tow, 4d. for a six, 6d.: for two girders, 13s.; for a boie goinge of an errand, 2d. Paide three labourers for carrying home of the geare, 3d.: for a horse which drew the scheid to the galley and backe againe, 1bd.: one labourer for hingining up the head and three quarters of the priestes, 9d.: for two halters, 2d.: for carrying the gear a-fold, 12s.: for Jo. Partus’ pains taken, 12s.: William Sever for his actes for quartering the priestes, 12s.: for strawe, candle, drinke, and stringe, which bounde the seminaries arms before he was executed, 6d.; for a cutte-hande and a staple for the dore which the priestes brunt in prison, 6d.: for drinke which John Letherington the prisoner had before he executed the priestes, 2d.: for hire to a horse and thre horses for conveynig the gallowes to be executed, 2s.: to a Frenchman which did take fourth the seminaries priestes bowles after he was hanged, 20s.

It will be seen that all these ghastly items have reference to the execution of some Roman Catholic—or, as they are called, seminary—priests, many of whom suffered death both at Newcastle and else where for the sake of their religion during the stern era of Queen Elizabeth. The principal expenses seem to have been incurred in the execution of Mr. Edward Wateron, who suffered in January 1593; and the different items afford a clear knowledge of the manner in which capital punishments were inflicted at that time. He would, in all probability, be sentenced to be hanged until he was half-dead, to be cut down, and have his entrails taken out and burned before his eyes, and then to be beheaded.

The place where offenders were usually put to death at Newcastle was the town moor, and thither the poor martyr—who had visited the town in order to propagate the principles of his creed—would be dragged on wheels in a cart, and the wretched malefactor, who, nerved by strong drink, was to act the part of his executioner, sitting by his side. Upon the moor everything would be ready—the gallows, the axe, and the fire—all waiting their prey, and there, in the midst of a vast multitude, the hapless enthusiast suffered. After his head had been cut off, his body was divided into three parts, and one of the four portions was set up at each of the chief entrances to the town.

There is a story still current about the execution of Waterson which may not be entirely out of place here. According to his Catholic biographer, William, he was being drawn to the scaffold, the hurdle on which he lay suddenly stood still; nor did the utmost efforts of the officers avail in moving it, so he had to be taken off it, and led to his fate on foot. Whether this be true or not, I shall leave to my readers to decide; but there are many horrid circumstances connected with the murder of unhappy men like Wateron, the truth of which cannot be doubted, but which are almost too horrible to be reproduced here.

I have only dipped very lightly into the municipal records of Newcastle, but the few extracts which I have laid before the reader will at anyrate be sufficient to cause him to be thankful that he lives in times when neither ‘seminary priests’ are executed, nor ‘skulding’ women encased in the branks.

TRADITIONS OF THE GREENLAND EQUIMAUX.

THE HISTORY OF AKHSLIL.

At Jacobshavn (North Greenland), when the sea was frozen over in winter, and when hunting was slack, the Greenlanders, both men and women, used to play at ball, with the skin of a seal stuffed with sand and clay. There was one amongst them who always beat the others, being lightest of foot and strongest of arm. When this man’s daughter obtained a husband, she brought him a son, and the next time again a son, and after that still two more sons, so that there were seven in all. These were well brought up by their parents and grandfather, for they greatly rejoiced in them. But when the eldest was grown up, the grandfather soon found that he could no longer master him, neither were there any in the place who could equal him in swiftness; and when the grandfather found he had become too strong for him, to wrestle with, he became spiteful with jealousy. Once, when they had finished a game at ball, and the youngest of these sons was standing behind the others, the spiteful grand- father crept up to him from behind, lifted him up, and threw him to the ground with such force that the blood poured from his mouth, and he died the next day.

The father was frantic with grief, but he could not take immediate revenge because of the bystanders. He now spent all his time in exercising his sons in feats of strength. The grandfather now feared the consequences of his cruel act, and therefore slept at night (sitting) holding a knife upon his knee with the point between his eyes, and whenever it pricked him through nodding, he roused himself, and examined the entrance and window; therefore could not his grandsons surprise him, although they watched him continually. On one occasion, they stood with their father outside, and peeped into the entrance; but the grandfather, with the knife on his knees and a lance by his side, was keeping watch. Now and then, he leaned back with drowsiness, but only for a few moments; but as day was breaking, the eldest chose to spring into the passage, and the others should follow him, the younger remaining in the cooking-place, whilst the father stood outside. When the grandfather leaned back again, the eldest son sprang in, seized him by the feet, and dragged him to the inner end of the passage (narrowly escaping death by the lance which was thrown at him); those in the passage pushed him out of the door, when he was seized by the father; the sons sprang out to help, but the father had already dispatched him.
Then said the father: 'Those who seem most alone often have friends!' They therefore went on for another night, travelling fast towards the south, and not sleeping until they reached the higher lands of Isortok Ford. They went on travelling from day to day, until they reached Tasekinna, when the father said: 'Now we are out of danger; let us pass the winter here.'

The three sons took wives from among the 'inhabitants of the interior' (Scandinavians?), and the wife of the eldest gave birth one after another to eight sons, so they did not expect to have any more; but when these had almost grown up, they had yet another, whom they called Akigsiak. The father exercised the others in agility and dexterity, but not the youngest, whom they did not care about; nevertheless, Akigsiak grew very strong and swift, and before he was adult, could none of his brothers either run or wrestle with him without being defeated. When Akigsiak went out in the winter, he used to practise catching ptarmigan with his hands, and when there were five together he generally caught them all, but when there were six, one sometimes escaped. All these brothers were very careful not to suffer from want in the winter, but none hunted so well as Akigsiak; his brothers were afraid of him, as they also were of the 'inhabitants of the fords or interior.'

One day, Akigsiak had been hunting for a long time to get wanted food, but in one year the winter was so stormy that the brothers could not go hunting; but Akigsiak, who was now the only caterer, never stayed at home even in the worst weather; sometimes he caught ptarmigan, at other times nothing. One day, when he was returning home empty-handed, he caught sight of a large dark body, which he approached with fear, for there were never anything of this kind seen in the place. As he approached, it raised itself up, and he saw that it was an enormous 'worm' (snake?); but as it stopped his way, he went up to it, and caught it in the side; and when it turned against him, he sprang over it, and stabbed it in the other side. He continued thus to lance it, but could not kill it. At last, Akigsiak was tired, so he gave it one strong thrust, and took to his heels, for he began to be very frightened. When he thought he had got some distance from it, he turned, and saw it close to his heels, bleeding profusely. Terrified, but at last became giddy, fell, and lost consciousness. After lying some time senseless, he came to himself, and was his teeth chattering with fear, remember the great 'worm.' He sprang up, and began to run; he thought he could hear it close behind him; but when he looked round, he saw it lying motionless. As it did not alter its position, he went back to it, and found it was dead. When he began to skin it, he found it consisted almost entirely of fat, of which he cut off as much as he could carry.

When Akigsiak came home late in the evening, he said: 'I have killed a great 'worm'; it was not surprising that there was no game in the neighbourhood; it lies a little to the north; we will go to it early in the morning.' Akigsiak sent pieces of what he had brought home to his neighbours (for in those days the Greenlanders shared their food as at present), and those, who had not hunted for several days, became so excited at what they heard, that they went in search of it that night, notwithstanding that the worm was such that it was dangerous to go out. In the morning, Akigsiak got up early; awoke his brothers; and also made the fact known to such as had not heard of it; and they started for the place. On the way, they caught sight of something dark; and when they came to it, it was a dead man; a little further lay another; and so met they dead all the way. Some had reached the worm—some had pieces in their mouths—and some were upon the return with a load of it: all these dead lay in the snow. After making several journeys, Akigsiak and his companions carried the whole of it home; and there was so much that they lived on it the whole winter.

After a few years, there came another severe winter, and Akigsiak used then to go up on the high mountains to see if the whole of the sea was frozen over. One day, he saw a little fog from whence issued frost-smoke. He came home, and said: 'I have heard that when there is such a frost-smoke out at sea, the animals are keeping the ice open. I will go to-morrow and see after it.' In the morning, he went out on the ice until he could hardly see the outer islands; and when he reached the spot from whence the frost-smoke proceeded, he found a space of open water covered with eider-ducks. He shot a great many, more than he could carry, although he was so strong that he could easily drag five large fird seals.

When he came home, he related what he had seen; and the next morning, they found there an immense number of eider-ducks, and caught as many as they could carry. As Akigsiak was looking towards the west, he saw a cloud rising, and also towards the south a dark bank of cloud, and he said to his brethren: 'It is not said, that when these clouds are in the west and south, there will be a settlers wind before night? See, now, that ye follow me.' They returned as fast as they could. The clouds kept rising, and the sun went down. Akigsiak, and his brothers, was having a fire, and was liking to leave them behind; but before they reached land, the north wind came, bringing a thick snow-drift, so that they soon lost sight of each other, and were obliged to call out frequently to find themselves together. The ice now began to break up; but Akigsiak and his brothers sprang over the riffs, and at length reached the nearest land.

When they were going rapidly forward, they came suddenly upon a house, and were observed by the people, who were 'inhabitants of the fords.' Akigsiak and his brothers were afraid of these people; but as they bade them enter, they did so. Their host desired them to take off their wet clothes, and gave them to one of his daughters to dry; he also placed food before them. Akigsiak saw that he was friendly disposed, especially when he began to relate tales to them. Their host also said: 'Remain here to-night, and to-morrow, when the weather is fine, ye can go home.'

Whilst Akigsiak was considering this proposal, some one looked in at the window, and called out: 'You that are in this house come out and wrestle.' Their host was silent for a moment, and then went on with his narrative, when, in a still stronger voice, the words were repeated. The host spoke no more, but came out in a sweat over all his body. Again the challenge to fight was repeated; and the host said: 'This is bad; it is the first time that I have had guests, and now he is come after one of my daughters.' He put on his coat, and went out; and Akigsiak and his brothers were frightened, hurriedly dressed themselves; and as the weather was a little better, they took their birds on their backs, and ran as fast as they could up the mountain, at the foot of which the house stood. When they had gone some distance, they turned, and saw that their host had thrown his antago- nist to the ground, but had not killed him; and after wresting a long time with him, he allowed him to go his way.

One day, for the first time, Akigsiak had killed a large spotted seal, and his neighbours, highly pleased with his prize. On his way over the mountains he met with a Grydetoldot (literally a pot-elk).

*Frost-smoke.—When the sea reaches a certain temperature, it gives off a kind of steam or smoke, as if the water were boiling. We have noticed it at the temperature of 14 degrees below zero. Reun.**

1. Grydetoldot (pot-elk). This was probably another name given to the Scandanavians, who, being personally stronger, were perhaps in the habit of robbing the Eskimos of a large part of their game and seals whenever they met them alone.
The whale came direct to the land, and at last went into the fiord. At the foot of the mountain there was a small river, and the whale went into it. Immediately they heard cries of 'A whale—a whale!' The old man said: 'If they have got him, it is a good thing.'

Akgisak was at last become savage, and dashed up and down by the side of him until he went near to the edge of a precipice, when Akgisak gave him such a push, that he flew out into the air. Akgisak looked over, and saw him bound off from a projecting rock, and the Grydrotld was lost in the abyss. When Akgisak came home, he related what he had done, for up to this time he had not killed any man. At another time, when Akgisak, whilst hunting, had reached the top of a high mountain, he met unexpectedly with an 'inhabitant of the interior,' who was sitting down on a rock: he was a very heavy, strong-built man. They looked at each other for a long time without speaking, when at last the strong one desired him to sit down by his side. After some time, he said to Akgisak: 'Let us see who can throw a heavy stone the furthest.'

and taking up a stone, he threw it so far that it fell close to the edge of the sea at the foot of the mountain. Then Akgisak, which went a little further, or the other's next struck the beach whilst Akgisak's went into the sea. Thus the stones went further and further, until they went half-way over the fiord; further than this could an 'inhabitant of the interior' not throw them, but Akgisak kept increasing the distance. Then said the other: 'Yonder is a causeway on the fiord; try if you can hit it.' Akgisak answered: 'At that distance I am certain of my aim, but I do not like to do such a thing against an 'inhabitant of the coast,' for my father has always bidden me to avoid what concerns the interior.'

Another time, when he had travelled far and reached a lake, he caught the ordinary Bjergrotlde, or mountain-elves, who were hunting something. When he came opposite, he said that it was a salmon, but of such an extraordinary size that it did not look like a salmon. Akgisak also began to hunt it, and stuck his harpoon into it, but at the same time several of the Bjergrotlde also harpooned it, and they began to draw upon the lines so that Akgisak's harpoon broke, and the Bjergrotlde dragged the fish over to their side. Akgisak therefore ran round to that side of the lake, and the Bjergrotlde immediately ran away, leaving him the salmon. Akgisak cut off as much as he could carry, equal to the weight of five seals. After this time Akgisak wandered much about, and frequently went up on the high mountains, where he met one day with an old man and his son, who sat there looking out to sea. When he came up to them, the old man said: 'See to the west, there is a whale spouting; it is coming towards land—let us catch it.'

Again they saw it spout. Akgisak said to the old man: 'Do you know of any charm-words? If so, sing them.'

The old man answered: 'I know but one song, and that has only power over salmon.'

Akgisak said: 'Try it all the same;' and the old man began to sing the inscription.

* Akgisak was of mixed Scandinavian (?) and Eskimom extraction.
to depart, the Fiordman said: "Now that thou knowest me, come and see no more. They walk out together until they reached the snow-hut, when Akigoskiak said: "Now will I go at my usual pace; watch me." He ran so fast up the fiord that he hardly appeared to touch the ground, and he was soon out of sight. He was grieved to have found his equal, and from that time he was never seen or heard of more.—Written by Aros.

THE TAR-BARREL.

It is the old coaching-days, before the giant Steam had monopolised every important road in England, I was travelling by coach to the university town of Oxford. In those days, it was considered an honour to share the box with the coachman; and, accordingly, I was somewhat annoyed when I entered the inn-yard, from which the coach started, to find the post of honour already occupied by a rough-looking fellow, half-farmer, half-drunk and wholly vulgar. However, he was in possession, and so I contented myself with the seat behind him, growing at the coachman for having let such an inferior-looking individual usurp the box-seat.

An excuse, however, soon appeared—the coachman and his companion were old cronies; and no sooner was the former mounted in his place, than the two commenced a fire of questions about ‘parties’ lost sight of years ago, loving memories of the doings of particular horses, quaint stories of characters known to both that in his past transactions, quite sufficient to account for the high position which had been assigned by the coachman to his rough-looking companion.

Here, of course, much was unintelligible to me; and I did not like to trouble the pair by joining too frequently in their conversation, but I occasionally broke in, and was admitted to their confidences—one of which I shall take the liberty of confiding to my readers.

We had changed horses at Stoneham, and were bowling merrily along the level road which leads to Kendwaite, when the coachman, apropos to nothing, remarked to his companion: ‘It were somewhere here, Bill—won’t it?’

"Oh, say," said the other, ‘the tar-barrel—yes. That were a rum un, that were.’

And the two worthies chuckled over the memory of it so much, that I could not help asking for an explanation.

Well," said the traveller, "I’ve no objection to tell you. You see I won’t allus a drover, I won’t. I aint ashamed on’t. I were a carrier once, and I driv along this here road. So, one market-day, as I were drivin’ home from Saintabury with a heap of things in my cart, I come up a fellow walking along the road. “Hullo, master,” says he, “give me a lift.” “Yes,” says I, “you gi me a lift.” “No,” says he; “that I won’t.” “Very well,” says I, “then you don’t want to ride.” So I went jubbin’ along, and didn’t say no more. Presently, I hears him a scramblin’ into the cart behind; but I takes no notice, and goes on without lookin’ round. Well, among the things in the cart, I had an empty tar-barrel, belongin’ to Mr Reddy of Saintsbury. You knows Mr Reddy of Saintsbury?

I asent, and the narrator went on.

“So, what does this gentleman do, but he goes kneel and nose right into the tar-barrel, and there he stick fast. "Hullo, master," says he; "I’m stuck fast; help me out of this." But still I takes no notice, and goes jubbin’ along as if I hadn’t heard un. But he keep a hollarin’ out, that at last I turns round, and says: "No, bor, no," says I; “yer wanted to ride, and now yer may ride!” and so I want jubbin’ along, he a hollarin’ out to me to stop, and I now and then a turnin’ round to he, and says: ‘No, bor, no; yer wanted to ride, and now yer may ride,’ just to keep his sperrits up. Well, he got wonderful rid, and said as how he’d take the name of Fats, and all that; but I knowed better, and only said; “No, bor, no; yer wanted to ride, and now yer may ride.”

So I went jubbin’ along, till we got to Kendwaite Cock. There my gentleman calls to the hostler to come and help him out. “No,” says L. I says: “Not till you ha’ paid me my fare.” “Well,” says he, “if I must, I must, and how much is it?” “Why, it’s a shillin’,” says I; “and out o’ that there barrel you don’t come till you ha’ paid me.” So he get his hand into his small-clothes’ pocket, somehow or other, and pulls me out a shillin’. He said to the hostler and another man, they get the tar-barrel out of the cart, and tries to pull him out on’t; but they couldn’t do it, not they, he was stuck so stamin’ fast. So, after tuggin’ and strainin’, and so, the hostler say to me: ‘I’ll tell you what it is, master,’ says he, ‘we can’t get him out without we break the barrel.’ “No,” says I, “you man’t do that; that belong to Mr Reddy of Saintsbury.”

So to it they went again, a pullin’ like mad, and I a laughin’ fit to split myself. “We can’t do it, master,” says the hostler; “we must break the barrel.” “Well,” says I, “that belong to Mr Reddy of Saintsbury, and if you break it, you must pay for it.” So my gentleman he say: “And how much do you ask for it?” says he. "Why, I couldn’t take less than half-a-crown for it," says L. So he gets his hand into his small-clothes’ pocket again, and out he pulls me half-a-crown. “Now,” says I, “you may break the tar-barrel up, if you like; but mind, I must have the pieces.” So they breaks it up, and out he come.

Sich a sight he was, you never see—all darbed over with tar, and runnin’ down of sweat, and his face as red as fire, and a bran-new suit of clothes wholly spoiled. "Now, bor," says I, "next time you want to do a poor carrier, just you take care there ain’t a tar-barrel in the cart." So you see he got to pay three-and-sixpence, and wholly ruined his clothes, cause he wouldn’t give me my proper fare at first. And I got the money and the pieces of the tar-barrel; and I giv Mr Reddy a shillin’ for it, and he were quite satisfied with it; and so I think I didn’t make a bad job of my gentleman arter all."

Here ended the tale, and at its conclusion, we found ourselves driving up to Kendwaite Cock itself, the scene of the catastrophe. There the ci-devant carrier left us, but not before he and the coachman and I had had a jug of ale together to drink confusion to cheats and sneakies, and might they all meet with a tar-barrel.

S L A N D E R.

Per the scarlet pillory up;
Gag her, that she may not speak;
Innocent but when she’s dumb;
Lying bag, with face so meek.
There, before the bowling crowd,
Rip her tongue, her slack tongue, out;
Smite her fiercely—once—she’s dead.
Hear the people’s roaring about.

Burn her—but be sure you dig
Fit a thousand fashions deep
For her ashes, lest they blow
Round the world, while good men sleep,
Winged seeds with poison roots,
Breeding, whereso’er they drop.

Upas-trees, with fruit of lies,
Hell and Satan’s cursed crop.

W. T.

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MY FIRST FEE.

I could have 'gone out in medicine,' no doubt of it. My college tutor assured my grandmother, in all sincerity, that I was certain of my degree, and might even have been a wrangler; if I had stuck to mathematics for a couple of terms more. As for the Cambridge distinction of M.D., it was mere routine work to acquire it. But my grandmother, a most sensible old lady, agreed with me that so barren an honour might be shirked with propriety. London, so to speak, was overstocked with doctors of physic.

The country presented a wider field, to be sure; but then the townsfolk were influenced by clanship and local fashion in their choice of a medical adviser. As for the rural, or mining, or manufacturing districts, they required a strong useful practitioner, warranted to make up his own prescriptions, to attend pampers at a heavy loss, to 'take out' fees in irregular methods, and to scour the district like Tam o' Shanter. All my own inclinations were for metropolitan practice; but here my grandmother displayed, with excellent effect, her stores of experience for my benefit.

'Cyrus,' said that venerable lady (my name is Cyrus Butterford, at your service)—'Cyrus, you would starve in London with 'Dr Butterford' on your door. You have no old dowager of title to trumpet your wonderful talents in Belgovian drawing-rooms. I don't think you are in the least likely to marry an old maid of quality, as some members of your profession do; and very well it sounds, or would sound: 'Lady Flora and Dr—' no, I mean, 'Dr Butterford and Lady Flora.' Mayfair is a sealed book to you, my poor fellow. Without a particle of aristocratic connection or interest, too honest to become a charlatan, and not bright enough to set the Thames on fire (my grandmother is woefully prejudiced; but few men are esteemed as they deserve by near relations), you have no earthly chance of a thriving practice in the West End; and as for Bloomsbury, it is honey-combed with brass-plates and hungry physicians bidding against each other. No. You have had a sound education. Walk the hospitals a bit; study hard; I will pay your fees; and you shall be a consulting surgeon.

And a consulting surgeon I became. A proud man was I when I first saw the brightly burnished plate screwed on to my newly painted door: 'Mr Cyrus Butterford, M.B.C.S., Consulting Surgeon.' I had a bell-handle marked 'Surgery, Day,' and another marked 'Surgery, Night,' in addition to the two ordinary bell-pulls, 'Visitors' and 'Servants.' A man of my prospective note, in constant demand, must, of course, have a lamp of coloured glass; and I had one of four colours. People coming up the street knew where healing might be found by a blue gleam of light; people going down the street saw a ruby-tinted square of glass before them, and a 'bloody stain' thrown on the pavement, as in the Lay of the Last Minstrel; those over the way were confronted by an orange radiance; into my own windows flashed green, the colour of hope. As for the brass-plate, it was my Palladium, and the torment of the housemaid. It was as bright as gold; it dazzled the beholder's eyes in sunny weather. I often crossed the street to contemplate it from new points of view; often gave it, I confess, a surreptitious rub with a bit of worn leather. Still, somehow, nobody came to be cured.

There was the dining-room, furnished with the most solid mahogany and slippery horse-hair, with the most standard prints on the walls in neat frames, ready for the reception of patients. There were plenty of couches and settees, books on the table, magazines, and the morning papers, wherewith to beguile the time while others consulted the oracle. There was the doctor's portrait (I wanted a bust, too, but my grandmother declined to come to terms with the sculptor) smiling blandly over the sideboard, that the invalid might in some measure be familiar with the traits of his medical adviser, ere the decisive interview took place. Lastly, there was I in my inner study, surrounded by glittering instruments, learned works, preparations in spirit, morsels of humanity desiccated and under glass, and all the panoply of science; while Tom, my Ganymede, who rolled pills in one hour, and polished tea-spoons in the next, was prepared to usher, with mysterious importance, all comers to his master's studio. All was ready, save the patients. I was in the position of a sportsman equipped with double breech-loader, powder-flask, shot-belt, dog-whips and whistles, Eley's cartridges, and a capacious game-bag, but who strudges for miles with Juno and Ponto without seeing anything bigger than a titlark. Not a soul came near me, except a little girl in quest of two pennyworth of 'Poor Man's Plaster' for her father; and she, of course, was ignominiously expelled by Tom, with an injunction to repair to the nearest chemist. I was just indulging in a melancholy and meditative cigar, and pondering on the desperate step of 'setting up my carriage' as a patient-trap, and so trotting along the road to ruin a little faster than before, when Tom came in to summon me. 'A gentleman, sir.'
a surgeon without practice. I had plenty of friends, mostly the junior members or aspirants of my own profession, fine open-hearted fellows who came constantly to see me unearthy hours, who took a fiendish pleasure in ringing my night-bell, and who had an inextricable avidity for alcohol and oysters. So I went to Tom, in a state of exquisite exultation, and I've written tone: 'Who is it?' If it's Mr Cupper or Mr Bladebones, you may tell them I'm engaged, and never can see them at this hour—the busiest time of the day.—If you dare to laugh, you young rascal. I'll throw the splinters at you.' And I caught up the heavy bundle of lancetwood with a vivacity that reduced Thomas to respectful seriousness.

'It's Mr Titters, sir, and here's his card, and he'd like to speak to you particular upon business, unless you was very much engaged already,' said the boy.

'Business! cried I, jumping up with a palpitation of heart, 'and Mr Titters! Why didn't you tell me before? Quick—my coat.' For the day was warm, and I had been sitting in my shirt-sleeves in the huge leather arm-chair which I could not induce the afflicted to occupy. I hurried on my coat, adjusted my cravat, and chewed half-a-dozen cacodyl aromatized, to take away the smell of the Nicotian weed. I knew Titters well, though he had never called upon me before, and we had parted of many cigars in company; but it would hardly be professional for a man of my standing to find himself looking at two o'clock—it would look so much as if he expected nobody. Tom watched all my proceedings with a sympathetic grin.

In the big empty dining-room I found Titters, and greeted him with unfrequented delight. Titters was a man of some esteem in the city, and had earned a good repute for business ability. He was secretary to the Lightyears Assurance Company, whose fine offices in Cannon Street exhibit some of the most superb plate-glass in all London, and whose credit ranks high among its sisterhood of corporations. Titters had been at Cambridge, too, but had left his alma mater while still an undergraduate, in consequence of a slight difference with the authorities. We were members of the same Debating Society in Lambs, Conduit Street, and had there renewed our old acquaintance, and were very good friends; but still it had never entered into my head to connect the ideas of Titters and business; and as we shook hands, I observed what he looked well and cheerful, but perhaps might be a little dyspeptic; or perhaps a determination of blood to the head: he was a sangwine-complexioned young fellow, with a short neck of apoplectic appearance. I longed to apply leeches and a lowering regimen.

I think my visitor read my thoughts, for he burst out laughing, and said: 'I'm quite well, I thank you, Butterford; but don't look so disappointed, old boy; I've really come on business. Not of my own, you know, but of our office: I've just run down in a Hansom from the shop in Cannon Street. Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it.'

I was all attention. After a preliminary comment on the heat and the flies, Titters began: 'We are in treaty with a party who wishes to buy an annuity. It's for rather a surprising amount, twelve hundred a year, in fact, and the board nibble, but won't bite. We've got our scale, of course, of values and ages, and our graduated tables, and we naturally wog our heads over them, as if they were the laws of the Medes and Persians—a wholesome thing for the public to believe, but in practical dealings, sometimes, ahem!'

'I understand,' said I, wondering all the while how I could be concerned in the matter. 'I understand. You sometimes grant more favorable terms than those fixed by your regulations, when you consider that the circumstances of the case authorize such an improvement.'

'Exactly,' replied Titters, rubbing his right eye, in which a suicidal fly had effected a lodgement; and the question is, whether this is one of those cases? The party—excuse my using the phrase, but it's good business practice for the hard day—wants to drive rather a hard bargain with us. He's sixty-four and seven months, for he has sent us his baptismal certificate, and I've written tone: 'Who is it?' If it's Mr Cupper or Mr Bladebones, you may tell them I'm engaged, and never can see them at this hour—the busiest time of the day.—If you dare to laugh, you young rascal. I'll throw the splinters at you.' And I caught up the heavy bundle of lancetwood with a vivacity that reduced Thomas to respectful seriousness.

'It's Mr Titters, sir, and here's his card, and he'd like to speak to you particular upon business, unless you was very much engaged already,' said the boy.

'Business! cried I, jumping up with a palpitation of heart, 'and Mr Titters! Why didn't you tell me before? Quick—my coat.' For the day was warm, and I had been sitting in my shirt-sleeves in the huge leather arm-chair which I could not induce the afflicted to occupy. I hurried on my coat, adjusted my cravat, and chewed half-a-dozen cacodyl aromatized, to take away the smell of the Nicotian weed. I knew Titters well, though he had never called upon me before, and we had parted of many cigars in company; but it would hardly be professional for a man of my standing to find himself looking at two o'clock—it would look so much as if he expected nobody. Tom watched all my proceedings with a sympathetic grin.

In the big empty dining-room I found Titters, and greeted him with unfrequent delight. Titters was a man of some esteem in the city, and had earned a good repute for business ability. He was secretary to the Lightyears Assurance Company, whose fine offices in Cannon Street exhibit some of the most superb plate-glass in all London, and whose credit ranks high among its sisterhood of corporations. Titters had been at Cambridge, too, but had left his alma mater while still an undergraduate, in consequence of a slight difference with the authorities. We were members of the same Debating Society in Lambs, Conduit Street, and had there renewed our old acquaintance, and were very good friends; but still it had never entered into my head to connect the ideas of Titters and business; and as we shook hands, I observed what he looked well and cheerful, but perhaps might be a little dyspeptic; or perhaps a determination of blood to the head: he was a sangwine-complexioned young fellow, with a short neck of apoplectic appearance. I longed to apply leeches and a lowering regimen.

I think my visitor read my thoughts, for he burst out laughing, and said: 'I'm quite well, I thank you, Butterford; but don't look so disappointed, old boy; I've really come on business. Not of my own, you know, but of our office: I've just run down in a Hansom from the shop in Cannon Street. Sit down, and I'll tell you all about it.'

I was all attention. After a preliminary comment on the heat and the flies, Titters began: 'We are in treaty with a party who wishes to buy an annuity. It's for rather a surprising amount, twelve hundred a year, in fact, and the board nibble, but won't bite. We've got our scale, of course, of values and ages, and our graduated tables, and we naturally wog our heads over them, as if they were the laws of the Medes and Persians—a wholesome thing for the public to believe, but in practical dealings, sometimes, ahem!'

'I understand,' said I, wondering all the while how I could be concerned in the matter. 'I understand. You sometimes grant more favorable terms than those fixed by your regulations, when you consider that the circumstances of the case authorize such an improvement.'

'Exactly,' replied Titters, rubbing his right eye, in
they'd like to pay me out in my own coin. So, of course, I want the colonel to go through a thorough medical inspection. We've got our regular doctor, old Bulph, you know.

Of course. Barnabas Bulph, M.D., a portly old city practitioner, who had drunk so much wine and pocketed so many fees that on the strength of him they had become universally respected.

'But,' said Titters, 'in Bulph I'm a humbug—a slow coach, that ought to be laid up in ordinary. I can't trust him, and I'd shelve him to-morrow, but that he's full Crown-law. Dark the director, old cousin to Spreamore the chairman, and attends the Hon. Sir Mark Swashington, K.C.B., who is our main decoy-duck; so he's safe as a rock.'

I smiled in a sickly way. What could Titters want?

'Just now, Bulph's abroad, giving Mrs Bulph a month's outing. He's as rich as a Jew, and hinted to me last week that he should resign, and give up practice entirely. You, Butterford, are the man I'd put in his place.'

I gave a start that galvanism could hardly have produced.

'Yes,' said my visitor, smiling at the effect he had produced; 'and why not? You have had a good education, Butterford, so really such a tempting vision as that. Titters went on to tell me that in Bulph's absence he had a right to choose a substitute; that he wanted me to come, but that he'd put a full Crown-law in the absence of health, and that if I gave satisfaction to the office, he would undertake to procure me the post of medical adviser on Dr Bulph's retirement. I forget exactly to what wildly hilarious transactions my delight hurried me; I know that I wrung my friend's hand till he winced with the pain; that I uncorked half-a-dozen bottles of different liquors, in the insane desire to commemorate the joyous event by a libation; and that I commenced a nautical horripile, but gave it up for fear of losing for ever the dubious respect of Tom the footboy.'

'Compose yourself,' said Titters, looking ruefully at the dints which his rings had made in his fingers, under pressure from without; 'get what tools you want, and let's be off. The appointment is for half-past three, and we shall just do the distance nicely, and be there before the admonit. Cab's waiting.'

So I bustled frantically to and fro, collecting necessaries and improving my toilet, as there was a young lady in the case. At first, it seemed to me as if I could leave nothing behind, inclusive of the stomach-pump and antidotes against poison; but Titters had more discretion.

'Is the chest you must look to,' said he—'the chest and throat. Asthma, bronchitis, and a heart-complaint, are, I believe, the chief things which the applicant suffers from.'

'Quite enough, too,' thought I, as I took my place under the hood of the Hansom; with Titters by my side.

We bowed along rapidly, had no more than our due share of 'locks' and obstructions, and were at Cannon Street in good time. How nervous I felt as the elevators conducted me up stairs to the audience-room, may easily be guessed. Should I ever, I wondered, tread those stairs as a salaried official of the wealthy company? Had Fortune, embodied in the person of Titters, indeed knocked at my door? What a superb set of offices, Titters! I exclaimed, looking round me with surprise. 'Those lofty rooms would do for a king's habitation; and Swan and Edgar cannot match you for plate-glass.'

A tidy den enough,' said Titters carelessly. 'I hope you'll become as familiar with it as I am. Cyrus Butterford, Esq., M.R.C.S. won't look so bad in the half-yearly reports.'

I was looking out of the window, when up drove a dark brougham, very well got up indeed, with neatly stepping bay horses, brass-mounted harness, and heraldic bearings on the panels. Quiet, expensive, and unostentatious. To be sure such a showy air was imparted by the presence of the white-turbaned Indian servant, who sat on the box beside the correctly attired coachman; but what more natural than that an old officer should retain the services of an affectionate and devoted follower. The Hindy nimbly descended, opened the door, saluted, and extended his arm. Without assistance, however, a lady whose fairy figure and sprightly movements denoted youth and health, emerged from the vehicle. Then was dragged rather than helped out of that same brougham the figure of a large old man, much bowed with years and sickness, and wrapped in furs and thick garments, in spite of the heat of the day. Propped on the arms of the young lady and the faithful native, the venerable gentleman slowly tottered across the pavement; and we heard the bell sound a sharp note of warning. Colonel Crouchur, of course. In a couple of minutes more, the porter came up to announce him. He entered between his two supporters; and Titters hurried up to welcome the visitors, while I remained in the background. I had heard the invalid's hollow cough echoing through the vaulted passages and staircase, but I was hardly prepared for such a spectacle of decrepitude as met my gaze. 'How do you, Mr Titters?'

The colonel could hardly ack no slave, as he sank groaning into the great velvet chair, which Titters pushed towards him. His daughter bent over him, arranging his shawl and collar; she had taken off one glove, the better to perform this labour of love; and I noticed that her small white fingers were exquisitely soft, plump, and delicate. She wore her veil down; but her pretty costume, of the subtle fabrics befitting the summer, was in perfect taste, and thrilled me at once with lustrous and ample wealth. Behind the chair stood the faithful Hindy—a handsome bronze statue, dressed in scarlet and white, with a Delhi scarf rolled round his waist, and his master's crest in silver glistening from the graceful folds of his snowy muslin turban. His wiry moustache hung drooping like a black cord, and his intelligent dark eyes watched every motion of his master. But the colonel himself was a very remarkable figure. He was a mere wreck, to be sure, but he must have had a fine commanding presence in earlier days; and there was something about him that still claimed respect. He was pale and wrinkled, with immense gray whiskers, and snaggy eyebrows that fell like penhouses over his deep-set eyes and the small gold-rimmed spectacles he wore. He had taken off his hat, but a black velvet skull-cap covered his head so closely, that only a few locks of grizzled hair escaped from under it. His breath came painfully and quickly, his hand shook in a distressing manner, and he coughed at intervals. He had left many wrappers down stairs, but was still muffled up to such an extent that it made me hot all over to look at him. And this was the man, with one foot in the grave, who wanted to buy an annuity.

'Well, sir,' gasped the colonel, 'I am going out of town. I called to ask if you had made up your minds with regard to my offer.'

'Don't agitate yourself, papa, pray!' said the dutiful daughter, in a voice of such silver music as I had never heard in my rather limited experience. The secretary was glib and polite. He begged to assure Colonel Crouchur, looking at the daughter all
the time, that the board had given every attention to the colonel’s application, that they were desirous of meeting his wishes, and so on, but avoided coming to point. I saw the dim eyes of the old officer sparkle behind their glasses.

"By George, sir, I will have an answer—ugh, ugh! You’ve been playing fast and loose with me for weeks—ugh, ugh, ugh—ugh, sir!" and the old man, though a furious fit of asthmatic coughing choked his voice, gave a couple of angry digs at the floor with the gold-headed cane, which he clutched in his treasured hand.

The Hindu and the young lady were at him in a moment with drops, and lozenges, and patting on the back, and caresses, and every sign of solicitude. It was beautiful to hear the whispered terms of endearment which the daughter murmured in the ear of her suffering parent, speaking in a gentle voice like that of a cooing dove. At last the colonel got better; and Titters, who, to do him justice, looked contrite enough, apologised for the delay which had occurred. The board would be happy to accommodate Colonel Crouch, but Colonel Crouch must forgive the board, if, in a case which was not in accordance with strict rule, a little hesitation was experienced. He, Titters, could take upon himself to say that a satisfactory report from a surgeon who filled the responsible post of medical adviser to the Ichthyosaurus, would banish the doubts of that respectable reptile.

I should not have liked to have been in the colonel’s regiment, he was such a fiery commander. I thought he would have chocked with indignation at the secretary’s remark: "coughs and coughs struggled for precedence; the gold-headed cane beat the floor; the colonel’s asthma came on shockingly; and his last articulate words were: ‘Examine me, sir! Have your own way—like a raw recruit, by Jupiter!’ The cough-drops and salting sweets were again in requisition. The young lady and the faithful Hindu had hard work of it with the irate invalid. Titters looked crestfallen in a very high degree; and I ventured to hint my profession, and to offer my aid. The young lady put up her veil, displaying a lovely face, with little pouting red lips, the bloom of a peach, and hair like glossy silk. As for the eyes, Titters’s comparison of them to sloes was poor and prosaic; they were dark stars, rather, full of fire and tenderness, and surmounted by the most heart-breaking thalidomide. They gave me but one quick yet timid glance, but I felt a sudden thrill pass through my breast, and I stammered as I renewed my proffer. ‘If I could render any assistance,’ I repeated. ‘Giggle, giggle—ugh, ugh, ugh!’ went the unfortunate old officer: the faithful Hindu was chafing his temples with harts-horn and a cambric handkerchief.

‘O sir, I am much obliged to you for your kindness, but really we must go away!’ O dear, how sorry I am to have occasioned you so much unnecessary trouble. Papa, love, the gentleman did not mean to offend you, indeed, indeed. Pray, come home, for my sake, dear. Ram Gun gloo, assist your master!’

Then Gun gloo had to tug very hard, to get the bulky, helpless colonel under weigh again; the young lady seemed much too slight to bear the other moiety of the weight, so I ventured to lend my aid in supporting the feeble old man down to his carriage. Titters followed, looking excessively as if he were about to figure in the pillory for some peculiarly disgraceful offence. He is a good-hearted fellow, is Titters, and he was horrified at the thought of his own precaution. We got the poor asthmatic bundle of furts into his seat and among his pillows; the lozenges and harts-horn were placed on the opposite seat, and Miss Crouch took one of the large weak hands between her own soft fingers. Ram Gun gloo salamed, and chambered to his seat beside the coachman. The door was closed, and the word ‘Home—to the Bolton Hotel’ had been given, when the young lady pulled the check-string. ‘If you should wish to communicate again with my father,’ said she in her musical, low voice, addressing the pensive Titters, ‘I should be so much obliged if you would write to him. You see how agitated he is; in his present condition, he is unfit for business. Good-by, sir, and thank you!’

What she thanked me for, I never knew; but there was a charm in her voice—its least inflection was a melody. She slowly returned my bow, and the carriage drove off, she gave me one last look with those glorious eyes, and I vow that I saw a nearly tear glistening through the dark lashes. Titters and I stood on the pavement, and ruefully contemplated one another. Then Titters jerked off his hat, plucking it from his head in as solemn a manner as if it had personally affronted him, and gave it a sounding rap on the crown. ‘Confound the directors!’ exclaimed he; ‘they’ve no right to set a Schoolboy at such work as this. I could have bitten my tongue off, by Jove, when I saw the effect my words had on that fine old brick of a colonel; and as for the girl, she’s an angel, sir, if ever there was one.

‘That she is,’ I replied with fervour, and should perhaps have said more, but that a porter, staggering under a Pellen of leather piled upon an Ossa of hides, came against us with a weight of force that forced us back into the assurance office.

‘By your leave,’ exclaimed the monster, as he crushed my tenderest corn and bounteoned the miserable Titters; and as we reeled back into the hall of the Ichthyosaurus, we recognised the fact that Cannon Street was scarcely the place for polite conversation. Nor did we exchange remarks. Titters said briefly that he would drop me a line after board-day; most likely I should have to call on the colonel; but there were two or three obstinate directors, for whom no secretary could be found. ‘A slate’ had a mummery ‘good-by,’ and I was speeding along westwards, a wave of the busy stream of human life that murmured and elbowed around me. My mind was in a perfect whirl of thoughts. What a singular case! What a new chapter of worldly lore! I was hardly old enough as yet to take a serene view of the oddities of my fellow-men and raw youths are apt to think they possess an infallible rule whereby to gauge human motives. World-worn men are, or ought to be, wiser. They recognise their own ignorance, the future may make the little line and plummet with which they would sound the fathomless depths of the heart of man. That old soldier, shattered and decrepit, what strange mainspring could move him to the fantastic act of buying an annuity—an annuity, which a few weeks—at any rate a few fleeting months—would probably terminate. The caprice of the action was only equalled by its selfishness. He must be robbing his child, so soon to be an orphan, for the gratification of his own insensate vanity. And she—poor thing! so good and gentle, without a thought of her personal interest—the very type of filial tenderness—the kind, patient nurse of a rugged, cankered warrior. And her beauty, was its equal to be found on earth! My mind flew on to futurity, and I beheld by me the time of the coming, when her care for the weal of the old officer should be over for ever, and she should be left alone in the world. Not alone! surely not. There must be some female relative who would gladly invite to her home such a sunbeam of feminine perfection, who would give shelter and protection to the orphan maiden. But how did I know? The colonel was evidently a very busy figure, far beyond me, and, he had, as likely as not, estranged from him and his all his kith and kin. The very idea of that charming girl being alone and unfriended in a cruel, crafty world was heartrending. She might be poor hereafter, exposed to all the annoyances, the perils, that beset unprotected girlhood. I felt my blood tingle and my fist double itself up, as
Dear me! I am at home already, and fumbling for the latch-key. But Tom the boy, who is peering out of the window to see if I am coming, has his own stock of curiosity about the events of the afternoon, comes promptly to admit me. Tom was never as serious as a medical Gasynsque ought to be, but to-day he was grandly serious, in a way that was amusing, effortless, and scrupulous at weddings. He could not help me off with my greatcoat, as it was summer, but he officiously took my hat, and proceeded to brush it, kissing the while like a groom, and leering at me with eyes that asked a score of questions. I took no notice, but walked majestically to my study. Tom rushed in, and manifested a wish to shut the windows. 'Leave the windows alone. What do you want to stifle me for? There; you may be off.' But this did not suit Tom at all. The wretch had the impudence to ask if 'the case had gone off well,' and to make obscure allusions to a 'handful for good-luck.' It afterwards came out that Tom, who was an aspiring genius, had a notion that, by immemorial custom, a doctor was bound to give the old shilling out of every fee to his man-servant. Hence, in part, arose his extraordinary sympathy with my feeble condition; and it took much time and many jostlings to disabuse him of his erroneous impression. I got rid of him by the help of a boot-jack dexterously hurled, flung myself into the capacious chair where patients ought to have sat, and passed over the study. The study had a mean dingy aspect that I never remembered to have noticed before. It smelt disgustingly of stale tobacco. To Tom's intense surprise, when dinner was concluded, I bade him place candles in the drawing-room. That drawing-room was never used. I don't know, indeed, why it had ever been furnished, unless, indeed, it were to gratify my grandmother when she came up to live with me. The table was covered with a dry brown table-cloth, and there was a pattern of the paper, and the pattern of the carpet, and the colour of the curtains. It was an awful apartment. The housemaid claimed it for her own; and indeed, as I judged by her face of silent indignation when I met her next upon the stairs, took it very ill indeed that I should have trespassed there. I admit that it had a depressing effect the first time that I entered it. It was a smallish round room, with its tables formally set out, its stiff books in their fine bindings, its solemn ranges of chairs, its wax-flowers under glass, its oil-lamp mingled with the shade, and the dim light. Yet I could not help sitting there on the evening of the day that had witnessed my interview with the colonel and his daughter. I could not bear the narrow limits of my den, with its memories of Cupper and Bladecbones, their tumults and chinking tea-spoons, their odious medical jokes, their coarse laughter, detestable penny Pickwicks, and big discoloured pipes crammed with Cavendish. After all, male society makes one dreadfully rough and selfish, a mere Orson, so to speak. And a man ought to marry, and has a duty to society, and should be respectable and a steady-going citizen. Yes, a fellow is never truly happy till he marries. Heigh-ho! And straightway my imagination photographed the portrait, of a pretty young wife, sitting in the empty corner of yonder sofa, or in the vacant chair opposite, doing croquet, or reading, or writing notes on pink paper. I saw the shape of the matchless head and face, and fancied the glint of a hair flaming, and the glances of the angel eyes, and the wonder of the milky cyclades. How well she would look there! and what joy to have such a well-sprung of delight beside one's heart! Something to work for then—something to toil for. What joy to fling into her lap the golden fruits of— Bless my soul! I had completely forgotten that I had any fee at all. A very extraordinary thing! But, to be sure, I had done nothing to earn one. I had attended, but not prescribed, and doctors don't pocket their honours as a reward for looking in and doing nothing. The whole business that day had been of an anomalous character; but Titters would write to me. I should soon get his summons. Not that I was to be fired by a love of lucra; I could write from Paddington to Mile End to do that girl a service gratis. How well she would look there in that chair! And yet the chair was not worthy of her. What a grand hideous pattern my grandmother, at times, was at weddings—and what roses!—dingy, boiled things, that would give a Parisian upholsterer the nightmare. No, she had been used to luxury, no doubt; and to her taste it ought to be reserved to select the 'fixings.' I got a bower as— 'Please, sir, Mr. Cupper and Mr. Bladecbones, and another gentleman.' 'So I'm engaged—not well; I can't see them!' cried I.

Tom withdrew. I heard a mighty sniggering in the entrance-hall; then Tom came back. 'Mr. Bladecbones, sir, said I was to give his love, and should he come in and bless you? He's got the lancet handy,'

'Tell Mr. Bladecbones he may go—' cried I impetuously; but relenting, added: 'Tell Mr. Bladecbones, and the rest may go into the surgery, and have themselves to what they like. The oxygen inhaler is full of whisky; there are pipes and bird's-eye tobacco in the drawer labelled "Poisons;" and there's lump-sugar, and lemons, too, in the jar. Get them hot water, and say I'm sorry, with my compliments, I'm too ill to join them.'

I did not go to bed till very late, not till after Bladecbones and the other revellers had departed in a noisy and harmonious manner; but when I did, I had agreeable dreams—dreams of dark eyes and fairy forms, of love and happiness, of paradises and well-born, well-bred, hansom carriages, knee-deep in fees nicely rolled up in silver paper, and of seeing the stateliest Belgravia portals fly meekly open at my approach. The next three days passed in the same manner. I got a note from Titters. He had been as brief as Falstaff's honourable Roman. 'Right with colonel. Appointment. Call for you. Sharp one o'clock. To-ta.' Not very explicit that, I think. I was quite angry with the fellow for his affected laconism. He might surely have told me more about the matter. I gather his meaning, certainly, but it is conveyed with needless curtness. I had no patience with his 'sharp one o'clock,' and his absurd 'ta-ta.' But I went forth with to my bedroom, dressed myself with the nicest care, and reprimanded Tom for his criminal neglect of my boots. At last they were polished to my satisfaction, my cravat was adjusted so as to do me and itself justice, I had cracked a pair of new lince kids across the ball of the thumb, and had sent out for a fresh supply. Then I had to beat a tattoo on the window-panes for an hour or more, before Titters came bowing up in a Hansom cab. He got out to ring the door-bell, and I noticed that he was much smarter in his general appearance than I had ever before seen him. He had a glossy new hat, straw-coloured gloves, and the most ashen scarlet that money could buy twisted around his throat, with a pin stuck in it that was obviously a recent purchase. Even his hair was trimmer and more elegantly arranged than of old. In short, he was a swell of the first-water. 'I thought Titters had more sense,' muttered I, as I went out to join him; 'nor can I see the necessity of an assurance company dressing himself out in this ridiculous manner.' But Titters hailed me with: 'Halloo, Butterford, what an Adonis you are! I give you my word, I should not have known you.' We burst into a laugh, but looked at each other rather guiltily, too. Off swept the great wheels, devouring the disjointed houses. 'Is that to bustle the old colonel?' I asked Titters with rather a sneer.

'No, said I— is yours?'

Titters said he had a call to pay presently in
Carson Street. I said that I had a call to pay in Portman Square. And neither of us believed the other. We were soon at the Belton Hotel. The page ran out, asked our errand, and called the porter; and the porter called the colonel's Indian servant. Ram Gungloo received us with a salaam and a grin of recognition. The Colonel Sahib would see us at once. Would the Sahib walk this way? Following Ram Gungloo's showy figure and glaring shawls, we found ourselves in a large, richly furnished room, full of a hundred objects and a sense of wealth and self-indulgence. There was the colonel, less wrapped up than the other day, sitting propped by pillows in his elbow-chair. By his side was his beautiful child, looking ten times prettier than she had looked in her cloak and bonnet, and dressed with a sort of studied simplicity, that proved her milliner to be a person of taste. Happy to find you in better health, Colonel Croucher. I trust, sir, we may long have your name on our list of annuities, ha, ha, ha! The Board, I am glad to see, has given me full powers, subject only to the report of our medical adviser—mere matter of form, ahem!' Thus spoke Titters. The colonel was not in a rage just then, but he was very weak, and the voice in which he excused himself from rising to receive us was flabby and ill-fitted to the role of an infant's. The colonel was gracious in his demeanour, and his words were well chosen, and such as betokened good-breeding and sound sense; but as he sat there coughing, and supported by cushions, I thought he looked amiable, like a sick lion. Miss Croucher was rather silent, but she gave us her little hand, and beamed on us with a kindly smile as she glibly addressed the old soldier's chair, noisily supplyin' his wants. 'To nurse him must have been awful work. He was always wanting Eau de Cologne, or lozenges, or something of the kind. Let me have his handkerchief and disarranging his pillows. His asthma was heavy upon him. It shook his frame dreadfully, and his wheezing and panting were distressing to the ear. 'Perhaps it would be better to have the examination over at once,' said the young lady in a low tone, looking at me. How my heart bounded! 'Certainly,' said Titters. 'By all means,' said the colonel. Miss Croucher whispered in the sufferer's ear, bent over him, kissed his war-worn brow, and glibly away. Therein I thought I could see my grandmother but see her, I don't doubt that she would give her consent, and an increase of income.'

As she passed through the doorway, the lovely girl turned and cast a single glance at me—such an imploring look, a coy, bashful, entrancing look, but with a certain undercurrent of interest in it, that set my pulses racing at headlong speed. She was gone. I could not doubt her meaning. She wished me to be very considerate and careful with her aged parent. To him I now turned. He was coughing in his chair. Behind him stood his turbulent attendant, mute and watchful. I went through my necessary duties with all possible kindness and courtesy. I had a long form to fill up, many hard questions to ask, and I greatly dreaded to irritate or pain the patient, but somehow we got to the end of the interrogation. Then I felt the pulse, looked at the tongue, tried auscultation, and so forth. Perhaps the hand that held the stethoscope was not very steady, nor the ear that listened as free from nervousness as ought to have been the case, but before me always seemed the pleading dark eyes, with their cround and beauty. The colonel's asthma remained much the same. It shook and tore him. His sallow face grew crimson. Ram Gungloo had to administer continual restoratives. There! the report was written. I thought, and I imagined I heard ever turned into Croydon, with the colonel by her side; nor the colonel alone, for the back-seat was occupied by a moustached puppy of military aspect, who was among us, petting and soothing her old father into his normal condition of patient suffering. 'We shall be able to sign the papers and to receive the price of the annuity on Monday,' said Titters, trying to mix up the characters of the colonel and the old man. 'Would the Sahib walk this way?' Following Ram Gungloo's showy figure and glaring shawls, we found ourselves in a large, richly furnished room, full of a hundred objects and a sense of wealth and self-indulgence. There was the colonel, less wrapped up than the other day, sitting propped by pillows in his elbow-chair. By his side was his beautiful child, looking ten times prettier than she had looked in her cloak and bonnet, and dressed with a sort of studied simplicity, that proved her milliner to be a person of taste. Happy to find you in better health, Colonel Croucher. I trust, sir, we may long have your name on our list of annuities, ha, ha, ha! The Board, I am glad to see, has given me full powers, subject only to the report of our medical adviser—mere matter of form, ahem!' Thus spoke Titters. The colonel was not in a rage just then, but he was very weak, and the voice in which he excused himself from rising to receive us was flabby and ill-fitted to the role of an infant's. The colonel was gracious in his demeanour, and his words were well chosen, and such as betokened good-breeding and sound sense; but as he sat there coughing, and supported by cushions, I thought he looked amiable, like a sick lion. Miss Croucher was rather silent, but she gave us her little hand, and beamed on us with a kindly smile as she glibly addressed the old soldier's chair, noisily supplyin' his wants. 'To nurse him must have been awful work. He was always wanting Eau de Cologne, or lozenges, or something of the kind. Let me have his handkerchief and disarranging his pillows. His asthma was heavy upon him. It shook his frame dreadfully, and his wheezing and panting were distressing to the ear. 'Perhaps it would be better to have the examination over at once,' said the young lady in a low tone, looking at me. How my heart bounded! 'Certainly,' said Titters. 'By all means,' said the colonel. Miss Croucher whispered in the sufferer's ear, bent over him, kissed his war-worn brow, and glibly away. Therein I thought I could see my grandmother but see her, I don't doubt that she would give her consent, and an increase of income.'

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bending forward and saying something that made her laugh with un wordt hilarity. But her father, the colonel—how was he changed! Wrappers and furs were gone; guns, too, were spectacles, decrepitude, and bodily feebleness. A hale, powerful old man was before my astonished eyes, dressed in sporting style, and removing a cigar from between his lips, to give utterance to a laugh that told of lungs as tough as leather. Here was a miracle. The invalid, the dying man of a week ago, was metamorphosed with a vengeanee. Eveline’s eye fell on me; I took off my hat; she started, whipped her ponies, and as she bowed and drove on, a wicked light sparkled in her dancing eyes, and she uttered a peal of cruel, mocking laughter, silvery in sound, but distressing to my ear. The carriage whirled on. I stood, stunned; I felt an arm drawn through mine; it was that of Chirper, an acquaintance who knows everybody.

P. S.—Old boy, I’m very sorry, but couldn’t help it. There’s been a dreadful explosion on board-day, and the directors declared you responsible. What could I do? Yours ever,

P. T.

My first fee was dearly earned.

EARLY PRINTING.

The simple process of stamping an impression upon any given surface is almost as ancient as writing itself; but the invention of typography, by which we understand the art of making that impression with movable type, is the great discovery of the fifteenth century.

In the numerous signet-rings of ancient Egypt, we see something of the rude mechanism of making impressions, whether in wax or by means of filling the concave portion with pigment, transferring the device to the document or material desired. The bricks and cylinders of Assyria and Babylon tell how public records were indelibly written upon clay, which was subsequently hardened. The Greeks and Romans occasionally made use of stamping in early instance, the name or device was engraved en creuz; consequently, the impression, when taken, would be convex. There is an exception to this in a signet made of brass, preserved in the British Museum, bearing the name of one C. Cecilius Hircus, who is supposed to have lived about the beginning of the Christian era. Looking at it, one might be almost tempted to ascribe the art of printing—of block-printing at least—to the Romans, for this stamp differs from seals and other similar instruments in that the letters are cut in low-relief, the surrounding parts being hollowed out roughly and to irregular depths; consequently, its use is evident. The relieved inscription, being covered with ink, was pressed upon the paper or parchment, and left a reversed imprint of itself. Yet the Romans never carried the invention further, singular as it is that a nation so refined and so learned could have overlooked the important results which would follow on the full development of the art; more singular still is it, that even this rude contrivance of stamping the impression of a name should have been neglected for centuries, except by the Chinese, who were familiar with the process, and greatly extended its utility, to a period so remote as to be almost contemporary with the Roman invention. But, though the Chinese print with so much facility, we must not for a moment confound their method of multiplying books with modern typography; they pursue the same plan now that they did two thousand years ago. It may assist us to understand the mechanism of the art if we glance at a Chinese printing-office.

We have lately heard how Prince Kung was fain to have copies of the treaty contracted with England posted upon the walls of Pekin, as well as pub device in the Imperial Gazette. We will suppose for a moment that his Highness has the original document in his hand, duly signed in vermilion by his Celestial Majesty, with the impression of the Great Seal of England dependent thereon, encased in a silver box. Bon gré mad gré, he must publish the obnoxious document; he therefore commands that they bring a cunning scribe, who takes an accurate copy of the original on very thin paper; this is placed in the hands of a person answering to our compositor. He selects a piece of hard wood rather larger than the copy, and that being something like four feet square, his stock is severely taxed to afford one of the dimensions required. The copy is then glued upon the surface, with the face downwards, so that
the characters shew through reversed. He then cuts away all the plain paper and a film of the board with marvellous celerity, leaving the letters standing out in low bas-relief. The board then passes from himself to the compositor (or more properly the carver) to the printer. He fixes it in a frame, and dipping a large brush in very thin Indian ink, he passes it lightly over the surface in such manner as to deposit a sufficient quantity of ink left for four or five impressions. From a pile of paper he selects a sheet, and dexterly lays it upon the board, pressing it gently down by drawing a soft brush over it, increasing the pressure with each impression, till the whole of the ink has been absorbed. So rapid is the process, that it is confidently asserted that one man can print seven sheets an hour; and, in this instance, we can well imagine that the command for expedition was urgent. In respect of the treaty, there remains nothing to be done but to post it upon the walls of Pekin. But as regards book-work, the Chinese paper is so thin that only one side is printed; therefore, to avoid the unsightly blank appearance of every alternate page, the sheet is so folded that the doubled edge is in front, and the board having been so engraved as to contain two pages, the effect is the same as though the impresa had been taken on both sides of the paper. The binder is careful to make the single edges form the back of the book, the folds being in front, which are never cut.

Such is the method of printing in China—engraving would be the more appropriate term; and after this insight into the process, we shall be the more prepared to trace how typography grew out of a similar art practised in mediæval times. We allude to the playing-cards and image-books, the delight of the bibliomaniac, which form the curious treasures of our public libraries. It is generally allowed that playing-cards were invented in China. At first, the cards were painted by hand; about a century later, the marking was done by means of blocks. The earliest authentic evidence relating to the subject is contained in a document discovered at Venice among the archives of the Company of Printers of that city. It bears the date of 1441, and declares, 'that from this time in future, no work of the said art that is printed or painted on cloth or on paper'—that is to say, 'altar-pieces or images, and playing-cards, and whatsoever other work of the said art is done with a brush or printed—shall be imported into this city.'

The earliest print extant with engraved legend, of which the date is ascertained, is the famous wood-cut of St Christopher, executed in the year 1423, and which now forms one of the treasures of Lord Spencer's black-letter library at Althorpe. This was followed by the picture-history of the Old and New Testament, popularly called The Poor Man's Bible, a marvellous production, consisting of forty plates, each containing a scriptural illustration, with texts and explanatory verses dispersed about the page. Other works of a similar nature and corresponding date are extant, under the general title of 'Image Books,' of extreme rarity, and consequently of fabulous value. In these the words were engraved on wood. The great discovery consisted in seeing them anodur, and thus rendering them movable, so that every word or sentence might be composed at will, impressions thrown off, and the same letters again employed to form other words and sentences. This was accomplished by John Gutenberg about the year 1438.

There is little doubt that Gutenberg justly deserves the title of the Father of Printing, though no sooner did he become celebrated, than pretenders arose on all sides claiming the honour of the invention. The curious in these matters may consult many authorities, for no less than a hundred and nine bibliomaniacs have written in support of his claims, and twenty-four against, besides disputants innumerable as to the town in which the printing was first set up. John Gutenberg was born at Mentz early in the fifteenth century, and settled at Strasburg about 1435. He entered into partnership with three citizens, named Andrew Dritzehen, John Kiff, and Andrew Heilich. The board then passed from himself to disclose certain secrets by which they should realise a fortune. Dritzehen died before the expiration of the five years, the period of the engagement, being still uninked to Gutenberg. The brothers of the deceased demanded to be admitted into partnership, and on refusal, brought an action against Gutenberg. The cause was heard in December 1430, and was decided in favour of printer. The whole of the evidence has been preserved, and is very curious. We have only space to state deposition of one witness, namely, Anna, the wife of John Schultheiss, an engraver on wood, who stated that on one occasion Nicholas Beidbeck came to her house to Nicholas Dritzehen, to show him the prints. The "Andrew Dritzehen of happy memory has placed four pages (stiche) in a press, which Gutenberg desired that you will take away and separate, that no man may know what they are." But he appeared at the trial that Gutenberg, fearful of the secret being discovered, had destroyed the press. The partnership was dissolved, and Gutenberg was appointed and pursued his discoveries. Here he became acquainted with a wealthy citizen of the name of John Fust, a goldsmith, skilled in the working of precious metals; with him he entered into partnership, and pursued his discoveries. See afterwards, Fust met with one Peter Schoffer, spoken of as a scribe, or more probably illuminator and transcriber. The combined ingenuity of these three men perfected the invention.

Gutenberg in his unassisted labours had only succeeded in producing single letters, cut by miniaturists labour out of pieces of steel; the next step was casting each separate letter by means of a die made of plaster of Paris. This he is supposed to have first done at Strasburg, melting his own drinking-glass in the armoury of the moment to obtain the necessary material. It remained for Schoffer to complete the discovery, when, by the use of parishes, an impression was stamped upon the surface of the metal, and in the convenient form, thus forming movable type. It is said that Schoffer, having become ardently attached to the goldsmith's only child, Christina, and turning to avar his passion, toiled day and night perfecting the invention. Love inspired his efforts, and we may imagine the trembling eagerness with which he looked forward to the day when, if successful in the discovery so dear to his master's heart, he might venture to press his suit. At length, having cut matrices for the whole alphabet, he showed the letters cut from these moulds; and we may conjecture that Christina was no indifferent spectator, when, in the moment of exultation at seeing his vague ideas made a reality, her father pronounced him his apprentice, calling him his son. Schoffer was shortly afterwards united to Christina, and that love took the impediment to industry is proved by the fact that the celebrated Peatser was published so early as the year 1457.

Meanwhile, Gutenberg had again fallen into difficulties. The large sums which he continually owed to Fust to prosecute his discoveries led to difference, and, in the end, to the dissolution of partnership, when the whole of his printing apparatus fell into the hands of the goldsmith. This occurred prior to 1457, so that Gutenberg had the mortification of seeing others receive the reward of his labours, for even the initial letters with which he had printed his earliest book of material were employed upon the celebrated Peatser. Poor and neglected, Gutenberg did not despair; he commenced business on the snow, which he carried on with success for ten years, and then entered into the service of the elector of Saxony. There, as gentleman-pensioner,
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the last days of his life were comfortably provided for. His chapels were printed by him, both from wooden blocks and movable type, are still extant, and of a value corresponding to their rarity.

To return to Fust and Schoeffer. If anything can shew the marvellous celerity with which a new art may be perfected, it is exemplified in that of printing. Few productions of modern times can surpass the magnificent Psalter of 1467. The capital letters, two hundred and eighty-eight in number, are cut on wood with a degree of boldness and delicacy truly surpassing the artistry of those, which are coloured blue, red, and black, must have severally passed through the press three times. The body of the work is printed in a very large clear Gothic type, nearly a quarter of an inch in height. Copies of this wonderful production are preserved at Windsor and Althorp. The Psalter was followed by the Great Latin Bible in 1462, and by numerous other works. Fust directs in his will, 'hallowed by the virtue with which he introduced the Roman in opposition to the Gothic type, then universally employed. A little harmless variety may have led to this innovation. It is believed that in early life Caxton was celebrated as a calligraphist—certain it is that he, in his printed books, imitated his own handwriting. He used two descriptions of character—one of a bold excursive type; the other, a semi-Roman hand, known as "Letter Somme." Wynkyn de Worde greatly improved upon his master; and it is even said that some of the letters used less than a century ago were cast from his matrices, nay, that his very punches are still in existence. Before a century had passed since the invention, printing-presses had been established in nearly every considerable town both at home and abroad; and before the partner of Caxton was gathered to his fathers, he had the satisfaction of seeing his art worthily maintained by his numerous followers and apprentices.

It were unnecessary to remark the wonderful effect produced by this invention towards the revival of letters, and more especially of English, it was made an instrument in the hands of Providence in bringing about the Reformation. The middle ages might well be termed the dark ages, when the lamp of truth was obscured, for the Bible being a sealed book, there was no tribunal of appeal against the errors of the imagination, or the more pernicious teachings of self-constituted interpreters. Many a curious story might be told of the vicissitudes through which the black-letter treasures of our libraries passed. A book has been deemed equivalent to an earl's ransom. King Alfred gave Benedict eighe sides of land and a much might ploughs could till—for a single volume. In 1174, Walter, prior of St Wethan's, Winchester, thought twelve measures of barley and a superbly embroidered pall well disposed in exchange for the Homilies of Bede and the Psalter of St Augustine. In the fifteenth century, the Countess of Anjou gave for a copy of the Homilies of Haimon, two hundred sheep, five quarters of wheat, and a like quantity of rye and millet; while so late as 1471, Louis XI. of France was obliged, when he borrowed some books from the Faculty of Medicine at Paris, not only to deposit a quantity of silver vessels by way of pledge, but also to find a surety, who would answer for their being returned within a specified period. Well might the Sacred print from Mentz, and set up his press near one of the chapels belonging to Westminster Abbey; when the origin of the term 'to call a chapel,' used to this day, when the workmen in a printing-office meet together to discuss a grievance. The first book that was issued from the Caxton press was entitled The Game and Playe of the Chess. This was followed by sixty different publications, the labours of Caxton ending only with his life, as is touchingly related by his partner and successor Wynkyn de Worde in the colophon of his edition of the Lives of the Fathers, which were 'translated out of French into English by William Caxton of Westminster, who finished it the last day of his life.' He died in 1491. It is calculated that Caxton printed more than 18,000 pages, of which fully a third were translations made by his own hand. But his works, though numerous, are held in high esteem, for, in this early stage of printing, seldom more than eighty or a hundred copies were struck off in one edition, which was sometimes commenced and completed in a day, and he himself tells us of the Recuyell—namely, 'thatt alle the c洛阳 were beganne in one day, and dynished in one day.' At the famous Bozborough sale in 1812, the identical copy of this book, which was presented by Caxton to the queen of Edward IV, the sister of his patroness, was an object of lively interest; after an exciting contest, it was knocked down for the large sum of £1100. Caxton types cannot vie in beauty or finish with those of Fust and Schoeffer; but he was the first who introduced the Roman in opposition to the Gothic type, then universally employed. A little harmless variety may have led to this innovation. It is believed that in early life Caxton was celebrated as a calligraphist—certain it is that he, in his printed books, imitated his own handwriting. He used two descriptions of character—one of a bold excursive type; the other, a semi-Roman hand, known as 'Letter Somme.' Wynkyn de Worde greatly improved upon his master; and it is even said that some of the letters used less than a century ago were cast from his matrices, nay, that his very punches are still in existence. Before a century had passed since the invention, printing-presses had been established in nearly every considerable town both at home and abroad; and before the partner of Caxton was gathered to his fathers, he had the satisfaction of seeing his art worthily maintained by his numerous followers and apprentices.

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Writings be chained to the reading-desk, and anxious students stand waiting for hours till their turn came for a hasty perusal; and well might schools be confined to monasteries and palaces, since none but monks and kings possessed libraries.

Till within a few years, when, by the introduction of steam, the most mechanical part of the art has been so much advanced, the process of printing has changed but little in principle since its invention. Early wood-cuts show the compositor, pressman, and reader pursuing their avocations much as they do now; rather more slowly, however gravely and deliberately, as if they loved to linger over their task. In those halcyon-days, there were no newspapers to be compiled, no debates to be reported, no telegrams to be received one moment and published the next—above all, there was no huge press, driven by steam-power, vibrating within earshot, revolving its cylinders of type, and throwing off impressions by thousands in an hour. Those good old times of quiet industry went out of fashion with tall folios and ponderous quartos, the pride of our forefathers; and we might now as vainly seek for a venerable Caxton elaborating his large edition of a hundred copies, as expect to find "learned leisure" in a modern printing-office.

LORD MACAULAY'S PARTIALITIES.

A very clever little book has been published by "John Paget, barrister-at-law," for the purpose of discussing the partial views which Lord Macaulay, in his History, has taken of the Duke of Marlborough, the massacre of Glencoe, the Highlends, the Viscount Dundee, and William Penn. As we were ourselves, from the first, sensible of a one-sided character in Lord Macaulay's great work, we have read this volume with much interest, and we can now report upon it as more than bearing out the views we entertained upon the subject. In saying so, however, we would desire, like Mr Paget, to record our high admiration of this great and fascinating writer. That he was liable to errors, is surely no deadly charge to make upon a human being; and no one will pretend to deny that, for the sake of truth, his errors, no less than those of other men, ought to be pointed out.

We must pass over the defence of the Duke of Marlborough, and can afford room for but a remark on some other parts of the book. Mr Paget has, we think, fairly and finally cleared the illustrious William Penn of the foul blot which Lord Macaulay threw upon him. Of Lord Dundee, he has shown—to say the very least—that he was not quite so ruthless an instrument of a bad government as he has been called. In regard to Glencoe, Mr Paget's efforts have mainly gone to show that the historian has thrown upon the Master of Stair much of the infamy which really rests with the king.

We reserve space on purpose that we may advert at greater length to the picture which Lord Macaulay has drawn of the state of the Highlands in the seventeenth century. According to his lordship, a traveller then penetrating the Highlends would have found dens of robbers instead of inns. "The food, the clothing, nay, the very skins of his hosts, would have put his philosophy to the proof... At supper, grain only fits for horses would have been set before him, accompanied by a cake of blood drawn from living cows. Some of the company with whom he would have feasted would have been covered with cutaneous eruptions, and others would have been smeared with tar like sheep." At the same time, the people were lazy, treacherous, living by rapine, and having little aversion to murder; and all their boasted fidelity to an exiled royal family was wholly unreal, clan enmities only directing the Highlanders into the armies of Montrose, Dundee, and Prince Charles Stuart.

For the statement regarding the tar—one which, we believe, has given greater offence beyond the Grampians than any other—Lord Macaulay quotes a satirical poem of William Clandon on the Highland Host which was quartered in Ayrshire in the year 1678. Mr Paget justly remarks: "that this is like quoting Gillray's caricatures for a true description of a Frenchman." For the general account of the country and its people, Lord Macaulay refers to Franke's Northern Memoirs, Burt's Letters, and Goldsmith's Letters, in none of which, as Mr Paget shews, are his lordship's statements borne out. Burt, it appears, confesses to a couple of bowls for supper—ill-cooked, it is true—with hard eggs, and a bottle of claret; which Mr Paget thinks not bad fare for an out-of-the-way country. What is of greater consequence, instead of dwelling on any tendency of the people to murder and robbery, this respectable road-engineer says: "Personal robberies are seldom heard of among them. For my own part, I go on to say, I have several times, with a single servant, passed the mountain-way from hence to Edinburgh, with four or five hundred guineas in my portmanteau, without any apprehension of robbers by the way, or danger in my lodgings at night... I wish we could say as much for our own country [England]."

As to the cake formed of blood, Mr Paget shews that Burt only speaks of it as seen among the poor in times of scarcity; and he adds, that it does not differ much from the black-puddings used throughout provincial England. It is true, he admits, that there are still vermin and people subject to cutaneous diseases in Highland cottages; and, unhappily, the same thing may be said of houses within a stone-throw of St James's Palace.

It may be said that Lord Macaulay makes amends to the Highlands for his groundless slanders by his equally groundless flattery; that the Highland gentleman has no right to complain of his stating that "his clothes were begrimed with the accumulated filth of years," and that he dwelt in "a hovel that smelt worse than an English loggia," because he says in the next line that he did the honours of his hovage with a "lofty courtesy worthy of the most splendid circle of Versailles." To quote a homely proverb, "two blacks will not make a white, and to call a man a thief, a murderer, and a filthy, abject, ignorant, illiterate savage in one line, describing him in the next as graceful, dignified, and full of noble sentiment and lofty courtesy, with the intellect of a statesman and the genius of a poet, gives one about as accurate a picture of his mind and manners, as one would obtain of his features by two reflections, taken the one vertically, and the other horizontally, in the bowl of a silver tea-spoon."

We are bound to remark that Lord Macaulay gives the unfavourable picture of the Highlands not directly as his own generation, on the subject, but as the conception which the English then entertained of the Highlands, while his statements as to the
dignity and courtesy of the chiefs are directly from himself. He even allows that there were castles of great lords, where French dishes and French wines would have been found. It is, however, not unjustifi-

fiable in Mr Paget to assume the first picture as in a
great measure at least Lord Macaulay's own, since he confesses one of the particulars by quoting authori-
ties for them—the assertion of the tar for one—and

nowhere attempts to shew that the economy of the

general life of the people was any way different from

the vulgar notions entertained in the south. His

lordship clearly had no sort of sympathy with the

people of whom, in the paternal line, he was sprung.

We see a spirit of depreciation even in his denial of

their Jacobitism. He here goes upon a mere paradox.

Any one who has traced the career of Lochiel from

his conversation with Sir Robert Spottiswoode at St

Andrews, through his brilliant guerilla against Crom-

well, and subsequent transactions, must see that he

was as pure a partisan of depressed legitimacy as ever

was Cadwaladr or La Rochejacquelein. Every one in the

least conversant with the songs and traditions of the

Highlands must know how deeply engrained in the

people, but especially in the class Macdonald, Ma-

clen, Mackenzie, and Cameron, was a sentiment to the

paternal line of monarchs, as distinguished from a

king with (what they never could understand) a

parliamentary title.

Lord Macaulay, having now become himself a

matter of history, it becomes fair, and even necessary,

to seek for illustrations of his life and his mental
tendencies. That he was to the very core a Whig

partisan is palpable; that, with such a bias, he could

produce an impartial account of such a transaction as

the Revolution, was not to be expected; that, feeling

as he did on the great political questions of the past

and present, he should idolise William and all his

associates, and painted in the blackest colours the

infatuated James and all who ever in any degree

befriended him, is intelligible. It is not so easy to

see why he should betray such an animus against the

poor Cìtes of Scotland. Men, however, are sometimes

led by strange whimsies. The very sense of a li-

bility to the suspicion of partiality in one direction,

will sometimes set a man off in a real and offensive

partiality in the opposite line. The bare feeling of a

personal connexion with a subject will confuse even

an able man's power of judging it rightly.

Assuredly, there are few Englishmen of the present
day who would allow themselves to speak so un-

generously of the Highlanders as Lord Macaulay—the

descendant of a race of Highlanders—has done. Mr

Paget says: 'Lord Macaulay's pedigree is one of

which no man need be ashamed, and of which many

would be proud. His paternal grandfather was the

Highland minister of a Highland parish, with a

High-

land wife and Highland children.' There was here,

however, no special reason for pride, for the name

of Macaulay was never one of the least account

in the north, the people who bore it being only

humble tenants and servants of one of the great

clans—the Mackenzies. Had the connection been

with any of the great landed names, who could by

their words help to determine the fate of dynas-

tries—as these very Mackenzies, or the Macdonalds,
or the Camerons—still more with the Campbells, who

had both territorial grandeur and Whig inclinations—

it might have been defended with a mind necessarily

sensitive to historical associations. The affair must,

we suspect, remain much a mystery. All we know is,

that Lord Macaulay has treated no people so ill as the

Highlanders, of whom his father was one, and the

Quakers, of which body his mother was a member.

Let the Highlanders, nevertheless, be consoled.

We believe the writings of General Stewart of Garth and

of Mrs Grant, Lagavolian, the chivalric virtues of

the old primitive race can never be matter of

doubt. Against the depreciation of Lord Macaulay

may be placed the genial appreciation of a not less

eminent writer, who knew them a great deal better—

Sir Walter Scott.

MELIBEUS WITH THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

I was in my den in the city the other morning,

employed in my customary useful avocations, when

there came a knock at the door, so modest, that I
did not think the hand of Stockbroker could have

ever dealt the blow. Expecting no other class of

person, however, I merely cried: 'Come in,' and

continued my work with even increased assiduity,

for it always looks well to be so engaged that one has

no time for civility.

There was a silence for half a minute, and then,

'I am afraid I am interrupting you, my dear fellow,'
said a voice that smacked as little of snipe and share

as any man's I know.

'Melibeus!' cried I. 'What! you here? I had

feared that this web of mine was stretched in too
dark a corner, for such a bright-winged creature as

yourself ever to come across it.'

And indeed, in that dusty, musty, rusty chamber,
normal Melibeus, with his big eyes, and lips half

parted for a laugh, looked very ill suited to the place.

You are come on business,' continued I, 'or else,
of course, you would not be here. Now, my dear sir

(with my business air on), 'what can I have the

pleasure of doing for you?'

Then he burst out. I never heard any man laugh

—that is, who does it musically, as he does—so loud

or so long as Melibeus. I declare he 'convulsed

the Court,' which is one of the oldest in the city; he

shook it to its very foundations.

I rushed at him, and besought him not to imperil

the reputation of my chambers in that dreadful

manner. 'People will think they are the Alleged

Lunatics' Friends Society's apartments, and that you

are one of the very worst cases they ever held. You

must not laugh like that upon these premises,

Melibeus: it won't do. People who live here—above

the rank of certificated clerks—never laugh; and
certificated clerks only snigger.'

Melibeus stopped himself as soon as he could, and

assumed a look of penitence such as is worn by

hypocritical monks in rhabd of recreations of that

profession. 'I would not have come,' said he, 'if the matter

had not been one of the last importance.'

At this exordium, I seated myself mechanically in

my chair of audience, and crossed my knees and my

hands.

'If the opportunity was likely to occur again,'
pursued Melibeus, 'or if the hour had been so early

as to necessitate a serious diminution of your day of

business, I would not have called to-day. But con-

sidering the enormous interests involved, affecting, as

they will do, both the Old World and the New, I felt

that the only course open to me was to come.'

I dipped my pen in the ink-bottle, and prepared to

take voluminous notes. I began to apprehend he had

sold his estate at Bullock Smithy, and was come up to

invest the proceeds in railway stock of the Dis-

united States. 'I think, in short, you will forgive me

for the interruption,' continued he, 'when I tell you

that Deerfoot runs to-day, and will make no match

again for the next six weeks.'

'Tush!' cried I, starting up with indig-nation, 'what is Deerfoot? I don't care twopenny about

race-horses. My dear fellow, you must not interrupt

me here with these ridiculous pieces of information.'

'Interrupt you?' cried he. 'I thought I was doing

you a great personal favour. It has cost me four-and-
sixpence to get here, and I've got the Hansom wait-

ing now outside the court, which, by the by, is rather

a narrow one. If the matter had been of little

consequence, do you think I would have taken all
this trouble? It is the last great struggle, sir, between civilisation and barbarism—the last, at least, for six weeks. Even Mrs M. was convinced of the vital importance of the affair on hand, and yet I came up to town with a sour mouth. It begins at four precisely in the wilds of Brompton; it is now 2.30. 'Come, I know you'll come.'

'A person has been already due here a quarter of an hour,' said a slowly and dinned of people—'who comes here by special appointment about the transfer.'

'The very thing!' interrupted Melibeus glibly—'say him. Tell your clerk to say you waited twenty, thirty, forty minutes, according to the lateness of his arrival, and that he is very sorry, but that your time is so much engaged.'

'Melibeus!'

'Nay, my friend, there is a principle—the great principle of punctuality—involved, or I would recommend no such thing. He can't go to anybody else, can he?'

'No,' said I irresolutely; 'I've got his coupons.'

Again Melibeus avance the echoes of that respectable neighbourhood, until I thought they would never cease their gilt labour laughter.

'I will go with you,' exclaimed I despairingly: 'your presence here will do me far more harm than will my absence.'

So I left the suggested directions with my clerk—taking care to explain to him, in an undertone, that Melibeus was subject to hysterical fits, brought on by excessive good fortune in the share-market—and off we started westward.

We should never have discovered the arena of which we were in search, if it had not been for the crowds of people, attracted, like ourselves, by the entertainment in prospect, for although not in other respects a Rosamond's Bower, it was entangled in a labyrinth of lanes which led to nothing. The people that thronged these narrow passages were mostly of the description that one would expect to advertise for a good garrote weapon; and if Murrer was not inscribed upon their narrow brows, it was only because there was no room there for that as well as Dead Robbery. Some of them had dreadful 'dongs' at their heels; some of them were drunk; most of them had their noses broken. A legion of these gentries, who had met no person of substance in the dark recently, and were therefore without the necessary entrance-money, hung round the principal gate, and scooped at the incumbrers. After forcing our way through them, which was like wading in the Thames at very low-water, we were informed that we would get to the place by paying half-a-crown instead of a shilling, and entering at another portal, which one obsequious housekeeper (I believe) undertook, for a bribe, to point out to us.

'Buy a portrait of Deefut, your honours,' whined a newman; 'only one shilling, and all the sporting cream of the week. Since you are my first customers, I'll make it sixpence, honourable gentlemen, or even a fourpenny-bit. You wouldn't surely hank an individual of my appearance' (he had only one shoe, and no crown to his hat) 'to demean myself by taking coppers.'

Melibeus gave him the coin last demanded, and found he had purchased a penny paper three days old.

'The coup d'oeil which burst upon the view' upon gaining admittance to the ground at last, did not, as the illustrated paper said, 'form more than repay all désagréments encountered upon the way to the venue!' A great square of grass lay before us, with a hedge round it—was the course—running completely round it. On the outside of the course, which was roped in, were the places for the spectators, so that every step of the runners could be seen, so long as the grass-plot was kept clear of people. We 'reserved' individuals were separated from the public—that is, from those that had only paid a shilling, and who were certainly very far from reserved, indeed, in their words and gestures—a slender iron rail separating the artificer caste—represented by cast iron—and of not being overcrowded, but we possessed no other advantage. On a previous occasion, 'the public, assisted by a still lower class, were called the Roughs,' had jumped over the ropes, and filled the green, so that the aristocracy could only catch sight of the runners en passant; but this afternoon precautions had been taken. A few of the most ruffianly of the Roughs had been admitted into the select quarter upon the understanding that they were to put down with the strong hand any attempts a revolution on the part of their ci-devant brethren.

A gentleman immediately on our right, who seemed to be under the influence of some very ardent spirit, was the leader of this apostate band. He had a forehead, nor any eyes to speak of, only a portion, and that beaten in, of what had once been a nose; while what I believe are designated, in the language of the P. R., his 'ivories' had suffered much diminution; and yet it was an immense comfort to feel that he would be on our side in case of a row, or, at least, that he would not be against us. He was not only truculent but herculean; the spirit was willing for combat, and the flesh was very far from weak.

Wherever he hit, as he informed Melibeus, who was greatly charmed with him, he most likely made a hole. 'But there,' added he, with a smile at his own forbearance, 'I am just the very civillest beggar in all the world, and so man living can say as ever I picked a quarrel with him.'

'No man living,' returned Melibeus laughing; 'I can easily believe that, indeed.' But the giant was intellectually weak, and did not perceive the covert satire.

'If ever I stand for a contested borough,' whispered my friend, 'that fellow shall be my body-guard. The freedom of election shall be maintained by that stalwart arm.'

It was curious to see him standing so peacefully by the side of his hereditary foes, the A1 police, who, according to their invariable custom of seeing everything that is to be seen from the very best point of view, were sprinkled among us pretty plentifully.

On the next day, the giant turning up the cuffs of his jacket as a certain inspector brushed by him; but he restrained the pardoneable impulse, and relieved his mind by vehemently imprecating his faithful and attached companion, a bell terrier.

There were a few men of fashion amongst us, and one or two American citizens, who felt perhaps more sympathy for the Red Man in England than they had been accustomed to entertain when he was their neighbour. The rest of the company were of a class scarcely seen out of such places, and one which was certainly quite unknown at Bullock Smithy. Melibeus was quite delighted when one of them, in a scarlet cravat and paper collar, demanded of him: 'How much, sir, do this er clyney weigh now, eh?'

'Upon my word,' responded my friend, 'I am ashamed to confess that I don't know. I understand, however, from this paper here, that he is about eight- and-twenty.'

'Stun!' exclaimed the other with amazement. 'O Jerusalem! why, he'll never run a yard.'

'Eight-and-twenty years old, I mean,' explained Melibeus. 'He would, of course, be beaten but once, or he came to England, and he recovered his laurels even from that man—Mills—on a subsequent occasion. Now, Jones of Lincoln—' which was the course—has also beaten Mills, so that we may expect a pretty close contest.'

'Is it a cross?' inquired our new friend confidentially.

'No; they run round,' returned Melibeus innocently.
I mean, will they run on the square!' explained Scarlet Scarf in a hoarse whisper.

'O no,' replied Meliboeus cheerfully; 'nobody is allowed to go on the square. They will run along this footpath.'

Scarlet Scarf answered nothing, but regarded us with a fixed expression; felt all his outside pockets, five in number, very carefully; and then moved slowly away from our vicinity.

What the dunces does he mean by that?' exclaimed Meliboeus angrily. 'Does he think I want to pick up his pockets? to steal his German-silver horse-shoe pin?'

'Yes, my friend; he does not think himself safe by the side of a man who pretends not to understand what is meant by the expressions a "cross" and "on the square."—that is to say, "fairly." He inquired of you whether the race was settled beforehand, or if it was a bond, side, match.

'And did he suppose, if such should be the case, that I was the confidant of secret clues who could come to any such arrangement?'

'It is a great compliment, my dear Meliboeus, both on the turf and in the ring, to be supposed to be in possession of any susceptible secret; and I dare say he took you for one who had any "tip"—that is to say, the latest information concerning some preconcerted swindle.

'What a strange world of fraud and chicanery must this Child of the Forest find himself placed among! I observed Meliboeus sighing. 'What ideas must he entertain of the honour and veracity of us Palefaces! How he must long for the open-handed dealings of the sons of nature, as he must pine for his scarlet spot, shut in by dwellings of brick and mortar, for the free air of his native Prairies!' How?

'Here is the Noble Savage,' observed I drily; and I was not sorry to be spared what was likely to be a voluminous epitome of the works of the late Mr Fenimore Cooper.

In a splendid bear-skin mantle, with a crown of feathers on his head, and tonsure expertly embroidered at the hems in the Canadian fashion, Deerfoot was now promenading the course, attended by his 'leader'—the man who was to precede or accompany him in the race, and to let him know, without his requiring to turn his head, what position his adversary occupied, when behindhand, with respect to himself. In a long straight race, there are often several 'leaders,' who relieve one another; but in the present instance, where the course was but a quarter of a mile round, the whole distance to be accomplished being four miles, or sixteen times round the grass-plot, there was only one to each man, who struck in when he deemed it requisite, and increased or slackened the pace.

The Indian was a wiry fellow, much taller than the generality of his race—six feet of bone and sinew, without an ounce of unnecessary flesh. He had a stoop in his shoulders, suggesting to us, fancifully enough perhaps, the habit of one who runs and reads—the attitude begotten by following the 'Trail at speed.

Soom afterwards, but by no means immediately—for, as the gatekeeper observed, 'keeping one's word in respect to time is one thing, but when there is fifty pounds worth of people waiting to be let in, you have to be taken, why, that is another'—Deerfoot's adversary made his appearance, which was more that of a gentleman very recently escaped from a fever-hospital than anything else, having gymnastic a Wing a blanket, not over-clean. And yet this was the man, bright Jones of Jalington, who had worked his way up to that territorial title from a comparatively humble position. In fact, since he had been advertised as somebody's 'novice,' without any personal individuality at all; and lo, he was now the chosen champion of the New World, about to make proof of the theory that the highest state of Civilization produces the fastest men.

He had already accomplished his four miles in twenty minutes twenty-three seconds, and it was hoped that for that distance he would be able to compete with the Red Skin, whose victories had been won over longer courses. He also was attended by his 'leader,' and instructed how to run as solicitously as ever was infant taught by nurse.

The 'publin,' some thousands in number, who lined the western side of the arena in ranks thirteen or fourteen deep, were by this time vociferous for action; Jones threw away his blanket, and Deerfoot his gorgeous panoply, and the White Skin and the Red Skin stood together, with about as little on them as their common forefather Adam was accustomed to wear subsequent to the Fall. Jones of Jalington had shoes of a tolerable thickness, and his adversary wore mocassins and a necklace of silver bells.

'Are you ready?—Go!' cried the starter, and away they went, most literally like arrows from the string, and the 'publin' set itself to cheer, as well they might, and the umpire to consult his top split centre second's hand watch—which I suppose must mean some superlatively good one.

To see the copper-coloured and the white legs flashing past like darkness on the heels of light, to watch the eager set expression of the runners' faces, to mark the dulant aid rendered by the leaders in increasing or mitigating the speed, was to taste a more exhilarating spectacle than any horse-race. Meliboeus, with greater capacities for enjoyment, was, of course, even more gratified than I.

'Once,' said he, 'I ran a race for a couple of hundred yards myself. I had trained for it in my simple schoolboy fashion, by eating of raw eggs and red beetsteaks, and yet how I did puff and blow before the finish! I thought that I should never have my breath again. Yet—hark!—you cannot detect as these men fly by that they are breathing harder than usual. Ars longa vita brevis. Wind is short, but art can wonderfully prolong it. How much more elegantly the white man runs than the other?'

And, indeed, although his toes were not turned in, as is commonly the case with men of his nation, Deerfoot 'lapped' with every stride, so that one wondered that his shoulders did not slew him round. The Indian was generally ahead, but at intervals, at command of his 'leader,' the white man would put on a spurt, and pass his adversary by a yard or two: this distance Deerfoot would gradually decrease, the sullen thud of his mocassins and the jingle of his silver bells falling louder and louder upon the ears of the unhappy Jones with every step. It was like having a sleuthhound after one, so surely did he gain upon him, and the pursuer seemed to lay his ears back like a hare to listen for his coming as he flew. At the western angle, where the greatest crowd was, and which was the finish of each quarter of a mile, there was always a great struggle, and Jones of Jalington would generally get about half his nose in front. They had gone fourteen 'laps' (as these circuits are technically called), or three miles and a half, in this fashion, when, to the indignation of Meliboeus, every one began to offer three to two, and even two to one, upon the Indian.

'I will take their two to one,' cried he.

'Beware, O inhabitant of Bullock Smithy,' whispered I in melodramatic bass; but upon his insisting upon inverting half-a-sovereign upon Jones of Jalington, I took the bet myself, having no proper respect for public opinion, and especially for the judgment of our friend the giant, who was profoundly offering three to one. Jones was the popular candidate; the man whom the public most applauded when he shot ahead; but in sporting circles, the most popular is not always 'the favourite.' The fifteenth 'lap' was run in fifty-eight seconds, being at the rate of fifteen
miles and a half per hour, and that after three miles and a half had been already accomplished. They flashed by, shoulder to shoulder, neck and neck; but lo! at the western corner, off the scene of John's magnificent efforts, that distinguished athlete cast himself into the arms of a personal friend, and was taken away somewhere—dead boat. The Indian was performing the last round with undiminished velocity, but alone. The triumph of Barbarism over Civilization was unexpected, but it was complete.

The heart of the Praire Flower (beloved of Dogfoot) has probably, by the time this paper shall appear in print, been gladdened in her solitary wigwam by the great intelligence. The shame of Jones and of the Palaes has doubtless been circulated (by Indian runners) over the hunting-grounds of the Noble Savage.

"It is perhaps to this disgrace,' cried I, 'that the poet prophetically alludes in Mind (since nobody knows any other explanation of it) in—"

Pass and blush the news
O'er the blowing ships,
Over glowing seas,
Over seas at rest.
Pass the happy news;
Blush it through the West,
Till the Red Man dance
By his red cedar-tree,
And the Red Man's babe
Leap, beyond the sea.

"I never read your modern poets," returned Meliboeus gloomily. "There has been too much in it of a business-like spirit.

"Thank you," said I. "I am very sorry Jones was beaten. Poor dear Jones!"

CHILDREN OF TOIL.

There can be no question that this is a high-pressure age, when 'every hour must sweat its sixty minutes to the death.' We live, as we travel, at express pace. Men work harder and longer than they used to do. They get in harness, also, much earlier; and many a young fellow who, in our grandparents' days, would have been still in a state of irresponsible upbuilding, may now be seen cultivating premature wrinkles under the feverish care and anxiety which accompany the management of a large business. Even among comfortable middle-class folk, a lad is generally set to work at sixteen or seventeen; and as for the children of the poor, when do they begin to labour? Work of some kind or other is the earliest recollection of their infancy. Almost as soon as they can toddle, they catch the half-round of toil. Every one has observed the keen, anxious, calculating look of poor children, their old-fashioned composure and business aptitude, their grave precocity, and solemn sense of responsibility. There would be something almost amusing in it, were it not so sad to see children who are old before they have ever been young; who have lost, and indeed have never known, the sunny thoughtlessness of childhood; who have met dull care and sore task-work on the very threshold of life. As far as I know, no profitable occupation has yet been found for infants in arms, which is surely a reproach to the Gradigrad school, and a great waste of animal power; but from the great progress which has been made in this direction, one may expect to see this want shortly supplied. As it is, it would seem that no sooner can a child balance itself upright than it is deemed capable of improving each shifting hour.

Vast is the field for juvenile labour. In agriculture, children are employed from a very early age, and in a great variety of ways. They begin to have a money value as soon as they are old enough to scare the crows, or throw stones at the sparrows, or endure exposure in watching cattle or geese. Thus engaged, they are kept in the fields from morning to night, and every day of the week, for weeks together. As they grow older, they are employed in picking stones, self-land, gathering weeds, driving horses to plough, and in many other ways. At eight years of age, a boy can earn at least 6d. a day in the fields; at eleven years, or twelve, double, double. Here it appears that there are no fewer than seven annual harvests, in each of which children are largely employed—namely, back-picking, hay, corn, potatoes, apples, and acorns. Generally speaking, however, the agricultural work imposed on the young is healthy, and not oppressive. It is also suspended during a portion of the year, when they can get a little schooling.

In London and other large towns, there is scarcely any age at which money may not be earned. Thanks to lavish and indiscriminate alms-giving, begging has now become a profession, the followers of which are large employers of children. It is said there are agencies in the metropolis who supply, as the shortest notice, a small family 'sorted' as to ages, and got up in any style, from the shabby-genteel (very taking), where there is a dismal attempt to keep up appearances, to the utterly desolate and abandoned in rags and tatters, shivering and chattering their teeth in the highest style of art, and on the lowest scale of remuneration. There, is then that light and graceful occupation known as 'catherine-wheeling'; a sort of amusement which means turning round and round alternately on hands and feet, as deftly as the three-legged man on a Maax halfpenny. With such pursuits, 'deliving', when opportunity offers, is generally combined; and it is appalling to think how many thousand children are carefully trained to steal in a great town like London. But to come to more legitimate occupations: there are black-shoering, shoe-making, shoe-sweeping, shoe-blacking, shoe-shining, errands, holding horses, and selling fuses, oranges, or penny newspapers. Shoe-blacking is quite a new trade; it is only some nine years since it was introduced, yet it appears that the London shoe-blackers have earned L11,950 during that period. Their united earnings for the last financial year amounted to L6458; a sum representing the polishing of no less than 1,119,320 pair of boots. As much as 12s. 10d. has been taken by a boy in one day, but the average is about 1s. 6d. a day. Very young errand-boys can make 2s. 6d. a week; and girls, 1s. 6d. and upwards a week, with their food, for nursing infants nearly as big as themselves.

Industrial employments are found to tell most prejudicially on the young. In cotton and lace factories, coal-mines, print and bleach works, it has been found necessary to regulate their hours of labour by acts of parliament. No legislative checks have, however, been imposed on a considerable number of trades in which the young are largely and often injuriously employed, such as tin, copper, lead, and zinc mines, metal-ware, earthen-ware, and glass manufactures. pillow-lace, hosiery, draw-boy weaving, hand-frame winding and warping, paper-making and staining, tobacco and Lucifer-match manufactures. The commission who conducted an inquiry on this subject in 1842, reported that in these occupations instances occur in which children begin to work as early as three and four years of age, not infrequently at five, and between five and six; while, in general, regular employment commences between seven and eight.

Early ages are found principally in the manufacture of pins, earthenware, brass and machine goods. Draw-boy weaving. One of the sub-commissioners found an infant under two years of age regularly employed by her mother, a lace-drawer, and working from six in the morning to six at night. The mother and two elder girls—one six, and the other eight—worked till 10 p.m. The poor creatures never had time to go out to play, barely to eat their meals, and there was a constant cry from the mother of 'Mind.
your work.’ They were not, however, apparently unhealthful. In the Potteries, children often begin work regularly at six or seven, turning the wheel for journeymen, and earning from 1s. to 2s. a week. In the metal foundries, children under eight can gain 4s. a week as helpers. The earnings of children between eight and fourteen, in Warwickshire, and five other midland counties, are calculated to be at the rate of 2s. a week a year. In one establishment at Birmingham, 315 children are engaged, a third of whom are between eight and fourteen years of age, and who earn on the average 4s. a week.

As to the hours of work, the commissioners remark: ‘The instances are rare in which the regular hours of work are less than twelve, including from one hour to one hour and a half for meals; but the nominal hours of work are often no indication of the duration of the labour, the work being not infrequently continued from thirteen up to eighteen hours consecutively.’ In the metal-ware trades, children are employed on the average fourteen hours, sometimes even sixteen and twenty hours. Night-work, detrimental both physically and morally to the young, is unfortunately frequent. In too many trades, the men work by fits and starts, an interval of idleness and dissipation being provided for by day work, and the labour of the children of course depends upon that of the men, whose helpers they are. Thus, while the average hours may not be excessive, they are often engaged for nearly twenty-four hours a day, several days together. The children are hired and paid by the journeymen, and the proprietor of the work knows nothing and cares nothing about them. In this position, the child is exposed to severe, and sometimes cruel usage from brutal workmen. In the Black Country, the poor wretches lead a miserable life. A workman thinks nothing of correcting his ‘lad’ with a hammer, file, or any other instrument that lies nearest his hand, with kicks and cuffs in profusion. In Sedgley, they are sometimes struck with red-hot iron, and burned and bruised at once. To ‘send a flash of lightning’ at a boy is deemed prime sport—that is, to jerk the white-hot iron bar, in removing it from the furnace, so as to strike him with the burning end of the iron bar or breast of the poor fellow. One has only to read the Report of the commissioners to find too much confirmation of Mr Senior’s remarks, in summing up the evidence: ‘We look with shame and indignation at the pictures of American slavery, but I firmly believe that the children at the worst-managed plantations are less overworked, less tortured, better fed, and quite as well instructed as the unhappy infants whose early and long-continued labour occasions the sad consequences of our hardware and lace, and whose wages feed the intemperance of their parents.’

Sad as it is to contemplate, the present system is, in a great measure, inevitable. Not only are poor parents loath to dispense with the earnings of their offspring, but the children themselves are in some cases charmed by the excitement and independence of work, and cannot be restrained from procuring it. The great evil of juvenile labour is, not so much its effect on health as on education. The children are so incessantly employed, that they have no time to read, and no time to study, and no time to go to school. It is difficult for him to have pushed himself up in the world, at the risk, however, of being pushed out of it altogether by some one who wanted his place; but the desire to see Mademoiselle Agathe restrained him from making any effort in this direction, until he had become thoroughly aware that if his love for her were to be crowned by marriage, he must make an effort to raise himself above the condition of a commissionaire.

Accordingly, shortly after reaching his fifteenth year, he made application to Citizen Destouches, one of the oldest and kindest of his patrons, for a post under the
Republic. This citizen received Eugène very kindly, and in a short time procured for him a situation in the Chamber of Deputies. He was now in a fair way of getting influence, and the moment to compel Agathe's parents to consent to his marrying their daughter, even if they had any objection to a young man whose prospects had so much improved; but inasmuch as he was as yet of tender years, he cannot yet, for the time, with visiting the family on the ground of his being an old acquaintance, on which occasions he was treated by Agathe with great coolness when her parents were present, and a corresponding amount of familiarity whenever they chance to be away. Also it is to be feared that she saw him on other occasions elsewhere than in her father's house. That gradually removed the sole impediment to their union; and having now attained his nineteenth year, Eugène urged Agathe to suffer him to make a formal request for her hand; but the young lady opposed it with all sorts of pretexts for delay. The truth was, she had known him so long, that she was now tired of him, and there appear to have been others who had a better claim on her hand, if they had chosen to assert it, than he. The more reluctant she appeared to be to accept him as her husband, the more anxious he showed himself to stand that position. At last, tired of his importunities, she gave him a decided negative in such positive terms, that he left her with the profound conviction that there was not the least hope for him.

Instead of revenging his disappointment by getting her sent to the scaffold, and thus preventing her from breaking any more hearts, this young man did the very thing which she must most have desired, considering how dangerous a disappointed living lover might become in those days—he committed suicide. He accompanied the act of self-destruction with a circumstance so very extraordinary, that I am half afraid to relate it, lest some may doubt whether I am writing with a strict regard to the truth. On his way to his apartments, he sent a note to one of the principal men who possessed establishments at Montfaucon, to whom he had been introduced by D’estouches, requesting him to breakfast with him the next morning. The greater part of the night he spent in meditating on his project, and the remainder in arranging his affairs in connection with the Chamber of Deputies, for at this time he had reached a position of some importance. The person he had invited duly presented himself at the breakfast-table at the time appointed. What passed between them was stated by the latter to have been merely a request that he would allow him (Eugène) to sleep at his house that night, and the exactation of a promise to faithfully perform whatever request he might make to him. After this man, Eugène, had gone, Eugène went to the commissionaire whom he was in the habit of employing, and told him to come to his apartments in the course of the afternoon. When he came, he gave him a bag to carry to Pivoine's house, and ordered him to wait there till he arrived. Late that evening, Eugène Danton was sitting in a bedroom in the horse-slaughterer's house at Montfaucon, and before him stood the young commissionaire. 'Pierre,' said he, addressing him, 'we have been acquainted a long time, and I know I can depend on you to do what I ask, precisely and without variation. What I want you to do is this: on the fourth day from this, you will deliver this note to Mademoiselle Louchet: it is an appointment for her to call on me the next evening at my apartments. You will afterwards return here, and M. Pivoine will give you a letter and a candle. You will be in attendance to receive Mademoiselle Agathe when she arrives, in the moment she enters the room, you will light the candle, and put the letter into her hands. As I may not be a customer of yours after that day, there are two gold pieces for you; but you must first promise me that you will faithfully obey my directions; and if by any chance Agathe does not come to my apartments on that evening, you will find means to cause her to read the letter by the light of that candle.'

Pierre not only promised, but kept his word in every particular. Mademoiselle Agathe came, but evidently with no very good-will, and quite prepared to give vent to her ill-humour on the slightest provocation, as appeared from the statement made by Pierre.

There were candles burning on the mantel-piece when she entered the room, but before the lad put Eugène's letter into her hand, he lighted the candle he had received from Pivoine, and held it while she read it. It ran as follows:

'MY DEAR AGATHE—I have told you: thousand times that not only would I die for you, but that if you ceased to love me I should cease to live. That time has arrived. You have had the cruelty to tell me, in the hardest language, that you no longer love me. Agathe, you have broken my heart—that heart which knew no hope with which you were not associated, and if I die to-day, I do but hasten an event which would surely have happened. But I forgive you your cruelty and cruelty, my cherished one—adored even now in my last moments. You will read this letter by the light of a corner conserved of my body so that, having served you faithfully while alive, I have still the happiness of knowing that I shall be of service to you after my death. Adieu! my angel—my adored!—

'TRU Dying Exits.'

'Blow out that candle, Pierre, and give me what is left,' said Agathe; and as she turned to leave the room she sighed heavily and added: 'Pavie! Eugène! Vraiment, je ne veux pas la chandelle!'

A U T U M N.

O ase of death! O season of decay!

That thief like quickly came and seized the best
Of this earth's beauty, which before thee lay,
And wore it, withering, on thy joyless crest!

Nor loved, nor welcomed is the certain reign
Of thy shrill tempests, and thy cloudy skies.

It grieves our hearts, to hear thy dismal strain.

Who heard the joyous notes of Summer rise.

How wails the rustling wool in every blast

That fiercely tears its crimson leaflets down;

While falls thy hail, thy chilly rain so fast,

As nature weepeth for her flowery crown.

All genii thou gatherest, Autumn, unto thee—

All, save a few that trembling dare to blow

In thickest forest or on sheltered sea;

They hang their changing heads, their blossoms low.

Are long they fade, and thy grim step will stand

On mount and plain, victorious and alone:

Beneath thee run and a naked hand,

With wreaks, with wasted treasures, all thine own.

Then and cold days shall bathe the vapour view

In fitful splendour and mysterious light.

Such days as those before we never knew:

They seem the morning of a dreary night.

The yellow glebe, the vale, the purple hill,

The genial sun that warms the misty air.

The twinkling waiflets of the quiet rill,

And sapphire shades all faintly mirrored there,

Are not of thee, O Autumn! for thy face

Never spoke in smiles; 'twas Summer's parting kiss!

He rallied fondly in his after ways.

Then fled, and bade the sorrowing year farewell.

W. C. L.

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STREET NAMES.

Many and many a happy day have I spent in exploring the quaint, dusky, out-of-the-way recesses and corners of old cities; and the forms and names of their strange serpent-like streets often rise up one after another before me like dissolving views.

This town, on which we are now looking down from the broad boulevard of the Seil, its houses rising irregularly up the hillside, the lady-chapel of the minster facing the market-place, tall trees waving over our head, is Hexham. Strange names, to be sure, its streets have. Here is Priest-people, where the canons of the collegiate church and their retainers once lived. Here are Cockshak and Remotes; and the tradition is, that the monastic hens were kept in one, and the monastic cocks in the other. Here is the Chare, of which no one can explain the meaning; and Puddling-chare, which is even still more incomprehensible; and Gilligate, which is St Giles's Gate or Street. The Skinner-hill, too, is a relic of those days when men of a trade dwelt together, just as the Lombards once lived in Lombard Street, and the Jews in Old Jewry, and the Portians in Goldhill Street.

Here is another city—but not among the bleak moors and heathy hills of Northumberland. This is towards the sunny south; a broad river sweeps past the steep ascent on which it rises; and its stately cathedral is approached from the water by a flight of steps—that water in which it mirrors its two noble western towers, its flying buttresses, and windows of fairy-like beauty. Steep, rocky hills crowd in and shoulder down the buildings to the water's edge; while, winding in and out between the gorge of a torrent that intercepts the city and the encroaching hills, are alleys of every conceivable shape, composed of tall, leaning houses, where the sun can never get lower than the third story. This is Vienn—a city of the Holy, as it proudly calls itself, because thirty-eight of its archbishops are reckoned among the saints. This is the place for names that breathe of antiquity—this, which was the arena of some of the earliest martyrs, the stronghold alike of Latin and Greek idolatry, and where we have records in the streets of the remotest ages, profane as well as ecclesiastical. Here is Mount Solomon, not so called from the Jewish monarch, but a corruption of Salustis Mons (Mount Safety), because within its fortifications the Roman colonists were safe against the incursions of Gallic barbarians. This gate, with the statues of two fiddlers and a man in sheep, is called Gate Reminiscere. The old women of Vienna will tell you—if you can understand their patois—that once on a time some savages came to besiege the town.

The Viennese set a watchman on the gate to observe the enemy. By and by, up came two excellent violin-players, and began so sonorous a tune that the man went to sleep, and the barbarians very nearly got in. 'And so, monsieur, they set up these figures, and wrote under them, Remember. Un seul puit l'amour de Dieu, d'il vous plait, monsieur.' Now, let us go and ask yonder comfortable-looking canon as he comes down the steps of St. Anorile-bas. 'All fables, monsieur—all fables. The fact is, that on the first Sunday in Lent, Reminiscere Sunday, we used to make a procession to that gate: that is the true reason.' But now step this way with me to the spot where a cloister gate used to stand—the place which they call Bode. Now, fair lady-readers, you who spent so much time at school over French exercises and French letters, can any one of you tell me what la bode means? Faire la bode—is to make mouths at; and, not many years ago, over the gate which then stood here was a monstrous head of Jupiter: you may see it in the museum now. The country-people used to think that it was making faces at them. Further on, the Place de la Ferterie retains an old Latin word; here they chopped firewood, and so, from fautis, a fogot, the place has its name. Here, again, is the Place de Jovenil, because a temple to Youth, Juventus, once stood here. Les Moles record the position of the Roman quay long since swept off by the Rhone. You will not, I think, know the place that I have in my mind's eye now. The soft, gentle waters of the Mondego winding on between lovely hills—now sloping into smiling valleys of corn and maize, now dotted over with cork-trees or holm-oaks, now with olive plantations, now with pine-trees, now marked with a lonely cypress, now, as we near the city, gliding between terraced gardens, where the vine and the heliotrope flinging themselves from pillar to pillar, and make a cool arbour from the noonday heat; the southern bank crowned far above us with the long, flat, white, square-windowed convent of Santa Clara; the waterside edged with the Fountain of Tears and the Quinta dos Amores, where Inez de Castro enjoyed the brief sunshine of her sad life; to the north, the sunny, well-built city, towering up, terrace behind terrace, to its point in the Observatory tower—a church here, a tower there, breaking the short lines and clear façades; here and there, a vine-covered jetty, stretching towards the sea, or the monstrous cactus flinging up its naked ugly stem twenty feet above its prickly leaves—this is Coimbra. Here also are odd names. Here is the Porta da Rosa, the scene of the lovely legend—for Portugal believes the same story of her Isabel as Hungary does of
Chamber's Journal.

...which tells of the money that the holy queen was carrying to the poor being changed into roses; and here is the Canto, an old word for chains, because a chain drawn across this place marked the right of asylum.

Who that has ever reached it by the Paris railway can forget the first view of Bordeaux, as she rises calm and quietly from the further side of the broad Garonne—her quays, her custom-house, her admiralty, her cathedral, the countless spires of her churches, her craft shining across the river, and her big merchant-ships, with the flags of twenty nations at their mast-heads? Here, too, are streets with singular names. Rue Dien would certainly not be called so in any country but France. Rue Cochinou (Litter-of-Pigs' Street) reminds one rather of an Irish cabin than of the second commercial city of France. Rue Judaisque has an odd sound; and of modern names, on entering the Place Richelieu from the river, one is amused at finding the Fosses du Chapeau Rouge on the left, and the Rue Esprit des Lois on the right. The most thoroughly French thing about the city, however, is the Place des Grands Hommes. Fancy a Great Men Square at Liverpool! Rue Pomme d'Or came, I suppose, from an inn of that name, just as one finds Blue Ann Dragon Street in country towns in England. Rue des Trois Canards (Three Ducks' Street) must have had the like origin. By the way, the term Côte, here applied to the Porte dynamic, speaks strongly of an approach to Spain. I have never seen it explained why the latter country so much more strongly influences, than is influenced by France. At Jarnac, which is just within the Spanish frontier, you scarcely see a sign of the neighbouring country; whereas, at Angoulême, two hundred miles within France, you are struck with the preponderance of Spanish things. At Bordeaux, one hundred and twenty miles from the frontier, the infection is very strong; while Bayonne, a good twenty miles from the Pyrenees, is much more like a Spanish town than a French one.

There is a quarter of Copenhagen, lying between the citadel and the Rosenborg Palace, where it has pleased the citizens to name their streets after beasts and plants. Hertzensfrygdkade (Heartsease Street) runs into Delphingade (Dolphin Street), Tulip into Elk Street, Mint into Raven Street, Salvia into Unicorn, and Rhubarb into Hazelwood. At Bordeaux, one hundred and Philadelphia friends with their First Street, Second Street, Third Street, North First Street, North Second Street, North Third Street, South First Street, South Second Street, South Third Street, and so on to South Eleventh Street, intersected by Vine Street, Mulberry Street, Spruce Street, Pine Street, equally ad infinitum.

Poitiers has some curious streets. That place is connected in my mind with the mild persevering rain of a May evening—from church to church, from marché to marché, from place to place, the dripping of eaves, the rush of gutters, the foaming of street-pools, patterns, oil-skins, and umbrellas. Rue Raisin Partout (Reason Everywhere Street), if it has a true name, is certainly unique. Then we have Rue Queue du Vache (Cowtail Street); Rue de Bœuf (Bull Street), true enough, no doubt; and Rue Cloche Perse (Blue-gray Clock Street). Come down it with me, and I will tell you a story. If you look up to that house, you will see a mule's shoe nailed to the wall. Once on a time, a mule carrying two sacks of powder was standing where we now are. The muleteer, having amusingly shot the finest branded shot of the cabaret close by, and the mule was amusing itself by kicking the pavement. Well, inside that house a worthy citizen and his wife were sitting down to dinner, when—a tremendous explosion, a shock as of a cannon-ball against the wall, and in came a mule's leg, and fell on the table. Where the body went, nobody could ever discover. Windows were shattered, tiles thrown off, walls shaken, but not a soul was hurt; and the Poitovins nailed a mule's shoe here as a warning, and erected a small statue of the Virgin (destroyed at the Revolution) out of gratitude. Rue de Pomme de Plaisir (destroyed now, must have been of venerable antiquity).

Birmingham has some streets that are worth naming. Pinfold Street is named from the general repudiation of the modern pound. Mawsonhouse Lane shows the ultra-puritanism for which the town has always been famous. Oxygen Street and Navigation Street each tell their own tale of the progress of science. Digbeth, for a great thoroughfare, is so odd a name, that I should like to have a better explanation than the local antiquaries give of it. Brittle Street, I believe, is unique; Ladywell Walk carries us back far enough from the present bustling times.

Antwerp has fewer monuments of antiquity in its street names than one might expect; partly, perhaps, on account of having received an adopted language. Rue Fosse aux Carrauds (Teads' Ditch Street) can scarcely be called an agreeable name, and is something worse than our own Houndsditch. Rue de la Bascule retains the old military name for the swing-gate of a drawbridge. What Rue des Chats Trouvés may imply, is a point of curiosity. Hamburg is a city of which I am fond. The approach up the Elbe is very picturesque. To your right, you have meadow lands, sprinkled here and there with the straggling farmhouse, and the bright red or pale-green gable of the gardener's lodge; before you, a forest of masts, growing thicker and more crowded as you approach the Frany for the coast, you have the wooded hills of Holstein, the bright copses, sunny gardens, and breezy lawns of Blankenesse; here and there, the villas of the merchant-princes peeping out from the thickly massed foliage of the chestnut, or the lighter groups of ash-trees; then the thickening streets and increased bustle of Altona; then the quaint and picturesque buildings that skirt the waterside in the Vorstadt S. Pauli—many-storied houses leaning out over the river on rickety legs of stone or wood—timber-yards, ropefactories, marine stores, all gable and all sides—fishermen's cottages, quaintly welded together of brick and timber—walls, covered with the shapeless forms of drying fish—nets, tackle, oars, blocks and pulleys—here and there, something like the:[...]

Remember once spending a long and happy summer morning in grand old Tournay, its vast cathedral and the five towers lumped together in its centre, and seeming everywhere to look down on one. This is the place for old street names—Rue du Roi S. Niclaus; Rue de la Tête d'Argent; Rue des Maux, a most unfortunate name; Rue des Croisiers (Crozier Street)—if rather it does not mean Cross-makers' Street; Rue Chevet St. Pierre (St Peter's Bolster Street); Rue du Pot d'Étain (Tinpot Street); Rue de Pruniers, which is wonderful; but prunus is a curious root, the word is of Roman origin, and 'Pruniers' may mean the merchants who sold it, and all the more likely in a place that bordered on the Spanish and German coast. To aux Rats, I dare say true enough, and Rue de l'Espinet (Virginal Street), because, I suppose, the musical-instrument makers lived there. I must not tire the reader, so I will only mention a few Portuguese names of streets. Every little town...
in Portugal names every little passage, and very oddly, too, sometimes. Ruas do Diabo (Devil's Street) probably applied to the appearance of the Devil One in processions and at festivals, just as the old ballad of Ximenia's marriage tells how 'Witches' came.'

The king had hired the horned fens for twenty

maravois, and there he goes, with hoofs for toes, to terrify the ladies,

is an instance. Ruas das Angustias (Strait's Street) is a very common name, and is merely an abbreviation of Ruas de N. S. das Angustias; that is, the Street of Our Lady of Good Hope in adorations. Ruas de Sisapavões (Six Peasocks' Street); and Ruas do Piso e Man-tegos (Bread and Butter Street), we meet with oftener than once—the latter reminding one of the Via Panis et Perno (Bread and Ham Street) in Old Rome. Ruas Senpavores (No Fear Street) is just the opposite of a street at Cambray, which received the name of the Rue Sans Têtes, because all its inhabitants were beheaded during the Revolution. Then we have Ruas do Louvor Governo (Royal Government Street); Ruas Quebracanaos (Breakbones Street); and Ruas Matacavallos (Kill Horse Street)—the last two appropriately named—Ruas da Grinalda Celestial (Celestial Coronet, Street); but I might go on endlessly.

Retracing our steps homeward, it is interesting, in some of our great manufacturing cities, to catch here and there a trace of the days when they were quiet little country places, scarcely heard of out of their own county. Tithe Barn Street at Liverpool was doubtless the place where the worthy rector of Widnes stored his corn, when people began to say that really some kind of chapel ought to be built for those sailors who were running up their huts by the Mersey. Dunlop Street, at Birmingham, a softening down of Dirty End, testifies to the mud and slush through which careful housewives used to pick their way to their parish church. The Cherry Gardens at Manchester, no doubt, once gave a summer's holiday to many of the worthies who are now sleeping quietly in the collegiate vaults. And so you may trace falls of dynasties and changes of religion in these names quite as strongly—if not with quite so indelible an effect—as in the alteration which, at the French Revolution, turned the Royal Bengal Tiger into the National Bengal Tiger. The Duke Dublin; Dominic Street and Francis Street call up the old times; Henrietta Street, the unfortunate queen of Charles I.; William Street and Orange Street, the dethronement of the Stuarts; Anne Street, the last monarch of that unhappy race; Denmark Street, her husband; Duke Street, her general; George Street, the succeeding dynasty; Suffolk Street, one of its mistresses; Cobourg Gardens, its alliance with that house; and Wellington Street, the great man of the nineteenth century. Had Prince Charles Edward marched on from Derby, how many Stuart Streets and Charles Streets, and Preston Gardens, and St James's churches, would then have been in Dublin!

One word before concluding on the generic names of streets. Here, in England, we have as many such as perhaps any nation possesses—street, lane, passage, alley, road, row, highway, as Ratcliff Highway; hill, as Holborn Hill; parade, as King's Parade at Cambridge, a name which has lately also supplanted the graphic appellation Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells; and some few local names or adjuncts, as Potty Cury at Cambridge; Above Bar and below; Without Bar at York; and Within and Without as at London, in Bishopsgate Within and Bishopsgate Without. North of England the names are-what we have "gate" for street, as Castlegate and Spurriergate at York, Cowgate and Canongate at Edinburgh. And this is the same as the Danish "gade"—for instance, Adelagade and Kongenagade at Copenhagen—and the Swedish "gatan," as Drottning Gatan (Queen's Street) at Stockholm. Back is provincially used; thus we have St Augustine's Back at Bristol; North Back and South Back at Canongate at Edinburgh; and the Long Backside at Hexham. The Fleet Street, city ditches at Hamburg, have undoubtedly the same derivation as our Fleet, a place, that is, through which water 'flows' or 'doves.' At East Grinstead, in Sussex, two street passages through a central mass of buildings in the High Street are called the Twintens; that is, the ways betwixt. So at Libbeck and elsewhere in Germany the cross streets are named Twieten. The French 'coul de sac' and 'boulevard' we have no native words to express. The former is the Portuguese 'becco.' The 'echada,' or 'achada,' of the last-named language, implying a steep road with steps here and there (not an uncommon feature in Portuguese, and, I believe, in some Scottish cities, such as Edinburgh), seems peculiar to that tongue. The Germans have their 'strasse,' answering more or less exactly to our principal; and 'gasse' to our less important, streets. The Spaniards and the Southern French say "calle," the Portuguese "rua"—although the latter have their "calle" too, but for laneges rather than streets. The Spanish "prado" is our "parade." The Polish, like the Romanesque, prefixes the title to the name, as Oulzita Sezno at Warsaw; but the Russian affixes, like the Teutonic language, the cognate word, as Fervalda Oulzita at St Petersburg.

Yet one word more. I do not remember ever having seen in England one of the commonest Portuguese street names, Ruas Direita—one of the commonest there, one of the oldest anywhere. A name now exists at Damascus, as it did when "the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the street which is called Straight."

OUR INVESTMENT.

How stupid you are, Tom," said my sister, with tears in her eyes, 'not to make sure of a good thing before other people snap it up. Seven per cent, Tom, only think!'

Poor dear Laura, she was no more of a money-worshiper than the rest of us, but was the woman who can look with indifference on a bargain? Besides, we were not really rich enough to neglect a small additional percentage of profit in the investment of our little all. We—my sister and I—the sole survivors of a large family, had just succeeded to the inheritance derived from a grandfather, who had lingered long, paralysed and imbecile. In the language of our simple neighbours, we had 'come into our fortunes.' It was not a very imposing fortune: five thousand pounds, of which reverted to Laura, and half to me—a few Spanish-American bonds, and other unproductive claims; and the house in the front parlour of which we were holding solemsn council, Laburnum Cottage. This was a neat, lovely, little residence, with masses of flowering shrubs, and a lawn of rich green Genoa velvet. It was situated within twelve miles of Charing Cross; but I decline to indicate its relative position to the metropolis. As for the five thousand pounds, that sum remained, in my opinion, a "negative legal language, an 'undivided share' belonging to each of us. We had been too long together, my sister and I, and were too sincerely attached, to dream of a partition of funds; indeed, I believe that the gossiping people, when they confide her age to the public, but I do not mind admitting that I was then thirty-four, and that there was no great difference in years between us. It was
necessary, at any rate, that we should find a safe and good investment for our modest amount of capital. 'Seven per cent, Tom, only think!' And Laura laid her hand persuasively on my coat-sleeve, as I affected to absorb myself in the perusal of the newspaper. 'Still harping on the string of that advertisement,' said I, glancing up from the columns of a local leading article, of which, I confess, I could not read a word, so busy were my thoughts with the very subject-matter to which I had so cavalierly alluded to. I knew very well that the public journals are full of impudent puff and spirit manifestoes, but all the advertisements could not be traps to catch the unwary; there might be a mountain of chaff, and yet some good grain at the bottom. Still, I had to assert the superior wisdom and prudence of the male sex, and therefore I amiably acceded to the eves-tails with which my sister condened the Times's supplement. She held it now in her hand, spread open and doubled down, her little thumb eagerly pressed on the one magic spot, the oasis among the wildernesses of print and paper, and her eyes fixed on me with an imploring look, that I could not withstand. 'Well, well,' said I, 'read it to me again, if you like.'

My sister read as follows: 'Eligible investment. To pay seven per cent., without risk or trouble. A gentleman of high standing requires the advance of five thousand pounds on mortgage. The money will be secured on valuable landed property in Ireland. Money-lenders' terms: 10 per cent. to Messrs. Gully and Sharpe, solicitors, Thavies' Inn.' I listened intently to every word of this announcement, then twitcheed up my shirt-collar, and said, in a didactic tone: 'Did you ever hear, my love, Canning's celebrated remark, that "high interest is but another name for bad security?"'

'But the security isn't bad,' interrupted my sister: 'The mortgage is very strong, and the scraps are shares, and nonsense. The land can't run away.'

I was staggered. I could not deny that there was a great deal of truth in Laura's argument. 'The land can't run away,' she erupt of her own accord. 'The eager little disputant went on. 'You see, Tom dear, if we put our poor little fortune in the funds, we should only get three per cent. for our money—that is, only a hundred and fifty pounds a year for our five thousand; and if we invest it in Turkish stock, or Indian railways, or Canada Sixes, as you were talking of the other day, why, who knows if there may not come some day, the Americans, or the Russians, or the French, or somebody, and ruin everything, and we should lose all at a blow. Now, Ireland is close by, and I read in the paper the other day that since the people had given up eating potatoes (don't laugh, pray), it was quite safe—as safe as England almost; and we shall get three hundred and fifty pounds a year for our money, besides the cottage; we shall be quite well off, and able to travel, as we always said we hoped; and that will be so nice!' And my sister clapped her hands, and fell into abstruse calculations as to the amount of rent obtainable for our present abode, Laburnum Cottage. The furniture was old, to be sure, but it was good, and scrupulously clean; the garden was pretty, and there were plenty of vegetables as well as flowers; there was a two-stalled stable and a coach-house, never used in our time, but in thorough repair; and in a well-watered and shaded meadow, which Laura called 'the paddock,' and I 'the field,' grazed a notable Alderney cow, the best milker in the parish. The situation was healthy and convenient, and the country was very picturesque as a reasonable man could expect to find within a dozen miles of town. 'A hundred for the cottage, Tom,' said Laura, lifting her forefinger; 'and not a bit too much rent, I am sure, for a cow and the kitchen-garden, and the greenhouse, and all. And we shall be able to go about and see the world, as we said we would when we were quite little children. Don't you remember, Tom?' Of course, I remembered. We, most of us, long for something foreign to our actual habits and opportunities. Great voyagers sigh for rest; quiet, home-tied folks pine to roam the world. Queen Elizabeth enfolded the milkmaid—perhaps the milkmaid envied Queen Elizabeth. Rasselas panted to get out of his Happy Valley, and, for aught we know, some one was reading that book in. Poor Laura's wish for change of scene and a view of the bright side of life, was not unnatural; she had passed years in a gloomy sick-room, and hers had been the unenviable task of caring for the wounds of a peevish and thankless sufferer, whose mind and body were equally prostrate. Nursing the hopeless invalid must always be a sad task, but it may be a labour of infinite love; it is hardest where the object of so much self-sacrifice belongs to a bygone generation, and has outlived affection, memory, and reason. Laura had tended her paralytic grandfather with great kindness and care, and without a murmur, for long years. During that time, our residence at Laburnum Cottage had been a necessity; it had now ceased to be so. With my grandfather's life had expired the annuity which had enabled us to provide easily for the many comforts his state required, and we had now to make the best of what was left us. I mildly sympathised with my sister's wish to travel and to settle elsewhere. Laburnum Cottage was a charming retreat, but she would find it all the happier at a distance; and it was true that, if we could really obtain so considerable a rate of interest for our five thousand pounds, we should find our path through life a much smoother one; but, then, the security? 'I hardly like it, Laura,' said I, shaking my head. 'Ireland is not far off, certainly, and I understand that tenants sometimes do pay rent otherwise than by shooting their landlords; but still it is a great advance from newspapers.' The newspapers are full of specious names, artfully baited to catch country bumpkins like ourselves; this may be one of them; and then...

But Laura interrupted me with that famous monosyllable, 'Fudge!' which formed Mr. Burchell's running commentary on the talk of the Primrose family and their fashionable visitors. 'My dear brother, you really are too suspicious, you dear old duncie. Don't you see that application is to be made to Messrs. Gully and Sharpe, solicitors, of Thavies' Inn; and do you think the lawyers would have their name to all this, and publish it there in all right and genuine; giving their very names, too, in the newspaper?'

I was conquered. Most men are who argue with a woman. But my defeat was only in practice; in theory I held my own; for I triumphantly refuted Laura's absurd notion, that lawyers were of necessity impecunious, and that no guile could harbour in an Inn of Court.

Next day I took my place on the top of the little branch-coach which runs from our village to the nearest railway station, was whisked to London, and found myself within the legal precincts of Thavies' Inn, and groping about in search of the offices of Messrs. Gully and Sharpe. The fans of Court, as a general rule, are dark and mildewy hotels, abounding in dirt, cobwebs, and crooked ways; and it cost me some trouble to discover the particular set of chambers appropriated to the use of Gully and Sharpe. When I did find it, I remarked with pleasure that its well-kept landing, freshly painted door, and air of smart cleanliness, contrasted very favourably with the surrounding region. The very brass plate which bore the inscription 'Gully and Sharpe,' was burnished as brilliantly as Mambro's helmet. I rang the office-bell; and before the sonorous clang had subsided, out popped a boy in a suit of black clothes many sizes too big for him. He was too young for a clerk; therefore I rightly guessed him to be the messenger of the firm. 'Could
I see one of the partners! The boy, who had not a well-regulated mind, for he grinned like a clown at Astley's on first catching sight of me, did not know, but would ask Mr Bartlettop. So saying, he vanished through a great door, through which came a grumbling sound of voices, and almost immediately Mr Bartlettop came shuffling out, and bent his grey head to do me honour—a short, dusty, ink-besotted man of sixty, with spectacles and a rough theory of Irving's hair. He looked a model clerk; and even the dust on his threadbare clothes was evidently derived from learned folios and comminuted law reports. 'Did you wish to see Mr Gully or Mr Sharpe, sir? Ahem! an appointment, I presume?'

I felt quite ashamed of not having one. 'Why, no,' said I, rather diffidently—'not exactly; that is, I called in consequence of an advertisement in the Times.'

Mr Bartlettop looked at me with bland composure. 'Mr Gully is probably at the nursery of the security alluded to,' I began, thinking I might as well question the man as the master; but I was in error.

'Excuse me, sir,' said the clerk; 'I was not aware that any advertisement had been inserted in which we were concerned. The business of the firm is, however, very extensive, and a rough theory of Irving's hair, sir.'

It so happened that I had. Laura had insisted on my bringing with me the supplement, neatly folded, and interleaved with ink at the particular passage to be consulted.

The clerk peered at the advertisement through his spectacles, exclaimed: 'Ah, yes, to be sure!' and leaning me into a side-room, most civilly dusted a black horse-hair arm-chair for my accommodation. 'Our people are very busy,' said he, in a confidential semi-whisper; 'but I'll see if I can manage to procure you a short interview.'

Not to be behind-hand in politeness, I said that I was going westwards, and that if Messrs Gully and Sharpe were very much engaged, I would contrive to call again. But this postponement Mr Bartlettop would by no means consent to; and so well did he manage, that after I had waited a quarter of an hour, during which time I heard much mysterious growling and whispering, shuffling of feet, and slamming of doors, as if clients were being shewn out, I was called into the inner apartment. A gentleman stood on the rug, with his back to the empty grate, and his hands behind him, and coat-tails tucked under his arms, as if he were enjoying a Barmaid's warm. He bowed before me, and then the clerk set a chair for me. 'What can I have the pleasure of doing for you, Mr—Mr—he glanced at my card—Mr Gully?' And he looked interrogatively towards me, and ratted his watch-chain.

'Have I the pleasure,' said I, 'of speaking to Mr Gully, or to Mr Sharpe?'

'My name is Sharpe,' said the lawyer.

I guessed so before he spoke. He looked like his name. A pale, intelligent face, with rather delicate features, cold blue eyes, white teeth, light hair, and a neat, straight, neckcloth of cream-coloured silk with blue. He was quite a dandy in dress, and about my own age. I explained my errand.

'Oh, indeed!' said Mr Sharpe, referring to a book of memoranda by his side; 'yes, there was an advertisement. Mr Gully inserted it, rather against my desire; but the senior partner has, of course, a casting vote in such matters.' I looked an inquiry, no doubt; for Mr Sharpe answered it in words. 'You see, Mr Gap,' said he, in a hasty manner, and with an air of indifference, 'you see, advertising is not much to my taste; but the client—Mr Gully desires to consult him. Before we go further in the business, it becomes my duty to ask a question which borders perhaps on the impertinent—indeed, it is as a mere form that I can make such an inquiry of a gentleman of your address and appearance. The advertisement downplays dealing with money-lenders; of course—you are not.'

'O dear, no,' said I, reddening sensibly; 'certainly not. I never lent a shilling in my life.' Indeed, I might have added, without much exaggeration, that I had never had a shilling to lend, but this I did not say.

Mr Sharpe smilingly begged me to excuse the liberty he had taken. 'The fact is,' he said, 'that our client, the O'Flaherty, has a strong prejudice against such persons, and would on no consideration have dealings with them. This is quite a snug little arrangement, Mr Gap, and these matters are much better adjusted when negotiated quietly between two gentlemen, than when they are bargained over in the money-market. Knocknaquity Castle is the property on which the mortgage is to be effected. Have you been in Tipperary?'

'No,' said I, flushing at the avowal. 'I have not hitherto been a traveler at all. But this is the name of the security alluded to,' I began, thinking I might as well question the man as the master; but I was in error.

A sweet smile, sir, quite a princely pile, of the most venerable antiquity,' said Mr Sharpe, warming with the subject; 'gardens, deer-park, demesne, lately purchased by our client, has been the central possession of his family, and alienated by an unholy progenitor. I have a picture of it somewhere here, and he began to turn over the papers lying on the table. 'Of course, sir,' I remembered the necessity for caution—'of course the title-deeds can be seen?'

Mr Sharp left off tossing the papers, and rang a bell. In came the model clerk. 'Mr Bartlettop, what did you do with that deed-box of the O'Flaherty's?' asked his employer.

The clerk smote his own forehead with an ink nymph. 'Isn't it here, sir? Very careless of me, very!' And he began to scrutinise the many japanned tinned cases, painted with the names of distinguished clients, under which the shelves groaned. These were rather dusty, but the gilt lettering was still remarkably perceptible. I gazed with awestruck curiosity on these receptacles for precious parchments and valuable charters. I did not see the name in question, that of the owner of Knock—something Castle. But the deeds of Viscount Squadercash were there, the deeds of the Earl of Mortmain were there, and those of Sir Brian Bullbrook, and Lord Feedham, and the Right Honourable Stephen Slammer, and of many, many more noble and landed personages; at least their names were painted in large letters, staring me in the face from the front of a row of lacquered boxes. Mr Bartlettop gave me plenty of time to make myself master of these aristocratic cognoms, and then exclaimed: 'That stupid boy! bustled out, and in two minutes returned, bearing a similar japanned case, which he laid before Mr Sharpe, who opened it with a patient key, and spread forth a quantity of papers before me. 'Shall I read the contents to you, curtailed, of course, or will you go over the deeds yourself?' asked the lawyer.

I glanced for a moment over the scribbled phalanx of words, neatly engrossed in those thick black characters that seem so legible, and are so bewildering to the uninitiated sight, and then expressed a wish that Mr Sharpe would become exponent, 'if it were not troubling him too much.'

He smiled, and began. He read very well, I am sure, in a distinct and slow tone, but the technical twists and repetitions were too much for my brain, as they have often proved too much for deeper heads than mine. When he left off, I could not, to save my life, have given even a tolerable explanation of what I had heard. Tenants in possession and tenants in tail, remainder men, jointures, executors, trustees, heirs, administrators and assignees, were classed in a four- handed red in my unfortunate brain. The incessant recurrence of the same phrases came in my ear like the chorus of a song, and I could make nothing of the purport. So I was quite relieved when Mr Sharpe
was interrupted by the abrupt entry of an old gentleman with his hat on, umbrella tucked under his arm, and a folded law-paper in his hand. 'Sharpe,' cried the new-comer, 'I want you to look over this writ in the estate of Smiggle's - be prompt, and in all your pardon, sir; I did not know my partner was engaged.'

'This is Mr Gully, my partner,' said Mr Sharpe. 'This gentleman, Mr Gape, has called about the mortgage on the O'Flaherty's property.'

'Ah! but he can't have it,' said the senior, facing about.

'Why not?' asked Mr Sharpe, arching his pencilled eyebrows a very little.

Mr Gully took his partner by the button-hole, and whispered, or rather growled, some lengthy communication in his ear, quite indifferent to the breach of politeness implied by such an act. I wondered that the two should be partners; for though Mr Gully was a gentleman by act of parliament, he was essentially vulgar, and rough in aspect and manners. He was a short, thickset, elderly man, very like the curious fish called a 'miller's thumb' in appearance, and with a red face and loud voice. So loud, in fact, was the latter, that even when he wished to be most guarded, he could not avoid uttering many words quite distinctly; for these were the broken phrases that reached my ears: 'In Holborn, of all places' - 'My lord, say I' - 'Take it or leave it' - 'Seven per cent.' - 'But no conditions.' At last Mr Sharpe shook off his partner, and addressed me. 'I am afraid, sir,' said he, 'that we are no longer at liberty to negotiate. Mr Gully has on his way here been intercepted in the street by a person of rank' ('No names, I say,' interjected Mr Gully) - 'and, in short, a person most eager to secure the investment. But this no gentleman, I mean, has said something of conditions which are unreasonable, and not to be thought of. Should he adhere to these, Mr Gully is released from his promise; and if you will leave your address, Mr - yes, Gape, Mr Gape, you shall hear from us in that event.' And they bowed me out.

I returned Laura awaiting me at home, in an excited and expectant state. Quite a cloud came over her bright, comely face when I related how old Mr Gully had entered in the thick of the negotiation, and how he had dropped hints of having already promised the golden windfall to some nameless nobleman. 'Dear, dear, how tiresome!' Laura quite hated that obtrusive aristocrat who had come between us and fortune. She lamented that it had not gone by an earlier train. Her spirits were quite low, and she desponded utterly. The little I could tell her with respect to the Irish estate on which the money was to be secured raised her curiosity immensely. I could only say it was called Knock - something or somebody - comprised a castle and park, and belonged to a gentleman with an unpronounceable Celtic name. Two days passed, during which my sister sometimes deplored the absolute loss of an opportunity never to be regained, and sometimes looked out for letters and messages which never came. But on the third day, joy! a curt note from Gully and Sharpe, begging me to call on them, if quite convenient; and this letter was accompanied by a highly finished lithographic engraving of 'Knocknakilly Castle and demesne, county Tipperary, Ireland.' A grand place indeed it looked, with its many windows, its Norman arches, stately round towers, with a flag flying on one of them, moat, drawbridge, fountains, gardens, statues on the terrace, and deer grazing beneath the oaks of the park. There were just enough ruins attached to the mansion to give a picturesque feudal effect; and the chapel, with its roofless aisle and skeleton oriel, looked a fairer pile than even when whole and new. Laura paused on it in a perfect ecstasy.

'O Tom, what a place! so noble and fine; and the pretty trees and fountains, and those lovely deer, and the peacocks. What a place! I should like to live and die there!'

'You forget, sister,' said I, 'that at best we should be only mortgagees, not proprietors. One would be but a money-interest in all these grandures, and indeed I wonder that the owner of such a palace should be in want of so small a sum. But if you wish it, I will run up and see the lawyers again.'

'Not only did Laura wish it, but she actually insisted on accompanying me. Why not? Her signature was as needful as mine, and lady-clients often went to consult their lawyers, and she would put on her bonnet, and be ready in a moment. So we travelled to Thavies' Inn together. We found only Mr Sharpe within, and he was wonderfully polite and attentive to Laura, whose eagerness to complete the arrangement with reference to KnocknakillyCastle sparkled in every glance of her honest eyes. He was happy to inform us that the negotiation between Mr Gully and the nobleman who had waylaid him in Holborn had been nipped in the bud. Two other parties of responsibility had written on the subject; but if I pleased, as I had spoken first, I might have the preference.'

'First come, first served!' said Mr Sharpe, laughing, and rubbing his hands cheerily.

Laura laughed too. As for myself, I felt it necessary to be very staid and careful. I asked if I could have a personal interview with the owner of Knocknakilly Castle.

'Why, no,' said Mr Sharpe, glancing at an envelope which bore a foreign stamp and post-mark. 'He is abroad; in fact, in Belgium, on a visit to an illustrious personage nearly related to - Ahem! Our client has given us full powers to act.'

'Indeed,' said I; 'then I conclude that Mr O'Flaherty -'

'O'Flaherty,' answered smiling Mr Sharpe. 'It's very easy to pronounce, with a little practice. But pray, my dear sir, should you ever meet him, don't call him Mister O'Flaherty. You couldn't find a surer way of affronting him. His grandfather fought seven duels. I have heard, with Englishmen who might persist in Misting the hot-tempered Milesian chieftain.'

Laura was quite astonished. The lawyer explained. The O'Flaherty was the heir of these three dignitaries who valued their patriarchal titles beyond all the honours the crown could bestow. They were descended from kings. They had refused a peerage, not once, but many times. And the name of France and Spain, in gratitude for the gallant services rendered by his banished forefathers, allowed the O'Flaherty to wear his hat in their presence, and called him cousin.

'Personally,' concluded Mr Sharpe, 'we have seen little of our client. He was originally recommended to us by our correspondent, Mr Toole, an eminent solicitor practising at Ballybrogue, Tipperary. Would you wish again to inspect the title-deeds? Or is your mind, my dear sir, made up to accept or decline?'

My sister nudged my elbow, glanced meaningly at me, and looked about the table, as I very likely believe, for pen and paper to complete the transaction at once. Mr Sharpe perfectly understood her, and out flashed his white teeth.

'I am sorry to say, my dear madam, that these matters take a little more time and trouble than you seem to imagine,' said he. 'If all the world were as well-intentioned as the party in my post office this day, Miss Gape, less cumbersome papers would be needed. As it is, we must move in the beaten track. Have I your permission, sir, to cause the mortgage deed to be drawn?'

'Certainly,' said I. Laura's eyes sparkled.

'Very well,' said Mr Sharpe carelessly; 'of course, if you would like your solicitors to peruse the papers -'

'Well, as you please. We shall have, then, to consider you as our client for the time, as well as The O'Flaherty.'
Laura asked, rather timidly, how long the papers would be in preparation.
Mr Sharpe could hardly say. Three weeks, or a month, most probably, or even less, if it were unnecessary to submit a rough draft for counsel’s opinion. We took our leave; but before we went, the lawyer added a remark which gave my sister a perfect thrill of delight.
The O’Flaherty, between ourselves,’ said he, ‘though the soul of honour, is a careless man, of costly habits and prodigal expenditure. He may get involved so as to be unable to pay your interest; and then’—
‘And then, sir?’ said I, rather anxiously.
‘Why, then, you foreclose,’ laughed Mr Sharpe; ‘and you become Mr and Miss Gape, of Knocknaktyle Castle, and the owners of an unrivalled residence and handsome rent-roll. No great hardship in that, I fancy, except for poor O’Flaherty, and it will be his own fault. And I only bargain that when you marry, you should give Gally and Sharpe your settlements to draw—ha, ha, ha! Good morning.’
We descended the stairs. My sister’s naturally rosey complexion was a trifle heightened, perhaps by the warm feeling of becoming sharers in so much, perhaps by the delicate hint of her probably making a good match, which Mr Sharpe had conveyed, since no woman who ever thinks of herself, can pass the hope of marriage, and Laura looked really too blooming for a ‘confirmed old maid.’ But I was moody and abstracted, and hardly answered my sister’s chirping talk.
A doubt weighed on my heart.
‘Tom,’ said Laura, pinching my elbow as we dived under the archway of Thavies’s Inn, ‘what are you thinking of? I know. You’re thinking how nice it would be to live in that fine castle, with that park and the gardens.’
I answered briefly in the negative. My gloomy face dampened Laura’s high spirits. She walked beside me in silence for awhile, and then gave my arm a little squeeze. When I looked at her, I saw tears in her candid blue eyes.
‘I know, brothert’ she said, you are thinking me very thoughtless, and selfish, and cruel, to wish to take that poor Irish gentleman’s beautiful house and lands away from him, if he got into our debt. But, indeed, Tom, it was only for a moment I thought so, and I’m sure I wouldn’t be so heartless, nor would you, brother. We would give him plenty of time— would we not? and if we did live in the castle, we’d only do so as his tenants; and—’
‘No, indeed, dear girl; it was not that I was brooding over;’ said I, looking silent, towards Sharpe, and barely meeting him in the very gateway of Thavies, told him as delicately as I could what I had decided on. He took the news with great good-humour, walked with me a little way, he chaffed playfully, took hands at the corner of a by-street, and left me; so I was able to tell my sister with perfect truth that my precaution had not made me regret, that I, perhaps read Crake of Lincoln’s Inn—Uncle Simpson’s solicitors, you know—and ask them to look over the title, if you have not already read over a part of them, I own to you, my dear, that it was all Greek and Hebrew to me, and that I couldn’t make out a syllable of it.
My sister’s countenance fell. ‘Tom, wouldn’t it have a distrustful appearance? Perhaps Messrs Gully and Sharpe would be hurt.’
But I was firm. Leaving Laura at a friend’s house, I went off to the Lincoln’s Inn lawyers, an old, steady firm, who knew me for the nephew of their old client, and who readily agreed to see that all was as it should be; and then I went to Sharp, and luckily meeting him in the very gateway of Thavies, told him as delicately as I could what I had decided on. He took the news with great good-humour, walked with me a little way, he chaffed playfully, held hands at the corner of a by-street, and left me; so I was able to tell my sister with perfect truth that my precaution had not made me regret, that I, perhaps read Crake of Lincoln’s Inn—Uncle Simpson’s solicitors, you know—and ask them to look over the title, if you have not already read over a part of them, I own to you, my dear, that it was all Greek and Hebrew to me, and that I couldn’t make out a syllable of it.
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don't drown and gnaw your nails, but tell me.'

So I confessed that I was getting very uneasy about the payment of the second quarter on our Irish mort-
gage. The day was long overdue. I had waited, not to seem greedy or discourteous, and I had written to The O'Flaherty at Brussels, but had got no reply. No rent, too, from Labarum Cottage, and I began to wish I had asked my tenant for a reference, instead of giving his statement. 'Tom,' said Laura, after a little thought, "suppose we go to Ireland? Oh, I know you'll say it's too far off, but we can go second class, and Ireland's very cheap, and you can buy a fishing-boat, Tom, and catch salmon; you always were so fond of angling, you know (indeed I had formerly been spurred by the perusal of Isaac Walton into catching a few littlebaitte); and we should be on the spot, and near Knockna— What is it? and could see after our own interests.'

We had a long and discursive debate, but finally to Ireland we went. It was then early autumn, and the Green Isle looked at its best, under skies fairly serene. I had written again, and very urgently, to The O'Flaherty, sending my letter under cover to Gully and Sharpe, and begging that an answer might meet me at Dublin; but, strange to relate, there was no letter at Dublin for Thomas Gape, Esquire. Laura wanted to see Killarney, but I could not be easy until my eyes had rested on the property in which we had now so deep an interest. Hastening, therefore, by rail, coach, and car, to the small Typerary town of Ballybogmore, we hired a carriage for the drive to Knocknacally. The carman was a light-hearted young fellow, whistling like a very black-bird, and talking vociferously to his horse; and as the vehicle was in a jaunting-carts' order, we were of course close to him, we soon began to converse with him.

"Is it Knocknacally? Sure, then, 'tis a dacent place enough. Fourteen slated houses in the barony!'

"But the castle, the castle!'

"The castle? Well, that's mighty square. I thought your honour and your young lady would be for looking at Mr. McColloch's model-farm, with all the new mashins, and the cattle that can't lie down for the fat of 'em. Don't laugh, my lady—'tis truth I'm tellin'."

"But the castle," said I, "is not that a fine place?"

"It may have been," said the Milesean, with a crack of his whip—"it may have been, in the old ancient times. But tis a parcel for owls 'tis just fit for. They do say, though, there's treasure buried under the ruins, by some old king of the Danes, the haythens, or—'

"The ruins!" exclaimed, nay, almost screamed, my sister and I.

"Fair, ye can judge for yourselves," said Mike, as we 'rose' the hill, and beheld before us, on a mound, the skeleton pile of what must once have been a noble and extensive castle. It was a mere shell, shattered towers, roofless halls, chapel utterly wrecked, and to its ruins clung, nestling, a little one-storied farm-
house. A few geese and a couple of lean cows picked up a living among the thistles and rank grass of a dreary waste of common land. Not a tree was to be seen, nor any garden, save the humble enclosure where a score of marigolds and roses gleamed over the farmer's cabbages. And this was Knocknacally Castle! On this precious mansion and domain was guaranteed the loan of our whole fortune. Laura sat the picture of half-incredible despair. She had pulled out the picture representing the building in its infancy applied, the flying, fountains spouting, deer, peacocks, and fine company. Alas! the hunner had drawn on his fancy for all these superb deeds, and passed over the first passions, the first utterances of our despair. We were ruined, almost wholly ruined. To do justice to the people of the neighbourhood, they were very kind and sympathetic, though their pity had in it a literal share of contempt for the credulity of the simple John Bulls.

'The O'Flaherty, forsowth! to think of the likes of him calling himself that. Jack Flaherty is his name; and a chandler his mother was; and he was bred up to be a lawyer in his uncle's office, ould Toole, the dhrity attorney of Ballybogmore, till he went off to Dublin, and made a thrife horse-racin' and billboard-playin'. A scampy he always was. He kem down here, and he bought the oul ruined castle, and the few acres of bad land, but ninety pounds, and they weren't worth a threepence more, for all they had changed hands since the thirteenth Court could 'em when Lord Guillarmore's estate was auctioned. Sure we knew Jack Flaherty was up to some cheatin', and his uncle Toole, the thief, is in it too.'

So, indeed, it appeared. My uncle Simpson, being appealed to, set his lawyers to work, and they, in turn, enlisted the services of Messrs. Grimes and Perk, of Curstaw Street, as being more used to deal with dirty tools, and to twist in crooked ways than the steady Lincoln's Inn firm. But though Grimes and Perk grimmled at the mention of the Flahery's Inn gentlemen, Gully and Sharpe made a very plausible answer. They had been open and above-board; they had submitted the papers to the lawyers of the mortgagees; they had stated the truth. The O'Flaherty was personally a stranger to them, about whom they knew nothing but what Mr. Toole, of Ballybogmore, told them. Briefly, they disclaimed any share in the fraud, and laughed at the threat of an indictment for conspiracy. The title-deeds, they averred, had been returned to The O'Flaherty. In fact, Grimes and Perk could make nothing of the 'Flahery's Inn mess. It was diamond cut diamond. Further inquiry proved that The O'Flaherty, alias Mr. John Flaherty, was in Brussels, very flush of cash, but had lately been released from a good fellow; that his reputation was black enough, and that he had been heard to boast among his associates of the skill with which he and his respectable uncle had 'doctored' the deeds, so as to make them pass muster. It afterwards came out that old Lawyer Toole had got possession of a number of useless old deeds belonging to the late Guillarmore property, and that by erasures, obliteration, and something very like forgery, the estate had been made to bear a high nominal value. We but had not the documents to produce in court.

"Laura," said I, "we are very much together in the wretched little inn, 'we are beggars, your poor girl, and it is all my fault."'

"Not at all," said Laura stoutly; "it is much more my fault than yours. But why not, as Uncle Simpson says, make the best of things; foreclose, and sell the wretched place for what it will fetch? Our five thousand is gone, but even a few pounds will be welcome."

I took the necessary legal steps, and a Dublin surveyor came down to make a valuation.

"Poor land, Mr. Gape," said he, as we walked about; "and I fear you 'll hardly get a hundred for the whole."

"I suppose not," said I depressedly; "but of even that we should be thankful."

"Hullo!" cried the surveyor suddenly, as he turned up the turf with his stick, "what have we here?"

Not a gold-mine, as poor Laura first opined; but a block of native marble, espied by the keen and practiced eye of the surveyor, was not a discovery to be slighted. It proved to be a granite-stone-quarry, hitherto unworked for centuries, existed at Knocknacally; and a Dublin builder made me the offer of three thousand pounds for the property, which I thankfully accepted, them being saved out of the five, and our ruin was mitigated. By this time, our plausible tenant had quitted
Laburnum Cottage, without carrying out any improvements or paying any rent; so Laura and I were glad to return thither, safer but wiser, let us hope. The aspect we experienced we had gained of capital investments.

A NEW WORLD OF WORDS.

If we have added very considerably to our vocabulary, we have permitted many words to slip out of it. The notes required to a modern edition of any of our early writers need not be cited in evidence of this fact; a reference to authorities so recent as Johnson and Walker would be quite conclusive. We have shifted the original meaning of some words on to the shoulders of others, and have retained for the words thus eased of their true meanings, significations foreign to their derivations. We have weeded, raked, and rolled our spelling into a trim, clipped maze, rivaling in intricacy the labyrinthic approach to fair Rossemond's bower; and besides this, we have altered our pronunciation to a perplexing extent. These changes render a glance back at 'old English' a curious study, and the tan-colour coated volumes of the scholars of past times possessesience.

In this way, it is a privilege to have and to hold, this clumsy quarto, bearing the quaint title, A New World of Words, on the rust-spotted title-page. This is a dictionary published in the reign of King William III. (1696). It bears upon an affected frontispiece eight lozenge-shaped portraits of distinguished scholars—Sheridan, Selden, Bickersteth, Camden, Spelman, and Sir Philip Sidney; and records, as an appendix to a pretentious preface, the names of the learned and ingenious persons, most of whom, it adds parenthetically, are now living, who contribute to any of these 'arts, sciences, and faculties contained in the following work'—a brilliant list of the principal scientific personages of the Stuart period—Dugdale, Ashmole, Boyle, Evelyn, Parell, Warton, and others of less note. This curious and valuable compilation differs in its plan from our great modern models by partaking more of the character of an encyclopedia, and in entering into the explanation of customs and idioms: thus, to the word caterpillar is appended the remark—"When we see a company of caterpillars, we say at the present day, 'There goeth a bunch of caterpillars.'" Opening the book again for another example, we find—'Pick-a-dilly, the hem about the skirt of a garbors, also the extremity or utmost part of anything. With this genealogy is a house built by one Higgins, a taylor, famous for making those kinds of skirts in fashion, is called Pick-a-dilly.'

Thus the World of Words shews us the exact amount of information on any subject possessed at the period at which it was published. The main difference observable between the scholarship of those days and the present is, that the former was, in most instances, the result of book-learning only. The classic authors were the founts from which polite writers sipped. Travels were rare, experiments rarer; hence knowledge remained in many departments very nipped where the Latin scholars closed their eyes upon it. In examining the pages of the Stuart dictionary, the orthography proves to be so akin to that in use, that it would be difficult to realise that the volume pertains to forerunners so far foregone as a full century and a half, were not for the nature strikingly different in other of its features. Perhaps it is nowhere more apparent than in the profound veneration expressed for the science of etymology. Lally the astrologer, whose name is coupled with that of Mr. Henry Coley, is the source whence the information upon this subject is obtained, which he describes to be his; his is no conjectural knowledge obtained from the observation and position of the stars, of the success of things depending upon celestial influence, to foretell the grand mutations of nature, and natural fortune of man, woman, or child. Every word connected with this matter—be it of different signs and houses—their bearings upon human affairs, is elaborately set forth. Chiroscopy and physiognomy had their professors also in those days—all easily accounted for in the strong curiosity every individual must have felt, in such unsettled times, as to what was going to happen to him. Within the remembrance of most people, the papal power had passed into the hands of six different persons, two of whom were private gentlemen. Who could know but what he, like Richard Cromwell, might have to choose between being Protector of England and a country gentleman?

In contrast to the firm credence in these apocryphal sciences, it is curious to note the incredulity which obtained in zoology. The information possessed on this subject appears to have scarcely increased since the day Herodetus laid down his pen. It is so slender and so often inaccurate, that we can no longer consider it a withers whin of the court-ladies of Charles II.'s reign to have visited Dr. Jolliffe for the purpose of seeing his two rattlesnakes in their tub of bran, as noted by Evelyn in his Diary; or a curious piece of ignorance on the part of the Marquis of Argyle, to have mistaken the turtle-doves in the aviary at Sayes Court for owls. It is probable, too, that there were few among those days, who, profiting by the absence of authentic specimens, easily drew concourses to less wonderful creations than mermaids. Evelyn incidently notices that when he was at Greenwich he went to see 'a sort of cat,' with a monkey's body and cat's ears. 'Its hair was woolly like a lamb; it was exceedingly nimble, gentle, and purr'd as a cat.' Many of the facts that are quite familiar to us were pronounced fabulous; while, on the other hand, creatures whose existence modern travel has not been able to ascertain were implicitly accepted. As lions were kept at the Tower for the delectation of country cousins, they enjoyed a recognised existence, the compiler contenting himself with remarking that 'it is a vulgar error to think that this fierce and savage beast is afraid of a cock;' but the lynx is altogether ignored—it is a kind of spotted beast celebrated among the ancients by Lycias, and, by the moderns, as the lynx, looked upon as imaginary fiction. A wild beast, 'answerably called an elk,' but described under the name of alce, is 'in fashion and skin like a fallow deer; but greater; and hath no leggs, and therefore doth never lie down, but lean to trees; the horn of it is useful in physic;' and the now equally familiar badger was supposed to labour under a similar anatomical difficulty—'its legs are shorter on one side than on the other. Whatevsoever it bites, it makes its teeth meet in it.' Perhaps for the reassurance of timid readers, the lexicographer adds: 'It is a sort of four-footed animal, that sleepeth in the day, and cometh abroad in the night.'

Further on, an animal is described that would appear to be a variation of the latest novelty, the gorilla; it is called the mantore, and is 'a kind of Indian beast, faced like a man, and bodied like a lion, and having three rows of sharp teeth.' The terrible is further revelled in under the head of crocodiles, which are stated to be thirty feet long; and again, combined with the mythical, in the head of the colus, 'a beast, with hair, that hath a head like a hog, and that drinks in water through the nostrils.' The precision with which the particulars respecting the unicorn are given is very amazing: 'The unicorn is a tame genus of horse, that lives in woods, yet ventures out sometimes into the plain. This creature is as big as an ordinary horse, having one white horn in the middle of his forehead about five hands long.' The true place where it
is to be found is in the province of Argos, in the kingdom of Damotnes, in Ethiopia."

Birds were also uncatalogued, and were supposed to be of the same kind as marinated fish; some were unknown to us. Where, for instance, shall we turn for the stalker?—"a large bird, higher than a man;" or for the "trunk"—of whom some writers have reported things too incomprehensible, as that it is able to truss up a lion with its claws. Who among us has seen the trocolum?—an American bird no bigger than a swallow; black and white, which breeds in chimneys, into the sides whereof it sticks the sharp ends of its feathers for rest's sake, and whose nest hangs down by a string about a yard long, and who, having brought forth young, throws down one at departure in token of gratitude, to the master of the house for its lodging.

Fishes are mentioned by name, but are dismissed with the scantiest discussion, except in the instance of the seal, which is termed a sea-calf, and described in an apprentices' manner, as "a great fish with a velvet black-spotted skin, having four kinds of paws with claws, the flesh of which is like that of the sucking-pig." The paucity of information on this subject is the more remarkable, seeing that Colonel Venables and Isaac Walton are the names given as those of the "ingenious persons contributory" to fishing, and whose two books upon the art of angling were received with much public favour, being about this time, together with the work of Cotton, on the same subject, sold as one volume, entitled the Universal Angler. One Mr Edward Topsell, had published a work on Frogs, and another on Four-footed Beasts and Serpents, just before this time, but, nevertheless, the dragon is not displaced from popular belief. He is "a sort of serpent that with age grows black and white, which may such a one fought like a dragon." Further, it was a general conviction that neither spiders, moles, nor rats were to be found in Ireland.

The definition of the next word to the last mentioned, Dragons' blood, opens out a view of the rarity of travel. It is set forth as "the juice of a gum of a tree called Anchusa, that comes from Africa. Some say there are great trees at the Maderas, Porto Santo, in the Canaries, and Africa, which twist themselves in the form of dragons, and sometimes a tear or drop, with which if you touch anything, it dyes it a red colour, which is therefore called dragons' blood." In like manner, amber was considered to be the gum of poplar trees, although there was an expectation that it was the juice of a stone. The Dutch system of gardening, newly introduced, had brought horticulture into fashionable repute; more precise information, therefore, obtained respecting plants and flowers; but even then it was not quite clear whether heliotropes did not follow the course of the sun; and every one agreed that when a primrose was transplanted to a garden, it grew up a cowslip.

As might be expected of an age when the reaction from extreme Puritanism had made frivolities the order of the day, and when visiting and receiving visits was considered one of the great ends of life, etiquette is shown to have been a matter of great moment. Affectation is defined as "an over-curious manner of speech and behaviour different from general practice, and consequently ridiculous, yet wherein some people take a peculiar pride;" this, with etiquette—the two not to be distinguished in England. In much freedom of speech and manner—would be the prevailing mode; and velvets, satins, jewels, and point-lace the most conspicuous adornments of the countesses, a term which now signified nothing but ladies of the court.

At a dinner-party, the company would attack the different dishes with ceremonious phrase—thus, the courses would be requested to "culpin that trout, or to tuck that barbel; to hack that brown, or to break that deer." Many of our popular dishes were favourites then—for example, "the saudige." The Sardinian mode of preparing fish was probably in use, "cacciatore" being so-called, as being thus fitted for a sea-voyage. Oysters, too, were in much esteem; but they were not eaten this very year, so large it that a shilling could be heard to rattle between the shells when closed—a law of the Admiralty preventing them from being taken before they attained that size, as not "black-manner." was not composed in precisely the same way as its descendant dainty; it was made of rice, almonds, and capers' brains—a startling addition to the ingredients which caused it to be pronounced a "delicious mess." Broths (our salads) were in great vogue; while cucumbers are looked upon with trepidation, as likely to create much corruption, by reason of their cold quality. Sorrel was partaken of freely, being a ring herb, of very sharp and poignant taste. Spinages was eaten as a salad, as well as used in broths; and lettuce was supposed to perform the useful adjunct of "breeding milk" in nurses. Potatoes were by this time fully established in the favour they have so long enjoyed. They are described as "a sort of fruit, growing originally in India. It is common in English gardens, whose root is of great virtue to comfort and strengthen the body." Jerusalem artichokes were banished from the tables of persons of quality for this "Canadian potato," though formerly of great account, was pronounced despicable. Oranges were only proper for sauces, being an ruin a fruit and nuts were in scarcely better repute, though hazels, by reason of their dryness, were commended to be eaten after fish, "to hinder the engendering of plegm." Strawberries were partaken of as milk, with cream, or, as a great dainty, with claret wine and sugar.

The long evenings were filled up with "revels" (from the French rereille)—sports of dancing, masking, comedies, &c., used in the reign of Elizabeth and James of Court. With these displays, it is not pleasant to associate the word "brawl," which, however, upon reference, turns out to be "the dance with which all balls are begun, wherein the free persons dance in a ring or not forward, continually pulling and shaking one another." After contemplating such rough exercise as this, we become the more willing to accept such a compliment, put forth as in general use, in the definition of the word vermillion—an epithet given to blushing cheeks, especially when dyed with maiden blushes. Right wisely it was believed that the dance of such fatiguing and luxurious entertainments, would be the sight of the torches used to light persons of quality home on the dark nights—when Westminster, the fashionable quarter, would be all a-tir, as the brilliant thorns trickle out into the unhinged streets, and group after group—people, perhaps, of whom we are never tired of hearing. Peggs and wife, Sir William Temple and his Donkey, Evelyn, Clarendon, Sir C. Wren, Dryden, not forgetting the learned and ingenious persons whose labours have lightened those of our lexicographer—pick their way homewards.

It would be interesting to trace the stage at which the art of healing reposed at this day. Drs Glisson and Sydenham are the physicians mentioned in the quoted list of contributors to the sciences; the former of whom had written a treatise upon the Rickets, when that was a disease of but fifteen years standing in England. In the two notorious, the curses would be found as ill to endure as the diseases; in others, still more so. We call, for example, apoplexy: Among physicians, this is the appellation of a disease in which the median, or passage, no longer通行s and stopped, and the animal spirits intercepted, the affected person becomes like one entranced, and void of sense and motion: The remedy for this malady we know was only preferable to decapitation; for
when Lord Berkeley was seized with a fit of apoplexy as he was making his way to the council-chamber in
Whitehall, he was attended by several doctors, under
whose auspices he was cupped in the shoulders;
and after being thus far discovered by
applying hot firepans and spirit of amber to his
head.
Poor gentleman! The gentle art of nursing was still in
its elementary stages for Romneys purposes to the
ignorance of his nurses the death of his precocious
little son, who had 'a passion for Greeks' at five
years of age, and was at the same time well learned in
the English, French, and Latin languages. 'In my
opinion, he was suffocated by ye women and maids
that tended him, and covered him too hot with
blankets as he lay in a cradle near an excessive hot
fire in a close room.' If we were called upon to
pass an opinion, we might exonerate the maids, and
bring in a verdict of 'Died from Eucidi.' There appears to have been a run of faith upon particular medicines.
Rhubarb is described in these glowing terms: 'The
root of a plant that grows in some provinces in China,
counted so wholesome, and so much used in medicine
that it is said to live on bread, life, health, and treasurce
of the liver. It purges choler particularly.' Maia
(maize) enjoyed a similar recognition; 'Indian wheat
has four excellent qualities: it is a great nourisher;
that eat it are never troubled with obstruction;
it preserves the complexion; and a decoction of it is
given without danger in all manner of sharp diseases.'

When this dictionary was issued from the press, the
Royal Society was scarcely thirty years old; the
union of Scotland and England was yet ten years in
fruituity; the national debt was not; the scaffolding
was still round St Paul's; night after night Dryden
was taking the same chair in the same coffee-house;
Swift, Addison, and Steele were young men; Pope
and Gay were boys of eight years of age. It is easy
to pick out words that give curious glimpses of the
morality and customs of the society that filled up the
background of this picture. 'Exposure—Children are said
to be exposed when their mothers leave them in the
street. Eyebrow—To bewitch by a certain evil influence
of the eye. Hounds—A certain deceitful people
that go up and down from place to place, buying and
selling old brass and pewter, which ought to be
uttered in open market. They are now taken for
a sort of people who, waiting for the first coming out of
news-books and pamphlets, run vending them up and
down the streets, like hawks that hunt everywhere
after prey, whence they seem to be so called.
Palmer—A certain instrument wherewith school-boys
are stung on the rump with, the same as is called a
ferula. Merro—A kind of play used by children,
wherein they swing themselves up and down upon a
rope swung between two trees, which is called a
rope. It is called in Latin Oscillum. 'This swing will
probably be the origin of our word merry-go-round,
which ultimatum may have been attained by the
assistance of a transition at Westfield.' The game of
'pale mail,' whence our Pall Mail, was another of
the common amusements of those days which we
have suffered to decay. There are many other
words in which we can see the derivation of others.
The term mantis-maker must have arisen from the
common use of a feminine article of attire called
a mantle in a loose cut, worn by women instead of their straight-bodied gowns.' Of the following, derivation and derivative are alike
obsolete: 'Dandiprat, a small coin so called and
made by Henry VII; hence every little men and
women are called Dandiprats.'

Among the many words that have fallen into disuse
are several that once entered into articles of costume no
longer worn, of manufactures no longer made, of
institutions no longer in existence. Other words,
again, implied then a little more than they do now:
thus standing on the mystery of fate, the personified
an intimate companion, a dear friend much confided in;
in Johnson's day, the meaning had dwindled down to
an old acquaintance. A modern dictionary explains
it simply as an old companion. Another curious cir-
sumstance connected with this collection of words is
its incompleteness; for instance, there is no mention
of coal or coal-pits, and yet there was a large tax
raised upon the consumption of this fossil. Various
other fuels are mentioned, such as 'cannel,' a mixture
of charcoal-dust and loams,' which was tried with
success for everybody to see, at Gresham College
(used as the Exchange after the fire); but not coal. The
change in the meaning of some words is very start-
ling; this is well marked in the word 'interfere,'
which meant 'to hit one leg against another;' but it
is best illustrated in the noun 'pulpit,' 'the place upon
which the comedians acted' now called the stage.
Taking the present fashion of Sunday services in
theatres into account, it is just possible that the stage
may be called the pulpit once more.

The rustic, rugged volume closes with a little gust
redolent of the breeze that wafted King William and
his suite in a gorgeous yacht across the ocean to
England, and that rinsed the voile of the Tamar as a
little boat with a single pair of oars carried King
James away.

WHITECLIFF.

I suppose it behoves us Englishmen, the descendants
of the roving Northmen, to be fond of the Sea, even
if we were not constrained by gratitude to be so for
the protection it has given us for the last two hun-
dred years. At all events, no nation worships at the
shrine of Neptune as does ours, although the interior
organisation of many of us forbids our venturing upon
the element which in oratory and song we are so
fond of designating our native home. No sooner does
the summer return, than a great longing arises in all
the inland population to inhale that 'smell of the sea,'
which, whether it be the result of decomposition or
not, is just the most delicious scent that breeze can
bear, and for the absence of which no esplanade or
terrace can ever atone. Many sea-side places are
unhappily in the hands of municipal dandies, who think
they are improving their locality by building up
artificial beaches, and bearing away the beautiful
fresh tresses of seaweed, underneath each of which
lies some wonder of creation, which to them,
indeed, may be a yellow limpet and something more,
but which affords to some of their visitors (and not
those dreadful marine-scientific ones either) more pleasure
than all the German Bands and Fancy Bazaars, and
'Subscription Rooms with magnificent Dolland Tele-
scopes,' that town-councillor ever set up. But there
are some sea-sides still worth going to. The rival
companies are by no means slow to gratify the
national yearning, and periodically shoot upon the
coast-line enormous cargoes of excursionists from
every large town, there to enjoy at least one entire
day after their own fashion, whether in romantic
contemplation, or in donkey-racing on the yellow sands.
It must be a shallow soul indeed which derives no
benefit from such a visit; nor are we to set it down
for certain that even the donkey-racers acquire nothing
beyond hoarseness of voice and stiffness of leg. A poet
of our own time, whose name is kept in full of very beautiful imagery drawn from the
features of Ocean, has told us that prior to its publica-
tion he had only once been to the sea-shore, and then
only from a Saturday night to a Monday morning;
and although all marine excursionists (unless their
appearance much belies them) are not poets, the sight
of the mighty waves sickles in most natures more or less,
and sooner or later makes itself felt in all.

Unless there is some truth in this, it is hard to
account for persons of all conditions seeking the
sea-side so eagerly again and again, who do not
certainly find there the gaiety and dissipation they delight in at home, and who have no physical need of its health-restoring breezes. Whether Fr. may be the reason, however, our coasts are thronged from early June to late October by inland persons of all grades. Without prejudice to the reputation of other resorts of fashion, we may assume it for granted that Brighton holds the first position as the gathering-place of the best circles; and it is equally certain that Whitecliff enjoys the same pre-eminence with respect to the middle classes. Brighton is, of course, well known to the Gentle Reader (since he is always understood to move in the first rank of society), but Whitecliff may not, and indeed cannot be known to him.

The very name of Whitecliff causes his aristocratic lip to curl; 'the place into which the city empties itself in August,' he believes. In spite of that, and indeed we may say because of it, there is a certain interest, and even importance attaching to Whitecliff; and since the present elegant writer happened to be there this autumn—shipwrecked, let us charitably suppose, upon his passage to a more aristocratic port—he proposes to describe it.

Whitecliff is a struggling ill-built place, retaining the narrow streets and magnificent terraces which betitted its original humble position as a fishing-village, and yet there is no town in the island which impresses one so forcibly with the sense of the wealth of Britons. The roads are small, but this, and the prices commanded by their contents are prodigious: the lodging-houses are old-fashioned, but they fetch them their guineas a week. You may be splendidly located on the East Cliff or the West at Brighton with the Right Hon. Marmaduke Plantagenet for your right-hand neighbour, and the Countess of Mirabel for your left, for far as you can see they than you can hire a residence in Whitecliff, with its crazy little first-floor verandah; overlooked, on the one hand, by the relic of the late Alderman Stubbs, and on the other, by Mr Solomon Levi and the Minories.

The misguided foreigners who seek Whitecliff under the impression that since it is not fashionable, it must be cheap, return to Leicester Square at the end of a week, instead of the proposed fortnight, with only just enough money to defray his fare. The town is literally besieged for the summer months, and the prices are accordingly high. Dick, the Spookkeeper, when it is not shopkeeping, when it has got away from its ledgers and its daybook for a holiday, does not care what it pays. Even the nobles of the land decline to meaasre pitey's relief—when Mr Stubbe's relics, or put to the best who can manage to throw away most money in a fortnight. They have town and country houses to support, and their position in the country to keep up; whereas the Stubbees are but very lightly burdened in that way, the village at Clapham being easily enough maintained by the shop in the city. It may be easily imagined, therefore, that no Continental person is ever found residing at Whitecliff. A German prince would find its annual revenue exhausted in less than a month, and perhaps be even compelled to enlist in one of those bands of his countrymen which we insolent islanders maintain to minister to our ears at every watering-place. At Whitecliff, I believe there are half-a-dozen, besides Tyrolese minstrels, Nigger melodists, men-singers and women-singers, organ-grinders, harp-players, and every kind of peripatetic music.

The sands at Whitecliff, which have formed the subject of a great National picture, present between nine and eleven A.M. the appearance of a statute fair. If it be high water, there is literally no room to move the vast multitudes which the tide has had the courtesy to leave unto ourselves. Everybody has come down thither in order to see Miss Solomon Ben Levi bathe. In a durb gown (and sometimes with the umbilicus adding an extra hat to cap), that young lady and her numberless sisterhood take hands and sport upon those yellow sands, now underneath the water, and now exposed to the admiration of the public. In some happy towns, perhaps, a Grecian or a Grecian may be permitted to gentlemen, similarly attired, to join these mermaids, and execute quadrilles with them upon the mountain wave. At Whitecliff, alas! matters are not so satisfactorily arranged at present, although I understand the reform is under consideration. However, by procuring a chair, and placing it on the very fringe of the sea—like another Statue—you scarcely miss anything. The majority of the company employ opera-glasses or race-telescopes, but I am inclined to think (after giving both systems a fair trial) that the coup d'oeil—all the varied incidents of flood and ebb—is best taken in by the naked eye. Here a band of nymphs go forth, knit hand in hand, to meet the incoming tide: they march out resolutely, as though bent upon dancing over to the coast of France; an enamoured wave approaches them, it reaches their plump shoulders, it roves around them in an intoxicated manner, and being irresistibly impelled shorewards, dashes itself with a shriek of despair upon the beach. The maidens, in no way discomfited, and ignorant that their drab-coloured garments, now fitting more closely to the shape, impart to them the strongest resemblance to plaster-casts in the rough, advance yet further. A wave more determined than its predecessor curls over their devoted heads, engulfs them in its overwhelming power, and notwithstanding their bodily, despite their struggles, to the very awnings of the machines. Ah, happy wave! ah, all too jealous awning! Is it weed, or fish, or floating golden hair that streams out along the strand? Is Miss Revalunts Arabica Stubbe's golden hair, which, rippling form head to foot, undulates so luxuriantly with the swell, as she clings to the log, and the old woman who resists the rest of the young ladies, and the rest of her, are out of sight, but the silver music of their laughter eddies to where we sit, and we know that they are safe, though pink and painted the Minories.

It does not do at Whitecliff to be too prompt in the rescue of distressed females out at sea. There is a dreadful legend of a lovely creature being saved in spite of herself by a Nymph, the equal of whom is never met with in the annals of France—of a gentlewoman whose yacht lay in the harbour—and brought to shore by a bit of the drab-bathing-gown, and drowned at the feet of her astonished master. The generous animal had seen, as it imagined, her dying struggles—the fact being that she was striking out in her third swimming-lesson—and when the master of the yacht received the news (she had been trying to compass all along), he could not be restrained from bringing in the supposed corpse for decent interment. It is romantically reported that the master of the yacht subsequently married the damsel, who, we will hope, was not highly ticketed, as many of the lady-bathers are—32, 45, and even 67; for not only has each machine its number, but each drab-bathing-gown a corresponding figure printed on it, which is but too apt to mislead the spectator into confusing it with the age of the wearer. Now and then, some inexperienced persons will take a boat out of the harbour (or, as it is invariably called at Whitecliff, the Arbour), and be carried, or pretend to be so, by the tide among these sea-nymphs; but such impertinence is greatly resented by the people on the chairs, who call out 'Shame, shame,' while the luckless voyagers are obviously endangering their blood-vessels in the attempt to beat out to sea. Only those who are in conspicuous persons, dressed (to all appearance) in ragged oil-silk, are permitted to approach on horseback, and drag the vehicles, with their precious cargoes, in and out.

For gentlemen-bathers, such trouble is not taken; they are simply put into a cart, as if for execution, and driven to and from the bathing-place. The young ladies are exiled to a distant part of the sands. If you do
not bathe, it is well, nevertheless, to purchase a bathing-
ticket, which you often find in order to
repress importunity; otherwise, every step you take,
you meet with solicitations of this sort: 'Take a dip,
sir—beautiful morrow' for a swim, sir—waves as soft as
silky—'sir, to-morrow morning, sir—just the sort for a good swimmer like your honour.'
—Can't swim, sir? then my brother, he'll teach you,
sir; there he is, sir, and you may always know him
because of his wearing a pair of scarlet trousers, which
is very perspicacious.'

But this is nothing to the observations which are
inaccurate, in the course of these proceedings, I gather that
'gentlemen's thimbles' and 'ladies' toes' are made of
allegories, that 'Wellington's ribs' are formed of claws,
and Bonaparte's of lemon, and that the 'essence of
parliament' is in point of delicacy 'awful,' besides
being generally met with in the ladies' costumes, with
their Raven treasuries, ringlet no longer, but hanging
down over their shoulders as straight as silken bell-
ropes—when you have bathed.

'Milk, fresh milk, crises one, bearing metal pails;
'milk from Alderney cows; highly recommended after
bathing, for the interior; removes all impurities from
the exterior, and imparts a pleasing bloom to the
complexion.'

Another gentleman rings a bell, and sings a song
in praise of certain sweetmeats, wherefrom I gather that
'gentlemen's thimbles' and 'ladies' toes' are made of
allegories, that 'Wellington's ribs' are formed of claws,
and Bonaparte's of lemon, and that the 'essence of
parliament' is in point of delicacy 'awful,' besides
being generally met with in the ladies' costumes, with
their Raven treasuries, ringlet no longer, but hanging
down over their shoulders as straight as silken bell-
ropes—when you have bathed.

'Speech on the beach, of course, with an enormous
juvenile audience, who throw down their wooden
spades and Lilliputian buckets, and suspend their
engineering operations in the sand upon the first 'toot,
'toot' of that popular favourite. There are Banbury
cakes, too; and pin-cushions made of shells; and 'Re-
membrances of Whitecliff for good boys and girls,'
artificially excised in seaweed; and potted shrimps
which will keep in any climate. There is a vendor of
birds and bird-cages—nice portable packable things—
who sold bull-frogs and bet-draw rats to the ladies, with
their Raven treasuries, ringlet no longer, but hanging
down over their shoulders as straight as silken bell-
ropes—when you have bathed.

There is an Improvisatore, who sings sarcastic
ballads, bringing in the peculiarities of appearance and
costume among his audience, and whom I would
recommend Mrs Alderney Stubbs by no means to
approach; and there is an electrical machine, to make
you lively and vivacious before you step into the
photographer's, who is on the sands also, in a caravanserai
preparatory. 'Have your portrait taken upon the back of a donkey, or seated in
a carriage drawn by goats, if you prefer to be handed
down to posterity under such circumstances, for both
these animals are to be found in greater numbers
on Whitecliff sands than they have been anywhere
else since the pastoral days of the patriarchs. From
the vast hordes of she-asses (but not from the goats,
which are designed for the conveyance of juveniles
only) you may pick and choose one for sixpence,
and for the space of an hour disport yourself
upon it wherever you can find a room, with a run-
ning-foothold attending upon the animal's tail, with-
out whom locomotion is found to be impossible.
These boys possess the same mysterious power in
respect to donkeys which Sullivan and Barley were
supposed to have in the case of the nobler race, and
can persuade them to trot, and even gallop (although
in a willful and misdirected manner) at will. It is
pleasant to see great bands of these historical ani-
mals wending their way at low-water round the sheer
tall cliffs, on which are thickly inscribed the names of
the horsemen; the height, in fact, or so, for miles:
Joneses, and Browns, and Robinsons in plenty,
but Josephs, and Solomons, and Isaacs in still greater
profusion; for at Whitecliff the Jewish nose is so
exceedingly little in spite of the taste for
moral contemplation that has been in more tempes than any vessel
thrice her size, always with her steam up,
and
not disentangled under a quarter of an hour! The seventeenth passenger, who had cunningly secured the stern for himself, had a stomach inferior to his brain: he was so exceedingly unable to fish at all, but nobody dared to go near him to take his place, which, therefore, he retained, an involuntary dog in the manger; and yet it was this groveling incidents, since he had paid his shilling, upon our stopping out the entire two hours which had been guaranteed. Finally, everybody disembarked, protesting its usual at such ominous, with the most solemn vows, that that should be the last time they would be so deluded, and yet everybody did it again before the week was out.

Besides these favourable opportunities for marine lunatics, there are land-excursions in all directions every morning: omnibuses to Slitteron, a daring rival of Whitecliff's, ten miles northward; special trains to the Cathedral town, for the purpose of hearing sacred music and eating shrimps—and it may be here remarked, that as potlatch of strawberries are carried about in the proper season, by way of refreshment, at other places, paper potlatch of shrimps is carried at Whitecliff. There are even Waggonets—which is the aristocratic term for pleasure-vans—starting daily from Lumpet Dale, for the convenience of parties wishing to pick up shells.

Whitecliff may not be that 'perfect illustration of rank or fashion in repose' (and here again I have culled a post from the guide-book) which some places are, but it is at least simple and natural in its tastes, and pure in its morals. At any town of equal size and more pretensions to fashion, there would be ten times the amount of dissipation. Under the head of The Theatre, in the work to which I have been already so largely indebted, I read, 'There is no Theatre in Whitecliff at all.' The contrary, a good theatre well conducted would be an acquisition to the town.' Families who play on wind instruments, and individuals who give 'Headings' from Shakespeare, are all the nightly excitements that are offered at Whitecliff, with the exception of that of drawing blanks or pin-cushions from the wheel of fortune in the Marine Banter.

After all, it is possible to conduct one's self at Whitecliff after one's own fashion, though it be alien from that of the rest of the community. There is no sumptuary law that compels you to wear yellow slippers, although people may remark upon their absence; nor is it imperative that you should be weighed every morning after bathing, or take your exercise in a lassoo drawn by the tide as the sea, and that means of cod off Newfoundland, I should have no better luck.

Others there be whom Fortune loves;
Fishing they go, and call it pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in quite another measure.

Upon this occasion, the lines of seven of the people fishing upon one side of the boat were perpetually being drifted down by the tide upon the eighth line; whereupon each conceiving he had caught some enormous prize, pulled frantically up, and beheld eight pounds of lead and sixteen hooks, and a mass of twine.

* We may do more than that in the way of help; we may subscribe to the National Lifeboat Institution, by whose means more than two thousand persons were saved from perishing at sea last year.
One unaccustomed flame on the South Foreland, upon a certain night, roused half of Whitechapel out of bed. Mrs Alderman Stubbs (who is an excellent type of Whitechapel intelligence, as imported from the metropolis, and who has always the best information) averred at first that the Downs were on fire, by which (unless she mistook them for a prairie) she must have meant the ships in the Downs: Her information was, however, accepted. Great inquiry, she sent in to me 'Her best compliments, and it was only a bonfire at Deal in honour of Lord Palmerston's accepting the management of the zinc-works near that town.'

The honest but ill-informed gentlewoman was unaware that there existed such an institution as the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Sir Benjamin Brodie's resignation of the Presidency of the Royal Society has given rise to the question, of a fit and proper person to succeed the distinguished baronet in the chair of that ancient corporation. This has produced some excitement among the politicians, for it promises that the great system of drainage and sewerage for London shall be completed within a reasonable time, and for the sum originally estimated. Six thousand men are employed on the several works, besides 4000 in other places in preparation of materials. The High Level sewer, when finished, will be nine miles long, and the Middle Level twelve miles and a half, including branches.

The whole is to be completed by the end of 1863; and then it will be seen whether the Thames flowing past London will look less muddy than at present, by diversion of the 82,000,000 gallons of water daily sent out by the outfalls thirteen miles and more below the Tower; and whether, by discharging at the first two hours only of the ebb, the foul refuse will be effectually carried off. It will be interesting, also, to watch the consequence of such an enormous superflux to the bed of the river itself, and to the dwellers on the flat and marshy shores between which the Thames flows on its way to the sea.

Liverpool has inaugurated a School of Science, and will ere long possess a Museum of Inventions, containing in a gallery built for the purpose, and fitted up at the cost of Mr Brown, whose munificent gifts rank among the foremost of popular educational advantages in Liverpool. In an exhibition lately open at Metz, there were shewn a parachute intended to save miners from a fall down the shaft; a glass pump, very useful in hot weather, as it cools beer or any other fluid in the drawing; a machine that will make four hundred nails in a minute; and a pedal machine which corks two hundred and fifty bottles in an hour. Among manufactured articles, there were samples of paper made entirely of hay, costing only seventy-five francs for one hundred kilograms, and thirty-three francs for paper made of rags, with an admixture of 25 per cent. of hay. With respect to rags, we gladly assist in making known that a vessel has arrived in St Katherine's Dock from Japan with nine hundred tons of that valuable commodity on board; it is said, Japan can send us as many as we are likely to want. A machine has just been perfected for the manufacture of horse-nails. Hitherto, it has been supposed that the nails with which horse's shoes are fixed could not be manufactured otherwise than by hand, costing four shillings a pound; but the new machine cuts horse-nails out of hammered metal at a price nearly that of the ordinary sort.

We hear of a discovery made at Adelaide which is much more satisfactory than news of fruitless, if not fatal, exploring expeditions to the interior of Australia. Mr Neal of that city, while making certain chemical
experiments, discovered a way to convert salt water into fresh water, by simply throwing in substances which produce a visible effervescence. On subsidence of the commotion, a deposit takes place; the water is filtered off pure and palatable, and is, as our report says, preferred by many persons to the supply from the water-works. It appears that the chemical substances required are inexpensive, and that the process is applicable on a large scale, this discovery will be particularly useful in parts of the country where salt-lakes most prevail, and on board ships at sea. We have not yet heard whether Mr Neale has made known what the required chemical substances are, but we commend the benefit to the attention of sanitary functionaries. Its importance at the present time appears to be the greater because of the endeavours now making in many places to provide the best water that can be got for household purposes. The artesian well at Pussay, which has been bored to a depth of 5771 metres through difficulties that often hindered the work, and seemed at times insurmountable, now yields water enough to supply half a million of the population of Paris. It is remarkable that the opening of this well has diminished the supply of water to the canal which has flowed copiously for many years at Grenelle.—The sanitary officers of the city of London report a bad, not to say hurtful, quality in the pump-water of their jurisdiction; a fact which is not new, and which may be regarded as an additional motive for the multiplication of drinking-fountains. Earl Russell made some sensible remarks at the inauguration of the fountain erected chiefly at his own cost on Thoburn Hill, shewing that while fountains were largely used by passers-by, they are also of great benefit to the local inhabitants, many of whom send to the fountains for water for culinary purposes. We notice that the fountain of a handsome fountain in Piccadilly against the gloomy dead-wall of Burlington House; and we are glad to see that the west as well as the east is to benefit by these refreshing structures. The two graceful white marble basins, erected at the beginning of the present year under the portico of the British Museum, are not less an ornament to the entrance than a highly prized boon to visitors. Thousands of children now drink gladly from the two lions’ mouths, who formerly suffered much from thirst during a long visit to the British Museum; and thousands of adults now take a glass of water in the porch, who not long ago used to cross over to the public-house for a drink from the barrels. A free supply of drinking-water at railway stations is still a desideratum.

Professor Crane-Calvert is making an investigation for the Admiralty which promises to be of much importance, namely, of different kinds of wood used in ship-building. It was briefly mentioned at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, but few of the hearers foreseaw the results. Full particulars will not be published until the investigation is further advanced; it appears, however, that Professor Crane-Calvert is at no loss to explain why so many of the fleets of recently built gundams became rotten, and others escaped untouched; he finds the goodness of teak to consist in the fact, that it is highly charged with caoutchouc, and that if all the tannin be soaked out of a block of oak, it may then be interpenetrated by a solution of caoutchouc, and thereby rendered as lasting as teak. A few years ago, an enterprising individual spent £30,000 in trying to introduce a new wood for ship-building purposes from South America, where it is known by the name of Santa Maria; but the dockyard authorities could not be persuaded to take it into use, and the imports were entirely neglected. This is one of the specimens investigated by the Manchester professor, and he finds it to be sound and resinous, but little inferior to teak. The whole subject is one on which we are very much in want of trustworthy data, notwithstanding that practical men have long pooh-poohed the suggestion for an inquiry. Of the durability of teak, there can be no question: we saw not long ago in London a piece of teak perfectly sound, which had been sawn from a log placed under ground as a foundation for the first fort built at Goa by Vasco da Gama.

We are reminded by these remarks on ship-timber of the latest experiments made at Shoeburyness on ship’s armour. In all previous experiments, the guns had proved too powerful for the armour; in those above referred to, the armour stood the test, for the shots, even from the Armstrong gun, failed to penetrate. In this instance, the armour was formed, we believe, of a combination of cast and wrought iron, well backed-up by timber; and it appears, that if a sufficient thickness of the two metals be used, the transmission of the shock is rendered comparatively slow, and consequently but little or no harm is effected. For short distances, such as two hundred yards, ordinary sixty-eight pounders are the most destructive. This is perhaps to be accounted for by the greater velocity—1600 feet in a second—of the ball of a sixty-eight pounder, while the velocity of an Armstrong ball is not more than eleven hundred feet a second.

We have from time to time made a few observations concerning the ancient flint implements found near Amines. Mr Prestwich, F.R.S., has a paper thereupon in a late part of the Philosophical Transactions. We recur to the subject now by way of caution; for an acquaintance of ours, who went a few weeks since to St Acheul to search for stone axheads in situ, found a busy manufactury of the ancient weapons going on in the pits. Henceforth, ethnologists and geologists must be as shy of stone-axes as they now very properly are of arrow-heads. We have heard, on good authority, that there is a manufactury of that arrow-heads in Yorkshire.

THANKFULNESS.

Sweet bird, although thy pleasant music be
All for thy mate, and not at all for me,
I hear thy song as gratefully as she,
And love thee still.

Fair flowers, that gaze on heaven as if they drew
Into yourselves the brightness of its blue,
My love has still a quiet place that you
Alone may fill.

Great sun, thou dost not think to cheer my way
By the warm lustre of thy light to-day,
But kindled into gladness by thy ray,
I bless the spell.

Green earth, that with a gentle mother’s smile,
Thy weary child so sweetly can beguile,
And soothe me still, heedless of me the while,
I love thee well.

Ocean, and thou lone islet that I see,
Ye shew what Time is to Eternity;
And teach me all, while ye heed not me,
Truth from above.

O foolish heart! too low thy praises fall.
If for thy love unconscious things may call,
Dost thou not owe to Him who purposed all,
Fulness of love!
MELIBEOS AT THE BATH.

It is far from my intention in choosing the above title for this paper, to excite false expectations in the minds of lovers of the fine arts. There will follow no aesthetic description of my admirable friend as a Tabloae Vivae—a piece of human statuary. Meliboeus at the Bath is not intended to have the same signification as Eve at the Fountain: he was at the bath indeed, but with whatever intention of getting into it; and the piece of water to which I particularly refer was neither Helicon nor Arethusa, but a certain London swimming-bath, unsean, unsealred until now.

That penny paper purchased by our friend on the occasion of the foot-race, and which the newsman was so good as to let him have for fourpence, in consideration of his being his first customer, will lead him, I foresee, unless great precautions are taken, into very strange company. There are advertisements of events upon the tapia* in that organ, such as I have never seen anywhere else, and which excite the curiosity of Meliboeus to a morbid and extravagant degree.

Should you not like to be the Champion of All England at Knur and Spell? exclaimed he, the other evening, looking up from this wonderful print, which I believe he takes to bed with him.

"I don't know what it is," returned I peevishly: "I wish you'd improve your mind (pushing him over Chambers's Journal), instead of reading that rubbish."

"Now you call yourself an educated man," cried Meliboeus with indignation, "and yet you not only don't know what Knur and Spell is, but you openly avow that you don't want to know. What ignorance is more degraded than that which has no desire for instruction? None, sir; none, save that which has an absolute distaste for it."

"Well, then," said I laughing, "what is Knur and Spell?"

"I do not know," replied Meliboeus; "I thirst for information; and I own I should dearly like to be the Champion of something or other. This interesting paper is full of Champions. There seem to be as many celebrated persons in this country of whom one has never heard as in the Disunited States. There is not only a Champion for the Prize Ring, at present on a semi-regal "tour through Yorkshire," where he is "exhibiting his magnificent cups and trophies," and having "set to" every evening "with his Black"—who, I should think, must be Black and Blue by this time—a Champion of the Heavy Weights, a Champion of the Light Weights, and three similar Champions of the wrestling ring, but Marbles as well as Man slaughter boasts its Champion. There is a Champion of Draughts, of Billiards, and of Change-ringing; of Rabbit-coursing (but that is a dog), of high and horizontal Leaping, and of Quota. Nor are these mere honorary sires. He must win who would wear, and must keep who would hold these dignities. Our friend Deerfoot, for instance, has got a good deal of work before him if he is to be the Champion of Pedestrianism, since there are no less than six challengers, one of whom will even give him twenty yards in every mile. Instead of Fashionable Intelligence, which is generally a little tame, my paper is full of details concerning the private life of these eminent personages—the true nobility of Nature."

"Why do you not take it in, then," said I, "instead of the Court Journal* to which I knew Meliboeus was a surreptitious subscriber, reading it in his saddle-room and other out-of-the-way places, and always pretending that he has it for the sake of Mrs M. Meliboeus won a little, and continued his observations without reply. "My paper narrates of the Noble Savage, that he is so awfully suspicious of the Palaesque that he will not take Bank of England notes, but must be paid in gold; and that it is his ambition to return to his native prairies the richest of his tribe, which is that of the Seneca Indians. He will probably also (to judge by the style of those who address him) return with the largest stock of singular English that Red Man ever accumulated. Smuggs of Sunderland begs to inform him that "if he means business" he can be "on with him (Smuggs) for four miles level for what he likes." Also, "the Paddington Pot hearing that Deerfoot is anxious for a match, will run him, or (which reads a little irrelevantly) give fifteen seconds' start, in two miles, to Smotchkins of Wolverhampton."

"How different," remarked I, "must these things sound to you, who are in the habit of perusing the rounded periods and sesquipedalian adjectives of the annalists of fashion!"

"You never saw me reading the—the paper to which you refer, in all my life," exclaimed Meliboeus with irritation.

"Yes, my friend, once—once, at least, I can make affidavit—although you did pretend to be drawing up the dining-room fire with it when I came in."

"Well, and I am not ashamed of it either," returned Meliboeus; "and I'm hanged if I can see what there is to laugh at."

But he did laugh, almost immediately, with the utmost heartiness; and when he had paid that tribute to the shrine of honesty, I forbore to press him further.
on a point where his otherwise perfect armour has a rivet palpably loose.

'Did you ever see a Show of Dogs?' inquired Meliboeus, returning to his pennyworth of 'Things not generally known,' and 'why do they almost invariably take place on Sunday evenings? What is the use of a man's living in London, as you do, and yet remaining ignorant of all these things? You seem to me to know nothing. I daresay, now, you are not acquainted with a single member of the East London Canine Club (which, I am pleased to see, exhibits on a week-day), or we could gain admittance this very night to the Perch and Crayfisher, where the chair will be taken by Mr Nipper, who will shew his unrivalled toy bull-dog; vice, Mr Tipper, with his prize Maltese.' We might also have "the use of a good wire-pit gratis"—goodness, gracious, what for? Oh, I see, rats! "several hundreds of which are always on hand."

'I would go to no such place,' exclaimed I, 'under any consideration whatsoever. I put myself—a man of business and responsibility—into a totally false position when I went to that running-match to oblige you, all among betting-people.'

Meliboeus gave me such a stab with his eyes that I stopped short perforce.

'Thou dabbler in scrip and share, thou rout of the Exchange,' cried he, 'spare me thy sophistries, or pay me back my half-sovereign!'

'My dear Meliboeus,' returned I, 'that account is closed, and I of the city are not used to refer to past transactions. If there is any place of amusement advertised in that paper of yours which a man who has a reputation to lose can visit with propriety, I shall be happy to do so in your company—but none of your "Shows of Dogs."'

'Well, then,' said my friend, 'let us go to the swimming-matches to-night at the Pompeian Baths, --a great amount of science is entered for competition' (whatever that may mean), "and the Champion Swimmer and his talented family will assist in the entertainment."'

'His family!' cried I. 'That is a very singular announcement. Why, they must be otters, surely!'

'The very like,' said Meliboeus; 'I should be astonished at nothing. Let us go and resolve our doubts. Unless, that is, you prefer to visit St Boniface's steeple, where "a company of Campanalogians" are to-night to ring "a true and complete peal of granduiate eaters, comprising 5021 changes with the 5th and 6th behind the 9th," as they did yesterday.'

At these dreadful and unintelligible sounds, themselves something like bad bells jangling, I put my fingers into my ears, and shook my head.

So a cab was sent for, and we traversed many unknown streets, and once went up a cul de sac and back again; and when we asked of one where these baths were, he mocked us, and said we looked as if we wanted both; but another, of less lively wit or more humanity, directed us to the best of his ability, and through him we went utterly wrong. And yet people ought to know the Pompeian Baths. There is a state portico outside, and steps of high pretension; and within, superfluous halls and empty corridors (waste places such as are not found elsewhere but in baths only), abounding in echoes and splashes, and the sound of far-off laughter and voices.

'How cool and clean is all here!' observed Meliboeus, eager as usual to admire. 'Do you know that I have a very good mind to take a dip?'

'What! after dinner? cried I, 'and you taking eighteen ounces of "livelong candy" a week, on account of indigestion. No, sir, I will not stand by and witness suicide. Come, pay your half-a-crown like a man, and "rally round!" the Champion; as you were requested to do in your enthusiastic newspaper.'

'Of course,' suggested the box-keeper sardonically, 'if the gent prefers to swim with the public, he can see the races in that manner. The gallery, generally speaking, persons of quality like yourselves.'

'Such as take in the Court Journal,' interrupted I exasperately.

'Just so, sir; noblemen and gentlemen, they pay their two-and-six, or even their five shillings.'

'Well,' remarked Meliboeus, 'as our passports are still in abeyance, I think half-a-crown will satisfy the obligations of our position.'

So we paid that money, and entered the Pompeian Swimming-hall. This was a very spacious chamber, well lit with gas from above; lined at the sides with near a hundred dressing-rooms for the bathers, each shut in by half a door, like witness-boxes in the gallery over these, for the accommodation of spectators.

In its centre was an enormous bath of about 130 feet by 20, and with a depth of water averaging five feet. So many individuals in scanty or no drapery were running distractedly about the edges of this, that the scene was like a fire in a dwelling-house three stories up, and very little time to lose. These were 'the Public,' which had been bathing, and was now getting out of the water to make way for the professionals. It was by no means in a hurry to do this, having paid its sixpence for the whole evening, and the local authorities had enough to do in persuading it to retire behind its half-doors, and dry itself a bit. One or another was always saying to himself 'just this once more;' and then a flying body would hurl itself into the water, and splash dextrously with its legs, and then out again, and into its witness-box being dragged.

'I do hope that there will be no more of this,' observed the manager pathetically, 'now that we have at last got the bath quite clear; when close beside him, amid roars of laughter, uprose the red head of a creature that had been diving, and apologised upon the ground that he had been under water, and had not heard any orders, the wave, as was well known, being a non-conductor of sound.'

'Come out, Carrots,' retorted the spectators, who were getting impatient for the races, and Carrots came out, submissively.

Then, upon the diving-board, which was raised several feet above the bath, appeared five athletes, with various coloured drawers, and with nets such as ladies use to prevent their hair from coming into their eyes. These were presented to the company by the master-merman of the ceremonies.

'Gentlemen, permit me to introduce to your notice Griggs of the New Cut, a scientific swimmer of great eminence.'

Griggs brought his hand down upon his breast so vehemently that you might have heard—and indeed you did hear—his skin smack.

'Wobbles of Lambeth, gentlemen, known to most here present.'

There was quite a cheer for Wobbles, who bowed with what might perhaps have been gracefulness, if he had but more fully attiret; but as it was, he caused Meliboeus so to shake with laughter that I thought he would have fallen into the bath.

'Hicks of the Bathill Reserve.' I looked with especial interest upon Hicks, because Bathill is the
source which supplies the district in which I live with drinking-water, and I thought of the story which Melibeaus had told me at Greenwich about the Reservoir there—and which I had unfeelingly laughed at the time. Nothing, however, could be more cleaner than Hicks and his four companions; indeed, they were more than clean, for they were almost white; and it was observable in all the professional swimmers that nature had made them pink, as your occasional bather is, when he comes out of the water, but white, and perhaps just a thought flabby—like a sole.

Messrs Howard and Percival of the Holleypont Club, distinguished amateurs,’ made up the party. The last introduction was by no means unnecessary, for in that levelling costume, company with the superior coats and better-made unmentionables.

‘Clothes make the Man, the want of them the Fellow,’ observed I, adapting certain well-known and immortal words to this philosophy.

‘Not so,’ returned Melibeaus hastily, all the Court Journal flashing in his eyes. ‘Observe in yonder unclad gentleman of the Holleypont the smooth hand and tapering fingers; the foot, too, narrower than those of his companions on the right; the hair not long, but curling straight over the forehead.’

‘Why, that is Hicks!’ cried I derisively; ‘for, unperceived by my argumentative friend, the men had indeed changed their positions upon the board.

‘Your facts are undeniable, but the application of them is—’

‘One, two, three, and off,’ exclaimed the merman, and a mighty plunge announced the simultaneous leap of the competitors.

‘I never before noticed,’ observed Melibeaus (without a word about the aristocratic Hicks), ‘how very much upon one side a man must swim who would attain to any speed. See, every head is lying sideways upon the pillow of water which its own progression pushes up before it. There is somewhat too much of effort in the motion to be graceful; one might conclude from the laborious action alone that water is not man’s natural element. How happy seem even these tried swimmers to reach the end of the bath, and how they spring off from it on their return, as if by the very touch of terra firma they had acquired renovated strength.’

‘That is most true,’ said I; ‘I never saw a swimmer at full speed whose appearance did not suggest distress.’

‘But also,’ quoth Melibeaus, ‘the victory of man over circumstance. Not one of those five are conscious that they have anything to contend with save each other—that the water is itself a foe. The fire of rivalry glows extinguished in their half-drowned faces, although when one draws ahead, as Wobbles is doing, it becomes almost a hopeless struggle, increased exertion only increasing the causes of obstruction. Poor Wobbles, for instance, swimming as though he had a shark after him, is twice the size it was when he took it easier, and he blows like a school of porpoises.

This race was but four lengths of the bath, or under five hundred feet, yet during the last length the competitors had ‘talled’ very considerably. Wobbles came in last, gasping and staggering, his hair emerging from the deep, seized hold of a lank lock that had escaped from the net on to his forehead, and pulled it in grateful acknowledgment. He had won a ribbon and a medal, but the presentation of those was necessarily deferred for the present, since he had nothing on to which to pin them.

After this there was a handicap race, in which the inferior swimmers were each allowed to start by so many seconds in advance, in proportion to their demerits; the master-merman, watch in hand, starting them from the diving-board: ‘No. 1, off—split; ‘No. 2, ready, off—split; ‘No. 3, ditto, ditto; and so on. The water was pleasant to mark how the last and best swimmer recovered his lost distance, and neared and passed the others, one after one, in spite of their struggles.

Next, divers of celebrity performed sundry feats in defiance of the laws of nature and science; disappearing at one extremity of the bath, and coming up, when most of us had given them up for dead, at the other end. The fattest man I ever saw out of a caravon entered the hall during this performance, and upon his taking his coat off, in our immediate vicinity, Melibeaus could not help looking apprehensive that he was about to become a competitor.

‘Never you mind me,’ observed the Leviathan, replying to this tacit anxiety. ‘I take my coat off because I’m ‘ot, not because I’m such a fool as you think. Why, I finds it a difficult job to breathe at all, without trying on that little experiment in water. But that I should float, mind you, if I got into that ere bath, only, perhaps, it would not be my ‘ed that would be uppermost. I have been as good a diver as any of them, too, in my time,’ added the fat man with a sigh: ‘I once weighed but twelve stone and a half—but that was when I was a very little boy.’

His mind was evidently wandering back to that lean and happy epoch, when even the act of running was not impossible, so we forbore to interrupt him—to snap the golden chain of memory—for several minutes. At length, Melibeaus inquired whether he could remember what used to be his sentiments during a long dive.

‘Premontitory suffocation,’ said he gnomically; ‘your mouth, as it were, stopped up with a pocket-handkerchief, and somebody or another a-pinchng your nose. Ugh! I don’t like to talk about it; it gives me quite a tightness, it do indeed. But here, look, is the Champion Swimmer, who is worth all the divers in the world.’

The gentleman in question was just being received with rapture by the company; a rather unformed and slightly built man of about eight-and-thirty, but with a well-developed and powerful chest.

‘And where are his “talented family?”’ inquired Melibeaus anxiously.

‘They’re a-coming all in good time,’ wheezed the fat man; ‘but this is the real treat. Talk about diving! This un has swum the river where the barges are, dipping under every one, and being keel-hauled like by the tide beneath each, and he thought nothing of it. I remember him, when he was a training for the championship, swimming from Putney to Mortlake at night-time, all in the dark, so as nobody but them as went with him should know how quick he did it. That ere Deerfoot as there is so much talk about, the Injun—and for my part I doubt whether he is an Injun at all; I don’t believe he’d keep his colour in the water; he’d come out white—fancy him a-challenging this ere man to osien! Hark, he’s a-talking about it now.’

The Champion was explaining, before commencing his entertainment, that he had been challenged by Deerfoot, but that the Noble Savage had subsequently thought better of it. ‘I am ready to swim any man in the world,’ said he, ‘from one mile to five miles, in any water, and for not less than a hundred pounds’—Splash.

This man was really a wonderful swimmer. He floated, he dived, he trod water; he swam like a fish, like a duck, like a dog—that is, he paddled, after the
manner used by his would-be-ponent, the Indian; he swam with one arm in air, with one leg in air, and with both arms in air.

'If he had had the misfortune to have lived in the good old times, and been mistaken for a witch, and cast into the water bound hand and foot,' observed Melibeus, 'that man would have sworn them, and triumphantly refuted his calumniators.'

We were neither of us, however, at all prepared to see this very thing done, which happened next. After the rest of his exploits were finished, they tied the Champion's feet together, as likewise his hands, and pushed him (since he could not jump) off the diving-board; and, even harnessed thus, he made his way to the other end of the bath at very fair speed. After this ('the Public' having been previously requested to attire itself), was introduced his 'talented family.' This consisted of No. 1, a young lady aged seven, in a tight-fitting red silk dress, whom, to judge by her achievements, Nature appeared to have constructed upon a new principle, involving the substitution of cork for bone. She swam with astonishing grace, and kissed her fingers to the company as she floated upon the wave, like any pocket syren.

'She really does seem to enjoy herself,' observed I, 'for whenever she has any breath to spare, she laughs with it.'

'I hope it is so,' said Melibeus, 'but it is possible she only does it to get rid of her specific gravity. These exhibitions of children always make my heart ache.'

No. 2, a young gentleman aged six, whose cradle must have been laid, like that of Moses, upon bulrushes, and whose first walk must have been taken in the direction of the river, was now introduced to us. When he floated on the surface after his exertions, with his little hands clasped prayerfully before him, like a juvenile Christian martyr, I thought Melibeus would have cried outright.

No. 3 did cry outright, poor little fellow, but that was only according to his own account. He was only three years old, and about a foot in height, and the drop from the diving-board looked very awful to him (as well it might), and the water rather cold. Then his father, the Champion, whispered to him—insistently enough—'to be a man, and then he should have a lollipop;' and there was a very tiny splash, as if three pennypiece of halfpence had been chucked in, and lo, a little creature upon its back, making blindly for the nearest steps, like an earwig who finds himself in a slop-basin. But his father guided this tiny boy by signs, and when he neared the bank, held out a crooked stick, and so drew the darling in.

'I can't stand this,' quoth Melibeus; 'they will be throwing in a new-born baby next.'

But we had seen the last and least, and in a very few minutes the duodecimo swimmer had got his very small-clothes on again, and was sucking something with great gusto.

'Well,' said Melibeus, as we left the hall, 'I am really pleased. This place cannot but be a blessing to all the neighbourhood. How true it is that cleanliness is akin to godliness, for among so many people, and in a place where the echoes repeat every word, I did not hear a single wicked word.'

'Indeed,' said I—for the opportunity was not to be resisted—for my part, I was not listening for them.'

'I have heard something like that before,' returned Melibeus dryly.

'The Champion was well worth seeing;' continued I, taking notice of this miserable attempt at distraction, and the family is certainly talented.'

'I should not say talented, so much as web-footed,' remarked Melibeus with modest self-appreciation; 'and if one were really born so, I do not doubt but that the Champion would only consider the child more of a duck.'

'I am much mistaken if I have not heard an observation similar to that before, my friend.'

But Melibeus made no answer, being somewhat unnecessarily preoccupied in calling a cab.

THE STORY OF THE GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

A GEOLOGICAL map is always very suggestive of that grim anatomical figure styled an écorché, which may often be seen in a doctor's cabinet or an artist's studio—a statuette of the human form after the fashion of poor Marsyas, when he came out of the hands of Apollo, with all the skin flayed off, and blue veins, gray muscles, and raw red flesh exposed. The representation of mother-earth which the geologists have drawn for us is in a similar style. The compact, close-fitting carpet of green turf, purple heath, or rich brown mould is rolled off, trees, chimneys, and steeples, pretty villages and big black towns, all external features of the land are swept away and the underlying strata, the flesh and bones of the earth, are laid bare to sight. It is as hopeless to recognize a favourite landscape in such a map as an old friend écorché—not but what one may find something to admire in each even under their altered aspect—the well-developed biceps, say, of the one, or the rich mineral veins of the other. But the wonder is how the geologists can manage to tell how the earth looks below the surface, because they cannot flay it or take it to pieces as anatomists have the opportunity of doing with the human frame. It is a work of scientific deduction from a number of facts which it requires keen eyes to collect, and a well-stored head to comprehend.

The science of geology has made such vast and rapid strides of late years, that we are apt to forget how recent has been the discovery of many of the fundamental truths upon which it is based. It was not till about the commencement of the present century that any definite principle was established as to a fixed order in the succession of strata; and the 'father of English geology,' Dr William Smith, to whom we owe the discovery of that important fact, has only been dead some twenty years. The son of a humble yeoman in Oxfordshire, William Smith's chief amusement as a child was to wander about the fields gathering 'round-stones' (eschines) and 'pundles' (truncules). Arrived at man's estate, he found in the pursuit of his profession of land-surveyor and civil engineer ample scope for his favourite study. He was much employed in surveying coal-mines, and also in laying out canals, for the making of which the schemes of the Duke of Bridgewater and the achievements of the self-taught genius Brindley had created quite a mania. He had thus abundant opportunities of examining the geological features of a wide district, embracing Gloucestershire, Somertonshire, and Warwickshire. He was struck with the remarkable constancy which was apparent in the superposition of strata, and the idea of a general law on the subject began to dawn upon him. A professional tour from south to north which he made in 1794, when twenty-five years old, enabled him to extend his researches and to develop his budding theory. Railways, of course, were not even thought of at that time, and the pace at which the post-chaise moved in which he travelled, allowed him to observe, at many points where the rocks were laid bare, the dip and character of the strata. He kept a sharp look-out on every side, and acquired much valuable information.
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His biographer, Professor Phillips, tells us that so acute was his geologic vision, that although the road along which he passed from York to Newcastle in a post-chaise was from five to fifteen miles distant from the hills of chalk and slate on the east, he was satisfied as to their nature by their contours and relative position to other rocks of which he caught an occasional glimpse on the road. The result of these and former observations satisfied Mr Smith that the rocky masses in the west of England which form the sub-strata of the country sloped gently towards the east and south west—that the red sandstones and marls above the coal-measures plunged beneath the beds provincially termed lias and limestone—that those again lay below the sands, yellow limestones, and clays, that formed the table-land of the Cotes-wold Hills—while these were surmounted by the great chalk deposits, that run from the east coast of Dersestashire northward to the Yorkshire shores of the German Ocean. He did not fail to perceive also that each layer of clay, sand, and limestone held, to a great extent, its own particular group of fossils, and that even where the genera were the same, the species varied, the snaker of the lias differing from those of the oolite; and, again, the shells of the latter from those of the Oxford clay, cornbrash and Kimmeridge clay. After testing his facts by levellings, sections, and often-repeated observations, and pondering much on the results he obtained, he at length arrived at the then startling and novel conclusion, that each distinct deposit of marine animals showed that the formation in which it was found had once been the bottom of the sea, and that each layer of clay, sand, chalk, and stone marked a distinct epoch of time in the history of the earth. He announced his discovery to his friends; and at the tea-table would illustrate his views with slices of bread and butter, placed with outcropping edges to represent the superposition of strata. Wherever he went, he introduced his pet theory—at canal boards, county meetings, market-gardens, and farmers’ clubs—till at last ‘Strata Smith’ became somewhat of a bore to the country gentlemen of that pre-scientific period. At the outset, the new doctrine made but slow progress; but in the course of time the enthusiasm and energy of Mr Smith, together with the irresistible weight of evidence he was able to adduce, carried the day. The savants, who were at first disposed to pooh-poo him, at length recognised his merit by the presentation of the Wollaston medal, and hailed him as the ‘father of English geology.’ He also received the degree of LL.D. from the university of Oxford.

The preparation of a map of the stratification of England, which Mr Smith had projected soon after his discovery, but abandoned from want of time, was resumed by him in 1801. By incessant journeys, continued during a series of years, and extending over 10,000 miles annually, on foot, on horseback, and in all manner of vehicles, he traversed the length and breadth of the land, sketched innumerable sections of quarries and outcrops of rocks, and traced the dip and order of strata. ‘The habit of observation,’ he says, ‘capped on me, gained a settlement in my mind, and became a constant associate of my life, and started up in activity at first thoughts of a journey; so that I generally went off well prepared with maps, and sometimes with contemplations on its objects, or on those of the road, reduced to writing before it was commenced. My mind was therefore like the canvas of a painter, well prepared for first and best impressions.’ The herculean task which he had undertaken was so far completed by 1801, that he issued a small geological map; but it was not till 1815 that his ‘Description of the Strata of England and Wales’ appeared on a large and handsome scale.

Regarded as the first geological map of England, and the achievement of a single man, Mr Smith’s delineation was really a marvellous production; but of course it was far from perfect. Sir Henry de la Beche saw the necessity of filling up the gaps and correcting the errors which were to be found in it. Beginning on a modest scale in Cornwall, he gradually extended his operations, and on obtaining the assistance of the government, founded the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland. A number of skilful geologists, selected and trained by Sir Henry, were distributed over the kingdom, a certain district being assigned to each; and so industriously and energetically did they set to work, that, before his death in 1856, maps of half of England and Wales, and part of the south of Ireland, had been prepared and published. With the exception of Yorkshire, and the counties further north, together with some of the eastern ones, the survey of England has been completed. Ireland is far advanced; Scotland has been barely commenced.

The perfection which has been attained in these maps has excited the admiration of geologists and miners both in this country and abroad. The survey of the north half of England, Scotland, and Ireland, is on the scale of six inches to one mile, and that of Southern England on the scale of one inch to the mile. The utmost accuracy and precision of detail has been secured, every dislocation of strata, every outcrop carefully portrayed. The great secret of the excellence of the work, is that the officers of the Survey are inspired with true scientific zeal, and really enjoy their labours.

Varied qualifications are required in a member of the Survey. He must not only be a sound geologist, quick to observe, and cautious in drawing conclusions, but he must also be an active pedestrian, and capable of a good deal of bodily fatigue. A certain degree of tact and savoir faire is further indispensable, for his duties sometimes lead him into outlandish quarters and among odd company. He is equipped with a formidable hammer, a wallet for specimens, a portfolio of maps, a warrant to commit any trespass he chooses, and which lets ‘all men know by these presents’ that the bearer is a trusty emissary of Sir Roderick Murchison, and entitled to aid and protection in the discharge of his functions. This mission is frequently a source of great benefit to agriculturists of limited intellect and suspicious temperaments, who cannot divest themselves of a misgiving that the eccentric gentleman who persists in walking through their fields, and pays not the slightest regard to intimations of ‘No thoroughfare’ and ‘Trespassers beware’, is an income-tax commissioner in disguise. Arrived on the ground which he is going to map out, the explorer looks for road sections, railway cuttings, open rivers, canals, or at least deep ditches, outcrops of rock, quarries, coal-pits—anything that will afford him data as to the character of the strata beneath the surface. Having got trace of one stratum, he has a clue to the rest, the relative position of which he can infer by fixed rules. The general character of the district he can ascertain without much trouble. It is the search for faults and tracing out of dislocations in the crust of the earth that put the surveyor to his test, and test his skill and scientific knowledge. Sometimes even the ablest explorers are baffled, and thrown off the scent by the vagaries of certain strata. A wide variety of rules may perhaps occur between the trace of a formation at one point and its reappearance at another; and it is only by long and patient examination that the difficulty can be solved. Of necessity, an exact and careful
survey must be conducted on foot; and many a weary tramp in all weathers, has the geologist before he has filled in all the peculiarities of the district assigned to him on his map. When in secluded parts of the country, also, he has to put up with very rude and limited accommodation in the way of board and lodgings. If personal comfort, however, be sometimes interfered with, there is no lack of enjoyable excitement in the day's work. Hunting strata may appear poor sport to some, but to the keen geologist it is as exhilarating and delightful as was a fox-chase to Asser in Smith. Nor does the explorer care for plain, obvious, above-board strata, that do not exercise his wits at all; I think he rather prefers them of a retiring slippery character, so that if he has some pains he has also some glory in ferreting them out. Of the fossils and characteristic rocks of each district, the surveyor is required to collect three specimens—one for the Museum of Practical Geology, in Jermyin Street, Piccadilly; another for the Geological Museum in Edinburgh; and the third for the Dublin collection. During the greater part of the winter months, the out-duties of the survey are necessarily suspended, and the officers employ their time in copying their rough drafts for the use of the colourists.

The British Survey has furnished a number of distinguished geologists, who are now actively employed in our colonies. In Canada, Sir William Logan has surveyed numerous tracts of country; and great as are the difficulties with which he has sometimes to be encountered in similar operations at home, they are nothing compared with those which had to be surmounted in Canada. Here, of course, the surveyor has the Ordnance maps to go upon; but Sir William has had the double trouble, and, of course, the twofold merit, of first defining the topography of hitherto unexplored districts, and then of laying down, with the assistance of coloured and dimensioned lines of the different rock-masses upon his maps. Moreover, there are no such perils or privations to be met with on the home survey as those to which Sir William and his assistants were exposed. For half the year, for many years together, they had to rough it in dreary pine-forests; to navigate newly discovered rivers, of which they did not know the currents, shoals, or rapids, in birch-bark canoes, hastily constructed by Indian attendants on the spot; to guard themselves against wild beasts; to sleep in tents of bark with their feet to the blazing logs; to put up with coarse, sometimes scanty fare; and to be thankful when they found some wild onions to flavour their potage.

Again, surveys are being carried out in India, under the direction of Professor Oldham; in the West Indies, under Mr Barrett; in Victoria, under Mr A. B. C. Selwyn; and in Tasmania, under Mr Gould. The survey of Victoria derives peculiar interest from the gold-fields in that quarter. From Mr Selwyn's maps, it appears that the most massive quartz-reeds occur in the Lower Silurian slaty rocks, and the thinnest in the Upper Silurian, though the latter are often richest in gold. The immense number of these reeds has led Mr Selwyn to infer that, notwithstanding numerous recent failures, caused by recklessness, ignorance, bad management, and the high price of labour, hundreds of reeds in the solid rock may yet be opened out with satisfactory success. If proof of the practical value of geological surveys were necessary, a remarkable one might be offered in connection with these very gold-fields, which might long have remained hidden, but for a conjecture of Sir Rodrick Murchison in the Ural Mountains on the geological position of the strata from which gold is obtained. From this investigation, he was led, by inductive reasoning, to infer that gold would be found in similar rock, of which specimens had been received from Australia. In a country so rich as our own in mineral wealth, the existence of an efficient body of geological surveyors is of the utmost importance, and the public have every reason to be satisfied with the diligent and able officers with whom Sir Rodrick Murchison and Professor Ramsay have surrounded themselves.

AN OLD COURIER'S TALE.

Cabinets and embassies transact most of their business by telegrams now; couriers get nothing to carry but the heavy, long-winded papers which are generally drawn out after the whole matter is settled, and nobody cares when they come to hand. The courier is consequently of little account. But in my travelling-days, cabinet councils were to wait on arrival; ambassadors came to meet us on their own stairs, and the sight of a mounted courier was sufficient to wake up all the clubs and coffee-houses in town. We had work to do there. If ever a king got the headache, or a minister looked out of humour, some of us were packed off, whip and spur, to ride for dear life, through all weathers, and keep the dispatches safe whatever became of ourselves. A quarrel or a marriage in a royal family gave us terrible goings. I shall never forget the time Nicholas of Russia fell out with his brother Constantine, or the time Mary of Portugal quarrelled with her wet and cold got by both affairs; but they were nothing compared with what happened to me once on a journey from St Petersburg to St Petersburgh.

I had been some years on the road, and known to have done some smart things, in the way of getting over ground, and putting spurs off the scent, when I became attached to the first French embassy which Louis Philippe sent to St Petersburg, after his recognition by the czar. The chief of the embassy, and my special patron, was Count Ler.-a sensible, moderate man as ever sat on a chair; and I think no ambassador ever had more explanations to give, or instructions to get; he kept fifteen couriers in full play, always coming and going, and was pleased to consider me the quickest and most trustworthy of the corps. On that account, I was generally sent on affairs supposed to require more than common prudence and dispatch. To cope with this, I had set me into his diplomatic secrets; but I was well aware that there was a heavy concern on his excellence's mind, when the disappearance of Prince Theodore Ozinoff, a tall, limber sort of man, was whispering about, as everything is in St Petersburg. Prince Theodore was not within the circle of my acquaintance, though I have known some very great people in my time; but his French valet, Dumont, used to come with notes, and wait in the ambassador's anteroom while I waited there too; we used to draw up to the stove to warm our fingers, in the bitter days, and so grew intimate.

The valet had but three themes of conversation—the first was his country, the second was himself, and the third was his master. From this last topic of his, I learned what was patent to all St Petersburg, that the prince had drunk enough to serve a whole regiment. His father's family were allied to the reigning dynasty; his mother was a descendant of the royal Polish House of Leszeynski; he was sole heir of all their rights and titles, and also of two estates, which, though not very extensive, were pretty far apart—the one being situated in the north of Finland, and the other in the south of France. The first had been the gift of Peter the Great to one of his paternal ancestors, who had been in helping him to build that dreary north land; the second had come by his mother's side from that saintly queen, Maria, whose piety and good works were supposed to make up for the opposite doings of her husband, Louis XIV. Dumont knew all about it, and all about Prince Theodore, who, according to his account, was young, handsome, and astonishingly clever, but not at all
averse to an intrigue or duel, and given to what is vaguely called overrunning the constable, for which, as for all his other shortcomings, the valet had an excuse. Moreover, the valet never appeared with his dignity without getting in debt, his two estates were so far off; and it was a disgrace to the Russian gentleman not to do his utmost for the czar's cousin, and such a fine young man."

There were reasons for Prince Theodore's being done nothing for, which were not unknown to his valet. His Polish mother and his French estate were presumed to have endowed him with revolutionary tendencies. As the northern custom is, he had been looked on with suspicion from his very childhood; and the prince, either finding there was no other chance for him, or being so inclined, had adopted liberal opinions almost as early, and was considered the chief of the Polish party.

At the time of my story, it was generally suspected, in and out of diplomatic circles, that something was being brewed at Warsaw—in short, the Polish insurrection was in the offing. However, the barricades encouraged it was best known to himself and his ministers. Louis Philippe was the man not to commit himself; and it is wonderful how such safe cards ever lose the game, as they do sometimes. Well, Prince Theodore was the chief of the Polish party; the Poles were getting ready for a rising; Dumont had been coming and going between his palace and the French embassy for some weeks, when all at once the prince and his valet both disappeared. The whispered account of this fact was, that an officer and a company of gendarmes had been sent to enter the Gizhoff Palace, after placing sentinels at all its outlets; that they stayed there long enough to make a strict search in cabinet and bureau; and left the palace escorting a close carriage, presumed to contain the prince and his confidential servant. The rest of the establishment were permitted to remain in their accustomed quarters; but a commissary of police and the appointment of his satellites took lodgings in the prince's apartments, and made daily examinations of every soul, from the steward to the scullion.

What discoveries rewarded their assiduity, nobody could tell, but Siberia at least was predicted for poor Prince Theodore; and when Count L——, sent for me at seven o'clock the same evening, he had got wind of the disappearance at half-past six. I was not surprised to see his excellency in a considerable fluster, which he tried hard to keep out of view, and to hear him breathe in the hall. The Count, after Paris had been immediately: you must accomplish the journey as quickly as possible. I would intrust none but yourself with the news of this adventure. Go, my friend; never lose sight of it till you deliver it into the hands of the Minister of War.

I was half prepared for the journey, hearing the whisper; and the great ambassador smiled on me, as if I had been his heart's delight, when I assured him of my readiness to set out with all expedition, and that the dispatch should never be out of my keeping till it was safely delivered to the Minister at Paris.

"Your zeal and devotion shall not be forgotten," said he in his grandest manner. "France knows how to return the heart, my dear friend Gaspard; get ready to ride, and I will conclude my letter to Monsieur le Ministre."

Before any timepiece in St Petersburg had reached the half-hour, I was mounting along the western road, as fast as a powerful Polish horse could carry me, with the usual equipments of sheepskin cloak, jack-boots, and saddle-bags, and the dispatch sealed in a tin case and locked up in the water-proof bag attached to my firmly buckled belt. People will tell you that the eastern route via Moscow is the most practicable; but right across Poland, thence to East Prussia, for me. I pushed on that way at a rate that would have satisfied even the ambassador; partly because the first heavy snow-fall of the north was coming on—for it was the beginning of October, and if once it came, weeks must elapse before the succeeding frost made roads and rivers passable—and partly because I determined to take one good night's rest at Klotokow, a little old town in the government of Livonia, where an honest man named Fritz Hopnur, from my native Rhineland, had set up an inn with the sign of Three Eagles, by way of doing equal honour to Russia, Prussia, and Austria, and thus securing the whole government patronage of the north. I believe Hopnur to some extent succeeded in his great design; at all events, he kept an honest and wondrously clean house for that part of the world, and may be entertaining travellers there still, for aught I know to the contrary.

I reached his house at the close of a day, all over fog and sleet, and in some fear that my toes and fingers were frost-bitten, for the north winds were bitter. It was full of Livonian peasants. Klotokow, though consisting only of one crooked street, mostly of log-huts, with a few tinfoil roofs, in such a way that their fire was supposed to warm them, and a low church in the middle, is the capital of a large district, and also a Lutheran town. There had been a confirmation in its church that day, and the peasants, who had come many a mile to the afternoon solemnity, were now, according to northern custom, making merry at the Three Eagles. I was glad to get a seat among them in Hopnur's warm kitchen. He and his wife welcomed me with their usual kindliness. Being a countryman and a courier, I was quite a friend of the house; the seat of honour—that is to say, the wooden settle within the chimney—was accorded to my rank; there was no other distinction of travellers' rooms there in my time. They made ready the best their house afforded for my supper; a journey through north wind and sleet makes one no way particular in that matter. I told the news of the world, as became a courier, to them in German; they translated it into Livonian, for the benefit of the peasants; and in the midst of general homage, I finished my supper—the only meal I had that day—looked at the lock of my water-proof bag, ordered a horse and myself to be called at the break of day, and retired to bed.

The Three Eagles boasted but one bedroom—a kind of loft over the goose-house, which forms an integral part of every Livonian establishment. It was accessible by a wooden stair at the end of a passage leading from the large common apartment, which, besides serving for kitchen, parlour, and living-room, had for its sleeping accommodations on its straw-covered floor to all the commonality, while the loft was reserved for superior travellers. It was furnished with the old-fashioned German bed, hung with scarlet cloth, a carved oak-chest for a table, and two very ancient chairs. Partitioned off it, there was a closet, in which Frau Hopnur kept her provender of house-linen and other precious things brought with her from Germany. I knew the room and all its belongings well; many a night I had slept there before, and nobody pays better than a courier; yet I thought Fritz hesitated strangely in lighting me up to the chamber. The Frau had previously tried to persuade me that a bed which she could make up beside the kitchenette would be more comfortable. When neither my dignity nor my prudence would consent to that arrangement, she had gone to put the room in order, and stayed longer than the frau was wont to do.

I remembered these circumstances afterwards. At the time, I was glad enough to fling off my weather-worn clothes, and get in between the two German beds, after pushing the oak-chest against the door, which had neither lock nor bolt, laying the dispatch-bag under my head and a pair of pistols within reach of my hand. I was a long way yet from crossing the Russian frontier, and who knew what spies might be on my track?
I had not slept in a bed since the night before I left St. Petersburg; in all doubt, I slept soundly. Perhaps it was the unwonted comfort of my position that made me dream all night of winning at cards from the French ambassador, from the Russian minister, and from all sorts of rich people, with whom I was never likely to have the honour of playing. The nightly vigilance of the goose tribe has been noted ever since they saved the Capitol. There were three score of them in the house below my left, and the whole flock must have united in the chorus that woke me just as I was sweeping five thousand francs off the hazard table in the bottom of a vagabond idea that there was somebody in my room. My one hand instinctively grasped the pistol, and my other the dispatch-bag. There it was, all safe under my pillow; I could feel the tin-case inside; and the room was silent and dark, except where a faint ray of the rising moon flickered in through the sky-light. The chest still stood against the door as I left it. Some prowling fox must have come too near to the goose-house. Of course, the whole flock got my heart in a snare; and before it was well uttered, I was fast asleep again.

Next day I was called at break-day, and I was on the road within the same hour. The sleet was still blowing. I had cold travelling over the miry plains and swollen rivers, and terrible work with the lazy boatmen and knavish postmasters; but the influence and credit of the French ambassador stood me in good stead. I bribed and bullied, two processes without which there is no getting on in Russia. I flashed curious imps, and I kept clear of military stations. Count L—'s dispatch was kept next my heart in waking-hours, and under my head when I slept—out of my keeping it never went for a moment; and never was I more relieved in heart and mind than when the Russian frontier was fairly passed, and there was nothing but German ground before me. Moving so rapidly forward, I had no time for an overactive imagination, and what was more to be dreaded, the Russian authorities. Couriers had been known to disappear, dispatches and all, on the same track, and never be heard of more. I could not be too near the frontier in those days; but I crossed it, crossed the Rhine, found myself on French ground, and posted to Paris, with the conviction that my laurels were won.

It was three o'clock in the morning before I passed the barriers, and when I reached the minister's hotel, that establishment was just settling down into sleep, and the exchangers of the magnificent hall given in honour of the Russian ambassador, who had lately arrived in Paris. The porter seemed in no hurry to admit me; but when my continuous ringing at length brought him to the gate, he gave me a look of astonishment, and said in a sort of whisper to himself: "Is Monsieur le Conier really going to set out again?" I had never seen the porter in my life, had never been in the house before; but the man was old, and might be dreaming, for his eyes looked ready to close; and having no time to lose with him or anybody else, I hurried upstairs to the minister's apartments.

"Monsieur is gone to bed, and did not expect you, I am sure," said the valet, who answered my impatient knock. He was a young, lively-looking fellow, quite a new face to me; but he gave me the very same look of acquaintance and surprise with which the porter had greeted my entrance; and I would have asked half-a-dozen questions if I had not stopped him with a demand to see the minister immediately.

He led me in the anteroom, and went to deliver my letter. It was almost time by opening the bag and getting out the dispatch. The tin-case was familiar to my hand; many a time it had been felt for at every stage of the journey; yet now, when I held it up to the light, the strange feeling in my business had put upon it in my presence was gone. The case could be opened, and I opened it in perfect desperation, and there—instead of the ambassador's secret and important letters, instead of St. Petersburg Gazette and my special night and day, and been pledged to part with only into the minister's own hands—there were two copies of the St. Petersburg Gazette, and nothing more. The set was not one of the light, and every were so overwhelming, that I have no recollection of anything till I found myself in the minister's bedroom. The valet must have come back with an order to admit me; I must have closed the case and followed him mechanically; and there I was at the side of the great man's bed presenting the tin-case, with a horrible sense of having been tricked, and being utterly unable to tell or imagine how.

Monsieur le Ministre was sitting up in his nightgown, and looking terribly fagged. I was seeing him for the first time; it was the first dispatch I had brought to him; but the minister saluted me with a still more familiar look than those of his porter or valet.

"Is it possible you have brought more dispatches?" said he with a yawn. "Those you said the Belgian courier was bringing, I suppose, ma foi," he continued, opening the case. I don't know how I presented it. "It was well worth the count's while to employ couriers and dispatch-bag with two copies of the St. Petersburg Gazette. There is some government story about that unhappy prince in them, I daresay; but you might not have troubled yourself to bring unnecessary dispatches on my journey. But to be sure, you did not know. Count L—is a very strange man; but you acted under orders; and I can forgive you everything for making the journey you completed.

"Last night, your excellency," said I, feeling rather uncertain of my ears.

Yes," said the minister, laying himself down very comfortably. "Your arrival here, and the delivery of the count's letters at half-past eleven last night, was an achievement in travelling. Monsieur, I am the friend of all faithful agents, and, what is more, I have reported your performance to the Citizen King, and congratulate you on the honour of his approval. It is to be regretted that Count L—'s overanxiety for the information of his cabinet should have caused an unnecessary journey to the Belgian frontier. But good-night, my friend— and he tucked himself better in—go and take the rest you so much require, and be sure that your remarkable services will find appreciation.

I suppose it was the instinct of self-preservation that enabled me to keep my own counsel and ask no questions, but I left Paris, I guess. It was not my notion of a state's mission to throw any suspicion that either myself or the minister was going mad. If it were he, his porter and his valet shared in the insanity, for each, after his own manner, had testified to my arrival on the preceding night. One thing was clear—the letters which I had seen Count L— put into the tin case and seal up had been taken from me out of the bag, which I never parted with night or day through that long and rapid journey. But what opportunity had any Russian instrument found to take them? My thoughts flew back, as only thoughts can fly, over all the stages and incidents of my journey. They stopped for a moment at the Three Eagles—those Livonian geese had made a fearful clamour; but nobody could have entered my room without moving the heavy oaken chest I had set against the door, and it stood in the very position I left it till the morning. Who had taken the letters, and who had come in my stead twenty-seven hours before me, and what had that messenger brought? I felt myself in a scrape beyond my own comprehension. It must be one of those deep-laid Russian tricks of which I had heard of in my travels. Doubtless an explanation would come out in time, and little to my comfort. When Count L—and the minister came to find out that the important letters had not come to the light which Count L— the blame and the responsibility must fall on me, and who would believe the account I had to give?
The overworked man will sleep under any weight of care, and so did I in the German hotel for good twelve hours that day; but all the time I was locking up dispatch-bags, opening tin cans, finding them empty, and searching for the lost letters in every corner of Fritz Hopman's house. Next evening, I screwed up my courage so as to go to the minister's hotel, and, turning his fingers over, and finding no change there, and found opportunities for conversation both with the porter and the valet. It required all my courier's tact to sound them regarding my alleged arrival; but they were quite clear and positive that I had arrived at the time specified. The whole household were aware of the minister's wonder and delight at the rapidity of my journey; and the valet remarked that the dispatches I brought must have been very important, for the minister ordered his carriage, and drove to the Tuileries, though everybody knew the Citizen King retired early.

I had occasion to see the minister some days after—my accounts were settled at his office. They affected simple republican factions in those first days of Louis Philippe, and from the beginning I heard the same assurances about the achievement in travelling I had performed, and the high consideration with which everybody had in my mind that I had come and delivered dispatches to him twenty-seven hours before I had the honour of seeing his face for the first time. Weeks passed, other couriers arrived from the north, but no letters were missing, no suspicion rested on me; on the contrary, the trumpet of my fame was blown by the minister and all his satellites; and I became a man of mark among the posting corps. If Count L—were ever asked about the Russian Gazette, it must have been in a particularly quiet way, for no question was ever asked me on the subject. It was not my policy to draw attention to that fact. Somebody, or something, had stolen my dispatch in a manner I could not account for, and carried it in my stead at a rate exceeding my most speed; more unaccountably still, had passed for myself with so many keen eye-witnesses, and I had got the honour and glory of an unprecedented journey. But I was born in the Rhineland, and had heard tales concerning the Doppeldinger; and in the utter impossibility of any other explanation, I will confess that my German mind turned to that man, who had never been heard of. No earthly biographer could have entered my barricaded room, and frightened the geese below. I felt convinced that the business had been done there and then, and as the reputation of secret service never does a man's work or takes his place for a good purpose, the old-world notion made me more uncomfortable than I should have cared to acknowledge at the time. But the facts were of importance; and some secret in the background of my life; nobody knew, nobody guessed at it. I was great among the couriers, I was smiled on by the officials; but I made me nervous and anxious in travelling, unable to rest without my right hand strapped to the dispatch-bag, and particularly careful to avoid the Three Eagles. For that purpose, I actually took the eastern route in several subsequent journeys. Many a one I made in the service of Count L— and his government. I crossed Poland when it was in a state of full insurrection; Prussia, when it was talking of marching over the Rhine to restore the elderly Bourbon; and Austria, when there was great discourse of her troops finding their way to Lombardy to the south of France; but nothing to do but get on and rummous substitute ever came to my knowledge. Though I did not forget the circumstance, all attempts at discovery or explanation were given up by the time three years had passed. By then the Polish insurrection had been quelled, the threatened revolution in Italy averted, Louis Philippe had made peace, and over most of the troublesome consequences of his elevation to the throne, the five great powers were working harmoniously, and the whole world was to remain exactly in the position they had it till the end of time. Everything was settled, and Christine and I thought of settling too. She was only a milliner's girl, with very small savings, but there was not a prettier face in Strasburg. Madame Gasper is a pretty woman yet. I myself, notwithstanding the minister's high commission, and my consequent grandeur amongst the couriers, had but little; but we made up our minds to marry, and wait no longer than my return from Naples, where they sent me with dispatches about some of the many misunderstandings which happened in that quarter. As Italian affairs were never quickly transacted, I had to wait some days for the ambassador's homeward message, and was seated, smoking and thinking of Christine, in the piazza of my hotel, when somebody came out of the house, and tapped me on the shoulder. I looked round, and there stood my old acquaintance, Dumont, the confidential valet, whom I and all the rest of the world had believed to be sharing his master's exile on the shores of the Icy Sea.

'Monsieur Dumont,' said I, 'is it probable that I see you so far south? How did you escape, and what has become of the poor prince?'

'Come to the Gonzi Palace. To-morrow evening at eight o'clock— the back-entrance, remember, and not in your courier's dress—and you shall hear all about it, my friend, together with something to your advantage,' said Dumont, as he moved away with mysterious grandeur.

I was curious to hear the particulars of his escape, and still more curious to hear the something to my own advantage. Dumont was keen, clever, and good-natured; he might have heard of some service more remunerative than that I had the honour of posting in, and eight o'clock found me at the back-entrance of the Gonzi Palace. Dumont was on the watch for my arrival, and with an air of great secrecy he conducted me up the back-stairs, and into his own room.

'Sit down, my friend,' he said, shutting the door, opening his own private bureau, and taking therefrom a Parisian pocket-book—'sit down, and you will hear a remarkable story, in which, I must observe, you yourself played a most important part, though not one of your own choosing. It has been the case, my friend, with many actors in the world's great drama. But to return to our story. The prince and I were not arrested that evening, as you and everybody in St Petersburg supposed. A friend and countryman of mine, who filled the office of valet to the Russian minister of police, made the discovery of what was intended, and sent us intimation just half an hour before the visit of the gens d'armes. Our arrest seemed inevitable; but nothing is impossible to courage and capacity. The prince took my advice, and we escaped. The steward of the palace was getting in his winter fuel; there were consequently a number of Finnish woodmen about the premises. I caught two of them, got their clothes for two suits of my own, sent them off with three silver roubles apiece, and orders to get out of St Petersburg as quickly as they could, or the money should be taken from them. Let me assure you their disappearance was an example of celebrity. The prince and I made a successful imitation. Without waiting to destroy papers, or take other unimportant measures, we assumed the Finnish clothes, with wigs and beards to match. His height had diminished, he could buy some in store; he had a taste for masquerading, and found them useful in his little adventures. It was a terrible sacrifice to cut off our hair and moustaches, but necessity has no law. Then, with all the ready money we could collect—it was lamentably little—with a coil of rough ropes under each arm, and our wolf-skin caps well drawn down, we sallied out among the retiring woodmen, made our
way through the city, and reached the western road about the time that the excellent officer of police and his company were taking possession of the Oznoff Palace. We took horses at the nearest post-house. The prince did all the talking. He was a wealthy French hero, going for love relations he had in Livonia; and I was his younger brother, born deaf and dumb; so we got on famously. But it was uncomfortable travelling. The weather grew very bad by the time we reached Kiozakow; we were glad to put up at the Three Eagles. You know the house, and the house knows you. Fritz Hopnar and his wife are excellent people, but they did not tell you, so they were paid for not telling it, and kept the secret like honest Germans, that we were stowed away in the linen-closet, when you had to get possession of their only bedroom—it was our good stars that prompted you to that, my friend—in the linen-closet. They also suggested to me that travelling as a French courier would be a much safer business for his highness; I could act as his postillion, and we were sure to get on. You had left an old miniature in Frau Hopnar's keeping; it was laid up with her linen, and suited exactly. I had two notices of the St Petersburg Gazette about me. It is wonderful what a man of talent can do with a very small allowance of moonlight; but I must say, had those geese below been all prepared for the postilion, I think they might have had a satisfaction to my mind when they raised that calamine just as I was restoring the bag to its place under your pillow. Yes, my friend, I took your dispatches, but I did not steal them. His highness and I posted as no German could have done. We got perfectly equipped at a town in West Poland, I forgot its name; and they were safely delivered to the Minister of War in Paris, twice twenty-seven hours before your arrival with the St Petersburg gazettes. I know the affair has afforded the minister some jeers upon Count L——, and you some speculation; for Prince Theodore, in his courier's dress, with the red, I mean auburn wig and beard, bore such a very remarkable resemblance to yourself, that Monsieur le Ministre, and every soul about his house, believed it was you; and we made provision for the second coming by a tale of dispatches that were to be expected through Belgium. It must have been a great puzzle to you, but we knew you were not the man to betray your misfortunes. The prince is deeply sensible of the service you rendered him, and means to reward you, but his highness never had adequate resources, and is now limited to his French estate. Better days will no doubt come to a gentleman of his merit; but in the meantime, he offers you, as a sign of his gratitude, these two notes of a thousand francs each; and Dumont slipped the bank-paper into my hand. I did not refuse it. Christian and our new home were to be provided for, and I had got a satisfactory explanation of the Doppelganger. His highness would have acknowledged your services earlier, had his funds allowed him to do so, continued the valet; but, living here in exile, under an assumed name, of course his ability fails far short of his inclination. Did he take up arms to fight for the liberty of his mother's country, as you often told me he would, if the people only rose against their tyrants? said I. No, said Dumont, with great composure. His highness is a decided patriot; but his genius is deep and intricate: he knew the fortunate hour had not come. It has not come yet, my friend; when it does come, Prince Theodore will be found at the head of his country's ranks; in the meantime, he is amusing himself in Italy; and there is his bell. Let me wish you a very good-evening, and please to shut the back-gate. I did shut it; and that money set Christine and me up. It was the only token of Prince Theodore's gratitude I ever received. The fortunate hour for him to be found at the head of his country's ranks never arrived; but he contrived to get pardoned, and returned to Russia, leaving unsettled accounts to a considerable amount in all the Italian towns. I believe Dumont went with him, and is still in his service; but I have left the rest; the world is all changed about me, and you are not the first who have heard me tell this story.

THE ACADEMY OF COMPLIMENTS.

The Complete Letter-writer is still an item in a bookseller's stock-in-trade, but we should suppose little patronised, except by servant-girls and country apprentices. Time was when the authors of such compilations flew at higher game, and found their customers among the mob of gentlemen who did not write with ease. One of the most popular of this description of book now lies before us. It is but a small volume, that might be carried in the pocket without inconvenience, yet in its limited space are combined the usual features of a letter-writer, a manifold of polite conversation, a book of etiquette, and a universal songster.

This wonderful madéin par avo, published in 1670, is entitled The Academy of Compliments neatly refined, wherein Ladies, Gentlemens, and Scholars may accommodate their country Practice with gentle Ceremonies, complimentary Expressions, and Forms of Speaking or Writing Letters most in fashion; also a New School of Love, and a Present of excellent Similitudes, Comparisons, Fancies, and Devises. The author starts with defining compliments as the quintessence of wit, the refiners of speech, the language of gallants, the musical ravishments of their perfumed breasts, loving sighs, and the business of their afternoons. The preface to a compliment is the motion of the body; its grace, the disposing of the countenance; its rhythm, the cadence of the breast. The compliments themselves are rather formidable things. Imagine one gentleman acknowledging another's salutation with, 'You honour me as if you did erect me a thousand statues!' or denoting acquiescence in an opinion advanced by saying: 'Your judgment doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you a dozen of perfections are found which can be sought for on the earth.' If the exquisites of the day exchanged such grandiloquent sentences between themselves, we may expect to find them out-Armando Armando in addressing the ladies; and so it is. Here are a few sentences culled from some pages of similar matter; the occasions for which they are adapted may easily be inferred. 'Mistress, pardon my rudeness for troubling thus rashly your musings.—— Theseus, fair one, daf never more triumph at his deliverance from the perilous labyrinth, than I from the pernicious bondage of such cruel beauty.—— Be careful, fair one, lest, being led captive by security, your mind float in the surging sea of idle conceits, whilst the gales of voluptuous pleasure, or the stifling storms of unbridled fancy, with raging blasts, make a shipwreck of your beauty.—— Madam, you are the saint to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighs.—— Cruel one, how long can I make an ostentation of my felicity?'

To save the would-be gallants from racking their brains for similitudes and comparisons, wherewith to shew their appreciation of a lady's charms, they are instructed to tell her that her face frizzeth the sight like the gloss of the emerald, or expels the
night more than a thousand stars; her brow is a smooth milky galaxy where Love doth sit in triumph to discharge his artillery; her tresses are golden expanse or streams of love; her eyes shed a firmament of light, they are dove-like, liquid rolling, wondrous, or loveliness of affection; her lips are threads of scarlet, love's sweet altar, where the heart is offered for a continual sacrifice; her cheeks are like Punic apples; her breath is like the western wind when it glads Arabia, and breathes gums and spices; her voice, adorned with graceful accents, surpasses the airs of chirping birds; and so on, through the entire category of feminine beauties, where consideration for our readers' patience and propriety forbid us to follow.

Two friends meet in the street, and exchange greetings—instead of our curt 'How d'ye do?' it is:

'God save you, sir; you are most happily met; how fare you?' At parting, one of them desires the other to deliver a message to his mistress for him; after a little polite demur, the flattered friend consents, and goes on his way to tell the lady that her lover is her ready and willing servant—that the power of love has given her his heart, which he will come to fetch in hope she will return it, and till then keep it warm in her own bosom.

Modern dinners are formal enough in all conscience; but the most inveterate diner-out would give in if the meal were now prefaced by the following ceremony at sitting down at the table. It takes the form of a dialogue, in which the speakers are the host and his intimate friend Master G. The former commences with: 'Gentlemen, pray take your places. I know not how to direct you; but first let us wash.'

__Master G._ Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.

__Host._ I beseech you, gentlemen, to take your places. Come, Master G., you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

__Master G._ By no means; that is not my place; here is a gentleman deserves to be seated there.

__Host._ Sir, I have designed you the place; pray let me will you so far.

__Master G._ Sir, I should be loath to be too troublesome, and yet I would not present myself before my betters.

__Host._ You are too full of excuses; you may yield to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

__Master G._ Sir, I beseech you to excuse me, and account it your fault if I transgress the bounds of manners, in assuming a place far above my desert, and which of right belongs to these other gentlemen.

__Host._ We might have spared this ceremony, for the appetite loves good dainties better than company. Now pray for yourselves.

The dinner over, the entertainer was expected to apologise to his guests for the mean fare placed before them, and extort them to pardon his presumption, as it sprang from a desire to enjoy their good company. Some one replied in a similar strain on the part of the guests, and then all sat down to the wine. A conversation followed, 'To entertain a gentlewoman at your chamber,' gives us a curious and by no means complimentary idea of the manners and customs of English gentlewomen of the period. After various and enterprising questions, the gentleman and his visitor, the latter takes to admiring the pictures on the walls, and says: 'One of them I like very well, and would request it of you, if modesty would permit.' Of course the host pressest its acceptance on his fair friend; she is obdurate till the very last moment, when, as she departs to her couch, she kindly hints that she may perhaps be so bold as to send for it: 'To woo a coy maid,' who expressed herself in the matter-of-fact style which our author says is the correct thing, must have been no tempting task. But he gets his pupil over the difficulty without trouble. After the lady has made her sentiments known, by saying: 'Sir, I know that men have powerful language, but I am none of those young ones. You are deceived if you think that musk words can sweeten me up; and for my beauty, I would not have you dote upon that; it suffices me without commen- dation. If you would be more thrifty of your breath, you may spend it to better purpose; in a word, I shall never love you.' The gentleman returns to the attack, 'While I live, I will attend upon you; and when I am dead, I will visit you in a dream, and tell you, you were a cruel maid.' To conclude, let one parting kiss seal my transportation to elysium, and I am gone. The coy damsel yields to this modest request, and dismisses her admirer with a promise that she will strive to give him a better answer upon his next visit!

Our judges have lately been discussing the question, whether a clergyman could marry himself, and decided that he could not; and we do not suppose they would look upon a solemn betrothal as binding, when there were no witnesses to the exchange of vows. But unless such a practice as private betrothal was prevalent in the days of the Sitwells, we should hardly find the formula for it in the Academy of Compliments; and that it was considered binding upon the parties concerned is evident from its being entitled, 'To contract one's self privately, and tie the knot of marriage.' It runs thus:

'Apner. Now our love hath arrived to a happy conclusion, the storm raised by our disdain being blown over, the union of our affections making a soft and gentle harmony, which the soul can only discern; therefore that our new-born love may never expire, I do here, in the sight of Heaven and all good angels, marry and contract my soul to yours, and give away myself wholly to your disposal, till the ceremony of the church confirm my promise.

'Maid. With as true affection, I do give myself over unto your possession, and freely bestow on you my love, which shall never know all alteration, but remain ever firm and constant to you. It is therefore expedient that you obtain my friends' good-will, according to your promise, and till then we must remain only contracted in our affections.

'Apner. Heaven! I beseech thee, bear witness to our private agreement; and may I never know one day of comfort when I break my vow!

In the comedies of Shadwell and his contemporaries we often come upon allusions to the gentleman-usher; our little book gives us an exact portraiture of this species of danger in the train of beauty. The qualifications necessary for the post are detailed under six heads: Firstly, the candidate must be bold to defend his lady's rights of privilege and place, of hand and heart. Secondly, he must be neat in all things; in his office, in his garb, in his coming off and coming on. Thirdly, he must be blessed with a good memory, to be able to relate how this and that lady does, how many visits they have received, with any interesting particulars respecting their dogs, monkeys, and other pets. Fourthly, he must be dexterous in his carriage, serving and marshalling of dishes. Fifthly, he must be versed in the several postures and congees; more particularly, how to hand his lady, to arm his lady, to side his lady, to draw out his lady, to present his lady, to shoulder his lady (when she took coach), to foot his lady (when she alighted). Sixthly and lastly, he was to be a proficient in Spanish shrugs and French smirks; and all these brilliant acquisitions

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were to be rendered more brilliant by the refinement of the gentleman-maker's language and the splendour of his habitz.

Our author has not forgotten that lovers are apt to bestow tangible tokens of affection upon their mistresses, and rings being the favourite love-tokens at that period, as at all others, he provides his pupil with appropriate posies for them. The following complets, taken at random from a long string, are perhaps as favourable specimens of the quality of the collection as any we could select:

Let friend nor foe
This secret know.
Rings and true friends
Are without end.
Innumerable are the stars I see,
But in my heart no star like thee.
The eye fainteth, the heart chooseth,
The hand bindeth, and death loseth.
Whatever we may think of the prosaic power displayed in the imaginary conversations in which the art of polite conversation is unfolded, we must own the selection of songs at the end of the volume says much for the good taste both of the compiler and the musical world of his time. Here we have a large number of songs, ghazals, madrigals, culled gentler, the works of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, Jonson, Dryden, and other poets who wrote ere superficial critics had dared to dub the English an unmusical nation. Whatever the deficiencies of our older composers, they at least were not so afraid of poetry and sense as to waste their melody on unmeaning rhymes and spurious gibberish. The lover of music, married to her cold, or travelling far, may be excused a sigh as he compares the songs popular in the land two hundred years ago, with the sickly sentimentality dorned in our modern drawing-rooms, or the robust vulgaretees roared in our modern streets.

We have left the most important section of our little manual to the last. Letter-writing is no simple matter in the eyes of the principal of the Academy of Compliments. He likens an epistle to a stately edifice: requiring the architect to be apt in three things, first, invention, which is the material of the building; secondly, disposition, or the fitting the matter appropriately to the beginning, middle, and end, which is the framing of the building; and thirdly, elocution, or the using of fit and significant words, which is the beautifying of the building; and further, to make all perfect, art, imitation, and exercise must render their assistance.

Letters are to be divided into twelve classes—letters demonstrative, which declare the particulars of any business; letters conciliatory, containing persuasive or disuasive counsel; letters petitionary or requesting; letters economical, relating to household affairs; letters nuncepayturary, conveying intelligence; letters accussatory, excusatory, gratulatory, moral, civil; and finally, letters amorous or loving. All these should be composed with reference to the place, time, and person; beautified with flowers of expression, furnished with similitudes and grave sentences, and enriched with fervent vows and tenders of service.

The same conventional politeness which makes every military member of parliament gallant, and every legal one learned, formerly extended over a wider area, and made the ill-favoured and unsavoury a matter of moment to the letter-writer anxious not to violate the laws of propriety. Thus, we are taught to address the highest personage in the realm as The Most Sacred, Most Glorious, Most High, Most Mighty, Most Puisant, and Victorious Monarch, His Majesty of Great Britain. Princes are Most Illustrious; dukes, Most Honoured: earls, Right Honoured; knights, Right Worshipful; and esquires, Worshipful. Every judge is, ex officio, most just and upright; every statesman, most circumspect and prudent; every clergyman, most grave, sincere, religious, and learned. A physician is the approved; a logician, the subtle. Poets must be complimented as sacred adorers of the Muse; lawyers, as skilful, wise, singular, and learned; captains, as honourable, valiant, and worthy; while in dealing with a friend, we have the choice of epithets in constant, respected, helping, careful, approved, special, well-deserving, over-suspicious, and useful, to be applied as circumstances direct. Instead of the limited range of terminations to which custom confines us, our forefathers could sign themselves—
yours sworn to worthiness; your living being a staunch friend; yours as you have made me; your what you will; your worship's poor servant to command; your entire vassal; yours as far as modesty will suffer me; yours most passionately, loyally, and perpetually devoted; and in some score other forms suggested by friendship and servility.

After supplying the epistolary aspirant with a collection of sentences with which to begin and finish his letters, our author provides him with a number of model letters for his imitation. The headings to some of these are curious enough. To a lady, promising revenge on his enemy; For a languishing lover, upon a point of rigour, to one who is not really what she seems; From a fond maid that disdained the service and love of another, the writer is counselled to disclaim her also—are a few such. As for the style of the mass of model letters, it certainly scarcely justifies the ambitious theory propounded. The following strictures are as rather out of place for a lady to break off a correspondence with one whose suit she had encouraged: 'It is impossible, sir, to strain moist liquor out of the dry flat, to procure a bed in that which was made for a coach; cheer up, my dearest miss; I beg you to ask no more; there is no doctor who dares venture on so hazardous a storm to run against their common course.' Know sir, you are the man I lost he, and cannot like. Make, therefore, a virtue of necessity, and I usage the flame yourself which I know not who else will quench.

Take my way for an answer; if I would, I cannot; if I could, I would not. So, farewell.' What would be thought now of a gentleman who quarrell'd with his mistress writing to her in such a strain as this? 'For thy beauty, if I admired it once, it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions, like bad rhymers, were to be put off with; but now, making use of reason, I question whether at that time I had sense. Persuade thyself, therefore, if I were to die presently, and then just as much as I have written to you all, and of part of that I should leave the world, I would bequeath thee, with thy good face and bad conditions, for a legacy to my most inveterate enemy. And for my own part, whilst I do survive, and stay among the earth yet afflicts me, be confident, thou painted seducere, I will epitomise all thy vices, that the world, by reading thy volume, may shun thee, as the only obdurate to felicity.' Not very delicate, by any means; but the lady's reply is still more uncostly: 'Wonder not, sir, though you see an answer to your frantic letter. Do you think, by brawling like a beggar, to become a king? No, sir; as I know your knavery, so I pass not for it; neither can your brags go for payment. I marvel not, though your dogged letters savour of Diogenes's doctrine. You cynical dunces, what felicity can you have in biting of those whom thou canst not be revenged of? Indeed, gentle Balsam's ass, if I had been so light to have loved you, for feeding my fanatics in fancy and delectations, I have justly have reap'd such profit, since I then had filled my eyes so full with the figure of a fool. Hereafter, keep your letters patent in your beggar's box. Adieu, sir dunces; the more you misstyle myself, while I account it my greatest felicity to be rid of such a fool.'

Such language is hardly reconcilable with any code of politeness, however lax; and spite of the pretensions put forth by the anonymous author of the
Academy of Compliments, we cannot think his method of teaching the whole art of letter-writing calculated to produce a race of Walpoles and Stévignés.

Traditions of the Greenland Esquimaux.

Akakamik's Vision and Conversion.

At the time when the missionaries had first come to Godthaab, and when in all other parts of Greenland the Esquimaux were still heathens, there lived a man called Akakamik, a brave and expert hunter, who had a cousin of whom he was very fond. Now it happened that this friend grew sick and died. His death gave much pain to Akakamik, and grieved him to the soul; and still more so because his wife was childless, and he could not perpetuate the name of his friend. From this time he began to ill-use his wife, and even stabbed her with a knife, because she could not bring him a son to replace his lost friend. But after a time, Akakamik heard that one of the wives in a neighbouring place had given birth to a child, and called it after his friend; he therefore went to see it, and was so glad that he could not sleep for five days and nights. On his return, he fell into a deep torpor.

While in this slumber, he dreamed that he awoke and saw some one coming from the left-hand side of the house, who peeped in at the window, and said: 'Akakamik, come out and get your portion—it is said that Ussuligsoak has caught a young walrus.' Now Akakamik had some time previously killed this Ussuligsoak; but when he heard the voice, he went directly out (in his vision) to follow the person who spoke (whom he perceived to be a woman), and ran after her, but could not catch her. He continued to pursue her across a large plain, which was so extensive that it resembled a great sea; as he went on, he noticed that he was rapidly ascending, and that the daylight was much increasing. Going on, he came to an immense heap of sand, which was continually rolling downwards like a running stream. He thought he should never be able to get over this; but the woman, who ran before, urged him on, and when he was come over, he saw upon the plain many people, who were playing with the head of a walrus. When Akakamik saw these, he had great desire to join them; but as a guide hurried him on, he could not stay, notwithstanding that they called after him. Whilst looking at these people, he recognised one of them, at which he wondered, because he knew it had been dead some time, yet now they seemed in health. He followed his guide, and came to a ladder, which he thought he should never be able to climb; but when he saw his guide spring lightly up and disappear, he followed. When he reached the top, he saw before him another large plain. The light was still brighter, and his guide had vanished; but he followed the path she had taken, and came upon many beautifully dressed people, who were skinning a large walrus on the banks of a lake. He stopped and looked at them, and wondered within himself if the skin of the walrus was large enough to cover a boat. No sooner had he thought this, than one of them turned and said: 'Yes, it is large enough to cover a boat.' Akakamik was amazed that they had discovered his thoughts, and after a time he again wondered if it were large enough to cover over a tent. Immediately one of them turned and said: 'It is large enough for a tent.' Akakamik was still at ease, and trembled when he saw amongst these finely-dressed people, those who could read his inmost thoughts, the man Ussuligsoak whom he had killed. Whilst he stood still, he heard a voice from the east calling to the worship of the Lord, which, when these many men heard, they left their employment, and went in haste to the water to wash their hands. They then ran towards the north-east, and one of them beckoned to him to follow. He hesitated at first, but at last followed the one who beckoned; but he did not know what was meant by the 'worship of the Lord,' nor had he seen him who called them to it.

Whilst thus following them at a long distance, he saw on the ground before him a black strip which seemed to have no end, and lying north and south. All who came to it sprang lightly over it; but when he reached it, he saw a great chasm in front of him, but he could not stop his pace, running; and although he did not think he could reach the other side, he sprang over it. Looking down, he saw he had passed over a great fire.

Whilst looking for his last guide, there came in sight an innumerable number of people, amongst whom he recognised his guide, and essayed to join him; but he who was about to officiate bade him remain where he was, and he therefore stood upon a place cut off from the rest. And now, for the first time, he began to feel ashamed. He was separated from the others because he was a heathen, and knew not the customs and religious ceremonies of the Christians.

Now he who stood at the altar to officiate was the Saviour, and Akakamik noticed that he was arrayed in very fine clothes; he also saw upon the altar, which was very large, a number of exceedingly small men, in a line following the direction of the sun; and there flowed over the altar a milky liquid which was very sweet. The priest then opened a book and named a psalm, which he began to sing; the others took it up one after another, in different voices, so that the air was filled with their song. This was the first time in his life that Akakamik had seen such a beautiful place, or heard such grand singing; and as he looked up into the bright light above him, he saw a large moving fire, which reached further than he could see. After the singing, the Saviour came forwards and read aloud, and Akakamik kept in his heart all the words that he heard. At last he approached Akakamik, who had now become ashamed of his unworthiness, and said to him: 'When I called thee to have a portion of the walrus, didst thou see that there was one?' Akakamik answered: 'Yes.' And he said: 'I called thee because thou wert proud, prodigal, and impious, and thou hast stabb'd thy wife in the leg with a knife.' Akakamik would gladly have denied all, but he could not; and he was so ashamed that he dared not look up.

Again the Saviour spoke and said: 'Didst thou not slay Ussuligsoak?' When he thus found that all his secret deeds were known, he began to tremble with fear, for he now saw that he before whom he stood was All-knowing, and that from him there was nothing hidden. And the Saviour pointed to one of the men in the crowd: 'Is not that the Ussuligsoak whom thou didst slay? These thou seest here are all the murdered. I collect them here, that they may one day see justice executed upon their murderers, for, notwithstanding they were heathens, they, like me, were wounded and slain. Wilt thou now continue to murder?' Akakamik answered: 'Nay; I will never murder more.'

And the Saviour said: 'See that thou dost no more commit murder, or stab thy wife with knives. Be friendly to thy fellow-men; and learn and believe steadfastly my word. When I wandered upon the earth, men persecuted me, and nailed my hands and feet to a wooden cross; and they pierced me in the side with a lance, because I taught them my Father's will, which they would not believe.' He then took off his mantle, and showed his hands and his side; and Akakamik saw that blood flowed from them, as if they had been recently wounded; and the Saviour
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said: ‘So long as the world lasts, I will never let these
wounds heal, for the sake of those who would not
believe in me, and have led ungodly lives. I had a
mother upon the earth, and became a man by a
woman, and had a body like thine; but I had no
Father upon earth, because He was in heaven. Behold
Him above.’ Akamalik looked up and saw Him, but
he did not think it was a Being, because it had the
appearance of a large bright fire.

And again the Saviour spoke and said: ‘Seest thou
that multitude? They are now but spirits.

Thou also hast a body like mine.’

Akamalik answered: ‘Yes; but I am perfect in my
body.’ But he said to him: ‘That is untrue; thou art
full of imperfections: I alone am perfect.’ Thereupon,
he led him to a place called the place of judgment—
this was the chasm he had before seen—therein was
an everlasting fire, and, besides, a man of dreadful
appearance.

The Saviour asked him: ‘Are there devils upon the
earth?’ Akamalik replied: ‘Yes; they are fre-
quently seen. Some wear plaited, and some hollow
caps.’ The Saviour asked: ‘Is this the case?’

Akamalik said: ‘He is a devil, and there are
none others. But if thou wilt learn of and believe in
me, thou shalt not have thy place in that chasm,
but shalt live hence. Next summer shalt thou
journey to Godthaab, and there shalt learn, either of
the Moravians or the Danish clerics.’

Akamalik promised. And after being helped over
the chasm, he came down to the earth. On reaching
his house, he saw his unfortunate body walking up
and down the room, without knowing what it was
doing, and some thought he was mad. When he saw
his body, it disgusted him, and he said: ‘It resembles
a dust-heap outside the house, full of maggots.’ Never-
thess, having no other place to go to, he went into
it; and when he had entered his body, he became like
one dead or quite exhausted, but he afterwards awoke
quite sensible. He now repented of his wicked life,
and went in the spring to Godthaab, and became a
Christian and went to the Moravians, who at that time
were already come to Godthaab, to assist Egede.

He not only became a Christian in name, but also
a good man and an amiable husband.

All that he was taught by the Christians, he found
to coincide with what he had seen and heard in the
spirit-land.

More of his history I know not. I heard it when a
child from Tobiangke.

(Signed) ALFRED RECK,
Catechist at Holstenborg.

OYSTERS.

The common oyster (Ostrea edulis), too well known
to need description here, produces from one to two
millions of young, of which the greater proportion
perish, before achieving complete development, if
these tender molluscs are abandoned to themselves
in the ocean. It is therefore impossible to write
down any figure that would convey an adequate
idea of the enormous amount of oysters lost yearly
upon the coasts of England alone.

The oyster spawns about the commencement of
spring, and, we are told by several eminent naturalists,
that the parent renders fertile its own eggs. These one
or two millions of fertilised eggs are not abandoned by
the oyster: instead of throwing off their spawn, like
many other shellfish, they keep it carefully lodged
between their gills, where it undergoes the process of
incubation. This process continues for some time,
and that is the reason why oysters, like mussels, are
not generally esteemed from the month of May until
August or September. The French call this ‘la
période des mois sans r.’ Oysters and mussels are not
good to eat, therefore during the months that can
be written without an r; indeed, mussels are apt to
become quite poisonous at those seasons.

Some writers have asserted that mussels and oysters
become hurtful at certain periods, because they enter
into a state of decomposition. Others say that sick-
ness produced from eating mussels is owing to the
presence of a certain small species of crustacean fish
in their gills, where it has been found by several old
naturalists. It has been more recently asserted that the
poisonous qualities of which we speak are owing to
the mussel or oyster having eaten the spawn of the
common star-fish. The latter casts its spawn from
the beginning of May till the end of August—precisely
the period during which oysters are said to be poison-
ous. As this is all the proof that can be brought
forward, we must still adhere to the first explanation
—namely, the presence of spawn in the gills, although
we cannot see why the oyster’s eggs, any more than
those of the fowl, should constitute a poison. In severe
attacks of illness produced by eating these molluscs,
we have seen small doses of either, repeatedly admi-
istered, meet with prompt recovery.

In its first state, the young oyster exhibits two
semi-ellipsoidal films of transparent shell, which are
constantly opening and closing at regular intervals
in a sort of periodic pulsation, like the movement of
the lugs in higher organisms. When these young
bivalves find nothing solid to adhere to, they soon
attach themselves firmly to the rocks, but when no rocks are present—
on the flat sandy coasts—they have the advantage, which
the mussel has not, of adhering firmly together. This
species of agglutination takes place whilst the oyster’s
are very young, and ‘growing more attacked as they
grow older;’ they soon constitute a solid oyster-bed.
These shoals or ‘beads’ sometimes attain many leagues
in length, and a considerable thickness. In our
geological explorations, we sometimes come upon a
fossil-bed of this description. Such appears to be
one near Rostock, the oysters of which are said by an
old writer to be ‘entirely shaped,’ and to have the
same substance with the recent oyster-shells. This
bed of fossil oysters extends over no less than six
acres of ground.

Levenhœck counted upwards of three thousand
young oysters swimming about in the liquid which is
invariably found confined in the interior of the valves.
These minute beings are provided with shells very
soon after the eggs are hatched—according to most
naturalists, in about twenty-four hours after birth.
M. Gayton says that the favourite food of the oyster
consists of a green animalcule, Pléro saccularis; but
others affirm that they live also upon vegetable
matter—such as the mucilage of the sea-weed, &c.
The liquid contained in the oyster-shells has a com-
position very different from that of sea-water, as M.
Payen has lately shown by an analysis. It forms, as
it were, the dairy and larder of the oyster, being
kept well stocked with animalculles, and a plentiful
vegetable matter; besides which, it contains a notable
amount of albumen or white of egg.

The oyster is the type of a solitary being. Once
fixed to the rock, in tender years, it never leaves its
abode; and though clustered sometimes by thou-
sands together, no one oyster ever communicates
with his neighbour. Some varieties live suspended to
the roots or branches of trees that are periodically covered by the high tides of rivers in South America and other tropical countries, groups of magnificent oysters are seen thus suspended, together with that curious bivalve, *Perna ephippium*, and the little rock-pigeon, which take refuge in the tide-retires. They are called Mangrove oysters, as they hang chiefly from the root-like branches of the mangrove, a curious tree, which propagates itself in an extraordinary manner along the muddy banks of tropical rivers. Oysters which live suspended in this manner grow to a much larger size than those which lie in shafts at the bottom of the sea. At St Domingo, the negro divers cut them off with a hatchet, and they are served upon table with the roots. Oysters have been cultivated, more or less, like our barn-door fowl, or our choice vines, for many centuries. The ancients attached a great importance to this cultivation; and that they had as great a taste for oysters as our modern epicures, will be seen by what follows. In ancient history, we read of three men each of whom bore the name of Apicius, and each of whom was remarkable for his gluttony. They lived at different epochs; but the third Apicius, who "nourished" under Trajan, was the most famous glutton of the three. He wrote a book upon the pleasures of the table, and possessed a particular secret for fattening oysters. But different parts of Italy, and even to Trajan himself.

Britain has been noted for oysters from the time of Juvenal. The Romans cooked them in a great variety of ways. Pliny informs us that Sergius Orata got great credit for his stews of Lucrine oysters, "for the British were not then known." At the British Consul at Bremen, Professor Buchman, in bringing forward some antiquities found at Greencesse, as evidence of the domestic manners of the Romans, mentioned an oyster-knife among other objects.

The art of propagating these molluscs in "oyster-beds" was known and practised by the ancients, as many writers assure us. This art has been much perfected of late years. The works of M. Coste, who has studied this question in *extenso* on the borders of the Mediterranean and on the coasts of the Atlantic, will be consulted with interest and profit by all oyster-breeder. It is well to know, for instance, that on the western coast of France, where the water is somewhat deep, the oyster requires five years to arrive at its complete growth, whilst in shallow water two years are amply sufficient.

A model plan for breeding oysters may be seen in the Lake of Fisasouvar, in Italy, where masses and oysters are cultivated with much success—where almost the entire quantity of spawn is developed without loss.

That oysters can be transported—we might almost say transplanted—from one coast to another, and that oyster-beds can be produced on those coasts which are deprived of them, was proved by an Englishman more than a hundred years ago. Guided by this knowledge, and his own researches, M. Coste has lately proposed to the French government to form a long chain of oyster-beds all along the western coast of France. Many beds exist there at the present day, but a great number appear to be failing to decay, and others are completely exhausted. M. Coste has set about his business. He gets fresh oysters for propagation from the open sea; he turns to advantage the oysters rejected by the trade; and lastly, he collects the myriads of embryo molluscs which at each spawning season issue from the valves of the oyster, and which, if left to themselves, would certainly be a contrivance to prevent their escape and inevitable destruction.

Every oyster, as we have already stated, produces from one to two millions of young; out of these not more than ten or twelve attach themselves to their parent's shell; all the rest are dispersed, perish in the mud, or are devoured by fish. Now, if bundles made of the branches of trees, fagots, and similar objects, be let down and secured to the oyster-banks by weights, the young oysters will, on issuing from the parents' gills, attach themselves to these fagots, and may, on attaining to be taken up with the branches, and transported to places where it is desirable to establish new oyster-beds.

Experiments of this kind have been made on the coast of Brittany, and we ourselves have seen them meet with perfect success. It is necessary that this process of transplantation take place at the proper periods, when success is almost certain. Between the months of March and April 1858, about three million oysters, taken from different parts of the sea, were distributed in ten longitudinal beds in the Bay of St Brieuc, on the coast of Brittany. The bottom was previously covered with old oyster-shells and boughs of trees arranged in bundles. To these the young oysters attached themselves; and so fruitful were the results, that one of the fagots which was examined at the expiration of six months was found to have no less than twenty thousand young oysters upon it. A report which has been furnished to the French government, shows that about twenty-five thousand acres of coast may be brought into full bearing in three years, at an annual expense not exceeding ten thousand francs (four hundred pounds). But the continuous propagation of artificially formed oyster-beds, the dredging must be effected at proper periods; for this purpose the beds should be divided into zones, and one-third of each zone only be dredged each season. In this manner an entire repose of two years is allowed to each of the zones. Hitherto, the dredging used to take place in September, the oyster season being over; but in that very month the young oysters attach themselves to their parents' shells, so that the molluscs are disturbed at a moment when the new population is beginning to form. To avoid this, M. Coste proposes to fix the dredging season in February or March.

In England, there have been many acts of parliament passed for the protection of oyster-beds; the fisheries are at present, however, regulated by a convention entered into between the English and French governments, and an act (6 and 7 Viet. c. 79) has passed to carry the same into effect, which enacts that the fisheries shall open on the 1st of September, and close on the 30th of April.

We have been told that the ancient Romans formerly discovered that different varieties of oysters could be intermixed so as to produce cross-breeds superior in every respect to the stocks whence they spring; and the Romans appear to have been good judges of the flavour of an oyster. Acting upon this, like a good old English gentleman who set about cultivating cabbages after reading the *Georgics* of Virgil, a medical man of Morlaix, in France, took some of those large unpalatable oysters which the French gourmets have termed *pied-de-chemal*, and crossed them with some small Ostend oysters. The result exceeded his expectations; he created a new breed of large oysters equal in delicacy to the small ones of Ostend. The Ostend oysters, which are in such high repute in Belgium, are fished upon the English coast, and bred in oyster-beds at Ostend.

Mr Robert Macpherson, speaking of the common oyster, says: *The Oestres odalis de Limanis is subject to much variation, which has occasioned the making of one or two questionable species, and rendered uncertain the limits of its distribution. The common English and Welch oyster is, by some, certainly a different species. It is of a certain albinism and of excellent quality at Redondela, at the head of Vigo Bay; and I have likewise dredged it off Cape Trafalgar in sand, and off Malaga in mud, but have not noticed it further eastward in the Mediterranean.*

It is a curious fact, that oysters become sooner
developed in shallow water, and are by far the most highly esteemed for the table. They present another important peculiarity. The oysters that are dredged from deep water far from the coast, expel from their shell the whole of the water it contains, the moment they are taken from their natural element; those, however, which are taken on the coast, or from beds which are daily deprived of water by the retiring tide, preserve the water contained in their shells, and can be transported to great distances without losing their freshness. Thus, the American oyster, one of the many varieties of Ostrea rufa, is imported alive from the United States to Liverpool at the rate of many bushels a year. By submitting oyster-shells to a strong red heat, they are converted into carbonic acid; in this way we obtain the purest lime that can be produced. An old writer once said: 'Oyster-shells are an alkali far more powerful than is generally allowed.' These shells produce very sensible effects on the stomach when it is injured by acid humour. ... Mr Homberg recommends them to be powdered in a mortar.'

According to Dr Thomson, chemically pure lime can be procured 'by dissolving oyster-shells in mariatic acid, filtering the solution, mixing it with ammonia as long as a white powder continues to form, and filtering again. The liquid is now to be mixed with a solution of carbonate of soda; the powder which falls, being washed and dried, and heated violently in a platinum crucible, is pure lime.'

We will only add to this, that the 'white powder' thrown down by the ammonia is nothing less than phosphate of lime, so valuable in agriculture.

The opening of the oyster-fishery at the mouth of the river Auray, in France, coincided this year, on the 30th September, with the meeting of the agricultural committee of the Society of Agriculture of the province of Morbihan, presided over by the Princess Bacciochi. At two o'clock in the afternoon, 220 fishing-boats, covered with flags and flowers of all descriptions, sailed out to the oyster-beds in presence of an immense concourse of people, which had spread itself over the bridges, along the quays, upon the side of the mountain Du Loch, and all along the port of Auray, the weather being magnificent. The boats anchored on the Pleurix bed, about half a mile from the port, and commenced dredging. In the short space of one hour, the product of this fishing amounted to 290,000 oysters. In the evening, the little town of Auray was illuminated, and dancing was kept up out of doors to a late hour by the peasants and the fishermen. It is the first time that the culture of the oyster has been thus brilliantly inaugurated. Since this little fête, 320 fishing-boats, carrying 1200 men, have been dredging off the same beds. Twenty millions of oysters had been brought into port when this article was commenced.

NUNQUAM NOVUS.

I love to know that they are old,
Through silent centuries have piled
The legends sung when days are golden,
The tales to simple childhood told;
That they were born in distant countries,
Have faced the sun, and leaved the wind,
These ancient and devoted sentries,
Who watch the slumber of the mind.
The frog who was so fond of flattery,
The frog who would a-wooing go,
He struttered on the plains of Tarrytown,
Some fifteen hundred years ago.

Pass in her Boots in Indian jungle
Was coaxing crafty chieftain's child
When Time was young, and loved to mingle
With races primitive and wild.

Joe Miller, who, when days are mucky,
Our childish hearts with jokes can please,
Droll Cogia delighted Turkey
Six hundred years ago with these.
Athenus the Greek relates them
In China of Confucius told;
The lads adore, no lascivious hates them;
Without them life were dull and cold.
The cat of Whittington was gifted
With ninety lives in lieu of nine,
For years two thousand she's been lifted
Through glittering ways and streets divine.
Long, long before this mighty city
Invented boats or boasted mayors,
The bells had rung prophetic ditty
In Whittington's astonished ears.

Long, too, ere Gesuer with his wrackings
Of wrath had sworn Tell's pride to still
If th' apple were not pierced, the Vikings
Of Norseland had rehearsed his skill.
The bowl of Gelert's hound hath echoed
In lands away, in times afar;
We hear it in the oldest record,
The Sanaecri Veda—even there!
Jack killed the giants, and his namesake
Clomb bean-stalks, and the rude wolf's roar
Bid Riding Hood fly, for the dame's sake,
When Scandinavia greeted Thor!

Such were the travels and adventures
Of this brave god and his brother-gods,
Ghosts of the mythologic frontiers—
Grim haunters of mysterious roads.
How Legend leashes to change its habit!
Tom Thumb has never grown an inch,
Though he was born in Bowery Tibet,
When Father Time made pleasant lunch.

Of fruit that scented shores of fable!
And scanty were the acres stripped
By that skythe, terrible and able!
That fields unreckoned since hath reap'd.
The Brahmin's stern unstrangled history,
Traditions of the Buddhists wild,
How flowing with poetic mystery,
How grateful to the craving child,
'Tis not for little boys to wander
To politics; when they have grown,
They'll laugh to know that Gossy Gander
Was a squib at greedy church-rates thrown.
Should steady John or studious George
Become a curate (God forbid!),
They will cry 'What! to traduce the clergy;'
And yet much good, Jack Snap, you did it!

Though, should they learn that Humpty Dumptsy
Arose what time great Wolsey fell,
They may say, 'Life is vain and empty,
The selfish prate's shame was well.'

Jack Horner, who despatched in corner
The Christmas-pie, was lashed with scorn
For preaching Faith, yet playing fawner,
Before despotic Charles was born.
He lived in Bath. What poet treasured
Would not his grandest lyrics give,
Ammid its dales and woods delightful,
For one pacific week to live.
My song is like the world—it opens
With poetry, but abruptly ends
With politics; the dark night deepens;
Rest woes the head that weary bends.

C.

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MY THREE MULES.

A mule in the Briton's mind is generally associated with an ill-conditioned quadruped of meagre and stunted form, mangy coat, and shabby tail, which, infinitely inferior in every respect to a horse, is even deficient in the staid and respectable demeanour which characterises a well-kept donkey. Yet in this, Pepita, the mule of Mexico, has shown me so far, and so well, on the weary trails of California and Oregon, what would thy Andalusian blood reply if such a vagabond as we have described should say to thee: 'I am a mule, and a sister?' Methinks I see thy proud dilating nostrils approach suspiciously the humble applicant, to be drawn quickly back again with a cry of disdain, and a vicious fling, to mark thy repudiation of the vile impeachment. Pepita would be almost justified in so acting, for the mule of Mexico has a surpassing superiority over her English representative. In Oregon, as in California, the mule takes precedence of the horse, and in every respect is a more desirable animal; for while she is his equal in speed, her powers of endurance are much greater. On the trail, 150 or 200 pounds is the full load of a horse, while a mule frequently carries 300, and yet keeps up her condition better on hard fare and lengthened travel.

The first mule I possessed in Oregon was named Felix. Mule of a burned mustard size, the only thing happy about thee was thy name. Tall, strong, wiry, and excessively ugly, with the eye of a fiend, and a temper to correspond, thy right appellation had been 'Demonic!' This wicked eye, and the loss of one ear, which the Indian half-breed of whom I bought Felix had one day severed from her head in a moment of savage exasperation at her freaks, gave her a sinister look, that by no means belied her quality. 'As obstinate as a mule!' is a common saying, but the obstinacy of this one was that of three ordinary mules. How I endured her vagaries for the few months I had her, I hardly know; but as far as stanchness and speed went, she was invaluable for a pack-mule, had her temper been less vile. Then, again, she was, in a manner, attached to me, for the simple reason, I believe, that I was not afraid of her. Had I feared her, Felix would have killed me over and over again. There was an unpleasant legend attached to this mule, to the effect that she had thrown one of her numerous masters—for no one could ever keep her long—from her back, broken his leg with a kick, and while he was lying on the ground, unable to rise, had attacked him with her teeth. Two ideas seemed always present to Felix's mind—namely, to get rid of the pack by night, and of the picket by night. Arranging her pack for the trail in the morning was no agreeable operation, as it was necessary to keep well away from her heels behind, and her teeth before: and yet, with an eye to both of these, one had perforce to pack her most carefully, for if the load touched her sensitive withers, it was 'stand clear.' Kicking, rearing, plunging, and rolling, with a nostril-cry like a trumpet, away went the load right and left, and her struggles never ceased until she had divested herself of every encumbrance; and if the load chanced to slip forward when on the trail, the same performance took place.

I have often, with a feeling in which amusement and aggravation were blended, slyly watched her efforts to escape at night. With her usual demoniacal cunning, she would never attempt her tricks till she saw me lain down before the fire, apparently asleep. Satisfied on this score, she would prepare for action. When picketed, which operation was performed by attaching one end of my lasso of twisted hide round her neck, and the other to a stake driven firmly in the ground, she would first of all try to break the lasso by a series of plunges; and failing in that, her next aim was to attempt to draw the picket-pin. Appearing to understand that it was next to impossible to accomplish this by a lateral pull, by a series of most extraordinary manoeuvres she would get the long line twisted round her body, and when, in nautical phrase, it was 'hove short,' all her strength would be brought to bear to unrope the pin. If 'hitched up' to a tree, as is usually the case at night when camped in hostile Indian country, she would endeavour to release herself by a succession of short sharp jerks, that no ordinary bridle could possibly withstand, so that I was compelled to adopt other and more effectual means of restraint. When Felix succeeded in her attempts to escape, weary were the hunters she used to give me. On these occasions, when I succeeded in copying her retreat, if I was on foot, and her lasso was broken off short, it was next to impossible for me to secure her. If, on the contrary, she had dragged the picket-pin, she would allow me to secure her after a little trouble, seemingly aware that it was useless to gallop off, as the trailing pin would most likely entangle in the underwood, and pull her up. But when I appeared on horseback, she always gave in at once, with the exception of thrusting her head into a bush the moment she spied me, with the feeble hope, that as she could not then see me, she herself would likewise be invisible. This playing at 'bo-peep,' and her trifling partiality for myself were, I think, about the only weak points in Felix's character. The chief instance of this feeling of attachment took place when I was mining on the Klamath river, in
Northern California. I had picketed her near my tent, when one night, as usual, my lady broke her largest-line, and, at that time one other mount, I sought for her on foot; but in spite of my travels, and the rewards I offered for her apprehension, I could glean no tidings of my runaway. Coming home, however, on the third evening, I mentally resolved to take no more trouble to regain her. As I got near my tent, I noticed an animal standing in close proximity to it; but not paying much attention to the incident, I approached nearer, when I saw it was a mule without saddle or bridle. Could it be possible? that familiar form—that peculiar attitude—above all, that one ear! 'Yes, yes,' as they say at the Victoria, 'it was—it was Felix!' With a glow of gratitude for this voluntary return, I went to her side, and patted her neck, and for a moment the wicked eye seemed to soften, this gently whining, she rubbed her head against my shoulder, in token of remembrance. As if, however, ashamed of this truancy, and into which she had been betrayed by her feelings, the very next morning I narrowly escaped a vicious kick from her hind-leg, that, if it had taken effect, would certainly have lamed me for the last, finding Felix utterly untamable, I parted with her.

Juanita was her successor. This was a young Oregon mule, rather strong and weak for her breed, but still of good points, and very handsome. To stone for her want of height, she was as active and supple as a cat, and shared, it would almost seem, in the plurality of lives ascribed to that domestic animal. One day when the trail ran across a narrow ledge of rock, with a precipice on one side, and a sheer mountain-wall on the other, we unfortunately encountered another mule, which, with the ledge being narrow, this made the passing each other a very delicate affair. In this emergency, the 'bell' mule of the advancing train made a rush, and got the wall of us; as she passed Juanita, the pack of the two mules grazed—it was enough—the equilibrium of my little mule was destroyed, and to my dismay I saw her reed to one side, totter for a moment on the verge of the precipice, and then over she went. In order to recover the pack, but without the slightest hope of finding the bearer of it alive, we managed, by a circuitous route, to reach the base of the mountain. What was our astonishment to find Juanita, without her load, quietly cropping the grass, as if nothing unusual had occurred! On examination, we found the only injury she had sustained was a few rubs. She owed her safety to the thick woodwork which clothed the mountainside, and her natural suppleness. Like all mules, Juanita had her caprices, but after a gentle and subdued fashion, as was her own nature. Foremost among them was the amiable 'pencchant' for my riding-mule, which she showed in many ways. On the trail, her station was always next to her favourite, upon whom she lavished many endearments, such as rubbing herself against him, and nibbling his tail. To such a height did this great passion reach, that I fancy it must have been her first. Once when I was driving her and some of the team, passing a cattle enclosure on Shasta Plains, Miss Juanita detected the presence of her chosen one amongst a crowd of other horses. Without more ado, she betook herself to charge the situation, her head being quite as high as an ordinary turnpike-gate, topped it cleverly, and calmly took her usual place by her horse's side. This continuous hiss of affection, I am sure, was entirely unreciprocated by my riding-horse, who would often ungraciously reply with a sly kick to the lady's advances. This poor little mule must surely have been a wonder to the rest, and was generally unfortunate. Her fate was a very sad one. One day, when fording a river in Oregon, the powerful stream took her completely off her feet, and swept her into the rapids, where her struggles unfortunately caused the heavy pack of flour which she was carrying to sink, and balance her, and though, knife in hand, I was to her assistance, ere I could manage to cut away the load, all was over—my poor Juanita was drowned.

But now, let us pass to the heels noble bastard of Andalusia and Mexico. Ay, my pet; 'tis but the 'pose' of a coquet, and shows off the sheen of thy black velvety coat to the best advantage! Fifteen hands if an inch, limbs clean and fine as a racer, large eye, and little head, undisfigured by shoe; silken nostrils, wide and flaring; an arrow in speed, a very Bludin in spirit, fast on the trail, and good-tempered at the haunch—behold a steed fit for an emperor! I purchased it at a long figure of a Spaniard at the Mission, whom poverty and sickness compelled to part with this pearl of mules; and though he sold her to me for his life, he received the money with reluctance. But kind to her, and she will repay you in the hour of need,' were his last words to me; and he was a gentleman, for though he came of a race of the crusty horsemen in the world, the mule's good qualities had worn even his austerity lost, it full three or four miles having been missing from our cavalcade.

We concluded that the cattle had simply stampeded, and did not attribute our loss to the Indians; in somewhat to our surprise, we had as yet experienced no troubles at the hands of these gentles. I say, somewhat to our surprise,' because hastily a train we met or overtook on the trail let had sustained more or less loss by their attacks. First amongst these red-skin dependants was the tribe of the 'Rogue River,' whose suspiciousness had given them by the Hudson's Bay Company's agents, who found these the only Indians in all Oregon they were unable to control and live with. It was the Rogue River the which we were now camped in. In order to recover our lost animals, it was agreed that, while the main body of the train moved slowly along the trail, two or three mounted men should be sent out, each in a different direction, to look for the runaways. I was one of the parties who volunteered for the duty; so, following Pepita, I set forth upon the quest. At the prairie, which we had camped at a dry stony nature, there were no tracks that could point the direction which the animals had taken, so that for part I rode at a 'normal,' or cattle enclosures on Shasta Plains, Miss Juanita detected the presence of her chosen one amongst a crowd of other horses. Without more ado, she betook herself to charge the situation, her head being quite as high as an ordinary turnpike-gate, topped it cleverly, and calmly took her usual place by her horse's side. This continuous hiss of affection, I am sure, was entirely unreciprocated by my riding-horse, who would often ungraciously reply with a sly kick to the lady's advances. This poor little mule must surely have been a wonder to the rest, and was generally unfortunate. Her fate was a very sad one. One day, when fording a river in Oregon, the powerful stream took her completely off her feet, and swept her into the rapids, where her struggles unfortunately caused the heavy pack of flour which she was carrying to sink, and balance her, and though, knife in hand, I was to her assistance, ere I could manage to cut away the load, all was over—my poor Juanita was drowned.

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large party of Indians were cooking something which I
was unfortunately near enough to distinguish was a
portion of a horse, probably our poor filly. Here was
another chance! To entice her over fell numbers of
other débris, I had never before tried her with a flesh
leap; and this before us was one that would require
all the powers of a well-trained hunter. Determined to
leave the effort entirely to the mule herself, when I
heard a noise around, with an earnestness that left little doubt that
their purpose was to endeavour to capture the rash
interloper, myself.

As if she recognized the dread emergency of her
master, or perhaps stampeded by the roaring whoops
of the Indians, Pepita threw herself on our return-
trail with a speed that would have soon distanced
the Indians, who, having caught their horses with
amazing celerity, now clattered in our rear. But,
unfortunately, the nature of the country through
which I had to pass forbade making a straight course,
and I was compelled to keep Pepita well in hand, in
order to make the detours which the timber and
bushes absolutely required. I added to this drawback,
my pursuers, with Indian craft, took advantage of
their numbers, to spread out right and left, so that
any divergence from a straight line brought me nearer to them.
These chances in favour, together with their
reckless riding, in which I dared not indulge, as an
accident might have been my death-warrant, almost
stayed to the other side for their disadvantage in
point of speed; and though I certainly drew ahead,
it was far more slowly than I desired. Fortunately,
however, I was heading in a right direction for the
prairie; and every now and then, as I topped a hill,
I saw that I was nearing that much-wished-for haven of
safety. Hill and timber also began to disappear
as I approached the open; and I was gradually
enabled to increase my pace, so that the 'rock
of the pursuers were beaten off, and only three or four
of them still hung on to the chase. Soon the speed at
which I flew brought me close to the prairie, in fact,
only a small barrier of hills lay between it and the
plain, along which I was now racing, when the
whoops of the Indians in my rear, which had for
some time ceased, again rung up on my ear, and I was
conscious that something had reassured them, as they
evidently encouraged each other to proceed. Glanc-
ing ahead, I easily discovered the reason for this
demonstration, and as I did so, that natural ornament,
my hair, by no means felt so safe upon my head as it
had done a moment or two before; for, intersecting
my course at right angles, there ran a stream which I
remembered fording while following the horses' trail.
Through or over it to obstacle it was necessary I should
go at any hazard. It was a deep, rapid stream, the
unseen stony bottom of which, perceptible by the
rocks which in many places jutted above the surface,
rendered a good deal of care necessary in fording it
with safety. But this would require time, and time
was a commodity of which at the present moment I
was extremely deficient. In fact, the delay in draw-
ing rein would most likely be fatal, as, though
it might not actually permit of the Indians coming up
with me, it would certainly bring me within easy
range of their flesh-leaps. With the speed I
measured with my eye the width of the stream,
which, at a point near at hand, narrowed, as far as
I could judge, to about eight or nine yards wide. As I did
so, the words of the sick Spaniard flashed across my
mind when he parted with his mule: 'Be kind to
her, and she will repay you in the hour of need.' I
accepted the offer and performed it, and the rest was
my part of the contract, and now, Pepita, for yours,
for the hour of need is come. I shall try the leap!'
I said, ever keeping in mind the all-important
to be fully aware that the chance I was about to attempt was no
child's play; it was really nock or nothing, for if the
mule failed me, I was a dead man to a certainty. The
most ugly aspect of the affair consisted in the fact,
that I was quite ignorant of Pepita's capabilities for
the attempt, for, strange to say, though I had fre-
quent opportunities of seeing her perform other
débris, I had never before tried her with a flesh
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THE IRON FURNACES OF THE EREWASH VALLEY.

The traveller by the Midland Railway, passing the ivy-clad houses and stone bridges of the Erewash Valley, and probably passing it over with some sacrilegious reflection on the compiler, for rendering his pages more complex by putting in these trivial lines of rail. But, in reality, there is a more populous rural district in England than this same Erewash Valley, whose inhabitants gain their living by consuming the interminable stores of coal and ironstone found along its banks. One little station, called Codnor Park, is formed solely for the use of the men engaged in the Butterley Company's furnaces, which smell most of the iron ore raised in the valley. Four immense smelting-furnaces, a dozen or two of 'puddling' furnaces, two steam-hammers, besides countless revolving cylinders, give employment there to between eight hundred and a thousand men and boys, and the well-earned title of Ironville to the little village.

As usual, to a stranger entering such an establishment, all seems perplexity and confusion; endless lines of rail permeate the works, conveying truckloads of coal, lime, and ironstone to their proper destination, not without a suggestion of danger to the unwary visitor. After some difficulty in threading our way through this iron labyrinth, which covers many acres, we reach the office of the superintendent, who is good enough to supply us with a guide. On the outsides of the works we meet the workman, be he hammerer or worker, who is acquainted with the raw material, which has been piled up in low mounds, with a substratum of cheap coal, and about a yard deep, in preparation to be put into the blast furnace, when all is ready, fires are lit at two or three points, so as to spread the configuration generally throughout the mass, the combustion of which is purposely kept up for three or four weeks —thereby destroying much of the useless matter mixed up with the iron—but not much longer, since it is liable to fuse the metal into irregular pieces.

The ore is thus purified is shovelled into a truck of the shape of a very large tub, but so constructed that it registers the contained weight. It is then run along a small line of rail, which together with the roasted ore is placed upon a rising-ground, in an elevation of about two-thirds the height of the furnace, when a door being opened in the side of the chimney, the freight is slid into it, and I shovelled a mechanism similar to that by which mud-barges are emptied at sea, the bottom of the truck drops out, and the contents are precipitated into the blazing furnace. Such a provision is rendered imperatively necessary, since no human being could approach the mass of flame, which shoots out many fiery tongues from the mouth of the chimney.

The mass of burned lime and coal having been added, the process of melting is allowed to go on for forty-eight hours, during the whole of which period a blast of hot air, driven by a 200 horse-power engine, is impelled against the smouldering mass, an experience having long since proved that the constitution of a hot blast of cold air is the means of saving a large amount of fuel.

When the ore is supposed to be reduced to a molten state, the plug of clay is withdrawn, and out spouts the stream of liquid iron. The roughest state in which the metal is met with after this reduction is called 'pig,' of which there are several varieties, according to the fineness of grain. It was a mystery to us, as doubtless it is to many, how could a few minutes be enough to turn the crude ore into such a liquid mass. If only it is possible to get free from it all impurities, and cast it into the form of solid bars, this 'free' pig is called 'pig iron,' and at Codnor Park numerous shears were at work, which clipped through theickest iron bar, as was a common practice. The object of puddling the iron is to remove the crystaline and fragile elements, and impart toughness. This is done by stirring it round, and lading it up while in the furnace, by means of a long-handled scoop, till the iron assumes an adhesive consistence.

The amount of iron required is then removed in a molten state, by one or two men with large pails of tongs, and dropping globules of red-hot metal as it is carried along, is placed in this dripping condition on the anvil, where, after a few blows of the hammer (impelled either by steam or machinery), the workman shapes the irregular mass into the form of a quarter or half-quarter loaf, according to the size required. While this is still in a red-hot state, a cold hammer is laid upon it, and another son of Vulcan, and partially dragged, and partially lifted, towards the revolving cylinders, of which there are many dozens at work, and hundreds more stewed about the grounds ready for use.

These cylinders are placed parallel one on top of the other, and so grooved, that the mallable mass, inserted while the cylinders are in rapid motion, immediately receives the shape of the groove, and becomes lengthened out. The mass is committed to the charge of two men armed with large tongs, one of whom stands on each side of the cylinder. No sooner has the man on the one side poked it into the groove between the cylinders, than the man on the other side seizes it with its tongs, and pushes it back through a smaller groove. The other cylinder, which is the third in the line, is smaller, and a yet smaller groove, till lengthening at every turn, at last it comes to the final groove, which gives it its final shape. It is then that the charging truck of the rail, or the housejoint, or iron rod, as may be required, welded in less than half a minute, out of what came to the cylinder in the shape of a quarter loaf of machinery, on shape of burned lime and coal having been added, the
with which the men poke and pull the red-hot bands already mentioned as being left behind them. Between the cylinders, look, especially the more slender ones, like so many yards of red ribbon. A blow or two from a wooden mallet suffices to straighten them. The various adjustments of the cylinders, the stamper of the Company is affixed, and the rail is ready for use, all except cutting off the ‘bag’ end, and annealing, which is done in the usual manner. This is rapidly done by carrying it with the tonge to a fixed measure, about a foot or two from the cylinders, at one end of which is attached a circular saw, which cuts through the iron as if it were a piece of wood. All this is done in less time than we have taken to describe it.

Much is being written and said in the present day regarding the comparative toughness of forged and rolled slabs of iron; and though we are not aware that as yet any of these ponderous scales for defensive marine armour have been manufactured at Codnor Park, there is now in process of erection there a large building intended for that purpose. In the centre of the establishment, the steam-hammer, falling with a blow of seven tons weight, but capable of being immeasurably increased, was at the period of our visit engaged in flattening out a four-ton slab of iron. We had seen but a minute before some workmen engaged in welding on a long bar of iron to this glowing mass while still in the furnace, by the repeated blows of a heavy hammer suspended from a crane, and when the handles seemed securely fastened to the mass, with a draw it by the same crane, and swinging it round, place it on the anvil. Down came the hammer, pounding, flattening, and kneading out the tenacious mass, much in the same way, and with the same ease, as a potter manipulates his clay. When it had attained the proper size, the connection between the bar and the slab was easily broken at the welded point, and the rough edge half shaved off by a large knife, so placed that each descending blow of the hammer drove it deeper and deeper through the still glowing mass. This was then removed, the anvil swept free of chips and parings, and another slab laid on to undergo the same process.

With the rolled slab, however, quite a different procedure must be taken. It is brought from the puddling-furnace in the same dripping condition as the railway iron and joints we have described; like them, it is hammered slightly at first to give it shape, and then rapidly passed to and fro between the smooth cylinders, till it reaches the dimensions and thickness required. In this manner are made the plates which compose the principal and most favour in the experiments on iron-clad ships. There is hardly any limit to the size of plate that can be rolled; the day we were present at the works, an immense slab, weighing six tons ten hundredweight, and measuring twenty-eight feet long by seven feet wide, and three inches thick, had been successfully turned out.

In these immense works, all kinds of machinery were in course of construction. Under a smaller steam-hammer, the axle of a marine locomotive-engine was being welded and beaten; while another immense hamme, grooved above and below, and propelled by machinery, was hammering into its proper diameter the axle of a railway-carrige. Much exposed as the men are, it is not often that any accident occurs. As a protection not only against the intense glare of the iron, but the sparks which fly abroad at every blow of the hammer, many of them wear a small shade coming down over the eyes; and the individual in charge of the hammer, whose duty it is to admit or shut off the steam as the hammer rises and falls, being in a very exposed position, and unable to avoid the shower of sparks, is provided with an iron house similar in shape, but smaller than a sentry-box.

We crossed over to the other works of this company at Buttery, which are nearly as extensive as those at Codnor Park. In doing so, we found the metal in the state of slabs and masses of iron, or of rough and unfinished machinery, to meet with it wearing the smoothly polished surface seen on the pistons and cylinders of the locomotive-engines. Into what a variety of shapes was it being moulded and turned: water-pipes for Hong-kong, marine locomotives for Russia, engines for the British colonies, window-frames for some English cathedral. Here a gauge, travelling perpendicularly, was notching out pieces from a one-and-a-half inch slab, as neatly and easily as a lady vandykes a collar; there, two chisels, one working perpendicularly, the other travelling horizontally, were planing their respective pieces of machinery smooth as marble. Behind, a turner plied his wheel, or rather having set it, allowed it to work itself; and as it whipped off the hot chips of metal, smoothed the axle like a bar of glass. Perhaps in no instance was superiority of art and economy of labour better illustrated than in steam-riveting. By this ingenious proceeding, the plates of a boiler are put together in a few hours. The plates about to be riveted having been suspended to a crane, are brought as near as convenient to a small steam-hammer, which projects horizontally, and is furnished with an indentation on its surface exactly corresponding to the head of the rivet; on the inside of the plates is the counter-damase or anvil. No sooner has the red-hot rivet been inserted into the holes, than the engineer admits the steam into the cylinder, out goes the hammer, and in goes the rivet with a thud, from a pressure of forty pounds on the square inch. In this manner, dozens of rivets are driven in with unerring security in an hour.

The planing of the inside of cylinders, since, of course, the surface must be as smooth as possible to allow of the free action of the piston, is also performed in an ingenious manner; the cylinder to be acted upon, is traversed internally by a long bar, armed with a chisel-head, and at every revolution, the chisel planes off so much of the surface, till the wheel has revolved through it from end to end.

The refuse of the iron ore, called ‘slag’ or cinder, being much lighter than the metal, floats to the surface, and as it is drawn off, is turned to many uses. Sometimes it is cast into oblong moulds three feet long, by one and a half broad, and a foot thick, to be employed in solidifying railway embankments; at others, it is broken up into small pieces, and used as a metal for the roads—a most common and lasting form of macadamisation in iron districts. In some places, it is used instead of bricks for building purposes, than which it forms a cheaper and more enduring substance; and we see no reason why a suggestion, put forward by the late Professor George Wilson, should not be adopted, and the liquid refuse be converted into vessels similar to those now made of earthenware.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

The chess-world (for there is a ‘world’ in chess as in other matters) has lately been startled by a very extraordinary performance at one of the ‘divans’ of the metropolis. A young American has played ten games at once, against an equal number of players, without, on his part, obtaining a single glimpse at any one of the chess-boards.

The feat is not new; but never before was it performed so triumphantly as in the present day. The writers who have ferreted out the earlier history of this beautiful game have found the name of one Tchelbi, who, nearly nine centuries ago, was able to play at chess without seeing the board. Many persons in the East acquired the art of playing by feeling instead of seeing the pieces; but that is a very
different affair, since in such a case the sense of touch comes in aid of the memory. In 1666, a Saragossan named Buzoeca, came to Florence, and at the Palazzo del Popolo played three games at once, looking at one board, but not at the other two. He won two of the games, and made a drawn or abandoned game of the other. As all his competitors were skilful players, his achievement caused irrepressible astonishment. At various times, in later centuries, this mode of play was exhibited by different persons—Ruy Lopez, the author of one of the earliest treatises on chess; Mangioli of Florence, ZEPHIR, Medrado, Jarabacoa, Bartolo, and others, many of whom were Spaniards. Boi is reputed to have played three games at once without seeing the board. Damiano, an Italian, who wrote a treatise on chess more than three centuries and a half ago, gave what he called 'Rules' for learning to play without seeing the board; but his rules are worth very little, amounting chiefly to a recommendation to cultivate the memory. Keydler, in his Account of Turin (1749), says: 'The late Father Sacchier, Lecturer on Mathematics at Pavia, was a remarkable instance of the strength of the human understanding, particularly that faculty of the soul we term memory. He could play at chess with three different persons at the same time, even without seeing any one of the three chess-boards. He required no more than that his substitute should tell him what piece his antagonist had moved; and Sacchier could direct what step was to be taken on his side, holding, at the same time, conversation with the company present. If any dispute arose about the place where any piece should be, he could tell every move that had been made, not only by himself, but by his antagonist, from the beginning of the game, and in this manner incontestably decided the proper place of the piece. This uncommon dexterity at the game of chess appears to me almost the greatest instance that can be produced of a surprising memory.'

The most celebrated player of the last century, however, in this peculiar achievement, was the Frenchman André Danican, who then, and afterwards, was generally known by the name of Philidor. In 1743, when Philidor was about eighteen years old, M. de Legalle asked him whether he had ever tried to play from memory without seeing the board. The youth replied, that as he had calculated moves, and even whole games, at night in bed, he thought he could do it. He immediately played a game with the Abbé Chenard, who won him without seeing the board. After that, a little practice enabled him to play nearly as well in this as in the ordinary fashion—sometimes two games at once. The French Cyclopédie told of a particular game in which a false move was purposely made by his antagonist; Philidor discovered it after many moves, and replaced the pieces in their proper position. Forty years afterwards, he was residing in England, where he astonished English players by his blindfold achievements at a chess-club in St James's Street. He played three games at once, with Count Bruhl, Mr Bowdler, and Mr Maseres, the first two of whom were reputed the best players at that time in England. Philidor won two of the games, and drew the third, all within two hours. On another occasion, in the same year (1783), he played three games at once, blindfold as before, and giving the odds of pawn and move to one of his antagonists; again did he win two of the games, and draw the third. His demeanour during these labours surprised his visitors as much as his skill, for he kept up a lively conversation during his games.

Many eminent chess-players, including M'Donnell, La Bourdonnaye, Staunton, &c., have achieved these blindfold wonders, in greater or less degree, since the days of Philidor. M'Donnell, a famous player about thirty years ago, played his moves even more rapidly without than with the board; he did not play any amount of conversation in the room during his play, but disliked whispers. La Bourdonnaye could play within a shade of his full strength without seeing the board; he won against good players on occasions two at a time; but when trying the threefold labour, his brain nearly gave way, and he wisely abandoned all such modes of playing his favourite game. Mr Staunton, the leading English player at present (but who has almost ceased to play since he undertook the editing of an edition of Shakespeare), some years ago, played many blindfold games with Harrwit and Kieser, including foreign players of note.

Very recently, however, all the honours of Europe, in this department of indoor games, have been run away with by two young Americans, Morphy and Paulsen. Paul Morphy, a native of New Orleans, seemed to be born with chess in his blood; he played almost from childhood; and at thirteen years of age he proved a formidable antagonist to Herr Léopold, a noted Hungarian. In 1857, when just twenty years of age, Morphy encountered Paulsen, a native of Iowa, only a little older than himself, at a chess congress in New Orleans. All the gray-beards struck their flag to Paulsen, and then he struck to Morphy. Of Morphy's subsequent achievements in regular play, which stamp him as perhaps the first living chess-player (we say this with a trembling, however, for the knights of the game are a sensitive race), we will not speak here, for our purpose is only to notice the blindfold performances. At the chess congress above mentioned, he finely played a blindfold game with a leading German player. Early in 1858, he struck the New Orleansmen with amazement by playing six games simultaneously, without seeing any of the boards; winning five of them, and exhibiting beautiful play throughout. He then came to Europe, not only to 'lick the Britshers,' but 'all creation;' and it must be admitted that he made great progress towards that achievement. At a meeting of the Chess Association at Birmingham, in August 1858, he played eight games simultaneously, without sight of the board. His opponents were Lord Lyttelton, and seven other persons, mostly presidents or secretaries of provincial chess-clubs. After a manner, from the tremendous conditions, he won no less than six games out of the eight, drawing a seventh, and losing the eighth. In the following month, he went over and astonished the Parisians in a similar way; he contended blindfold against eight practised players at once, at the Café de la Régence, a famous resort of chess-players; and out of these he did not lose even one; he was the victor in six, and drew the other two. In the spring of 1859, Morphy contented against eight of the most experienced members of the London Chess Club, including Mr Morphy, and Mr Walker, two distinguished players. He won two games, and drew the other six—all the players except himself being wareed out by a very protracted sitting. A few days afterwards, he played with eight members of the St George's Chess Club, including Lord Cremorne, Lord Arthur Hay, and Captain Kennedy; he won five, and the rest were drawn through want of time to finish them.

Nevertheless, inconceivable as these mental labours are, Morphy yields to Paulsen in blindfold play. There are whispers of twelve or fifteen games having been tried simultaneously by the latter; but the number ten has been most certainly reached, under conditions of the utmost publicity.

On the 7th of October in the present year, at
a Divan in the Strand, ten players accepted Mr. Paulsen's challenge to grapple with them all simultaneously, the boards being placed out of his sight. One of the players was Mr. Stansfield, secretary to the Russian Embassy in London; the other nine comprised many names well known among chess-players. Ten chessboards were placed on ten tables in the room. An arm-chair, turned away towards a window, was mounted on a dais. At two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Paulsen, a quiet, courteous young man, with not a trace of 'brag' in him, took his seat in this arm-chair. For twelve mortal hours he never rose, never ate, never smoked, and drank nothing but a little lemonade. What were the mental labours during that time, he shall see. His ten antagonists took their seats at the ten tables; and each table speedily became the centre of a group of spectators, whose comments were not always so silent as in fairness they ought to have been. Paulsen could not see any of the chess-boards. Herr Kling, a noted player and teacher of chess, acted as general manager. He called the boards by numbers—No. 1 to No. 10. Paulsen audibly announced his first move for board No. 1; Kling made that move; the antagonist replied to it; Kling audibly announced the reply; Paulsen counted what he considered his second move, and when he had audibly announced his decision, Kling made the proper move on the board. Here No. 1 rested for a while. No. 2 now made his move, leading to the same course of proceeding as before. Then No. 3 in the same way; then No. 4; and so on to No. 10; after which No. 1 began a new cycle by playing a second move; and thus they proceeded over and over again.

Now, let us see what all this implies and involves. Chess is not one of the most frolicsome of games; indeed, ladies generally declare it to be very dull, serious, fatiguing. It is to be 'grumpy' if spoken on other matters while playing. The truth is, there is a demand for much mental work in managing a game well; the combinations and subtilities, the attacks and counter-attacks, are so numerous and varied, as to keep the mind pretty fully occupied. Nevertheless, a fine game between two fine players is more child's play compared with this wonderful achievement of Paulsen's. He was obliged to form ten mental pictures; and every picture changed with every move, like the coloured bits in a kaleidoscope. Most persons, even though knowing nothing of the game, are aware that it begins with thirty-two pieces of different colours and forms, and that these move about on a board of sixty-four squares. After every change of position in any one of the pieces, Paulsen must have changed his mental picture of the board, the field of battle, and then made that a fixture until the next move was made. This is hard enough in even one game, against an antagonist who has his eyes to help him in planning attacks and defences; but how hard must it be against ten! It is difficult to conceive what is the condition of the mental machinery under such circumstances; and yet, there he sat, the calmest man in the room. When told of his antagonists' doings, one by one, he looked quietly out of window, and rubbed his chin, as a man often does when thinking, and then announced his move—never mistaking board No. 1 for No. 7, No. 9 for No. 3—never failing to remember the proper mental picture, and make the proper change in it; never embarrassed; never making an unlawful move, or likely to lose sight (mental sight) of any unlawful move made by his antagonists. Nor did he obtain the least pause for mental rest. Without one minute's interval, as soon as he had announced a move for one board, he was required to attend to the move of another antagonist at another board. Hour after hour did this continue—all the afternoon, all the evening, midnight, until two in the morning. He made two hundred and seventy moves in the twelve hours, twenty-seven per game on an average; this gave two minutes and a quarter for the consideration of each move. As all his moves were met by corresponding moves on the part of his antagonists, he was called upon to form five hundred and forty complete mental pictures in twelve consecutive hours, each picture representing the exact mode in which all the sixty-four squares of a chess-board were occupied. Paulsen won two games, lost three, and drew five.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

THE GOLDEN TREASURY.

It is not often that collectors of Garlande of English Verse, or editors of Beauties of the Ballads, perform any thankworthy office. A catholic taste and a matured judgment are virtues not so easily found as are the people who imagine they possess them. These books may command a sale indeed, and compulsory readers in the 'classical academies,' wherein the finest poems in the language are made hateful to the ear of youth by being set as tasks and punishments, but adults in general are little affected by such works, and scholars owe them anything but thanks. Although, therefore, The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics* had the advantage of Mr Palgrave's name on the title-page, it did not arouse any great expectations. When, however, it was whispered that the Laureate had lent his assistance, the critics pricked up their ears, and when they had read the book, those who had not very long ones, broke into unworded eulogy. This Treasury contains nothing but true metal; and what is more, there are some specimens the ring of which will be quite a new music to most hearers. The dedication of such a volume would indeed have been a worthy offering to him whose loss Mr Palgrave deplors in the preface, Henry Hallam, 'a man to whom no region of English literature was unfamiliar; but since this may not be, the book is appropriately dedicated to Alfred Tennyson, 'a name united with his by associations which, whilst Poetry retains her hold on the minds of Englishmen, are not likely to be forgotten:' words remarkable as being the first indisputable avowal of the authorship of In Memoriam, although, to do its readers justice, they had never any doubt about that matter. Mr Tennyson's own exquisite lyrics are excluded from the volume, which is confined to extracts from departed bards; but the lavish wealth of our own age in poetry renders, even without his aid, the fourth and concluding portion of the volume—extending over the period 1800-1855—by far the longest. * Exhaustive reasons could hardly be given for this strangely sudden appearance of individual genius; but, says our author, with fine judgment, *without detailed discussion on the motive causes of Scott, Wordsworth, Campbell, Keats, and Shelley, we may observe that these poets, with others, carried to further perfection the later tendencies of the century preceding, in simplicity of narrative, reverence for human Passion and Character in every sphere, and impassioned love of Nature.* It is only by a volume such as this that men of taste who are not studious can be brought to behold the gems that shine in the unfathom'd depths of their own libraries: while even students will be made aware by it of many a flower which long has blushed unseen, because unrecognisable amid so many of its sisterhood. This is especially true of great poets who have written voluminously, such as Shakespeare and Wordsworth, whose surpassing excellence can scarcely

* The Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Selected and arranged, with Notes, by Francis Turner Palgrave. Macmillan.
be appreciated by many otherwise than in detail, and whose every thought comes out more perfect under the microscope. Again, it is a universal benefit when such a man as Mr Palgrave can get to introduce us to poets whose acquaintance we should not ourselves take the pains to cultivate, and whose general dulness we could not forgive for the sake of their exceptional brilliancy. There must be many who have never read Michael Drayton’s ‘Love’s Farewell;’ and those who have, will thank us and the Golden Treasury for recalling it to their memory.

LOVE’S FAREWELL.

Since there’s no help, come, let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am gild, yet, gild with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love’s latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes—

Now, if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou mightest him yet recover!

With the exception of one bewitching verse in ‘The Miller’s Daughter,’ never was poem written upon maiden Girdle more exquisite than this of Edmund Waller’s.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heavens’ extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there
 Dwelt all that’s good and all that’s fair:
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

The heaviest debt of gratitude, however, which we owe to Mr Palgrave is for presenting us with certain anonymous poems, not only little known, but which, but for him, might have been lost to us for ever. Thus, out of Dryden’s Rhapsody, first published in 1602, he culs this flower, ‘Present in Absence’—

Absence, hear then my protestation
Against thy strength;
Distance, and length;
Do what thou canst for alteration:
For hearts of trust do melt,
Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection’s ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality;
To hearts that cannot vary,
Absence is Presence, Time doth tarry.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain:
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

Here is a lyric still more beautiful, and equally without literary parentage:

Love not me for comedy grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart—
For those must weep who weep to ill;
So thou and I shall sever:
Keep, therefore, a true woman’s eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To dote upon me ever!

We do not contend that Mr Palgrave is a genius; nor now and then, he gives us in to Tradition, and prints us something ancient and unlovely, whereupon in our humble judgment, might have been far better occupied. ‘The Lover of Music to his Pianoforte,’ or some other of the many charming lyrics of Leigh Hunt, should have had their place in the Golden Treasury, and most certainly a song or two of Motherwell—a poet who needs recognition from high authorities, but whose ‘My Heart is Like to Feel’ Willie, has not its superior in the language, and whose ‘Jeanie Morrison’ is far better than here Mary of that name. In the notes, too, Mr Palgrave falls into the same error as Lord Macaulay, most probably, like him by his own intimate acquaintance with the ancient classics, in regarding the apposition of Milton, and especially of his ‘Lycidas,’ as a test of a man’s insight into the most petit aspects of poetry. Minds early trained upon the old models seem incapable of understanding how cold and artificial sounds the strain, to uneducated but sat uno poeticos, which treats of Aethnes and Minus in speaking of a gentleman drowned in the Irish Channel, and which describes a Fellow of Christ’s College as tending flocks and singing for the edification of old Damors.

Nevertheless, we offer an honest and hearty welcome to both the collection and its notes, and should feel bound to do so, though the volume contained nothing else but the songs we have quoted, and this single poem, ‘the climax of simple solemnity,’ entitled ‘To-morrow,’ of the author of which—one Collins—not even the baptismal name is memorable. We only know that he lived in the eighteenth century, and that henceforward his name will be suffered to die.

TO-MORROW.

In the down hill of life, when I find I’m declining,
May my lot be less fortunate be,
Than a rag elbow-chair can afford for reclining.

And a cot that o’erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling yad-pony to pace o’er the lawn,
I will take away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day visits the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spare cow.
With a barn for the use of the fail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I’ll envy no nobb’s riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my heart,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends I may share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the tale to-morrow.
And when I at last must throw off this frail covering,  
Which I wear for fear of age and cold,  
On the brink of the grave I'll seek to keep hovering,  
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again;  
But my face in the glass I'll severely survey,  
And with alacrity I'll bid my whiskers die, and hereat;  
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,  
May become everlasting to-morrow.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

In eight chapters.—Chapter I.

It must be more than sixty years ago, for I am seventy-nine, and then I was only sixteen, and headgirl at the Ravensbourne school, when one day my Lady Ravensbourne came in to speak to the matron. I call her my lady, though by rights she was only Mrs Ravensbourne, for to us she was far grander than any duchess, and all the village spoke of her as 'my lady.' She wanted a kitchen-maid; and the matron called me up, and said a good word for me; and then my lady asked in her gentle way if I should like to live at the Hall. I hardly knew what to say between pleasure and bashfulness, but somehow it seemed all settled, and three weeks after, I went to Ravensbourne Park. Well, that time has not much to do with my story, but it was then that first came to know and love my lady so well. I soon grew quite happy there, in spite of missing much at first; for my lady was so kind, and took such care that we servants should be comfortable, that the place was like another home to me. I did not care so much about the square, and was a bit afraid of him, for he had a loud voice, and a sharp way of speaking; but he was very fond of my lady, and let her persuade him into doing a great many kind things that he never would have thought of by himself.

I had been at the Hall about ten years, and had become one of the head-housemaids, and Master Edgar—that was their only child—was just thirteen, when there came a sudden change in the house. My lady died. She had been ailing for long, but had still gone about, though looking sadly white and thin, till one day she was found dead in her easy-chair by the open window, dead. The squire would never see before how ill she was, and now, when this great shock came, it seemed almost to stun him: he shut himself up all alone in the front room, for he was afraid of being packed, and without a word to any one, set off for France with only his own man with him. A week later, Mrs Gower, the housekeeper, had a letter giving her dismiss most of the servants, since he should be away some time. Master Edgar was at school when his mother died; but in the holidays he used to come down to Ravensbourne, and except for him, we hardly saw a soul in the house from year's end to year's end. I was one of the few who stayed on, and oh, how lonely it seemed; all my dear lady's rooms and the squire's shut up, and so many of the servants gone, till sometimes I thought I would give up my place, and seek another service; but then I knew I should pine to be back at Ravensbourne, altered though it was. So it went on for three years, while Master Edgar grew taller and handomer every day, and so merry and pleasant; though he was a bit wild, and not so droll, left and all himself, with no one to look after him, for the squire never sent for him, though he wrote often, and Master Edgar always told us he was coming home soon.

In Chapter II.

The squire was going to marry again. It was a French lady whom he had chosen to fill the place of our dear mistress; and when we heard this, we were very right glad that the squire did not intend, as his letter told us, to come to England at present, though he wished his late wife's apartments to be refurbished at once for his new bride. How angry we felt, and how we longed to do something, though I said nothing to any body, for a red flush came over his face when Mrs Gower told him we had heard it, and he would frown and bite his lip whenever he caught sight of the carpenters and paper-hangers at work in the house. We hated the thought of the Frenchwoman who was to reign at Ravensbourne; but we need not have feared, for she never came. At the end of a year, another little son was born to the squire, and at the same time his wife died. I fancy it was no very bitter grief to him, for Marston, his man, told us afterwards that he thought it was a marriage made in haste, and repealed at leisure, the squire looked so much more unhappy after it than before. However that might be, he seemed tired of France, and perhaps he was afraid of being caught by another artful Frenchwoman, for home he came as suddenly as he had gone, leaving the little babe with some of its foreign relations. He looked older and paler, but he seemed very glad to be at Ravensbourne, and with Master Edgar again. My lady's rooms were shuttered up again, and their gay furniture covered over, and the squire and his son lived in another part of the house, and were very happy, riding and shooting together. Only one thing came in time to be a sore grief to the old squire, and that was, that his son would not marry. He had set his heart upon it, and seemed to long to have a woman's gentle, loving ways about him again; but say what he would, the young squire only laughed, and made answer that there was plenty of time, and he wanted no change just yet. So the years went on, and at last his father seemed to give up the notion, and only gave a deep sigh now and then when he passed the empty rooms, or looked up at the great picture of my lady in the gallery.

But at last, when the young master was nigh upon thirty, the news began to get about that he was to be married, and no one doubted it who saw his father's beaming face. The young squire was very little at Ravensbourne while the courting went on, for the lady lived far up in the North, where he had first met her and fallen in love while on a shooting visit. But in the bright summer weather, they were married, and he brought her home. There were great rejoicings, arches of flowers, and bells ringing, and flags flying, and all the servants drawn up in the oak-hall, and the old squire walking up and down there, and he still for days after was not in the least instant. When at last we heard the wheels, he was out on the steps in an instant, and stood there with his white hair waving in the wind, ready to lift his daughter-in-law from the carriage. They came in together, she leaning on his arm, and her husband on her other side; and when they were in the hall, the squire welcomed her to her new home, and then turned to us, and bade us all obey her as our mistress. She wore a veil when she came in, but while he spoke, she put it back, and oh, what a lovely, blushing face she had! She was very young—only nineteen, they said—but yet she looked as dignified and earnest as any woman could, while she said in a clear, sweet voice, that 'she hoped to have strength given her to do her duty, and be a good mistress to us all.' The squire never looked sad now, and his son seemed blither than ever, as he walked and rode with his wife. Often, too, she drove with the old squire, or read to him, and it seemed truly as if a new light had found its way into the old home. They had been married about two years, when Master Jasper, the squire's other son, first came to England. His father had been to see him twice in France, but never seemed to care much for him, and when he came to Ravensbourne, no one was much struck at this. He was a sallow-faced lad of sixteen, with a lowering look, and a foreign accent, that grated sorely on English ears; but for all that, and his sullen manner, I could
not but pity him sometimes, he seemed so to stand alone among those who loved each other so dearly. My lady did indeed try to be kind to him, but he shrank away from her, and used to wander all day in the field. But this was all changed when I was brought along out my lady's beautiful hair (for I was her maid now), we saw Master Jasper crossing the park. She followed him with her eyes till he was out of sight, and then cried with a sigh: "I think I could be fond of that boy if he did not hate my husband so.'

'Hate my young master!' I exclaimed.

'Yes,' she answered solemnly, 'I have seen him watching him often; I have seen the hatred in his face. Oh, I wish he were not here.'

'The square would send him away at once, if you wished it, my lady,' I said.

'No, no,' she answered hastily; 'I could never wish it; it would not be right. This is where he ought to be, and I must learn to feel so.'

It happened, strangely enough, that two days after this I myself saw, for the first time, the look of which she spoke. The young square was going out riding, and was standing by the steps, with the horseman's bride over his arm while he spoke to my lady; presently Master Jasper came down the steps, touched the horse sharply with his cane as he passed, and then stroked what appeared to be a startled animal, breaking from his master's hold, galloped down the road. Mr Edgar called one of the stablemen to catch the horse, and then striking after his brother, struck him with his riding-whip, and asked how he dared meddle with his horse. The lad made no answer, but I was standing near at the time, and the dark look on his face I never forgot. When his brother, two minutes after, turned round, and holding out his hand, said he was sorry to have been so violent, the other silently put the untiedtretched hand aside.

'I should not like you ever to be in Jasper's power,' I heard the square say afterwards to his wife; and she answered calmly: 'I hope I am never likely to be.' That same evening Master Jasper was closed for two hours with his father, and the next day we heard that by his own desire he was going back to his old home in France. There was peace at Ravensbourne after he left; and when five years later, a son and heir was given to my young master and mistress, their cup of blessing seemed filled to the brim. I think they had given up wishing; but I had known, in spite of my lady's cheerful way, that it was a sore disappointment to her to have no child; and now when it came, she could not restrain her joy.

We heard her singing in the garden and the house, and her step was light, and her eyes sparkled from morning to night. How she loved that boy! She would sit by the hour dancing him on her knee, or watching him sleeping; and when he was in her arms, her beautiful face had such a glow of pride and pleasure. Ah, we were all happy then; for until that time a fear had been with us, that when Master Edgar died, Master Jasper would have Ravensbourne Park. Very soon the little fellow's merry crowings sounded over the house; and his mother used to watch smilingly while the old squire mounted him on his foot, or his own father tossed him in his arms. I like to think about those days, the more, perhaps, because even now I almost fear to bring back the memory of that time so happily followed, and changed my lady's life from joy to mourning. For that time came only too soon!

CHAPTER II.

The little boy—Gerald they had called him—was just beginning to trot about the house, when one day my young master went out hunting. He was to be home by sunset. But just as the sun dipped down among the trees, the groom rode into the stable-yard alone, his horse covered with foam, and told us breathlessly that his master had been thrown, in galloping down a steep hill, and that since they lifted him up, he had neither moved nor spoken. My lady heard the news without a tear, though the look in her sweet face went to my heart. She only would go to him at once; and she and the squire started off on horseback to the cottage, fifteen miles away, where he lay senseless. He just revived to draw her to his breast, and murmur what a blessing she had ever been to him, and then breathed his last upon her shoulder. They brought her home; and five days later she stood beside his grave, and then turned away, when all was over, still and quiet, striving to soothe his broken-hearted father.

But when she put aside her long crag veil, and lifting her boy, held him tightly to her heart, I knew by her face, and by her whispered words, what precious as he had been before, he was now the one joy and comfort of her life; and the little fellow seemed to know it too, for loving as she had ever been to him, there was something in the clinging hold of her hand, and the fond wistful look in her face, which had not been of old. The two were always together, wandering about the garden or park, or sitting in the library talking in low murmuring tones of the father he had lost, or often still in the square's room; for the old squire was failing fast; perhaps there had been decay before his seat took the news of death, but if so, we had not noticed them. Now, however, all saw the sunken cheek and uncertain step, and felt his days were drawing to a close. Things began to grow sadly wrong now; and though my lady's rule still kept order in the house, the stables and grounds all was very different to the days when the square and Master Edgar were riding in and out with quick eyes and strong wills. One great disturbance there was, when a grooms came home drunk in the middle of the night, having galloped my lady's own horse, torn the dark wood and broken its knees. In some way, this came to the square's knowledge, and the grooms was dismissed, and his place came a dark, hard-looking man—Papy by name—who all dust did for, though he was quiet enough, and joined in no stable riot. As time went on, and the square grew weaker in body and mind, my lady and the little master hardly ever left him. She had written to Master Jasper, begging him, if he wished to see his father again, to come to England at once; but I saw that she was relieved when he came, because she knew he could not then leave France, and that he believed, besides, that his presence would be no comfort to his father. Just at this time there came a change in my life, which prevented my being as much as with my lady, besides, that his presence would be no comfort to his father. Just at this time there came a change in my life, which prevented my being as much as with my lady. I had only one person I could trust as I trusted Mrs Gower, and whom I should be quite happy in putting at the head of everything. Will you take her place? I was very much surprised, and at first I could not collect my thoughts or answer her.

She went on earnestly: 'You know how I shall miss you. No one else can be so to me as you are; but you will be more comfort and help to me as housekeeper than even as my maid.'

And we settled it, with many bitter tears on my part, when I gave up to the strange work of waiting on her. My successor was a pale little woman, with a startled look in her light-blue eyes, and a nervous hurried manner. Her name was Sarah Weston, and she
had been a dressmaker in a small way in the village for some years; but when we heard that my little man wanted a maid, she came to offer herself, saying that she had once before been lady's-maid. She told us that she was not very young, but that though she had been eager and industrious in all her ways and fancies, yet perhaps her very cleverness of hers gave me a jealous pang when I saw her busy in my mistress's room; or else it was because her timid voice and shrinking manner angered me, for I never saw her without a feeling of dislike rising up in my heart. Yet she was very humble to me, and I never had any difficulty with her in her service, or with her on her own, as sometimes happened at first with the others.

It would have been a gloomy house now, but for that bit of sunshine, Mrs. Gerald. The little darling was just four years old, and go where he would, every face brightened when it met his, and no one was too busy or too sorrowful for a game with him. His blithe voice was heard singing and shouting everywhere, except in the squire's room, and there it sank to a whisper. But he was little there now, for his mother feared lest the sight of illness and suffering should sadden his childish heart, and so he ran about the garden, and rode the old pony about the park, and spent many an hour, too, with me, chattering and scrambling about, while I made out accounts or looked over house-linen. The little window of the housekeeper's room looked out upon a stone court, and beyond it was a stream running close beside the house, and on the opposite bank there was a hedge of box and hawthorn, and down the hillside between deep banks almost hidden by trees, till it ran into the lane near Hillborough Bridge, a mile from Ravensbourne. It was deep and rapid, though wide, and the rushing water was pleasant to hear one summer afternoon, when Master Gerald sat in the deep window-seat, humming a baby-song and turning over a picture-book. Presently, he threw it down, and pressing his rosy cheek against the window, cried out: 'Look, Hannah, do you see how the water shines? And there are the stones all wet and shining, too—yes, two, three large stones that I never saw before.'

I came to his side, and saw that the stream was low, and the rocks uncovered. 'Yes,' I said; 'the sun has dried up some of the water, and so those high rocks stand up above it.'

'Oh, I should like to go down,' the boy cried eagerly, and sat upon the rocks, and put my feet in the water. 'I'll get through the window—let me go!' and he struggled to get free. The more he pulled, the faster I held him, while I said that there were deep holes, in which he would be drowned, and that, besides, the water was strong enough to throw him down and hurt him terribly. He only went on trying to get loose, and crying out passionately that he would go to the bright water. A sudden sound behind made me look round, but it was only Mrs Weston putting a tray of laces and muslins on the table, and . . .'

'What?' I said, somewhat sharply. 'Master Gerald and I were talking no secrets, though—'

I added, looking at him, 'he may well be ashamed to let any one see him so naughty.' The child hung his head, and let me lift him from the window quietly enough; and by the time I put him on the floor, Mrs Weston had gone. That was the first time I had found that my dear little Master Gerald had a passionate spirit of his own, and long after he had left me, I sat wondering whether I ought to tell his mother. I did not see my lady till late that evening—about nine o'clock, I suppose—and then, as I was crossing the gallery, I saw her standing at the nursery-door, beckoning to me. Holding her finger to her lips, she led me into the nursery, and up to the little crib where her boy slept. A smile lighted her pale face as she pointed to him, and whispered: 'Look, isn't he beautiful?' He was indeed. The tangled curls lying upon the pillow, the fringed eyelids, soft, rosy cheeks, and half-open mouth, made a lovely picture; and as I looked back at my lady, I thought how like he was to her, and how happy and tranquil she was when near him. There were deep lines upon her brow, and many anxious thoughts, as I well knew, in her mind; but yet, as she turned in her tall and shapely figure, I saw that she seemed almost young again. I could not find in my heart to disturb the peace of that hour by any tale of naughtiness, and I stood watching silently while she pushed a stray curl from his face, and gave him one long, lingering kiss, drew the curtain, and with a last look of intense yearning love, turned away. That look of love, see it still! 'Oh, my dear mistress, my own dear lady!'  

CHAPTER III.

We went down stairs together, she to the squire's room, and I down another flight to my own, which was at one end of a stone passage, lighted by two large windows. At the other end were the kitchen and the servants-hall, and the back-staircase was just outside the kitchen-door. This evening, all was unusually quiet there, for some of the servants were away on a holiday, and the rest were at supper in the servants-hall. I was glad of the quietness, for I wanted to write a long letter to my married sister, whom I had not seen for years. Once the silence was broken by the opening of a distant door, and a merry laugh; then all was still again, till I fancied suddenly that I heard the sound of wheels near my window. I listened, then smiled at my own foolishness, and went on writing. I got on slowly, and was in the midst of a message to my little unknown nephew, when the door-handle rattled violently round, the door flew open, and there stood my lady, deadly pale, and with blood flowing from a wound upon her forehead. I sat for a moment rooted to my chair; the next, I sprang towards her, crying out at her name. She pushed me aside, and then turning her ashly face full on me, gasped out: 'Not that—that's nothing—I fall down; but where is my child!' A dreadful fear came upon me as I gazed at her wild eyes, and heard her panting breath, that sorrow and anxiety had turned her brain. 'Tell me, only tell me where he is!' she still implored.

I thought that the sight of the child might calm her, and not daring to leave her alone, hurried with her along the passage. One of the servants opened the kitchen-door, and stood amazed at my sight. I noticed her lady's clothes lay on a chair, and near them were some of his playthings—a ball and whistle; but a little scarlet cloak, which had lain there an hour ago, was gone. Had he hidden, or where could he be? I dared not to think, but ran back to the kitchen. My lady was still crying wildly and passionately for her child; the servants stood huddled together in terror; and her own maid, white and trembling from
head to foot, seemed more frightened than any one. I spoke at once to them all: 'Master Gerald is not in the nursery; he must have hidden somewhere; and we must search for him.' But first—and I went up to the young nurse, who had only just come into the kitchen, and was gazing at me with wide open, scared eyes—'tell me, Jessie, when did you leave Master Gerald?'

She was a Ravensbourne girl, whom I had known from babyhood, and whose word I could trust. 'Not an hour ago,' she said. 'Isn't he in bed?' She went on hurriedly: 'I left him there asleep. Mrs. Weston was not at home, or I should have asked her to sit by him; but he was fast asleep, and Mrs Weston was in my lady's dressing-room close by.'

'I didn't stay,' broke in Mrs Weston with unusual sharpness. 'I was only there for a few minutes, and could not watch the child.'

The nurse looked at me, 'I oughtn't to have left him,' she said with a half sob; 'but I never thought of his moving; and now, O ma'am, if anything has happened to him!'

I stopped her with a sign, for my lady was in no state for such words. She had been leaning on the table, her face buried in her hands, moaning from time to time. I went to her; and as I touched her, a shiver ran through her frame. 'Deserte ma'am,' I said, 'we shall soon find him, I hope; we will look together.'

In moment the whole household were scattered, searching and calling in every room and passage, while I followed my lady as she went from place to place, for all my fears, all my thoughts, were for her. I felt sure we should presently discover the boy; but then the joy after such suffering, how would she bear it? But the minutes wore on; room after room was explored, cupboards and corners ransacked, and still no sign of Master Gerald. The servants came with the steps, and foremost among them was the nurse Jessie. She could not speak for weeping, but she held up before my eyes a little scarlet cloak that I knew only too well. I gasped out, 'Where is he?' and the nurse's answer came from many broken voices: 'In the stream by the copse.' A piercing shriek behind us, a heavy fall, and on the staircase lay the poor, poor mother.

We raised her, and held her on our shoulders, till we were yet no signs of the boy. A thought struck me; he might be in his grandfather's room. It was apart from the rest, and on the ground-floor, and we had avoided it, not liking to alarm the poor old man; but now we must look, and in we went. No Squire Ravensbourne lay calmly sleeping, and no one was with him. He had started up in bed, aroused by our movements, and asked what had happened; and his daughter-in-law let me take her to him, while I quietly told him all. He said nothing, only held out his hand, and drew her into them; and as he did so, sobs and tears for the first time came to her relief. The squire looked at me. 'Go and search with the rest,' he said; 'I will take after her.' And, in truth, her poor weary head sunk down upon the pillow; and gently putting her into a chair by the bedside, I left them together. I stood for a moment outside the door, listening to the squire's murmured words and the sound of her exhausted weeping, and then walked on into the hall. I was just pondering where next to search, when one of the maids touched me on the arm, and said in a low voice: 'Can he have run out of doors?' The stream flashed across my mind like lightning. Could he have awakened, remembered his wish to go there, and stolen out? The bare thought made me so sick, that I sat down for a minute to recover myself; then I went to the hall-door. The night was pitch-dark, and to hunt without doors would have been madness; yet I went back to the kitchen-door, and felt my way by the little path which led through a wire-gate into the stone court beneath my window. There I called many times. No answer but the rushing water and the sounds within the house. I crept on close to the edge of the stream, but I could see nothing. I listened; and then, with that terrible doubt still in my mind, went back to the house. All that weary night through, we wandered and fro, longing for morning. From time to time, I went to the squire's room. My lady still sat where I had placed her, and the squire's hand still lay upon her shoulder. Each time he asked, 'Is he found? ' and each time when I answered, 'Not yet,' my lady's head, which had been raised when I came in, was bowed again upon her hands with a bitter groan.

At length the day broke, and then men set out on horseback to search the park, and the women looked in greenhouses, and orchard, and garden, and garage, and again to the stone court and the stream; the water still sparkled round the rocks, but I could see no trace of the child. I dared not go away from the house, lest my lady should receive me. I was turning indoors when the gate swung on its hinges, and the groom Foster came through. He had been one of those making holiday the day before, and I could now to ask him if he had heard that the boy was lost. He answered in his curt way that he had. 'Have you met any one? Is nothing found?' I went on. He shook his head feebly, and then began muttering at being left to do all the work. This was too much, and I said: 'No one but you would think about horses when Master Gerald is lost.' 'He'll be found,' he said feebly; 'children ain't lost like that.' I would not speak to him again, and went back to the kitchen, and there I stayed till the sound of voices took me into the hall. As I opened the door, three or four of the servants came with the steps, and foremost among them was the nurse Jessie. She could not speak for weeping, but she held up before my eyes a little scarlet cloak that I knew only too well. I gasped out, 'Where is he?' and the nurse's answer came from many broken voices: 'In the stream by the copse.' A piercing shriek behind us, a heavy fall, and on the staircase lay the poor, poor mother.

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CHAPTER IV.

And now, in the sad hours which I spent sitting still and silent in my lady's darkened room, two things very different in kind and very unequal in importance came often into my mind. The first of these was the strange and terrible loss of the little heir. In the hurry and confusion of that morning, in my lady's illness and the squire's death, there had been little time for thought, and less for questioning or search. That little clothes and that little crown, the root of a tree, far from home, had seemed to tell us all only too surely what his fate had been, and we had not dared to hope when his mother had despaired. Yet the child's body had not been found, and I felt
went on: 'We have no right to keep him away, for he is the next heir.' Then he asked if I thought it would be best to tell my lady. I begged him to wait Mr Ravensbourne's answer; and about a week later I heard that the proposal had been accepted. She said she was relieved at the news, and should prefer a month's delay before considering itself the owner of Ravensbourne. So the heart-sickening search went on till the end of the month, and then Mr Harrington and I spoke to my lady. She heard in silence, but when he asked if she would go to London with him, the answer came instantly: 'I can never leave Ravensbourne; I will live anywhere in Ravensbourne; but I will not go away.'

I knew that her heart clung to the place where her boy had last been seen, and I believed that away from it she would die. There was a red-brick gabled house just beyond the village, a quiet quaint old place, with low sunny rooms and a bright garden. It had long stood empty; and Mr Harrington and I went one day to look at it, and settled that this should be her home. Only one person beside myself would go with her there—the nurse Josie. The poor girl had hardly looked up since that morning when she brought back the little cloak. She never ceased to reproach herself for little Gerald's loss, and now her only comfort was to think of devoting herself to her mother. She begged so earnestly not to be parted from her, that I could not refuse, and promised to take her with us. My lady needed no one else; nor could she afford to keep other servants, for she would not now be rich. Those were sad weeks which followed, while we bore our sorrow with us, as we went about the weary work of making that old deserted house like home. Help, indeed, came on all sides, for every soul in the village loved my lady, and grieved for her. The borders were trimmed, the creepers, that had grown wild, were cut back, the paths, were trained, and the servants at the Hall toiled hard amidst their tears in fitting up the rooms.

Most of them were staying; for Mr Ravensbourne wished to keep all who desired to stay; and though a few of the old ones left, the most part were unwilling to lose a good place. Among the rest, Mrs Weston stayed. She certainly seemed to have no other place there, and she said sadly that she had no other place to go to, and might get work at the Hall.

The last afternoon came, and when all was done, I wandered into the park, to find some relief for my aching heart. At another time, I should have thought much about leaving the house of thirty-five years, but now I could feel only with misery, and with horror I prayed that she might be comforted in her misery. I had walked far, and was turning homewards down the beech avenue, when, at the further end, I caught sight of two figures, a man and woman, standing together with their backs towards me. I was surprised, for neither looked in the distance like any of the Ravensbourne servants, and no one else was likely to be there. But yet, as I drew near, there was something in the woman's figure which reminded me of Mrs Weston. Could it be she? I had no time to discover, for before I had taken much notice the person looked towards me, and almost directly after the two turned around a side-path, and were lost to sight. It was a wild lonely spot, far from the house, and near the boundary of the park and a deserted old cottage, once a keeper's lodge. It seemed a strange place to find the timid Mrs Weston, yet the likeness as the woman moved struck me more strongly than before. I was not curious enough, but now I felt an eager desire to know who the strangers were; and leaving the avenue, I hurried over the grass, and never stopped till I reached the house door, tired and breathless. I knew that when I left home, Mrs Weston had been at work in the maids' room. If she should not be there now, I would watch the door for her return. I went at once...
to the room, and there, at her work, quiet and busy, sat the lady's-maid, just as I had left her. I felt vexed with myself for my hurry and mistake. It was old, certain my eyes were dim with weeping, and perhaps not so good as they were in my younger days, and they had played me false. The next morning we left Ravensbourne Hall. When the last moment came, and I told my lady that the carriage was waiting, she looked up at me with her sad eyes, and whispered hoarsely: 'Must I go?' My face told her the deathful truth; and she rose calmly, and let me draw her shawl round her, and lead her down stairs, and to the carriage, where Mr Harrington stood waiting. All the time, her trembling fingers clasped mine; but when the door closed, and we turned away from the home where she had once been so happy, she let go her grasp, and with a groan, pressed her hand to her forehead. I knew not what to think of her first coming to Ravensbourne. I thought of it too, and my heart seemed well-nigh breaking. She never spoke during the drive, and her eyes noted nothing of her new home as Mr Harrington and I led her upstairs, and I think she hardly knew that she had reached it. He had stayed with her to the last moment, and now he was forced to hurry back to London. When he was gone, my lady turned and clung to me as though I were all now left her; and it was long before I could still her convulsive sobs, and yet longer before she closed her eyes and sank into a heavy sleep.

COCKS AND HENS.

No questions have given rise to livelier controversies than those which relate to gastronomy, nor has there been any matter on which mankind has more clearly agreed to differ, than the suitability of different descriptions of food to the human digestion and the human palate; for example, the old English saying is, 'Of all the foods of the air, commend me to a shib of beef, for there is marrow for the master, meat for the mistress, gristles for the servants, and bones for the dogs.' On the other hand, the rustic bean in the play exclaims: 'Talk of your gods and goddesses, give me a nice roast duck;' and, indeed, in entering a regard for the roast-house superior to that he felt for the Pantheon, Cowslip was by no means singular, for the Romans, pagans as they were, thought a great deal more of the kitchen than the temple; although they neglected the worship of Jupiter (for which Horace very properly reprehends them), they still could boast they were the inventors of the hencoop; in fact, they seem to have been rather gluttonous in the matter of poultry, for we read in Pliny that their excesses in this direction were such as to necessitate, in very early times, the institution of a sumptuary law, forbidding any citizen to have on his table more than one hen at one time—a wholesome regulation, which the greediness of the time practically evaded by the epices substituting for the single hen as many cocks and capons as they pleased, each soaked in milk and honey, which gave it a much of the tenderness and delicacy of flavour of Dame Partlet herself. Guinea-fowls* were also favourite.

* We learn from Varro that the guinea-fowl, or bird of Africa (Afra axis), fetched in Rome an enormous price; whilst in Greece, according to Pausanias, it was comparatively cheap. Horace, in one of those suspicious denunciations of luxurious living by which he might be supposed to condemn himself, and the very ingenuousness of which begets a doubt of his sincerity, refers to it as a costly viand which never found a place on his modest board. Varro and Juvénal both allude to it as an article of host potest. It borrowed its Greek name of Melangris from the belief it derived its origin from the sisters of Melangres, who, wending for the death of their brother, Melangres, were, by the compassion of the

vindals at Roman banquets; whilst in Egypt, the flesh mostly consumed at meals was that of the goose and the ox—a fact not a little astonishing, if the story of Ctesias is to be believed, and if we accept the account of Herodotus of 'the learning of the Egyptians;' for it is a received belief that the intellect borrows its strength from the stomach, and that a man's character is formed in his kitchen; thus we find that at the present day the Dyaks of Borneo will not eat hare's flesh, lest they become as timorous as that animal; whilst every sensible Tartar, as everybody knows, ascribes his courage and powers of endurance to the fact, that

First he rides, then eats his horse.

Dr Kitchener, amongst his culinary curiosities, informs us that poultry was formerly considered a sovereign remedy in cases of pulmonary consumption. When a patient was afflicted with tubercular disease, the physician's prescription ran—'Take a cock that is not too old, and beat him to death;' a therapeutic process which, we sadly fear, if practised in the hospital at Brompton, would bring down on the medical staff of that institution the misdirected indignation of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The same Society would probably also object to a method we find in some of our old books, whereby we can 'cook and eat a goose or duck, or some such lively creature, alive.' This method is said to procure 'best with the greatest speed,' and is described: Take your bird, and pluck it, except in the head and neck, where the feathers are to be retained; then engirdle it with a brisk fire, taking care it is neither burnt nor suffocated by the smoke before it is duly roasted. Within the circles of the fire, dishes of coddled apples cut in small pieces are to be placed, as also little cups containing a mixture of salt and honey. You must then lad and baste your bird, being careful she does not escape through the cincture of fire, and at the same time whilst roasting, let her heart and head be well sponged. When you find she is nicely done, take her up, set her before your guests, and—'this beats the manufacturers of Strasbourg pâtés hollow'—it will cry as you cut off any part from it, and be almost eaten up before it is dead: it is, quoth the culinary philosopher from whose opusculum we are extanting, 'mighty pleasant to behold.' We should think so. We cannot conceive a spectacle more appetising than a dish the veriest of ascetics would be more likely to relish. The sight of it would suffice to render the most devoted of vegetarians a truce to his conscience. After this triumph of gastronomic skill, we care little to detail the various methods contained in the same volume, whereby you can 'roast and boil a fowl at the same time, so that one half shall be roasted and the other boiled;' or 'if you have a lack of cooke,' how you can 'persuade a goose to roast himself.'

Of old, men were not a little particular as to the age of the poultry with whom their cooks cultivated an acquaintance, and as to the period at which that acquaintance commenced. So the Spanish proverb avers, that a capon of eight months' old is fit for a king's table; whilst an Apician rhymester of our own land sententiously remarks:

If one knew how good it were
To eat a pullet at Janiver,
If he had twenty in a flock,  
He'd leave but one to go with cook.

The poet was evidently a gourmand, or at least a gourment, who would never relish the philosophic aphorism of the French—"If thou hast not a capon, eat an onion." But in his affectionate and discriminating regard for feather bipeds as articles of commissariat value, he only participated in the feeling evinced by the author of a book published in 1682, wherein the important subject of the folding of dinner napkins is eruditely discussed, and "the shape of hens and chickens and two capons" is particularly recommended for its excellence.

We shall presently see that whatever the worth of these creatures as articles of provender, they have other uses besides which merit for them our esteem; for instance, in a certain old house the chimney-terraces were so tortuous in their construction as to defy the art of the sweeper altogether. A person consulted in this difficulty sagaciously suggested the introduction into the chimney-pot of a fat goose, who should be drawn down through the chimney-shaft on to the hearth by a couple of cords attached to its legs. "How cruel," objected a lady, "that would be to the goose!" "Well, ma'am, if you really think so," was the reply, "a couple of Aylesbury ducks will do just as well."

Our forefathers were accustomed to associate the denizens of their poultry-yards with the measurement of time. If Shakespeare tells us that "merry larks are ploughmen's clocks," Milton connects the hour of dawn with the crowing of chowdermen—

While the cock with lively din  
Scatters the rear of darkness thin.

It was an old saying of yore—

At New Year's tide,  
The days are lengthened a cock's stride;

or, as Mr Ray prosaically has it, "at Twelfth Day the days are lengthened a clock's stride"—the Italian proverb substituting Christmas Day. The cock and the hen, by the period of their moulturing, were considered to prognosticate the weather. Thus—

If the cock moult before the hen,  
We shall have weather thick and thin;

But if the hen moult before the cock,  
We shall have weather as hard as a block.

According to Dr Jamieson, they have in Scotland the proverbial expression, cock-crown hail, meaning thereby the breath of heaven; the second time, breath of earth. This, however, is a difficulty. A day old, the cock having twice crowed over it. This is as humorously apt as the Norfolk phrase of a hen's noseful, intending thereby an inconsiderable quantity of anything.

The belief that the Gallic bird is fully sensible of the important part he plays in the economy of the animal kingdom, has extensively obtained; and "strutting chowdermen," with his 'cock-a-doodle-doo,' and the sarcastic phrase of 'cock-a-hoop,' of which he is the legitimate parent, have often enough been made contributory to the ridicule of the conceited, or the relapse of the impertinent and presumptuous. Milton's cock—

To the stack or the barn-door  
Stoutly struts his dam's before.

So in Scotland we meet with the phrase cock-bird height, the interpretation of which is 'tallness equal to that of a formal chicken,' the application of which is on this wise—"It's a full thing to give yerself a nice air, ye're no cock-bird height yet." Pride of any kind does not seem to have been popularly attributed to the hen; indeed, when men used to say 'as busy as a hen with one chick,' and 'the hen that stays at home picks up the crumbs,' they seem to have testified to the industrious and retiring virtues of the bird, as contrasted with that most active, and even brawling, like partner of hers—the brawling hero of the dung-hill. When the Greeks spoke of 'putting a hat on a hen,' as the synonym of inappropriate finery, surely they intended a reference to the unostentatious modesty, the Norah Crims-like simplicity of the 'clocking dame.' The ladylike delicacy of her constitution, too, is illustrated by the Scottish admonition, 'not to sell your hen on a rainy day'; that is, take care of making a bad bargain, for rainy weather will dampen the beauty of a hen's appearance, just as an east wind in February pinches a belle's fair cheeks, and bestows a blue complexion on her nose.

In early times, men paid their rents very often with the products of their hen-roots. The tenant of crown-lands in Sussex paid yearly, by way of rent reserved to the king, two white capons; but in the time of Edward I., this rent was commuted for a yearly payment of one mark, or thirteen shillings and sixpence—a considerable sum in those days, when it is evident white capons were costly, and much coveted. Later in history, a manor was held of the king by payment, when he came thither, of two hundred capons (not necessarily white), a cask of ale, and a tub of butter. This was evidently for the use of the king himself and his household, when absent from his own residence. So we learn that Brill in Berkshire, which belonged to the royal demesne, was paid the rent of the reserved rent of one hundred capons for the king's table. The Bacon or Beckett family held their lands at Shirburnham, also in Berks, on a comical enough tenure: whenever it should chance that the king passed over a certain bridge in Shirburnham, the then tenant was to present himself before the sovereign, bringing with him two white capons, and was to say: 'Behold, my lord, these two capons, which you shall have, but not now.' The rents arising out of the forest of Beane, which belonged to St Thomas's Hospital in Canterbury, were chiefly paid in poultry, and one item in the hospital accounts stands literally thus: 'Sum-total of the cocks and hens, a hundred and nineteen and a third part of a hen and a half a hen.' These fractions must have been difficult to deal with; but this is not the only instance in which they appear, for land at Leyham, in Suffolk, was held on the condition to the lord of (amongst other things) a capon and the third part of a capon. The cocks and hens receivable, as stated, by the hospital at Canterbury, were, at the opening of the 18th century, paid no longer in kind—money-payments in lieu of them being substituted—two-pence-halfpenny being accepted as the fair equivalent of a cock, and threepence of a hen. The value of fowls greatly increased towards the middle of the subsequent century; for at the midsummer feast, given to the inmates of another Canterbury hospital, in 1668, we read that there was "pay'd for three couple of chicken ip. vii." It is not necessary here to enter into any details of a sport—if that can be called a sport the sole ingredient in which was cruelty—in which it was the ill-luck of the cock to play an unpleasantly prominent part. Cock-fighting, which is now almost unknown in these isles, had, like many other infamous and disgusting practices, an ancient and respectable lineage to boast of; everybody knows it obtained both among the Greeks and Romans; and Fitzstephen, who wrote in the reign of our Henry II., says it was "a great sport" in his days for school-boys on Shrove Tuesday to bring 'cocks of the game' to their masters, and entertain themselves with cock-fighting. The masters presented over 'the lists,' the runaway cocks being their perquisite. Another game, in which the cock's mate figured as chief, was much less cruel than this pastime. 'Thrashing the hen,' is referred to by Old Tussor in his Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry—

At Shrove tide to showing, go thrash the fat hen,  
If blondfold can kill her, then give it thy men;  
Mailts, fritters and pancakes though see you make,  
Let Skul have one pancake for company's sake.
Our poet, affecting in his language an obscurity as great as that of Dante himself, compels us to resort to his commentator, who thus reveals his meaning: 'The hen is hung at a fellow's back, who has also some horse-bells about him; the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have bougs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow—other times, if he can get behind one of them, they throw another well favourably! But the jest is, that the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endanger their sweet-hearts with a peeping-hole, whilst the others look out as sharp to hinder it. After this, the hen is boiled with bacon, and store of pancakes and tatties are made.' In explanation of the last verse quoted, we must add that at this feast the first pancake was considered the due of the maid who lay in bed the longest; and as few, even for this savoury reward, were willing to admit their sluggishness, the pancake was usually handed down for the deteation of the dog. In Wales, if a hen forbore laying eggs before Shrove-Tuesday, she was regarded as of no account, and on that day, some sportive might wound her with a flail—'tis a pity she could not play at the game as well—and should he succeed in killing her, she became his property. This practice was probably connected with some religious superstition, just as Thiers, in his Tracts des Superstitions (Paris, 1879), tells us that he has known people who invariably preserved the eggs which their hens had laid on Good Friday, in order to use them for the extinction of fires. An old calendar of the Roman Church directs the preservation of eggs and ale on Lady Day, and perhaps for the same purpose. On the bosses of the roofs of many of our old churches, the figure of a hen and her chickens appear, but this has probably an allusion to Our Lord's apostrophe to Jerusalem on approach- ing that city, which we read in the Gospel of St Matthew xxi. 35.

There is many a legend current in Devon, as elsewhere, concerning the relation between the invisible world and the feathered race, two of which may serve for specimens of the rest. A Devon squire, apparently of a speculative turn of mind, sold his soul to the devil for a valuable consideration, and, moreover, agreed that, after death, his skin should become the property of his Satanic majesty. The bargain having been struck, the squire, though for what end does not appear, obtained a promise from a neighbour that he would be present in person at the playing over, whenever it might be performed. In due course the squire died, and the neighbour, lamenting his promise so rashly given, applied to the vicar for advice. The grave divine counselled him by all means to keep his word and his appointment; so to go to the church the night after the funeral, take a cock hidden under his arm, and then seat himself quietly in the vicar's pew, and wait the result. The counsel was followed to the letter—the neighbour went as directed, with a cock under his arm, and sat down in the parson's pew, feeling very uncomfortable, no doubt. After awhile the devil appeared, and setting to work, skinned the corpse as adroitly as if he had been trained in the execution-ground at Canton, under the eye of Commissary Yoh. Having completed the task, he held up the skin to the moonlight, and forthwith growled out that it wasn't worth coming so far for, and taking so much trouble about, for the fellow's hide was good for nothing, and all full of holes. The cook then crew, whereupon the devil, whose temper was no doubt not a little 'riled' at his disappointment, turned sharply round, and addressing the terrified spectator, remarked: 'If it hadn't been for that bird under your arm, I would have had your skin too.'

Near Dartmoor there is a parish which contains within its boundaries an unusually large pikes' ring, or fairy-ring, as they are elsewhere called. Within its circle, a black hen and chickens are even now occasionally to be seen at nightfall. A former vicar of this parish was sadly addicted to the study of magical books and manuscripts, of which he possessed a large collection; and once, whilst he was at church, a servant of his going into his library, found one of these books lying open on a desk, and began accordingly to read it aloud. He had hardly got through half a page, before the sky darkened; a terrible storm arose, and a fierce gale shook the vicarage to its very foundations. Not in the least dismayed, the servant, who, like Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, must have been 'born before nerves came in fashion,' read on, when the door suddenly opened, and a black hen and chickens entered. At first, they appeared to be of the ordinary size of such birds, but gradually grew bigger and bigger, until the hen attained the dimensions of a fair-sized ox. By this time the vicar had concluded his sermon, and dismissed his congregation, observing that he was wanted at home, but was afraid he should arrive too late. When he reached his house, and entered his library, he found the hen grown to such an enormous height that her head was just touching the ceiling. Seizing a bag of rice which laid handy in a corner, the vicar upset its contents on the floor, and whilst the fowls were busy in picking up the grain, he had time to get to his books, and reverse the spell so heedlessly wrought.

It is not recorded in this veracious history whether the intrusive hen possessed the accomplishment of crowing. In Teviotdale, a crowing hen is looked upon as 'unsounis,' or 'no canny;' whilst in Normandy, her crowing is supposed to forecast her master's death or her own. This explains the old French proverb, that 'a crowing hen, a dancing priest, and a woman who speaks Latin, never come to a good end.' Perhaps these sayings are to be understood as importing the moral, that most people, who meddle with affairs beyond their capacity, and with which they have properly nothing to do. There is another proverb—which is much to the same effect, and with which we may fitly close this paper: 'I'll neither make nor mar, as the young cock said when he saw the old cock's neck wrung for taking the master's part, and the old hen's wrung for taking the dame's.'

FROSTY WEATHER.

Now frozen mists the trees with crystals grace, Robing each branch and twig in finest lace; The ruddy sun peeps through the hazy air; And snow-wreaths blush, to be white and fair.

The weary birds twice their keen hunger feel, For hikin' cold exacts a second meak.

They in the sheltered bins lie mute and still, And still on end raise every feathered quill.

Then, as the sun in mid-day gains more powr, The face becomes a glittering silver shower; Down from the trees the needle prisms fall, Emitter sounds sharp, crisp, and musical.

The boughs are bending with their freeze of snow; The icicles, like giant jews, glow; While the white surface of undroden fields Doubles the light the shortened daytime yields.

Acknowledge then, 0 man! the loving power That fills with beauty winter's trying hour; Pure be thy thoughts, as you broad plains of snow; Return God's love, as they the sun's bright glow.

CHARLES BKE.
FRONTIERS.

It is not easy to sympathise with sorrows that we have never experienced. The swarthy son of the tropics cannot realise to himself the sufferings of Arctic voyagers; frostbite and intense cold are evils beyond his sphere. The dweller among northern snow-fields feels a thrill of envy at the mention of the hot deserts, the scorched plains, the blazing sun, of the far-off lands near the equator. 'It must be so nice and warm there,' is his comment on the narratives of Cook and Burekhardt. Equally difficult is it for Britons to appreciate the woes and cares which beset their continental neighbours on the vexed question of Frontiers. The ocean has saved us all trouble on that score; Neptune himself is so obliging as to beat the bounds of our great imperial parish. Secure in our own island-fortress, sea-girtled and cliff-walled, we are rather too apt to survey the troubles and anxieties of our neighbours with the same lofty listlessness with which the deities of Olympus gazed on the afflictions of mankind. We are on the right side of the hedge; we are snugly perched in our comfortable seats, high up in the safe amphitheatre, and the wild beasts and gladiators in the arena may roar and rend each other without ruffling our equanimity. To be sure, there are sinister prophets who croak out hoarse warnings from time to time. Steam, they tell us, has bridged the Channel. The progession of science and intelligence has abated somewhat of our security from hostile visits. We are not half so safe, not half so insular, as our grandfathers of old time. It is a mere calculation, accurate as a problem at chess, as to our means of resistance. So many regiments on either shore, so much shipping, with guns, tonnage, nominal horse-power, and armour-plates all duly reckoned, in such and such a park of artillery, and so much transport for horses; add to these the amount of iron-way and rolling stock, so as to furnish an estimate of the possible transit of an armed force in a given time to a preconcerted point, the fire of such a fort, and the ability to elude or defy a blockading squadron, and the sum can be worked out—worked out, that is, with due allowance for human fallibility. It is a question of equations. A cold-blooded mathematician might cast up the sum and solve the problem without stirring from his chair.

Perhaps these reflections may serve to kindle our dormant interest in the condition of our neighbours. They, less lucky than ourselves, have no such ring-fence belting in their dearer possessions as Providence has endowed us with. It is impossible to ignore a stormy barrier of sea; but suppose that the blue hills just within our range of vision were the boundary between ourselves and some other state, perhaps of a greedy and pugnacious turn of mind, and we should have quite a different idea of Frontiers then. Suppose, again, that across yonder broad bright river lay foreign soil; that we could daily behold the white tents of a camp crowning the slopes beyond, and that darkling masses of soldiery moved to and fro upon the opposite bank, a threatening thunder-cloud ever ready to discharge its lightning. Worst of all, suppose that nothing but an imaginary line separated us from the territory of a strong and petulant neighbour, and that our husbandmen tilled the ground under the very shadow of a foreign banner. In such a case, we should be no worse off than the rest of the brotherhood of European nations. How often must Spain, or Germany, or bleeding Italy, have envied us the boisterous waves before which the haughtiest army has halted, baffled and balked of its prey. Yet, since the geography of the continent denies them the exceptional strength of our position, it may not be out of place to consider the state of things that actually prevails. Since a country must have its limits, it naturally follows that these should be defined as strictly as possible. Boundary questions have always been among the most fertile causes or pretexts for aggressive war, in public as in private life. The landholder who risks his entire estate in litigation about some patch of outlying coppice or scrap of fuzzy common, is but a type of the king who goes to war to gain a few square miles of disputed land. Yet human nature is loath to renounce even an imaginary right to a worthless possession, and more blood and treasure have been expended in the attack and defence of a few barren acres, than would have colonised empires. It is expedient, therefore, that the borders should be clearly traced out, and this is in especial an advantage to the weaker commonwealth. The next merit of a frontier is its defensibility. But here the interests of the bordering powers are apt to clash. It is not easy to select a boundary-line which shall give equal advantages to both; one or other will have the best of the bargain. Since the points of contact with a neighbour are really the posts of danger, the frontier is strengthened or enfeebled by all sorts of contingencies. Thus, one country may possess a rich unwarlike city near the verge—a source of weakness; the other may own an impregnable citadel or fortified town in the same relative position—a source of strength. Good strategic posts, quick and easy communication by land or water, lofty ground, mountain-passes, and a hundred other matters, help to make or mar the value of a frontier. The jurists of Europe have not yet alighted, for many a century, so good an opportunity of theorising as boundaries presented.
There have been grave folies treating of ideal and actual frontiers. A river, says Puffendorf, makes a bad boundary. The case may be argued either way, but it is certain that a river is, and has always been, the most common and customary of all limits. It is a natural frontier, easily traced, and not to be disputed in time of peace. Smuggling and illicit entry are more rarely guarded than the frontier, and a more arbitrary line cuts a cornfield or an orchard into two unequal and alien portions. If that millennium which the Peace Party hailed a little prematurely in 1851 were really come, a river would not be a fair landmark as need be. It is in war that a river-frontier shows its weakness. It can no more exclude an enemy than Athelstane's silk bonnet could keep out the Templar's steel blade. In spite of the proverbial danger of passing a broad stream in face of a hostile force, the watery fence is always overlapped; may, hence, seems rather to point to times when the beaten army will be that which tries to defend the passage of a river. Gracious, Boyne, Rhine, and Douro—all have the same tale to tell. It is not always needful to swim or wade, or even to ford, a bridge swept by cannon; there are always points to be found whereby the invading host can pass over unopposed, and no river has ever yet done more than delay the entrance of unwelcome guests.

The more nominal border of course exaggerates these conditions between two warring nations. It is, however, the yonder field of beet-root belongs to a Belgian, and the other slice to a true-bred Gaul, one of the constituents of Napoleon III., elected of the millions. Both are called Pierre, let us say, or Anatole, or Joseph van Something. Both are of identical Batavian stock; they speak French equally ill, and Flemish with superior fluency. They wearbrown and wooden shoes, and as the back of the last is the back of the first, and the sadness of the cottage is exactly alike, and they have a kindred weakness for pipes and beer. So far so good, only French Joseph drinks his beer at the Brewe Troupeur, and Joseph of Belgium at the Comte de Plandre. If French Joseph's son falls in love with Belgian Joseph's daughter, the young couple cannot be made happy without such signing and stamping of papers, such fees and memorials, mayors in scarfs and courés in shorel-hats, as would addle the wits and blunt the nether of any British bachelor. Strictly speaking, no neighbourly visit can take place between the two families without the exhibition to the proper authorities of a duly signed passport. Yes, without this, mercy, propriety, in the eye of the law, avails nothing. Madame Joseph, honest woman, ought to regard her foreign gossip and friend on the wrong side of the beet-root patch as a creature of a different sphere; the wife, peradventure, of the man in the moon. If Madame Joseph of France desires to take a ten minutes' excursion into foreign parts to exchange news, to borrow a fying-pan or a sorramut, or to ask how little Antoine gets on with his teething, she is bound to take with her a piece of bluish paper, all over sprawling eagles, and lions with their tails tucked between their legs, and autographs of potent commissioners of police. But in practice such absurdities cannot be carried out; the law winks at a good deal of irregularity on the edge of a realm, provided that there be no conspiring, no weddings, and no smuggling. On that last score, the ruling powers shew a pardorable sensitiveness. We islanders, with our vigilant coastguard, and our revenue cruisers gliding ceaselessly along the narrow seas, have a very faint idea of the enormous difficulty of guarding a frontier where a man may stand with a foot in both kingdoms. That refulgent subject of the narrow seas, the narrow seas, have a very faint idea of the enormous difficulty of guarding a frontier where a man may stand with a foot in both kingdoms. That refulgent subject of the narrow seas, the narrow seas, have a very faint idea of the enormous difficulty of guarding a frontier where a man may stand with a foot in both kingdoms. That refulgent subject of the narrow seas, the narrow seas, have a very faint idea of the enormous difficulty of guarding a frontier where a man may stand with a foot in both kingdoms. That refulgent subject of the narrow seas.
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courteous customers; and there is an end of the matter till Joseph and his brother have their day.

If a peasant, however, tries in person to carry contraband goods across the border, the odds are ten to one against him; he is almost sure to be caught. It is perhaps dragging the mighty stones to precipices, tampered with the roads and tracks for centuries past. No one who has not tried to pass a frontier without the permission of those who hold the key, will ever know the difficulties. Lanes that seem guileless and convenient, twist and turn for no other purpose than to lead the passenger to the door of a custom-house; footpaths are suddenly ended by a deep ditch or a brick wall. If a stile be the boundary, no sooner do you scale it than the voice of a personage, hitherto invisible, calls out: "Monseigneur, dites le, si vous plait!" and says something about passports, and enforces that something at need by the ominous click of a glockun, the epitome of the swing of a sword. It is no easy matter to get across a nominal boundary, unless you are well mounted, and disposed for a steep-climb and whir of a bullet; while on all main roads you find a jealous barrier like an exaggerated turnpike. I believe that men will squabble about anything. One swears by Tweddledum, and the other by Tweddelor. So it is that Sweedes and Norwegians, all along the mountain-boundary, break each other's heads every Sunday afternoon of their whiskied lives. So it is that Spaniards and Portuguese meet on holidays at little villainous taverns, hard by the plunging waves of Guadiana, and one braggs, and the other swears, and out flash the knives, and somebody is hurt, and the national dispute ends in the ugliest national war policy of the masters of the world merits mention; they were fond of taming and keeping under their influence certain aboriginal nations who dwelt around their borders as their subject allies. These semi-civilised Goths or Slavonians sat at the threshold of the Roman empire, and furnished auxiliaries in war, as well as a barrier. But this scheme, too, collapsed as Rome grew enervated. Either the same nations proved too tame, and so were trampled easily beneath the feet of the barbarian multitudes, or they relapsed into ferocious independence, before they had rent their masters. Nothing could replace the valour and patriotism that had gone out of fashion.

The British Isles were not always ignorant of the practical evils which in stormy times have brought down a weak frontier. Without going back to those battles of the Heptarchy which Milton likened to the ends of kites and crows, or to the times when every Irish chief who ruled over a cluster of turf-roofed cabins was dubbed a king; or to the period when England was divided between Danish Canute and English Ironides—there are examples enough. The marches of Wales, during the Plantagenet reigns, were the scene of perpetual troubles. The fierce Cambrian clans came pouring over the border on every opportunity. In war, there was always a prince of ancient British stock, some Llewellyn or Glyndwr, to lift the standard. In peace, there were marauding bands whose mouths watered for the beef of the Sassenach. The lords marches, who ruled the frontier with all but arbitrary power, could scarcely hang or mutilate offenders fast enough. It took many a bloody battle, many a siege, many a disastrous march of English hills and bows among the fastnesses of misty Snowdon, before the burgesses of Shrewsbury, Chester, and Hereford could sleep without dreaming of Welsh 'book.' Welsh wars and Welsh cruelty to the vanquished. In the case of Scotland, there was still greater cause for uneasiness, for, on the Tweed and Eden, England was face to face with a small and poor, but gallant and tenacious people. The invasions of the southern half of the island by the inhabitants of the north were more

against the Welsh, and the Roman Wall against the Scots and Sarmatians were pigmies. They have hoisted, the hard-working yellow race, not pigtailed as yet, to rear such a barrier against their savage Mongolian kinsmen of the steppe. Imagine them driving the mighty stones to precipices at the sound of the trumpet in the swampy and field, working like ants to erect the turrets and the curtain that should shut out the barbarian horsemen for ever and a day. What labour, what waste, what muscle misemployed! For the wall was at best hardly deserving of Robinson Crusoe's comment, 'that it was excellent to keep out the Tartars'; and Robinson did not intend to pay a compliment.

The Romans had more elaborate notions of frontier defences than this. It was not till their pristine valor had decayed in vice and sloth that they bethought them of such material guarantees as walls. Their plan was to plant military colonies; to set their limits thickly with young communities, that should be thorns in the path of a foe. Thus they brought to remote Britain, which was their Canada or New Zealand, whole hordes of Moors, Germans, Frisians, Spaniards, Arabs, Swiss, and even Indians picked up in the slave-mart. Unless all these immigrants were cut off, root and branch, there must be a strange medley in the blood of such among us as can boast a pure British pedigree. But the transplantation was not so violent; the colonies did not thrive. We may see at Wroxeter the fire-bleached bones of many a man born in far lands, and brought by his tyrants to Shropshire to perish by the hands of the wild tribes. All about the island, the pickaxe reveals the forgotten graves of the strangers; and the Roman name's that survive are extremely few. One other fact, the shrewd Joseph of France, kindred Flemings, or Picards, or Hainaulters, cannot help coming to blows on sunny Sundays when the beer is in, and the wit is dethroned. The Fallen Foe has many voices, none of them more than one. That warlike folk can scream her vanquished battle-cry in Alasco German, or Celtic Breton, or the barbaric patois of Basque and Provençal, just as fluently as in French. The French, the Auscian Flemish or Walloon, and the prudent lion of Belgium cannot choose but growl an answer. Thus grows up a certain unit of intensity, of common feeling, which will bear bad fruit one day, when 'Pike and pitchfork!' shall be the cry, and bands of marauders shall scour the border, and Joseph of France shall go over the mountains.

Mountains make the best of boundaries. There is something in their peaks and craggy curtains that rather damps than delights the healthy energy of the speaker, and they are more defensible than any of their rivals. But for the value of a mountain frontier, we should never have heard the deathless story of Thermopylae. The most stupendous range, of course, will not suffice for the protection of a country. Alps could not keep out Hannibal, Napoleon, or Swarow ; Pyrenees were not proof against the Moor or the Englishman. Abdalrahan showed the path which Wellington followed. But by a judicious vigilance, by planting strong forts in good positions, and by having a powerful force at hand, most mountain-passes may be scaled up so that an extraordinary carnage must be the toll for traversing so fatal a road. But if the actual border-line runs along the crests of the mountains, as in the case of the boundary recently traced between French Savoy and Italian Piedmont, all this advantage for the feebler party is annihilated. The dreadful eagles hover on the top of Cenis, ready to swoop. It must be owned that the domination of the speaker, and the inconvenience of the road, have an inappropriately high price for the help of his redoubted neighbour. Looking to the far East, we see in that stupendous pedestrian, the Wall, perhaps the most remarkable line of Chinese could have been capable of planning and executing such a rampart, compared with which Offa's dyke
frequent than the incursions into Scotland by English armies. The Scottish border was a continual source of irritation to the Plantagenet and Tudor kings, intent on their French wars. No sooner were the locations of the royalists than the forces of England fanned by the breezes across the Channel, then the fealty array of Scotland was put in motion for the Northumbrian border. Even in peaceful days, the beacon-fires would suddenly blaze forth, the rays from hill-top to hill-top, from mountain to moor, telling of a "warden-raid," such as Austrian regiments still make in Bosnia. The Scots, on their side of the march, were by no means a people of tranquility; Focwicks, Forsters, and Schaftons were just as fond of their neighbors' cattle and gear as if they had been called Scott, Kerr, or Johnstone; the mess-troopers of both nations robbed countrymen and foreigners in the most impartial manner. An Englishman entering Scotland without a pass from some sheriff, was liable to be made a slave by his captor. Gretina Green marriages must in those days have been difficult and perilous. So lawful was the state of the frontier, so extreme the demoralisation induced by centuries of cattle-killing, of mutual outrages, blood-feuds, and sharp punishments, that within the memory of living men strong traces of the old evil were to be met with. Sir Walter Scott was an eye-witness to some strange proofs of the tenacity of this barbaric spirit. Old lawyers tell us that in Wales, when they first donned a wig, the harsh system of the lords-marchers was still in force. A Welsh judge, like some other professional persons in the principality, was no more like an English judge than Lindaif is like Durham. Human life was valued more cheaply than in Kent or Suffolk: an ordinary barrier was Minos enough to write ses. per coll. after the shepherd's name in the record, and thus died many a poor fellow who would have escaped with Bridewell and a shilling, had he been in England. That is over now. David Morgan is as certain to be cared for now-a-days as his Saxon friend John Brown, and neither will suffer without the deliberate concurrence of judge and jury, the Home Secretary, the British public, and the Times newspaper. In Ireland, so long as the native princes of the West kept up their sovereignty, the same rule was in force. Paddy was a shadowy, ill-planned boundary, in many places wholly dependant on an imaginary line. Englishmen on one side of a nominal line, Irish on the other, both brooding ever on each other's wrongs, both coveting the pastures and beeches across the frontier, both smarting under a sense of injury! The forays, robberies, burnings, and other outrages of the same class did not cease until the entire country was subdued; may, we may trace their results in the agrarian outrages that have burned slowly out, like a smouldering fire, and whose ashes are hardly cold.

Before the naval power of England rose to its full development, the coasts were exposed to continual insult. Spaniards, French, and Dutch were apt to hover about our shores, landing here and there to rob and burn, as the Danish pirates had done in the days of Hubba and Guthrum. Beasons, then, were placed on lofty points of cliff, as on the hill-tops within sight of Scotland; and at the sight of the swift-sailing French ships, or of the high-pooped frigates of Spain, the tar-barrels would fling a blood-red glare from the gloom of the night. church-bells would toll, justices would bustle and exhort, the peasantry muster with fork and scythe-blade, the train-bands would march tumultuously in under my lord's standard. By the morning all the gentry would get to horse and armour. Then, after doing all possible mischief, the invaders would hurry on board, and the ships would make sail, after firing a few cannon, and the crowd on the cliffs would utter a cheer of defiance as the last glimpse of the red and yellow standard of Castile flared out in the sinking sun. Our ancestors of three or four centuries back were by no means comfortable on the score of possible invasion; nor were they more confident in Charles II's time, when the roar of the Stuarts was heard in every corner of the island. In the eighteenth century, when Squire Western and his boon-companions so readily believed that 'forty thousand honest Frenchmen' had landed in Southampton to replace the Stuarts on the throne; nor at a later date, when General Bonaparte's flat-bottomed boats lay in such plenty at Boulogne, and the blockades depended on a favourable wind. The safety of an island, be that island as strong as Sark or Malta, is only a question of comparison, not of absolute fact.

'Scotland had not only to watch the Cheviots and Tweed for the appearance of a foe; there was another border to be guarded. The 'Highland line' was, to all intents and purposes, a foreign boundary. It was the limit of a strange and almost unknown region, whence came rumours of wars and slaughters, of confusions and calamities, of revolts and anarchy. It is very doubtful to what extent the early monarchs who reigned at Holyrood could be called kings over the Highlands. Those rugged regions of mountain and island produced few rulers of their own, and few forebearers. A pretense of pretensions to rule over the whole realm. Twice, under 'Royal Somerled' and under the Lord of the Isles, the Celts came down to fight knee-deep in blood for the mastery of the Lowlands. The great chiefs would now and then invade the Lennox or the Garioch with five or six thousand claymores. Any leader of caitiffs—from Donald of the Haunted to Rob Roy—could spread panic and dismay through the rich straths and fertile vales of the level country. It is probable that the Scottish kings were often indirectly checked in their attempts upon the blockades deposited on England by the presence of this constant blister. A strange picture! France and England waging a long protracted strife, Scotland aiding her allies by levying war on the Southerns, and the affrighted tribes of Lochaber and Athole carrying torch and sword through the country from the Forth to the sea. Yes, we are certainly happier than bygone generations; we have no domestic enemies to encounter, and can concentrate all our vigilance on the danger from without. If I reside among the fat pastures of Cheshire or the Herefordshire orchards, I have the satisfaction of knowing that Taffy will not on account "come to my house and steal a piece of beef." I can traverse the Highlands from Balmoral to Glencoe without being 'harried.' Donald who lives among the hills never dreams of demanding black-mail from his friend Jamie of the Carse of Stirring. If I buy an Irish property from the Encumbered Court, I am comfortably certain that neither Eamon-a-knock nor Redmond O'Hanlon will have any voice in the matter, much less King So-and-so of Spangnapothoge. We are all brothers, and have no more than our reasonable share of harmless family disputes. The East has known less trouble with regard to frontiers than the West. Asia is on so grand a scale, that almost every country is surrounded by a broad belt of inhospitable desert or of snowy mountains, and cannot be reached without due note of preparation. China, though easily entered by the Tartars, is of difficult access, and the impossible barrier of the Gobi wilderness makes it almost impossible to invade her from Tibet, or Burmah, or Kaffiristan. The gigantic Himalaya, the deadly Thibet, the snow-capped mountains, the pouring down of the Bay of Bengal, must prove the grave of any ordinary army. The Punjab frontier is the one vulnerable spot, and the most experienced officers
believe, that with proper precaution, it might be insured that cholera and famine should destroy an invader without a blow being struck. Persia is not much exposed to any foe but Russia; her salt deserts and dry mountains are her ramparts. Egypt, with deserts flanking the Nile valley, and a barbarous and unhealthy country to the south, appears at first to occupy a strong position; but the desert has never saved her from subjugation, and the sea has been as treacherous as the desert. Indeed, a long narrow strip of wonderfully fertile land, wholly dependent on a great river, must be weak against assault. Whenever encamps beside the Nile, insure at once water, provisions, and the means of transport. Russia advent with Poland the inconvenience of lacking a natural boundary, and the latter country has probably sustained more frequent invasions than any country in Europe, save Flanders alone. Switzerland, weak towards the northwest, is strong elsewhere. She has kept her freedom, Stauffacher's legacy, with singular tenacity; but she is relatively feebler than when the Grane Geay was formed. Sheer precipices and1

ing sea-board, lies open to many a blow; her rear strength would probably consist in a powerful navy, burnt need time to hand, a considerable spirit in the breasts of any nation, and men-of-war cannot be improvised in a day. French frontiers attract, in our own time, a large share of attention. In some respects, they are admirable. The Pyrenees make a giant-wall to the south, and the only two carriage-roads into Spain are guarded by French fortresses. On the east, the Alps, with Savoy and Nice, secured under a republic—fear and long standing, are the key to the game. The town of Geneva, on the Lake of Leman, is the mid-term of the little overstocked already, and at Geneva I have seen a considerable quantity of queer things, as you may suppose.

A LONG WAY ROUND TO NO. 3.

A M A T T E R - O F - F A C T  R O M A N C E.

What was the curiousest thing I ever came across? " echoed the policeman. "Well, sir, that isn't a question as is very easy to answer." It was a wet evening, and we two were standing together under the shelter of a portico in the Edge-ware Road. I am one of those who never let slip an opportunity of getting a fact, and I had just put the above question to the guardian of the night, although not in those identical words. I feel quite confident that I had not made use of the word 'curiousest,' for example.

"It isn't a question very easy to answer," repeated my companion, "and especially on a night like this."

The latter remark was entirely illegal, but it fulfilled the very highest office of language, by conveying at once the meaning of the speaker.

"I replied: 'Here is a shining for you, my good sir.' He seemed to snap the cold cutlery—another observation on the discreet, to the mere rhetorician, by the by, may appear equally faulty—'and to assist your memory.'

"'Well, sir, in course I'll do my best,' returned the officer, and his face glowed with an honest radiance scarcely inferior to that of his shining hat-crown and glittering waterproof cape. Then he placed himself in that attitude of Recollection which, universal as it is, has never yet been recognised by painter or sculptor. He tipped his hat forward so as to rest upon his nose, and scratched the portion of his head thus left uncovered.

"There are numbers of the force, sir, who, being asked such a question as yon, could spin you a far better yarn than I. Some of 'em would invent such a story as should rise the hair off your 'ed, sooner than you shouldn't have it strong enough of blood and murder; but I haven't no sort of talent in that way myself. I can only tell you what I knows, and I ain't werry good at that, as you can see, by this time, I dare say.'

"I hastened to assure him that his style as a narrat- tor was all that could be desired, and that I wanted unvarnished truth, and not one whit of fiction. An article with which the market is a little overstocked already, 'Well, sir, I've been a plesse man six years come Christmas, and I've seen any quantity of queer things, as you may suppose.'

"'I should like to have what you have seen with your own eyes,' said I; "the most singular fact among your own personal experiences.'

"Then, that was last Saturday night, in this very street," replied he. "It was not murder, nor robbery, nor nothing spicy of that sort, but it was just the curiousest things as ever I called a spectacle. It was at half-past ten o'clock, and as fine and clear a night as though it had been made o' purpose to circumvent the crustacks, when I see a crowd in this 'ere street. Wherever's there a crowd, why, that's my place, in course, and up I goes to see what little game was a-playing. It was too late for Punch, and too early for fighting, so I judged that it might be something serious; but it was only a respectable old female party who had lost her way. At first I thought she was a furriner, some people telling me she was a Proosian, and some a Swisher; and she did talk such a language as I never heard before, and I know most tongues, too—patter, and flash, and gipsy talk, and what not; but on this beat em all. There was a sort of English amongst it, however, and I managed to find out that she came from Devonshire, where they all speak like that, she said, which seems ridikleus—don't it, sir?"

"Ridikleus, indeed," returned I; "but I dare say she was right; some people pronounce their words very oddly.

"My companion shook his head, as much as to say that there must be a limit to that sort of eccentricity too, and continued as follows: "The old party was glad enough to see me, poor soul, for she had been asking her way to " her daughter Sally's, No. 3," of everybody she had met for the last quarter of an hour, and most people had not understood what she said; and those that did, had taken her for a mad woman. And well they might. She had no bonnet on, but only an immense night-cap, and her sleeves were rolled up to her shoulders, and she had half a bar of yellow soap in her hand.

"And now, my good woman, and what is it?"

"Then she told me her story; and although I could only rightly understand one word in three, long experience in picking up the statements of parties in liquor, and otherwise affected, enabled me to piece it together.

I believe that this word was intended to signify an inhabitant of the Swiss canons. Query, Switzer!"
together thus: She lived at Deeplane, Devonshire, and had come up to London the day before, for the first time in her life, to visit her married daughter, Sally, who lived in one of the small streets about the Edgware Road. Sally's husband had met her at the Paddington station, and brought her home; but where that home was now, she had not the faintest notion. The only information she could give was, that it was No. 2. She had lost herself in this manner. Being a hale and active old woman, she had been helping in the family wash that evening—and thereby had her shoes untied up and her shins bare—when, all of a sudden, they found the soap give out, and some more had to be sent for at once before the shop should shut. Now, she had accompanied her daughter to the grocer's that very morning, and thinking she could find her way there and back again quite easily, the old lady volunteered to go herself. Off she started, just as she was, and managed to reach her destination in good time, and bought the soap; but finding her way home was quite a different matter. She had forgotten, or never paid any attention to the right turning, and now she was just as much abroad as though she were in the desert with Sarah.* The shops were almost all shut up, too; so that the street wore a quite a different appearance to that of a few minutes before, and the old party did not even remember the name of the grocer's. Her "daughter Sally, No. 3," was all the compass we two had got to steer by, and I believe it would have puzzled our best detectives—although such wonderful virtues are attributed to them by the literary coves—to make much out of that. If it had been a poor man's child astray, why, that would have been a different thing, and as easy as lying in the provinces where a very much larger page is adopted, probably to attract attention. In this matter, however, the United States beat us hollow. We have now before us a newspaper, called the Boston Nation, which presents the largest page, probably, ever ventured upon by any publisher. Let the reader conceive the unimaginability of a newspaper of which the page is more than double the size of that of the Times, with ten columns per page, and which consists of eight such pages, and he will then be able to decide whether he would put such a monster on his breakfast-table. Setting aside the magnitude of the page, however, there are many ways of gently decoying purchasers by the undertakers. Sometimes it is by an extra half-sheet; sometimes by additional wood-cuts to an illustrated journal. In one case, there is given every week a steel-engraved portrait of some public notability; a portrait which, under any conditions prevalent a few years ago, would unquestionably be cheap at the full price of the paper; whereas it is given as a supplement to a newspaper full of wood-engravings. Another case, that of a Sunday newspaper which, three or four years ago, began the presentation of a map every week, without any augmentation of price. These maps, which now form an atlas of really trustworthy character and of great extent, are so much added to the newspaper itself, which is in no whit less effectually conduced than before this bold experiment was made. We find occasionally issued with two of the illustrated papers maps of very large size, but these are less remarkable as examples of speculative enterprise.

* An intelligent friend connected with Notes and Queries suggests that this may possibly mean the desert of Sahara.

NEWSPAPER MAPS AND MAPS OF NEWSPAPERS.

It is a peculiar feature of our modern newspaper system, especially of that of the Sunday newspapers, that subsidiary attractions are repeatedly offered to the public, intended to implant in the minds of the purchasers the idea that the proprietors are never so happy as when they are giving something to an enlightened British public. No matter whether the regular normal quota of pages per number be four, eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty-four, or any other; if there be occasionally given to supplement—what the Americans very reasonably call an 'extra'—it is believed that purchasers will be vastly attracted thereby; and if this extra, this free minutes work, the generosity is supposed to continue still more striking. If the differences of size and appearance, if they be regular, are another matter; they belong to another class of things as the best system of things. There may be reasons, perhaps, though not very apparent to ordinary readers, why the size of page adopted by the London daily newspapers should be what it is, pretty nearly uniform in all instances; but there are cases in the provinces where a very much larger page is adopted, probably to attract attention. In this matter, however, the United States beat us hollow. We have now before us a newspaper, called the Boston Nation, which presents the largest page, probably, ever ventured upon by any publisher. Let the reader conceive the unimaginability of a newspaper of which the page is more than double the size of that of the Times, with ten columns per page, and which consists of eight such pages, and he will then be able to decide whether he would put such a monster on his breakfast-table. Setting aside the magnitude of the page, however, there are many ways of gently decoying purchasers by the undertakers. Sometimes it is by an extra half-sheet; sometimes by additional wood-cuts to an illustrated journal. In one case, there is given every week a steel-engraved portrait of some public notability; a portrait which, under any conditions prevalent a few years ago, would unquestionably be cheap at the full price of the paper; whereas it is given as a supplement to a newspaper full of wood-engravings. Another case, that of a Sunday newspaper which, three or four years ago, began the presentation of a map every week, without any augmentation of price. These maps, which now form an atlas of really trustworthy character and of great extent, are so much added to the newspaper itself, which is in no whit less effectually conduced than before this bold experiment was made. We find occasionally issued with two of the illustrated papers maps of very large size, but these are less remarkable as examples of speculative enterprise.

If every Saturday brings us something which tells of newspaper maps, and the keen competition of publishing firms, there are in another quarter many of newspapers, which tell in a speaking manner to the eye in what degree the United Kingdom is supplied with journals. A publication, called Mitchell's Newspaper Directory, well known in the trade, has led a stranger to every one else, conveys this information in a curious way. It contains a 'Newspaper Map of the United Kingdom.' We hear of geological maps,
a small range of names in this matter; such as Herald, Chronicle, News, Advertiser, Post, Times, Telegraph, Mail, Messenger, Mercury, and so forth. They imitate each other to a notable degree. Most of the names imply one of three things—novelty of information, quickness of conveyance, or accuracy of record. A few only claim a kind of patriotic or benevolent tendency. Our American cousins, who bring out (or did before the recent crisis) more than three thousand newspapers of one kind or other, largely employ the same designations as those above quoted; but they are also more prone than the old country to adopt waggish names, fast or smart as the case may be. The Spy, the Major Daggety, the Picayune, the Yankee, the Arcturus, the Notion, the Calumet, the Corsair, are not such names for newspapers as would suggest themselves to our European brains.

Mr Mitchell, in comparing the provincial with the London press, adverts in the following terms to the 'philosophy of advertising,' as developed in the two kinds of newspapers: 'If advertisers residing in the country find their advantage in advertising in London journals, so those advertisers who live in the metropolis are no less interested in making their business concerns known in the country. Perhaps there is no cause more and more among country residents would be so much benefited by a judicious system of country advertising as publishers, whether connected with literature, music, or the fine arts.' And so it is almost a universal opinion amongst publishers, that by advertising in two or three generally circulated London journals, and in the periodicals, all the advantages of a country circulation are secured. They are mistaken. There are thousands of families in every county who see no other journal than their local newspaper, which is to them an oracle or guide; they know of nothing, hear of nothing, beyond what is in the columns. There are thousands of others who look at a London paper for the news or politics only. Several parties will club for a weekly or daily paper; it passes rapidly from hand to hand; and there is no time, even if there were inclination, to peruse the advertisements it contains. The great majority of newspaper readers in the country can, indeed, only be approached by advertisers through the medium of their own local journals. They think advertising in a London paper cannot concern them, and therefore pass them over.'

This matter of advertising never, perhaps, received such an illustration as in the wonderful number of the Times for the 21st of June 1866. It was the first and only issue consisting of twenty-four full pages, or a hundred and forty-four columns. It was on the 1st of January 1788 that the Times first appeared—nineteen years after the Morning Chronicle, sixteen after the Morning Post, four after the Morning Herald, and six before the Morning Advertiser. Nominally, its birth was on the 1st January, but in reality it was a continuation under a new name of the Universal Register, a daily paper which had been commenced in 1788, one year after the Morning Herald. If, 'according to Cockin,' we select the number above adverted to (No. 23,965); if we consider that there are three hundred and thirteen weeks in a year, with an addition occasionally on account of leap-year; and if we then calculate backwards from the middle of 1861, we shall come to the year 1735, which has always been adopted as the numerical, though not the nominal, birth-year of the Times. From first to last, the Times has been chiefly the property of one family, the Walters. The first Mr Walter was more of a printer than an editor, and the Times was merely a market newspaper...
that the *Times* should always create a ferment in one way or another. The government bitterly opposed him, and adopted various expedients to prevent him from obtaining correct information as to what was going on in the court, in the government, and in foreign countries; and there were also numerous imprisonments to be borne, and fines to be paid, for statements which were deemed libels in those days. All this served only the more to rouse the energies of Mr Walter. The more determination he showed, the more liberally was his paper bought by the public, and the more numerous and profitable advertisements sent him for insertion. The earlier numbers of the *Times* consisted of four pages of four columns each, but the number of pages and the size of each page were gradually increased.

In 1814, Mr Walter began the bold system of printing his newspaper by steam. In subsequent years, the great upward starts of the *Times* in circulation seem to have taken place immediately after some striking public events, as if the vigorous writing in that journal had drawn new streams of subscribers to it. It was talked of as a great thing when, on the 10th of January 1806, the *Times* sold a few additional thousand copies, on account of its narrative of the funeral of Lord Nelson. In 1828, the regular sale was seven thousand, but the force of public interest at the time of the campaign of those days. On February 10, 1840, when the account of the Queen’s marriage appeared, the *Times* sold thirty thousand copies. Curiosity-hunted men were wonder-struck, and calculated that all the columns of all the copies, if laid end to end, would reach from the Land’s End to Yorkshire. Eleven years afterwards, however, the *regular* issue was thirty-eight thousand copies; and on the day after the opening of the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, the number of the *Times* sold was fifty-two thousand. Rival papers were off for five thousand, and the opening of the Royal Exchange fifty-four thousand. These numbers were far exceeded on the 19th of November 1852, when the account of the Duke of Wellington’s funeral commanded a sale of seventy thousand copies, which were printed at the rate of ten thousand or twelve thousand per hour. That was indeed a week for newspapers: the *Illustrated London News* is said to have sold to the astounding amount of four hundred thousand double numbers; and the Stamp-office issued altogether nearly two million newspaper stamps during that week. The gradual but vast increase in advertisements brought the proprietors of the *Times* so much money that they could afford to incur expenses utterly beyond the power of any other journal in the world. On one particular day in 1853 there were two thousand two hundred and fifty advertisements. The daring course adopted, and the enormous outlay incurred, in exposing a gigantic system of fraud in 1841, by which the banks of most of the European capitals would have been plundered of vast sums (as brought to light in the famous trial Bogle v. Lawson), won the admiration of the whole commercial community. A subscription of £2000 was raised, to present a testimonial to the proprietors; but this was respectfully declined, and the amount was applied in the founding of two ‘Times scholarships,’ one for Christ’s Hospital, and one for the City of London School. Amply did the result give an equivalent for the public-spirited exertions; the sale of the *Times* increased enormously month by month. The regular circulation in 1853 was forty-two thousand. The Russian War of 1854–5–6 brought out the *Times* in greater than ever; the glowing articles by Mr. Russell; the splendid fund raised by the *Times* for the poor suffering soldiers, and administration by its own commissioners; the voluminous correspondence of which it became the medium; and the absolute necessity for the government to pay attention to what this particular journal said and thought—all tended to give to the *Times* a greater influence than was ever possessed by any other newspaper, English or foreign. No other newspaper has been so often or so heartily abused. The proprietors, editors, and writers occasionally paid a price for their independence. They do not exactly announce their independence in the form adopted by an American newspaper a few years ago:

- We do not belong to our patrons;
- Our paper is wholly our own;
- Whoevers may like it, may take it;
- Who don’t, may just let it alone—

but they imply this; and the world, in spite of assertions to the contrary, believes them.

On the day above named (June 21, 1861), the place of honour in the paper, that to which we always look for the celebrated ‘leader,’ contained the following observations: ‘Our impression of this day will be found to consist of twenty-four pages, the extraordinary pressure of advertisements having compelled us to add an extra sheet to our already ample dimensions. Fifty years ago, the average number of advertisements in a single impression was about a hundred and fifty; to-day, no less than four thousand advertisements will make known the wants of the community throughout the length and breadth of the empire. We have long discontinued the heading of “Supplement” to the second sheet of the *Times*, and have only adopted the title of “Extra Sheet” in this paper to attract the notice of our readers to this, the largest production that has ever issued from the daily press. We trust it will not be too large for a constant reader to get through within the present year.’

Our own estimate tells us that the amount of printed surface in this gigantic *Times* would paper the side of a moderately-sized room; but a patient individual, whose name we are forbidden to divulge, has calculated that if, as is reported, the regular sale has reached 60,000 copies, all the columns of all the copies would stretch from England to America—a ribbon of the ‘Fourth Estate’ to link together two great Anglo-Saxon communities.

THE ZOOLOGY OF CEYLON.

‘Birds, Beasts, and Fishes’ was the name of a certain drawing-room diversion much affected in our youth, and which used to amuse us. Since then, Natural History has rarely been presented to us in a very pleasing garb. The majority of our old favourites are now lumped together under the scientific titles of Mammals and Vertebrata. Those very pigeons, whose legs appearing through the pie-crust filled us with such delightful anticipations, are now Columbidae; the crabs whose sidelong motion is an object of our infant admiration, are Crustacea; the oyster—e’en the whistling oyster—in a Mollusc.

Sir Emerson Tennent, however, who, understanding the feelings of the unlearned upon this subject, is also in a position to gratify them, has filled up the void. When we read his book, the same sort of pleasure ravishes us as when we arranged the contents of the Ark upon the lid of our play-box, and supplied the place of the cow’s hind-leg—which was always breaking short off—with a pin. Noah—in a round hat, and very undubitably—is the individual to whom our deepest gratitude is due in the matter of Natural History, and next to him comes Sir Emerson Tennent. The title of his charming volume has but a single blemish: *History of Ceylon, with a Monograph of the Elephant*. That last sentence is too fine; in the next edition, we sincerely trust he will erase, or print in its stead, with an autograph of the elephant, which will be rarer, and yet more intelligible. The elephant was pretty well disposed of in his previous *History of Ceylon*, already noticed in this Journal, so we will
repeat nothing about him, beloved as he is, and always will be by us, in spite of all that Mr Charles Reade has said against him. But, even thus curtailed, the wealth of mental prodigies, that we hardly know where to begin. The island of Ceylon abounds with animal life. The description of the creatures which make it their home (for why should I repeat it?) is so familiar, and so generally will they crouch and conceal themselves among the leaves, that at the slightest alarm the whole party becomes invisible in an instant. The presence of a dog, however, excites such an inexplicable curiosity, that, in order to watch his movements, they will never fail to betray themselves. A live dog is to them the same wonderful sight as a dead monkey is to other people. He who has seen a white crow, says a Singhalese proverb, 'the nest of a paddi bird, a straight coco-nut tree, or a dead monkey, is certain to live for ever.'

The remains of a monkey are not, as a rule, to be found in the forest. But there are more singular inhabitants of Ceylon trees than monkeys. The flying-foxes hang from them like fruit. The flight of the night is directed by means of a membrane attached to the inner side of each of the hind-legs, and kept distended at the lower extremity by a projecting bone, just as a fore-and-aft sail is distended by a 'gaff.' (Over the entire surface of the thin membrane of which they are formed, sentient nerves of the utmost delicacy are distributed, by means of which the animal is enabled during the darkness to direct its motions with the greatest of safety, avoiding objects with contact with which, at such times, its eyes and other senses would be insufficient to guide it.) By day they suspend themselves from the highest branches of the silk-cotton trees, hanging by the claws of the hind-legs, with the head turned upwards, and pressing the chin against the trunk. At sunset, taking wing, they hover, with a murmuring sound occasioned by the beating of their broad membranous wings, around the fruit-trees, on which they feed till morning, when they resume their pedestrian attitude as before. They hang in such prodigious numbers, that the branches often give way beneath their accumulated weight. They fly in clouds as thick as bees or midges. When at rest or asleep, the disposition of the limbs of the flying-fox is most curious. At such times, it suspends itself by one foot only, bringing the other to its side. Meanwhile it is enabled to wrap itself in the ample folds of its wings, which envelop it like a mantle, leaving only its upper lip and head uncovered.

The Ceylon spider is protected from damp and rain, and to some extent its body is sheltered from the sun. As it collects its food by means of its mouth, either when on the wing or when suspended within reach of it, the flying-fox is always more or less liable to have the spoil wrested from it by its intrusive companions before it can make good its way to some secure retreat in which to devour it unmolested. In such conflicts they bite viciously, tear each other with their hooks, and scream incessantly, till, taking to flight, the persecuted one reaches some place of safety, where he hangs by one foot, and grasping the fruit he has secured in the claws and opposable thumb of the other, he hastily reduces it to lumps, with which he stuffs his cheek-pouches till they become distended like a monkey's; then suspended in safety, he commences to chew and sicken the juices, rejecting the refuse with his tongue.

*In this way, too, these agile creatures become the prey of the leopard; his approach causes an instant and fearful excitement, which is manifest by loud and incessant screams, and leaps from branch to branch. The leopard walks round and round the tree, till one or more of the poor creatures, exhausted by terror and exertion, falls down to be eaten. We regret to add that the flying-fox is strongly attracted to the coco-nut trees during the period when toddy is drawn for distillation, and exhibits at such times symptoms only too much resembling intoxication. It cannot, it seems, be naturalised in England; but why not try Scotland, and suspend the Forbes Mackenzie Act and the flying-fox together? One very tiny bat, well called the humble-bee, is so familiar and gentle that it will alight on the cloth during dinner, and manifests so little alarm that it seldom makes any effort to escape before a wine-glass can be inverted to secure it. Even this minute creature, however, has its parasites, as other bats have, although they are excusable in his case upon the well-known ground of being 'such very little ones.' They are called Nycteris, and have three pair of legs, armed with claws, and equally distributed over the upper and under sides; the creature being thus enabled to use them like hands, and to grasp the strong hairs above it while extracting its nourishment. It must look like the animated crest of the Isle of Man as it rolls along, 'hurling itself forward on hands and feet alternately, like a very bumblebee, and so swiftly that its speed is said to exceed that of any known insect.'

On the trees, too, the chameleon lies motionless on its branch, awaiting its insect prey. Instantly, on their appearance, its wonderful tongue comes into play. Though ordinarily concealed, it is capable of protrusion till it extends in length the whole body of the creature. 'No sooner does an incipient fly venture within reach, than the extremity of this treacherous weapon is disclosed, broad and coneiform, and covered with a viscous fluid; and this, extended to its full length, is darted at its prey with an unerring aim, and redrawn within the jaws with a rapidity that renders the act almost invisible. Whilst the faculty of this creature to assume all the colours of the rainbow has attracted the wonder of all ages, sufficient attention has hardly been given to the imperfect sympathy which subsists between the two, located in the brain and the two sets of nerves that permeate the opposite sides of its frame. Hence, not only has each of the eyes an action quite independent of the other, but one side of its body appears to be sometimes asleep whilst the other is vigilant and active; one will assume a green tinge, whilst the opposite one is red; and it is said that the chameleon is utterly unable to swim, from the incapacity of the muscles of the two sides to act in concert.'

By the side of the chameleon you will see leaves of every variety of hue, from the pale yellow of an opening bud to the rich green of the full-blown leaf, and the withered tint of decay; and yet these may be leaves, but only 'walking leaves;' in this respect preservation nature has exhibited her most cunning handiwork. 'So perfect is the imitation of a leaf in structure and articulation, that this amazing insect, when at rest, is almost indistinguishable from the foliage around. Not only are the wings modelled to resemble ribbed and fibrous folicles, but every joint of the legs is expanded into a broad plait-like a half-opened leaflet. It rests on its abdomen, the legs serving to draw it slowly along, and thus the flatness of its attitude serves still further to add to the appearance of a leaf. One of the most singular of all the insects connected with its organisation was exhibited by one which I kept under a glass shade on my table. It laid a quantity of eggs that in colour and shape were not to be distinguished from seeds. They were brown and pentangular, with a short stem, and slightly punctured at the intersections.'

In trees, the Ceylon spider weaves his nest so stoutly that it will take your hat off as you ride by. He catches in it not only flies and cockroaches, but even small birds, such as humming-birds; one was once seen to attack a young sparrow, half-grown, and seize it by the thigh, which it waved through. 'The savage
then caught the bird by the throat, and put an end to its sufferings by cutting off its head. 'Ner weel nock thee with these feet, when we read that the legs of this ceylon fish secrete themselves in the earth at the bottom of the exhausted ponds, and there await the renewal of the water at the change of the moon. It is quite usual for the country with small tanks to be used, and where small tanks are numerous, for the natives in the hot season to dig for fish. 'The clay,' says the eye-witness, on one of these occasions, 'was soft but moist, and the person digging with a spade, it fell to pieces, disclosing fish from nine to twelve inches long, which were full grown and healthy, and jumped on the bank where exposed to the sunlight.' The fresh-water fish _Ampullaria genua_ is found in great quantities in the rice-fields, where it burrows in this fashion, and at a considerable depth in the mud deposit a bundle of eggs with a white calcareous shell, to the number of a hundred or more in each group. 'A knowledge of this fact was turned to prompt account by Mr Edgar Layard when holding a judicatory office at Santiago de Pedro in 1849. A native, who had been defrauded of his land, complained before him of his neighbour, who, during his absence, had removed their common landmark, diverting the original water-course, and obliterating its traces by filling it up to a level with the rest of the field. Mr Layard directed a trench to be sunk at the point, and discovered the st北京 of the _Ampullaria_, the remains of the eggs and the living animal, which had been buried for months, the evidence was so resistless as to confound the wrong-doer, and turn to his profit the land which he had wronged.'

Mr Emerson Tenent appears to believe that this self-sequestration of the fish and subsequent reappearance immediately after rain, is the explanation of the so-called showers of fishes. They come from the earth, and not from the air, it seems. Alligators bury themselves in mud during the dry season in a similar manner. The story of a fisherman who fancied he was also related to one of an officer attached to the department of the surveyor-general, who, having pitched his tent in a similar position, was disturbed during the night by feeling a movement of the earth below his bed, from which, on the following day, a crocodile emerged, making its appearance from beneath the matting. 'If it was our lot to dwell in Ceylon,' said the officer, upon reading these adventures, 'I never sleep out of a hammock.' But then, we forget those Geckoes, 'the most familiar of the lizard class,' which, being buried in the ground to a little above the level of the surface, are enabled to ascend perpendicular walls, and adhere to glass and ceilings. 'In a boudoir where the ladies of my family spent their evenings, one of these familiar and amusing little creatures had its hiding-place behind a gilt picture-frame. Punctually as the candles were lighted, it made its appearance on the wall, to be fed with its accustomed crumbs; and if neglected, it reiterated its sharp, quick call of chic, chic, till attended to. It was of a delicate grey colour, tinged with pink; and having by accident fallen on a work-table, it died, leaving part of its tail behind it, which, however, it reproduced within less than a month.'

The geckoes, however, are welcome guests compared with the crows. All day long in Ceylon these birds are watching for offal from the kitchen, or superintending the operations of the dining-room; and as doors and windows are necessarily opened to relieve the heat, nothing is more common than the ceaseless clamour of a crow across the room, lifting on the wing some ill-guarded morsel from the dinner-table. No article, however unprepossessing, be it cooked or not, can be portable, can with safety be left unguarded in any apartment accessible to them. The contents of ladies' work-boxes, kid gloves, and pocket-handkerchiefs, vanish instantly if exposed near a window or open

_Ceylon, fish secrete themselves in the earth at the bottom of the exhausted ponds, and there await the renewal of the water at the change of the moon. It is quite usual for the country with small tanks to be used, and where small tanks are numerous, for the natives in the hot season to dig for fish. The clay,' says the eye-witness, on one of these occasions, 'was soft but moist, and the person digging with a spade, it fell to pieces, disclosing fish from nine to twelve inches long, which were full grown and healthy, and jumped on the bank where exposed to the sunlight.' The fresh-water fish _Ampullaria genua_ is found in great quantities in the rice-fields, where it burrows in this fashion, and at a considerable depth in the mud deposit a bundle of eggs with a white calcareous shell, to the number of a hundred or more in each group. 'A knowledge of this fact was turned to prompt account by Mr Edgar Layard when holding a judicatory office at Santiago de Pedro in 1849. A native, who had been defrauded of his land, complained before him of his neighbour, who, during his absence, had removed their common landmark, diverting the original water-course, and obliterating its traces by filling it up to a level with the rest of the field. Mr Layard directed a trench to be sunk at the point, and discovered the stumps of the _Ampullaria_, the remains of the eggs and the living animal, which had been buried for months, the evidence was so resistless as to confound the wrong-doer, and turn to his profit the land which he had wronged.' Mr Emerson Tenent appears to believe that this self-sequestration of the fish and subsequent reappearance immediately after rain, is the explanation of the so-called showers of fishes. They come from the earth, and not from the air, it seems. Alligators bury themselves in mud during the dry season in a similar manner. The story of a fisherman who fancied he was also related to one of an officer attached to the department of the surveyor-general, who, having pitched his tent in a similar position, was disturbed during the night by feeling a movement of the earth below his bed, from which, on the following day, a crocodile emerged, making its appearance from beneath the matting. 'If it was our lot to dwell in Ceylon,' said the officer, upon reading these adventures, 'I never sleep out of a hammock.' But then, we forget those Geckoes, 'the most familiar of the lizard class,' which, being buried in the ground to a little above the level of the surface, are enabled to ascend perpendicular walls, and adhere to glass and ceilings. 'In a boudoir where the ladies of my family spent their evenings, one of these familiar and amusing little creatures had its hiding-place behind a gilt picture-frame. Punctually as the candles were lighted, it made its appearance on the wall, to be fed with its accustomed crumbs; and if neglected, it reiterated its sharp, quick call of chic, chic, till attended to. It was of a delicate grey colour, tinged with pink; and having by accident fallen on a work-table, it died, leaving part of its tail behind it, which, however, it reproduced within less than a month.' The geckoes, however, are welcome guests compared with the crows. All day long in Ceylon these birds are watching for offal from the kitchen, or superintending the operations of the dining-room; and as doors and windows are necessarily opened to relieve the heat, nothing is more common than the ceaseless clamour of a crow across the room, lifting on the wing some ill-guarded morsel from the dinner-table. No article, however unprepossessing, be it cooked or not, can be portable, can with safety be left unguarded in any apartment accessible to them. The contents of ladies' work-boxes, kid gloves, and pocket-handkerchiefs, vanish instantly if exposed near a window or open.
which the spiders suspend across every pathway; and above the pool, dragon-flies of metallic lustre flash in the early sunbeams. The earth teems with countless ants, which emerge from beneath its surface, or make their devious highways to ascend to their nests in the trees. And, with a thousand resplendent golden elytra bask on the leaves, whilst minuter species dash through the air in circles which the ear can follow by the booming of their tiny wings. Butterflies of large size and gorgeous colouring flutter over the endless expanse of flowers, and at times the extraordinary sight presents itself of flights of these delicate creatures, generally of a white or pale-yellow hue, apparently miles in breadth, and of such prodigious extension as to occupy hours and even days uninterruptedly in their passage—whence, coming, no one knows; whence going, no one can tell. As day declines, the moths issue from their retreats, the crickets add their shrill voices to swell the din; and when darkness descends, the eye is charmed with the millions of emerald lights lighted up by the fire-flies amidst the surrounding gloom.'

This charming book concludes with an account of the Rotifer, a singular creature, which, though it can only truly live in water, inhabits the moss on house-tops, dyeing each time the sun dries up its place of retreat, to revive as often as a shower of rain supplies it with the moisture essential to its existence; in employing several years to exhaust the eighteen days of life which nature has allotted to it. One savant kept some dead rotifers for twenty-seven years without moistening in any way the substance in which they lay, and at the end of that time they recovered, upon being immersed in a little water. This must surely have been a satisfactory fact to them, if they had lived their little span of life all at once.

If we ourselves, like rotifers, were limited to but eighteen days of existence, we can only say in conclusion, that, if we had the choice of being a rose or a pine, we should choose the rose, and make the best of it.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

IN EIGHT CHAPTEES.—CHAPTER V.

Our new life at the Grange—so they called our house—was very still and unchanged. All the day long, my lady lay upon her sofa by the window, or, in sunny weather, sat under the cooling shade of the tall maple-tree, where I worked and arranged, thinking and wishing for one thing only—her comfort and relief. We heard little of what went on in the world beyond our gate. I knew, indeed, that Mr Ravensbourne came to the Hall a few weeks after we left it; but it was some time before I saw him, for I rarely left my lady even to go to the village, and he never came to our house. One day, however, to my surprise, she said to me: 'I should like to see Jasper Ravensbourne.' So he was sent for, and he came. He was very much altered since I had last seen him, and altered for the worse. That lowering look had deepened in his face; the lips were pale and compressed; and though his manner was less surety, yet I liked him no better than of old. I think he was startled when he saw my lady. When they last parted, she had been radiant with beauty and joy; now, as he looked at the wasted form before him, his cheek grew pale, and he leaned against a chair for support. He said very little; and except for the shrinking look with which he watched my lady, there was no pity or gentleness about him. When he rose to kiss her hand, looking wistfully at him: 'You had a brother and a little nephew once, Jasper; for their sakes, you must let me care for you.' But he only drew his hand from hers, and without a word, turned away, and never came again.

In the village he won no love, for he shut himself
up, except when some of his foreign friends came over to hunt and shoot with him; and though he gave away money plentifully, he never heeded who had it.

Up at the Hall, everything was changed. He had fitted up the music room for winter purposes, and in the park to raise money for the furnishing. It went to my heart to see the loads of timber going through the village, to remember how the old squire never would have a tree touched. The servants had nearly all left; all the stablemen, and among them my old enemy Foster, and most of the women; but still there—not in the house, though, but lodge-keeper at the gate, and she had her little girl now living at home with her. It used to try me to see her standing at the gate; for my lady had always said in old times that I must live there when I was past service; and the sight of her always reminded me how things had changed. I believe she had the place as a reward for remaining at the Hall; for Mr Ravensbourne had been very vexed at so many leaving. In spite of her good-fortune, she looked as low-spirited and nervous as ever; and did not seem to find much comfort in her child, foin though she was of her.

I was standing at our parlour-window one day watching Sally Weston, a nice bright-faced little girl, running merrily along for her work-bag in her hand, and wondering how the child kept up her spirits with such a sad mother, when suddenly she jumped from the raised footpath to cross the road, just a cart came rattling down the hill; and whether she lost her balance in the jump, or was startled at the driver’s shout, I don’t know, but down she fell, and the work-bag passed over her. I cried out, and my lady started up; and before I had time to think, we were both in the road beside the little girl. She was not insensible, though seemingly a good deal hurt, but the child was still as others gathered round, something was said about carrying her to the doctor’s.

My lady spoke: ‘My house is nearer; bring her there.’

So they carried her in, and laid her on the sofa, while some one fetched the doctor, and my lady sat by her, striving to soothe her fright. It was she who first remembered to send for the mother, and it seemed as if pity and anxiety had given her for the time new strength. The injury proved but slight; and when the mother came in with a white face, and bent over her, so tenderly if she was much hurt, the little thing was able to smile up in her face; and Mrs Weston turned to my lady with low but earnest thanks. ‘Isn’t she kind?’ I heard the child whisper; but her mother only kissed her, and hid her face in the pillow.

‘There’s not much the matter, I trust,’ my lady said gently; ‘but it is a pity to disturb her; let her stay here to-night, and go home to-morrow.’

But of this Mrs Weston would not hear. In vain we reminded her that the drive was a long one. She seemed now, that her alarm was still, only anxious to get the child away, and insisted on returning at once; and half an hour later they were off in a borrowed cart.

I have said that there was little change in our life; but now, as the months rolled on, I began to fancy that there was a change which it chilled my blood to think about, for I thought my lady was dying. Little by little, she had grown weaker and thinner; and though my fears sometimes left me for a time, they ever came back. She was very patient, very placid now; her manner was happy, I thought, as though she felt she would soon be with her boy. She lay for hours sometimes reading a few words, but more often napping, and even in her hand, or on her lap, a sketch, child’s drawing of a king’s face with laughing blue eyes and flaxen curls. I was not the only one who noticed the change; Jessie saw it; and Mr Harrington, too, when he came down from time to time. No one else ever came. My lady had been an only child, and her parents had long since died, so she was almost alone in the world, and there would be few of her own kin to grieve over her death. But to me the fear was enhanced, and I was scattered over the world; and though I had sorrowed for each of them, I had turned to them when I was comforted. I was fifty now, and ever since my girlhood, I had lived among the Ravensbournes, and loved them; and of all the Ravensbournes, she was the dearest and the best.

CHAPTER VI.

After this change became clear to me, I never left my lady when I could help it; and it was with much doubt that I made up my mind one summer evening, about nine months after little Sally’s accident, to go to Mrs Weston’s on the morrow about some needlework which I wanted her to undertake for me. She no longer lived at the lodge; for some reason—I did not know what—she had moved to a lonely cottage, quite on the other side of the park, and little Sally had left off coming to the Ravensbourne school.

I was sitting that night in my lady’s room, my eyes wandering among the lights which were dimly visible through the restless movements. It was growing late, but yet I could not bear to leave her, for this evening I had thought her feeble than usual. Long I listened, and then leaned back in my chair, thinking over the day we had spent together, until tired and exhausted by the heat, I fell asleep. I must have slept some hours, for when I woke, my lady’s watch pointed to four o’clock. I went softly to the open window; a faint gleam of light was in the sky, and a cool breeze blew upon my brow. I stood a few minutes enjoying it, and was just about to draw the curtain, and go to my own room, when a sound below startled me, and looking down into the garden I saw standing close by the gate a figure gazing intently at the house. My heart gave a bound of terror, for we were three lonely women; but as the person came softly forward, I saw that there was no cause for fear, though much for wonder, when I thought that she was within a quietly speaking voice answered: ‘Please, ma’am, it’s me—Sally Weston; and as she spoke, the child came close up to me, and I saw that it was indeed Mrs Weston’s daughter.

There was a minute’s silence; then a quick answering voice said, ‘O ma’am, mother’s so ill; she says she’s dying; and she would not let me fetch any one but you. She made me come to you, though it was all dark, and I was so frightened; and she wants you to go to her, and she is all alone.’

There came over me a strange feeling that I must go at once, quite of the hour, my lady, and every-thing. I could not think calmly, for the impulse was too strong, and I hastily wrapped a cloak round me, and fastened on an old bonnet which hung in the kitchen. Then I paused to think. My lady would probably not need me for some hours; Jessie was fast asleep. At first, I thought of rousing her; but my hasty flight seemed too tempting. I was not willing to speak it, and I might perhaps be back before she came down stairs; if not, I could explain when I returned; and so I set out, locking the door, and carrying off the key in my pocket, the child went silently down the road till we came to the lodge-gate, and I was just about to turn into the park, when she stopped me with her hand on my arm:
was innocent and happy in the days when I was a young farm-servant down in the west; but I married him, and then my misery began. Yet I bore all patiently for the sake of my two children, till I left him, and took service as a governess. Then my fortune went on fast. I left my husband with some little money, and went to France with him. I did not know it till afterwards; and there was I left in England penniless with my little babies to keep. I worked early and late for them, but I could earn very little, and very soon I heard them call for bread, which I could not give them. My heart was nearly breaking, when a neighbour offered to take the children for a year, while I went to earn a living in service, and if he could, to find my husband. She was a hard, rough woman, and asked large payments out of my wages; but what could I do? So I left my precious children with her, and easily found a place as maid to a lady just going to Paris. I told her my story, and she was very kind in helping me; and at last, after long seeking, I found my husband. He had left his first master, and was now with an English gentleman living in Paris. He was very angry with me for following him abroad, and swore that he would help neither me nor the children. Still I stayed, hoping that he might soften, though I seldom managed to see him; and at last, when I had been there for about five months, it seemed as if my new master was going to leave, for he came to me, and told me kindly that he wanted me to leave my mistress, and engage myself to his master. How light my poor heart grew; and enough of my mistress. Her husband, and warned me, I went with him gladly.

'Well, I saw my new master, Mr. Ravenbourne, and he took me at once, and for three days all went on quietly; and then I spoke again to my husband, and begged and prayed him with many tears to come back to England with me. He said little at the time; but the next day, when I was busy with my work, my master sent for me, and told me that he would promise to do something for him. I listened with a fresh hope in my heart, and answered that I would do anything, if only my husband would come home with me to our children. Mr. Ravenbourne looked at him, and then my husband came up to me and said that he would do what I pleased if I disobeyed Mr. Ravenbourne. I saw there was something still to be told, though I little dreamed what it was, and again I earnestly promised to do my utmost. Then Mr. Ravenbourne walked to the door, bolted it, and coming up to me, said, that I must first take an oath that, whether or no I did his will, I would never reveal it to living man; and oh, I took that dreadful oath, and now I am breaking it.

'I can't tell you how he then told me the wicked deed he had planned—that I should steal a little child from his home. I refused with horror, in spite of my husband's passion and Mr. Ravenbourne's cold anger. Then they tried another plan; they reminded me of my children, and held out fair promises of a home and money to feed and cloth them; and Mr. Ravenbourne said that the boy would be safe and well cared for, and that all he wanted was to get possession of Ravenbourne, and he made me decide whether some one else should be trusted. I was sure I should be well rewarded; but looking darkly at me, added: 'But if you fail me now, you shall suffer for it bitterly through your children.'
miserable days that followed! I dared not draw back, for his fierce words made me tremble for my own boy and girl, over whom I knew he could have power through my husband, and yet the thought of the deed to be done was with me day and night. Gradually I got used to it. Sorrow had hardened me; and the remembrance of how little any one had cared for my children, made me harder still. At the end of three weeks, I came back to England, and there I found my darling boy dying. I do not know that he had been ill-treated; but it was the last drop in my cup; and I went down to Ravensbourne, longing to do my work, and have my child with me, for I was well-nigh desperate at leaving him. I was set up as a dressmaker in the village till I could get a place at the house; and it was still there when my husband got engaged as grooms. Two months after, I came; but my heart ached me afloat when I saw that gentle lady and her child; and I could never bear to look at them afterwards. I think if my husband had not been there, I should have given up my place, but I feared him so. Well, at last he told me it must be done at once, lest the old squire should die first, and then there might have been suspicion. He would not tell me where he meant to take the child; but he swore he was not going to harm it, and added, laughing, that neither Mr Ravensbourne nor he had any notion of risking their necks in the matter. He had asked for a holiday for that day, and meant to hire a car at Hillborough, under pretence of driving to York and back, and then come and wait outside in the darkness for me to bring the boy to him; and now, how was the child to be got out of the house? We were talking in an outhouse; and I went slowly in, feeling that the hour had come. My husband was right; I had wits enough to find a way, though hardly wicked. I could use them; and even as I walked, a way came into my head. I stopped a little, but remembered my sick boy, and that some one else would do it if I did not; and turning back, bade my husband be at the laundry-door at nine o'clock.

That afternoon, when I came to your room, I had heard Master Gerald crying to go to the water, and that first put it into my mind to try to get him to tell Mr Ravensbourne about his little sister. Then I grew to think he had drowned himself. The evening came, and I stayed in my lady's room, filling the large wicker-baskets with clothes. I heard her go to bed in the nursery and call you, and then she went down, and the nurse came and went again. Now was my time; no one was likely to come up again just then, and I knew the servants were at supper. I listened at the door; all was quiet, and catching up my baskets, I hurried into the nursery. The child slept soundly, and hardly stirred as I lifted him from his crib, and laid him down in the basket among the clothes. Then I threw some more over him, and with desperate strength lifted the basket, and carried it off to the laundry. As I put my burden down, the latch of this door was lifted, and my husband looked in. I pointed to the basket, and he stepped up to it, and tossed off the clothes. The child was roused, and turned partly round, but in an instant my husband had caught him up, pressed him so close against his shoulder that he could neither struggle nor scream, and carried him away. I could bear no more, and catching up the little scarlet cloak which I had brought back, and perhaps threw it blindly into the stream, and as I did so, I heard the faint rattle of the wheels as the cart drove off. I heard that the light was still burning in the laundry, and running back, I turned all the clothes on to the shelf, put out the lantern, looked the door, and returned to the house. It seemed as if a wild courage had come to me, for I went calmly in to supper, and talked and laughed as though nothing had happened, till I saw her, and then, then I felt the agony that has never left me since. My heart was full through the poor sad days I had hoped for, the very next day I heard that my boy was dead. He had died while I was selling my very soul for his sake. Ah, how often I longed to tell, but dared not, for I feared to call the poor child to me. I could not tell any one where to find the child. Then Mr Ravensbourne came to England, and gave me a house and money, and sent for Sally; and he said the same things to me when he first came, and again after Sally's accident, and twice since when he has been here, for they have always doubted me, and dared not send me away out of their sight. Ah, I used to fear to see you, lest he should know; and then the thought of that dear lady's kindness to Sally was like a dagger to me. I have only seen my husband once for three years; for Mr Ravensbourne thought it safe that he should go, and right glad he was to be rid of me!

There was a sound down stairs, and Mrs Weston sprang up in bed. 'Tell me,' I said in agony, 'only tell me where the child is?' Her eyes were glassy and her breath came short: 'He is at Stapleford, in Hampshire. They think they don't know; but it chance that the post-boy one day gave me a letter that was meant for my husband, and I found out by that. I took it in my hand and looked at the left-hand corner there's a little box with a key in it.' I found it, and brought it to her. She lifted the lid, and within was a torn letter. She passed it into my hand. 'Take it, and find him out; and oh, forgive me, and be kind to my poor Sally.' It hastily called the child, for the woman was going fast, and did not know her. Once more she gasped: 'Don't visit it on Sally!' and five minutes after, she lay a corpse in my arms. I closed the eyes which had been looking so woe-begone into mine, composed her figure, and then turned to go, for I dared not delay a moment. I could not take the poor sobbing child with me, but promised to send some one at once; I dared not write or lose an hour, for Mr Ravensbourne might hear of my visit. So I unlocked the house-door, and went straight to the kitchen, where Jesse was singing over her work. I only told her I must go at once on a journey, and begged her to ask no questions, and say nothing about it till I came back, only to take the greatest care of my lady. Then I went to my own room, counted my stock of money, made up a bundle of clothes, and last of all, knocked at my lady's door. She was awake; and standing by her bedside, I told her that I had just heard news that would force me to leave her for a few days, and I asked her to spare me at once. I saw her surprise. 'Can't you tell me about it, Hannah?' she asked. 'Not now, dear. I fed a day perhaps I may, but I have no right to speak of it now; only I must make a long journey, and I have but very little money.' She pointed to the table. 'There is my purse; use it as you like; only come back soon, and kiss me before you go.' I bent over her, and for a moment I could scarcely keep back my tears, as I looked into her sweet ad
face. I had no gloomy fears for her now. She could not be going to die just when I was beginning her happy career of marriage, and was going to a cart to Hillborough. Last it should raise a talk in the village; so I turned by quiet lanes as fast as I could, only stopping as I turned out of the main street to let a few minutes. I went to the cottage in the park, for that Mrs Weston had been very ill the night before. The sun shone brightly as I got into Hillborough, and in an hour's time a cart was carrying me towards York; while I leaned back, trying to believe that Gerald was indeed alive, and thinking of all that had happened. It seemed months since I had slept so quietly in my lady's room, and now how much there was still to be done. I must make my way to London, find Mr Harrington, and get him to help; but oh! if I should not be in time; and again and again I looked back to see if I was followed. Late at night, we got into York. The coach started at six o'clock in the morning, so till then I must wait; and finding a decent lodging, I tried to sleep. But it was no use; the thought was in my mind that my lady might again be happy, that our darling was living, made me dizzy; and I paced the room, now picturing their meeting, now remembering Jasper Ravenbourne. His brother's words came to my mind, and I thought how little he had dreamed of such cruelty as this. At length the morning dawned, and we were off, and drew nearer minute by minute to London. That day passed, and the night drew towards a close, and my mind was more at rest, for we were only forty miles from London. The twilight was drawing on, and I had closed my eyes, and leaned back to rest my aching head, when a shout out of my mind roused me. The coach drew to one side, a travelling-carriage was drawn up beside us, and within it sat, as I saw in that instant, Mr Ravenbourne. The lamp shone full on his face; our eyes met, and I saw he knew me, and the next moment they were lost in the darkness.

CHAPTER VIII.

The terrible despair of that moment I can never forget. To lose all when it was almost in my grasp, to feel that my journey, which had seemed so successful, was now hopeless, was more than I could bear, and sick at heart, I pressed my forehead against the window as the coach rumbled on. Ten miles more, and then it stopped, and a rough country lad handed up a folded paper, calling out to the gentleman in the carriage. One more person was to be added. It was a newsboy, with a hat under his arm, who hailed me. 'Hannah Pearse' read out the guard, and I clutched the paper. Inside were the words: "If you see this letter, you will know the carriage is not to wait. You can have the yellow wheels; and oh, if it should be here before we get off! The people of the house were his friends; they would never have got up the boy if we had hesitated. But I did not wait there; and bidding the postboy drive up the narrow lane towards the farmhouse, I sat straining my eyes after the distant carriage. The lane was sheltered by trees, and they could scarcely see our chaise, I knew, as yet; but they were coming on fast. What should I do? I dared not go up to the farm, lest they should suspect; but at last I heard someone calling; there were voices, and Mr Harrington turned the corner with another, who seemed a farmer, and between them walked the boy we had mounted for three years—taller, browner, and in different dress, but still my own little master. I dared make no sign, for the man was eyeing me with doubtfull glances, while Mr Harrington quietly helped the boy in, and pressed something into the farmer's hand. Then he gave the order to drive on, and as we turned I saw the yellow wheels for an instant through the trees. We were just off, when the man hailed me. It is worse than useless for you to go on, since nothing would so instantly destroy the object of your journey. Should I take the warning? I shuddered at his threat; for I felt that now, on the brink of discovery, he would stop at nothing. Yet I could not return home without an effort. I took out the letter which I had cased in my bosom, and looked at it. It was ill-spelt and ill-written, and there was little in it beyond a demand for money for the child's keep, and at the end the signature—Ravenbourne—and the address. Mr Harrington's hands, and harrassed whispered: 'He is coming up the lane; we can never get past, unless we turn another way.' He understood in a moment. A little further on was another lane, branching off to the right, and leading towards London. If we could only reach it in time! Mr Harrington stood up, bade the postboy whip on his horses, and turn to the right. We reached it—we were round the corner, and loping on; then we both looked back. The yellow carriage passed the entrance to the lane before we were out of sight, but no one looked out of it, or saw us. We were safe! and falling back in the chaise, I fainted away.

It was long before I came to myself, feeling the cool air blowing on my brow, and Mr Harrington's voice speaking kindly. I opened my eyes, and there sat my darling Gerald, looking at me with wondering frightened eyes. We were near London, but we had come by by-lanes part of the way, to avoid Mr Harrington. All was safe, as Mr Harrington assured me; and I believed him. Gradually, the child seemed to know me, and clung to me when I
kissed and fondled him, looking up at me with his mother’s eyes. We settled that I should go home first to prepare my lady; and after a night’s rest at Mr Harrington’s, I started, and on the sixth evening after my departure, I saw him pacing by the little green gate, and oh, how happy I was! My lady gave a cry of pleasure at the sight of me, and holding out her hands, drew me to her. She asked a few questions, but she only said that all was right, and I would tell her to-morrow; and so we parted for the night, for I could not trust myself just then to speak the jest.

All the next morning, I kept as much as possible away from her, lest the strange joy in my manner should reveal anything too soon. I heard from Jessie that Mr Ravensbourne had been away, and had not yet returned; but I said nothing to her, for I did not well know how much of the story to tell; so I went about my usual work, and attended on the lady till she awoke in the day, and then I went into the parlour with my work, and sat down by her side. It was nearly sunset, and before evening closed, they would be with us; yet I knew not how to begin without a shock, which might kill her, for now, as I looked in her face, I felt how little she could bear. The first words were from her. ‘Now, Hannah, tell me about your journeys.’ I said that it had all been called to see one whom I had never hoped to meet again. It had been a great joy, a great surprise; and I went on to say how startling even a glad surprise sometimes was—how much better it would be if we were prepared for anything. She answered me quietly, and I saw that my words did not come home to her, and I was troubled. Then I tried afresh, saying that a little surprise was waiting her, as Mr Harrington would be with her that evening. I had met him in town, and he wanted to see her on business; and she answered that she should be glad, for he was always kind. ‘Indeed he is,’ I said; and he has grieved sorely for you. He was speaking to me yesterday; I pursued, trying to check the trembling of my voice, and I said, his grief was nothing ever been found. He said it sometimes gave him hope.

My lady’s hand was on my arm instantly, and she whispered hoarsely: ‘Hannah, how can you talk of hope? Do you forget my anguish because I bear it silently? How can you be so cruel?’ And leaning forward, she covered her face with her hands, the tears fell on the clock; it pointed to seven; in ten minutes they would be here; yet she was the first to speak. ‘Forgive me, Hannah, but you don’t know what terrible suffering it is. I have tried to be resigned, but I cannot speak of hope.’ ‘Dear madam,’ I said, ‘I would not speak of it without cause—but such strange things happen: the lost come home, and the dead are found alive.’

There was a sound of coming wheels, and my heart beat like a hammer. My lady looked at me with a strange light in her blue eyes. ‘Hannah,’ and her voice was almost fierce, ‘you know something—you have heard of my child. The wheels came nearer, then stopped, and bending over her, I said: ‘I do know. He is not drowned—he is alive and well.’ I looked up; two figures stood in the doorway. ‘He is here, dear lady; speak to him.’

With a wild cry, she started to her feet, and that same minute Mr Harrington put the boy into her arms. There was a dead silence, and when she lifted her face, it was almost ghastly. ‘Where am I?’ she asked slowly. ‘Is he alive? Am I alive? Say it again,’ she repeated, as we told her; and then she stepped over him with passionate kisses and hugging looks at the bright boy’s face. Suddenly she tottered. ‘How was it? Tell me! Oh, I am dying!’ and as I threw my arm around her, she fell almost senseless against me.

I laid her on the sofa, bathed her temples, and then as life came slowly back to her, I whispered to Mr Harrington that it would be best to leave her alone with her boy. So we two crept away, and left him alone. ‘I am sitting close by,’ I told him. His cousin had told him much, and his blue eyes were full of pity and softness as he watched her. We went and sat on the stairs, listening anxiously, but quiet, and after while I went to the door, and looked in. My lady lay, with a radiant smile on her white face, listening to the child’s low talk, and never turning her eyes from him, and I left them again. When I came over the second time, the boy had fallen asleep with his head against her arm, and she was watching him, her eyes bright with excitement. I dared not disturb her, and yet I feared, I feared. Once more I peeped in, and this time her head had fallen back on the pillow, and she slept calmly, with a half-smile upon her placid face. So we left them together all that night; and the next morning I found she was, there was a smile upon her lip and a sparkle in her eye which I had not seen for many a day. That morning, a letter was brought me; I opened it, and read: ‘You have triumphed at last, but I have had a long revenge for old insults and injuries. I shall not return to Ravensbourne. You will hear of me no more.—J. R.’

When I showed this to my lady, she only said that she was happy, and forgave him, now that she had her boy again. In a few weeks, we all went back to Ravensbourne. For the sake of the family honour, my lady wished that little should be told, and nothing was ever known certainly in the village but that the boy whom we had thought drowned, had been found alive and far away from home. For fourteen happy years we lived at Ravensbourne, and then my dear lady died in her own home, and with her son beside her. After that, I came to live at the lodge, for Mr Harrington had carried me in his arms, and I was always with her when she was at Ravensbourne. Sally Weston came with me. She had always lived at the Hall in my lady’s time, and she had been to the death, and she was very fond of us both.

Before her, we never spoke of old times.

I suppose it must have been eight years after we went back to Ravensbourne, that a letter came in a strange handwriting from America. It was written by a backwoodsman, to say that one who had worked at his comrade was lately dead, and that an old penet who had married her had been drowned, and that he was happy in Ravensbourne, Ravensbourne Park. No one had known anything of him, so they wrote to Ravensbourne; and this was the last we ever heard of him.

BE SURE, YE RICH.

Be sure, ye rich, who dwell in splendid halls,
And make a summer there in winter’s weather,
While the gyrating snow so gently falls,
And clothes with beauty mountain pine and heather—

Be sure, ye rich, who banquet on the best
That Nature yields, and precious gold can buy,
Who on the softest down supply repose—
Regardless how the moments hurry by—

Be sure, ye rich, whose forms are warmly clad,
Defended from the cold and arrowy sleet
That smites the wand’rer in the open glade,
And the poor outcast in the wind-swept street—

Be sure ye make some heart with pleasure glow.
Some lips a blessing from this season cold,
For if thou’rt deaf unto the cry of woe,
A curse will haunt thy more than useless gold. J. R.

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MELIBEUS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WATER.

MELIBEUS is one of those very few indomitable and enterprising explorers who have penetrated from the west end of London into Victoria Park. That he underwent many perils and privations may be easily understood, for he travelled by the Roundabout Railway. He has a habit of collecting all the information of having been taken out of the train at a place called—could it be so?—Balls Pond, in company with many interesting persons, and forced to wait there while the same train went away and came back again. I have in vain endeavoured to shake, by cross-examination, the testimony of my unfortunate friend upon this point; his assertions have been consistent and invariable.

'It went away, sir, and played about on the other line without once going out of sight, and then it came back again, and we resumed our seats. Perhaps it was in boastful defiance of any down-train which might chance to be coming; perhaps it was a scenic display provided by the directors for our delectation—although I do hope not, since it happened upon a Sunday—but whatever the motive, the fact was as I describe.'

The handsome character of the route; the cheerful appearance of the stations, combining the discomfort of the log-hut with the picturesque qualities of railway architecture; the habit of looking up everybody who wanted to get away until the train was gone, and then leaving them off at once through a narrow gate, like a gun with a charge too great for the barrel—all this he describes with a fidelity even more minute than usual. There was nobody to take off his attention by conversation, for nobody would go with him. Companionship on such an expedition was too severe a test for modern friendship, and Melibeus was alone. At last he arrived at that bourne, I do not say from which no traveller ever returns, but to which no traveller ever returns if he can help it; he reached Victoria Park. Once there, his elastic spirits recovered themselves; he had taken a return-ticket, but had decided to sacrifice the difference, and go back in an omnibus, so that the back-journey was off his mind. The sight of so many hundreds enjoying themselves; breathing an air that is unknown in their squalid courts; walking in gardens and shrubberies, who, but for this East London Lung, would have been loitering in those waste places strewed with oyster-shells, which—a sort of land-slugula—disfigure all suburban neighbourhoods. All these things delighted his philanthropic eye. He regarded, with a pleasure unintelligible to those who live for themselves only, the appliances for the health and enjoyment of an over-worked and over-crowded community: the diving-boards—for it was scarcely winter yet—in the ornamental ponds; the gymnastic-ground, with its bars and swings for youthful Leotards; and the beautiful fountain, itself a vision from fairy-land, which has arisen from the earth here, as in so many other places, at the touch of Miss Coutts's benevolent wand. There were Sabbath-breakers in the Roten Row of the place, it is true, ranging from aristocratic publican three in a gig, down to the coxcomber in his very open carriage drawn by an ass; but these were few and far between, outnumbered fifty to one by the wicked of Hyde Park. The behaviour of all was unexceptionable: no carving of names, no plucking of flowers, no damaging of fences, with which misdeemours the British public has been so long and so unjustly associated. The head of the family carried the youngest but one upon the shoulder, most remote from his short pipe; the wife carried the baby; the mother-in-law carried a basket full of green apples, wherefrom she regaled, at intervals, the whole party, which included three other children, two of whom were already earning something for themselves in the world, for their coppers rattled in their pockets as they moved, like the arrows in Apollo's quiver. Such was the usual domestic group. But there were also lovers, in cotton and corduroy, very pleasant to behold, to whom the twittering of the London sparrows—who had come out for the day too, and made the artificial islands echo again with their shrill pippings—was doubtless as the murmuring of doves. Each swain treated his goddess with occasional ginger-beer, which must have been rather cold to the interior, but the extraction of the cork (accomplished by all hands) was an excitement that diffused a glow through both.

Melibeus came back from the east delighted with the inhabitants. 'They are as well behaved as any born Belgravians,' protested he with enthusiasm. 'If you ask the door-keepers at the Crystal Palace, who know what it is to be torn in pieces by a half-guinea mob,' replied I, 'they will tell you that is no great compliment. The shilling-days are their quiet times.'

'Now, what sort of theatres do these good people patronise?' inquired Melibeus thoughtfully. 'I should like to see the glorious melodrama conjure up the shades of years' in their society: I should like to go to their penny-gaffs.'

'Goodness gracious!' cried I, 'what words are these? What has a magistrate to do with penny-gaffs, unless to put them down? Permit me to discriminate for you, my benevolent friend. But perhaps, worse than even the melodramas you speak of ever
depicted, haunt the dens called “gaffs,” which, besides, are now under the ban of the law. That class of worthy people with whom you have fallen in love are never seen there. They take their pleasures out of the transportine theatres—the temples of the drama on the other side of the water. The nearest of these is three shillings off by cab. There is the ‘Vic,’ whose name in full is a tribute to our gracious sovereign; and there is the Surrey.

‘I have heard of them,’ returned Melibeus peevishly; ‘I desire to visit neither of those marble halls. I want to go where it is all stucco; where evening-dress is shirt-sleeves and a paper-cap.’

‘Good, said I. ‘Put on your worst clothes; leave your watch here; make your will; and go and enjoy yourself.’

‘And you,’ said Melibeus with pathos, ‘you desert me, do you? Well, Well! Break, break, poor heart!’ and he placed his hand on the spot which the drama has always assigned to that organ, as if to restrain its throbings. A transportine manager would have given him an engagement at a pound a week upon the instant. For my part, I was quite unable to resist, and gave in at once with tears in my eyes.

‘There is a Tower in Slanger’s Alley, Rood Street,’ said I, ‘upon the Surrey side, for I remember reading the title, with wonder, one afternoon when I lost my way in that locality. The vulgar call it “the Tip,” as being a tip-top or exclusive place of amusement, patronised by the best circles only. An orchestra-stall, however, as I gathered from the bills, might be retained there the whole of the evening for ninetysixpence.’

‘That is the theatre for my money!’ cried Melibeus, clapping his hands—half-price will not be ruinous. We have our own idiosyncrasies.’

The ‘Tip’ was situated in a singular neighbourhood; there was a chapel immediately opposite, devoted to the rather exceptional sect of religionists called Jumpees; a few doors east was pitched a Mormon tabernacle; a few doors west, a white-walled Ebenezer put in its claim to the attention of this Tip-frequenting generation. A region of strange faiths and gallery-gods. Next door resided a genethetical astronomer. Melibeus, who is proud of his acquaintance with the ancient classics, explained to me that this meant an astrologer; and mighty convenient it must have been for any dramatic syro, who had only to step round the corner to learn whether he was born to be a star or no. The Tip was of large dimensions, but of no great architectural beauty. It was, however, excellently adapted for bill-sticking, and thereby fulfilled its mission, which is sometimes not the case with edifices of greater pretension. The hills were not stuck on here and there, like patches upon the cheek of beauty, but papered the whole front from top to bottom, as the apartments of some lunatics are papered with postage-stamps. The colours in which these were printed were various as those of the rainbow, but the words were the same in all. From every one we learned that our proposed orchestra-stalls were ‘better than the private boxes of any other theatre;’ that in the dress-circle boxsets were permitted—a gracious privilege, which seemed rather superfluous, inasmuch as the majority of the ladies who thronged the box-office as we came up did not possess those articles of luxury. The nobility and gentry were also respectfully informed, in good-sized type, that no individual, however exalted might be at his social rank, would be admitted in a state of intoxication; and it was especially emphasised, that no bottles were to be brought in by any person. This final ordinance was not directed, as we apprehended, against any prevalent practice of throwing such missiles as bottles at actors who might fail to afford satisfaction, but formed with a view of protecting vested rights. All sorts of liquors were sold in the theatre, and the habit of bringing them in was felt, therefore (by the proprietor) to be peculiarly reprehensible.

A private box, to our astonishment and indignation, was not to be had under five-and-sixpence, even at that comparatively late period of the evening, but having secured stalls, and ascended certain rickety steps, we found a tariff very considerably lower.

‘Stalls!’ said the box-keeper, taking a rapid, critical glance at our appearance, ‘why not have a private box, gent? You shall have the stage-box for two shillings.’

Melibeus elevated his eyebrows at me, as much as to say ‘Cheap, isn’t it?’ but his action was misinterpreted by the official, and saved us sixpence.

‘Well, gent, then let us say eighteen-pence, and a bill of the play in.’

The ordinary stage-box of a theatre is familiar to most people; an elegant den, all velvets and gold, much desiderated by admirers of the poetry of motion. Let the reader dismiss this gorgeous vision from his mind at once. The stage-box of the ‘Tip’ had but few meretricious ornaments, and instead of a silk fringe depending from its front, there was a dusky margin exactly so far down as the human hand is accustomed to hang. Nor was this an adornment peculiar to our box. This is the fashion with all round the theatre—a broad black ribbon, with here and there a tassel, where some unusually tall individual had displayed the tattoo of his legs. The playbill, framed in the letter F, was stuck in a frame, which hung from the dress-circle, along with an intimation that smoking was prohibited; nor could the plea that the play were to be read be advanced in his favour, since he was perpetually selecting information from his playbill, and retailing it at the top of his voice. This oldman nodded confidentially to us as we took our seats, and drank our very good liquors with many extraordinary compliments, not only upon ourselves but on our respective families.

Melibeus nodded at him good-humouredly in return, and protested to me that he would not have missed these courtesies for a five-pound note; but afterwards, as will be seen, a coolness arose between himself and the oldman, and their parting was less friendly than their meeting.

Both galleries were densely crowded, so that everybody divested himself of what he could, and the front-rails showed like a pawnbroker’s shop, so thickly was it hung with coats, and shawls and bonnets. In the intervals between the acts, the young people, too, made themselves unnecessarily warmer by engaging in some amusement resembling at a distance, ‘Hunt the Slipper;’ but there was neither drunkenness nor quarrelling; and when the performance was renewed, the spacious hall might have had a pin drop, if such an incident had happened to occur. The curtain (in evident imitation of that at the Haymarket) represented...
some classical subject, wherein a man, on a rude sort of truck, was addressing a pastoral audience, some of whom, instead of paying any attention to him, were smoking their toasts gloriously. I approved it to have the inauguration of the first railway under the religious auspices of the god Terminus; and before I had done admiring this ingenious explanation, the cork rose unprepared.

The Chain of Guilt was already finished, and the audience (for we heard the cheering as we entered) could not have received it more enthusiastically had it been a gold one. But there was, we were glad to find, another startling melodrama yet to come, in The Murder at Twelvetrees Cope.

'I wonder whether it was at Mr Harper Twelvetrees's Cope?' inquired Melibeus, at which I having the impudence to titter a little, 'Silence!' thundered the gallery-gods.

Unlike the fashionable frequenter of the operas or the Princess, the audience of the 'Tip' will permit no interruptions whatsoever; no, not so much as the flirt of a fan, or rather of a playbill, for fans are there unknown. Why they do not come while away an evening, but to enjoy a catastrophe. They would not miss one Bass threat from the pit of the chief villain's stomach (which is full of the same); they would garner every pearl of that facetso string of them in which the heroine appeals to Heaven to frustrate all dishonourable intentions; they would watch with undivided attention every stealthy step of the assassin, every superfluous brandish of his dagger; they would drink in his 'Hast', his 'Hos', and his 'Now is my time, minions!' They hang upon every gesture with which the mortally wounded hero ekes out, to an extent beyond all medical experience, the last moments of his well-spent life.

It may be easily imagined, therefore, that our friend in the oil-line, who had by this time exchanged the genial stage of elevation for the sordid, and was criticising the actors, and especially the actresses, at the top of his voice, was by no means sympathised with; and, indeed, his remarks must have been embarrassing enough to those who were the objects of them.

'Elp, 'elp, but 'ow?' exclaimed the white-robed maiden, flying across the stage with her finger-nails in her forehead, to signify distraction, while her lover was being roasted over a slav fire by bandits in a neighbouring dingle.

'Why, call the rural police, can't ye?' retorted the oilman contemptuously; 'or else where's the good of the constable?'

A great cry of 'Turn him out' arose at this, and in common with the rest of the audience, Melibeus laughed at the indignation through his eye-glass.

'Can't yer believe yer own eyes?' inquired the brawler, addressing himself to my admirable friend, then turning to the angry crowd, he added: 'Order, order—no inter—' he was a long while in accomplishing this word by reason of hiccup—'no interruption of the performance, ladies and gentlemen.'

'So young, so fair,' ejaculated the friendly huntsman (in Lincoln green), catching sight of the maiden in her perplexity; 'so fair, so young!' 'O my!' exclaimed the oilman with unusual distinctness of utterance. 'Why, she's forty if she's a day. Look how precious bald she's a gettin' at the back of her 'ed.'

The indignation of Melibeus at this ungracious speech was profound, and his countenance expressed it. Perhaps the contempt of such a man was felt by its object to be harder to bear than the frantic resentment of the throng. At all events, without even desiring to take the oilman divided his sarcasms from henceforth between the stage-box and the stage.

We were also the object of another individual's almost exclusive attention. Every five minutes or so, a modest rap was heard at our door, and then would partially enter (for there was not room for the whole of her) a dingy female, to insist upon our taking a refreshment. We refused to do so again and again, upon the plea of a very recent dinner; but when she explained that the results of our patronage were all that she and five small children had to 'look to,' we gave in to her solicitations. 'Sherry-wine, port-wine, brandy and water, and bitter beer,' said she, were all to be had, 'and all of the very best vintages.' As we had never heard of the bitter-beer vintage, we tried that. If Mr Bass could have tasted it, and then read his own name and trade-mark on the bottle, he would have had a fit, I'm sure.

After this the performance having been suffered to proceed without interruption for some minutes, we felt convinced that our friend must be doing some mischief. Accordingly, we leaned forward to get a look at him. His head was bowed as if in sleep, but upon close inspection, we could perceive a little wraith of smoke ascending from his boots.

'He has set himself a light,' exclaimed Melibeus, horror-struck.

'He has only lit his pipe,' said I with a sigh of disappointment. At that moment, the wretch came up to breathe what was by comparison fresh air, and his eyes met ours.

'You put that out, my friend,' remarked Melibeus gravely. 'I am not going to be burned in my box for your amusement.'

'Never shall I forget,' observed the maiden (her voice so failing with simulated terror that the upper gallery cried: 'Speak up, the look of suppressed vengeance in that rolling eye. "Beware of him, my best-loved Crawley," said I; "beware of him," and it is now too late. Oh, horror! is look 'ants me now; its watchword Blood, and Death its countersign!"

Thus, in the appropriate words of the very drama before us, glared the oilman, pipe in hand, at Melibeus.

'If he looks at me like that any more,' exclaimed my friend of the unequal machismo, 'I'll get down and punch his head.'

As the countenance of the oilman was growing more diabolic every instant, and as I knew my Melibeus too well to doubt that he would be as good as his word, it was with much relief that I saw two quiet-faced persons make their way to each side of the offending gentleman, crush his pipe under foot, pinion his arms, and bear him half-way across the pit, before their object could be divined with certainty by the populace.

Then a great cry of 'Peelers' arose, and the excitement became something tremendous. The murder in Twelvetrees Cope was executed, I hope, with due regard to the unities, but I saw nothing of it, so superior is the interest of real life to that of a scenic representation. The audience, which had been dead against the oilman hitherto, was now as unanimous in his favour. The honest mechanic with his 'old woman,' who had hitherto regarded any interruption of the performances as the very gravest midsummer, and the very falls of the autumn; as fraudulent curtailments of their money's worth; the bright-eyed little girl with the heavy baby in her charge, who had sucked in every syllable of the play, as though it had been toffy; these patient and exemplary folk joined in with the rest in asserting the liberty of the subject. The gallery embodied its sentiments in pellets of bread and cheese, and finally, as the officers were concluding their task of expunging with a perfect rain of hats and caps. Not, however, that any person had public spirit enough to sacrifice his own, but everybody seized his neighbour's and cast it down upon the mingled heads of the policemen and their prey. When all was smooth again, and the troubled waters, singularly enough, alleging by the removal of the oilman, the recovery of these fallen hats became the comedy of the evening. A chain of many-
coloured handkerchiefs was formed by voluntary contribution, and the property of each was made fast to it, and borne aloft.

'Such pleasant is it,' remarked Melibous, 'to see the very scene performed which we remember in the Rejected Addresses:

'Like Iris' bow, down darts the painted gleam,
Starred, striped, and spotted, yellow, red, and blue,
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin now.
George Green below, with palpitating hand,
Loops the last kerchief to the bearer's hand—
Up soars the prize! The youth, with joy unsighed,
Regained the felt, and felt what he regained.'

'Apply quoted, Melibous. But is not this rival comedy upon the stage oppressive? Let us go. 'It is strange,' added I, when we had got out of doors, 'how ignorant of wit is that otherwise intelligent audience: it is only buffoonery which takes with them.'

'True,' returned he; 'but how much sadder would it be to see them witty and wicked, like the Parisian poor. There was not one bad principle sympathised with in either play, or a single vigorous sentiment which missed its mark. Above all, we might have taken our sisters to the "Tip" without offence. Mistresses Hannah More might herself have sat there without a blush from first to last.'

'Very true, Melibous; although, I confess, I don't think she would have liked the olman.'

HOW TO MAKE EMPTY JAILS.

When a benevolent Society has existed for a year or two without pecuniary collapse or exposure in the Times newspaper, we may generally conclude it to be founded on healthy principles. Mismanagement of affairs; defalations in the revenue, or at least something tremendous under the head of Sundries, in the debtor side of its accounts; a passing allusion in the Punch; public meetings convened, and nobody there—all these are the mesasies and chicken-pox to which a philanthropical institution is always exposed in its infancy, and to which, if it is rich in constitution, it is almost certain to succumb. If it lives over its first twelvemonth, we may conclude that it deserves to grow up altogether.

The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society is one which may be said to have cut its teeth upon public ridicule. All kinds of hard, cold things were poked at the undisputed child by people who should have known better. 'Help prisoners! Pooh, pooh; help honest men,' was the general remark when he was christened. There was a certain Latter-day Pamphlet which seemed to have been propheticallly directed against him before he was born. He was the actual Beast, in embryo, of one of Mr Thomas Carlyle's books of Revelations. Kind-hearted persons, who could not stand by being laughed at, sent their subscriptions to the D. F. A. S, under false initials, to which, since it has been a success, we daresay many unscrupulous persons have laid claim. In very evil times for philanthropy, when ticket-of-leave men were in particularly bad odour, and he who had been in a prison was looked upon by those who had not as a sort of moral leper, incurable, and not to be touched, this Society dared to hold out its hand to the outcast, and say: 'For the future, be thou clean.' We spoke a good word for it in this Journal more than three years ago, when it was in want of encouragement from all quarters; but since then it has become famous. The Times is at least on paragraph-terms with it; the other dailies have now and then a leader in its favour. The most fashionable of magazines has extended its kid-gloved fingers, and patted it on the back. Nay, government officials themselves, who are not generally found advocating amateur institutions, or willing to cooperate with their endeavours, have passed the highest encomiums upon its usefulness.

'The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society,' says Sir Joshua Jebb, the director of convict prisons, 'is doing a greater amount of good than I can find words to express, and with very limited resources.' In his evidence recently given before the Select Committee on Transportation, he mentions this Society as one of the principal and permanent causes of the diminution of crime. 'We are discharging,' says he, 'more convicts than we are receiving.' These are golden words, and worth all those arguments falsely deduced from Political Economy—that Swiss of logic, which, good and true itself, is so often found in arms upon the wrong side—by which even well-meaning men will excuse themselves for keeping their pockets shut. In proportion as this Society increases, there are apartments to let in her Majesty's jails.

Let us see how this result is effected. Every person whose conduct in a convict prison has been satisfactory is entitled, upon leaving it, to a gratuity from government for work done while in durance. Over this sum, often a very considerable one, the discharged prisoner who accepts the assistance of the Society gives up all immediate control, and places it entirely at the disposal of the committee, to be laid out as they think best. This surely affords very strong evidence of a wish to live honestly for the future; for, setting aside any desire of redeeming his past, in his act of nothing (which is by no means without its attractions), there cannot but be a great temptation—greater by far than that for succumbing to which we all par- don Jack ashore—to enjoy one's self a little upon our property, after an incarceration of, it may be, many years. Instead, however, of squandering their gratuities in idleness and dissipation, many—nearly eight hundred in this present year—are found willing to be guided into the path of honesty, which does not lie straight before the man who comes out of prison, and is crossed by obstacles at every turn. The Society buys stock for such as these, with their own money, to set them up in some small way of business; or, by its agents, does its utmost to procure work suitable for them, and in the event of their not obtaining such immediately, advances from the same source the funds necessary to maintain them in the mean time. By thus expending the men's own money on themselves, and ascertaining beyond doubt that the greater portion of it is devoted to honest purposes, the Society does a good work, for which alone it would be worthy of the public support. Upwards of £8000 of gratuities were lodged in the Society's hands last year, and thus expended, which would have otherwise gone into the pockets of undeserving men and women, or been still more unremonstratively laid out (as far as the public are concerned) in the purchase of crowbars and skeleton keys.

But where the Society does its greatest good is in aiding discharged prisoners to emigrate. Notwithstanding all the charitable teachings of our religion, the man who has once slipped on the highway of Rectitude finds it difficult to regain his footing. His fellow-travellers henceforth look on him askance. Nor can we wonder at this. Honesty is to the mechanic or the labourer what virtue is to a woman, or honour
and reputation to the upper classes. If a gentleman is caught cheating at cards, his acquaintances no longer associate with him, notwithstanding that he may have expressed contrition, or have partially expiated his offence by having kicked down the club stairs. It is better, then, that the discharged prisoner should seek some new ground, where either persons have too good taste to inquire into the antecedents of others, or residing in glass-houses themselves, take care not to throw stones.

Even for the purposes of emigration, the prisoners' gratuities, judiciously applied, are generally found sufficient; but where they are not, the Society makes good the deficiency.

Cases are only undertaken at all which are recommended by the prison authorities, or the particulars of which, having been furnished at the request of the Society, are thought to be sufficiently good to justify the assistance sought to be obtained. Nor should this be objected to upon the ground that it leaves the worst cases unlooked; that it calls the righteous, and not simply those who have been guilty; that the prisoners must be supported to the disposal of the Society, it would be foolish, indeed, to waste their all upon the most unpromising characters.

Some future day, perhaps, it may feel itself strong enough to give a leading figure up of itself, but, in the meantime, it is not unreasonable that it should confine itself to those whose moral malady affords some hope of cure. The aforesaid Society, which is under the direction of honorary officers, as well as by paid agents, continues the work of reformation at the point where the prison influence ceases.

With regard to female cases, it was found necessary, for obvious reasons, to provide a small house where women could at once repair on their discharge from prison. There they remain for a limited time, until suitable situations or other suitable employments, are provided for them; or until, under favourable circumstances, they are enabled to emigrate. The maintenance of this house, with its matron, &c., &c., of course entails a large expenditure, and the women's gratuities being much smaller than the men's, the Society is almost always obliged to render them pecuniary assistance, besides supporting them for a time before they are otherwise provided for. The committee, indeed, are apprehensive that this portion of the good work will have to be abandoned, owing to its great expense, unless a large increase to the funds shall justify its continuance, notwithstanding the great and permanent benefit that has been derived by many women, who are doing remarkably well in various situations.

It is to prevent this most important branch of usefulness being altogether suspended, that the society has determined that they once more bring this Society under the notice of our readers. Of its good intentions, few persons, we suppose, have ever entertained a doubt; of its good effects, there is now abundant proof. In its first year of existence, 141 cases were undertaken by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society; in the next, 425; in the next, 640; and from May 1860 to March 1861, no less than 779.

Innumerable letters, written to its officials by discharged prisoners who have emigrated, or obtained situations, to its benevolence, with the lives, justly testify their gratitude; while others from their employers, evidence that its aid has not been thrown away. There is a genuine and natural air of thankfulness, generally partaking of the bread of honesty—about all these epistles of acknowledgment, quite different from that pious hypocrisy with which our prison-chaplains are so unhappy familiar in most cases under their charge.

As the Society's work increases, its staff has to be enlarged; and from the great number of applicants at present seeking its assistance, considerable additions in this respect must be made. Yet the committee feel that they would not be justified in sanctioning such additions unless they are encouraged to do so by further donations and subscriptions to the funds of the Society.

It remains, therefore, for the public to assist a work which is obviously for the public good.

BABY OR NO BABY.

Babies look helpless little things, and I believe, from casual observation, that they are so; still they work wonders. To say nothing of the numbers of lodgers whom they cause to vacate their apartments, they are useful in many other ways. They give employment to doctors and nurses, midwives, unaccompanied, and female cousins; they are considered fair game for caresses and endearment by all the feminine gender who can find no better vent for their amiable disposition. They are a perfectly legitimate introduction between lady-travellers, who would otherwise sit in silence, mutually calculating the market value of what the other has on, and between widowers and sympathising spinster.

The united geniality displayed to a man, and how old they are, and how much they weigh, and whether they have any hair on their heads when they were born, and how many hours they sleep in the day, and whether they take their 'little' suppers, and how ambrosial they are, and what sort of dressing they wear, and the condition of the bedding, and the stencils, and the foaming of the whey, and the fomentations, and the expectoration, and the indigestion, and the convulsions, and the convulsions—this is pleasant amusing and harmless recreations to all sorts of elegant young ladies, but gall and wormwood to envious bachelors, who have no chance of being able to secure such treatment, even though they should condescend to imitate what seem to them the more prominent characteristics of the infant, by appeasing the conduct of David at the court of King Achish. Moreover, babies have a tendency to grow up into men and women, to increase the population, to the indignation of Mal husbands, to overstock the labour-market, and to make it more difficult than ever to gain an honest livelihood. It cannot be 'denied, therefore, that they are very important little creatures.

This importance, however, is differently appreciated in different ranks of life. If it have pleased Providence to afflict a man with a cumbersome amount of property, or with a title of Right Honourable, or anything of that kind, I have been told that the baby is welcomed by both papa and mamma with great joy and thanksgiving, and turned into as many cribs, and cars and watchted over with as much circumspection—except that no policeman is employed—as the most valuable colt in a racing-stud; whilst a she-baby—especially if it have been preceded by other she-babies—is not made of much account. If a man be provided with only a moderate income, depending upon his talents and his perseverance, I have observed that he-babies and she-babies are alike received with glee, but apparently with more genuine delight upon the part of mamma than of papa. It is much the same with those who earn a humble but sufficient livelihood; they may be steeped in poverty, you may have noticed that babies of both genders are held to be an unmitized nuisance. You may have read in the papers that they are sometimes accidentally left upon the street, and it has been whispered that there is a deep-dyed plot in leaving babies to nurse other babies, whilst they romp and play amongst cars, and omnibuses, and railway vans. But I am concerned with the good, not the ill effects of babies; and the rank of life which was the subject of my experience in that respect is the third of my division.

My observation leads me to conclude that when a baby is born in a family whose poverty does not descend to absolute indigence, all the women
connected with that family consider a glorious feast has been performed; and not only the women con-
ected with the family, but the neighbours: every woman seems to be interested in the matter, and
to be elated with the idea that there are babies about.
All work is for the time suspended, and women who have been for weeks at daggers drawn,
lay aside their animosities for a season, and gossip gladly upon the subject of Mrs Goo-lightly having
had a baby. If she had the cholera morbus, they couldn't shew more excitement, and scarcely more
satisfaction. And yet it is not so very surprising that a
married woman should have a baby; the contrary,
I've been informed, would be a more legitimate cause
for wonder, not to say admiration. However, facts
are against that statement; and the difference of
behaviour on the part of her own sex towards a
married woman who has not for some time fulfilled
her destiny, and ultimately arrives at the state and
condition of a mother, is remarkable. Never in my
life did I know so great a change brought about by
a baby as in the case of Hanmer Marier Ivins.
The clergyman wrote it Anna Maria Evans; but
he was a pompous man, priding himself upon his
scholarship, and upon his own responsibility spelt
the names of his parishioners after a fashion which had no
warmth in their pronunciation. At anyrate, the
young lady called herself, and her belongings called
her, Hanmer Marier Ivins, and I, not wishing to
appear peculiar, always called her Hanmer Marier
too. Now my lambs—till—for two sisters do me the
honour of letting me apartments—have living at a little
village called W——, on the Eastern Counties line, a
brother who fulfills in his own person the functions of
a small shoemaker and parish constable. His name
is George Badger. But you have no doubt seen it in
the newspaper in connection with a late famous event.
Georgina was captured with assistance, and delivered
in the lock-up, a lad whom he had taken red-handed
—he didn't wear gloves—in the act of sleeping in the
open air—not so much from choice as from a delib-
erate lack of it. They did not pay for a bed; and so
as sensible of Badger's spirited conduct were the
intelligent county magistrates, that they sentenced the
offender to three weeks' imprisonment. It was not to
be endured in a free country, said they, that lads
should be homeless and penniless, and lie under hay-
stacks, and commit no offences. If they would wander
about the country seeking work, and sleep—as is
commendable in those who have no occasion to do so—
shame, rather than give trouble to the officers of the
union, they must take the consequences. It is all
very well for gentlemen with money in their pockets
to tramp about the country in the summer and
autumn months, and pass the night in nooks of
mountains and all sorts of out-of-the-way places; but
vagabonds without means must be taught better
manners. In the former case, there is no necessity for
it, and it consequently looks Hardy; in the latter,
there is great, and it therefore looks suspicious.
Such, then, was Badger, a man with a keen sense of
propriety: he never omitted to tuck his hat to a
gentleman, and he never failed to cock it fiercely at
the hungry. His exploits were naturally much talked of
by my landladies, and had reached the ears of Hanmer
Marier, for on Saturday nights, when my 'things' came
home, it was Hanmer Marier who carried the basket,
and she and my landladies gossip freely. The
heroism of Badger had excited within her bosom
strange emotions; so that when he came, as occasion-
ally the girl, to pay her adoring sisters, great
was the attention he received from Hanmer Marier: she
offered at the shrine of Badger what she would have
called the 'hiniense hot' or 'eluf.' This was so plain,
that even Badger, though he was a very short-sighted
man, saw it distinctly, and 'upon that hint' he 'sparked.'
It was strange that he should have spoken, for he
was usually a very taciturn man, and I should have
thought he would have 'proposed' either by the
medium of a slate and pencil, or of the deaf and
dumb alphabet; but I am assured, and that upon his
own authority, that he did speak, and that the follow-
ing short dialogue ensued:

'G. B. Did you ever think o' marryin', Hanmer
Marier?'

'H. M. Law', Mr Badger, ow can you?

'G. B. Ow can I elp it? (Here Mr Badger took
hold of her 'and, and having secured that conjunc-
tion, continued.) What 'ud you say if I was to ask
you to a dance?'

'H. M. (greatly agitated) Well, Mr Badger, high—
don't—mind—hif—high—do.

And so the matter was settled. It must be observed
in passing, that Hanmer Marier, when she was all
agitated, invariably made the first personal pronoun
to sound like an adjective; but why Mr Badger used
the plural in his important interrogation, I am no
more able to explain than I am why retail tradesmen
who have no Co. and no shopmen, and no one, in fact,
but their single selves upon the premises, say 'we
don't keep the barrique.'

My landladies were somewhat vexed when they
heard that Mr Badger had proposed and been
accepted; for the young lady's fortune could not
possibly amount to much. Her father's trade was not
extensive, nor was his salary as constable a pro-
fuse expenditure of public money. However, with the
consulting reflection that he always was a fool, and 'she
was an artful hussy,' they sighingly acquiesced; besides
which, they calculated, not without good reason, that
they could make her 'generally useful,' and they certainly did.
They invited her frequently to stay with them after
the wedding had taken place (at St Martin's-in-the-
Street; two four-wheeled cabs; three pairs of what
had been white kid gloves between six; and more
gin and water than was good, at any rate for Mr
Badger), and worked her unremittingly; and when it
was found, at the end of a year, that she had not
increased the population, they redoubled their efforts
to enlarge her sphere of usefulness, at the same time
that they made it quite plain by their manner they
considered she ought to be ashamed of herself.
She made dresses for them; she ran errands for them;
she cleaned furniture for them; she washed for them;
and she swept floors for them, in exchange for which,
she supposed, she was rewarded something to eat and
drink (for she continued to live), and I daresay she
slept somewhere, but as the regular servant slept (I
am nearly sure) in the back-kitchen, and all the
rooms in the house were occupied by lodgers, I would
rather leave it to ingenious expounders of riddles to
guess where. But as I have said poor Hanmer
Marier's own means were scanty, and her husband's
income not considerable, so they were content to
accept this inhospitable hospitality, and were even
grateful (in outward appearance) for the assistance
she was allowed to render to the accommodating
sisters.

About Hanmer Marier's own dress—though she made
very becoming dresses for the sisters—perhaps the
less said the better; indeed, there was very little to
say anything about. She had some of course, and more
than is worn in Africa, but not more, I should say,
than is absolutely necessary in a highly advanced
stage of civilization. She had a gown, for I have seen
it; and she may have had petticoats, for all I know;
but if she had all those articles of clothing, they must
have been very thin, as parts of her figure, in her
figure, in fact, was as though she were clothed in a
bathing-dress, and had recently taken a 'dip.' But
Hanmer Marier was to be avenged. In course of
time, she presented herself in a very fine little
Badger. Badger senior was apparently the person
least moved; he looked a little troubled, as though
he didn't know if he was quite justified in becoming
a father; but beyond that, he confined himself to smoking his pipe in gloomy silence, and doing whatever he was told by the nurse without a murmur of remonstrance. 'Cos o' baby' was an argument against which he knew there was no appeal. Had he been told to go and drown himself in the horse-pond 'cos o' baby,' he would have done it; and his friends were quite afraid he would do it without any invitation. He was certainly the person of least account in his own cottage; all his prestige had gone: his sisters had transferred their homage to her whom they had before despised; and the little baby, whilst he had unwittingly deposed his father, had elevated his mother to a position of great dignity. One of the sisters was always staying to look after Hannier Marier, and for the privilege of nursing baby, was willing to go through many mental offices, and even to prepare Mr Badger's refectory. It was hinted, however, to that gentleman that he might be out of the cottage as much as ever he pleased, and allusions were made which justified him in supposing that if he chose to spend his days at the south window, his wife did not mind it. Sometimes those voices of his sisters, no objection in the world would be made. He might come at stated times to see his wife; but generally he would go home by the old road, which was seldom taken even by the uplifted voices of his sisters, no objection in the world would be made. He might come at stated times to see his wife; but generally he would go home by the old road, which was seldom taken even by the uplifted voices of his sisters, no objection in the world would be made. He might come at stated times to see his wife; but generally he would go home by the old road, which was seldom taken even by the uplifted voices of his sisters, no objection in the world would be made. He might come at stated times to see his wife; but generally he would go home by the old road, which was seldom taken even by the uplifted voices of his sisters, no objection in the world would be made.

Well, no sir; but I am surprised—I shouldn't ha' thought it of her;' and exit the worthy dame in a state of admiration.

So Betsy and her sister continued for some time to go down alternately to W——, and 'do for' Mrs Badger, and I heard no more upon the subject; when, one day, having occasion to travel on the Eastern Counties line, I was returning in a second-class carriage, and had arrived at W——, when the door was opened, and two persons entered, making a great fuss with a baby. I turned my head away, and looked out at the window, not caring to interfere in matters that I didn't understand; but the two persons, both of whom were engaged in a sort of hissing chorus supposed to be soothing to babies, sat down exactly opposite me, and one said: 'Betsy, high ham so'ot; take 'im a little.'

'Yes, a darlin', that I will,' was the answer, in a voice familiar to me, which, coupled with the use of the adjective for the personal pronoun by the former speaker, induced me to look up, and there, sure enough, were Mrs Betsy Blogg and Hannier Marier, or rather Badger. After mutual exclamations, strongly aspired on the part of Mrs Badger, we subsided into desultory conversation, and that thorough examination of one another's dress which is usual under such circumstances; and I must say I was staggered by the change in Hannier Marier. She had grown sufficiently as many petticoats on her now as most women—and how many that is, I leave to arithmeticians—and they were stuck out by some kind of mechanism. She had washed her face and brushed her hair, or somebody had done so for her. I don't think she had yet been let into the mysteries of tooth-powder; but as for her 'ands, those parts of speech were plain surfaces to what they used to be, and the nails were very nearly clean. She always had a bouquet on her, but once remarked to Badger; but though he had assented, it was gruffly, and he didn't seem inclined to pursue the subject. And she'd a pair of kid boots on, tipped with shiny leather, which might have been smaller and fitter better, and been seen with less coarse threads; but I've no doubt they were a labour of love on Badger's part, and had been elaborated 'cos o' baby.'

Altogether, Hannier Marier, compared with what she used to be, was gorgeous. But what surprised me most was the complete ascendency she had gained over her sister-in-law. She was a widow, who had buried an only child. Hannier used to call her Mrs Blogg, but now she called her simply Betsy; and Betsy seemed not a whit offended, and quite repaid for any little liberty taken with her by being allowed to nurse our baby; perhaps she hoped some day perhaps it was hers; but even if it had been, would there have been much to be proud of? I dare say Mrs Badger couldn't help it. But so it was; Mrs Badger was queen, and Betsy was subject unto her. Consequently, as soon as Master Badger, disturbed in his slumbers by an unusually rough motion of the train, opened eyes and mouth at the same time, and roared you an it were any bull-calf, Betsy was content to under take the task of quieting him. This she did in the usual fashion which all women seem to understand by nature, insomuch that I verily believe that who had never seen a baby before, would at the first attempt hit upon the process by instinct. Then, when Master Badger's more violent efforts to choke himself had been appeased, Betsy went through that wonderful exercise in three movements in which the baby is held—apparently in a sitting position—on the right arm, supported by the thumb and finger of the left hand placed against the waist—if a baby has a waist—and tossed forwards with cries of 'ketchy, ketchy, ketchy,' or 'kissy, kissy, kissy' (I have never been able to determine which); and on this occasion I was the person to whom the observation was addressed. Not knowing exactly what was
expected of me, I fell to violently blowing my nose, partly as a suggestion that Master Badger wouldn’t be the worse for a like operation, partly to cover my confusion; Mrs Badger at the same time demanded proof of me, whether he wasn’t a ‘darlin.” I thought not, but didn’t like to say so; and I was averse to saying ‘yes’ from a regard for truth; but I was fortunately spared any more assertion by Betsey, who replied for me with vehement affirmation: ‘Yes, that he is a darlin’, a darlin’, a darlin’,’ to the tune of ‘Merrily the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,’ and her statement was echoed by three other ladies, who joined in the chorus of ‘ketchy’ until we arrived at the terminus.

Here I had another proof of the pre-eminence accorded to a woman with a baby; for being of a retiring disposition, I was waiting, as is my wont, for everybody else to get out of the carriage before I did, when one of the three who had sung voluntary ‘ketchies’ asked me sharply why I didn’t get out and ‘elp out the lady with the hinfinf; whereupon I dashed out and did so, Master Badger being held by his mother’s skirts, so that she was getting out, and after he had been kissed into outsides by the three sympathisers, transferred to Mrs Badger. After this, I looked after Mrs Badger, and Betsey, and the baby into an elegant omnibus, wherein were many other ladies, who all exhibited good-will in making room for ‘the lady with the baby.’ When I arrived at home, the triumph of Mrs Badger was more evident to me than ever; the first-floor lodger was away in the country, and she was installed in his bedroom; the Hauner Marier who had slept I don’t know where, resported on the drawing-room floor in a four-post bed with curtains! Moreover, both my landladies vied with each other in running up and down stairs with warm, the keel row, the keel row; for baby;’ and I found that Mrs Badger was expected to ‘save her strength,’ and ‘not put herself about,’ and had a life of comparative luxury, all ‘cos of baby.’

His howlings disturbed my rest, it is true, for he was rather more troublesome than usual, in consequence of an attack of what Mrs Badger called the ‘diorama;’ but when I reflected upon the beneficial effects which he had wrought on the condition of Hanner Marier, I could not but think to myself, ‘God bless the little babies!’ Not that I’ve much reason to thank them myself; indeed, I lost an appointment the other day because somebody else had a wife and family, and I hadn’t. I offered to remedy that disadvantage to the best of my ability, but it was of no use; and I was left to wonder at the iniquity which forbids you, as a man, to have a wife and children until you can support them, and then refuses to give you what would support them because you haven’t.

WILD HONEY

From time immemorial, the honey-bee has been the symbol of industry, of thrift of multitudinous and hived-up sweets, of pleasant labours; and her name is associated in poetry, in prose, in the vocabulary of the husbandman and the savage, with the bloom of flowers, with the dews of the morning, with the sunshine and odour of summer fields. Few things in nature are so wondrously beautiful, so shadowy and derivous ways, she plunges into the depths of forests alive with serpents and wild beasts, sakes the flowers on the edge of the tiger’s lair, unscared by his roaring, and wholly regardless of his fangs. In the dead of night, she goes forth in search of her winter’s sustenance, and when at a loss for a suitable place wherein to deposit her treasures, she will sometimes select localities to our imagination of ruins such as the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild beast, or the carcase of a wild bee.
feet in height. As far, however, as the safety of that height is concerned, the wild bees, as well as the honeybees, have formed their nests on the ground. The bee-hunters divide themselves into two parties, one of which takes station at the foot, the other at the summit of the cliffs. They who are below then kindle numerous fires along the rocks, and when the flames begin to burn fiercely, throw upon them the leaves of certain trees, which emit a smoke so pungent and acrid that nothing which has life can endure it. As the destructive and noisome vapour ascends in dense clouds, which spread over the face of the precipice, the bees take to flight, upon which one of the adventurous hunters from above, armed with thick pads of leather on back and chest, places a rope under his arms, and with a pole in his hand, is let slowly by his companions. Ere the smoke has entirely dispersed, he knocks off the nests, which fall into the valley below, and he is then immediately drawn up, for should the bees return before he has effected his escape, they would sting him to death.

There are, in Southern India, four kinds of bees, which locate themselves in very different places. Some fabricate their combs about the branches of trees, which, being easily accessible, are constantly robbed; but there is a very small bee which, for the protection of its property, penetrates into the deep cavities of rocks, where its haunts are generally beyond the reach of man. When, however, by any lucky chance, the bee-hunter finds it practicable to reach the nest, he is rewarded for his perseverence by twelve or fifteen pounds of the purest and sweetest honey, with a proportionate quantity of wax. In the same part of the country is found a peculiar species of the common honeybee, which resembles in every respect the honeybees of Greece and Egypt, honey is still used in sacrifices to their rude deities. Occasionally, in India, as well as in some parts of Russia, a species of bee-wax is found as white as winter snow; and it is thought to be of much use in medicine, is eagerly sought after by the natives.

In the islands of the Indian Archipelago, a tenth part of whose productions can hardly be said to be yet known, wild bees abound in great numbers in the woods, where they fabricate their airy citadels with the same skill and intrepidity as in other parts of the world. The natives who undertake to search out their haunts leave home towards the end of summer, when the combs are generally complete, and overflowing with honey. As they advance from station to station, they build themselves huts of boughs, in which they store up the spoils of the bee till their return, when they collect the wax and honey, and bear them for exportation to the coast. Throughout China, the bee is likewise found, and there, as in India, the wax is employed in medicine, while the honey is used as a beverage by the inhabitants.

Nowhere, however, do we observe more curious and interesting circumstances connected with the history of wild honey, than in the countries bordering upon the Cape of Good Hope. In the first place, the bee appears to have established her favourite quarters. The reason, of course, is to be discovered in the manner of the formation of her hives, where along the streams and brooks, dotting the hillsides, and even spangling with their glowing tints the sands of the desert. An old traveller relates with enthusiasm his meeting by chance with an entirely new flower in the recesses of the wilderness, which he had proceeded in search of game. Being weary, he sat down on the banks of a river, when his attention was immediately excited by the most fragrant odour, proceeding he knew not whence. At length, environed by tall bushes, he found the true source of the perfume—a large flower, with white chalice, like a lily, invested on all sides with deep green leaves, and resting on a stem nearly four feet high. As its bell bent to and fro in the wind, it threw forth at every motion floods of sweets which might almost be said to lie heavy on the atmosphere, through which they were diffused to a considerable distance. In the neighbourhood of clumps of such flowers, the wild bees have to build their nests, selecting, in preference to all other situations, the summits of lofty rocks, where they at once enjoy a pure air and a commanding prospect over the whole country round. It was formerly deemed uncertain whether, in her choice of pasture, the bee is directed by the sight or the smell; but since she carries on her labours equally by night and by day, the question may, by that circumstance alone, be admitted to be set entirely at rest. Nothing in the natural history of the honey-maker is more replete with interest than her nocturnal operations as watched with a lantern in a glass hive. As a rule, the squadrums move about very silently in the dark, merely uttering a low murmur as they ascend from the perfumed chalices, and by way of giving notice as they draw near the hive. When they alight on the polished esplanade in front of the portal, they pause a moment, and then advancing rapidly, enter the gate, and proceed up the gangway till they reach the space left open for them to mount into the nest, in which they always fill first. When one of these little compartments is found capable of receiving no more honey, the bee takes a little wax, and closes the aperture, which she then professor, like a trumbler, with her forelegs; all the inmates of the hive know their own department of work, and advance and retire in files like soldiers during a review, never in the least obstructing each other. Nothing, in fact, can be more striking than to notice the entering and retreating columns performing their evolutions with an order and regularity which resemble the movements of machinery than the action of living and thinking beings. Persons gifted with a keen sense of smell become conscious of the approach of the bees, while they are yet a good way off in the dark air, from the delicate sweets they shed around them in their passage.

Connected with these Cape bees, we notice one of those extraordinary relations which exist between different tribes of animals. As all creation lives by mutual destruction, the bees of Southern Africa have among the birds a determined enemy which studies their motions, searches out their retreats, and then, by betraying them to the universal enemy, man, obtains its share of their spoils, which are the eggs deposited by the queen for the production of future swarmers. Of course, the sympathies of the Hottentots are not with the honey-makers, but with their foe, by whose craft and treachery they profit. This bird, which is called the Honey Guide, having discovered a nest, flies towards a kraal, and perches on some tree, till, by his peculiar cry, well known to the Hottentots, he is able to attract the notice of some inhabitant of the village. The man, who understands his business as well as the intimations of the bird, gets together the necessary apparatus, and immediately follows his conductor, which flies before him from tree to tree, screaming all the while, his cries becoming more loud and piercing as he draws near the nest. As soon as he perceives that the honey has discovered, he is in search of the guide ceases from his clamours, and sits tranquilly on a neighbouring bough; till the bees have been driven away, and the combs withdrawn,
from which the portion most coveted by the bird is carefully set aside, and left upon a stone or fallen tree for his future use. If this equitable division of the spoil were neglected, the guide, it is believed by the Hottentots, would cease to report his discoveries; so that their labours in the search after honey would be greatly neglected.

All along the western coast of Africa, from the Cape upwards to the confines of Morocco, we discover numerous colonies of the wild bee, generally in forests, where she finds abundant materials for her subse- quent and the construction of her combs. Across the whole continent, indeed, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, wild hives are haphazardly placed, especially towards the eastern extremity of the Mountains of the Moon, which extend their spurs towards Abyssinia, where the bees build their nests, and fabricate their delicate white wax in the roofs of the houses.

In America, where all nature displays peculiar characteristics, there are stingless bees, though it is a mistake to imagine, as some have done, that all the kinds found in that continent are thus innocuous. In many parts—as, for example, in Brazil and Paraguay—their productions of the honey are so inedible, that no art or contrivance can reconcile them to life in hives, and be under the dominion of man. Else- where, there is a species of bee, which, instead of depositing its honey in the cells, fabricates a little globule of wax, about the size of a pigeon's egg, in which the honey is preserved clear and pure. One of the bees' enemies in this quarter of the world is the monkey, which, when it succeeds in breaking into a nest, soaks up the honey with its long tail, and then retires to a tree to suck it. The sugar-pl anteers of Cuba discovered, after the introduction of the Euro- pean bee into the island, that when it was located near the plantations, it despised the labour of collect- ing honey from flowers, and attached itself to the sugar-factories, the production of which was sensibly diminished by its thefts. In the western states of the Union, the farmers dwelling along the edge of the wilderness used formerly to be much perplexed as well as annoyed by the tendency of their bees to swarm away into the forests, where, free from trouble- some neighbours, and exposed to fewer thefts, they built their nests in the tops or on the boughs of lofty trees.

In Eastern Europe and the neighbouring parts of Asia, bees have always commanded considerable attention from husbandmen. The Ten Thousand, in their retreat from Mesopotamia, in traversing the mountains of Armenia, imagined themselves to have been preceded by bees. The country farmers in the vil- lages; for when they had eaten of it, they experienced an insupportable nausea, and losing all their strength, as during the worst accesses of sea-sickness, threw themselves in despair on the ground to die. The sickness thus induced continued during twenty-four hours, after which it passed away, and they recovered their former strength. A modern botanist, while travelling in that part of Asia, made diligent inquiry respecting the honey now produced there, and was assured by the inhabitants, that in nearly all the branches of the Caucasus a honey is still found which, if eaten in any considerable quantity, makes men mad, though only for a short time. Nothing in the char- acter of the bees themselves, nor the circumstances account for this strange phenomenon, though it has been inferred, from the great prevalence of the rhododendron, that the honey derived its astringent quality from the juice of its blossoms. In Circassia and the Crimea, large quantities of wild honey are found generally in caves of the rocks. Throughout Russia and Siberia, where the bees were formerly supposed not to exist, they nevertheless flourish in great multitudes, especially in the forests near the Volga, on the hills of the Ural chain, and among the slopes of the Altai Mountains, where a rich and variegated flora supplies them with inexhaustible nourishment.

Though it cannot be said that modern naturalists have neglected the history of the bee, it is certain that we have applied ourselves less assiduously to the study of its manners and peculiarities than the philosophers of ancient Greece. One of those quaint originals which we obtained from his habits the name of the wild man,- forsook human society altogether, to bury himself on a large and wild estate which he possessed, among the hives and haunts of the creatures whose ways he delighted to study. Here, amid their soothing murmurs, and in the midst of the most brilliant and fragrant flowers, he spent fifty years of his life, collecting materials for his great work on the bee; the loss of which is not one of the least to be regretted of the disasters which have befallen Grecian literature. No honey, perhaps, ever produced, has equalled in all respects that which was fabricated by the bees on Mount Hymettus, from the blossoms of the wild thyme and other delicious flowers of Attica, for even the produce of the Hylbelean hives, though greatly celebrated by the poets, could hardly have exalted that fragrance which characterised all the vegetable productions of Attica. It is still thought among the best judges, that the honey of Attica can be distinguished from all other honey by the smell; nor is this at all paradoxical. In the sweeter parts of Africa, for example, in Egypt, where all parts of the land are covered with flowers, though magnificent in their development, are coarser and more rank than in Greece. Even in the various districts of Syria the produce of the hives in the wilderness is of a different quality from that of Attica; it produces a honey which is finer and more refined, and is sweeter in the mouth. The scent of the honey of Attica, which is a very characteristic feature of the flower, is the most fragrant that has been discovered; and the honey of Attica was the same as that which Despoina offered to Ajax the son of Oileus on the battle-field at Thermopylae, and which the oracle of Apollo at Delphi declared to be the most fragrant of all the honey which was brought from the mountain. The Attic honey was also the honey which the gods gave the Argonauts to eat during their voyage to Colchis.

MY FIRST AND LAST ROBBERY.

When I was a boy about fourteen years old, I ran away from school. I was a young donkey, no doubt, but then Dr. Birch did not forbid novels, and so he was partly to blame; for I imbued thus early in life a taste for the romantic, which, I am happy to say, I have since entirely got rid of.

I forget for what now—no doubt it was on account of some great piece of injustice—but I resolved to imitate some hero or other I had read of, and run away to sea. This part of my life I shall not dwell upon, for the recollection of it is anything but pleasant. I shall only say that I reached Liverpool, got a ship, and then, as soon as I arrived at New York, deserted, so much was I disgusted with my romantic life. I was then in my 20th year, and I think the best thing I could do was to imitate the prodigal, and go home, trusting to my family's joy at seeing me alive, for I had not written home since I ran away from school. So I laid out some of my half-dollar in some bread and cheese, and putting the rest into a sean in my trousers, started for Detroit.

For some ninety or a hundred miles, my route lay through a forest, the trees on each side hanging in fifty yards by a piece of wood nailed crosswise to the trunk of a tree. This was all I had to guide me.
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL

My first two days passed without adventure; one night I slept in a house where there was no bedroom; and the next morning I awoke stiff and hungry, having had no breakfast. The idea of breakfast, and the thought of the delicious dish which I had prepared for myself, came to me as I was dressing, and I was able to enjoy it with the greatest pleasure. The evening was spent in reading a novel, and the next morning I woke up refreshed and well-rested.

At this time, I had not fallen in with a person who understood the language of the country, and I had no intention of staying longer than necessary. However, I decided to take the precaution of not spending too much money, and to return to the hotel as soon as possible. I thought I saw some figures through the trees, and presently made them out to belong to three men. As they came closer, I saw they were very queer-looking fellows, with long hair and beard, and they seemed to be looking for something. I was not sure if they were my friends, but I decided to follow them and see what they were up to.

In the meantime, I had breakfasted on some bread and cheese, and started once more on my weary journey. Up to this time, I had not fallen in with any human being except the people at the farmhouse, but about five o'clock in the afternoon, as well as I could judge, I thought I saw some figures through the trees, and presently made them out to belong to three men. As they came closer, I saw they were very queer-looking fellows, with long hair and beard, and they seemed to be looking for something. I was not sure if they were my friends, but I decided to follow them and see what they were up to.

I made a great dinner, and so did they, though none of us said grace; but when I saw a flask of amber fluid produced, and was given a considerable portion of it to drink, my spirits rose to a very high pitch, and I began to place more confidence in the promises of my sympathising friend.

It was now, as well as I could guess, between seven and eight o'clock, and would soon be dusk, for the days were beginning to shorten. I thought I should know whither we were going, and what I was to do; accordingly, fortified by the draught from the flask, I said, 'Mister, what game's up?'

The Swell whom I addressed stared at me for a while, no doubt admiring my language, both on account of its brevity and also its intrinsic beauty, and thus replied:

'Well, youngster, I'll tell you, and it ain't a very long story, either. You see, some of us went to New Orleans with a soon-just returned from shinin' bars, or some such thing, in among the red-skims up here; and he told me a long yarn about an Indian princess who departed this wicked life when he was there, and who was buried with all her jewels; and stunned ones they air taw, if they're as he says. Well, see I to myself, what's the use of them jewels down in the ground? and the more, I cogitated, the more I thought it a tarnion pity they should stay there; so myself and my two friends air here now for to try if we can't git them; and I kalibrate we ain't far now from the spot, if it's where my shinin' friend described it.'

'I guess hyar's the clump of elms,' said Mr. Pickaxe.

'You're right, Mr. Brown,' said the leader; 'and now, let's follow our noses.'

As we went on, I learned the whole of our project. The princess was buried in the cemetery of the tribe, about two miles from where we were, in a deep vault under a lofty sepulchre, right in the centre of the burying-place; but as we were now in dangerous ground, silence was strictly enjoined, and I could not learn why I was included in the expedition. I puzzled myself to find out, in vain. Was it on account of my personal appearance that they had taken such a liking to me as to prefer a fourth share to a third? Hardly, I thought—my vanity was not so great as all that. But yet this was the only reason I could think of.

I'm sure it took us at least two hours to cover those two miles, but then we had to proceed very cautiously for fear of the Indians, for if we were caught, crucifixion was the very mildest form of punishment we could expect. At last we reached the border of the burying-ground, and never shall I forget the sight that broke on my view when we emerged from the tree— it was so solemn, so ghastly! Long rows of white tombs were glittering in the moonlight, checkerred here and there by a few wreaths of flowers that were scattered up and down, and from some lofty sepulchres that towered among the more unperturbing tombs. And when the willows of the willows moved in the scarcely perceptible breeze, I felt sure it was some
gouling back into his grave in a hurry, to avoid being seen by mortal eyes.

While I was on the look-out for ghosts, my mates were busy removing seen for our Indians, and none being visible, we advanced towards the centre, the rear being carefully brought up by me, still in dread of immortal creatures.

Under the shade of the tallest sepulchre we halted, and, without any delay, Mr Brown set to work with his pickaxe on a slab at the base, and soon succeeded in making an opening for the crowbar, of which I was relieved by the Swell, who inserted it skillfully, and raised up the slab.

As in Aladdin's adventure, the mouth of a dark hole was disclosed, but no steps were visible. So dark and so horrible-looking was it, that it made me shiver to look down into it. Fancy, therefore, my feelings, when my kind, sympathising friend requested me, in the blindest tone in the world, to 'Just slow down that rope,' which, as he spoke, he threw down, fastening one end to a piece of projecting masonry, and relieve the young woman of her supreme torture.

And now, it dawned on my benighted intellect that it was for this purpose they had brought me, and not on account of my prepossessing appearance, and though I put an end to all doubt on the subject, it was by no means a satisfactory explanation. So little, indeed, was I pleased at it, that, without any preliminaries, I turned and ran as hard as ever I could. But, as luck would have it, when I had gone about ten yards, I stumbled and fell over a stone, and before I could rise, was again a prisoner.

This time my friend produced a bowie-knife, and gently insinuating the point of a quarter of an inch into a tendril part, observed in a tone of voice that left not the slightest doubt on my mind of his being in earnest: 'My young friend, if you try that game again, I'll jest put you outside this knife in two jiffies.'

I was ignorant at the time, and am so still, of the precise period occupied by a jif, but I feared it was not a protracted one, so I judged it best to obey, and went back quietly with him.

When we got to that awful hole, he repeated his former request, but suddenly I saw a loophole for escape, and suggested: 'But I've no place to put 'em.'

'Land me your wiper, Brown.'

'I ain't got such an article jest at present,' said Mr Brown.

'Why, there's yours, Price!'

'Well, I forgot to bring it down stairs.'

None of them possessed a handkerchief. At last a bright idea struck the Swell, and you may be sure I did not bless his ready wit. 'I say, Brown! you divest yourself of them boots; the youngster can put the plunder into the legs.'

'All serene; you have got a head-piece, and no mistake,' said admiring Brown, as he took off his highhows, and dragged them on my feet. Now I had no common excuse, yet it took several rather severe applications of the bowie before I could be induced to catch hold of the rope and swing myself over.

I should have said, before this, that they had given me a piece of bread and cheese, and a piece of candle and a tinder-box, all of which I had stowed away along with my bread and cheese. I now slid down the rope, and soon came to the end of it, but not of the pit, for I could feel nothing below me but the sides. Here was a case. Was I to let go, and be dashed to atoms some hundred feet below; or was I to ascend and get eight inches of cold steel? Truly it was a dilemma, of which the horns were inconveniently sharp.

However, I did not long deliberate, for it was anything but a pleasant situation to be in. The wall I was leaning against was cold and clammy, and covered with all kinds of creeping abominations, that were crawling over me as I hung at the end of the rope. And besides, my lively imagination pictured to me some horrible being dragging me down to its abode, and there make a meal of me. So up I went, as fast as I could. But before I came to the top that confounded bowie again made its acquaintance with my shoulder, and under the arm of my friend, who introduced it, swore a fearful oath, that if I did not go down instantly, he would send me to the bottom and eternity together.

Down I went again, determined to jump at any hazard. But notwithstanding all my resolution, when I came to the end of the rope, I hung as long as I could. If it had been seven hours I was falling to, I could not have hung another instant. Gradually the rope slipped through my fingers (for a long time I retained marks of its passage), at last left them altogether—and I dropped. Oh, that fearful moment! Of all the sensations I ever experienced, that was the worst. Even a nightmare is nothing to it. I expected, at the very least, to be dashed to pieces in some horrible abyss, if ever I came to the bottom. All the evil I had ever done rushed into my memory in a dark mass, but with every separate I lived it over again, and the lifetime over again in that short moment; for short it was. I don't think I fell more than five feet, and then alighted on soft earth. But the delightful joy that filled my whole soul, and everything that I cannot describe. A prisoner reprieved on the scaffold has alone experienced the same kind of feeling.

In my joy at finding myself safe, all fear passed away, and I immediately jumped up and struck a light. On looking round me, I could see that the place I was in was something like the bottom of a draw-well, being about six feet square, and having in one of its sides an aperture or doorway. Into this I advanced, and after traversing a short passage, found myself in a large chamber, evidently the receptacle of the dead Indians; in one round about the wall were coffins in every stage of decay; others were piled up at one end, and in the centre was a kind of settle, supporting an elaborately carved sarcophagus, made from the bark of some tree. This, no doubt, was the princess. So at once, in the light of my newly found courage, I determined to secure the prize. I inserted my chisel under the lid, and after a few taps from the hammer, raised it, and disclosed the corpse of a young female, apparently not long dead, for her face looked quite fresh and lifelike; her eyes were glassy, however, and her lips were rigid. She was profusely ornamented with jewels, and her grave-clothes literally sparkling with brilliants. What first struck me was a ring through her nose, containing a splendid emerald. I had just seized hold of the ring, and was about to commence my sacrilege, by severing the cartilage of her nose, when I was terrified by a loud crash from above, as if the slab had been hastily replaced. Such was the first thought that occurred to me, and I rushed out to see; but in my hurry my candle was extinguished, and as I had left my tinder-box on the settle, I could not relight it, for with the darkness all my terrors had once more resumed their sway, and not for worlds would I have moved a step into that chamber with all the corpses.

All I suffered was nothing compared with what I felt when I looked up, and saw darkness everywhere, and knew that the slab had indeed fallen. I became perfectly paralyzed by fear, and sat down in a corner unable to move hand or foot. Then suddenly I heard heavy footsteps approaching from the direction of the chamber, and though now I think it must have been a rat, yet then so simple an object was such a sound never entered my mind. I felt sure it was the corpse coming to rest the sacrifice I had committed. All my blood ran cold in my veins, and I fainted; otherwise, I must have gone mad.
How long I remained in that death-like stupor, I know not; but my first thought on awaking to consciousness was a wild, wild collection of what had happened to me flashed on my memory at once, and I closed my eyes with a shudder. It was near my death, and another swoon.

What saved me was, that when I opened my eyes I saw daylight; for it was all darkness when I had fainted. Yes, it was daylight, blessed daylight, shining round about me! It is astonishing what an effect it had upon me, who in the dark was such a coward. I felt all my strength revive, and with it a feeling of hunger; so the first thing I did was to finish my bread and cheese. I then felt brave enough to face a whole churchyard, and as the light was shining in from the door of the chamber, into it I went, and looking up, saw about sixty feet over my head a large aperture, through which the light was streaming. There was no hope of escape, however, for the sides were perpendicular and quite smooth. No velvet ever appeared half so smooth to me as they did then, though in reality they were built of rough stone. This aperture was evidently on the top of the monument at whose base the slab had been removed, and no doubt, had I looked up the night before, I should have seen the moonlight; but I did not, and my candle prevented my seeing it without looking up, and when I went out to look round for materials to build a scaffold, folding, if perhaps I could raise the slab; so I selected the newest coffins, and brought them out into the pit, and placing two opposite each other, put two more on these, and soon, and my pile was about three feet high. Here I came to a full stop, for I could not raise up any more without endangering the safety of the whole structure, which was very rickety; so I sat down on the settle to rest and think what I should do, and while I was there, I thought I might as well secure the jewels. So I set to work, and soon had them all in my possession—necklaces, bracelets, rings, chains, and rings of every description; every ornament I did steal except those on her grave-clothes—for those, I could now see, were glass—and stuffed them into my boots. Having accomplished this, a bright idea struck me: I took off my shirt, and tore it into strips; those I twisted and knotted, and made into a rope about twelve feet long. It was good stout flannel, and made a very respectable strong rope. One end of it I fastened to a coffin, and mounting my scaffolding with the other, I commenced to haul. All went perfectly right until I got it up about half-way, and then the treacherous flannel gave way, and the coffin fell with a crash. At the same time I lost my balance, and fell down on the other side, dragging along with me my entire pile.

Stunned and bruised, I lay for a long time unconscious, covered over with bones and decayed flesh, and skulls; dust—for in their fall most of the coffins were burst open—until once more I came to life; but this time it was in darkness. For some time I could not realise where I was, until a noise above stirred the confusion. I remembered all, and in my excitement I shook off my ghastly bedclothes, and jumped up, for I felt sure it was my friends come back to deliver me. Soon a light shone down, and I knew the slab was raised. But my feeling of thankfulness was wiped out in the bud, for on looking up, I saw the end of a ladder projecting down.

'Surely some coming to bury some one,' I thought, 'and will crucify me.'

As a last chance, I felt round for my hammer, and found it, just as the ladder rested on the ground close beside me, and the figure of a man began to descend. The night was dark and close, and I could not tell whether it was an Indian or a white man; but the ladder left little doubt. So I took up my position in front of the ladder, and having no other weapon, came down, resolved to give him a warm welcome. Slowly he came, and often stopped; but at last his foot rested on the last rung. This was my time; so I stepped forward, and dealt him a blow on the back of the head with all my might. With an awful yell he fell, either dead or stunned, and the cavern took up the yell, and echoed it round and round, whilst I joined in, to the best of my ability. Altogether, it was a fearful din, and enough to frighten any one outside, which it effectually did for, when I ran up the ladder as fast as I could, yelling all the while, and looked, I could see several forms just disappearing into the forest. I immediately made off in the opposite direction, and ran as hard as I could till my strength failed, when I sank down exhausted, and soon, so tired and worn out was I, fell fast asleep.

The morning was breaking when I awoke, and hearing water close by, I dragged myself to it, and after drinking some of it, felt able to proceed, though when I looked around the trees, and presently a log-cottage. No palace was ever half so magnificent as it appeared to me then, and no woman half so beautiful as she standing in the doorway. Good she was in reality, for when she saw me, she came and helped me in, set me down, gave me an excellent dinner, and believed every word I told her: how I was robbed, and nearly murdered by Indians. She even offered me a lodging for the night. But not for worlds would I have remained in the neighbourhood, for fear of the Indians, and so I pretended that I was in a great hurry to get to New York, and she let me go; but first, good soul, made me take some money as a present, and provisions, for I was still a long way from Detroit. On the morning of the third day after I left my kind hostess, I arrived safe, having met with no further adventure. In Detroit I managed to dispose of some of my spoils to a jeweller, who asked no questions, but gave about one-tenth of the value. However, I was glad to get anything at all, and, as the steamer was just starting, embarked, and two days after, was in New York.

Here I sold one of the rings for fifty pounds, and lived for a little while in great style. One day coming out of a cigar-shop, I thought I saw a face I knew; and I looked again, and found I was not mistaken. It was my friend with the patent leathers, looking twice as shabby as ever. He knew me at once, and immediately came over and accosted me, asking me how I had escaped.

'Escaped from the grave, you mean?' said I. 'You were a pretty fellow to leave me in such a fix!'

'But,' explained he, 'we heard the Redkins, and had to cut for our lives; and when we came back next night to see if anything could be done for you, we found the place swarming with them, and it took us as much as ever we could do to get off safe. When we got here a week ago, we heard how the Indians had captured the robber, and crucified him; so we were sure it was you.'

'You see it was not,' said I coolly; and then I told him my story. We then came to the conclusion that the man I branded belonged to some other party on the same errand as ourselves, and that the Indians had found him, no doubt still insensible, and had crucified him.

Such was the end of my adventure. But our ill-gotten gains brought us no luck. In less than a month, I was the only one of the party alive, for Brown and Price one night, about a week after we got the money, had a fight in a tavern, and Price settled his companion with his bowie, and was shortly after hung for it. The Swell got delirium tremens,
and died soon after; so I was the only one left, with nearly three thousand pounds in my possession (for we had sold all the jewels for five thousand). Terri-
bled at the fate of my companions, I began to think I had not been acting as I ought, and soon came to the conclusion that I was little better than a thief. When once I began to think about the subject, it was all right. I wrote home to my friends, sold all my fine clothes and jewellery, and one dark night dropped all that was left of the money into the poor-
box of the Orphan Refuge. Next morning, I was on my way back to England. And thus ended My First and Last Robbery.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The Royal Society settled the question as to who should be President by electing General Sabine to that distinguished post, at the anniversary meeting which we mentioned in our last as about to take place; and we cannot help congratulating the Society on their choice. It had been a standing jest or reproach against them for many years past, that they could not get on without at least a Lord at their head; but in choosing their present and their late president, they have shown that the man and not the title is what they delight to honour. For half a century, General Sabine has laboured in the field of science, pursuing innumerable researches on the figure of the earth by observation in the Arctic and in the torrid zone, sifting and co-ordinating series of magnetic observations from many parts of the globe, the results of which fill numerous quarto volumes, elucidating theories from the mass of data, demonstrating the magnetic influence of the moon, and the decennial period of the solar spots. It is no figure of speech to say, that in knowledge of terrestrial magnetism he stands foremost among the natural philosophers of Europe. Sir Benjamin Brodie's farewell address at the anniversary meeting above referred to was unusually interesting, for it was extemporaneous, lucid, and eloquent, and imbued with heartfelt feeling towards the Society, in its Philosophical Transactions alone has erected a noble monument to British science. It is gratifying to know that the venerable hippoclet retires from the chair with a fair measure of health, with faculties unimpaired, and with the sincere respect of all who know him. The Copley Medal of the Society was awarded to Professor Louis Agassiz; one of the Royal Medals to Dr W. B. Carpenter, the well-known naturalist and physiologist; and the other to Professor J. J. Sylvester of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, whose reputation as a mathematician is of the highest order.

Dr Tyndall having, as we mentioned some months ago, made a series of experiments on the resistance opposed by certain gases to the transmission of heat, is now extending his investigations to ascertain the resistance encountered by solid bodies in the same gases, and thus arrive at data for their density. It has been suggested that, as the phenomena which attend the swinging of a pendulum in common air are now well known, some useful conclusions might be obtained by swinging a pendulum in different gases, and noting the movements. M. Ozanam has succeeded in forcing oxygen by pressure to combine with distilled water, and the water thus oxygenated is said to be medicinal in cases of gout, but injurious in diseases accompanied by inflammation.—Dr Andrews of Belfast, whose papers on Quine have been published by the Royal Society, has taken up a subject of research, in which Professor Faraday led the way some years ago, with highly successful experiments—solidification or lique-
faction of gases. We had the pleasure of hearing the lecture delivered at the Royal Institution in which those experiments were first made public, and shall never forget the impression then made on the audience. Six gases resisted all the lecturer's ingenious devices to render them visible; and he expressed his opinion, that if nitrogen could be solidified, it would appear as a metal. To these six, Dr Andrews has been diligently applying himself, and has succeeded in compressing atmospheric air until its density nearly equalled that of water, and oxygen, nitrogen, and nitric acid were reduced to dimensions almost incredibly small; but not one of them showed the slightest sign of lique-
faction. Though baffled for the present, the question of the actual constitution of the gases referred to is so important, that we doubt not of the perseverance of Dr Andrews and other natural philosophers in their investigations until it shall be answered.

The two engraved portraits (as they may be called) of Mars, published by Mr Warren De la Rue, are admirable specimens of the perfection to which optical apparatus and astronomical observation are now brought. It seems almost possible to presage as to the physical constitution of the ruddy planet by mere inspection of these portraits, which are printed from steel plates, so marked is the difference of aspect between the polar and equatorial regions. We think it would be useless to science as well as to popular education, were the portraits of all the other planets published in a similar way; while, even as pictures, they would be interesting.—Photographing of magnetic phenomena and of the sun's image is still carried on at the Kew Observatory, and with good results, as will ere long appear in the Philosophical Transactions. Mr De la Rue has devoted special attention to the latter subject, and with what success was shown at a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society by enlarged photographs of the sun, in which the spots are represented an inch in diameter. The valuable means thus derived for accurate observation of the sun will be obvious even to an ordinary reader, while to the scientific inquirer they are fraught with the richest promise. With photographers for observers, photography is to astronomy what the camera is to the stage, and Kirchhoff and other chemists analysing his atmosphere, we may hope to hear, at the next meeting of the British Association, that our knowledge of the great luminary is much increased. Already Mr De la Rue announces that the faculae—the brightest patches of the sphere of light—are elevated above the general level of its surface. Is the sun, then, a solid body? and are these bright patches the tops of mountains? Something further will be done in the way of investi-
gation on the last day of the present year, when there will be a partial eclipse of the sun. To close our astronomical remarks, it gives us pleasure to be able to state that the long-desired series of observations of the heavens from a considerable altitude is at length to be commenced, by Major Jacob, with a proper instrument, at a height of five thousand feet on the hills near Simla.

Mr Robert Mallet's elaborate report on the disas-
trous earthquakes that took place a few years since in the Nsopolitan territory, is to appear in the form of two handsome octavo volumes, amply illustrated by maps and views. It will be an important contribution to the literature of terrestrial convulsions generally. Dr Karl Kluge of Chemitz has published a small book, On the Causes of the Earthquake that took place from 1850 to 1851, and their Relation to
Volcanoes and the Atmosphere. From this it appears, that in the period of eight years there happened 1620 earthquakes, on 1810 days in the northern hemisphere, and 717 days in and south of that. We have already seen that the shocks are least frequent in the summer quarter, and most frequent in the winter quarter; or, reckoning the first half of the year against the second half, the latter shocks, 1269 days, are more than the former; and that shocks are more numerous in the night than in the day. This statement comprises Europe, North Africa, Asia Minor, and Persia; and from this the savagery of the French, and the rivalry of the Persians, may be inferred. The relation of earthquakes to volcanic phenomena appears to be demonstrable; but whether the difference between the electricity of the atmosphere and that of the earth, or the changes in what Faraday describes as the paramagnetic condition of oxygen which occur with changes of temperature, is concerned in the causation of earthquakes, remains to be proved. Dr Kluge promises the publication of further studies thereon.—Among recent earthquakes noticed at a meeting of the Geological Society, one that occurred in Manila threw up a fatal mud-bank in a river; another raised a bank in the southern waters of the Caspiian, thirty feet high, and more than a mile long.

In addition to the news that Adolphe Schlüg- wert's manuscript journal has been recovered from the Tibetan chief by whom the traveller was slain, we have a description of the scientific expedition which is about to be sent by the government of India, in connection with the geological survey of that great country, to explore the mountains of Central Asia. Five competent persons are appointed to conduct all the scientific inquiries and observations, and it is intended that they shall start early in the coming year.—The last published part of the Proceedings of the Royal Society contains Sir Henry Rawlinson's communication upon a direct overland telegraph to India, by which we gather a few interesting particulars. A telegraph, 1314 miles in length, is in operation from Constantinople to Bagdad, being no inconsiderable part of a line which the Turkish government erected at its own cost, intending to carry it on to Bussorah. From the latter place, Sir Henry Rawlinson recommends that it should be extended to Teheran, thence to Isphahan, Shiraz, and Bander Abbas at the head of the Persian Gulf; and from there along the coast, through the territories of the Imaum of Muscat and the Khan of Kelat, to Kurruchi, where the line would meet our Indian telegraph. It is stated that, although the map is not yet ready, it has peculiar advantages as a principal station: first, because a line passing that way would be sure of the favour of the Persian government; and secondly, because it would then be connected with other lines of telegraphs. An electric communication is already established between Teheran and Tabriz, while Persian telegraph seems likely to progress, and to connect itself with the Russian system by way of Tiflis, and even with our Scindian frontiers by way of Herat. The distance from Baghdad to Bander Abbas would be 1862 miles; from Bunder Abbas to Kuruchi, 791; making the whole distance from Constantinople to India 3351 miles. There is much to be said for an overland telegraph to the far East; it can be more easily repaired than a submarine cable, and it appears that the Arabs are not unfriendly to the presence of English enterprise in the desert in such a form. One of the chiefs said to our consul at Diarbekir: 'I've had the present government, if you can, you will, London would be able to communicate directly with Calcutta, and we should have a line rivaling that which now stretches across the great continent of North America from New York to San Francisco. We notice in the last news from South Africa that a telegraph line is to be set up from Cape Town to Graham's Town, and that extensions to Natal and Caffraria are talked of. Dr Livingstone, to whom every reader wishes success, has bought land for a permanent settlement at the foot of the falls of the Zambesi, which, considering what we have heard of the Zambesi people, will, probably become in time an entrepôt for cotton. Another steamer is to be sent out to the enterprising missionary: an earnest, judging from the past, of fresh explorations. The French authorities are about to introduce cotton culture into their remote colony of New Caledonia, the soil and climate being, as is said, suitable for that important plant. Now that we have in some kind established commercial relations with Japan, the Screw screw steamer of nine guns is to sail with a competent crew and officers, to survey the shores and islands of that interesting empire. If they will only bring us some fresh information about Loohoo, all who have read Captain Basil Hall's narrative of his visit to that island in particular, will be ready to give it hearty appreciation.

The Society of Arts and Sciences of Utrecht have published a series of prize-questions, to which they invite answers, offering for each a gold medal worth 300 Dutch florins. Among these questions we notice—a historical sketch of the state of our knowledge concerning the island of New Guinea; and—Set forth the principles which, from the Treaty of Munster up to the present day, have been enacted and applied on occasion of the recognition of the independence of a people who have their own laws, or of the changes brought about in the form of government. Europe is much in want of information concerning New Guinea; and with respect to the second question, the good answer would supply us with valuable matter of history.

Mr Felt, of Boston, Massachusetts, has invented a type-setting machine, which, according to the description that has come before us, will be for compositors what the sewing-machine has been for seamstresses. It has capacity, if required, for a thousand different characters, and for any quantity of each character: it will set up two copies at the same time, and in different type, properly spaced, leade'd, and justified, at the rate of 18,000 letters an hour. It will also distribute the type after the work is printed; and, what is more, it keeps a register, by punching holes in strips of paper, during the composition; a register of which a copy should be asked for, the compositor has only to introduce the register into the machine, when, by an ingenious contrivance, the setting of the type goes on precisely the same as for the first edition. If the machine will do all this, it is certainly a remarkable invention: on this point, however, English printers will have opportunity to judge for themselves, for the inventor, who is at present in this country, intends to exhibit one at work in the Great Exhibition of 1862.

The patent antimony paint prepared at Norway Wharf, Rotherhithe, by Dr Stenhouse's method, which we noticed a few months since, is growing into use, and results have been obtained therewith which entitle it to further notice. Compared with white lead, the trial shews that while a given weight of antimony paint covered 588 superficial feet, a similar weight of white-lead covered not more than 473 feet of surface. Moreover, the antimony gives off but little of the unpleasant smell of paint, and it keeps its colour well when exposed to the fumes of gas, or to acid vapours. It was subjected to the action of pure phosphuretted hydrogen, in the works of the London Gas-Light Company, for a fortnight without altering its colour, and it has been used with equal success in a brewery and sugar-refinery. The discoloration of
paint on external walls in large towns is a constant grievance; it arises from the action of the local atmosphere on lead; and from the fact, that a good deal of what is sold as white-lead is nothing but sulphite of zinc, which is one of the most soluble of salts, especially when exposed to sulphuric acid. Barytes is also much used by dishonest manufacturers of white-lead. Metallurgy has thus its tricks as well as other trades; we hear that Dr Percy’s forthcoming work on metallurgy will contain an exposure of some of the unworthy practices to which smelters resort in order to mystify customers. It would not be so difficult as it is to get shot-resisting iron, if none but the best methods were adopted.

SOUTHEY’S LOVE OF BOOKS.

‘Having no library within reach, I live upon my own stores, which are, however, more ample, perhaps, than were ever before possessed by one whose whole estate was in his inkstand.

My days among the dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where’er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old—
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse every day,
With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years;
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears;
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead, anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

Robert Southey.’

To this may be appropriately added an extract from a letter of Wordsworth’s, dated July 1840:

‘I ought not to forget that, two days ago, I went over to see Mr Southey, or rather Mrs Southey, for he is past taking pleasure in the presence of any of his friends. He did not recognise me till he was told. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness; but he sank into the state in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately, like a child. Having attempted in vain to interest him by a few observations, I took my leave.’

Could there be a more affecting instance of ‘the ruling passion strong in death’?

THE OLD YEAR’S VINDICATION.

This Year was ready to die;
He deemed that his work was done,
When he heard the world’s upbraiding cry
Arose as the voice of one;
So he gathered his breath for a last reply
To all that are under the sun.

To the Rich he sternly said:
‘False waiters, silent be!’
I grudge not the fruit of hand or head,
But out of my gifts, give ye,
That so, when you come to the hour you dread,
You wait not in truth for me.’

And thus to the Poor he spoke:
‘I never have earned your hate;
When ye fell beneath the crushing stroke
Of a blind and ruthless Fate,
I bound up the heart which the Despot broke,
Though slowly, not all too late.’

He said to a hopeless Lover:
‘Chide not with me, poor soul,
For how could my circling flight discover
Thy fixed heart’s dying goal?
And have I not saved a dove to hover
Where now the deep waters roll?’

To a Poet thus he said:
‘Thy shaft of blame has erred;
I only promised thee daily bread,
And have I not kept my word?
As yet, thou art neither cursed nor dead,
Which is more than thy foes avouched.’

‘Yet, because thou hast kept the faith
In good, though thy lot was ill,
And because thou hast mourned a brother’s scant,
Though thine own was deeper still,
My spirit, prescient in dying, saith,
Mount high on the sacred hill.’

In a whisper, he spoke once more,
While his life was ebbing fast:
‘Soul, whom my wing has wafted o’er
Some billows of all the past,
I have brought thee nearer that tranquil shore,
Where we both must meet at last.

‘Therefore, give earnest heed
To these latest words of mine—
Vain for Labour to vanquish need,
Vain for Wisdom to scatter seed,
Vain for Valour to sweeten and bleed,
Vain to live, and vain to die,
If his whose time is eternity,
Withhold the cord divine.’

R. R.

The present number of the Journal completes the Sixteenth Volume; a title-page and index prepared for it may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF SIXTEENTH VOLUME.