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# INDEX

## FAMILIAR SKETCHES AND ESSAYS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Auld Lang Syne,</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bud, Opinions in the</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Club, a Very Modest,</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dog-show, At the</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>False Positions,</td>
<td>362</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Help a Poor Man, Sir!'</td>
<td>216</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holidays</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home from the Colonies</td>
<td>19, 59, 103, 293, 245, 347, 390, 411</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hurt Family, the</td>
<td>337</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hyles, the</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looking Back from Half-way,</td>
<td>401</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lounger in the Exhibition, the</td>
<td>6, 35, 79, 109, 132, 172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opinions in the Bud</td>
<td>289</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Page, Notes on the</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter Pan</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Positions, False,</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Presentation, the Next</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Professor Sandstone and His Young Friends</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Profits, the</td>
<td>365</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swindle, a Successful</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Too Soon</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waste</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wedding, My, By an Old Bachelor</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## POETRY

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Autumn Pictures, Two</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castle Ruin, b.</td>
<td>240</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chivalry</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Daybreak</td>
<td>192</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Derby Prophecy, by Rhyming Richard</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eventide</td>
<td>361</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grave, a Little,</td>
<td>416</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'His Name,' From the French</td>
<td>320</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Kitty Palmer,'</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life in the Stream</td>
<td>354</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moaning Sea, the</td>
<td>369</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mother-earth,</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Out of Reach,</td>
<td>176</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passing Away</td>
<td>336</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prayer, a</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rose and the Bee, the</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shoes, the First</td>
<td>208</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sitting in the Sun</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>'Solvuntur Tabulae,'</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sympathy</td>
<td>400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tribute</td>
<td>272</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trifes</td>
<td>256</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wedding Words</td>
<td>352</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worship</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yew, the Shadow under the</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## POPULAR SCIENCE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Flowers, Old Names of Old</td>
<td>223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fossil Plants and the Lessons which they Teach</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harmonic Progression</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Month, the: Science and Arts</td>
<td>62, 142, 296, 271, 350, 414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plants and Animals, the Geographical Distribution of</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Storks</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Telegraph Cable, How to Make an Atlantic</td>
<td>109</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trees, the Growth of</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## TALES AND OTHER NARRATIVES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Adventure, an Ice</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Adventures, Railway</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Practice</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antipodes, the Tourists of the</td>
<td>353</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Astray at Rappahannahok</td>
<td>406</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bedroom, Our Best</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blotting-pad, the</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brocklehurst, the Old House at</td>
<td>206</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burnham Yeas—</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Gilbert Doggett</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Heir-at-Law</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bush, Beating about the</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carew—A Very Great Vagabond</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheap Castle, the</td>
<td>194, 325</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Commission Down South, a Little</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Customer, My Landlord's</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duty and Love</td>
<td>293</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Experiment in the Peculiar Institution, an</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Found Out</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Guizot, Smugglers, the</td>
<td>340</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hebrew Legends—</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rabbi Meir's Wife</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander and the Skull</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rabbi Joseph and the Prince</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Greek Philosopher and a Rabbi</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rabbi Joel</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raschi</td>
<td>214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Kamzan</td>
<td>292</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bird that Sang to a Bridgegroom</td>
<td>233</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>David's Death</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Witnesses</td>
<td>234</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Drunkard and his Sons</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Pledges</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Ram</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Isaac</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ambition</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reward—Charity</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Wandering Jew</td>
<td>235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tolerance</td>
<td>236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Solidarity of Sin</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Martyrs</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home from the Colonies</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Advertiser's</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Trip to Fairyland</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wimbledon Camp</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Strange Meats</td>
<td>263</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Better Manners and Mr John Lecce</td>
<td>246</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Nobleman's Fête—and the</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woolly Woman's</td>
<td>347</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looking down on the World,</td>
<td>390</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Partnership Dissolved</td>
<td>411</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>INDEX.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>--------------------</td>
<td>-----------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pay-day at the Works,</td>
<td>309</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace-time, War in,</td>
<td>322</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peculiar Institution,</td>
<td>273</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a Experiment in the,</td>
<td>372</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>People, a Doom'd,</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perfumes,</td>
<td>291</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plants and Animals, the Geographical Distribution of,</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plants, Fossil, and the Lessons which they Teach,</td>
<td>334</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleasure-party, a Lunatic,</td>
<td>262</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Positions, False,</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Presentation, the Next,</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Professor Sandstone and His Young Friends,</td>
<td>392</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Profits, the,</td>
<td>191</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Progression, Harmonic,</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prophets, the Modern,</td>
<td>227</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Railway Adventures,</td>
<td>464</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Railways, Facts about,</td>
<td>260</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Records in Search of a Home,</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Our Public,</td>
<td>368</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Register for 1861, the Wreck,</td>
<td>366</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rival to Cricket, a,</td>
<td>364</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rockall Fishery,</td>
<td>222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Roger Williams,</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rough Courtship, the Wars of the,</td>
<td>257</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Royal Commissions of Inquiry,</td>
<td>338</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sandstone, Professor, and His Young Friends,</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Savings-banks for the Industrial Classes,</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schemes for Embanking the Thames,</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Science and Arts—</td>
<td>62, 142, 296, 271, 358, 414</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Self-accused Witch, the,</td>
<td>255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shakespeare Club—A Very Modest Club,</td>
<td>279</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shilling-day, the First,</td>
<td>163</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sidney, Sir Phillip,</td>
<td>231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soldiers? How shall We Treat Our,</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sometimes of Italy, By W. Chambers—</td>
<td>211</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First Aspect of Affairs,</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rome (General Sketch),</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rome (St. Peter's, and various Matters of Social Concern),</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rome (the Bambino),</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naples,</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Environ of Naples,</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Return: Lombardy, Venetia, Padua, the Lakes, the Splugen, South, a Little Commission Down, Storks, Strange Meats, Swinbale, a Successful Telegraph Cable, How to Make an Atlantic Telegraphic Communication with China,</td>
<td>237</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Terror, a Night of,</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thames, Schemes for Embanking the,</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Too Soon,</td>
<td>177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Town, a Migratory,</td>
<td>175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Travel, How to Enjoy,</td>
<td>294</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trees of California, the Mammoth,</td>
<td>546</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>———, the Growth of,</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turpin's Journeys to the Antipodes, the,</td>
<td>253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twenty Minutes too Late,</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Upper Nile, a Night in the Catacombs of the,</td>
<td>161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vagabond, a Very Great,</td>
<td>197</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veiled Intercorses,</td>
<td>399</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>War in Peace-time,</td>
<td>302</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Literature of the American,</td>
<td>321</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wars of the Rough Courtship, the,</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waste,</td>
<td>193</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wedding, My. By an Old Bachelor,</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams, Roger,</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wilson, John, of Elibaray,</td>
<td>355</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wimbledon Camp,</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wine-shops and Eating-houses of Paris, the,</td>
<td>317</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winter Pensioners, Our,</td>
<td>329</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Witch, the Self-accus'd,</td>
<td>365</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woods in the Household of Nature, the Use of,</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woods, the College in the,</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Works, Pay-day at the,</td>
<td>299</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Worship of Baalism, Mr Crick-shank's,</td>
<td>298</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wreck Register for 1861, the,</td>
<td>259</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yellow Jack,</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE NEXT PRESENTATION.

Length of days is said, upon the highest authority, to be one of Man’s chiefest blessings, and it is not the intention of this writer to contravene that authoritative statement. Still, what was an advantage to the patriarchs may not be equally convenient now a days; and if a gentleman persists in holding property, in which he has only a life-interest, as if he were possessed of the fee-simple, and might enjoy it in perpetuity, he must be prepared to meet with indignation. ‘Live and let live’ should be everybody’s motto; and excess in everything—even in vitality—is especially unbecoming in a divine. Nobody, beyond his own immediate friends and relatives, has, of course, a right to object to a curate’s living on to any length of time. But if a man with a good benefice, like myself, enjoy the same beyond the reasonable hopes of the purchaser of the next presentation—beyond the limit, that is, which compilers of annuity tables have set down as his legitimate average—he cannot escape without a hint or two that he is standing in the way of other people.

I trust that what I have to say may serve as a warning to persons of sensitive nature who may be thinking of entering the ministry of the Church of England, and of investing their money in her at the same time. If they do buy a Living for themselves, let it be the Advowson; or if they be so rash as to secure a mere life-interest in her (as I have done), let them be well convinced beforehand—would they avoid the inconveniences of which I have to tell—that they have not an immoderate share of vital stamina. They must be by no means think that general debility will be any guarantee for this, for I have known a man to be put into a very excellent living merely as a stop-gap, and actually chosen, on account of his many admirable infirmities, who yet retained his port for half a century, and outlived the grandson of the man who first waited for his shoes. The circumstances of this most unjustifiable event occurred within my own knowledge, and in the following manner:

The family living of the Yellowboys fell vacant while their second son, Euphranor (whom they had destined for that preferment), was still at college, and before he was legally qualified to take that responsible charge upon his shoulders. They therefore looked about them for a ‘warming-pan;’ that is to say, a gentleman in orders, who would be content to hold the place until the young man was of its age, receiving the full stipend in the meantime in return for the obligation. But not only is there an ecclesiastical canon which forbids this very convenient and not uncommon arrangement—a fact which, I fear, would not of itself have deterred the head of the house of Yellowboys from adopting it—but examples are on record of ‘warming-pans’ who have refused to remove from comfortable quarters at the appointed time, protesting that the bed was their own, and that they meant to lie upon it. To obviate any risk of this kind, Yellowboys senior made a gift of the next presentation to a certain cousin of his, not so ancient, indeed, as was desirable, but afflicted with such a complication of disorders as promised, if there was any faith to be placed in doctors, to carry him off in two or three years at the very latest.

The Rev. Joseph Yellowboys, on receiving this good tidings, pricked up his drooping ears, returned, with thanks to his bishop, the ‘perpetual’ curacy in the Fen country (where nobody lives any time to speak of, even if there is no inundation), and came up rejoicing (and, I think, on crutches) to the rectory of Buterton Magna. He read himself in in such a quavering voice, that Squire Yellowboys doubted whether the powers of his relative would even last out the very moderate span that was expected of them; and his cough throughout that evening—for I was a child staying at the Park with the young Yellowboys at the time, and came down to dessert, and met him—his cough, I say, would have been music to his hear, if he had happened to have had one, which at that time was not the case. He was lame with both legs; he had only one eye, and even that had an involuntary rotatory movement like that of a dying firework; he was thinner, and rather more dried-up looking than a red herring; and he had several most serious maladies (as was affirmed on excellent authority), beside the more ordinary ailments—such as asthma and bronchitis—which were patent to all who set eyes upon him.

Yet, poor Euphranor Yellowboys waited for Buterton Magna for ten years, and then, instead of getting his living, died; and Euphranor’s son died, expectant, after him; and now Euphranor’s son’s son (as I have just heard) is dead likewise, and the Rev. Joseph Yellowboys is rector still.
Again, in the case of Sheepington, the fattest living in the gift of St Boniface, Oxford, what a shocking miscalculation there was there! The great tithe alone of that proceeds, but I mean to keep it for half a century yet.' Which he most certainly will, if he can.

But neither of these two gentlemen, as may well be imagined, are of the incursions and dissent is almost unknown in the parish. It is altogether much too good a thing to go by seniority, and therefore the struggle to secure Sheepington when it chances to fall vacant (which is somehow very seldom) is something unparalleled. It resembles, in one respect at least, the strife for good-service pensions given to deserving warriors. Each candidate exhibits his wounds and his deprecations as much claim upon the sympathies of the electors. The applicants for Sheepington, however, do not pretend that they owe these to hard usage in the cause of the church militant; they only say: 'Behold our sad—our really hopeless condition, electors! If you should but confer this boon upon us, the next presentation of it must needs fall to you within a very few years.'

Vote for Senior and Softening of the Brain! Vote for Octogenarian and Paralysis!' Two eminent divines, neither of whom was destitute of good physical defects, contended on the last occasion for this great clerical prize, and the votes, after the closest scrutiny, were declared equal.

To elect one, would have been to offend the other, and might have driven either (for the heart and liver were the parts affected in the two cases) into the grave at once; so the council determined to procrastinate. They selected the vice-principal of the college, a gentleman of a fabulous age, who weighed seventeen stone, and had not seen his own knees for thirty years.

'It must try again,' said they; 'after a few months, and then, perhaps, we shall have less difficulty in coming to a final decision.'

The majority of these magnum individuals are now lying in St Boniface hya Chapelle, with near mural tablets over them, which celebrate their virtues in the Latin tongue. Both the eminent divines have departed from this sublunary sphere; but the Rev. Methuselah Hewside still occupies the rectory of Sheepington, although he has been for many years unable to squeeze himself into his pulpit.

In cases, in both these lives are concerned, and the calculations are proportionally complicated, we cannot be too cautious. The circumstances of the incumbent being seventy-six, will doubtless have come to terms, insomuch as if he was so unfortunate as to die before the transfer was completed, he would actually have to give the living away! On the other hand, incumbents of seventy-six are often comparatively young people; and you perceive that the advertisement admits—it is most incisively worded, and so far affords hope of an easy bargain—it admits that the situation is salubrious. However, I will make every inquiry, and you may come to me in a fortnight for my best advice.'

At the appointed time I revisited my astute guardian—whom it would be impertinent, because totally inadequate, to compare, in respect to his detective qualities, with a ferrety—and found him in possession of all the facts connected with my contemplated purchase. The actual patron of Chauncey Bassett was a gentleman of the Jewish persuasion, whose father had had pecuniary transactions with the most respectuous and meritorious of the present squire of the parish, from which the Gentile had escaped with his estate, but had left the adroverous of the living in the hands of the Hebrew. It seemed very odd, I see it at present, at that period, that a Jew should have a Christian living, even indirectly, in his gift; but my guardian bade me take comfort, on the ground that I myself, at least,
would be under no obligation to him, but would have to buy it with hard cash.

'My only fear,' added he with an air of reflection, 'is lest Mr Levi and the parson may be confederated in the course of a latter day to realise a younger man in stamina than he chooses to seem. His appearance (though I saw him on a Monday, just after his change of dress, to be said with a twinkle, fragile, and with a certain quivering of the voice, from which one would argue the best, if it was certain all was on the square. But if the patron should have made it worth the incumbent's while to look his very worst, in order that the bidding may rise—why, then—you see, young gentleman, what a very speculative investment this sort of church-property is!

'But, my dear sir,' exclaimed I, sagacity and shuddering, 'is it probable?'—

'Nay, sir,' returned the lawyer with irritation, 'I have nothing to do with a certain prejudice of the law against the convenience called Simony, affected to buy it himself, and then handed it over to me; and after an interval of ten years, during which I have never wished of Chaucery Basset less salutary by one breath of summer air, the incumbent became at length recumbent, and I was installed rector in his stead.

Since that welcome period, up to a very recent date, Angelina, and afterwards Caroline and myself, have lived a life of almost unrelieved calm. Children were born unto us every year; as is the universal custom among the clergy—and none, thank Heaven, were taken from us. I have held in my arms at the baptismal-font well-nigh half the parish, and it is not a matter of my boy, for child within it with whom I am not acquainted. The squire—be that was the young squire—when I first arrived—is siring, which at his years he cannot but expect to be; but it is not so. Then go home with your purse any proposition of mine for the benefit of the Poor. The Vestry, although not exactly liberal, I have always found to be plant if manipulated with tact and jested-humour. The meeting-house at Banter's End has been happily out of repair for some time, and the funds, I am told, are not forthcoming, even to set the roof in order. Our congregation, such is the force by that has had the diocese in my time—is courteous, and thoughtful for others; he complimented Angelina upon her apricot jam at luncheon after our last confirmation in a manner she will never forget. Until within the last few months, in short, I was the happy rector of a model parish, with as few causes of annoyance as can be reasonably expected in a country where church-rates have been but recently saved from abolition only by a majority of one. Too great Content, it was held by the ancients, provokes the anger of the gods; and perhaps I was too comfortable. My worst enemy, however, can certainly no longer lay this to my charge. The thin end of the wedge—to use a metaphor which has been made their own by the Great Conservative Party of my native land—was inserted in the heart of my domestic life in April last, and the mallet has been falling, and the breach widening ever since.

The first blow was struck in this manner: I was engaged in the peaceful occupation of gardening a little before luncheon-time, when there drove up to the door a fly and pair from the railway station, bringing a woman of advanced age, and apparently of the legal profession. I hurried in to pay those pious duties of hospitality which in the country have not as yet fallen into disuse, and learned from my visitor that his name was Filer, and that he had the misfortune to be an attorney. Some men might have been dissatisfied with this information, and have asked him what was his business at Chaucery Basset, but as the bell was just then ringing for the children's dinner, I only asked him in to lunch. The number of my offspring seemed to astonish him, and he took in them an evident interest, which could not but be pleasing to Caroline—for, Madame, poor dear, was taken from me many years back.

'This is your youngest, I conclude, sir,' observed he, taking Adolphus by the arm between his fingers, who, considering himself to be a young man, and aspiring to 'stick-ups,' resented that familiarity with some dignity.

'Yes,' said I, rather tardily, 'it is; for why he should have taken upon himself to conclude anything of the sort, I was at a loss to understand.

'Thank you; I will have another help,' responded the old gentleman presently, to an invitation of any wife, who was superintending the cold beef: 'the air of your down-country is truly appeasing. What health your husband seems to enjoy, Madame! He looks as robust as men in London who are only half his age.'

'Thank you, sir,' responded the hostess; 'he is very well.'

'He is very gray, however,' remarked the visitor with starting abruptness.

'At our age,' retorted my wife, with some asperity, 'we must be fortunate indeed not to be gray.'

'True, madam—true. I am not perfectly bald, as you perceive, I should doubtless be gray myself. You are looking for the salt, revered sir; permit me. I daresay, now, you find your sight begin to fail you a little?'

'Well,' said I, good-humouredly, 'I do wear spectacles now and then, I confess.'

'You do wear spectacles now and then, do you? Ah! Now, do you wear strong spectacles?'

I began to think this man must be a person of extraordinary benevolence, notwithstanding his acknowledged profession, and I therefore detailed to him certain difficulties which I had lately met with in getting my night suit fitted.

'Dear me,' said he, after listening to me with an appearance of the greatest interest; 'your lungs and hearing are, however, I remark, in the most excellent order. May I ask—you seemed to have a little difficulty with that crust just now—may I ask how you are off for teeth?

I was about to explain, for I don't see why one should make a secret of such matters, how much more comfortable I have felt with those that Mr Wrench procured for me last autumn, when I perceived my wife to be telegraphing to me, as plain as eyes could speak, to take the man away, because there was only puddling enough for the children; so I asked him to have a stroll with me in the garden. 'There, at least,' said I to myself, 'he will disclose his business, and leave off asking questions about my bodily health.' I opened the glass-door that leads from my study on to our little lawn, and motioned that he should pass out first.

'Thank you,' returned he; 'I should much prefer leading the way. How well you walk—how exceedingly well you walk; you put your feet down with all the decision and firmness of a young man. I think, however, I detect a slight relaxation in the muscles of the left leg. They must of course be shrinking'.

'Sir,' said I, turning sharply round upon him, as he stood making some memorandum in his note-book, 'what business is it of yours, confound you, whether my muscles are shrinking or not?'

'My dear sir,' returned the lawyer, laying his finger upon his shoulder playfully, 'it is no business of mine whatever. I am employed by a young fellow who has just taken orders, and has confidence in my judgment. He sent me down on purpose to look at you; and you look a great deal too well, my dear sir, a vast deal too well, for my client, I do assure you. Mr Levi is putting far too high a price upon the
concern, according to present appearances. You bought, you know, the next presentation of this living of his grandfather, yourself.' "Yes, sir," said he; "I have, sir." Then I endeavored in vain to get any information of Mr. Levi. "Why, I think," said he, "you have been told to see Mr. Levi—his Angelina—in stalled; but then," added he, with a reproachful look at the calves of my legs, "there is no knowing when one is to get it.

I really begin to think that some mutual arrangement with Mr. Levi (such as I was so ready to reproduce in my younger days) would not be altogether unjustifiable. If I chose to sit for half a day with my head tied up, and my legs in flannel, for instance—as I suppose I have a perfect right to do—these people would bite at once at Chauncey Bassett, I know. As it is, I am obliged to procure alleviation for myself by a pious fraud. On one occasion, an applicant called while I was exercising the colt; and the servant who answered the front-door bell informed the gentleman her master was engaged.

'Exercising the colt!' cried he; 'then I have been most grossly imposed upon. Coachman, drive me back to the station.'

Since then, I am afraid that 'exercising the colt' has been rather a stereotyped reply at the door of the rectory of Chauncey Bassett, when any stranger comes to it and asks to look at the house, and whether the present writer is at home.

THE GROWTH OF TREES.

In the consideration of a tree, we have to deal, not with a product of crystallisation, such as the lead tree, or the dendritic formations on a frozen window, but with matter living and organised; it is no stiff unyielding form, but an elastic and easily impressible body, whose movements are in fact as fluctuating as those of the mercurial column in the tube of a barometer.

And first let us contemplate vegetative nature in her simpler forms; let us study the life-history of one of those lovely native annuals which we see in spring growing so abundantly by the roadside, or in the field or forest. From the first breaking forth of life in the seed, there is continual motion and activity, a regular cycle of leaves, until growth culminates; the plant then flowers, again arrives at the condition of a seed, enters on the stage of rest, and the entire axis and all its appendages, its roots, leaves, and flowers die, undergo chemical decomposition, and disappear from the earth's surface. For into the seed the exhausted vitality of the plant has again retired. Then, during the long onward march of nature brings back to the earth the heat and light of spring, reawakens the dormant life-energies in the seed, which slowly commences the same instructive and deeply interesting life-movements.

In forest trees, or woody perennials, there is the same continual change from a state of rest to that of motion; but in this case the powers of life in the seed are much greater. Hence the trunk of a tree, which rises at first from the seed as an herbaceous stem, becomes more or less woody towards the close of the growing season, and is not destroyed when it enters on the stage of rest in winter. Only the foliage perishes, and this is renewed each season upon fresh shoots from the terminal and lateral buds; in fact, the stem with its branches is the only enduring part of the tree. In some trees, these fluctuations of growth, or vibratory movements between a state of rest and that of motion, and even thousands of years, until the herbaceous stem and leaves have become metamorphosed, and there stands on the site it once occupied a tree, with its massive trunk, far extended branches, and noble canopy of foliage. But the tree, like the lowly annual which it overshadows, is compelled at last to pay back the debt due to nature, and must yield to the earth.
and air those borrowed elements out of which it originated.

These fluctuations or vibrations of growth in trees may be compared to the rising and the falling of a wave, which attains a certain elevation over the ocean's surface, at a distance of a certain point, and disappears. In the life of a tree we may distinguish three principal waves of growth, or accelerated and retarded vital movements.

The Annual Wave.—During winter, the trees of temperate climates, like the seeds in the ground, are in a state of passive vitality. Life exists in both, though no vital movement is perceptible, for there is no chemical decomposition or separation of their parts.

But winter has gone with its cold darkness and storms, and spring has come with its warm bright sun and gentle breezes. The stage of rest is passed, and reinvigorated nature awakens from repose. Slowly emerges the plant out of the seed, and the new shoots and leaves out of the buds. There is again continual motion and activity, the same cycle of appendages of leaves, flowers, and fruits. Another ring of wood and bark has been formed about the tree, and new growths of wood have been added to its extremities. The sun continues to drive the vegetable machinery until the year draws to its close, and the light and heat received from him gradually decline; motion and activity in the plant-world now cease in the same ratio, until at length the solar force is so enfeebled that the vegetable machinery stops. The tree is deprived of the leaves and flowers of spring, and of the fruits of autumn. It has again entered on the stage of rest. All the delicate growing-points on its naked and exposed surface are protected by the scale of the buds; every pore is closed and sealed up against the weather, either by a covering ofomentum or wool, or by excrescences expressly elaborated for that purpose. That naked, defoliated tree yet lives, but its vitality slumbers. These yearly vibrations of growth are faithfully recorded in the annual wood-rings visible on the cross-section of the stem.

But this is not all, for if the reader will examine the young branchlets and shoots of the tree when it is denuded of its foliage, he will find that each branchlet and shoot is characterised by its own peculiar fluctuations. Each branchlet and shoot has an accelerated and retarded growth which pervades the whole tree, pervades each of its parts. In the annual wave of growth which pervades each year's shoot, there are three distinct stages which offer themselves for consideration. Toward the bottom of the shoot is formed a series of perfectly undeveloped internodes, which support the covering leaves or scales, and which are visible after their fall in a series of closely approximated annular scars; then follow the partially developed internodes or naked intervals of stem between the leaves; and then the principal internodes, which form by their expansion the main growth of the shoot. But the vitality of the leaves above the centre of the shoot becomes more and more enfeebled, because they come to their perfection later in the season, when the heat and light of the sun, those stimulants of vegetable vitality, decrease. The intervals between the upper leaves consequently approach each other, and the leaves diminish in size, until finally we arrive at the punctum vegetations or vegetative point which gives origin to the terminal bud at the apex of the shoot. The final result of this whole growth which pervades the whole tree thus pervades each of its shoots or yearly growths at its extremities.

The whole tree is thus seen in each of its parts, for the growth which has been the motive of the season at the extremities of the branches, is, with its foliage and fluctuations, an exact copy of the development which may be by the tree itself during the first year of its life.

The Daily Wave.—According to Treviranus, the growth of trees is accelerated during the day, and retarded in the evening. The principal German physiologists appear to agree as to the fact that there is such a daily acceleration and retardation of growth, though they differ a little as to the precise time of its occurrence. This daily variation is not an unreasonable, for growth can only take place through the assimilation of formative material, and this mainly depends on the heat and light received from the sun. The vital energies of plants may possibly vary with the degree of the sun's elevation above the horizon, and they may recuperate to some extent during the night, like the animal creation. Some of the distinguished microscopists and physiologists of Germany think that these daily pulsations of growth have left their mark in the interior of the tree, and that the fine layers in the thick walls of the wood and bast tissues have been produced by them.

The Life Wave.—This is that grand vibration of growth which extends through the whole period of the life of the tree, and which carries along with it all the smaller fluctuations of each day and each year. As the leaves of the tree are the true sources whence is derived the elaborated formative material used in the construction of its stem and branches, it necessarily follows that the growth of these parts depends on the amount of light which is spread abroad by them in the atmosphere. Now, there is a continually increasing number of leaves developed during the first period in the life of a tree, and consequently an acceleration not only in the growth of each individual part of the tree, but of the entire tree itself in the same ratio. At first, growth takes place in the direction of the main axis or stem, till the tree has obtained its greatest height; it is then diverted to the leading branches, and the tree begins to spread out on all sides, and form its top or head, which is usually domo-shaped or hemispherical. The tree has now obtained its greatest elevation, spread, and maximum amount of foliage, and the wave of growth culminates. From this period in the life of the tree there is a progressive diminution of growth, which becomes gradually more and more retarded. At first, there was a rapid increase annually in the number and length of the shoots, and in the breadth of the wood-rings; but now, the tree has reached its prime, and the year's shoots become always shorter and more circumsered; there is a decrease in the number of them annually, owing to the diminishing vital activity of the leaves. Less woolly matter is therefore necessarily formed, which at the same time continues to be spread over a constantly increasing amount of surface; for as the tree gets older, its stem and branches increase in their circumference or girth, hence the year's ring or growth in thickness becomes also smaller and smaller.

In the gradual expiration of growth at the extremities of the branches, when the tree has attained its greatest altitude, and passed the period of its prime, the following stages of remission may be distinctly observed: 1. A little annual development with some branching, yet so that the side-shoots appear as leaf-clusters, no internodes whatever being formed between them. 2. Only single shoots, a little developed, with here and there a bud formed, which has not vitality enough to expand into a leaf-cluster, and therefore remains on the side of the shoot as a bud. 3. No side-buds with the same wave of the terminal bud simply opening into a cluster of leaves, the whole of whose vital force is expended in the formation of the terminal bud, which contains in embryo the next year's leaf-cluster. A shoot will hereupon unfold its terminal bud into leaf-clusters for ten, twenty, and even thirty years. A branch of the horse-chestnut tree, which the writer examined in Kensington Park, was in thirty-five years grown in this manner only eighteen inches. 4. The terminal bud pines, gradually
loses the power of unfolding itself, and finally
dies. With the death of the terminal bud, and the
cessation of the formation of any more leaves, the
future growth of the branch is necessarily completely
arrested. In this manner, branch after branch
gradually ceases to grow, and then dies, until the
powers of decay gain the ascendency, and the whole
tree at last perishes.

There is, then, in the development of the entire
tree, one grand, all-pervading wave of growth, or an
acceleration of the yearly growths made by all its
parts up to a determined stage of culmination, and
from thence to the end of its life a progressive regres-
sion follows. All its periodical changes from a state
of rest to that of motion, those waves of growth of
which we have spoken, have left an indelible impres-
sion in the solid parts of its fabric. All the bright
and stormy days of its life, every wind that has
shaken its foliage, and every rain-drop that has
wetted its roots, have helped to mould its physical
organisation, and make it just what it is.

An animal may continue to live after it ceases
to grow, but with the tree it is otherwise, for the tree
continues to grow as long as it lives, and when it
cesses to grow in any of its parts, as, for instance, its
branches, the life of those branches necessarily and
inseparably terminated. The death of the tree there-
fore takes place from within to without, or from its
centre to its circumference, the innermost parts of
its stem dying first, and the outer ones becoming hollow,
as is well known; and it also dies downwards at the
same time, or from the extremities of its branches to
its roots.

THE LOUNGER IN THE EXHIBITION.

THE FIRST SHILLING-DAY.

On this June 2, 1862, and at about 10 o'clock A.M.,
there is a very singular little crowd collected at the
gate of the World's Fair in Thompton. What is want-
ing in number, is more than made up in variety and
social contrast. There is a gracious princess (upon
whose timeliness it was remarked that she was
determined to have a good shilling's worth), and
there is a female charity-school; there is the com-
mander-in-chief of the British army, and there
are the Duke of York's boys (but not of royal
descent), in homely suits of fashion, varying from
fifteen to twenty feet in circumference, clutching the
moccoco case that holds their season tickets. There is
the Housewife, from the agricultural districts, scorn-
ing any such artificial extension, and with a face
that gives back ray for ray to the summer sun. There
are Parsees, with those ridiculous split hats of theirs,
in which one so longs to insert something; Ebrew
Jews, with that length of beard which defies all
Christian competition, notwithstanding hogs-lard is
denied to them; and one North American Indian
in the picturesque though inadequate costume of his
race, with a green cotton umbrella added.

The mechanic element, however, which ought to
have been most observable, is somewhat lacking, and
the pale shrewd faces of those whose labour is not
under the open sky, are rare; the men of the forge, the
maid of the mill, have not even shillings to spend, this
year, alas! but are gazing helpless and almost hopeless
towards the West—where their sun rises—for a break
in the night-black clouds of war. There are, however,
a few apple-jointeed, caped, bayonet-laden men, of
whom it may be predicted that they will start off,
as soon as yonder doors are open, straight for the
western suns—to the machinery.

There are one or two unhappy persons, who, not
possessing season tickets, still consider that their
presence in a mere shilling throng requires some
explanation; their goodly habiliments bespeak,

they hope, that they are among it, without being of
it, but they are glad to get any confidential oppor-
tunity, such as a crowd always offers, of informing
strangers how the larger and necessarily arisen.
The present writer found himself at one
time in a very limited area, from which it was impos-
sible to escape, impinged upon by a gentleman of this
description, whose apparel, if he bought it at first,
hand, must have cost him a very considerable sum.

'Well-behaved crowd, sir,' observed this superior
person condescendingly; 'no pushing to speak of,
and an uncommon interesting sight. I confess, I like
the humbler classes, and have always found them—
there should be plenty of police about, of course—I
have always found them exceedingly civil. Often
been here before, sir? Ah, I suppose so. So have I.'

When a man is telling you an untruth, and perceives
that you are aware of it, he affords a study, of which
our sculptors have not as yet taken advantage; they
present us with a human figure, indeed, more or
less nude, with its finger up to its nose, and they write
underneath it Falsely; but if it were not for that
last precaution, we certainly should not know what
was intended. The true liar whom one meets in
society twenty times a day remains unchallenged. One
reason of this is, I suppose, that the eye, which cannot
so well be delineated in charcoal as in expression when a gentleman fibs. While even the
accomplished Tuffer (of the Old Bailey) remarks
causally that he was dined at yesterday with the
Chancellor, there is a certain indecision in his eye,
which emboldens me to reply: 'And so was I,' upon
the instant, to my learned friend's intense confusion.
So, while with his voice my exclusive acquaintance
was nearly meeting with his death in the transit only last week. A putty-

knife fell point foremost from the roof, and quivered,
sir, in the flooring within a few inches of where he
stood. Take another case. A gentleman was standing
under the dome, and suddenly found himself poked
violently in the small of the back with the point of an
umbrella; he turned about, and discovered that there
were ladies or persons of fashion, varying from
fifteen to twenty feet in circumference, clutching the
moccoco case that holds their season tickets. The
Duchess of York, confiding in Mrs. Prout, the Housewife,
from the agricultural districts, scorned.

* It is observable that an individual of this class never says
A man I know; all his acquaintances, he would have you
to understand, are gentlemen.
anecdote,' remarked I brily, 'with respect to the theatre of New York, when it was being boarded for the ball given to the Prince of Wales.'

'Ah, indeed,' replies I, sectional, totally unassembled; 'that was then a curious case of coincidence. The doors are being opened. Look!' There was a great inarticulate cry of admiration and delight, as the sun, dancing in the sunshine, and the long rainbow-roof of the Nave, shone upon us, as though a gate had been opened in Paradise. The charity-school children then behold a sight such as in their father's time no Monarch could have been able to witness. Asia, Africa, and America (for whose existence they had had as yet but the dubious evidence of their geography-books) were waiting within to welcome them. The richest jewels, the most costly dresses ever worn, were spread yonder for their approval; the finest paintings that Europe has produced for the last century were arranged in the best picture-gallery the World has yet seen, for their unbiassed criticism; while exquisite music, evoked from the rarest and various instruments, was ready to minister to their enchanted ears.

Under such circumstances, a barrier to progress was insurmountable; and yet there was my experienced friend, who had visited the building so often before, stuck fast in a turstille, having dropped his shilling into the wrong box. Its lucky recipient would not believe he had any such surplus in his treasury, while the man who ought to have been paid was reasonably disinclined to be out of pocket by the transaction.

But I have paid,' expostulated the wretched swell; 'I really have paid already.' But it would not do. My friend—alas—the crystal bar
Of Eden move not. Willier far
Than such wild words 'tis excess must be,
That opes the gates of Heaven for thee!

'You don't suppose,' observed the official scornfully, 'that I am going to make my turstille wrong for you, do you?'

If the miserable obstructive had not instantly paid his second shilling, and so made way, I believe that the Duke of York's boys, accustomed as they were to military evolutions, would have cut a road for us through his body.

For half a minute the crowd stood knotted together around the golden pillar from Victoria—'I had no idea,' said one, that the pillars were so large— and then dispersed themselves about the building; not hastily, nor according to any preconceived plan, but exactly as water poured upon a dusty floor radiates slowly and almost reluctantly in all directions.

If the commissioners would have approved of it, I would cheerfully have mounted to the top of the bronze Parasee, and instructed my shilling-friends what course to pursue, after the following manner:

'When you have only a single day at the Exhibition' (I would have said), 'it is ridiculous for you to try to see everything, for in such an endavours you will not only fail, but probably see the same things over and over again. Upon entering, as we have done, under the eastern dome, you should turn to your right, and walk round the north-east transept (without visiting its annexe), then cross by the fountain, and make a similar circuit of the south-eastern transept. Take the southern side of the nave to the Western dome, and investigate the south-west and north-west transept (without visiting its annexe) in a similar manner; take the north side of the nave, and having crossed it, sit down under its last (female) statue, and rest a bit, for you will have had by that time four hours of hard labour. The said statue is not to be found in the official catalogue (and you will probably be too experienced by this time to expect to find it there), but it is a very charming one for all that—another California, perhaps you judge, from her cornucopia of fruits, totally unashamed; that was then a curious case of coincidence.

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If the commissioners would have approved of it, I would cheerfully have mounted to the top of the bronze Parasee, and instructed my shilling-friends what course to pursue, after the following manner:

'When you have only a single day at the Exhibition' (I would have said), 'it is ridiculous for you to try to see everything, for in such an endavours you will not only fail, but probably see the same things over and over again. Upon entering, as we have done, under the eastern dome, you should turn to your right, and walk round the north-east transept (without visiting its annexe), then cross by the fountain, and make a similar circuit of the south-eastern transept. Take the southern side of the nave to the Western dome, and investigate the south-west and north-west transept (without visiting its annexe) in a similar manner; take the north side of the nave, and having crossed it, sit down under its last (female) statue, and rest a bit, for you will have had by that time four hours of hard labour. The said statue is not to be found in the official catalogue (and you will probably be too experienced by this time to expect to find it there), but it is a very charming one for all that—another California, perhaps you judge, from her cornucopia of fruits, totally unashamed; that was then a curious case of coincidence from that exquisite one of Hiram Powers you have just been looking at. This is a capital central resting-place, from whence it is but a step to the scented Muses' great house; wherein may dip your handkerchief without the slightest dread of its aroma being too powerful.

Seek once more the central avenue of the nave, and it will lead you, southward, to the staircase ascending to the British and Foreign galleries; explore the latter first—as you are probably acquainted with some of the contents of the other, or, at all events, will have opportunities of becoming so—taking one side in going, and the other in returning, and not attempting, as some do, to look at both sides at once. Accomplish the British galleries in the like manner, and then you will find yourself once more at the junction of both, opposite to which is a refreshment-room. The detail of these arduous though delightful duties is wearisome and exhausting even to read; how much more, then, after having practically accomplished them, oh! my holiday-friends, will you rejoice to sit down in the cool shade of these painted windows, and apply yourself to sequester soliloquy; or if this be too extravagant for you, there are second-class refreshment-rooms on the north side of the building, which would have a more exciting effect into the Horticultural Gardens, if the enterprising proprietors thereof had not purposely put up an immense superficies of sail-cloth to obstruct your view. There is also no objection, I believe, to your bringing with you your own luncheon, and eating it in some secluded court, such as that of the Ionian Islands, which nobody comes to look at because there is a wax exhibition much superior to it to be seen in Haymarket for the small charge of one penny, or indeed in any travelling caravan. The cheapest possible method of obtaining refreshments (I am informed by the Times newspaper) is, however, to walk into the French dining-room, order the most extravagant entertainment, and instead of paying for it, mention confidentially that you are a member of the British Press.

You have now perambulated the nave, both transepts, and the picture-galleries, which is about as much as ordinary legs and eyes can accomplish in one day. What you have seen has been entirely glanced at, and the Courts, the Annexes, and the Galleries have not been seen at all, the tastes of my friends, too, I have supposed to be general, without speciality of any kind, and I have not therefore even shown them the way to the Machinery, which would alone take them a day to properly investigate, and an unknown period to understand. Still, for the many thousands who will only have a single day at Brompton, I believe I have pointed out to them the most satisfactory, the simplest, and the least fatiguing method of seeing what is most worth seeing in the International Exhibition.'

My friends of the first shilling-day were sadly in need of some general directions of this sort. Whoever possessed the strongest will (and bipoc) carried the rest of his party along with him. One poor lady had an infant terrible of a son with her, who dragged her about under his arms, if she had been an encyclopaedia to everything he did not understand—which was about nine-tenths of the catalogue—insisting upon an immediate explanation.

'Now, ma, what's this,' cried he, 'I must know all about it.'

He was referring, at the moment I chanced to overhear him, to the Dip Circle for determining the inclination of the Magnetic Needle; and I doubt,

* This statement, by Bell, has now a paper title: 'Forward, Australia.'
therefore, whether his laudable curiosity was gratified. Another young gentleman, with no such thirst for detail, returned to some inquiring friends with the information that, all things contributing, the Milan was that of Italy—the name of that country having been legibly inscribed beneath it.

A strenuous gun, so polished, yet so formidable, that had been fired nineteen times in a minute, attracted us all; we patted it, we stroked it, we treated it as a trusty friend, although a new one, who would keep all dangers from us save those who came as rivals only in the arts of peace.

The French billiard-tables without pockets astonished us beyond expression. 'Would you like to see the Piping Bullfinch,' observed I, to a panting agriculturist, whose endeavours to restrain his juvenile family from wandering too far reminded me of a hen with chickens.

'The Piping Bullfinch!' said he, wiping his forehead, 'I should rather think I should—if they sell beer there.' He thought it was a public-house. But hear those children did enjoy that bird; they screamed as shrilly as the jewelled creature itself; they clapped their tiny hands as he clapped his wings; and when he retired into his little box with a nap, I thought they would have gone out of their minds. I was afterwards weak enough to take these young people to see the bank of Kentish wild-flowers in wax, with which they were by no means so well satisfied, but felt the unintentional compliment of saying, that there were plenty such banks as that in the copse at the bottom of their meadow at home. In revenge for causing them this disappointment, I requested permission to treat each of the party to an ice, a substance to them unknown as used for food. The juveniles, commencing upon this with trepidation, soon learned to match a slice from it; but Peter-familias (who nevertheless thought it his duty to go through with his share), complained of 'shooting pains between the blade-hones,' and presently 'all down his shudders into his feet!: The jury on Human Food and its Effects ought certainly to receive the evidence of this gentleman, as being probably in a much more normal condition than any of their body.

The picture-galleries were not patronised to the degree expected of my shining-friends, and as it was, the visit, through being too prolonged, produced in many a sort of vertigo: 'I can't look any more,' exclaimed one poor lady whom an aesthetic daughter had carried along with her over many square miles of colour—'I really can't; my head's a-going round.' I fancied that many exhausted persons were attracted by the exceptional comfort of the seats; to obtain rest, and at the same time to continue sight-seeing, being an advantage scarcely to be over-estimated. The temptation, however, to take a fuller advantage of the occasion was sometimes too great to be resisted, and I observed (not in the same party) no less than three ladies and two gentlemen, each planted accurately opposite to some deathless work of genius, but all—sleep!

Towards the latter part of the day, the physical energies of most of us began to fail, and especially of those with juveniles, who now had to be dragged behind, in compensation for having well-nigh pulled their parents' arms off at an earlier stage of the proceedings. Even the professional visitors to the machinery department—some of whom were never out of it—began to look as if their day's work was nearly over, and to listen for the bell that should proclaim the Mill was closing.

One thing only had now power to give us a fillip, and no matter how prostrated it found us, we always recovered to its squared-off form. As soon as the Japanese ambassadors, or members of their suite, made themselves visible in any part of the building, there was a perfect stampede to follow them. Fathers seized an opportunity in either hand, and gave the word to their detachment to charge; mothers with flying bonnet-strings and babies flattened to their bosoms obeyed the call; mothers-in-law, with their beloved umbrellas uncurled, but their left hands fold in a right-handed hot haste; and the big boy of the party, who had impeded its movements the whole day long, and tripped up everyone by perpetually slipping down to tie his shoe, was caught in that defenseless position by the tumultuous throng, and most retributively knocked over. The distinguished foreigners were hunted round and round the place by three classes of persons; the first wave comprised the general visitors, the second the pickpockets, and the third the police. 'The Times' complains that these unhappy plenipotentiaries of the Tycoon do not stay to investigate, but merely take general views of the objects of interest. But how can gentlemen be expected to do very poorly, whose only safety from the feet of the British public lies in keeping up a trot of at least five miles an hour, and that, too, while encumbered by two swords and an umbrella apiece—like Robinson Crusoe?

AMERICAN PRACTICE.

'There's a chance for you, doctor!' said Captain Acland very good-naturedly. The words were spoken on the poop of the Fair Images, of and from Liverpool, in the harbour of Alatamaha Sound, Georgia, U.S.A., on a clear and sunny summer's day. We were standing together beside the wheel, we three, a great contrast to one another in appearance and manner as is often presented by any trio living. There was the captain, short, bluff, and broad, the very model of a British seaman, with his brick-red cheek, and the frank but keen blue eye, that can get its way through so much of dirty weather and awkward work. There was Mr Millett, the rich landowner who wanted my services, a tall, thin, dignified personage enough, with a handsome and intense air of feature, that they too finely cut, perhaps, and marred by an irascible expression about the mouth. There was myself, a medical officer of the British fleet of the same name, having charge of a naval hospital, of which I was now in command, and occasionally called upon to make a visit or two to the naval vessels of the fleet.

The practice was guaranteed, on the solemn assurance of a most venerable and plausible member of our healing art, to be worth five hundred a year. It may have been thus profitable to himself; since I afterwards understood that he had traded in it successfully for four or five years, constantly parting with it to novices, and buying it back for an old song, in person or by proxy, when the novices were disgusted; but the venture ruined me, and I went out to America, hoping to retrieve my fortunes. As yet I had not found the New World an Eldorado, and I had been thankful when Captain Acland, whose son had been a schoolfellow of mine in Westmoreland, our native county, had engaged my services as surgeon of the brig. The Fair Images was a vessel of but moderate tonnage, or she could not have got into the anchorage of Alatamaha Sound, and she was seldom carry a doctor. But she was employed in very unhealthy climates, chiefest coasting the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and plying among the West India Islands; and, as is well known, in my case, the captain and I had soon come to an arrangement.

Still, it was good-natured of Captain Acland to be ready to release me from my bargain the moment a brighter prospect seemed to open before me. I did
not say much—we Englishmen are awkward in such matters—but my eyes filled as I caught the old seaman's hand and gave it a grateful squeeze.

'Tell you what,' said the captain; 'the best thing you can do, Mr Ellis, is to turn round, and pull your tramp, jump into this gentleman's canoe, and go ashore with him. It shan't be said that John Acland stood in any chap's light, least of all a schoolmate of his, and so God bless you, lad, and if ever you want a free passage home to England, why, the Fair Imogen is heartily at your service.'

I went on shore. My tramp, as the kind old skipper had called them, were not very weighty: a medicine-chest, two or three instrument-cases, a port-manteau, and hatbox, made up the sum of my effects; and the negro boatmen grinned rather contemptuously as they handed these modest belongings in and out of the canoe. But I will say for Mr Millett that his bearing was perfectly polite, and free from patronage, although I was a mere aspirant, with forty dollars for my entire capital, and he one of the richest proprietors in his county. 'I take on myself to say, sir, you will not repent of your decision,' said my new client in his grave sentiments, as we crossed the shallows over the little blue waves, and as I waved my straw-hat in return for the farewell wave of good Captain Acland's cap: 'you will find, sir, you will find, sir, Mr Millett in his high shrill voice. I heard his good advice, but like some other good advice, it was easier to give than to take. For a hundred yards or so, I could as easily have checked a railway train as have curved the rush of the fiery brute. Then, to be sure, I got him in hand, mastered him somehow, and rode back rejoicing.

'Thank you, Mr Ellis,' said my—what shall I call him, client? or employer?—'I congratulate you on getting the better of Brown Rupert, always a fidgety beast with a strange rider. Thrasylulus, you inattentive cur, this is your fault, for not bringing out the old gray as I bade you. And the master shook his gold-headed whip, half-angrily, half-playfully at the groom.

'Not my fault, sir, mas'r, not Sylbus's fault at all. Dat tupid black chap, de coachman Aaron, he say: "Ole gray top at home, take physic; too much gallop last Monday. Sylbus take Import to fish British." So you see, Mas'r Colonel!'

'There, that will do,' said the master; and we rode on amid the rice-swamps, where the ripe grain was all but ready for the sickle of the mower, where the sun blazed on the pools and runlets of water, making them shine like burnished silver, and where the leaves of the palmettos drooped, hot and dusty, in the still air. Rice, rice, nothing but rice, until we turned away from the river, away from the lagoon, where the weeds grew rank, and the alligators lay like slimy brown logs, and attracted as little notice, and rode up a well-kept way which skirted a little creek of clear and deep water. The banks were thickly fringed with bushes and wild sugar-cane, and great gaudy flowers peeped out from among the yellowing shrubs. Presently we came to a spot where the hedgerow trees had been 'blazed' with an axe, and the raw wood smeared over with blue paint; and my companion turned to me with a grave gentle smile, and bade me 'Welcome to Briar Bush Estate.'

'A fine estate it was, not running to ruin, weedy and exhausted, and gradually will revert to swamps. However, I have no right to preach—you are old enough to be your own monitor. If you like to dine with us tomorrow,'

'--as a snapping turtle! I'm your man,' interrupted Cook, with a more gleeeful air. 'I know my way pretty well to Briar Bush. But I say, colonel, how's Mr Millett?'

'My daughter is as usual, I thank you,' said my host very cordially, and as if annoyed at the familiar mention of his child's name from those lips. 'This sultry season has been a trying one to all invalids. Does your mother bear it well?'

'Mr Cook rejoined with amiable frankness, that 'he would be scalped if he knew. He hadn't been over to Daren-town these two years, by and by, and we're red. This young man had not inquired who I was, or whether I were bound or not for Mr Millett's house, but he had eyed me over with undisguised curiosity, not unmixed with scorn; and it struck me that as we nodded in farewell to my companion, he bestowed on me a scowl that indicated anything but approval or sympathy.

'We were mounted by this time, Mr Millett on his favourite chestnut back, and I on a Virginia-bred brown horse; while the coloured groom, who was simply clad in black broadcloth, as republican principles demand, jumped upon his piebald pony. It is taken for granted in America that everybody can ride; first-rate horsemen, except among the Southern land-owners and the prairie settlers, are rare, but most of those who dwell in the country can sit a quiet horse. Either the brown nag from Briar Bush was not a quiet horse, or he had been chafed by the delay, for, before I was settled in the saddle, he began to caper and curvet, and finally to bolt forward like a cannon-ball ejected from its deadly tube. Mr Ellis, hold him tight, sir! pray, sir, do; trust Mr Millett in his high shrill voice. I heard his good advice, but like some other good advice, it was easier to give than to take. For a hundred yards or so, I could as easily have checked a railway train as have curved the rush of the fiery brute. Then, to be sure, I got him in hand, mastered him somehow, and rode back rejoicing. Very good, Mr Ellis,' said my—what shall I call him, client? or employer?—'I congratulate you on getting the better of Brown Rupert, always a fidgety beast with a strange rider. Thrasylulus, you inattentive cur, this is your fault, for not bringing out the old gray as I bade you. And the master shook his gold-headed whip, half-angrily, half-playfully at the groom.'
over its cool verandahs, it had an air of comfort and repose. The garden was large, and unusually well-kept.

"Let me introduce you," said Mr Millett, as he ushered me into a large and cool apartment, the floor of which was covered with a delicate kind of white marble.

Mrs Millett—my daughter, Miss Caroline—Mr Alfred Ellis.

It was some time before my eyes, fresh from the glare of daylight, could pierce the gloom of that darkened drawing-room sufficiently to make out the faces and figures of the two ladies to whom my name had been mentioned. Then I could distinguish that Mrs Millett was a tall, languid, affectionate and pleasing person, dressed in the style recommended by the Follet of three months ago, and reclining on a sofa, over which a mosquito-curtain had been artfully suspended. The daughter was a pale, delicate girl of about sixteen, with a regular, almost Grecian set of features, and was simply attired in plain white muslin, strain- ing her eyes over a book. At her I looked with more interest than at her lady-mother, for it was on her account that I was to be domiciled for a while at Briary Bush. Caroline Millett was of a very frail constitution, even judged by an American standard; and had she been an only child, she could not have been more tenderly loved or fondly cared for. There were but two children, indeed, to inherit Mr Millett's vast fortune; and handsome property as he had never made any secret of his intention to divide the inheritance equally between Washington, his only son, and his sister Caroline. This was enough to attract a swarm of suitors, or more accurately, of mercurial suitors, to Briary Bush; and as in the South, marriages take place almost as early as in the corresponding latitudes of the Old World, Mr Millett could easily have found a very eligible husband for his heiress. Caroline was young, however, and her extreme delicacy of health rendered her parents unwilling to part with her so fast, and as such, was more and more anxious about her as she grew up, like a flower, indeed, but a colourless and drooping one. It was his idea that the poor girl, often ailing, and always feebie, would benefit by the presence of a doctor in the house, and hence he had resolved on engaging the exclusive services of a resident medical adviser. There was no lack of doctors in Georgia; but too many of them were either impudent quacks, the refuse of northern cities, or whisky-drinking ruffians, who had forgotten the major part of the little lore Philadelphia or Boston had taught them. Mr Millett had a prejudice in favour of European extraction, and a cure or two which I had the good-fortune to perform while the brig lay in harbour, and when my skill, such as it was, was in frequent demand among the settlers on that unhealthy coast, had come to his ears. The large salary he offered was a temptation not easily to be resisted. Captain Acland waived his claims; and thus it was that I became a member of the Briary Bush household.

I found Mrs Millett a selfish fine lady, a trans-atlantic copy of the fine ladies she had probably associated with in Paris and Florence. She was polite to me, in a chilly way, but she kept me at an awful distance, never suffering me to forget that I was the plebeian young doctor, she, the leader of a section among the Upper Ten Thousand. Mrs Millett was not heartless, though, after all, for she respected her husband, loved Caroline, and idolised her son. This was evident from West Point, indeed, where he was qualifying at the military school for a commission in the army of the then United States—but he was very shortly expected home for a brief adjourn.

Caroline Millett was a charming little girl, with that inordinate love for study which often belongs to those whose lives are not destined to last long in the world. Her large blue eyes had an almost startling look of inquiry; she seldom spoke except to ask a question, and her taste for reading was such as to surprise me, who had not been much used to such refined patients. In vain did I protest, and Mr Millett remonstrate in his mild way; a book, of one kind or another, was hardly out of Caroline's hand. She was very pale, slight, and fragile; her hands were as white as if they had been moulded in alabaster, and very thin and slender too; her cheek was all but colourless, and there were dark circles round her fine eyes.
known as the associate of the worst scamps in Savannah and New Orleans. He was now all but ruined, his hand exhausted by careless and reckless culture, by his best slave having away, and his house dropping piecemeal to decay.

The chief hope of Louis Cook was now to marry the rich heiress of his relative’s estate, or at least such had been his chief hope till very lately. But the undisguised dislike which Caroline manifested for his person and conversation, had gradually convinced him that she would be useless to him. It was not without some difficulty that this conviction forced itself on the dull, coarse mind of the young man, buckled as it was by self-conceit, but at last he felt it, and it stung him. It was at a party at a neighbouring mansion, where Caroline had declined to dance, that she might be free from a half-exorted engagement to wait with him, that I first saw Cook reddening and scowling, and marked the evil look he cast towards her as he turned on his heel. After that, I more than once noted his eye bent upon the unconscious girl, with a scowl at the back of it that there was no mistaking. But to Mr and Mrs Millett he was always civil and deferential; he subdued the outer signs of his bad nature, that his wealthy relative might regard him with a sort of feeble admiration and as the great benefactor of the obligations under which his host had laid him. The cause of my own dislike to Cook was an innate, instinctive antipathy. He was sly and overbearing in his manner towards myself, but so were several of the more rough and dissolute planters, proud of their pedigree and their possessions. It was not on this account that I felt repelled from Louis Cook, or that I pitied him, nor could I have given a satisfactory reason for the impression he produced upon me. When I had been two months at Bay Port, the Vespers Day, the Washington Millett’s, came home. He had been expected before, but something had delayed the granting of his leave of absence, and now he had completed his final examinations at West Point, and had returned to the parental roof to await his commission. This would no doubt be assigned to him in a short time, and would most probably be in the scientific arm of the service, since all agreed that Washington Millett was a most promising cadet, and a credit to West Point. He was a fine gentlemanly lad, very like his sister in features, but much more vigorous and full of healthy life. Still, he was of a sly make and nervous temperament, and I wonder that he had not suffered more than he had done from the over-reactions and the indulgences which he had gone through. It was on the evening of the day which preceded the young heir’s return home, that a somewhat singular circumstance occurred.

I had been taking a stroll through the twilight forest, alone, partly for the sake of collecting moths and other nocturnal insects, which leave their haunts as the shades of night fall upon the woodlands of that southern latitude, when I missed my way. Although not much given to musing, I had somehow fallen into a reverie, and my mind was far away among the green English meadows and leafy English orchards. Suddenly I stopped and started, as the melancholy cry of the Willy-come-go bird’ sounded plaintively from a live oak on my right hand. I looked round me, and saw that I had strayed from the path, and that I was in a small clearing which I had never before seen, and where the low mounds that rise like earthen billows above the soil proclaimed it an Indian burial-place. Several graves must have been cut down, and their very roots burned away by fire, but this was long ago. The tribe that had laid its dead there was gone utterly and forever. No hand had stirred the soil for a century, and the grass grew thick and long there. Ringing this desolate space was a belt of dark cypresses and swamp myrtles, with the long gray beards of the Spanish moss drooping in wild luxuriance from every bough. There were some dense thickets, too, where the laurel, the hickory, the pecan, and the wild grapevine grew and interlaced their tough stems and tendrils, and among the branches I caught the gleam of a thousand fairy lamps, those of the fire-fly and fire-beetle. A more dreary spot I never saw; and yet there were people there, talking together in stealthy, cautious tones.

‘Hiist!’ said a voice that jarred unpleasantly on my ear—‘hiist! didn’t you hear something?’

‘No,’ answered a second voice, in hush but impressive accents, which might have been those of either a woman or a man, but which, once heard, were not easily forgotten. ‘No; massa fancy him hear. Massa hear him own heart, please. Ole Zanna hear nothing, but then Zanna not fraid.’

‘Curse you, you old ebony-coloured hag, do you dare to say I am afraid, then? ’I was the fierce rejoinder, spoken in loud, incantious tones, and I heard the speaker stamp his heavy foot upon the rotten twigs that lay beneath his tread. The old woman laughed, not with any pleasant merriment, but with a shrill witchlike cackulation, that sounded wild and awful in that lonely place.

‘Ha! ha! ’ she said in a slow, chuckling tone, ‘de fust come off, massa. De fine buckle man come, massa. De fine buckle man come. Zanna larf to think Massa Louis fancy some one here after dark—here, where de slaves sooner cut off um hand, and put stomp in de fire, than dare to come—here, where massa red warrior keep guard over um grave—here, where fitchet live in Oli hut, and black man tremble when he think of Burnt Clearing.’

‘Well, well, auntie; may be you’re right; and the place is lonesome enough,’ returned the male speaker, with a slight shrug; ‘but so much the better for talk like ours. After all, you, wise woman you pretend to be, or why could you not conquer the silly whims of that piling, yellow-haired girl? Had she married me, as the first scheme was, I’d have been content with half the estate, and taken my chance that young Washington would have been polished off by Indians, or fever on the frontiers, to get the rest.

‘Zanna can do much, not all,’ answered the old negro, for although I could catch no glimpse of the speakers, sheltered as they were by the huge bough of a hoary cypress-tree, I could have no doubt of the age and colour of the latter. Zanna try, Spirit fight, and Zanna lose. Young missis hate you, for all you such fine, handsome gentleman, Massa Louis.

So beat let her die out of the world.

I felt my blood run cold. Eavesdropping is not to my taste, but now I would have given the world to hear more; this, however, was not to be. The pair of conspirators, for such they evidently were, moved away from under the cypress, and walked slowly through the thickets, till the sound of their voices died away in indistinct murmuring. My brain was in a whirl. That some dastardly and wicked plot, menacing the life of my patient, Caroline Millett, if not of her brother also, was in progress, I could not doubt. I had recognised the voice of Mr Cook, albeit it had a new and strange intensity of tone, due to excitement, and besides, the negro had twice called him ’Massa Louis.’ The reasons which should make Louis Cook, a ruined and unpromising youth, the despair of the death of those who stood between himself and the inheritance of Briary Bush estate, were plain enough. But I hesitated to believe that this man, reckless as he was, could be a villain of a sufficiently black dyce to compass the destruction of two unoffending young persons, in the very bloom of life and promise, for mere lucre. Rather than believe Cook guilty of such atrocious perfidy as this, I began to question whether my senses had not been at fault, or whether my fancy had not quickened my hearing. As I stood musing thus, a
quick step was heard approaching, and a tall man sprung out from under the shade of the forest, and crossed the clearing. The broad southern moon was now risen in the cloudless heavens, and under the shadow of the wide-leaved Panama hat he wore, I recognised the dark, striking lineaments of Cook. He was muttering to himself as he hurried on. He could not see me, and not at the foot of the mighty ever-green oak, whose boughs made a canopy overhead; and as he passed, I saw him clench his fist, and heard him growl forth: "Ay, old beldam, trust in me, when I am the heir of Brit. I found—trust in me to reward you as you deserve, if there's virtue in a Celt's rifle and a round bit of lead. You know too much, old witch."

In a moment he was gone, but I heard the dead branches on the ground crack under his tread. It was curious, when I entered the lighted drawing-room of the mansion an hour later, to find Cook there, talking glibly to Mrs Millett, while Caroline sat at the piano, playing a sad, sweet little air that was a great favourite of hers. I thought that Cook was ill at ease; his conversation was voluble, but he evidently forced himself to talk and laugh; and he gave me a keen suspicious glance when I said, in answer to Mr Millett's inquiry, that I had breakfasted, and to be frank. I suppose I kept my countenance well, for it was with a sigh of relief that he turned away to converse with the master of the house. The next day, I slipped out soon after breakfast, and made my way into the woods, of no great extent, but gloomy and intricate, which bordered the cultivated fields of the plantation. With some trouble, I found the spot where the old negress had called 'Burnt Clearing.' Yes, there it was, with its open space, its grassy mounds, and the heavy cypress-grove beyond. In this grove, on a rising knoll which commanded the surrounding region, I found a small hut, roofed with bark, and of the most neglected appearance. There was nothing about the look of this wretched dwelling to indicate that it was any thing more than the occasional abode of a wood-cutter, now shut up and dismantled; but I remembered the words of the old negress, and I could not help feeling a pity for the plot whose fell purpose I had now an inkling. I tried the door; it opened freely. For a moment, I stood on the threshold irresolute, for I beheld looming through the darkness of the dim light several objects that looked like a human form. I was on the point of addressing the supposed occupant of the shanty, when my eyes, now more accustomed to the dim light, perceived that it was a mere effigy on which I looked. I removed a shaved of bark, which served as shutter to the unglazed window, and beheld a sight which transported me, in fancy, to the mangrove swamps and savage kingdoms of the Guinea coast.

Seated on a kind of throne carved out of the roots of some gnarled old tree, was a ghastly figure, of man's stature, artfully compounded of feathers, bones, scraps of coloured rag, and all those quaint fragments which go to make up a 'fetic' among the rudest idolaters of the coast. The grisly idol's head was represented by a human skull, smeared with fresh blood, that had not yet had time to become wholly dry—blood that, however, was no doubt derived from some newly killed fowl's that lay, as a sacrifice, in front of the seat. Around the idol's neck were strips of red cloth, peacock's feathers, brass buttons, beads, shells, and several barbaric ornaments of brass or pewter, probably brought from Africa by the limbs of long since imported blacks. It was an ugly, absurd thing, and I eyed it with disgust. There rushed upon my mind all the strange stories I had heard of heathen rites carried on in secret spots among the plantations of the South. I had been assured that many negroes cherished a superstitious belief in the old pagan worship of the ancestral continent, that wherever an Obi man or woman existed, the credulous people were the dupes of the pretended witch or conjurer, and that blacks who were zealous church-goers would steal out under cover of night to be present at these mysterious ceremonies performed by some crafty barbarian from Africa.

Such an Obi woman I naturally concluded this could not be. I was locked in the house of a Zauna, the confident of Louis Cook, to be. My only wonder was that I had never heard of her before. I had often gone with the master or the overseer among the quarters of the field-hands; I had seen and spoken with most of the negro domestics employed about the house, but I could remember nobody who answered to the description which my fancy painted of the unseen accomplice of Mr Millett's isman. However, I now resolved to pursue my investigation of the contents of the hut. I found several skulls, some of oxen, others of human beings, both children and adults. There were the dried bodies of snakes, too, and a great quantity of herbs, with some pipkins and pitchers, some bottles, and a great caldron. Most of the bottles were empty, but others contained liquids, some thick and muddy, others clear and colourless. I shuddered as I looked at them, remembering as I did the tales of murderers done by poison on the coast of Africa, where the life of no one was safe who had a mind to hurt. I supposed the fetchman of the village. Perhaps those decoctions, made from plants that I knew not, had the power of pouring death into the life-blood of those who tasted, and Caroline and her brother were to be cut off thus. And yet how, I argued, could the Obi woman contrive to drug the food of those who dwelt in a secure mansion, full of servants, where the theft lurid streak cou!d not hope to escape detection? Sorely puzzled, and half inclined to consider my vision of the night before as a disturbed dream, I went slowly back to the house, and found my father and his guests had just arrived, and I withdrew, not to intrude on the glad meeting between those so near and dear to each other, after long absence. Presently I could hardly believe that so happy and gay a mood could really have been marked for destruction by a concealed and cowardly foe.

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"Maa'zember memee...Juba dat alyay carry um gun!" cried one black lad.

"Maa'z Washington, you not know me, sar! Me little Polly dat you give de sugar-plums to before you go north," exclaimed a sable child, now grown out of knowledge.

"Young master not forget um old nurse!" said a fat, good-humoured creature, fairly laughing as her former charge greeted her with familiar affection.

"Maa'z remember Sophy—de cook? Sophy dat make de puddings and pie, and carry de kettle and stewed terrapisas so bountiful?" cried that important functionary, her sable face glowing with grease and delight.
I recollect you all. I’ve often thought of you when I was far away; and I’m right glad to see your honest faces, old and young, my friends,’ said Washington, very heartily. He was kind to them all, and they all seemed to feel proud and fond of him; and I looked down with amusement and satisfaction from my place at the chair-head, when I suddenly heard the young man inquiring for Aunt Anne. ‘Aunt Anne!’ I called. It was a name to which black matrons by this family title, and already had Washington shaken hands with a dozen aunts among the crowd; but when ‘Aunt Anne’ was mentioned, a sort of chill seemed to fall on the hearers.

‘Not dead, is she?’ asked Washington. ‘No; I see by your faces she is not. Is she as great a favourite with my sister, Miss Caroline, as ever?’

‘Is, Massa Washington,’ replied the servants; but it was with bated breath and a subdued demeanour. Their eyes no longer rolled in childish glee, their white teeth no longer shone forth in happy smiles; for some reason or other, the name of ‘Aunt Anne’ had made them all grave as judges. Washington took no notice of this, but nodded gaily, and ran lightly upstairs, and the assembly broke up. I, too, walked away, with fresh food for thought. Who was this Aunt Anne, this strange invisible crime, whose name was like a dash of cold water on the exuberant spirit of her house? I had never heard of her before, and yet it seemed she was a favourite of Caroline’s. She could be no ordinary person, to judge by the awe which she evidently inspired among the coloured folks; and I thought that she was a binary woman, counted on getting access to Caroline’s presence for the furtherance of her fatal designs. Resolved to clear this up, I went to the library, where I found Caroline alone, poring over the contents of a box of new books, fresh from Europe. The unsuspicious girl readily answered my questions.

‘Who was Aunt Anne? Oh, the dearest old thing. She belonged once to Mr Cook, papa’s cousin, you know, the father of Mr Louis, and was sold away at his death. She was a sort of housekeeper at Briary Bush, wonderfully clever for a negroess. All the other servants are afraid of her, and treat her as if she were a princess. She can do surprising cures, when any of the people are bitten by snakes, or catch ague in the swamps.’

‘Indeed,’ said I. ‘Then she is probably much attached to the family.’

Caroline said: ‘Yes, she was. So fond and thoughtful. But you’d never believe it, Mr Ellis; when they first brought her from Africa, she was quite wild and dangerous; at least so I have heard, though now she goes to meeting regularly.’

‘Ah, she is an Africa-born black, then,’ said I, more and more interested. ‘I have heard that they usually acquire great influence over your creole servants. But there is no slave-trade now with the States.’

Caroline said that Aunt Anne had been forty years in America. She was quite an old woman. Her two sons had been mere babies when she was brought from the coast to Savannah slave-mart, and she had not been separated from them—more luckily than many poor creatures. I asked if they were on the estate.

‘No,’ said Caroline sadly; ‘they both turned out very badly. They were not good men, though papa was very indulgent to them. They were forgiven again and again, until they were obliged to be punished. Then one of them ran away, and lived wild in the woods, and was at last shot. He was a dear, it was shocking and sad; but they said he set such a bad example to the field-hands.’

‘And the other?’ persisted I.

‘The other, Caroline,’ said, committing many offences, and had been last sold south to a Louisiana planter, and was carried away in chains. We pitted poor Aunt Anne so, but she never shed a tear, poor thing. She is a very remarkable woman.’

‘So I should think,’ said I; ‘I should like very much to see her.’

Caroline laughed, and said she ‘would introduce me some day.’ She could not, of course, divine my reasons for coveting the interview I sought with the clever housekeeper. But next morning, at breakfast-table, I found Mrs Millett peevish, and Washington and his father sad and serious. I soon learned the cause: Caroline was very ill, and unable to leave her bed. ‘My dear Mr Ellis, how pale you look,’ exclaimed my entertainer, as this sudden announcement blanched my cheek. He little guessed what a ghastly fear had come upon me, as I thought of the conversation I had overheard. I was presently called to the bedside of my patient. She was very pale and weak, and her eyes were dim and sunken, but she was not, as far as I could see, in any immediate danger. The symptoms were those of low fever. Her maid, a comely brown lass, was sobbing in the dressing-room; but the most prominent figure in the room was Aunt Anne, a little withered negro, with snow-white hair, the wrinkled face of a baboon, and eyes as bright and lively as glow-worms in the dark; she was bustling actively, yet noiselessly, to and fro among physic bottles and ointments, here adjusting a pillow, there drawing a curtain, evidently an invaluable nurse in any sick-room. Mrs Millett spoke to her. She answered. Oh, that harsh, strong voice; however subdued, it was not to be forgotten—the voice of the she-plotter in the cypress-grove, the voice of the Obi woman, Zanna’s voice. Zanna—Aunt Anne—pshaw! what a fool I was not to have noticed the similarity before. Yes, there could not be a doubt that the cruel witch, the black murderess, was before me, Caroline’s trusted attendant, watchful at Caroline’s sick-bed as a snake that waits to strike its prey.

I hastily wrote a prescription, and left the room. I am sure that Mrs Millett, now fairly aroused by a sense of her child’s danger, thought me very peevish and negligent. My thoughts seemed, in that emergency, to be clearer than was commonly the case. To go to Mr Millett, with his timorous resistances and weak but elegant nature, I felt to be useless; I therefore went straight to young Washington Millett, and without circumspection, told him all I knew and all I feared. He was greatly shocked and startled; his sister’s peril distressed him deeply, but he shewed a good sense and self-command beyond his years. ‘I have heard of these Obi wizards before, Mr Ellis,’ said he, ‘though such matters are generally hidden up among the planters. I never expected, I own, to find such treachery under my father’s roof. He has been so kind to the blacks; foolishly kind, some think. But that woman’s wretched sons were severely dealt with by the Vigilance Committee, who took their chastisement quite out of my father’s hands. What do you think she meant by her mysterious allusions to her own efforts to make poor Cary in love with that scoundrel Cook, and the resistance of Cary’s spirit?’

‘I have heard,’ answered I dubiously, ‘that those Obi people can gain great authority over the wills of others, especially of the young and feeble, by whispering in the ear of their victims during sleep.’

Young Millett interrupted me with a stamp and a fierce exclamation. ‘By Heaven, Mr Ellis,’ he cried, ‘I could believe that old hag had been at Cary’s too, last night. And dear, it was shocking and sad; but they said she set such a bad example to the field-hands.’

‘And the other?’ persisted I.

‘The other, Caroline,’ said, committing many offences, and had been last sold south to a Louisiana planter, and was carried away in chains. We pitted poor Aunt Anne so, but she never
“Die!" she said in a hissing whisper—"die, white girl—pretty missy, die! die!" As she did so, the curtains of the bed pulled back on their rods, and flew open, while a broad blue glare of light, as if a large quantity of spirits of wine had been suddenly kindled, filled the room. But the old woman did not move; she stood rooted to the ground, her eyeballs starting, her hands outstretched, staring with stupified terror on the bed and on its occupant. Uttering a yell of horror that rang through the house, the fetch! the fetch! she fell grovelling, face downwards, on the floor; for there sat the grim idol, its head composed of the gory skull, the ox-hide wrapping its fantastic limbs—there, in all its tawdry finery of white hideous fawning, was the frightful thing before which cowering negroes, deep in the forest, had laid the offerings demanded by fraud from fear and superstition. But most impostors deceive themselves as well as others. In this case, the punishment was complete. All the household, half dressed, and bearing lights, came hurrying at the sound of that direful screech, breaking from a guilty, tortured conscience. With the rest came Louis Cook; he started back, pale and confused, as he saw the ghastly image, and Washington and myself lifting from the floor the writhing figure of the witch. Just then, a heavy tramp of booted feet was heard, and several of the Vigilance Committee entered, armed to the teeth.

“You are my prisoner, sir!” said Major Marsh, putting his hand on Cook’s shoulder, and the bully and duellist was taken as meekly as a lamb. The old woman was also secured; but no one had the presence of mind to deprive her of the phial of poison, distilled by herself, which was concealed about her person, and she drank of it, and died in convulsions. Before expiring, she confessed her crimes, and their motive, which was partly revenge, partly a desire to buy the freedom of her younger son. Cook refused to confess. The committee were about to inflict death on a white man on such scanty evidence; but the wretch was forced to sell his property, and was driven with ignominy from the state. He joined Walker’s filibusters, and perished miserably in Nicaragua. Carrolreline recovered, and is married to a gentleman of Virginia; Washington Millett is one of General Beauregard’s staffs; and I am a West-end doctor, not burdened with practice, and very much at the reader’s service.

THE HYLAS.

The Hylas was the name of the yacht in which, a few years since, I used, through succeeding autumns, to accompany a near relative on boating excursions of two or three weeks in duration. All through the long winter and succeeding spring, the pretty but capacious vessel lay, with others, in a large boat-house opening into an alder-shaded creek, named the Fleet, leading in turn into a wide tidal river. Nothing more picturesque can be well imagined than the situation of this boat-house and its pretty channel. Tree-dotted meadows as flat as a bowling-green lay to the left as you entered from the river; whilst to the right stood an ancient hall, of a date long prior to the age of Elizabeth. It stood but in portion: its ivy-covered chapel had been converted into a stable; its garden, towards its front, abridged, but its splendid canopy of walnut-trees remained; and at the rear, stretching towards the Fleet, were still traces of orchard and kitchen-garden—and more than one fine pond fed by the adjacent river. Inland, on the bank above the hall, ran the highway; and on the other side stood our pretty cottage, literally embowered in vines. We cultivated our grapes with great care; and
in propitious seasons, the size and beauty of the large bushes which hung round my chamber window especially, were the wonder of those who, riding by on coach or horseback, could see over the intervening wall.

At Easter-time our dear relative would get away from his dull chamber in the Temple, and brighten us with his look in our pretty white-clad cottage; then how busy we all would be—he away most of the day, painting, rigging, making improvements; whilst our pretty lawn in front of our house, as well as a much larger lawn we had at the top of a hill at the rear, would be covered by the great sails put out to air; the best sails, as white as snow below, perhaps the tanned sails on the hill above. The maid scoured the cooking apparatus, the nautical chest of drawers, and other things; and with men coming to and fro for this and that, we were all occupied. After a few quiet sails, the Hylas was moored in the shadowed Fleet, her hatches put down, and our beloved relative returned to his labours and the Temple once more. Occasionally, a friend took her out for a day or two; but otherwise the Hylas rested in the little creek, where her masts and spars, shooting up amid the foliage, were the envy of the fowlers and others kept us like winged birds. We generally sailed on till it grew dusk; and then, turning into a rearly creek, pursued it through the level of the marshes for a mile or more, till it terminated in a large open expanse of water, called locally a 'broad,' a mile perhaps long by half a mile wide, densely covered by reeds in some parts, whilst the larger portion was as crystal-clear as a mountain lake, and as solitary, how ever the wind was favourable.

But autumn would come at last; serene, sunny, and fruit-laden. How much it was looked forward to, how much prepared for, I need not say. The house, always as neat as a doll's house, yet underwent a thorough furbish; furniture rubbed, paint cleaned, muslin curtains freshly put up. Old Dan the gardener was as busy as a bee for days; and even the pretty thatched summer-house at the top of the hill, from whence we had a river-view almost equal to that from Richmond Hill, was scrubbed, and the green hilly lock round it shaven with a sickle. Indoors, I practised my last new piece of Hummel, or Onslow, or Thalberg, for I was in those days a most industrious pianoforte-player; and we gathered together our lately purchased books and periodicals, to shew what we had been reading, for we were incessant readers. At last our relative came, and the holidays of the Hylas were near.

Early in a morning, or else towards evening, our guest arrived; always with new books for us—a volume of Tennyson, a play of Sheridan Knowles, or some volume of philosophy. He was a noble scholar, and, as regards our language, a bibliomaniac such as Dibdin would have loved. He revelled in beautiful bindings and rare editions, and used books so reverently, that one would think they lived and spoke.

The first delight of meeting over, the business of the Hylas began. The sails, cushions, bedding, were carried down to the Fleet; the beef was roasted, the ham boiled, the tarts made. The viands were then packed in a great square wicker-basket, sundry bottles of porter were stowed in a hamper, and all carried on board. Jimmy, our man, who plied his own wherry the rest of the year, took leave of wife and children; and all being prepared, we went slowly down to the Fleet; the maid with us, carrying our best complement of cloaks, shaws, parasols, books, and other trifles.

How pleasant everything looked in the roanny cabin! The bedding so nicely arranged at the far end of the seats; the wide seats themselves so roomy; the deck, the thick foliage, were like in a chest of small drawers. Each drawer had its duty—this to hold knives and forks; the other, glasses and drinking horns; the next, perhaps cups and saucers, and so on. Above the drawers was a long looking-glass; and on the cabin's roof swung fishing-rods and other like things.

We generally took our departure about noon; and once out of the Fleet, and with her sails set, the Hylas sped along, especially if the wind were favourable; past the populous village; past hanging woods; past the old gray ruins of a little church that had been dismantled since the seventeenth century; past water-side inns and rustic vistas, that Gainsborough or Calcott would have revelled in. We passed career ing yachts like our own, whose owners were to have a kindly word, and to wish us bon voyage; we passed wherries so heavily laden that the water wrashed above the gunwale, with others kept up like winged birds. We generally sailed on till it grew dusk; and then, turning into a rearly creek, pursued it through the level of the marshes for a mile or more, till it terminated in a large open expanse of water, called locally a 'broad,' a mile perhaps long by half a mile wide, densely covered by reeds in some parts, whilst the larger portion was as crystal-clear as a mountain lake, and as solitary, how ever the wind was favourable.

When the master of the Hylas and the man had gone to bed in the little cabin behind our own, how still everything was! The cry of the night-bird, the rustle of the tall reeds against the vessel's side, or the splash of the water, if otter or rat plunged in, was the loudest sound which met the ear. Then came the profound stillness of the night, when no ear was open to even sounds like these.

A cheerful hallow would arouse us early on the morrow, so we would have to take our bath, with fresh water we drew up from amidst our canopy of reeds. This was cool and abundant as a naiad might wish. We then dressed hail rolled away our bed, dried our hair and dusted our cabin, and made all neat. Then the awning was undone, and the dear master stepped in. There was capital news to tell us: the night-linns had all taken, and eels and pike were abundant. He had also been up fishing with rod and line; so there was perch for breakfast, and fresh eggs and cream too, for Jimmy and the dogs—we always brought our dogs—had been already to a farm on the upland.

Inspired by this brave news, we ladies laid the cloth, made the tea, and enjoyed breakfast with our dear host. Then, as the morning wore on, the vessel was taken across the broad; and here, close against the turfy banks, literally white with the marsh convolvulus, and shaded by picturesque trees, the anchor was cast once more. The cooking apparatus would be set on the bank, and if we liked, we went on shore, and sauntered up and down, or sat and read in the shadow of the trees, whilst our host and his man fished with the line, or took the smaller game at due intervals, bringing forth cheese and biscuits, and porter or ale for refreshment. A little beyond mid-day, the males set to and cooked some of the mighty pike and eels for dinner, whilst we ladies, as heretofore attended to minor things. Through the afternoon, there was fishing again, sometimes a sail, or else a row in the jelly-boat: and thus the days wore on.

Presently, we recommenced our voyage, and turning to the wide river, went on with tide and press of
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

sail. The densely filled steam-packets, with their throngs of holiday-seekers and bands of music, the heavily freighted whaling craft of floating timber, were all left behind. Then the marsh scenery would become as flat and dreary as on the Zuyder Zee; and the little draining-mills, turning their sails monotonously round and round, was more Dutch-like to the landscape. Then the water became more and more turbid and brackish, dense masses of weeds floated by, there came the unmistakable odour of the sea, and at last the distant sound of waves might be caught by one acute of ear. On we went, and as the tide fell, sand-banks and clumps of cockles and mussels were to be seen; and towards night, we would anchor near a seaport town, with nothing but its bar dividing us from the German Ocean. Sometimes we kept our home on board, and only made daily excursions to the town for sea-bathing; at others, we left the boat, and took lodgings for a week or more in the vicinity of the beach.

But oftener we kept away from the sea altogether, loving solitude and pastoral scenery far more. Turning aside just where the brackish waters began, we would enter a diverging river, and so sail on and on—beneath a picturesque old bridge crowned with ivy, no pleasant task, for it involved so much hard work with masts and sails; past monastic ruins, sinking into slow decay amidst the solitude they once adorned; past the mouths of vast docks, half buried in a sea of sludge which took the place of marshes, and uplands crowned with farms and trees, that of dreary levels. A lofty moorland would perhaps come in view, covered by purple heather, then meadows and farms, and villages and village-spires; then elder-decked meadows, and large paper-mills, and stone-built water-side inns, standing amidst cattails which were a wilderness of floral perfumes. Or we diverged again into another great broad, margined by wooded uplands; then through a great loch again into brackish water, and so within hearing of the sea. On one occasion of visiting this lake, we got aground on a vast mud-bank, where could be seen, when the tide went out, enough of mussels to have feasted all London. After many hours' weary waiting, and when we found that the vessel would not be got off without the help of a steam-tug, we went on shore, and after a weary walk of some miles through a series of sand-hills, we reached the town. The next day, the Hylas was tugged off the bank, and we proceeded on our way. There was another river we used to enter from the main stream, still more solitary that any I have yet mentioned. Passing for the most part through broad levels of pasture-land, you would sail for a day and see little more than herdsmen and their cattle, or a solitary weary slowly 'quanted' on by the two men on board, whilst a sunburnt woman sat at the tiller. Here, for miles, everything was so intensely still and lonely, that all sounds of earth seemed dead but the eternal music of the winds, the call of the birds from amidst the reeds, or the gurgle of the water, as the bows of the vessel cast it back. As to provisions, if you had neglected a supply, there was no farm or inn to aid you for many a mile. But by and by came reward enough for this solitary voyage; from the river opened a splendid inland lake, three miles long by one wide, well stocked with fish, and surrounded by enticing scenery of wood and upland. The right of fishing was reserved, but the master of the Hylas had always special leave to use the large reed-house in the centre. Here, therefore, after our solitary voyage, we spent many charming days.

On one occasion, we ladies did not go, for the master of the Hylas had friends from London, but we joined them on a given day. The voyage by water was seventy miles; the journey by land was scarcely seven, so we drove there in a friend's sociable. I well remember the delicious Michaelmas goose, the fruit, and other good things we carried. We dined on board, enjoyed a sail afterwards, had tea in the Need- House, and the floating timber, the whole appeared like a scene.

But our excursions were not always thus as long. On one occasion, we had nothing but rainy, windy weather. We took refuge in a river-side inn, where the mistress and her daughters did all they could to make us comfortable,—took the bough-pot from the parlour-grate, and lighted us a fire; but all in vain; for two days it rained incessantly: the weather-wise predicted rain—more rain; so we got on board, and returned to home comforts. It was well we did so, for it rained for the next three weeks, and all the meadows and marshes were all but a sea.

Late one autumn, I and the dear master of the Hylas went on a long exploring voyage through the marshes towards the Wash and beyond. We saw many interesting remains of church and Abbey— their wood-carving, their painted glass, and matchless sepulchral brasses. Though drear and solitary, the scenery and country had many worthy associations. But wherever we went, and whatever we did, the days were happy days on board the Hylas.

THE ROSE AND THE BEE.

D'you see, my love, that joyous bee
Amid the flowers in rapture flying;
For ever roving, bright and free,
Where blooms of fairest hues are lying?
Although he sips the sparkling dew,
Which mantles on each cup of bliss,
Yet still, his passion to renew,
He seeks the rose's perfumed kiss:

And then, though many a wanton fly
In dalliance may her sweets inhale,
Her boughs breathe its richest sigh
Of fragrance on the western gale.
Then pardon me the gay transgression,
If in their racks our own I see;
And pardon, too, the fond confession—
You are the rose, and I the bee.

Though many a brightly tinted flower
From Cupid's honeyed wreath I've stole,
To while away a languid hour,
Or chase depression from my soul;
Though softest eyes did on me beam,
Amid my sense's warm effusion,
The glance has swept the passing dream,
Thy voice dispelled the fond illusion.

From Mem'ry's sunny page they're past—
Oblivion's waters o'er them roll;
And I am free to own at last
That thou alone hast waked my soul;
Now after passion's short eclipse,
It would be rapture all divine,
If, like the rose, your bellowed lips
Could once again be only mine!

G. D.
SOMETHING OF ITALY.

FIRST ASPECT OF AFFAIRS.

Towards midnight on the 17th of March, there might have been, by the feeble light of the stars reflected on the white Alpine peaks, a French diligence dragging its way slowly up the zigzag slopes of Mount Cenis by means of fourteen mules jingling with bells, and impelled by the loud cracking of whips and shouts of half-a-dozen drivers, who walked alongside in the gradually melting heaps of snow. An hour or two later, the same vehicle, with more than half its dragging power detached at the summit of the pass, went thundering down the southern side of the mountain, and never stopped till it safely drew up in the courtyard of the railway at Susa. Such was the way I entered Italy.

We had come from Paris to Macon, where a branch-railway turns off to Aix-le-Bains, then onward up a wild and picturesque valley to St Michel, where diligences were in waiting to receive the passengers by train. As is well known, the railway is to be carried through Mount Cenis; and what at present is a tedious journey of twelve hours from St Michel, will, in a few years, be performed in little more than one hour. On proceeding up the rugged valley on the French side, the mouth of the partially formed tunnel, situated considerably above the road, comes into view; and it is a long and uninteresting ride, after reaching this point, ere we arrive at the spot where the railway is to issue at Susa. As yet, with the drawback of an intermediate journey by diligence, this is considered to be the best route into Italy. At all events, there is this to be said of it, that on getting to Susa you are fairly launched on a series of connecting railways, which, so far as Piedmont and Lombardy are concerned, alter the whole system of travelling. What with railways here and elsewhere, the dignified and expensive apparatus of couriers, post-horses, family carriages, and road-side inns, is almost superseded.

At the railway terminus in Paris, a traveller procures tickets for Turin as readily as for Lyons, with, in addition, the privilege briefly expressed by the French word fauteuil—the right of remaining a few days at pleasure here and there by the way.

My first acquaintance with Italy reminded me somewhat of being introduced to a gentleman in the dark; for the country through which the train hurried from Susa was still invisible, nor could we discover any more of it than that it was level, and intersected with rows of trees. Early morn, as it glimmered in the east, revealed to us, on the north, the range of Alpine heights which forms the boundary of Italy; and far in the south the peaked Apennines came dimly into view.

Turin, where we spent two days, contradicted much that one has ordinarily heard about the idleness, poverty, and disorderly condition of Italy. Consisting of broad and handsomely paved streets, arranged at right angles with each other, and lined with tall houses of stone, mostly provided with arcades beneath, the town seemed to be a model of neatness and propriety. As the Italian parliament was sitting at the time, the bustle in the thoroughfares was in some measure accounted for; but independently of this circumstance, it was evident that Turin is a busy and prosperous city—its population differing nothing in dress from what we see on the Boulevards at Paris, with, I should say, not so great an aptitude for lounging, and snipping drops of coffee and absinthe. I found what might very reasonably have been expected, that freedom of speech, and also of printing, have given a remarkable impetus to society. I was quite struck with the demonstrations of mental activity. On all sides, the people seemed to be eager in their conversations and discussions, as if conscious of their new obligations and privileges; and it would have amused any one to see the universal demand for the cheap newspapers, which are issued daily, without restraint, by the press. At all the principal resorts, there were stalls for the sale of these papers; boys went about hawking them, as in London and New York, and they were in the hands of all classes; the very cabmen on their boxes, at every moment of leisure, enjoyed this luxury. From this freedom of the press, as well as from the earnest and off-hand debates of the parliament, it was pretty evident that this part of Italy, at least, was actually in advance of France. I had got into a continental England, or what was in the fair way of becoming so.

Piedmont has always been a little more alert and adapted for constitutional forms than the rest of Italy; but on proceeding to Genoa, to which the railway is now opened through the Ligurian Alps, I cannot say that things were greatly different. Yet, how totally dissimilar in structural character are the two places. Genoa, 'the Superb,' as it has been
fondly called, is an ancient and important city, occupying a singularly fine situation on the face of a semicircular sweep of hills rising from the sea to the town. From Savona, another iron link with France, which, with all its historical interest, is yet unprovided with a landing-pier at which steamers may draw up, the town has doubtless a grand aspect—forts, parks, gardens, and a network of narrow thoroughfares forming the more conspicuous objects in the landscape. Genoa, however, is the most perfect specimen of a huddle of houses in Europe. In its construction, the prevailing idea would seem to have been the setting down of the largest number of large buildings within the smallest possible space. With one or two exceptions, so narrow are the streets, that they cannot admit wheeled carriages. A cart might go up them, but it could not turn. Traffic is therefore carried on principally on the backs of mules or donkeys. Strings of these useful animals are seen with packs of hay, straw, flour, and other articles, wending their way along the narrow thoroughfares. In some cases, this method of transit produces rather a grotesque effect, as, for example, when the mules are employed to act as the part of a scavenger's cart, by carrying a load of street refuse in capacious wicker sacks slung on each side, or when helping to remove a fallen cart-load of provisions. I have never seen anything more ludicrous than a poor donkey carrying a chest of drawers, which were poised with difficulty on its back. But, without these aids, many of the inhabitants go on foot or by boat, and experience great inconvenience. I have been shown many parts of Rome and Naples, would be cut off from any available means of transit for goods. How the grand old merchant-princes of Genoa managed to shine in any sort of equipage, I cannot imagine. The town has plenty of their palaces—huge buildings of dull weather-stained marble—but in most instances you cannot get far enough back to see them. Standing in an open place, you can look over the roofs of the old town and the bay, and get to see the four or five churches which are nearly all that is left of the old city. To look along the business streets, we notice innumerable frames of white calico thrown out at an angle from the windows and doors, to catch the rays of the sun, and reflect them into the shops, markets and shops—a poor but necessary expedient to secure a little natural light in a city still unfortunately labouring under medieval arrangements. Genoa, however, like most other cities in Italy, is well served by the sewers, and on this point something is to be learned. Italian paving resembles nothing of the kind in England. The streets of Genoa, which are narrow, have flat pavement, such as we employ for foot-passengers; there are no raised trottoirs at the sides, and no side-gutters. Men and mules walk on the same level. To serve the purpose of draining, the pavement inclines to the middle, where, at convenient distances, there are perforations to carry off the rains; the drainage from dwellings not being perceived on the surface. It can be readily imagined that by this practice of employing large flat pavement, a degree of comfort and cleanliness is insured not at all attainable by small stones, such as are used in our streets. I have no recollection of seeing this kind of street-paving described by travellers in Italy; yet, it is observable almost everywhere—in Rome, Naples, Venice, and other cities—it is the smoothness for carriages, and freedom from dust and dirt, being not the least of its recommendations. To secure a proper foothold, many draught-horses are not shod.

To get to the railway from Turin is a sort of incongruity. There has been a considerable smashing down of antiquated mansions to afford space for stations and termini, including an open space for market-stalls and an area, where the citizens, after dominating on the subject for three centuries, are in process of erecting a monument to Columbus, whom they aver to have been a native of the place. Rudely disturbed by this innovation, Genoa will in a short time be further intruded upon by a railway from Nice—the line being carried along the picturesque coast of the Riviera, and forming an important branch of the Genoa and Turin line. Then there is the project of extending the line southwards to Tuscany; and when all these new routes are completed, we may reasonably expect that the spirit of street reform will interpose to improve the internal communications of this interesting old city. Despite its huddling, there is indisputably no want of commercial enterprise in Genoa. The winding dingy lanes swarm with a busy population, the fabrication of iron bedsteads and billigree-work, being carried on therein as staple manufactures. The making of these iron bedsteads—all by the hand-labour of blacksmiths in little cavernous workshops—is not to be passed over as a thing of small consequence. The substitution of them for bedsteads of wood may be said to have rendered travelling in Italy so agreeable in point of nightly repose, that no one now need have any apprehensions on the subject.

The Italians are here, again, in advance of their French, and, I may add, of their German neighbours. They are, in fact, in advance of the English, who think themselves foremost in everything, but decidedly are not in the matter of beds. The old stories about the profusion of charioteers and horsemen in all the home apartments may be consigned to the limbo of exploded fancies—thanks very much to the Genoese.

Besides these crafts, there is a good deal of maritime traffic of one sort and another in Genoa; and watching the movements in the harbour from the windows of our hotel, it appeared as if the principal business consisted in exporting soldiers and importing recruits. Boats, loaded to the brim with armed men bound for the south, were continually being rowed from the place of embarkation, and as constantly were there arriving hordes of recruits, natives of Sicily and Calabria—smooth and with no easy young men, but tapering hats of the approved brigand type, brought northwards to be Piedmonetised—a wild set, standing greatly in need of the drill-sergeant, and on some of whom, it was to be feared, the provost-marshal would probably be called on to exert his professional energies. Looking at the gangs, as they were conducted from the shore with military bands to the tune of Garibaldi's March—a favourite air, played without intermission—one could not help thinking that in the humanising of these newly acquired subjects, Il Re Galantuomo had taken no time in his hand, with which we heartily wish him well through.

Having for a franc a piece seen all the show palaces, visited the finest churches and stately palaces, and general activity, and inspected all the objects of art offered to view by the shops and stalls, it was time to move on in quest of novelties in a southern direction. There was a choice of locomotion—sea or land. In connection with the chief ports on the coast of Italy—Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, and Naples, and also Messina, in Sicily—there is an effectual and marvellously well-conducted system of steamers, French and Italian. Some have a special advertisement for the Italian boats, the chief thing in their favour being that they are for the most part not unpleasantly crowded, and that the officers on board are particularly civil and accommodating; while the worst that can be said of them is, that they are not to be depended upon as to their time of departure. As regards the French steamers belonging to the Messageries Impériales, they may stand comparison with the best appointed English passenger vessels, and are most punctual in their departure according to the printed announcements. Unfortunately, they are sometimes crowded to an extent that leaves barely deck-room—cabin are out of the question—and I shall have something to report from personal experience of the rudeness and indifference of all connected with the stewards' departments.

On the present occasion, I did not think of trying
either class of vessels that wave their respective flags in the harbour, for I came to see Italy, not a stretch of sea, and made arrangements for jogging on at a moderate rate of speed by a hired carriage to Pisa.

I look back on this as one of the most pleasant parts of our excursion. The route lay along the coast among crags, peaks, vineyards, villages, and spacious villas, environs by groves of orange and lemon trees. There were hills where, to give relief to the horses, we got out and walked, and getting on a little in advance, had moments of leisure to admire peeps of the Mediterranean, which, blue and placid as it was, surged with a foamy dash on the precipitous rocky beach. Within a convenient distance of Genoa in this direction, and commanding fine views of the sea, there are numerous villas, occupied, in many instances by foreign residents, who have come hither for the sake of an Italian climate. These white dwellings, with their sloping roofs, at mid-day, their high bounding hedgerows of aloes and eucalyptuses, their garden-walks, underneath the shade of fig and orange trees, and the number of small, innocent lizards of different shades of colour, casting jealous glances out of crevices in the walls at the passing stranger, seem to be quiet isolated paradises, where the din of earthly strife is only dreamed of, and existence is a quiet, untroubling, natural heed to its close, child-like. Such was the road we pursued, stopping for the first night at Sestri, and the second at Spezia, this latter being a thriving seaport, with several splendid hotels on the bay of the same name.

Beyond Spezia, the general appearance of things falls off. On the left are ranges and groups of hills detached from the Apennines; gentlemen's villas disappear, the fields are cultured by a poor-looking, brown, skinny race, and bare-legged monks begin to shew themselves. Olives now are a leading article of growth; and we noticed they beggars old and young. Clearly, we have got out of smart Piedmont, with its ingenious industry and common sense, and are passing through a socially inferior and less happy region. According to maps but a few years old, we are in one or other of the petty duchies, where the whole system of things has been mismanaged from time immemorial. No wonder that we had on all sides the spectacle of extreme poverty. Viscount Emmanuel cannot set matters to right in a day; but here, at anyrate, he has made a good beginning. Within little more than a year a number of important customhouses, where travellers used to be pulled up to have their baggage and passports scrutinised—the stoppage, however, to do the officials justice, being always reduced to the minimum of annoyance on slily presenting a couple of silver coins or so, of no particular currency. How our conductor jeered as we passed these forlorn, shanty mansions, where he had often been delayed and plundered! The removal of such barriers to general intercourse is among the more noticeable benefits effected for Italy by the union and consolidation of authority.

In approaching Pisa, we pass the famed quarries of Carrara, whence large blocks of white marble are being drawn by teams of tawny bullocks for shipment to distant stations. Hereabouts, signs of railway construction become apparent; but such original methods of procedure would have excited the derision of the most saturnine English contractor. The digging was effected by labourers, and the loosened material lifted deliberately by a long-shanked scoop, was carried away in small baskets on the heads of women and girls. A sorrowful spectacle, these streams of barefooted female navies, each in turn casting down her modicum of earth to swell the slowly accumulating heaps, though the labour, indeed, was paid for at the rate of a few pence a day, was probably prized as the only available means of honest livelihood. Ordinarily, in constructing our railways, the reasonable plan is pursued of running off the goods from the heights to fill up the hollows, but here every spot is made to depend on itself; the material from the excavations is piled mountain high, along the sides of the line, by that dreary basket-carrying process; and to form the embankments, acres of the adjoining fields are mercilessly robbed of several feet of their soil—the waste of land, the toil, and stupidity of the whole thing, its being absolutely pitiable. One would not be greatly surprised to see processes so barbarous carried on in Turkey or Japan, but in Italy, with its proficency in high art, it is certainly unexpected and startling. The circumstance shows that a country may be far advanced as regards pictures, sculptures, and other objects of taste, and yet remain in practical ignorance of utensils and economic methods of industry familiar to the humblest English peasant.

The extension of the railway which we saw here in progress towards Genoa cannot fail to be of the utmost importance in connecting the traffic of the north with the rich vale of the Arno, already opened up by a line from Florence to Pisa and Leghorn. Leaving the last-named place to receive some notice on a return-journey, what, did the patience of the reader permit, might I not say of Pisa, with its leaning tower and solemnly dull streets, in which begging in every variety of form seems to have become a chief occupation, begging by paupers of all ages, begging by monks carrying wallets like bolster-cases, begging by gentlemen in masks, dressed up with gowns and ropes monk-fashion, and who jingle halfpence in boxes to let you know what they are after; also of Florence, a city totally different in character, with its palaces, public works, drives, galleries of picture, general tone of improvement, and that feeble demonstration of the trade of begging which, as a token of good government, places it on a par with Turin and Milan. But it will be better to pass over our well-known details, and at once proceed on our way to Rome, on which public interest is now mainly and not unreasonably concentrated.

W. C.

HOME FROM THE Colonies.

THE ADVERTISER.

HALF-MOON STREET, Piccadilly, is not exactly a gay locality, but it is highly respectable. There is nothing to equal a milkman's establishment, and far less a green-grocer's, to mar its Select Exclusiveness. If it is not quite fashionable, it is at least something more than Provincial; and if barristers and doctors do inhabit it, sparsely, it is charitable (to the street) to conclude that they have at all events no practice. I was by no means, therefore, surprised to find that it had been chosen for a residence by the two gentlemen, X and Y, whose time was so entirely unoccupied.

The house indicated by their advertisement had nothing peculiar to distinguish it from its neighbours, except that flowers, and very charming ones, were arranged in masses outside the windows, and breathed a delicious fragrance as I stood at the front-door in that summer evening; say, not only a fragrance but a confidence, for it was surely next to impossible that professional garrettes, such as my waiter had darkly hinted at, should invent floral 'cherry-pie' and 'lady's slippers.' mustard and cress they might have grown for the gross uses of the table, but mignonette—no, never. I rang the bell without a shadow of apprehension for my personal safety. It never struck me that a visitor at such an hour might be exposed to some slight suspicions on his own account, for in Morumbidgee he is equally welcome, and quite as likely to arrive, at midnight as in the morning.

One of the graces, not to say the most monumental of man-servants replied to my summons. This class
of person has excited, I perceive, the particular wonder of the emisaries of the French press now sojourning in London, as it also excites mine. I do this, not only to acquire authority, a more colossal calm about them than their high-bred masters. Their superiority and their affability are alike tremendous. I should much like to see a few of the most imperceptible of them amid a stampede of bullocks. The great question of the power of the human eye upon wild animals would then receive a satisfactory solution. For myself, I consoled with the spectacle of this tremendous answerer of bets; he stared at me with such stony Sphinx-like eyes, as though he would say: 'Rash mortal, perceive the Genius thou hast silly summoned. What wouldst thou have? Speak, speak, but beware!'

'I wish,' said I, in steady but, I hope, respectful tones, 'to see X and Y.'

The majesty being answered me nothing, but I perceived his eye roll up and down Half-moon Street in an unmistakably urgent manner. It was evident that he was looking for a policeman.

'You had better go away,' said he in awful tones; 'you had better go away before there's a row. None of your larks here, if you please.'

'I want either X or Y, my good man: look at this,' and I produced the copy of The Times, with the advertisement in it, which I had taken the precaution to bring away with me.

'Oh, your little ghost is it?' observed the Servitor, not without a touch of pity; 'why, you don't suppose that in our fifth year of credit we are going to be caught by such chaff as that! You must be a young'un in the business, you must. You have made a name in life, after failing as a gentleman.'

He pulled a bell which rang upstairs, and a young and imperturbable-looking fellow called over the counter was sent for. 'Who is it now, John Thomas? You must shew the gentleman to an attic, for I suppose he's come to sell. His friends have sat the bottoms out of all the hall chairs already. What can he want at this time of night, when sleep is about to knit up the ravelled sleeve of care, and even tailors let us alone; a time when Man ceases to prey on Man, and the very dumb devotes himself to repose and digestion.'

'It's a party as I don't know, sir,' replied the servant, regarding me with a sort of malignant curiosity; 'through luck, we've lost a bill itself; he's got some unembarking story about a Hex and a Why.'

There was a noise above stairs as though some person or persons were struggling with some internal emotion, such as laughter, and then a grave and almost solemn voice addressed John Thomas thus:

'Show up our respected Advertisement at once, you idiot; then leave the house, nor venture to darken its door again till you have been powdered with ashes, and pinned in sackcloth.'

The discomfited flunky led the way to the drawing-room, an apartment luxuriously rather than elegantly furnished; there were no knickknacks distributed with elaborate carelessness, no splendidly worked cushions protected by the hateful antimacassar, no traces of female tyranny of any kind. The sofas were meant for weary legs and shoes; the armchairs to be lolled in; and there was also an exquisite aroma of tobacco-smoke which established the domination of the male beyond a doubt. Two young gentlemen, of five-and-twenty or so, advanced as I entered, and received me with much politeness. The one who introduced himself as X had a frank Saxon face, and an air particularly ingenious; the other was a handsome man, of an almost Spanish complexion, but with jaded expression that scarcely ever left his features.

'You do not object to tobacco, I trust,' said the former.

I smiled my ready toleration of that weed, the virtues of which no man who has not lived in solitude, and hardships, and want of all social solaces can ever rightly know.

'He does not object to tobacco,' exclaimed Y; 'with a sigh of relief; 'then the rest of the negotiation will be comparatively easy.'

This second gentleman to whom conversation appeared to be an almost intolerable exertion, here subsided on an ottoman, and waved his hand, as though to dissipate any remnant of responsibility that might be supposed to cling to him with respect to the business on which I had called.

'Very well,' resumed the first speaker, accepting the position thus imposed upon him, 'let X—it is like a charming equation, I declare—let X be the party that is empowered to treat with—with Stokes, Esq. That is sherry, and this Madeira—the last of a most excellent box; these are Havannahs, and these Malulla cheroots. Permit me to assist you with a light; complete combustion is essential.'

The young man dipped a silver sponge-holder into the flame of a spirit-lamp, and applied it to my cigar with all the care that a surgeon takes with a tender wound.

'My dear Y, our Advertisement was about to use a lucifer—abrimstone lucifer!'

The gentleman on the ottoman shuddered.

'Yes,' said I, 'lucifers have always done well enough for me. I have often thought myself lucky to get them. Instead of tobacco, too, I have now and then used dock-leaves. We are not particular at Morumbidgee.'

'At what,' exclaimed Y, with an energy that I could not have believed was in him.

'The gentleman is speaking of his country-seat,' observed X reprovingly.

'Yes,' said I, from South Australia. I am a rough, simple fellow, who have made my money over in that colony.'

'Good!' exclaimed Y, taking out his note-book. 'How much, now?'

'A very considerable amount of money,' replied I, with pardonable pride.

'This looks like business,' observed X with a radiant countenance.

'Will you do us the honour of shaking hands with you?' cried Y from the ottoman. 'X, shake hands with Morumbidgee (if I may address him by his territorial title), for self and partner, will you?'

'And I am come back to England, gentlemen,' I continued, 'with the intention of spending this money like a man.'

'Y,' cried X, 'get up, and fill your glass, sir; the occasion is supreme. Let us drink the health of our Advertisement in some appropriate manner—with Highland honours and Kentish cheers. We are most unfeignedly glad to see him, to hear of his prosperity, to be assured of his honourable intentions. He may count upon our best endeavours to assist him in carrying them out. Morumbidgee (what a name!), let us understand one another. You have money—we have only debts and a very, very little credit. On the other hand, you have had no experience whatever of civilised life, whereas we, alas! have seen much more of it than most people. Let us mutually supply our respective deficiencies. You will find us to be gentlemen. We shall not look for any very high standard in that respect in you.'

'What!' cried I, with all the blood of the Trevors rushing to my countenance; 'and do you suppose that it is lemon-coloured gloves and languid airs which constitute that "grand old name of gentleman, defamed by every charlatan, and soiled by all ignoble complexion, but with it?" I tell you that I have seen men under a rough-handed, reeking with labour, splashed with the blood of the slaughter-house, yet better read, better cultured than most of your Mayfair butterflies, and
in the hour of death and danger, as brave as Nelson, as tender as Florence Nightingale.'

'Brave and deserving!' exclaimed X; 'I like this middle-aged individual!'

'He's a perfect tonic to me,' cried Y, clapping his small white hands together; 'I trust he may be the Perfect Cure.'

'Young gentlemen,' observed I with some severity, 'I amuse you, it seems, without intending it. Doubtless, in your fashionable company I would lose all admiration of the vulgar virtues of which I speak.'

'How dull he will be then,' murmured Y, soliloquising.

'I am a poor plain man,' I continued.

'No, no,' cried X; 'no false modesty; not poor, only plain.'

'And doubtless my manners require some French polish. You may be ashamed of me now and then among your fashionable folks—I like you better for not denying that the thing is probable—but I am good-natured and of a social disposition, although, as you may imagine by my presence here, I am in this country absolutely friendless.'

'Not now,' observed X softly—'not now!' and in his deep-blue eyes I thought I could really read an honest pity. I felt myself drawn towards that lad as I have been to few men else in either hemisphere.

'I thank you, young gentleman. With regard to the nature of the business which you have endeavoured to engage me in, I must confess that I do not know anything about it. Any new employment of which I am aware is to be employed in arranging an exquisite little nosegay in his button-hole.'

'With regard to the money,' continued Y, 'it is unnecessary to be thus unbecoming in our appearance; but of course, while we three are companions, I shall bear all charges, while you will indicate the most approved methods for passing our time. A change at the week's end—'

'My very dear sir,' cried X beseechingly, 'that will do.'

'It will do most admirably,' echoed Y, but with the air of a gentleman who has been caught in the act of listening at a keyhole.

A few months ago, I had felt myself at a disadvantage in the society of my new acquaintances, but now I was master of the situation. I had, as it were, taken the young couple into my service. They were now respectful indeed, but also distressingly ill at ease. 'My friends,' said Y, 'that you are not in good spirits. You must be aware that I engage you [how they shuddered!] with the tacit understanding that you will be elastic and agreeable in your behaviours. You have no conception how stupid you are becoming, Mr Y. —That is better: I am glad to see that start; there is animation about you.—The cause of this alteration for the worse is obvious, even to a colonial mind. You are suffering under the sense of obligations to come.'

'Spare us, cried X—'spare us; we will try and be jolly.'

'Yes, X will try,' exclaimed Y. The latter, poor fellow, had for his own part quite given up hope of recovering from his degradation. One end of his cigar was white and cold; he had lost his air of exclusive refinement, and looked a good deal like a begging-letter impostor. 'It was I,' continued he, 'who persuaded X to advertise. We were reduced to do so, for we were not in a little-decent good—I pay, for example, that is, I intended to pay, twenty-five pounds per annum to a florist for supplies for my orangery every morning—and we had both of us spent all our money.'

'Yes, and a good deal more than all,' murmured X.

'We did it half in earnest, half in jest,' resumed Y. 'I don't think that anybody would be really fool enough to come.'

'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I am astonished at you. You offer certain terms to me, and when I agree to them, you begin to shrink from the bargain. It is true that you are poor, but what of that? Garibaldi is also poor. To have spent one's money is only to be regretted in one case has not received its equivalent. It costs a man five hundred pounds, I hear, to go to an English University, but does he not come away from thence with the capital letters B.A. appended to his name?'

'We are both B.A.s,' groaned X and Y despairingly.

'I can easily imagine it,' said I; 'I should think myself defrauded if you were not. That honourable distinction, then, enables you to profess to make it as of other people; to get back in teaching the money you have expended in learning. Similarly, a doctor's diploma enables you to train up human leeches. Having eaten, or at least paid for, a number of indifferent dinners in a certain place, and purchased a wig and gown, you can exact premiums from gentle-

men who have not yet passed through these ordeals.

Even if you have spent money in buying a commission in the army, the investment is not entirely thrown away; there are many pursuits, such as billiard-table keeping and horse-jobbing for which, in Melbourne at least, a man is all the better qualified for being a captain. Since all experience fetches its price, how idle then is it to imagine that a knowledge of London life and good society—to admit that for the money I suppose, ten times the expense of any of these—is not to bear its marketable value. Is it reasonable that Men about Town alone are to have no return for their money, and health, and youth, consumed in dissipations that were often perhaps wearing while they lasted, and the recollection of which is a positive reproach? Do you not perceive the injustice that you are thus inflicting upon yourselves? You can hardly imagine, I suppose, that the results of an experience of this sort are too sacred for barter, when even divines take very considerable payments for the young gentlemen who are so fortunate as to be their private pupils. Mere Fashion can scarcely curl her lips, I say, at a practice indulged in by Law, by Physic, and by Divinity. Be men of common sense.

I am come here, it is true, to procure certain advantages which you happen to have for sale; but the bargain being concluded—as it is, and on my word I think I have the better of it—what need of further talk or thought of the matter? We shall be of necessity companions; who knows but that some day we may become friends?'

—Stokes, Esq., exclaimed Y, slapping me on the shoulder with much heartiness, 'I shall never regret that we advertised.'

'Mornibidges,' observed Y, with tears in his eyes, 'you are a gentleman born.'

I had succeeded in re-establishing my young friends in their own good opinion. The one recovered his natural enthusiasm, the other relapsed into his equally characteristic state of polite torpor.

It was arranged that on the morrow my luggage should be removed from my hotel into Half-moon Street, where a handsome sleeping-apartment was allotted to me.

Next week was a most fortunate one for your re-introduction to English life, remarked X cheerfully; 'there is, to begin with, the Derby.'

Y uttered an involuntary groan. 'Never mind me,' exclaimed he hurriedly; 'I beg your pardon.'

'But what is the matter?' inquired I, for I was really afraid that he had sat upon something very sharp.

'Nothing, Mornibidges, nothing; I am your willing slave; to bear is to obey. But if you only knew how dull that Derby is—even if you have any money left to lose upon it—and had seen it fifteen times, as I have done, you would groan also. The public persona and the solemn swells; the dust, the heat, the wicked
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

words one hears; the funny gents; the dolls and pin cushions; the Babel of the Downs; the legs, the Lords, the Fools; the bunches on one's knees; the champagne spilt; and worse than spilt, the champagne swallowed."

"To deny all this? We could take him in a van, with evergreen and a barrel of beer," interrupted X.

"That would be better fun," replied Y gravely; "but how would he stand the brass band and the drum?"

"I am entirely in your hands, gentlemen," observed I. "I will make a third upon a dromedary, if you think we shall enjoy ourselves better by that method of travelling."

"Is he not charming?" cried X. "Morumbridgel, we should have met you earlier. The Derby is on the Fourth of June this year, upon which the Eton Regatta is always held. The piece of the boys upon the banks of Thames; the long procession of their boats; the enthusiasm of the aristocratic British youth, who have not yet attained their yawning age, is a sight worth seeing, and has drawn kings to look at it."

"Ah," observed Y dryly, "I was an Eton boy once myself, and remember that entertainment well. It is the big boys only who eat, and throw the chicken-bones at the little ones. There is no shelter except under the tables, and it is invariably a wet evening."

"The International Exhibition begins its shining days on Monday," suggested X.

"I am afraid," replied Y smiling, "that that would indeed be too great a trial for our experienced friend. He has doubtless had a season ticket from the very commencement."

"That is true," returned X, "but yet he has not escaped to the place either. The fact is, he has never been there. He invested his three guineas, not in the right of entrée, but in insurance against social annoyance. He remembered what those who had not been to the Exhibition of '81 suffered in society at the hands of those who had—how they got it all detailed to them, whether they would or no, from the description of the Koh-i-noor to that of the horrid bedstead that usurped your room in the morning, and would by no means be put back again. "My dear madam, or sir," as the case may be, is his answer now. All similar assertions you speak to a season-ticket holder from the first; it would be hard to mention any one thing with which I am less familiar than with the rest. Do you happen to have remarked that exquisite little number in the Hohenzoller's department? If you have not seen that, you have really seen nothing." This reply of his not only forms an admirable defence, but has given-enterprising persons much employment in looking after the imaginary Teutonic wonder.

"I can well believe it," returned I; "but Y must not be offended if, after this story of him, I receive any information he may be good enough to offer with some degree of caution."

"Nay," exclaimed Y with emotion, "you do me wrong, I assure you. My duty to my neighbour, if he bothers me with interrogations, may be neglected or overdone; but in my allegiance towards my Advertiser, I trust I shall never fail. What say you, X—since he has absolutely seen nothing—to taking our friend to Fairland-to-morrow?"

"It would be certainly delightful to see him there, only be sure that we do not go by the Flying Dragon."

So I left my new companion, John Thomas the Magnificent opening the hall-door for my exit with a very different air from that with which he had admitted me a little while ago. I still, indeed, a petent Genius, but was in possession of the talisman which he was forced to obey. He was the Slave of my Ring (and my double-knock) as long as companionship with his masters X and Y should continue; it was not

'They talk of Fairyland, meaning I know not what,' said I to myself, as I walked across the park to my hotel; 'but is not another name for all my whole adventure of this nature a name for a leaf out of the Arabian Nights? It is this London, whose countless lights are now encircling me a thousandfold, which is the true city of enchantments after all. The millionaire who can find like a vagrant out of the Arabian Nights? It is this London, whose countless lights are now encircling me a thousandfold, which is the true city of enchantments after all. The millionaire who can find himself a beggar, his securities waste paper, and his mansion a mirage. The beggar, on the other hand, clutches untold wealth more suddenly than the gold-finder of the Macquarie. Young gentlemen (late) of fortune become cieroses, commissionaires—gentlemen-ushers to cattle-farmers of the Australian bush. These transformation scenes were certainly not so rapid and complete a quarter of an hour ago."

For my part, however, I felt grateful that such things should be. Two hours ago, I had left my palace a solitary monarch, with subjects enough obedient to my purse-string, but with not a stray friend; the Great Desert of London had spread its golden sands before me, and I had walked upon them, casting a lonely shadow; but now, so gracious is the least touch of human sympathy, this Arabia Deserta seemed changed into Arabia Felix. I was no longer companionless and unregarded; two fellow-creatures yonder (not to mention John Thomas, into whose not unwilling palm I had just slipped five shillings) had some sort of not unkindly interest in me. My native land had begun to welcome me in these two unknown ones, X and Y.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

The real meaning of the term religious liberty seems, even at the present day, to be but imperfectly understood. When Carl Russell and others refer to their exertions in the cause of religious liberty, they doubtless consider these two terms as applying to two separate principles; and in this light they are very generally regarded. Little consideration, however, is needed to see that the connection between civil and religious liberty is of the most intimate nature; that the one is comprehended in the other; that the one is, in fact, a part of the other. If a man is in possession of civil liberty, and has no objections to make to any law or order issued by the State, or any other authority over which he has no control, he is free to think and act in all respects as he chooses, provided he thereby inflict no wrong on the person or estate of another. The idea of religious liberty is much more extensive. It is not only that a man is free to think and act in some respects as he chooses, but that he may travel, and hold meetings, and speak in a foreign language, and have a passport for all the countries of Europe and for Spain, or of permitting him to read all Shakespeare's plays and the Merchant of Venice. But although the term is thus misapprehended, the thing itself is by no means unknown or ill understood. In England at least, and wherever our race predominates, the state no longer uses the power at its disposal to repress or interfere with the religious opinions of its subjects; that portion of civil liberty known as 'liberty of conscience'—generally the last to be conceded—is now enjoyed by all; and the doctrine, that none is to be persecuted on account of his opinions on matters of religion, is universally entertained. This noble doctrine is the growth of modern times and of our own land. To the ancients, it was unknown; it remained undiscovered even by the enlightened people that put Socrates to death: all the religions that had sprung up and demanded the adhesion of men, had either threatened those who declined to comply with its invitation, 'Believe, or perish!' was the motto of all. In Christian times, the doctrine in question may be said to inhere; but from that moment when Christianity, in the person of Constantine, found itself in possession of power, the doctrine had never been asserted; it had not exhibited itself in the operative working of the religion; it lay

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INADEF TREATIES. 23

to resist the enforcement. Roger Williams inclined in opposite to the side of the Puritans, and, moreover, had already advocated the doctrine which immortalised his name—that the conscience hath no jurisdiction over the conscience. In the clash of party strife, therefore, he could not hope to escape the unfriendly notice of those to whom such opinions and such a principle were abhorrent. In the teeth of the Puritans, he suffered the persecutions to which the expression of those tenets rendered him liable; and finding it hopeless to expect to be suffered to preach in peace, he resolved to seek that liberty which was denied to him in the country of his birth amid the wilds of America, whither large numbers of his brethren had gone before.

The grief he felt at leaving may be learned from a letter he addressed in after-years to the daughter of Sir Edward Coke, and which is preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. "Your dear father," he says, "was often pleased to call me his son; and truly it was as bitter as death to me when Bishop Laud pursued me out of the land, and my conscience was persuaded against the national church and ceremonies, and bishops, beyond the conscience of your dear father—I say it was as bitter as death to me when I rode Windsor way to take ship at Bristol, and afterwards all the things that befell the blessed man was; and I then durst not acquaint him with my conscience and my flight."

He embarked with his wife at Bristol in the Lowest River, Captain William Piers, and, after a tempestuous voyage of sixty-six days, sailed into Boston harbour on the 3th of February 1631. His arrival is recorded in the Journal of Governor Winthrop, and appears to have occasioned much joy to the churches of the infant colony. But he was soon to discover that the grand idea he announced when first he trod the shores of New England—"that the church of Christ had no right to interfere in matters of conscience—met with no echo in the hearts of the Pilgrim Fathers, and that the 'lords brethren' of Massachusetts were as intolerant as the 'lords bishops' of England. A few weeks after his arrival, he accepted an invitation to become assistant-pastor of the church of Salem, and commenced his ministration there; but having declared his opinion that 'the magistrate might not punish a breach of the Sabbath, nor any other offence that was a breach of the first table, the civil authority might not interfere with it'; according to his settled principles, he was duly elected a minister at Salem. But his residence there was destined to be of short continuance. The church, in disregarding the wishes and advice of the authorities, by calling him to be their pastor, drew upon themselves the disapprobation of the magistrates; and so high rose the storm of persecution, that before the close of the summer, Williams was obliged to seek a residence elsewhere. He accordingly left Salem, and went to the colony at Plymouth, 'where,' says Governor Bradford, 'he was freely entertained among us according to our poor ability.' At Plymouth he remained about two years, when, being invited to return to Salem, he complied with the request, and resumed his ministerial labours there in August 1633. For a short period, he was now permitted to exercise his ministerial labours in peace; but the inflexibility of his principles, and his determination to exhibit them without compromise, alienated the magistrates and ministers who were opposed to him with many opportunities for hostility. At one time they met to take into consideration a treatise in which he had disputed their right to ordain, and that Puritans had been at this period becoming more and more violent—

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The text appears to be a page from a historical or religious document, discussing the life and actions of Roger Williams, particularly his experience and reaction to religious persecution in England, his emigration to America, and his later activities in the Puritan colonies. The text is rich with historical context and is divided into paragraphs that detail his life and the events surrounding his journey and settlement in America.
now, again, complained that, in consequence of his preaching, 'Mr Endicott cut the cross out of the military colours, as a relic of popish superstition.' The controversy between him and the civil and ecclesiastical heads of the colony was wearing heated. Williams having expressed his opinion that the taking of an oath was an act of worship, and that 'no man ought to be forced to perform this any more than any other act of worship,' he was summoned in April 1633 to appear at Boston. The court desisted from that proceeding; but in the following July he was again summoned, and answer certain charges brought against him at the general court then in session.

The most serious of these charges was his having maintained the 'dangerous' opinion, that 'the magistrates ought not to punish the breach of the first table otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the civil peace.' This was considered by all present to be a most pernicious doctrine; the ministers—who had been invited to attend and give their advice—thought the colony should rid itself of a man who maintained that the civil magistrate might not intermeddle 'even to stop a church from heresy and apostasy;' nor agreed with the accused, whose opinions were 'adjudged by all, magistrates and ministers, to be erroneous and very dangerous.' After long debate, says Governor Winthrop, who wrote at the time, and recorded the proceedings in his Journal, 'time was given to him and the church at Salem to consider of these things till the next general court, and then, either to give satisfaction to the court, or else to expect the sentence.' The church adhering to its pastor, the people of Salem were compelled to suffer many acts of flagrant injustice at the hands of the civil rulers; a petition they preferred for some land they claimed as belonging to their town was refused; and when they remonstrated against this violation of their civil rights, their persons were deprived of their seats until apology was made, and the principal of them imprisoned. The next general court was held in October, when Roger Williams was again summoned 'for all the ministers in the Bay being desired to be present.' Mr Hooker, Governor Winthrop says, 'was chosen to dispute with him, but could not reduce him from any of his opinions. So, the next morning, the court sentenced him to depart out of our jurisdiction within six weeks—all the ministers, save one, approving the sentence.'

The health of Williams was greatly impaired by his severe trials and excessive labours, and he received permission to remain at Salem till spring. But the court having received information that he could not refrain from his own house from uttering his opinions—to which, it seems, 'he had drawn above twenty persons!'—resolved to send him to England by a ship then lying in the harbour ready for sea. He refused to obey another summons to attend the court at Boston. The magistrates, however, were determined not to be defeated, and immediately despatched a small sloop to Salem, with a commission to the captain to apprehend, and carry him on board the ship that was about to sail for England. But when the officers came to his house 'they found he had gone three days before, but whether they could not learn.'

The principal Indian tribes occupying New England when it was first settled by the English were the Narragansets, who inhabited the territory of the colony of Plymouth; the Narragansets—the most faithful to the English of all the New England tribes—who held dominion over nearly all the territory which afterwards formed the colony of Rhode Island, including the islands in the Bay, and a portion of Long Island; the Massachusetts, who dwelt chiefly about the bay which bears their name; and the Pequots and Mohicans—by far the fiercest and most warlike of the New England savages—who occupied the greater part of that which is now the state of Connecticut. In the middle of January 1636, in the coldest month of a New England winter, Roger Williams, forced him to leave his wife and young children, and escape in secrecy and haste—to flee from the tyranny of those men, who, under the name of Pilgrim Fathers, and the badges of posterity, and sought refuge amidst primeval forests inhabited only by beasts of prey, and those savage tribes whose names have just been enumerated. Tradition has much to relate of this period of his life; but a letter of his, written thirty-five years after, furnishes authentic information of that time 'when,' says he, 'I was sorely tossed, for one fourteen weeks, in a bitter winter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean.' It appears that he made his way through the desolate wilderness to Massachusetts, the sachems of the Pocanokets, who dwelt at Mount Hope, near the spot where the town of Bristol, Rhode Island, now stands. This famous chief, who occupied the country north of Mount Hope as far as Charles River, had known Williams at Plymouth, and on many occasions had received from him tokens of kindness. It was now the Indian's turn to confer a benefit; and the aged sachem was ready to do so. A day or two after Williams landed on the Seekonk river, which separates Massachusetts from Rhode Island, where the friendless exile, who was soon joined by several of the people of Salem, began to build a settlement, he was within the limits of the Plymouth colony, and he received intelligence from his friend, Governor Winthrop, that he had fallen into the edge of their bounds. Thereupon he embarked, with five others, in a canoe, and proceeded down the river in search of another resting-place, where the secular arm should have no dictation in the conduct of his people. He round the headlands now known as India Point and Fox Point, he ascended the river, that runs on the west side of the peninsula, to a spot near the mouth of the Moshassuck. Here, in the spring-time of 1636, Williams landed; and here, on the slope of the hill that rises from the river, began the first settlement of Rhode Island—a state which, in the words of its founders, should surely be a shelter to persons distressed for conscience.' He called the place Providence, in remembrance of God's providence to him in distress.

Through his intimacy with several of the Indian chiefs, Williams was enabled to purchase the necessary lands for his new colony. His house and lands in Salem he was obliged to mortgage, in order to make additional presents and gratuities to the sachems; and, consequently, he removed his wife and family immediately to the new settlement. He was the sole negotiator with the Indians, and the legal proprietor of the territory which they had ceded to him, and which, as he remarked, 'was as much his as any man's coat upon his back.' He might have secured the proprietary of his colony by a patent from England, and thus have exercised a control over its government, and amassed wealth for himself and family, but he chose to found a state where all civil power should be exercised by the people, and where there might be 'a shelter for persons distressed for conscience.' The infant community prospered, and was rapidly increased by the arrival of persons from other colonies, and from Europe, who fled thither from persecution. The banishment of Roger Williams, and the voluntary exile of many of his adherents, did not pertain to the contentsions in Massachusetts Bay. At a general synod, held at Cambridge on the 30th August 1637, and attended by the ministers and magistrates, they denounced no fewer than four articles, among which were the erroneous articles. The effect of the synod at Cambridge was to increase the population of Providence; many of those who had been proscribed by the government of
Massachusetts left Boston, and, through the influence of Williams, obtained, from the sachem of the Narragansetts, a grant of the island of Aquetnet, now called Rhode Island, which made it a separate from the state of Providence. The colony at Massachusetts Bay were by no means pleased at the prosperity of the settlement at Providence and on Rhode Island. They were incensed at the report of its success, and they expelled and seized an opportunity to order that any one of the inhabitants of Providence should be found within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts he should be brought before the magistrates. This, however, was only the prelude of what was to follow. In 1642, shortly after Providence and Rhode Island had regularly organized a government, and had, true to the principles of their chief founder, passed a special act, "that that law concerning liberty of conscience in point of doctrine be perpetuated," the colonists of New England, alarmed by reports of hostile designs on the part of the Indians, adopted vigorous measures of defence. In the year following, the first confederacy of the colonies was formed, and articles of union were signed at Boston by the commissioners of the four colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts Bay, Connecticut, and New Haven, under the name of "the United Coloneuls of New England." Providence (notwithstanding that its founder had more than once, by his personal influence, saved the English settlements from the fury of the Indians) nor the neighbouring colony of Rhode Island, was invited to join; and when afterwards they made application for admittance, it was refused. The reasons alleged were trivial, but they were found to be inapplicable. The exclusion of the colonies was therefore exposed to many inconveniences and dangers, and left with no defence, except that of their own citizens. Their increasing prosperity, their exclusion from the confederacy, and the assurances that their numbers and of the authority for civil government, led the inhabitants to appoint a committee with instructions to procure a charter for the mother-country. The agency was accepted by Williams, who accordingly, in June 1643, embarked at New York for his native land.

The state of affairs in this country was not unfavourable to the accomplishment of the mission with which he came intrusted; the nation was convulsed by the civil war; King Charles had fled from London; and the parliament, who were in possession of the legislative authority, were disposed to strengthen themselves by consolidating the colonies of America. From the commissioners who had been appointed to regulate the affairs of the colonies, Roger Williams—aided by the influence of his early friend, Sir Harry Vane—obtained with little trouble, for the colony of Rhode Island, a charter, which conveyed to the inhabitants the most ample powers to adopt such a form of civil government as they should by free consent agree unto. As soon as he had accomplished the object of his mission, Williams embarked for America, and landed at Boston, September 17, 1644. The news of his arrival had preceded him, and the inhabitants of Providence met him at Seekonk with a fleet of canoes to welcome his return, and to convey him home in triumph. The form of government—eventually adopted, after considerable delay and discussion, in a general assembly of the people of the colony on the 19th May 1647—required the annual election of a president and four assistants, in whose executive power was vested. The code of laws was mainly taken from those of England, and continued with these words: 'And otherwise than is herein before declared, all men may walk as their consciences persuade them—every one in the name of his God.' Had the territory of the state corresponded to the important and arbitrary of the principles of its early existence, says the historian Bancroft, "the world would have been filled with wonder at the phenomena of its early history."
author, she wrote a remarkable letter to Williams, from which we quote what follows: 'For Milton’s book, that you desire I should read, if I be not mistaken, the one who has written a book of the lawfulness of divorce; and, if report says true, he had at that time two or three wives living [1]. This, perhaps, were good doctrine in Old England, but it is most abominable in Old England. For his book that he wrote against the late king, you should have taken notice of God’s judgment upon him, who stroke him with his true; and, as I have heard, he was fast to have the help of one Andrew Marvell, or else he could not have finished that most accursed libel. God has begun his judgment upon him here—his punishment will be hereafter in hell. But have you seen the answer to it? If you can get it, I assure you it is worth your reading.'

Williams, leaving Clarke behind, returned to his colony in the summer of 1654. During his absence, the general assembly which met at Providence addressed a letter to him, in which they ‘humbly conceived that, if it be the pleasure of our protectors to renew our charter, it might be the pleasure of that honourable state to invest, appoint, and empower yourself to come over as governor of this colony, for the space of one year, and to the government to be honourably put upon this place, which might seem to add weight for ever hereafter in the constant and successive derivation of the same.’ Roger Williams took no steps to procure his election; but on the first general election, held on the 12th of September, he was chosen president of the colony. During the term of his office, he made efforts to establish more friendly relations with the neighbouring colonies, especially with Massachusetts, and succeeded in obtaining some of the privileges for which he had long contended. When he retired from office, he resigned being a candidate for re-election. He did not, however, neglect any opportunity to promote the interests of his fellow-citizens; he was appointed to all the higher posts, and his name frequently appears in the records both of the town and colony. His death occurred in May 1653, in his seventy-eighth year; and ‘the was buried,’ says Callender, ‘with all the solemnity the colony was able to shew.’

The name and memory of Roger Williams are undoubtedly among those that should be held in most grateful remembrance.

TWENTY MINUTES TOO LATE.

I am an old man now, and have retired from the profession; but at the time when the incident I am about to relate occurred, I had just entered it, and was going circuit for the second time. Through the kindness of a well-known member of the circuit, who had conceived a liking for me, I was intrusted with two or three briefs on my first journey; and in consequence of one of these, I became known to an old gentleman named Dowding, living in Gloucester.

The case in which I was concerned for him was a suit to recover a debt contracted by his son, who was then under age; and though the amount sought to be recovered was not large, yet, if he had been condemned to pay it, it would have led to the prosecution of similar claims by other tradesmen, which would have ruined him. Though there is always a natural tendency on the part of a jury of tradesmen to give effect to the claim of a brother-tradesman, I was fortunate enough to get a verdict in favour of my client. A case of this kind is not one to be remembered long, even by a newly fledged barrister, and though accompanied as it was by the kindly congratulations of some of the members of the circuit on my speeches; and until I returned to Gloucester, I had forgotten all about Mr Dowding. Having a relative at Longhope, I went there the day before the assizes began, and did not reach Gloucester till late; and,

being tired, I went straight to the lodgings I had engaged, with the intention of going to bed early. My lodgings were situated near the old insurance buildings, and next to them was a lodging occupied by the preceiding assizes; and when I reached them, I found a white-haired old man waiting for me there, whom I had some difficulty at first in recognising as my old client, Mr Dowding. The old gentleman began to cry as soon as he saw me; and this, with his evident feehesne—for he failed in the several attempts he made to rise from his chair to meet me—excited my sympathy for his distress so strongly, that my fatigue was forgotten, and I felt eager to hear what had caused it. Wishing to come to the point as soon as possible, I said: ‘I am afraid your son is in some way the cause of your distress.’

‘Yes, my dear young friend, he is; but my poor boy is innocent of the crime they charge him with. I am sure he is; I trust in God he is.’

‘You seem to have a doubt yourself on that point. What is the charge? Is he in prison? and do you want me to defend him?’

‘That is what I have come here to ask you to do.’

‘Very well. What is he charged with?’

‘A most dreadful crime; for which, if he is convicted, he will certainly be executed.’

Here he broke off, and thrust a burst into a terrible fit of crying and sobbing, during which I could understand little of what he tried to say beyond the words mother, sisters, broken-hearted, shame, disgrace, and so on. Not being held in his hands a roll of paper, I thought it probable that this would give me the information I wanted; I therefore took it from him, and opened it.

‘Yes,’ said he, ‘you will find it all there. I made him write it, and give it me, that it might be ready for you when you arrived. Here is also an order which will admit you to his cell as early as you like in the morning.’

‘Thank you. How do you propose to get home?’

‘I shall walk. I feel better, now that I have seen you.’

I went with him to the street-door, shook hands, and then went back to my room to read his son’s statement. Thus it ran:

‘On the evening of the 21st, I met Esther Leveridge at the corner of Copley’s Lane, and we walked down by the farm and across the fields to her house. I had often met her before, but had never gone home with her, on account of her father, who had a bad name in the neighbourhood, owing to his idleness and savage disposition. Till this evening, I had resolutely refused her invitations to sit foot in her house; but when we reached it, she assured me that positively that her father was out, and would not return till late, that I let myself be persuaded to go in and sit down a little while. When I entered, I fully intended to stay only a few minutes; but the time flew so rapidly that it was between ten and eleven o’clock when I got up to go. I was saying good-bye to Esther, when we heard the garden-wicket fall to, and she directly said it was her father. She was as fearful of the consequences if he saw me there as I was, or at least she seemed to be. There was no way of leaving the house without meeting him, and if I had had time to think, I should have left by this way, and met him in the open air; but before I could think for myself, Esther had opened the back-door, and pushed me into the wood-house, telling me that her father was sure to go to bed directly, and then she would let me out. As soon as I was left alone, I fell angry and vexed that I had suffered myself to be shut in; but being there, I thought it would only be staying a few minutes, and then I could get away without exposing her to her father’s anger. Mr Dowding had been bitten in the shed, and I got up on the top of these to be missed out of the way, in case he should come there for anything. A minute or two afterwards, he came in with a light, pulled a tab from one corner, and then took a
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

pail and went outside, and brought it back full of water. He had a smock-frock on, very white and clean, which he stripped off, and laid on the wood, and underneath this he wore a blue and rust astian coat. I first poured the water into the tub, and then drew out of his coat-pockets a hammer, the barrel of a gun, and then the stock. The gun and stock he laid on one side, the hammer on the other, and then took off his coat, and put that in the water too, and began washing it. From where I wascrouching, I could distinctly see that the water became red as he washed; and the stain on his hands which I thought was dirt, changed to a bright red before being washed off altogether. Terrified by what I saw, and knowing that I had no right to be where I was, I tried to draw back further into the darkness, and in doing this I made a slight noise, which caused him to look up. He saw me directly, and the surprise seemed to deprive him of his faculties for an instant; but this was only momentary, for before I could offer any explanation, he caught up a hatchet used in chopping the wood, and began climbing towards me with such a sly expression in his face, that I knew he meant to murder me.

I shouted for Esther, knowing that I could expect help from no other person, there being no cottage near at hand, and shot after him by the arm. He tried all he could to shake her off by means of blows and force, but she held so tightly that, if she had caught his right arm instead of his left, I should have had time to come to her assistance; as it was, I could not approach him without the certainty of being cut down. I thought her prayers had some effect upon him, and I tried to increase this by promising not to say a word of what I had seen. He considered for a minute, and then threw the hatchet into a corner, and told me to come to him. His face was all bloody, and being in the dark all this time, it had run down on the front of my clothes without my knowing it. I thought he was going to take me to my father; and being afraid of that, I asked his name, and then added this to let me at least wash my face and hands, which he refused with many oaths; and taking hold of me by the arm, he made me go with him across the fields to the London road. After walking along this road in the direction of Gloucester for four or five hundred yards, we came to a part of it which had on one side a narrow, with strip of land, on which a few trees grow and a little underwood. Leversedge walked in here, still holding me by the arm, and searched about for a few minutes; I was horrified to find that what he was looking for was a dead body. The dress showed it was the body of a labouring man, apparently a wagner, for there was a long whip lying near him such as they use. I could see the white face and half-closed eyes, which reflected the moonlight, but I could not recognise it, though I felt sure I had seen it before. Leaving the body where it lay, Leversedge went on with me in the direction of Gloucester, and now began to form an idea of what he intended to do with me. Just after we got into the city, we came up with a carrier's wagon. The horses were standing still; I asked what had got it, and I heard the people wondering what had become of the driver. Leversedge pushed me into the midst of them, and said: *You will never see the driver any more, but here is his horse.* I thought I would do it and cheat us, but I was recognised directly. I protested as earnestly as I could that I was innocent, and charged my accuser with having committed the murder him-
succeeding day: but the duration of a trial can never be reckoned upon with any degree of certainty, and it so happened that Dowding’s case was called on three or four hours sooner than I had expected. I had heard nothing of Esther Leveridge, and I was about to make an application for the postponement of the trial until the next assizes, on account of the absence of the only person who had given evidence in favour of the prisoner, when I caught sight of the constable who had been sent in search of her. He nodded in reply to my look, and at the same moment a slip of paper was placed in my hand, on which was written, ‘I have got her.’ The trial went on, and as it proceeded, it was not difficult to see that the evidence for the prosecution was telling fearfully against the prisoner, in the opinions of the jurymen. I cross-examined Leveridge with such severity, that even the judge seemed to think I was abusing the privilege of counsel, but the fellow had had too long a time to think over his tale to be shaken in it now. The case for the prosecution was soon closed, and that for the defence occupied the court but a very little while. All that I had to urge was the statement made by the prisoner previous to his committal, the notoriously bad character of the principal witness, and the greater probability that a much stronger and less guilty of the murder that the crime should have been committed by a comparatively weak youth like the prisoner at the bar, without accomplices, and without, so far as had been ascertained, even.

There was the usual stir and excitement in the court when an interesting witness is called, as Esther Leveridge took her place in the witness-box. I think I was never more surprised at the personal appearance of anybody. She was a bold, coarse-looking woman, considerably older than the prisoner, who, as I have said, was of a very prepossessing appearance and with that degree of refinement in her expression of her countenance which indicated a man of some education. When called upon to give her evidence, she declared she had none to give. I questioned her on the prisoner’s statement, but she utterly denied that she had met him on the night in question, or, in short, that there was one word of truth in what he had said respecting her. I was completely astounded at finding that I had only called a witness to strengthen the case against my client, and I looked at him annoyed and angry that he should have deceived me with such falsehoods; but there was an expression of such intense astonishment in his face, that I wanted no further evidence to prove the truth of his tale. By a gesture, I called the attention of the jury to this, and after asking the witness a few more questions, with the view of eliciting from her that she had made these denials out of regard for or through fear of her father, and failing to get satisfactory answers, I dismissed her.

I need not describe the remainder of what took place. The summing-up of the judge showed that he was not entirely without doubts as to the prisoner’s guilt; but when the jury had given a verdict of Guilty, he told them, previous to passing condemnation, that he concurred in their verdict, and ordered the accused for execution with the usual formalities.

The grief of poor old Mr Dowding was the most painful thing I ever saw. I tried to comfort him by assuring him that I believed his son was innocent, and advised him to draw up a petition to the king that he would exercise his prerogative in his favour. I solicited the influence of members of the bar, who were ready enough to use it on receiving my assurance that I had no doubt of the prisoner’s innocence. Altogether, I felt tolerably sure that a reprieve would arrive before the day fixed for the execution. Day after day passed on until that fixed for the execution had arrived; but still no reprieve and no refusal to grant one had been received. I endeavoured in every possible way to delay the execution to a later hour, and succeeded to a certain extent. The formalities immediately preceding it were performed as slowly as possible; the prisoner was allowed to spend an unusually long period in prayer, and there was more than the usual amount of time for the priest to prolong his life for some minutes by addressing the spectators; but he was worn out by the excitement he had undergone, and incapable of opening.

When the last act had been accomplished, I went with the sheriff and the chaplain to drink a glass of wine, being greatly depressed by what had taken place. There were several officials, and a few of the principal persons belonging to the county in the room, who were discussing the arguments for and against my client’s guilt. I was leaving with the sheriff, when the governor came to him with a letter addressed to the sheriff of the county of Gloucester. The manner in which it was addressed, and its appearance, showed that it was an official letter. I looked over him as he opened it with an anxiety which cannot be conceived — it was a reprieve for Henry Dowding. I looked at my watch: he had been hanging just twenty minutes.

It turned out that the reprieve had been addressed to the sheriff of Herefordshire instead of Gloucestershire, and was not received by him till some hours later than he might have received it, in consequence of its having been dropped into the post-office letter-box after the letters for that night’s post had been removed. As soon as he had read it, he sent it by a messenger who travelled as fast as horses could go, but failed to reach Gloucester with it till it was twenty minutes too late. There is no doubt in my own mind but that Henry Dowding was an innocent man.

Our Commissionaires.

Those who are much about town, especially in the leading streets and near the chief public buildings, must have noticed, often, certain smart-looking men, clothed in uniform, but not apparently either soldiers or sailors. With a rifle-green tunic, dark trousers braided at the sides, forage-cap, badge bearing a number, collar embroidered with the word ‘commissionaire,’ and a belt supporting a pouch, their dress is at once neat and comfortable; while the exchange of dark trousers for light in summer, and the addition of a greatcoat in cold weather, and a waterproof cape in rain, prepare them for vicissitudes of climate.

These men are long established and governed by one person, not from any motive of profit or self-interest, but partly for the benefit of the men themselves, partly for the convenience of the public. After the Crimean and Indian wars, many soldiers and sailors were discharged, and thrown upon the wide world for subsistence. Some had served their term of enlistment; some had quitted the service on account of wounds; but however good their characters may have been, they were left to shift for themselves in future years. Such men, generally quite uneducated, too often fall into crime and delinquency. An officer who had retired from the Queen’s army, Captain Edward Walter, seeing and knowing these things, sought how he might lend a helping-hand to a few of those poor fellows, in the most wholesome of all ways, by aiding them to aid themselves. He conceived that confidential messengers are much wanted in London. We have light-ports, heavy-ports, railway-ports and inn-ports, errand-boys, and persons ready to do any odd jobs for a few pence; but regular messengers like the commissionaires of Paris and other French towns, have hitherto been wanting among us. It appeared to Captain Walter,
that discharged soldiers and sailors, even though they might have lost an arm or an eye, could still trudge well about town. The two knotty questions were—whether he could drill them into good-conduct? and whether the public would hire him? He resolved to put these questions to the test. Early in 1839, he persuaded seven discharged and pensioned soldiers, whose good character was in some degree known to him, to place themselves under his guidance, to be employed as messengers. What to call them, he could not at first decide; but at length he hit upon the word commissionaire, slightly Anglicising the French name by omitting one letter. He devised a neat uniform, which the men were gradually to pay for out of their earnings; he framed a code of discipline by which they were to be governed; he gave the name of barracks to the central office where they assembled; he sought to retain all that was good in their own military spirit and feeling; and he used his influence at the clubs and elsewhere to procure them employment. The men gradually conformed to his views; and when it was found that they could really pick up a living in this way, others offered themselves. The seven augmented to ten, twenty, fifty, then to a hundred; and now we believe the number exceeds two hundred. Most of the men were civil servants, soldiers, sailors, but some were also soldiers, sailors, and marines. As the sobriety and honesty of all could not be fully tested beforehand, Captain Walter has had a little trouble with the black sheep of the corps; he has from the first been restricted that none shall remain who might taint the rest; but it has required nothing less than military sternness to get rid of them. On the one hand, he will accept no charity from the public; on the other hand, if a man can show strict obedience on the part of the men, and he has from the first strove to show that commercial usefulness and military discipline are combined. There is, so far as we are aware, nothing else of the kind in this country; and it is impossible to withhold a meed of approbation from one who has for three years worked hard (for indeed it has been hard work) for so unselfish an end.

So far as the public are concerned, the commissionaires are primarily messengers or errand-men, but on a more exactly defined plan. The barrack or head dépôt is in a very humble-looking court in the Strand, Exchange Court, not far from the Adelphi Theatre. There have not been means for providing head-quarters of a better kind; and therefore this place is made to suffice. The dépôt is open day and night, and commissionaires can be obtained at any hour to go anywhere. There is no other dépôt in London; but the men, acting on a well-arranged plan, separate into parties, some remaining always ready at the dépôt, while the rest take up their posts at certain stations at a fixed hour in the morning. These public stations, about sixty in number, are grouped into five districts. The outskirts of railway stations and club-houses, the junctions of principal streets, the vicinity of public buildings—are the chief places selected. Any one who passes the Houses of Parliament, the Horse Guards, the War Office, the Quadrant, Trafalgar Square, Burlington House and Arcade, the club-houses in Pall Mall and St James's Street—or, in the commercial half of the metropolis, the Royal Exchange, the Stock Exchange, the General Post-office, Ministry, and Lombard Street—will be pretty certain to see one or other of these smart-looking fellows, on the alert for, but not soliciting, employment. The pecuniary means of the corps are not important; but the men are given accommodation at their posts, shop-keepers, in certain instances, consent to receive parcels and messages for the men; but in most cases the commissionaires stand compendiously at their posts, waiting to be hired. Every man retains his own earnings (with deductions presently to be mentioned); and, therefore, the more busy his employment, the better for his own interest. The rate of charge is, however, rigidly defined. Twopence for the conveyance of a message for a short distance, threepence if over half a mile, and threepence per mile for longer distances, one-fifth of a sixpence per hour if hired by time. The man is expected to cover three miles and a half per hour; or two and a half if hired by time, because the journeys are in that case generally longer. We not unfrequently see them carrying parcels in their pouches or under their arms. This is a part of the duty; no extra charge is made for the parcel, unless the weight exceeds a certain limit.

One by one, a number of little useful duties have been added to those for which the commissionaires were primarily instituted. The men, for instance, will take day-employment in confidential situations, at three to four shillings per day; or weekly employment, at fifteen to twenty shillings per week. Many are thus employed, useful to themselves and to the public, at the International Exhibition; while many more are permanently engaged in the service of clubs, public offices, and large commercial establishments. During the London season, the commissionaires are much employed in a matter somewhat important to fashionable folks—delivering visiting-cards, return thanks, &c. and the tariff is such as to depend either on the number of cards at each delivery, or to include the whole season for one family. Special men are employed for this service; and, if required, be sent to the barracks for direction. Then, again, books, printed circulars, trade-cards, and newspapers, are delivered throughout entire districts, either from house to house, or at seaports to vessels, at a regular tariff. To facilitate this labour, our great overgrown London has been divided into blocks of about five hundred houses each, each block known to the commissionaires by a name or number. In any case of urgency, such as hand-bills concerning robbery, &c., the delivery is guaranteed to be very speedy.

We can have watchmen for night-duty. We can, if schoolmasters, have drill-instruction for our boys; many of the commissionaires are able and willing to render this service. We can have music, too. This is a curious part of the system. Captain Walter, finding that some of his men had been bandsmen in regiments, or had a sufficient knowledge of music to become so, has organised a band of fifty performers; this band is permitted to take engagements at public gardens and elsewhere, and to divide the proceeds among the men according to their proficiency. Sergeant Keogh, the band-master, is also a music-teacher to any of the public who choose to avail themselves of his services. Lastly, there is the Monthly Circular of the Corps of Commissionaires, a periodical now about a year and a half old; it is not sold; but twenty thousand copies are given away to railway companies, hotel-keepers, public offices and institutions, regimental barracks, and large establishments of various kinds. The Circular contains a good deal of curious and useful information about the corps and other matters; and Captain Walter, to leave nothing undone, has invented an ingenious rod or short staff called a 'porte-circular,' which will hold this or any other pamphlet conveniently for reading, or for hanging against the wall of a room.

If the originator of the scheme had not been a strict disciplinarian, the whole affair would have fallen to the ground. Captain Walter is the commandant or commanding officer; and all the men, on entering, bind themselves to observe the rules that he may lay down for the government of the corps. The men must not obtain their copyrights, or legal rights, or demand remuneration for their services without his permission; nor are they to look for support from the corps generally, otherwise than through their own individual exertions. They agree
to live in barracks at a certain low rental, so far as the corps can provide such (which is at present only to the extent of about one-fourth of their number). They agree to subscribe, each out of his own earnings, towards a club fund and equipment fund, and the sick fund. They receive their uniform and equipment at once; and the total payment for these is equally distributed throughout the year. All the clothing belongs to the corps, and not to the men individually, which prevents the worn-out apparel from getting into wrong hands. All the little trappings of uniform and equipment are regularly priced—priced indeed to a single halfpenny; while the 'kit,' or supply of underclothing, and odds and ends, which every man needs to have at hand, is supplied by himself out of other resources. Then there is the sick fund. Generally speaking, each man pays threepence per week, for which he is entitled to medical aid during sickness, and his relatives and friends to the means of burying him when dead. An arrangement is made with the authorities of King’s College Hospital, by which medical aid is insured in a systematic way. With this exception of the hospital, everything is done in military fashion—an orderly sergeant having control over orderlies, who visit the sick every day; a funeral according to military usages; a burying-party told off to attend, and so forth. In order to help to support his family, if he has one, or to provide for himself when supernanniated, every commissioner must put at least one shilling per week in a savings-bank, under a system managed by the corps generally. He also pays a small sum regularly into a general fund, for defraying the incidental expenses of the corps. In fact, therefore, the men subscribe regularly to no less than four funds—not very large sums, it is true, but just sufficient to render every one of them interested in the good-conduct of all the others; and, it may be added, sufficient to create an honourable esprit de corps among them.

Among the minute details of discipline in this remarkable semi-military, semi-civil body of men, is that which relates to Sunday. No Sunday employment is permitted, unless under special circumstances. The commissioners are required to attend divine service on Sundays. If of the Church of England, they parade in Trafalgar Square besmear in the morning, and march either to Westminster Abbey or to some other church in the neighbourhood; if belonging to the Christian body, they generally attend a church, but each goes to his own church or chapel. No one is allowed to set himself down as ‘Nothing’ in reference to religious profession. Even if a commissioner be a married man, and be willing to accompany his wife to church or chapel, it is only under strict rules that he is exempt from the Sunday muster. Even if in permanent employ, the commissioner must still be held by his employer free to attend Sunday morning muster, and church not less than every alternate week.

Whatever little advantages can be given to those whose conduct and merits are highest, have been thoughtfully attended to by Captain Walter. The men are all sergeants, corporals, first-class commissioners, or second-class commissioners; and besides this classification, a good-service badge is given to those who deserve it. The fifty or sixty men who stand at the recognised posts or stations every week-day, waiting to be hired as messengers, are mostly ‘second class,’ receiving the lower rates of remuneration; but all the trusty men, the smart active men, the experienced men, the men possessing any special qualifications, receive the rating of ‘first class.’ If hired by the day or week, their pay is a little higher; if vacancies occur in desirable posts, these men receive the offer. But, and we may say, all the private soldiers may rise to be a marshal of France, so may a commissioner feel that all the honours of his corps are open to him. He enters as a second-class man; then come in succession, if he deserve them, the first-class rank, the first bar of the badge of good-conduct, the second bar, the third and fourth bars, the corporal’s chevron, the sergeant’s chevron. As there is promotion for good-conduct, so there is a regulation with most minute exactness—coming down to such items as ‘being unduly in appearance, having long hair, being undressed, or having any of the uniform or appointments deficient or out of repair.’ Of course, as Captain Walter and his adjutant have no other powers than the men voluntarily agree to abide by, there are no punishments; if the chance of pecuniary loss does not keep a man up to the point of discipline, dismissal from the corps is the only resource open. So far as can be done, however, the usages to which soldiers and sailors have been accustomed are maintained. The last clause in the Rules and Regulations of the corps is to the effect, that ‘Any case that may arise and not be provided for by these rules or subsequent orders, will be dealt with according to the custom and spirit of H. M. Services.’ One little bit of discipline is remarkable—the commissioner gives the military or naval salute to any officer in H. M. Service, in uniform, whom he may meet in the street.

Such are the commissioners, the work of an unselfish officer who wishes to see deserving privates who have ‘smelt powder.’ If the denizen in London, or the visitor to it, can find commissions for these men to execute, at the very moderate tariff established, he may expect that he will foster a wholesome system by so doing—provided, as Captain Walter has more than once said in the Times, we attend to the badge, the number, and the packet of receipt-tickets earned. If it appears there are other Simon Purves about, who poach on the preserves, without giving the necessary guarantees for good-conduct.

STorks.

An ingenious French naturalist complains that nature has deprived France of grouse in order to bestow them on Scotland, ce qui est une injustice. Without going so far as the Frenchman, we cannot help regretting that the illusory subjects of our article should be comparatively unknown in this country. The stork is a biblical bird, a classical bird, a modern bird, famous both in Asia and Africa. The stork has supplied David and Jeremiah with illustrations, the Greeks with a law, Æsop with two fables, and a whole crowd of authors have panegyrized him in a variety of languages.

The stork is a migratory bird, passing the winter in the northern parts of Africa, and particularly Egypt, and setting out in spring for its summer quarters, which comprise Spain, France, Greece, Holland, Germany, Poland, Russia, Sweden, and even Denmark; in fact, nearly every country in Europe, except England, which is really a little partial in the tall bird. Perhaps, however, the storks were disgusted at the inhospitable treatment which some of their number have experienced in this island, for the few stragglers who have on different occasions honoured us with a visit have invariably been shot by enthusiastic naturalists. In size, the stork is somewhat larger than our heron; his plumage is snow-white, except the wings, which are grey, and has a tuft of black, legs, and claws are red. The food of these birds consists of all kinds of small mammalia, reptiles, frogs, and fish. The nest of the stork is an enormous clump of sticks, strongly built and is sometimes built in trees, but more usually on some part of a house-top, and notably the chimney, which is thereby useless as a passage for smoke. Hence the custom which prevails in Holland, and indeed most countries where the stork breeds, of making a kind
of artificial chimney or large box on the roofs of the houses, to serve as a receptacle for its nest; and whenever a pair of storks condescend to avail themselves of the abode provided for them, it is esteemed a mark of favour and respect for the owner of the house. It is indeed curious to note in what high repute storks have been held from the very earliest ages. Their Hebrew name (Chasdeah or Chasadi, signifies guiltless, and both among the Greeks and Romans the stork was the emblem of filial piety, of chastity, of conjugal fidelity, and of gratitude—to too many virtues, alas!' says a French ornithologist, 'for a single bird.' Most of our readers have heard what the ancients believed concerning the filial affection of storks—how that when the parents grew old, and incapable of feeding themselves, the young birds brought them food, and waited on them with all possible tenderness, even taking them on their backs, and giving them a ride through the air; hence the law attributed to Solon, by which children were bound to support their parents in old age, was called the Pelargian or Stork law. It is certain that storks possess an unusual degree of affection for their young, and according to Buffon, some instances have been observed of birds who were unable to fly, either from weakness or accidental injury, being carried by their parents; and the devotion of the parent storks for their offspring, a touching instance is recorded by Hadrian Junius in his History of Birds. In the year 1538, the town of Delft was half destroyed by fire, and when a female stork, who had been absent for some time in quest of food, returned to her nest, she found the house in which it was built in flames. At first, she endeavoured with all her power to extricate her young ones from the impending destruction, but they were unable to fly; and finding all her efforts useless, she placed them with her body, and allowed herself to be consumed with those of her powerless to save. Another anecdote respecting storks and a conflagration is probably more apocryphal, although it is said to have occurred in 1529, and is testified to by no less an authority than Oskarius de Rudolstadt, whoever that illustrious author may be. According to this gentleman, when the town of Konigskreuz in Upper Bavaria was on fire, two storks covered themselves in impromptu engines, and assisted to extinguish the flames: the precise way in which they set about it he has unfortunately neglected to record. In the city of Tarentum, there once lived a poor widow, who was inconsolable for the loss of her husband, and passed her time in the greatest poverty and misery. One day, she saw a young stork, who, having attempted to fly before his wings were sufficiently grown, had fallen from the nest and broken his leg. Moved with compassion, she took up the poor bird, carried him home, and fed and nursed him till he was perfectly recovered and able to join his companions in their migration. Next spring, as the widow was sitting one evening near the sea-shore, confiding her melancholy to the waves, a stork suddenly descended as if from the clouds, and alighting in front of the afflicted widow, dropped into her lap from his beak a pebble. Confused by the sight, she examined the pebble carefully, and though little acquainted with precious stones, she had no difficulty in guessing that it was a diamond, and that it had been selected by the stork as a token of his gratitude for her kindness. She examined it, and finding that it was worth a fortune, she sold it and lived very comfortably for the rest of her days. On taking the stork in her arms to give him a kiss for his generosity, she perceived a white flag in his beak, and being the identical one the bird had had, and who now so munificently repaid her kindness.

Conjugal fidelity is a virtue which ranks very high amongst storks, and any infraction of it is punished with the utmost severity. Michael Neander relates that in the reign of Duke Hubert of Bavaria there was, at a town called Tagen, a flourishing colony of storks. One of these, however, was so far from imitating the example of Penelope, that even during the few hours that her spouse was daily absent in search of food, she was wont to lend too willing an ear to the seductive discourse of a seductive neighbour! One day the husband, returning earlier than was his wont, discovered the guilt of his frail partner; but not wishing to visit the sins of the mother upon her children, he assembled his knowledge till the latter were grown up and had left the nest. Then, when the whole colony was collected together, preparatory to the autumn migration, he led his erring spouse before the assembly, explained in brief but energetic language the conduct of which she had been guilty, and abandoned her to the justice of the people. This justice was terrible; she was condemned to immediate execution, and was instantly pecked to pieces, and her feathers scattered to the winds. The husband, though avenged, was inconsolable; and instead of accompanying the rest in their flight, he betook himself to an uninhabited desert, and was never more heard of; 'for,' adds the translator, 'there are some griefs of which it is easier to be consoled.'

As a setoff to this, we doubt not, scandalous libel on storkish virtue, we are happy to meet with a more pleasing history. 'A female stork at Vorarlberg, in the Tyrol, was accidentally wounded in one of her wings a few days before the general departure. Her spouse, who had already made all his preparations for the journey, no sooner saw that she was incapable of so long a flight, than he gave up all thought of travelling, and remained with her the whole winter, watching over her, and supplying her wants with all the attention of a lover.' The narrator adds, that a man can, as it were, scarily form an idea of the self-sacrifice which a bird of passage must exert over himself to restrain his longing to visit distant countries.

Respecting the sagacity of the stork, Oppian has the following curious story: 'A pair of storks had built a nest and hatched their young ones, but a serpent came up and devoured the latter before they were old enough to fly. The parents, in most two years following; but on the third year the parents brought with them a strange bird, somewhat smaller than themselves, and having a large beak as sharp as a sword; to him they intrusted the care of the nest, and when the serpent came up for his meal as usual, the bird attacked, and, after a severe combat, killed him. In consequence, however, of the venomous bites inflicted by the serpent, the whole of the bird's feathers fell off; but the grateful parents took care of their champion, and fed him and stayed with him till his feathers were grown again, and he was able to accompany them to his native land.'

Storks arrive in Europe during the months of April and May, according to the locality, and usually return to the same nest. Sometimes the male storks precede the females by a few days, in which case they industriously set to work to clean and repair their respective nests, that their partners may find everything comfortable on their arrival. When at length the latter reach their homes, the joy on both sides is extreme, if we may credit our worthy friend Aldrovandus, who breaks out into the following description: 'Di! bemi, how delicious a meeting! what congratulations on their happy arrival! what embraces! what honyed kisses may you perceive! and amidst them, gentle whispering, how they are heard.' With all due respect for Aldrovandus, we incline to doubt the truth of the 'whispers,' as the stork, though not quite identical with the 'Vimale,' that is, he has an extremely short tongue, by no means well adapted for conversation. To make amends for this deficiency, he has the power of making a
tremendous clatter with his beak, the upper and lower mandible of which rattle together like castanets, or the Ethiopian serenader’s bones, or, if you prefer verse—

They clatter together as though you should try
To play the piano in thimbles.

Dante, in describing the condition of those unfortunate souls who were condemned to the frozen zone of the Inferno, says that ‘their teeth clattered like storks’ bills.’

The Moors held storks in extreme veneration, because, according to one of their legends, a troop of Arabs, who used to plunder the pilgrims to Mecca, were metamorphosed into these birds at the prayer of Mohammed.

In Africa, there is a gigantic species of stork called the marabou, which is of a domestic turn, and easily tamed. SMEATHMAN gives an account of one of these birds, who used to walk into the house at dinner-time and take his meal with the family; but he was rather apt to help himself in defiance of the ordinary rules of politeness, and one day he stuck his bill into a whole boiled foul, and bolted it into his beak before he could be rescued from his devouring beak. On another occasion, he behaved still worse, for, in a fit of voracity, he was so barbarous as to swallow the cat, treating that feline pet even worse than Care is proverbially said to do.

Storks are of immense service to mankind, especially in warm countries, from the quantity of reptiles and vermin of all kinds which they destroy: field-mice, snakes, lizards, worms, frogs, and even toads,—nothing seems to come amiss to them. The Thessalians were so highly impressed with their utility, that, according to Pliny, they made it a capital offence to kill a stork. Some tribes in Africa do not seem to have so much veneration for the stork; at least, there is shown at Basel a stuffed stork with an African arrow right through his body. This little inconvenience had by no means prevented the bird from migrating as usual, only he flew awkwardly (we can well believe it), and appeared to be balancing himself on a pole, like an aerial Blondin. A Swiss sargent shot him out of curiosity, wishing to ascertain what the stork was carrying under his wings.

There is one peculiarity connected with these birds which we must not omit to mention, it is, that every author who has ever written about them seems inevitably compelled to draw a considerably longer bow than did the African who shot the arrow aforesaid; and lest we should be accused of doing the like, we will hasten to take our leave of the virtuous, interesting, and affectionate family of storks.

**MOTHER-EARTH.**

The miser's grasp upon his gold,
The child's fond love of toys and flowers,
Is not so great as is the hold
Earth hath upon these hearts of ours.

In vain we preach of heav'n and all
Its glories that we see by faith;
We shrink to pass the bound'ry wall
That separates from life and death.

In vain we think of those who're there,
With whom we held companionship;
We cling to Earth, and cannot bear
To let the holding cable slip.

Pain riots on our bodies still,
We cry: 'O God!' yet faith is dim;
We'd rather fester anguish hall,
Than let Death lead us unto Him.

O mother, weeping o'er thy boy,
Who ne'er may lisp thy name again,
Thou criedst: 'He was my life, my joy!
And the hot tears descend like rain:

Wouldst thou, if God unto thee said:
'Poor mourner, I will take thee too'—
Wouldst thou lay down thy aching head,
And cry: 'Dear Lord, I gladly go!'

Ah no; poor flesh to Earth will cling;
The wormy grave would daunt thy soul;
The rising faith droop low her wing,
And clouds of doubt before thee roll.

Ah, lover, stricken down by woe,
To think thy precious flower must die,
Thy talk is wind; thou'lt shrink to go
With her Death-led, to bliss on high.

'Tis so in every grade of life,
The purse-fat rich and shivering poor
Would rather cling to pain and strife,
Than pass to God through Death's dark door.

Well, blessed Earth, I wonder not
That our poor hearts unto thee cling;
A magnet fixed in many a spot
Holds us by many a golden string.

The pleasure-grounds of boyhood's days;
The glorious sun that warmed us then,
That cheered us with his golden rays
While seeking wild-flowers in the glen;

The very pebbles in the stream
In which we fished for minutes small—
All these an influence o'er us claim,
And sweeten life's dark cup of gall.

The cat in which we learned our prayer,
Our first prayer by our mother's knee;
Our little neighbour-parties there,
When our young hearts overflowed with glee;

The meadow where cock-sorrel grew,
And where we found the Skylark's nest,
The soft-eyed primrose bathed in dew,
An early star on sweet Spring's breast—

All these hold down our hearts to Earth;
And e'en amid our manhood's care,
So many precious joys have birth,
We gladly, loudly linger here.

For though, O Lord, we feel and know
Thou hast prepared a world of bliss,
Ten million beauties round us show
Thy precious print of love on this.

And only when we've reached thy home
Of endless Spring and fadeless flowers,
Shall we feel what a world of gloom
Is this poor fleeting world of ours.

J. E.

The Editors of Chamber's Journal have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

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THE ETERNAL FIRES OF BAKU.

A traveller residing in the city of Shamakia, at the foot of Mount Caucasus, on the western shores of the Caspian Sea, is generally induced, by the representations of the natives, to visit those little known Plergravian Fields which eternally flame and smoulder in the vicinity of Baku. Probably no portion of the earth's surface is more replete with natural wonders. The summits and upper valleys of the Caucasus, in many parts as little known as the Mountains of the Moon, are said at times to emit flame and smoke, and to distil strange oleaginous substances, which, trickling down through rocky veins and crevices, oste out of the earth at considerable distances, and are designated by various names. At the foot of the vast Paropamisan range, on which the Arabs bestow the name of Kaf, and regard as the griddle of the earth, a small peninsula, about nine miles in length by four and a half in breadth, projects into the Caspian, and is known among the natives by the name of Oksara. On this stands the city of Baku, whose origin is lost in remote antiquity. A body of legends, which would fill a volume, clings about the ruins of this antique dwelling of the Medes, and modified by credulity and superstition, has worked its way into the Islamic mythology of Persia, and been carried by Farsie pilgrims to the shores of India, where it sparkles or glows about the hearths of the fire-worshippers, many of whom, at the hazard of their lives, have sought to obtain a glimpse of the sacred flame, ever burning clear and bright on the margin of the Caspian wave, around which their ancestors once knelt and worshipped in countless multitudes.

Along the neck of the peninsula runs a chain of mountain spurs, the valleys between which are fertile and carefully cultivated; but as you advance southwards, the ground becomes barren, consisting in some parts of shifting sand, in others, of dark mud, while elsewhere the naked rock, porous as pumice-stone, and almost entirely composed of the débris of sea-shells, crops out of the earth. Here and there are small conical hills, crested sometimes with the tombs of saints in ruins, nodding over salt-lakes, or crumbling away particle by particle into the circumjacent marshes. On one side, you behold a cone of black naphtha looking like a mountain of pitch; on another, a hill of fuller's-earth, through which, as through an artificial tube, nature forces up the clay in one huge cylinder, which, when it attains a certain height in the air, bursts by its own weight, and falls in a shower over the hill, the height of which is thus incessantly augmented. Down yonder, in a spacious depression in the plain, you observe an expanse of whitish sand, interspersed with heaps of gray ashes, and here and there tall bright flames, like immense gas jets, surging upwards everlastingly, sometimes with a low crackling sound, but generally in profound silence. About these fires, men, more or less in number, are congregated day and night, some for secular purposes, others with motives of devotion. The industrial divisions of the crowd are cooks and lime-burners, the former repairing thither from all the neighbouring villages to roast and boil, and prepare pilau for the wealthier children of El Islam; while the latter stack up over the flaming fissures heaps of stone, which, when they have been converted into lime, they bear down to the coast, to be shipped for Russia, Daghestan, and the country of the Uzbecks Tartars.

Near the largest of the salt-lakes stands a village, which, like many of the temples and cities of the ancient world, enjoys the privilege of sanctuary. Formerly, they say, while the califs of the race of Omar reigned at Bagdad, a prince of rare sanctity, but who entertained opinions somewhat different from those of the Commanders of the Faithful, fled from persecution, and took refuge beyond Kaf in the burning peninsula of Baku. Here, in a castle on the top of a rock, and surrounded by his attached followers, he lived to extreme old age; and when he died, was interred among the flags on the brink of the Upper Nile, rose over his remains, and by degrees a village was built about the tomb, with wall, and moat, and gates. Public opinion attached the idea of sanctity to this place, so that to pursue any one who took refuge in it was deemed an inexpiable offence. Nothing was required of the fugitive but to stoop and kiss the threshold of the gate, or to press his lips against the links of the iron chain which hung suspended from the archway within reach, and in time was almost worn away by the grasp and kisses of the pious refugees, aided perhaps a little by the action of rust. Once within the walls, he might taste of the sweet waters, which, through respect for the holiness of the dead saint, Heaven had bestowed upon the village. The good people of Oksara, little versed in
manifestations of God to the Parsee, the elemental sheath, so to speak, in which he involves his invisible power and creative energy. The vulgar processes of lime-burning and cooking, the fire-worshipper regards as so many gross misapplications, though perhaps necessary, of the divine element which pervades and vivifies everything, and flashes upon him brilliantly as he redines his soul in the presence of the God of Okeara. If you remain near at hand all night, you will behold a phenomenon nowhere seen but in Persia, which the fire-worshipper considers in the light of a confirmation of the truth of his religion. After two hours before daybreak, a mimic dawn appears in the east, where the saffron rays rise in a vast arch, and shooting up to the zenith, expand and kindle the whole sky, rendering the stars pale, and lighting up the summits of the mountains with a glow and splendour like that of the early morning. This, however, is the false dawn, which, after awakening the birds, and robing the earth with light, again fades away, and leaves the whole hemisphere above, and the face of our globe below, buried in darkness as before.

Generally, the Muslims are held to be a persecuting people—with good reason, perhaps, in one phase of their character—yet at times they are tolerant to a surprising degree. They do not persecute the Parsees; they have traditions, more than half fabulous, which attribute to both those sections of mankind powers, acquired by magic or otherwise, and which are denied to the Parsees; they reproduce all the stories of the Koran. When a Parsee, therefore, arrives at Baku, he is received to the eternal fires, all the true believers make him a place for him; first, because he inspires them with awe; and next, perhaps, because, wise as he may be in the wisdom of science, he is ignorant of that saving faith which belongs exclusively to the Parsees from Baku, and approach with the plain of white sand, you will behold these disciples of Zoroaster either seated in deep meditation upon the earth, or bowing their turbaned heads before the mounting flame of the background towards the west, rise the peaks of Caucasus, enveloped in snow, and clustered round with stars; to the east extends the Caspian, heaving gently in summer, as all seas do, deriving, it may be, their tremulous uneasiness from the rotatory motion of the earth on its axis.

Listen, and you will hear the accents of an unknown language—that which is called the dialect of the Zoroastrians—uttered by some banker or ship-builder of Bombay, who, on his return home on the Indian Ocean speaks English, and reads Milton and Shakespeare. But here in Okeara, the ancient fire, and another being, agitated by feelings and sentiments which have been wafted down to him over the waves of time from far beyond the Deluge, perhaps from the pre-Adamite period, when, as the Chevalier Rumsen teaches, the countrymen of Gog and Magog founded and governed empires on the table-lands of Central Asia. To study Gibbon, Burke, and Bacon, to read our novels, our journals, and our philosophical speculations, is found by the Parsee by no means incompatible with a firm and faithful acceptance of the ancient creed of the Medes. You may tell him what you please about civilisation, about new faiths, and improvements in ethics; after attending politely to your discourse, his mind goes back at a bound to its belief in that formative principle, in that omnipresent flame which, in his view created the world, and still constitutes the soul of all living things. According to his theory, wartharg is life, and cold is death. He has never been more intelligently revealed to the probe of science than in the ideas which float over his mind, when having come wayworn and weary from afar, he contemplates the whole universe floating in the ether from the crust of our planet, points visibly to the stars, with whose substance it is obviously identical. Yet these luminous phenomena are only the external

geography, could account no otherwise than by miracle for the existence of a well of fresh water in the midst of salt pools and springs, fountains of naphtha, black and white, rocks dripping with bitter gums and veins of fiery gases bursting forth on all sides through cracks in the soil.

Persons of cool northern temperaments find it difficult to comprehend the state of mind which induces men to travel from the plains of Multan or the fertile valleys of Guzerat, expending large sums of money by the way, merely to sit down for weeks or months by an opening in the rock, through which a clear white flame, from fifteen to twenty feet in height, ascends into the atmosphere. Here, however, their ancestors in the remotest ages did the same, taught, it is said, so to act by that mighty legislator and philosopher, whose Oriental name of Zerdusht was transformed by the Greeks into Zoroaster. But the Parsees, wherever they reside, are only exiles in India; they may be beloved and honoured for their charity, or knighted by the Queen of Great Britain for their wealth and enterprise, but the home of their spirit lies westward beyond the Sulimani range, beyond the Desert of Khorasan, beyond the peaks and forests of the Elburz, in the land of figs and pomegranates, of grapes and roses, of naphtha springs and eternal fires. To the Parsees, followers of Zoroaster, are either sanguinary conquerors or base renegades, who may indeed be sufficiently powerful to keep them, the true rulers and owners of Persia, far away from them; their ancestral possessors, but who are dogs and infidels nevertheless, over whom they seem to triumph, when hewing their way through their colossal multitudes by the force of arms, in the they cannot come back to the everlasting dwelling-place of fire, and bow and worship with inexpressible reverence before what to them is the visible symbol of God. If you go forth, by an opening in the rock, through which the plain of white sand, you will behold these disciples of Zoroaster either seated in deep meditation upon the earth, or bowing their turbaned heads before the mounting flame of the background towards the west, rise the peaks of Caucasus, enveloped in snow, and clustered round with stars; to the east extends the Caspian, heaving gently in summer, as all seas do, deriving, it may be, their tremulous uneasiness from the rotatory motion of the earth on its axis.

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number of monuments of remote antiquity existing on all sides, especially the figures of lions, accompanied by inscriptions in an unknown tongue. Though they themselves are dwellers in Oskem, it is past their comprehension that persons opulent enough to select their own places of abode, should ever have established this magnificent group of buildings. The black sand and yellow sand of fuller's-earth, and fountains of black and white naphtha, and stagnant pools, fetid and noisome, and the cracking of flames, and the whirling about of dust and ashes by tempestuous winds from the mountains. In fact, it is by no means one of the least curious phenomena of this place, that it should be frequently exposed to tempests so violent that it is matter of wonder they have not long ago swept all Baku into the sea. You stand perhaps on its battlements, enjoying the stillness of the air, and admiring the glassy surface of the Caspian, when suddenly a gust from the Caucasus fills your burnoose, tears up your turban, and lays you prone upon the earth, lashes up the waves into white foam, dashes the ships in the harbour against each other, and ploughs up the sea in a straight line as far as the eye can reach. Then the clouds gather overhead, and lowering themselves generally from the peaks of the mountains, canopied the whole peninsula, while the loudest thunders and peals among the rocks, and lightning so vivid flashes from east to west, that the flames from the rocks are as sickly as the witches' burning tapers in the noontide sun. But the storms of Baku are of short continuance. Bursting unexpectedly, and raging with unexampled fury, they clear away and disappear in like manner. Something similar is observable at Nice, where the breezes from the Maritime Alps chill the whole atmosphere in a few minutes, and sends those home to put on their cloaks who came forth in the morning to see the sun, and enjoy the prospect of the calm sea. In spite of the changes of its climate, Baku, with all the surrounding country, was a favourite resort to the Moslem as well as of those fierce conquerors from Macedonia who subverted the Persian monarchy, and left so many traces of their rule over the whole of Asia, from the mouths of the Nile to the furthest waters of the Punjab. At Baku, the chieft of Greece was busily at work, and has left upon the face of rocks, and the façade of ruined palaces, numerous mementoes of its playful character, figures of men and animals, and game of chance. To the believers in El Islam, all these things are so many abominations. They hate its impiety, its sins of art and its creations, which to their minds suggest those of gross idolatry. They can conceive no reason for fabricating the figure of man or beast, unless with the design to worship it. Occasionally, they account for the ruin of great cities in which statues are found, by observing that the inhabitants having been addicted to impure forms of worship, were changed by the wrath of Heaven into stones, and that in that state left for ever above ground, to be a terror and a warning to future generations. As to the lions who climb and grin on the walls of Baku, they were, say the Muslims, the gods of its ancient inhabitants, whom, when the day of trial came, they were found impotent to protect.

Like all regions impregnated with fire, this part of Persia produces exquisite fruit. Large and delicious figs have been still found on the trees as late as the month of December, and the pomegranates which nature brings to perfection in the hottest months seem to become rare as poppies in the almost any other part of the East. When you arrive, therefore, at a caravansary on a July noon, the first thing with which the attendant presents you, in a saucer of water, is a large fig, oftentimes very hard, but once break it, you inhale the delicious aroma, you sip the pinky juice, and your weariness vanishes like a dream. Along the volcanic rocks, the vine trails its tendrils, and early in summer is covered with heavy clusters, purple or golden. These the children of the Prophet, in spite of the Koran, often convert into wine, with which to regulate themselves beyond Kaf. Every one who has travelled in volcanic countries must have observed that the grape has there a far richer flavour than elsewhere, which appears at once to excite and enliven the thirst. This, is particularly noticeable on the slopes of Etna and Vesuvius, but in the neighbourhood of Bakı it is perhaps more remarkable still. The wines made in this province are those chiefly celebrated by the Persian poets, who, because they drank them in the bower of Shiraz or Isphahan, imagined they were the produce of the south. In the few marly grounds close to the Caspian, you find water-melons, scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of Calamata in the Morea, which, when cut into slices, look like sweet water held in suspension by a net-work of fibres. These, with the apples of Shirwan, and the dates of Irak and Dari-bekir, the Parsees prefer all the fruits of India, the ananas, the mango, and the manglecane, because they detect in them the flavour of their ancient fatherland. As they eat, they dream of the past, when the sword of the Mede was a terror to the world—when he disciplined the finest cavalry, and erected the finest structures. They are victorious wherever he marched—and when his sacred fire threw its glare on one side over the Nile, on the other over the Indus. It is a little that Humayun on the Curréjécé, as he prostrates himself before the eternal fires of Bakı, dreams that days of equal glory may yet dawn upon his race, when he shall cease to twist ropes and build ships for which his fields from the West, when he shall be no longer a by-word to the Brahman or the Moslem, but with the sword of victory in one hand, and the sacred fire in the other, shall drive the unbelievers in the East away, and enjoy a flaming millennium in the beautiful land which was the birthplace and cradle of his race.

THE LOUNGER AT THE EXHIBITION.

THE WESTERN ANNEXES AND THE FOREIGN PICTURES.

The upper classes are getting indignant that the lower do not imitate their exhibition tastes. It is made matter of complaint that the Machinery Annexes, whilst ‘one really cannot venture on account of the noise and the smell is not equal to the multitude than the picture-galleries. Numbers of people never move out of this Pandemonium, this migrated Manchester. They station themselves opposite some pet piston or favourite fly-wheel, and watch them for hours. The attention with which the elderly lady who spins ships' cables with the unconcerned air of a crochet-knitter, is listened to by breathless throng, is inconceivable. A female who can carry on such a specimen of ‘woman's work' as that, and simultaneously deliver a lecture, seems to me deserving of the highest honours of social science; but I confess, after the first five-and-twenty minutes, to getting rather wearied of her eloquence. Similarly, the sugar-refining process pulls upon me, as it seems to do on no other persons; the spectators crowd around those jars of sweetness as though they were very desirable bees. An exhibition of infants could scarcely have attracted the ladies more than do Maudsley's working models of steam-engines. The whirring looms that turn out Fustian might have turned out cloth of gold, to judge by the admiration of the beholders. The Woolen Shed for making gossamer, long lines of Surat cotton, like horizontal rain, and then retiring only to advance again after the manner of troops at a review; the mass of skeins that race and fall in what seem tangled masses but out of which Chaos comes Order, beautified in the shape of Turkey carpet; the waltzing spindles of the flax-machine; the monster grindstones at their disproportionate task of lined crushing; the magnetic electrical machine,
whose brilliancy eye cannot look upon, and whose fiery rays remind one of that burning-glass wherewith Archimedes burned up fleets:* all these things charm the shilling-mind, though they confound and stupefy the folks at half a crown. The art-critic, on the other hand, is greatly embarrassed. A machine like a windmill placed in a horizontal position, and twisted as to its arms, excites the compassion of a female bystander.

'Now what is that, if you please, sir?' she inquires.

'Why, man,' I explain to courtesy, 'it is a ship's screw.'

'No, sir, I do know better than that,' returns she, reddening; 'and you are no gentleman to try and deceive ignorant folk. A ship's crew, as I very well know, because our own Jack is a sailor, is a number of people, and not a machine at all.'

To climb up into one of the foreign railway carriages, and to conceive one's self to be a first-class passenger on the continent of Europe, is a Pleasure of the Imagination indeed; to behold ivory turned and diamonds framed in a ravishing privilege, and the next best thing to being a millionaire one's self; to bolt the lumps of ice gratuitously bestowed by the Refrigerator's people, is a sensal gratification of the highest class; but all these do not add to the spectacle afforded by the Centrifugal Pump. At the first splash of the falling water, a rush is made from every side to obtain a place upon the machinery platform, which is one of the very worst positions, by the by, a visitor can choose. This great revolving sheet is best observed from the bench outside its high glass walls; for a minute or two, it presents the appearance of a splendid cataract, but the vision is suddenly withdrawn, and there is Silence and a sort of iron railway track in the place of music and beauty. This invention would be invaluable placed at the head of a cataract in the Lake District, and cunningly concealed among rocks and foliage; then, in the dry seasons, when any one of consequence comes to visit the place, the machinery might be set in motion, and a water-fall extemporised upon the spot, independent of natural supply.

There are different sets of people at each object of interest, whom tallings are evidently connected with the thing they are looking at, and in spite of all prohition, they can scarcely keep their fingers off the machinery; implement the inventor, one individual testing everything in the Western Annexe by his sense of smell, and communicating the result of his investigations to his wife and family. But however various the conduct of the visitors, or whichever offspring of science demanded their allegiance, they all agreed in paying court to the Beer Engine. The third-class refreshment-room is full throughout the shilling-days.

We have merely intimated the principal objects in this department which are likely to interest the general spectator; the scientific visitor will of course discover his favourites for himself; but whoever goes through the Western Annexe should do so in the morning while he is fresh; and the holiday-taker is earnestly advised to avoid any more machinery for the rest of the day. There is no sight more pleasant, after the ceaseless whirr of wheels and spinning-jennies, than the contemplation of green fields. I have observed many persons oppressed by the machinery department, to flatten their noses against the windows, in order to snatch a view of the Horticultural Gardens; but a much less inconvenient method of indulging in this feeling is to visit the picture-galleries. There are landscapes enough there to efface the memory of Cottonopolis itself.

We would by no means dictate to any person who has any eye and ear to guide him in this matter what he is to admire, and what to avoid. The affectation of

* This electric light is now in the West Transpen.
In these days, which are not invariably progressive, there are Pre-Raphaelites, of which you will see specimens at the Edinburgh Exhibition, and in the Metropolitan Palace at Brussels, which are not in the least attempt at the foreign list; the old maid with the dogs, about to pay her visit of ceremony, with a proper con- tent for the occasion, the whole of Hogarth as the two preceding pictures are of Wilkie.

In the German collection, do not permit yourselves, my friends, to be persuaded that if you have not seen No. 775, you might just as well not have come to the Exhibition at all. From the circumstance of it being only a frame without anything in it, it is more than probable that some aesthetic person may endeavour to disturb you with its remit. What has happened to the missing treasure, The Death of Leonardo da Vinci, I know not; but it is likely some enthusiastic visitor has stabbed it with his umbrella, and hence the public are disarmed upon entering these sacred precincts. No. 771 is well enough in itself, but chiefly admirable for the inscrutable nature of its subject. An Englishman in a thousand happens to have read Schiller, and therefore the title of The Duke of Alba and the Countess of Rudolstadt affords but little explanation of the matter even when they have not met it; when they have met it, it is generally understood that the picture represents the murder of Rizzio.

'It is evidently the supper-room at Holyrood,' observed one lady gravely. ‘For I recognise the apartment [about 300 feet by 200] most distinctly. Observe, too, the Scottish lion on the painted windows.'

Close to this is an uncoloured painting by Phobus Lewin, called Rouge et Noir, a striking representation of the frequenters of a German gambling-table. A frameless picture by Loli (2315), Italy Consoling Rome and Counterparts, is equally satisfactory; the aspect of a room of horrors to the apartment, which, however, does not fill less on that account. The lofty-hung Execution of Padula, Bravo, and Malbondo (1849) is worth the stiff neck that contained it; opposite hangs the Taking of Jerusalem (2308), the terror of which is equally attractive; on the right of this is an admirable picture by Loppi (2315), Italy Consoling Rome and Counterparts, is equally satisfactory; the aspect of a room of horrors to the apartment, which, however, does not fill less on that account. The lofty-hung Execution of Padula, Bravo, and Malbondo (1849) is worth the stiff neck that contained it; opposite hangs the Taking of Jerusalem (2308), the terror of which is equally attractive; on the right of this is an admirable picture by Loppi (2315), Italy Consoling Rome and Counterparts, is equally satisfactory; the aspect of a room of horrors to the apartment, which, however, does not fill less on that account. The lofty-hung Execution of Padula, Bravo, and Malbondo (1849) is worth the stiff neck that contained it; opposite hangs the Taking of Jerusalem (2308), the terror of which is equally attractive; on the right of this is an admirable picture by Loppi (2315), Italy Consoling Rome and Counterparts, is equally satisfactory; the aspect of a room of horrors to the apartment, which, however, does not fill less on that account. The lofty-hung Execution of Padula, Bravo, and Malbondo (1849) is worth the stiff neck that contained it; opposite hangs the Taking of Jerusalem (2308), the terror of which is equally attractive; on the right of this is an admirable picture by Loppi (2315), Italy Consoling Rome and Counterparts, is equally satisfactory; the aspect of a room of horrors to the apartment, which, however, does not fill less on that account. The lofty-hung Execution of Padula, Bravo, and Malbondo (1849) is worth the stiff neck that contained it; opposite hangs the Taking of Jerusalem (2308), the terror of which is equally attractive; on the right of this is an admirable picture by Loppi (2315), Italy Consoling Rome and Counterparts, is equally satisfactory; the aspect of a room of horrors to the apartment, which, however, does not fill less on that account. The lofty-hung Execution of Padula, Bravo, and Malbondo (1849) is worth the stiff neck that contained it; opposite hangs the Taking of Jerusalem (2308), the terror of which is equally attractive; on the right of this is an admirable picture by Loppi (2315), Italy Consoling Rome and Counterparts, is equally satisfactory; the aspect of a room of horrors to the apartment, which, however, does not fill less on that account. The lofty-hung Execution of Padula, Bravo, and Malbondo (1849) is worth the stiff neck that contained it; opposite hangs the Taking of Jerusalem (2308), the terror of which is equally attractive; on the right of this is an admirable picture by Loppi (2315), Italy Consoling Rome and Counterparts, is equally satisfactory; the aspect of a room of horrors to the apartment, which, however, does not fill less on that account.

Tell me,' said the sardonic spectator, who, in the circumstances, we have kept her head above water in the Maelstrom. A little more, Captain, Good Friday (112), by the last-named artist,
should not be passed over without notice at this spot; it represents St John and another apostle watching furtively from an upper window the procession go by that bears the Saviour to Calvary. The Magdalene kneels agony upon the floor.

The northern wall of the other foreign courts does not contain any very striking pictures. It has, however, many charming ideal scenes such as Taking till in Zealand, where there are no less than three couple of lovers, the like of whom for beauty has never yet been seen by any traveller in that country.

Descriptive writing about a collection of paintings must necessarily be dull, although there is no occasion for it to be didactic or pedantic. Having spent a considerable time in the Exhibition galleries, I have merely attempted to save the time of those who have less of it to spare. To address myself to judges of pictures would be an impertinence; and indeed to set up for an art-critic is one of the last ambitions to which my mind is likely to succumb. I think I know, however, what my fellow-creatures in general are likely to admire, and what they would regret to miss; and among the thousands who have yet to pay their first visit to Cromwell Road, I do not doubt that there are many to whom these unpertaining hints will be welcome. If, by their means, I shall have saved a single fellow-creature from a regular art-guide, I shall not have written in vain; for such a work reminds me of nothing so much as of those ragged cicerosi who persist in accompanying you to the most exquisite spots in Killarney, or the Welsh mountains, to point out the beauties which you have eyes to behold for yourself, and to sell their own home-made gingerbeer.

I will conclude, however, with one piece of advice which even the dilettanti will not object to: take the pictures in the order I have done, or room by room, if you prefer that method; but do not walk straight down the gallery, like Mr Facing-both-ways, with an eye both to left and right. This is by some so rapidly accomplished, that the same effect must be produced as by those ingenious turning-cards with a bird on one side and a cage on the other; the figures get transposed, and Pope Pius IX. is represented on the astronomical chart, with time from Dido's, and the Divine Dote at A Rast-kont in Belgium.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA-SIDE.

CHAPTER I

The tide was out, and the star-fish and the jelly-fish lay waiting for it, dying passively; while the big crabs and the little crabs scuttled off into the puddles for an occasional bath, and tried to pinch the fingers that meddled with them. You know the scene better than I can call it up; the compound word sea-side is sufficient. You know the long stretch of sand, and the indescribable, fresh, wedy odour that blows into your face like the essence of a new life that first evening when you ran down to the beach, and looked at the waves, and wanted to get into them, and, like a naughty child, got your feet wet for the very pleasure and abandon of the thing.

Gnome of the dark-rod chimneys and close-packed house-roofs, what do you think of such an atmosphere as this? I can transport myself in fancy back to broiling Wharfencaster, which is my home. So akin is sensation to idea, that for a moment I can even feel that dense, stifling atmosphere; but the next I am longing on the shingle, with the dash of the retreating tide in my ear, and the spray promising to sprinkle my face by and by, when it comes back. There go the shore-birds with their nets, and the cockle boys and girls, who tramp off to their fishery, trotting out—if your sea-side be on the Welsh coast—three-part or four-part songs, whose mellowness draws you, in spite of yourself, to cross puddles, and pools, and rivulets after the ragged singers. You know them; and you know, too, the pretty pony-carriages up there, whose drivers, seeing a practised eye your newness on that first evening, did not demand permission to take you there and then into the country, but held their tenders ready; the vender of service in abeyance such as Talking till in Zealand, and the little wavy lady with coal-black eyes, whose morals received such a shock when her attendant imp poked a sharp stick into his animal’s side; and when the band begins its evening performance, and the parade is alive with moving figures, you know the two very tall young ladies in sailor-hats and that singular costume, who walk up and down with a military stride, and draw upon themselves the generic term ‘fast.’ The thousand or two of children, all with their wooden spades and buckets, and sand-fortifications, you know; and, lastly, the glittering rows of white houses, either stretching out horizontally or in crescent shape, as the case may be; and the great public library, where all the newest books are kept, of course, but no one can ever get them.

It is just possible that you may also know that very morsel of the long white terrace which fell to my lot, and which chance to be at an angle where a street-flow broke into the terrace. I might begin to explain how it was that I, alone in my glory, came to be in lodgings at all, and how my landlady, having once had domestic relations with the beauties, was particularly kind to me; but in the romance that I have to narrate, I am only a looker-on, not an actor, so that my movements or reasons for them are unimportant. Ought I to call it a romance, after all? There was nothing strange in it; it was but a panel from the big picture of life, such a one as you yourself might have traced out during those months spent at the sea-side—a very quiet passage; and I saw it principally through the window.

My room had its bow-window at an angle, looking as if it had tried to face the sea boldly, but had turned away, a little scared, to give it a sidelong glance instead; and the opposite window was, of course, in the same predicament. It was towards this opposite window that my eyes turned naturally as I entered my room. I looked at it first boldly, then furtively and speculatively, half-hidden behind the curtain.

There they were again! Did they never go out, I wondered, and what had they come to the sea-side for?

There they were, just as I had left them two hours ago; the young widow lying back in her easy-chair, with one hand resting on its arm, and looking like a hand chiseled in marble; and the still younger girl, who could not be her sister, because there was not the faintest shadow of likeness between the two. The little child, with long golden curls and rosy cheeks, was there too, still playing thoughtfully and silently with a box of bricks. As I look at the bricks and the tiny fingers working with them, the band takes up its position on the parade, and there comes the first bar or two of the Dixey’s Land Polka. Golden-hair drops the bricks, and turns a pleasing glance towards the young girl, who is stitching away as though her life depended on getting a given portion done in a given time. I read that glance: ‘May we go out!’ and I read the slight pause of the needle, the hesitating look in the invalid in that easy-chair, and then the answer. The needle goes on again busily, and the child returns to her bricks with a listless interest.

No, there is to be no going out. Why, I wonder? If the widow does not care for it, surely she might let the child go. I spent the child go. I spend the child go. the child turns so naturally to the young girl with its questions and wants, why not to the mother? And why is the girl always stitching?—a small pinafore, a frock, or a
pair of tiny gloves. Are those white, marly fingers of the widow's totally useless, and is this some unfortunate governess or poor companion who works for her?

But it begins to grow late, and the window is shut, and I see the full face of the poor companion as she shrugs her shoulders and pulls up her pale hand, with a face that looks as if it had been washed in cold water, and with deep red lips, which would give one the idea of a warmer life than England's children are wont to exhibit; but I am sure she is English for all that.

Somehow, the face once seen seems to remain with me, and I see it everywhere; and as I begin to build theories about it, the Ghost Melody comes stealing in from the parade, and unlocks cold corners, where the puppets of the past lie hid, coming out only at the bidding of a great master-key, to taunt us with the scenes in which they played their past, and over which time has thrown the pathos of his ghostly moonlight.

CHAPTER II.

And so my ladies in black are 'Mrs Fleetwood, Miss Fleetwood, and Miss Rose Fleetwood, Wharfencester.' It is superfluous to ask how I discovered that.

What did you do when you wanted to find out who the lady and gentleman were in the dining-room below you, or when you felt curious about your next-door neighbours, or the last young ladies at No. 19 Stonecliff—the watering-place I speak of—had a Gazette, a Courier, and a Record, each appearing on different days of the week, so that the curious had every facility for research.

Miss Fleetwood, then, is a sister-in-law of the widow; and Miss Rose Fleetwood, the golden-hair, is the sister of the last, for her name is in the index. What are the chances of this? It's a speculation, born of my conviction that the ladies in black are not rich—in fact, that they are poor. Little things help one to a judgment, and I have seen many years' experience of little things, and know where in the world the whisper poverty so that if there had been any one to leave the least one with, I think she would have been left at home. In the drawing-room whose windows are over the one I am watching, there is a Lady Scarborough and an Honourable Miss Weston; and they are both handsome and lady-like, and have their own footman to wait upon them, but I don't feel half so much interest in their windows as I do in the one below.

Counting the days over this morning, I find I have been here a fortnight, and it seems strange to think that the winds have been blowing away from my brain, and the irritability from my nerves, but I am astonished to discover that the opposite window is a serious obstacle to any thought about Lower Brook Street, Wharfencester.

I come down stairs unconsciously early, but yet my first glance shows me that window open, the vases of flowers on its small table, and the sister-in-law, or poor companion, watching intently that part of the bow-window which looks straight upon the sea. I see her better than ever this fresh early morning, in her plain black dress and tiny collar, and with that healthy brightness hanging about her, which I can feel, but not describe. A step round the corner, and she looks out eagerly. Only a shrimpy woman, who pushes her basket half into the window instinctively. No, that is not what Miss Fleetwood wanted.

Can she be watching for the postman, I wonder. I am anxious for Jearn; but what has Punch to do with a monkey in a Garibaldi vest? what has he to do with an alligator's head made of two shoe-brushes, with a red cloth for a tongue, which head has a clumsy trick of swallowing everything that comes in its way? One circumstance only tended to reconcile me to this mournful travesty of past greatness; the golden-hair clapped her hands at it, and laughed. No Punch is about to-day, however, no hand, scarcely even a barrel-
organ; for the bright weather has changed; there are murtherings of a coming storm; the spray beats angrily against the rocks; and as night draws on, the long row of bathing-machines is marched up higher on the beach, in preparation for a rough night.

As the darkness creeps on, I see here and there a long light streaming along some distant coast, and I wonder where it is, and feel grateful to it, even as the sailors were wont to

Bless the priest of Aberbrothock.

The next day the sea was a tossing caldron, muddy and fierce; the waves rolled over each other like tumbling mountains, and the wind whistled and raved along the terrace, as though a sudden November had come upon Stonecliff. I saw enough, in the shape of rolling hats and flying cloaks, to keep me fast indoors; and what of the ladies in back? All the long morning did the sister-in-law watch that window facing the angry sea; I thought she looked anxious and careworn, not at all as yesterday's letter had made her look. But the morning passed away, and my landlady brought me what she was pleased to call some amusing books from her own private collection; I turned them over listlessly. I dare say you know them well—The Pilgrim’s Progress, by Bunyan; A Guide to North Wales; The Children of the Abbey; and a wonderfully illustrated book about the pleasures of the deep. All very good, no doubt; but try them on a stormy day at the sea-side, when you are confined to a single room in a large house, and are disposed to suffer from that nosuous weed of French growth, which seems to have become acclimatised in England so successfully. I shut up the books with a yawn, and turned to the window again.

Marvelous! There was the languid wife, cloaked and bonneted; the golden-haired had a hat on; and Miss Fleetwood was also in a state of preparation to go out. Of all the thirteen since their arrival, to choose this one! The widow, too, with the one lung and the heart-complaint—was she going to take a walk? and where, in all conscience, and why? A sudden fear came over me. Were they going away altogether—home? If so, I might just as well go myself, for Stonecliff had small attraction in such weather.

I saw no luggage, however; and just then there was a little consultation going on, the result of which was that the golden-haired, turning her wistful little face from me to the other ladies, took off her hat, and sat down again resignedly on her footstool. It was judged better that she should not tempt the pranks of that capricious wind. They were not going home, then.

A donkey-chair stopped before the door, and presently the widow was borne away in it, her sister walking by the side. As I watched them, I became aware of a white line over the muddy sea, and knew that the steam-packet from L—was in sight. I could see also a few people on the beach with telescopes, which they could hardly steadily, watching the progress of that white line with interest.

Well, I had been indoors all day, and a blow along the shore would not hurt me. If ladies could stand it, surely I could, and what was the use of coming to the sea-side to sit in the house all day?

I went down to the beach, and there I saw the donkey-chair and the dark figure beside it. Other people, gentlemen, and one or two venturesome ladies, were standing in the group near the sisters, all watching the steamer, and some calculating the danger and the chances of safety. One of these silently handed me a newspaper. I had had a momentary glimpse of the steamer as she came up on the side of a wave, and then pitched recklessly out of sight again. I was quite close to my dark ladies now, and could look at them without fear of detection; for they were too much absorbed to notice me. The anxiety was gone from the face of the younger sister; her eyes were unusually bright, and alone with a wide, open, fixed glare in the direction of the vessel; her nostril was dilated, and her red lips were a deeper crimson than usual. Whatever cause had brought the two there that evening, she was suffering more acutely than the event itself; I suspected that it was admiration or awe, or an agony of dread, calm in its very intensity? I could not tell. There was something sublime about the face—something that would make those who saw it keep silence, in its presence. I would have asked my friendly neighbour to lend her the glass, but that I was actually afraid of breaking the sort of excited trance she seemed to be in. It was broken, however, even while I hesitated. Suddenly, the widow, trembling and gasping, seized her arm.

'Where is it now? I can’t see? If Robert should be in it'—

Then Miss Fleetwood looked down into her sister-in-law’s pale, scared face, and put back the trembling hand which was twitching her sleeve; and as she signed to the ragged driver, and turned resolutely away from the sea, I heard her speak for the first time.

'You ought not to be here. I was wrong to suffer it. Let us go.'

'But, Mary—suppose Robert should be there—you would like—'

'Robert is there,' was the quiet answer. 'But could you or I do anything to save him if he were in danger? So long as I know that weather did not prevent the passengers starting, I knew that I could not keep him back. We will go home, and wait.'

They went away, and I stayed on, watching the slow, labouring course of the steamer. Around me comment went on, exclamations of fear, suspense, and then relief; but I could hear all the while the three words, ‘Robert is there,’ and see Mary’s face, while she uttered them, with her heart in her eyes. Both ladies were anxious, if not equally so, concerning him; both called him by his Christian name. He could not be the widow’s son; was he her brother? But if so, why that excitement on Mary’s part? Was he her brother, not the widow’s? Somehow, I preferred that supposition. Of course, it must be so; what other relationship could account for her anxiety?

A sort of reactionary movement amongst the watchers roused me. ‘She’ll do now!’ ‘All right!’ voices were repeated from lip to lip, and reached my ear dully. The packet was safe, then, and Robert with it. I walked back up the terrace, thinking about him; I looked out for that side of my opposite window which faced the shore. It was growing dark; but as I battled against the wind, holding my hat on with both hands, I saw against the window the dark outline of a figure, and knew that Mary was still watching. Now that I had heard her name, you see I liked to use it; ‘Miss Fleetwood’ was long and cumbersome, and Mary is a pearl among names. I would have liked to say to her as I passed: ‘Be comforted; Robert is safe!’ I wonder how she would have looked if I had done such a thing. Did she know me at all? Sometimes I fancied she must, but that was because I knew her so well. I turned into my own room, which looked very dull and lonely. Two candles were on the table, but I would not have them lighted. I took my seat in the window, that I might watch for Robert.

Many people passed down the street, and a sharp driving shower had taken place; and through the drizzle I knew him by his uncertain look at the houses, and his stopping to examine the number on the opposite door. He had not long to wait there; for Mary herself opened it. I saw her by the light of the hall lamp as he entered; I had one glimpse of his face; I
saw his two hands clasping hers, and then the door was shut. I might go back to my books and my solitude if I liked. Could he be her brother, after all?

There was one consolation for me—whoe'er he might be, he would go to an inn certainly, and I could trace him to it, and then, through one of the three friendly papers, I might discover his name. I was not without a shadow for a while, but it passed and repassed on the blind, and then I drew my own curtains, and went back to John Bunyan and the Comte de la Motte.

CHAPTER III.

I sat on one of the parade-seats, looking out upon the sea, lazily.

An almost cloudless blue was above me, and the sun, already low, sent a rippling glory across the calm water. Little boats were gliding about with a lazy, even motion, and yonder, bearing down in the calm dignity of conscious power, came the steamer from L....

The storm had passed away, and the only traces left of it were the huge beds of weed which the sea had cast there in its trouble, and which were dotted with brown leaves, and the little islands on which had been washed a few of the big froads. Little girls had a plentiful harvest of many tinted shells, and children of a larger growth passed me from time to time with baskets full of the beautiful weeds, whose names I am not scientific enough to remember, if I ever knew them. I might have searched for weeds too, but the still beauty of the evening made me lazy. The quiet water with its waving line of light, the stillness of the fog, and the faint mist which makes one say involuntarily: ‘It is like a picture;’ as though one could praise a great original by likening it to a copy—but what was it to me?

I had found out his name, and he was not her brother. He, this hero of the steamer, this Robert Waterford, was sitting with Mary on a seat about three yards from mine; and if his name had been shut up in the mouth of the Sphinx, I should have known that he was to her more than a brother, more than a friend. For once, then, they had left the widow alone. Near me, a child with golden hair, whom I knew, was playing with an inflated ball like a soap-bubble. It was a new plaything, and I knew who had given it to her; and somehow it rolled to my feet; and I picked it up, and held it out, as she stood with one foot advanced, looking at it shyly. Then she ran back to the two on the seat next to mine, and I heard her say something about ‘that old gentleman,’ meaning me.

Golden-hair, there is not a thread of silver in my head as yet, neither am I bald, nor do my limbs tremble and fail. But you are right in thinking that there is a great gulf between you and me, for all that; behind me it lies, but before you. You cannot leap over it with a bound; step by step, you must wade through; lightly now, but by and by, it may be, wearily.

I think of you and your mother the widow—of Robert Waterford and Mary—and wonder how it is to be with you helpless ones when those other two seem to have grown up. So far from you, Golden-hair, to Mary’s; the expression I have called self-reliant is not there now; like a true woman, she is resting a while in the sense of another presence, and she needs a given protector and helper, as she hopes, for life. But the firmness of purpose shines there still through that happy peace, and she understands, though Robert may not, that she has still something to do.

So, when the band plays “Ah che la Morte,” and he walks up and down, pleading with her, I see it all, as it were in a gleam from the setting sun. So, when afterwards I see from my window the two standing a moment within the opposite doorway, she a little sad, but resolute, and he, the pleader, wavering between strong love and indignant anger, I know how it is; she is not going to leave those helpless waifs alone, and give up the charge which, it seems, there is no other hand to lay hold upon.

And he turns away, and leaves her in his anger and disappointment, unconscious, perhaps, that she will linger in the hall to clear away a tell-tale mist from her eyes before she can face the widow.

Is this last evening, then? I conclude so. But he will see her again. I, who judge other men’s hearts by my own, know that he could not go away to be haunted by the memory of such a parting as that. He will find some other argument, perhaps, to plead, some compromise to suggest between his own impetuosity and that indefinite waiting which seems so hopeless. And he does come. In the morning, I see him there; and the widow has kept golden-hair upstairs, that they may be alone. I am not an eavesdropper; I see them indeed, but I cannot hear their words; I do not try, I simply imagine them. This is but a renewal of last night’s pleading and last night’s disappointment. He was not prepared for it, neither then nor now. How should he be? When he came, as he did, the instant his worldly position would suffer it, no doubting shadow had crossed the sunshine of his hope. And in answer to his pleading, the faithful hand on which his token of betrayal lay alone, pointed out only a preventing duty, a something which had got to be done, and there was no other hand to do it! This morning, he had something else to say—a generous thing, a thing which in its very generosity only made firmer the resolve he had chafed at last night. And his words must have been some such as these: ‘Since this burden has been laid upon you, since you have taken it up, and made it your own, let us share it. I do not urge you to lay it down, only, why bear it alone? Nay, it shall be no burden. I am young and strong; I will care for yours as you would for mine, and your home and mine shall be theirs too.’

Could he expect that she would answer him as she did now, with lips that trembled a little perhaps, but words that no pleading could alter?

‘Would she consent to bear him down with this heavy clog at the very outset of his career? In every way, he must see for himself that it was not to be thought of. Could she let the widow so feel her helplessness and dependence? Would he suffer her in such a case to work as she did now for her sister? And if so, what was to become of her duty to herself? As to its being no burden, had not his own lips told her exultingly the many plans of economy by which he hoped to make home comfortable for her until his income should be larger? No, they must be content to wait, and hope. The widow might get strong, the little school increases, and means with it.

And then his impatience broke upon her quiet speech. ‘Wait, wait! so you have told me for—how many years is it? And so I have known it must be until now, and I have been patient. But now that affairs are prospering with me, and I see no reason for it, to hear you say again wait, wait, makes me say at once that you want to be free, that you do not care for me.’

No answer to that. She knew, as he did, that no such thought was in either of their hearts; it had been but a venting of his irritation, and he went on more quietly: ‘To say wait, when there is no definite end to the waiting! Wait, with nothing to look forward to with a shadow of certainty! Life itself will trickle away drop by drop in such a ghostly waiting as that.’

CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.
I only ask you to be patient. The future is not ours to know; I see in the present what must be done, and if it is hard, as it is—I do not hide that—help me to do it, and do not make it harder by reproaches which hurt me cruelly.'

Had they said all that? He was looking at his watch now, and standing up ready to go away. For anything I knew a letter of disappointment and hope deferred came between them at the last, for in the street he hesitated, glanced at the window, and went back into the house for a moment, and then he was gone in reality. I wanted no aid from Mrs Toser now, I was too sure that I had read it all correctly, to need confirmation.

Presently there was the widow back again in her easy-chair, but with a troubled face, and her sister-in-law stood behind the chair leaning on it. This did not satisfy the invalid, and I saw her quick gesture and her moving lips.

'You keep away out of my sight, Mary; you are trying to hide from me that something troubles you. Come to the light, that I may see your face.'

Something to that effect she must have said, since Mary altered her position slightly, and her sister-in-law glanced at her, and went away at once, after the first look; and now she too is pleasuring for Robert.

I know it by the expression of Mary's face, and by the wistful sadness of her own as she shakes it with one hand. Perhaps she has Utopian plans for herself and the Golden-hair, plans which might raise a smile at any other time, but which, springing as they do now, from the conviction that the best years of a young life are being sacrificed, and a fling of mournful hope that health and exertion may yet be possible to her, draw down only the gravest sympathy. And I can almost hear the words with which Mary responds, settling the question for the present at least:

'Robert is gone!'

Then there is a short silence, which the widow breaks at last: 'And we two have come between you like a blight. And the blight may last for years; God only knows! O Mary, if there were in the world any work to be done which I could do, and set you free, I would prove what now seems but an idle acknowledgment of my debt to you—at least you believe that. The weight of my infirmity is no fancied weight. You do believe that, Mary!'

'Self tormentor! Who should know it if I do not!'

It is Mary's turn to speak now, and I see under her words the sad face of the widow grow calmer, and a happy smile cross over her brow. Then, by the Golden-hair comes up to the window, and that speech of Mary's is finished with one arm round her niece, and I say to myself, as we vain, inconsiderate mortals are wont to say: 'I would I were a fairy for your sake.'

She has put away this morning's interview with its bitterness and its troubled ending, that she may comfort the widow, whose lot seems to her so much harder than her own. And the sun shines, and the Golden-hair looks out wistfully, pointing to the blue sky, and this time her wish is gratified.

When they are gone, as I look at the faded flowers in that vase, and see that the window is left open, I am seized with a sudden desire. It takes me just ten minutes to gratify it; at the end of that time I am passing close to the window which has been my study so long; as I pass, I slip something in; and the next passer-by may, if he chooses, see in the scarlet and gold blossoms, and green leaves lying on the carpet, a nursery garden, that once, to know the idea of floral arrangement. And now I must watch for her return.

I see them all three enter the house together, but she goes into the study and does not right away. No, she goes straight up to the window facing the sea. Being alone, she may dare to let a strange dreamy sadness touch her face as she stands there. Something causes her to turn round suddenly, and she sees them. I like to see her movement of surprise, to watch the look of bewilderment with which she picks up my flowers and examines them.

Then—did it not serve me right to—' the bright red mount up to her cheeks, the smile to her lips, which pass over the flowers lightly.

Of course I understood it; she thinks they are Robert's flowers; she thinks he left them there this morning, forgetting in his trouble to give them to her. Well, what better fate could I wish for my gift? A few days more, and there are signs of departure in that opposite room; and my holiday, too, is drawing to its close.

Is my romance over? Is the commonplace of Lower Brook Street pushing its dusky head into the little world of my life again? Is that great Tom of the factory pealing out in the distance, and do I hear faintly already the busy hum of the human hive is Whartecester? I have seen Mary watch once more for the postman, and smile over her letter; I do not wonder now who sends it. Soon the sorrowful pleading and disappointment of the present will lose its sting, and she will settle down into a calm waiting—a waiting for years, it may be; and shall I never know the sequel? This is my last evening at Stonecliff, as I think, in that quiet town; the door shut for the last time on all the possibilities. We may meet at the station; the same train, and even the same carriage may open its mouth for us, but I shall be no nearer the sequel for that.

I have looked at the beacon-lights over the sea, and the shrimpers have passed by with their nets, noiseless. In the opposite window, there is the pale face which first spoke to us, and the night gales down over it. All at once, I see the invalid start up in her chair, as though stung by a sudden pain, or a painful thought; but I have seen the look of movement before, and even while I look, it is over; she turns to look out, and her white hand draws down the blind. Then I, too, shut out the twilight, and feel as if I had said enough.

The night creeps on slowly, but I am busy—busy over neglected work, which I have begun now, at the eleventh hour, knowing that I cannot finish it. A clock strikes, and I count—ten strokes only. Here I am tired, and shall give it up. Once more I pull aside the blind, and peep out; I do not drop it again at once, as I meant to do. The quiet in that other room is strangely disturbed; I hear a bell ring, a sharp, importunate peal, as though the hand of terror had touched it. I see shadows moving to and fro fifty yards away; I hear a woman's voice. The easy-chair is wont to be; they see-saw on the blind, as through bending down over something; presently, it seems to me that they are raising up some prostrate figure, as though to carry it, and then they go away, and I see them no more. A little while longer I watch, thinking and conjecturing, and then I, too, go away to sleep; and my dreams are hideous, full of fantastic absurdities, which make me welcome gladly the morning light, as another day breaks upon Stonecliff.
turned my face in earnest towards the red chimneys and work.

Shall I toil the end? Did I not find out the little school in the suburb? Would not you have found it out? Would you not have searched the Wharfencester Directory, and the list of ladies' seminaries? A moving figure was often seen at a little house in the east suburb, where houses in general drew back aristocratically from the street, and plume themselves on being in the country, on the strength of a few lines studied and dusty; and I saw at a window a child with golden hair; a well-known face was beside the golden hair when I first saw the window, but it disappeared quickly. After I had seen that, I went back contentedly to my own dwelling. And one day, sitting at my desk with a newspaper in my hand, there came before me suddenly a long stretch of sand, dotted with moving figures, distant misty hills, and a red sun gilding the waters; almost the sea-side odour itself was wafted to me, and the sound of breaking waves. And this was the paragraph which had called up that far-away scene again for me in smoky Wharfencester:

"20th inst., at St Mark's, by the Rev. Martin Thorpe, Robert Waterford, Esq., of Liverpool, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Fleetwood."

SAVINGS-BANKS FOR THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES.

The appearance of the first Report has suggested the propriety of some account of the plan and working of Post-office Savings-banks. The sufferings of the Lancashire operatives show the great necessity there exists for urging upon our working population economy and self-control. It has been pointed out that a large majority of the working-classes of Lancashire have shown themselves for the crisis which has now overtaken them, may well form the text for a lesson to be taught to those who are involved in the uncertainties of artisan-life throughout the country. The sums laid by in the old class of savings-banks, the amount invested in building and co-operative societies in the manufacturing districts alone, if they had been told up in the aggregate, would have astonished all, but by this time, doubtless, the whole or the greater part of the money thus saved has gone to stem the tide of present suffering, and keep the wolf outside the door. How much sooner the crisis would have been reached, and the sad changes of want and distress among the Lancashire operatives been less independent and less thoughtless, none can tell; but to provide as far as possible against such exigencies as those from which he is now suffering, will be regarded by him henceforth as one of his first and most pressing duties.

The workman has now an aid to prudence in the shape of a receptacle for his surplus funds. The machinery of the post-office savings-banks is so simple, and yet so accessible, that he wants nothing but the self to do that which his every-day experience and observation prove to him is so necessary should be done; and let him remember, that any working-man in full work may so apportion his expenditure as to spend less than he has or can earn.

The idea of savings-banks for the industrial classes was first started at the commencement of the present century. They are said to owe their origin to the Rev. Joseph Smith of Wendover, who in 1799 circulated proposals among his poorer parishioners to receive any of their spare sums during the summer, and return the amounts at the Christmas following. To the original, Mr Smith added to add one-third of the whole amount, as a reward for the forethought of the depositor. This rate of interest, ruinous to the projector, proves that the transactions must have been of small extent, and the work one of charity throughout. The first bond-side savings-bank was established at Tottenham, Middlesex, in 1804, by some benevolent people in the place, and called the Charitable Bank. For many years, this was a great drain on the benevolence of the founders, as five per cent. interest was allowed from the first. In 1817, the banks in England and Wales increased to the number of seventy-four. During that year, acts of parliament were passed offering every encouragement to these institutions, and making arrangements to take all monies deposited, and place them in the public funds. From 1804 to 1861, the savings-banks of the United Kingdom increased to 368.

Savings-banks in connection with the post-offices of the country were first established on the 1st of September 1861. A limited number were first organised, and in places where no accommodation of the sort had ever been afforded. The extension of the scheme to Ireland and Scotland was effected respectively on the 3rd and 17th of February of the present year. It is in contemplation to start a bank at each of the two thousand seven hundred money-order offices of the United Kingdom. Already, though their adoption has been partial, and the community has scarcely yet had time to appreciate the advantages of the measure, the banks have proved a complete success, and far exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine concerning them. The first parliamentary return, periodical over a period of six months, has lately been issued. The total number of depositors up to March last in the banks already opened was 91,965; the amount deposited being £735,253, 16s. 4d., or nearly three-quarters of a million sterling. The withdrawals have been 9771; the amount withdrawn being £460,660. Three thousand six hundred and seventy-four transfers have been made from the ordinary bank to those in connection with the post-office, the amount carried over in these transfers being the extraordinary large sum of L130,171, 4s. 6d.; and it is singular that only one transfer has been made from the post-office to the old class of savings-banks, the amount in this case being L561. The most gratifying fact, however, is, that the post-office banks show a much larger proportion of small depositors than the old savings-banks have been able to attract; the average amount of a deposit being L3, 12s. 6d. in the new, against L4, 18s. 1d. in the old class. It is the system of successive governments offered every inducement and facility to the savings-bank scheme. Such encouragement was necessary to their success. When first started, government granted to the trustees interest at the rate of 4½ per cent. This rate, reduced to L4 as the banks became more established, now stands at L3, 5s. per cent. Of this sum, depositors receive 3 per cent—the difference paying the expenses of management. The encouragement which the legislature has given to the savings-banks of the country since their commencement, has entailed a loss of about four and a half millions sterling on the public exchequer. From 1817 to 1841, a loss of nearly two millions sterling had been incurred by reason of the rate of interest which was allowed by government being greater than that yielded by the securities in which the deposits had been invested. Savings-banks have suffered most severely from frauds in the management; and the feeling of insecurity which these frauds have engendered from time to time, has gone far to mar their usefulness. Government is only responsible to the trustees for the amounts actually placed in its hands. The law, previous to 1844, gave the depositor a remedy against the trustees in cases of wilful neglect or default. In 1844, the legislature thought right to make
a most important change in the law, by which trustees of savings-banks were released from all liability, except where it was voluntarily assumed. It remains a most significant fact, that all the great frauds with this class of banks have occurred since that date. We have seen, only the influential gentlemen, who, as a rule, take upon themselves the management of savings-banks, to thank that such cases have so far been as rare as they have. The known frauds in savings-banks are calculated to have swallowed up a quarter of a million of hard-earned money. The fraud in the Cuffe Street bank, in Dublin, an unlawful profit of £5,600, and the Rochdale bank stopped payment in 1848 with liabilities to depositors to the extent of £36,768, and only £1,690 of available assets; in the same year, the Killarney savings-bank stopped with liabilities of £90,000, and assets of only half that amount. About the same time, the Rochdale bank frauds became known, and losses to the extent of £40,000 were the result.

There can be no doubt that the state of the law is still most anomalous, and that the great majority of the people of this country are under the impression that there is government security for each deposit in every savings-bank. Year by year, changes have been proposed in the legislature for giving more security to depositors, but the body of managers have hitherto been successful in their opposition. The bill this year has again (May 1862) been withdrawn, at the instance of managers, who propose to frame a bill next session which shall meet all requirements. Whilst legislation is thus deferred, the risks to the provident poor still continue. In the report of a government commission appointed during the past annual discussion on the savings of the middle and working classes, several well-known authorities in such matters, such as Mr J. Stuart Mill, Mr Bellenden Kerr, expressed decided opinions of the importance of savings-bank deposits. Mr J. Malcolm Ludlow spoke to the feeling of the working-classes themselves: 'I should say the great reason why the working-classes turn away from savings-banks in the feeling of insecurity so largely prevailing amongst them.'

Mr J. S. Mill, when asked for any suggestion on the subject, said: 'I think it would be very useful to provide some way to make the trustees responsible for all amounts deposited. Certainly the general opinion among the depositors is, that the nation is responsible; they are not aware that they have only the responsibility of the trustees to rely upon.'

Last year the number of savings-banks on the old plan was 638. When it is remembered how unequally the country was supplied with them—there being no less than fourteen counties in the United Kingdom without a savings-bank at all—and how unsatisfactory the state of the law concerning them, there can be no wonder that public attention was called to the subject from time to time. So early as 1807, Mr Whitbread introduced a bill into parliament to make the money-order office at the post-office available for collecting sums from all parts of the country, and transmitting them to a central bank which should be established in London. At that time, the money-order department of the post-office had not arrived at the state of efficiency to which it subsequently attained, and the bill was withdrawn. Other proposals shared the same fate, till, in 1860, Mr Sykes of Huddersfield, engaged in the savings-bank of that town, addressed Mr Gladstone on the deficiencies of the existing system. Through his practical acquaintance with the old plan, he was able to demonstrate that increased facilities for depositing at any time, and almost at any place, were great desiderata amongst the poorer classes. The same facilities were necessary for withdrawing deposits. Mr Sykes proposed that a bank for savings should be opened at every money-order office in the kingdom; that each postmaster should be authorised to receive deposits; and that all the trustee's indebtedness should be in connection with a central bank in London. The general principle of this scheme was at once seen to be useful and practicable, though, again, the mode of that day, when Mr Sykes, for instance, proposed that all payments and withdrawals should be severally effected by means of money-orders to be drawn for each deposit, there was no desire to be slow and complex, as well as expensive plan. Mr Sykes's idea that 'no deposit could be less in amount than twenty shillings'. This arrangement, again, would have gone far to negative the merits of the whole plan, and especially to interfere with its usefulness amongst the classes which the measure was really intended to benefit. For a few months, this scheme, like those preceding it, exhibited signs of suspended animation, when it was referred to the practical officers of the revenue department of the post-office, and by them resolved into the simple and comprehensive measure which the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed in 1862, and which was the crowning effort of the legislative session of last year.

This bill, entitled 'An act to grant additional facilities for depositing small savings at interest with the security of each deposit being invested in the management thereof,' became law on the 17th of May 1861.

The modus operandi of this scheme is so simple as it is satisfactory. On making the first deposit under the new arrangements, an account-book is presented to the depositor, in which are entered his name, address, and occupation. All the necessary printed regulations are given, and each deposit of interest is invested by the postmaster, and an impression of the dater stamp of the post-office is placed opposite the entry, thus making each transaction irrevocable. If the depositor in the shape of a separate letter from the head-office, the postmaster-general thus becoming responsible for the amount. If such a letter does not arrive within ten days, the deposit is disposed of, an inquiry is instituted, and the error rectified. An arrangement like the foregoing shews the boundless resources which the post-office possesses for the service of the public: the acknowledgment of every separate transaction in each of the money-order offices of the three kingdoms, which in any private undertaking would be an herculean labour, involving an enormous outlay in postage alone, is here accomplished with marvellous ease; and the whole mass of extra communications make but an imperceptible ripple on the stream of the nation's letters flowing nightly from St Martin's le Grand.

When a depositor wishes to withdraw any of his money, he has only to apply to the nearest post-office for the necessary printed form, and to fill it up, stating his name and address, where his money is deposited, the amount he wishes to withdraw, and the place where he wishes it paid, and by return of post he will receive a warrant, in which the postmaster named is authorised to pay the amount applied for. In this respect post-office savings-banks offer peculiar advantages to depositors, for instance, visiting the Exhibition at Brompton this year, having—as he may easily do in London—run short of ready money, may, with a little timely exertion, take advantage in London, draw out, in any of the hundred new banks in the metropolis, from his account at home sufficient for his needs. Another person leaving our town for another town may, without any trouble or expense, no more trouble than a simple notice, have his account transferred to his future home, and continue it there.
under precisely similar circumstances as those to which he has been accustomed. Transfers of accounts from friendly societies, penny-banks, and the ordinary savings-banks, are easily and safely managed.

In the order of advantages which post-office savings-banks offer the depositor, we would rank next to their unquestionable security, their peculiar convenience for deposit and withdrawal. Twelve months ago, a person might be the length of an English county distant from a bank for savings. Under the present arrangement, few persons will be a dozen miles distant from a money-order office, whilst nine-tenths of the entire country will find the necessary accommodation at their very doors. It is proposed to establish about three thousand such banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland. As new centres of population are formed, or as hamlets rise into flourishing villages, and the want of an office for money-orders becomes felt, the requirement will continue to be met, with the addition in each case of a companion savings-bank. Again, the expenses of management—amounting to a shilling in the old banks for each transaction, against something like half that amount in the new—will not allow of the ordinary banks being opened but at a few stated periods during the week. The post-office savings-bank, attached as it is to the post-office money-order system, is open to the public full eight hours of every working-day.

Sums not below one shilling, and amounts not exceeding £5 a year, may be deposited in these banks; depositors will not be put to any trouble for books, postage, &c., and the rate of interest to be allowed will be 2½ per cent.—a sum which, though not large, is all which it is found the government can pay without loss. It is not thought that this low rate of interest will deter the classes most sought after from investing in these banks. The poorer classes, as a rule, regard the question of a safe investment as more important one than that of profits, and wisely think far more of the earnings being safe, than of their receiving great returns for them.

This scheme, last and best of all, must help to foster independent habits among the working population. Their dealings with the post-office banks are pure matters of business, and no obligation of any sort is either given or received. The existing banks, on the other hand, partake largely of the nature of a charity. No other objection from the Post-office Savings-banks with much bitterness, is that many great employers of labour are on the directorate of these institutions, and that, consequently, they are able to exercise an oversight over their characters and savings, not always used for the best of purposes. In the committee of inquiry to which we have already alluded, cases—designated ‘rare,’ we are glad to add—were adduced, from which it appeared that provident workmen’s wages had been reduced by their employers, upon the ground of their being already well enough off. No such considerations, however, can affect the new banks: postmasters are forbidden to divest the names of any depositor, or of any of the amounts which he or she may have placed in their hands.

THE MODERN PROPHETS.

Notwithstanding the suspicious suggestiveness of the above title, there is no intention on the part of the writer of this paper to deceive his reader. Let it be stated, therefore, at the beginning any individual should be attracted to these pages by the hope of getting early and exclusive information respecting the Earl of Derby and the commencement of the Millennium, that he will meet therein with nothing of the sort. The fullest particulars respecting those impending events may be easily procured elsewhere.

‘There are some of us,’ writes a quaint Scottish divine, “who seem to be curiously particular concerning the precise date at which all methods of computation must cease, and who issue volume after volume, oft to determine, and then to protract the existence of this earthly ball on which we live. But although nothing can exceed the precision and positiveness of their own published convictions, it is remarkable, however brief the period of an English county distant from a bank for savings. Under the present arrangement, few persons will be a dozen miles distant from a money-order office, whilst nine-tenths of the entire country will find the necessary accommodation at their very doors. It is proposed to establish about three thousand such banks in England, Scotland, and Ireland. As new centres of population are formed, or as hamlets rise into flourishing villages, and the want of an office for money-orders becomes felt, the requirement will continue to be met, with the addition in each case of a companion savings-bank. Again, the expenses of management—amounting to a shilling in the old banks for each transaction, against something like half that amount in the new—will not allow of the ordinary banks being opened but at a few stated periods during the week. The post-office savings-bank, attached as it is to the post-office money-order system, is open to the public full eight hours of every working-day.

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of May 31st (four days before the Derby was run), is a
would-be example of this kind.

EXTRAORDINARY PREDICTION FOR
THE DERBY.

Shakespeare says, “There is a tide in the affairs of
man, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”
I believe my tide is at present very near that same
flood, and from what I have heard from my
sources, it will be my turn to be a seafarer. I have
determined that others shall float in comfort down the stream of life with me, and, by
following my advice, they may do so easily. The way
this may be done is simple enough; let them back.

ACE OF CLUBS
to win the Derby of 1862, and
ARGONAUT
for a place, and they are made men.

BETTING AT THE PRESENT TIME OF YESTERDAY.

1000 to 6, Ace of Clubs; 50 to 1, Argonaut.

There is, therefore, much scope for action, and I hope all
will profit by immediately going in for my pair.
I don’t profess to have had an interview with Mr. Forster,
of spirit-rapping notoriety, concerning this event, nor
will I disclose the sources from which my information
is derived, but should I be found right on
Wednesday next, set me down as A CLAIRVOYANT.

Unfortunately for the Prophet, neither Ace of Clubs nor
Argonaut ever emerged from the extreme ‘tail-end’
of the ruck of horses in the race. If either had
won, however, or if instead of Ace of Clubs, the seer
had chanced to write Caractacus (just as unlikely an
animal, to judge by the betting, which was 40 to 1
against him even at starting), Clairvoyant would
have had no lack of thank-offerings, and would in
addition have been appointed standing counsel in
Turf matters to half the sporting clerks and shop-
men in England. He would probably have leaped
at once from his position of haphazard speculator in
the future to that of an accepted Prophet, receiving
his annual tribute (of £1, £2) for general advice, or
his thirteen stamps for counsel on any particular race,
without his passing through such an intermediate
stage as is occupied by the subjoined.

THE OAKS—Neither Hurricane nor Bertha. I
know of a better and faster one at splendid outside odds.
I am confident; and desire only a promise of one
guinea after the race for the win only. Enclose envelope. Address Mr. James Jones, etc.

THE DERBY—I shall win it! so saith The Marquis,
and Herbert King has said so all through the winter,
and challenges a denial of this statement! H. K.
believes that there is only one horse in the race capable of
effecting the defeat of The Marquis, and that is Buck-
stone. The Oaks will be carried off by an outsider, and
you can have your latest, and not to be despised, tip with-
out any fee, for both the great events, by sending a supply
of stamped addressed envelopes, and promising a present
of your winnings, to me at, etc.

Neither of these gentlemen, as it appears, is in a posi-
tion sufficiently established to demand payment
beforehand; but Prophet Jones is more discreet in
his proceedings than Prophet King. Libera scripta
mend is a proverb that evidently occurs to him,
whereas his unhappier brother perhaps never learned
Latin. H. K. has publicly pinned his faith upon a
horse that did not turn out to be the winner—has
challenged a denial of a statement which even persons
that are not prophets are now prepared to contradict
whereas, if Prophet Jones has failed, it is only his
actual correspondents who are aware of that mis-
adventure.

* The genuine advertisements are extant, but the names are altered, to save the feelings of the scribes whose misprints
did not fail.
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

the assistance of a competent and successful adviser, who is in a position to quickly learn the results of trials when horses are entered, and when the right money is going on, etc., it is impossible to win a handsome stake. And now, with respect to the Derby, he begs to state there is not the slightest change in his opinion. Remember, B. R. never lost this important and exciting race, having positively selected the winner of the Derby for the last nine years in succession. The following were B. Ridley's bold side selections:

THE DERBY.

West Australian, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861.

'For the many other "hits" he has made he begs to refer to Bell's Life; in this paper are recorded his glorious victories; almost all the great handshakes and other important races having been foretold by him, and regularly published in this paper. His success as a Turf adviser has been indeed truly astonishing, the immense patronage he is honoured with is alone a proof of the brilliant character of his advice. His terms are as follows: To end of the season, L1, 1s.; any single race, 13 stamps; Address, etc.'

'N.B.—Subscribers and friends, implicitly follow my advice, and you may all realise a capital stake. We shall win the Derby and Oaks in a canter. B. Ridley begs respectfully to inform the sporting public that he will issue advice on no other races than the Derby and Oaks, and close of the Epom Meeting, his attention being at present solely directed to these important and near approaching events!

In another advertisement, this accomplished gentleman declares against the favourite in these audacious words: 'Never mind the betting; follow me, and fear not. If the Marquis wins the Derby, I will be bound to eat him.' The statements here set forward are really exceedingly specious. If they are to be taken, indeed, as literal truth, they are not far short of miraculous. He has prophesied (he says) the result of no less than nine Derbys in succession; and four of these when the event was contrary to the opinion of almost everybody but himself. A Predictor such as this, thought we, is surely one to be consulted on other emergencies. Could he not give the world a hint how long the American civil war is to last? Could he not relieve our minds with regard to the permanent practicability of an Atlantic Telegraph? We looked with anxiety for the advertisement of this favoured child of fortune in the ensuing week; and thus it ran:

'B. RIDLEY'S GLORIOUS OUTSIDER AT EPSOM.

Derby, Caractacus, Caractacus,

'B. Ridley again victorious at Epsom, winning the Derby with his glorious outsider, the once despised Caractacus, thus making, B. R. is proud to state, positively the tenth Derby in succession he has had the honour and gratification of winning. With regard to Caractacus, he has now come to a very important conclusion. B. R. distinctly advised all his patrons that he was 'bound to finish in front,' and that he considered him to be one of the best outsiders in the race. Now, with all deference, these remarkable words of the great Prophet do seem to be a little too vague and general to please one's self upon; too eastern and florid in, etc., it is important to expression to be quite as reliable as predictions. If the other nine winners were not predicted with somewhat more preciosity than this, our faith in Prophet Ridley is hereby recanted altogether. Why, the famous vaticination which Mr. Punch put into the mouth of Lord Dandrueary might be tortured into such success as prophecy with equal ease:

'Now here's a long name. I should like to see before I try it, for I shall never be able to get it stuck into the middle of that horse, like a Centaur. But it's no use, I can't—Caractacus. I've read of him, and how he issued Napoleon a humble cottage in Rome. Stop, was it Napoleon? Yes, he was king of Rome, that's quite right; but it was ridiculous to envoy a humble cottage, he might as well have envied a humble-bee. This horse—I can't say him again—he has been doing something at Bath, perhaps getting his head shaved, to make him run lighter, and he frightens some of them—I am not frightened; a nobleman ought never to be frightened; noblesse oblige, you know; not that all the nobility is oblige, quite the reverse; my uncle isn't, for he won't let me come into his title, which is nepotism. This horse may win, if he can—that I am nearly certain about.'

The difficulty of reconciling the written word with the actual event is, in fact, the stumbling-block of the profession. The Prophets of the Saturday before the race become the special pleaders of the Saturday after it.

'Harry Browne's judgment on the great event (he says) has again been crowned with success. The result will long hold a place in the memories of his subscribers. He stood on Buckstone and Caractacus only. But why on Buckstone? How much better would it have been if Prophet Browne had confined himself to the winning horse?

Here, indeed, to all appearance, is a most satisfactory prediction.

'TALLYHLO AND CARACTACUS.—The following is a verbatim copy of the special circular sent to Tallyho's private subscribers on the 16th of April: 'Dear Sir—Let me advise you to back Caractacus to win the Derby, and also for a place. He is the best three-year-old I have seen since St Albans, and ought to have won the Metropolitan Handicap by two lengths.' Terms for the reminder of the season sent on application to Tallyho, &c.,&c.'

With the exception of the words, 'and also for a place,' the above circular is unexceptionably precise. But then, unhappily, we have only Tallyho's word for it! We look in vain for any prophecy from this foresighted man in the paper of the preceding week. All the vaticinations we have yet met with have some drawback to their otherwise admirable merits. Those which (we are told) have turned out right are such dark sayings that they require an interpreter to prove it; and those which were so improbable as to be distinct are not justified by the result. The Earth of the Prophets is itself obscure, and their grammar almost unintelligible. One boasting of the success of a recent prediction of his, writes: 'Our outsider most would not have has again done the trick, pulling double. Subscribers, send percentage on your winnings, and lump it on my Derby nag.' But there is another class of Derby noothseayers whose literary excellence astounds us—the barbs who clothe their vaticinations in song. There have been a half dozen of these singing seers in that number of Bell's Life which preceded the great race, and not one of them can be termed contemptible as a versifier. On the other hand, the nearer they approach to the character of Past, the fainder does their resemblance grow to his Method. Nothing can be more harmonious than the following verses, but unhappily they do not contain the smallest modicum of truth. They even go out of their way to pre-establish an error, and risibly prominent the fallibility of their composer.

Lord Stamford's nag is backed for 'swag'

Enough to fill the ocean,
But I fear the bold Ensign won't get
His much-wished-for promotion.
Lord Burleigh's chance may go to France,
They say that Fortham rides him,
But he'll have to travel second class,
Like many more besides him.

There's Caractacus and Nottingham,
And a host of rank outsiders;
Their names really don't suppose
They'll win because they've ridden.
I've now gone through the blessed lot,
Of that he was assured on;
The rest may just as well be over
To other side of Jordan.

Alas, what misplaced satire is here! The exigencies of metre demanded a horse with a longer name than ordinary, and the fiend of inspiration whispered Caractacus. There is no attempt upon the part of this dulcified bard to justify himself in the next number; and there are many more in the like condition.

One, however, must be specially excepted, and set apart for honourable mention. His rhyming alone would entitle him to some praise, but his pretension is really remarkable.

**DEBRY PROPHECY—BY 'RHYMING RICHARD.'**

(Communicated through a sporting medium by the late Sir Walter Scott.)

There is no sound in Middlegate,
And Allan Stretes are dumb,
Save when from out the lingering crowd
A murmur breaks, not deep nor loud,
Of restless fear but half avowed—
'The news, when will it come?'

But Epsom saw another sight,
With gathering steeds and horsemens bright,
Coachers and gigs, and dog-carts light
Come in at varying pace;
Blind, as to mock the ever-changing sky,
Green, with the glistening turf to vie,
The wheels in gusts and eddies fly
Across each horseman's face;
Dolls deck the hat: card-vendors ply
Their well-rewarded industry
Along the dusty way;
By gipsies, booths, and raree-show,
By dogs and monkeys, may ye know
What is the Derby-day.

And see, from out the paystack gate
The favourite comes, unmoved, sedate,
As though secure of fame and fate,
He thought the affair a joke.
Jem Ferren eyed the admiring crowd,
Who spend their praises oft and loud,
And thus the trainer spoke:
'Marquis, in thine hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And irritable as the fry
Of schoolboys in a hot July;
Amid the tumult, noise, and row,
An amiable beast art thou!'

Now, too, deploying into sight,
I see each leading favourite.
**Ensign and Caterer are there;**
The sturdy son of stout De Clare.
**Caractacus,** whose splendid shape
Sets every country mouth agape.
(And if, of the outsiders there,
One horse should pass the winning chair,
Enrolled in the successful three,
Be sure Caractacus is he!)
The Stor of Wantage faintly gleams,
Too tiny Alcidation seems;
And—theme for determining thought—
Wells rides the slashing Argonaut.
Upon the hill I take my stand
To mark the fortunes of the band.
I see the Marquis's 'falcon crest.'

Borne proudly forward with the rest,
And stainless Christie a banner white,
And noble Stannard's 'Rojney bright
Still bear them bravely in the fight,
Although against them run,
Fast flying on in full career,
The best and stoutest of the year,
Whose spirit yields to none.
But as round Tattenham they steal,
The increasing pace the outsiders feel;
The few press on—the many fail—
More lengthly grows the extended 'tail.'
Now Vanguard to the rearward flies,
For corn and rest poor Wingrove sighs,
And mark you bright and eager bay,
Who not another yard will 'stay.'

For foe or flatterer;
Dejected, with pride,
He halts, and dwells upon his stride,
And see, the foam upon his side,
Good-night to Caterer!

But as they draw towards the Stand,
Two horses struggle for command.
**Neptunus,** wiry, stout, and strong,
Steals like the vixen-wind along,
And thundering fiercely on his track,
Gleams out 'the yellow and the black.'
Those colours which stern Fate's decree
Bade valiant float o'er gongs Donner.
The hum that for a space did fall,
Now treble thundering swells the gale,
And 'Rockstone' is the cry;
And ere the wonds have left the lip,
Behold his jock's uplifted whip,
And Bullock's gleaming eye!
Again the fate's unkindly shake
To bless 'the yellow and the black,'
Deny the victor's throne!
'The ribbon,' and the deathless wreath,
And the horsecrowd's applauding breath,
**Neptunus**—are thine own!

**Neptunus,** it is true, did not win, and so far our bard was wrong; but the prediction in italics respecting the real winner, against whom the odds at the time of the publication of these lines was 66 to 1, is very striking. **Caractacus** was scarcely mentioned in the betting at starting. His former achievements had been few, and not accomplished with ease. He had already been worked upon race-courses to a degree not usual with a Derby horse, and had not distinguished himself. He was like a man who, having had his chance in his profession, and been unable to take advantage of it, has been ticketed 'moderate' and 'respectable' by all who knew him. This victory was the saddest blow and worst discouragement that has yet fallen upon our Modern Prophets; and not only upon the Prophets, but upon their disciples.

At the International Exhibition, there is a statute, at the eastern end of the British picture-gallery of Caractacus, the captive king.

'Have you seen Caractacus by Foley?' asked one Whit-Monday visitor of another, within the present writer's hearing.

'No,' replied the other doggedly; 'and I don't want to see the beast; and he ain't by Foley neither, stop! he's by Kingston.'
BAZAARS.

A bazaar is an Eastern word, but a household one. Everybody knows, or affects to know, what you mean by it. We are taken to it when we are young and impressionable; our maid-servants go to it on holidays; it is cheap, enterprising, and varied. Even the severest people, who don’t know the inside of a theatre, respect the bazaar. They pay it the compliment of use for charitable purposes, and drive a mimic trade at stalls in person, conceiving it no harm to commit extortion for a good end, and sell smiles to sinners for filthy but useful lucr fithe. Oh, my dear Lady Prin - text, when you and your two charming daughters, Patience and Dorcas, sold gowgaws at Humility Fair, did you not permit your daughters to charm golden guineas out of the Honourable R rake Hardup? Would he have lain them out there if you alone had been selling pen-wipers for the good cause? Do you ever speak to him elsewhere? Does he enter your house? I must not stop wholly over Lady Prin - text, but when I put down ‘Bazaars’ at the head of my paper, and held the fresh-dipped pen in thoughtful suspense, there came into my mind the vividest recollection of a correct old lady who puzzled my virgin sense of congruity when a child, and who will always come up pop into my mind when I stop over the word ‘bazaar.’ I make my mental bow. Ah me! where are, or rather what are, the lovely Patience and Dorcas now? who would give good money for an empty purse, in order to talk with you to-day? A bazaar. I live in London. There are the Pantheon, the Soho, the Baker Street, the Portland, the German bazaars. Just now, too, there is the International, opposite the eastern end of the building so named, and which is itself the biggest of them all. But what distinguishes a bazaar from a shop, or a number of counters elsewhere? It is not altogether the fineness of the articles assembled, for there are bazaars where you can buy carriages, coal-scuttles, and much various hardware; yet still there is a fragile look about bazaar goods, which you seldom see elsewhere. I don’t refer to the toys alone, for they are professedly brittle, are made, indeed, to be broken, but the articles which are not meant to be played with—work-baskets, savells, ceiling-boxes—why is almost every wooden thing of the kind at a bazaar made of cedar?—boxes, trays, indescribable knickknacks ‘to put things in,’ doubtful pen-knives, kettle-holders, all the varied fringe of domestic furniture, the portable odds-and-ends of ease, and chips of luxury, which litter a comfortable room. A bazaar is intended for the sale of such things as these. If you wanted a spill-case, or card-rack, or pincushion for your little girl, or taper-stand, you would not know at what shop to buy them; you would go to a bazaar. But this does not account for the number of people always to be found there. The crowd in a shop generally professes to want something; but the tide which moves slowly among the counters at the Pantheon will not carry anything away—will leave no deposit.

Most visitors come to see, not buy. Shall I say there is a marked appreciation of feeble manufacture by small minds? There was a story in the Times the other day of a parcel of bearded foreigners at the Exhibition screaming in a chorus of childish laughter over a toy-mouse which ran upon secret wheels when you wound it up. Did the graphic correspondent think this very wonderful? Let him go to the Pantheon, and see the faces of gratified appreciation; there is something intelligible to the visitors. Let him stand outside a doll-shop in Oxford Street, and see how many men will stand and gaze at pink wax-babies with heads much too small for their bodies, sitting uncomfortably buoyant in real perambulators. Mrs Smith’s hulking young footman looks at the windowful with parted lips and perfect comprehension; the artisan, cruelly denied a vote, stops, with tools on shoulder, and stares too. My dear sir, do you suppose that all these bearded and hooped people above twenty years of age you meet with on your way to business are men and women? They are mostly children; and would not be half so happy as they are if they kept their ears always cocked up for sensible remarks. Do you like sensible remarks yourself—that is, other people’s—which tell you something you didn’t know, or upset something which you thought you did? I was walking out of a public meeting the other day, rather tired, and heard an enthusiastic lady praising the shallest speaker of the day. ‘Wasn’t it beautiful?’ said she; ‘just what I always think.’ Exactly, my dear lady, that is the secret of popular oratory. On the same principle, bazaars, and the spirit of bazaars, which spreads far beyond their covered limits, which indeed influences the shop and the drawing-room, commerce and society, to an indefinite extent, depend for progress.
and success. We don't care about the Menai Tubular Suspension-bridge. Isn't it ugly outside, dark and dangerous within? Confound those stupendous triumphs of skill—I use nothing to adorn them in them.

A sculptor, slothing, skulking irregular, who puts bullet after bullet into the ball's-eye at eight hundred yards, has no chance against the blazing recurve who wears the uniform of the guards, and fires blank cartridge in the parks till the nursemaids wink again. Give us knockknocks, pipe-clay, perfume, and we have what we enjoy. Would you supply us with something else? Pap, our gas, or tax the material inside our hats and bonnets?

Thus it comes to pass that there is a suspicion of bazaar, just a taste, in all those shops which arouse most curiosity, and detain the greatest number of idlers.

There is another thing about bazaars—it may be my mistake, but did you never notice how much alike the young ladies are who serve at successive stalls? Perhaps they are not more similar than shop-girls generally, not to say shopmen; but the fact is more striking at a bazaar—you need not go into half-a-dozen houses to verify it. This comes from the monotony and meanness of their occupation. I don't want to blame anything which brings honest bread and butter; but still the work, especially in bazaars, where they cannot even look on an independent world out of window, but see stalls of knockknocks from dawn till dusk, by sunlight and gaslight, from youth to age, all through the golden prime of human life, and spend their probation for immortality in offering the next article, must reduce the face divine to its lowest polite conventional feature and expression. A row at this must be a relief to the mind of those stall-keepers.

Human nature craves change. It is given in day and night, spring, summer, autumn, and winter; it is the world is in perpetual revolution. But the counter-keeper knows nothing of the seasons except through the fashions; the bazaar-keeper does not know even this. Sometimes there is gone, sometimes artificial heat; but the thermometer remains the same, the surroundings are the same—the same cedar-boxes, dolls, feebile bronzes, savalleys, spall-cases, frippery. No wonder the sellers lose their outward vivacity, and might be represented by One, if viewed through a multiplying glass.

Do you wonder there are not more robberies at bazaars? Depend upon it, the thieves know what you don't, that a percentage of those into tools of the trade visitors are inspectors. Not policemen in plain clothes, but young ladies, crimsoned, veiled, parasoled, and all the rest of it. Their business is to mix with the crowd, and look after the welfare of the establishment. They look as unlike detectives as possible; but if you were to whisk a kettle-holder into your pocket on the fly, you would have one of these elegant damsels down upon you in no time.

There is one thing in the philosophy of bazaars which I cannot account for satisfactorily, and that is, the trumpery nature of German articles. It is a popular belief that Germans are solid, rather than otherwise, in their ways and works; and yet what, in a popular way, distinguishes their land above any on earth to us? They produce the ephemeral, brittle, or at least the unsubstantial articles in the market. Even their notables and best produce, music, is not solid; and take in the lesson of it. Their business is to mix with the crowd, and look after the welfare of the establishment. They look as unlike detectives as possible; but if you were to whisk a kettle-holder into your pocket on the fly, you would have one of these elegant damsels down upon you in no time.

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One burning the coals, while the other digs the mine? Cannot a nation which is renowned for its accomplishments and its philosophy, compete with the dull plodding hand-workers and goods of the world? How is the produce of Germany known in the English market? What German things do we use but those I have mentioned?—music, pipes, heresy, toys, and—oh, I forget the list. That is a solid saving-clause certainly; but do you eat them yourself? Or do you know anybody who does?

Of all pretentious bazaars, commend me to the International. I don't mean the Exhibition, but the bazaar—the building with lath and plaster sides, and many ugly windows, which lines part of Princess Road. There was the thinnest possible array of temptations there on the only occasion I went; but I dare say it is fuller now, there is more business, more ginger-beer. There are more articles, of which the most frequent and familiar example is a commemorative medal. The living interest of the place (at my sole visit), when not interrupted by the band of the Grenadier Guards, came to a point in a man who cut flowers and did it out on a perfectly straight line. He had dyed whiskers, and repeated with variations: 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, if you wish to patronise Art, you can do it on the lowest terms;' and he never said a truer word. He had a little crowd round him, and snipped while he talked.

There is—we cannot conceal it from ourselves—a bazaarish look about the International Exhibition itself. I confess to a feeling that it has been unfairly abused. It is more at home than many things in the building. The nations do care about toys more than anything else, and the man who sets a pile of them in the middle of a place, showed only an honest appreciation of the tastes of his visitors. Why, stand by it half an hour, and see if the world is in perpetual revolution. One, if viewed through a multiplying glass.

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in use there—probably while we were chewing acorns, and trying to split our neighbours' heads with fist—are, to my inexperienced eye, equal to any in England. The teeth, especially are horrible to the familiar; but if the stump must come out, I confess I had rather put my hand in the hands of some smiling English dentist, than have one of those unpleasant-looking people staggering about with a thing hard driven into my face over the back of an arm-chair.

I confess I think there is too much timber shown. Many of the smaller exhibitions of it are no doubt interesting billets, but they are very profuse. The excursionist will say something offensive about his own woodstack, and think he might have sent better logs himself. No doubt, there are plenty of trees in the colonies, and we don't wonder the owners would like us to buy as many as possible; but still I don't know why such a number of them should have been stuck up in the Exhibition building on their way to the timber-yard, unless the commissioners had grown bewildered.

However, this display of boards, bales, and slabs helps, perhaps, to dissipate the flavour of Bazaaaz, of which visitors to the Exhibition are frequently reminded. It shews a mighty reserve of strength, which will be made use of, too, and no longer be wasted, as is the case in Britain, so that we will not set our busy fingers-marks. There are the materials of young giants in the Brompton gathering of nations; how the old, hale, and strong, to which we last met, and how easily they can find means in the English departments to knock one another about when they are inclined to quarrel. The skilful children come displaying the produce of their fields, their woods, and their mines. Britain shews them not only manufacture, but the art of battery and defence; Rome, the costly trifles which survive a world of power. It is more than a bazaar at Brompton.

SOMETHING OF ITALY.

ROMEO (GENERAL SKETCH).

From Florence we took the road to Rome by way of Siena, for there was the indument of a railway so far, after which a ride of twenty-nine hours by diligence completes the journey. I should not, however, recommend any one to follow any one on our road. The route lay through a dismal district of country, composed of low hills of bluish clay, that seem in process of dissolving, like the soft clanny sides of a railway cutting, and from which a poor looking set of people living in half a means of existence, that some of them are said, on occasion, to eke out their living by brigandage. Not quite aware of this bad reputation of the road, we were a little startled on finding that as night set in, on approaching the papal frontier, two police-officers, each armed with a gun and pistol, seated themselves in the rear of the diligence for the general protection. Fortunately, the vehicle suffered no other interruption than unconscionably long delays in charging horses, and in occasionally receiving the aid of teams of bullocks, to overcome the more difficult ascents. At the frontier, passports were examined—the first time mine had been asked for since leaving home—and with this single incident to disturb our slumbers in the corners of the coupé, the morning was well advanced when we reached Viterbo, at which French soldiers saluted.

Farther onwards, the country improves in verdure, but is still hilly, and at every pace we are beset by beggars; the condition of various small towns through which we pass in the afternoon, when our period of confinement in the jangling machine approaches its termination, we emerge from the grasy heights, and there, at the bottom of the descent, rolls the Tiber, as swift and muddy as it was in the days of Horace and Virgil. By the modern Ponte Mole, we cross to the left bank, and from about this point, level with the first and not a very imposing view of the Eternal City. A mile more of this road of historical interest—for we are on the Flamian Way—brings us to the great northern gateway of Rome, the Porta del Popolo. The capacious entrance, guarded by a French sentinel, receives us, but we are not permitted to proceed without going through the ceremonial of delivering up our passports in exchange for printed receipts which, in turn, are to be exchanged within three days for regular cartas de séjour. This affair over, we go on to the Post-office, have our baggage examined, and are then suffered to explore our way in a cab in quest of hotel accommodation—not an easy thing to discover on the approach of Easter, but at length find a harborage for the ensuing month in the world-renowned Piazza di Spagna.

The first look of Rome shakes one's preconceived notions. With an imagination inflamed by historical and poetic recollections, we have not fully realised the fact, that the Rome of the present day bears no resemblance whatever to the Rome of the Caesars—that it can hardly be said to stand on the same spot of ground—that it is a comparative city, not very much in the style of the older part of Paris, consisting, for the most part, of narrow and not over-clean thoroughfares, lined with tall grey buildings since we last met, and how easily they can find means in the

English departments to knock one another about when they are inclined to quarrel. The skilful children come displaying the produce of their fields, their woods, and their mines. Britain shews them not only manufacture, but the art of battery and defence; Rome, the costly trifles which survive a world of power. It is more than a bazaar at Brompton.

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Farther onwards, the country improves in verdure, but is still hilly, and at every pace we are beset by beggars; the condition of various small towns through which we pass in the afternoon, when our period of confinement in the jangling machine approaches its termination, we emerge from the grasy heights, and there, at the
us, and examine and ponder at leisure. Intelligent explanations, however, are required to make us understand the original aspect of matters in this quarter, for the very ground is not what it was. It would almost seem as if streets grew in the course of ages. The pavements and Roman Lounon are level with the cellars of Chesapeake, and, in the same way, the floor of the Forum and the adjoining arch of Septimius Severus are sunk sixteen to twenty feet below the level of the modern roadways. There are other discords. On the raised thoroughfares composed of the wreck of ancient edifices, are placed unpleasing buildings, or spoilt by a humble order of inhabitants; and it accordingly requires patience and investigation to raise up in the mind anything like a correct picture of things in their original condition.

Leaving straight southwards through the centre of the town, the Corso, or principal street, terminates near the base of the Capitol, and it is on the opposite side of this mount, now occupied by modern structures, that we find the remains of fragments of old Rome just referred to; they lead to what is now the open country, but which is known to have been at one time plentifully dotted over with structures of great magnitude and beauty. Burned, repeatedly pillaged and destroyed by warlike aggression or defence, and exposed to overwhelming inundations of the Tiber, the ancient buildings sunk in undistinguishable heaps, or surviving as shattered remnants, became convenient quarries whence building materials could be procured—the most majestic remains being sometimes carried off to be burned as lime. The adorning of churches with marble columns taken from the ancient basilicas and temples was another prolific cause of bereavement. Latterly, these kinds of plunder were stayed by the papal authority; and at various places we are reminded by inscriptions of what Pont. Max has done to repair the ruins, or speed them from further dilapidation. So far Pont. Max., whoever for the time he happened to be, has performed a meritorious service; but to all appearance it will require a more vigorous rule, and one with a better replenished exchequer, to open up and do full justice to the noble remains which, in a variety of instances, are in a neglected and far from creditable condition.

From the number of photographs now so common of the more remarkable ruins of ancient Rome, as well as from the inadequacy of language to convey a correct idea of their appearance, I need enter on no description of those mournfully desolate memorials of the great people who once made this the centre of their empire. By what survives of the ancient pillar Via Sacra, stretching beyond the arch erected in honour of Titus and his capture of Jerusalem, we reach the Colosseum, to which adjoins the greatest of all the Roman triumphal arches, that of Constantine, still wonderfully complete in all its inscriptions and ornamental details. The Colosseum is also more entire than I had been led to expect. Robbed of much of its outer wall, and with the seats in the interior gone, the structure is yet so complete, within and without, that we are quite able to understand how it accommodated the eighty thousand spectators who looked down on the savage gladiatorial combats, or the scarcely more fierce encounters of wild animals, which for public amusement once took place in its capacious arena. Several passages and stairs within the ruin edifice remain in almost eighty which its original state, and supplemented with some superficial modern additions, a large portion of the summit and intermediate points of outlook are accessible to visitors. According to the top, under the guidance of the custodian, I shall not soon forget the imposing view that was presented of this magnificent amphitheatre—its vaultings laid bare and spectral, like a huge skeleton with a town, weather-stained rind, and decked in an exuberant vegetable growth, as if nature were making an effort to shroud and soften the ravages which the hand of the despiser had wrought on the surface. Of an oval form, and standing on nearly six acres of ground, the floor or arena measuring 278 feet in length, by 177 feet in width, is now a clear space, covered by a delightful paltry black wooden cross, with a number of painted statues around, at which crowds of worshippers go through certain religious observances. I had several times an opportunity of hearing a preaching friar hold forth in a fervid harangue within the enclosure, and on the occasion of my mounting to the top, I beheld a strange ceremonial, in which a migratory crowd in masks, and carrying poles with lanterns, slowly paced from station to station, their monotonous repetition of prayers and wailing chants ungraciously disturbing, as I thought, the impressive silence of the gray old ruin.

Stuck about amidst a mean order of dwellings—sometimes as façades and doorways to churches, sometimes as excrescences on tradesmen’s houses, and sometimes by an exertion of archaeological taste relieved and standing out from the objects which surround them—we see all that remains of temples, palaces, or monumental structures dating as early from the first to the third century. At a short distance from the singularly copious assemblage of objects in which the relics of their ancient magnificence are laid before us, there was erected upon a species of open square, in which, as in a pet environed by a retaining wall, is the Forum of Trajan, a mere assemblage of stunted broken pillars, along with the massive column which, was erected in honour of the same emperor about the year 114. Consisting of white marble (now discoloured into a dingy yellowish hue), spirally decorated with figures, and reaching a height, and the hand of the public, it is universally considered to be the most beautiful of all works of the kind ever executed. Of lesser columns there are several in different places, and what may be thought a profusion of Egyptian obelisks in red granite, brought to Rome by ancient conquerors, and which have been set up from time to time on modern pedestals by successive popes. Among all the ancient buildings, only one is so well preserved as to be in common use. I allude to the Pantheon, a circular building lighted by a round hole in the centre of its dome, and transformed into a church, with no other substantial change than the substitution of figures of the Virgin and saints for those which represented heathen deities. The ancient inscription Corinthisco, no way altered, is among the finest things in Rome.

The Pantheon, the Antonine column, and the Pons Elbus (now the Ponte St. Angelo), are the principal objects of antiquity noticed by strangers in the central part of the city; the fragmentary remains of baths, temples, and other ancient edifices, being too much hidden by modern buildings to be much sought for. The bulk of what is interesting lies, as has been said, in the southern and south-eastern environs, within as well as without the walls. In these quarters, the visitor spends days in exploring the palace of the Caesars, the baths of Titus and of Caracalla, the tombs and monuments which stretch for miles along the Appian Way, the stupendous aqueducts which, after 2000 years, still supply the city with water from the brooks of Latium; and he would leave the investigation but half finished if he did not first, proceeding to the top, and examining the see the extensive ruins of the villa of Hadrian and the temple of the Sybil at the adjoining picturesque town of Tivoli. It is only by visiting these and other ruins, and mingling among their mosaics, statues, and the other decorative objects which once enriched them, that we discover the extent of the removals, and learn whence were drawn the stones that decks the public museums and private collections of Rome.
If the church is to be reproached as a despoiler, it is not undeserving of praise as a conservator. By many of the cardinals in past times, painstaking and costly explorations of many Rome, the neglected and neglected the neighbourhood were carried on purely for the recovery of ancient works of art; and if they did embellish their palaces and villas with the objects they so rescued, are not the cellars open to the public as an intellectual treat in all time to come? Often sacrificing almost their entire revenues in order to secure and bequeath these subjects of perpetual admiration, we may join in the remark made by Forsyth—"How seldom are great fortunes spent so elegantly in England!"

Originally occupying the summits and slopes with intervening hollows of a series of low hills, which left the Campus Martius a level stretch of ground between them and the left or eastern bank of the Tiber, Rome has shifted its site to this level tract, leaving the hills to be occupied either as gardens or by extensive villas and their walled enclosures. As early as the reign of Augustus, the Campus Martius began to be used as a site for baths, temples, and commemorative columns, and it would seem to have been gradually intruded on by a humble class of buildings in which the intrigue which causes such much intricacy on the verge of the Forum and Capitol. Probably with a view to unite the more ancient city with that on the west bank of the Tiber, in which are situated St Peter's, the Vatican, and the Castle of St Angelo, Sixtus V. extended the present town over the Campus Martius. If we except some ancient structures that had been placed in this plain—of which the Pantheon and platzine columns are examples—the town, which now stretches to the Tiber and Porta del Popolo, is of no older date than the conclusion of the sixteenth century, or about the reign of our Queen Elizabeth; and though increasing in population, the number of inhabitants at the present day, including those in the portion of the city which lies on the right bank of the Tiber, is under 200,000. Adopting the French model, the houses are usually built to a height of five or six stories, each floor a different dwelling, and the whole reached by common stairs; such access, however, being under no charge of a keeper as in Paris, but open to all without hindrance, as in Geneva and the older parts of Edinburgh. Yet, there are conspicuous exceptions to this general form of construction; certain parts in the ancient city are palaces or palaces of native families of distinction, accepted as the best examples of Italian architecture, and containing the statue of picture canvases which are among the chief sights of Rome. Tall, bulky, of fine proportions, and possessing spacious vestibules, which open on quadrangular court-yards embellished with marble columns, statues, and, it may be, orange-trees and flowers, these palaces are scattered about irregularly in all directions. Some of them line and give dignity to the Corso, and some are a frontage to piazzas (open spaces), to which they have imparted their names; but a number of them are awkwardly placed in the midst of crooked lanes, and to reach them, we have to perform many perplexing turnings and windings. Rome, in short, may be said to have no 'West End' or genteel quarter; for although there are portions inhabited exclusively by the humbler classes, there is, on the whole, a jumble of high and low—princes, churchmen, shopkeepers, artists, and mechanics in inextricable confusion. There is also, for the most part, something shabby and incorrect in the façades of many palaces. Their ground-story exhibits a row of small windows without glass, stanchioned like a prison, or it is occupied by petty cavernous shops, or it is plastered over, or shows some formulas of convenience, like the opening of wall on which a poor stall-keeper hangs his prints, or it is seized on for the exhibition of second-hand furniture, or it is made use of by a weaver of rags for carrying on his industrial operations. Nor are the upper parts of these mansions always such as we might expect; for as Rome is utterly destitute of drying-grounds, the windows of the entresol are naturally enough pressed into the service of the laundress, and passengers have occasionally an opportunity of seeing specimens of the family linen. The narrow lanes, too, which those instances open to the public as an intellectual treat in all time to come? Often sacrificing almost their entire revenues in order to secure and bequeath these subjects of perpetual admiration, we may join in the remark made by Forsyth—"How seldom are great fortunes spent so elegantly in England!"

Visits to the palace-like villas and grounds of the Albani, Borghese, Ludovisi, Pamphilis-Doria, Spada, Torlonia, and several others, were among the more agreeable of our morning-drives. Setting aside the mild winter climate, and the liberty of visiting these shady retreats, the chief attraction to Rome consists, as we are told, in the very air in which we here concentrated annually from November till the beginning of May. Unable to offer any opinion on this point, I content myself with saying, that to the stranger Rome appears not the most agreeable town which might be selected as a residence. Torpid and hemmed in with walls, there is, even with all proper allowance as to the suburban villas, a confined look about the place. Then the public promenades available at all hours is the very limited piece of ornamental ground on the Pincio; and with other desirable improvements, it may be said that Rome waits to have its environing walls knocked down, and their site transformed into a series of Boulevards.

We were of course prepared in some degree for the notorious results of a long period of misgovernment, and for the appearance of the foreign soldiery by which alone the effete fabric of the state is held together. Even the least fastidious can hardly get reconciled to the object mendicancy which bewets and distracts him at every turn; to the general system of espionage, censorship of the press, and frequent detention of letters and newspapers; to the scandalous charges and harassments connected with passports; or to the fact that, independently of the strong patrols of armed and ever-watchful police, about every man there is a French soldier. Progress in almost everything but the fine arts appears to be either repressed or regarded with indifference. All labour is still performed by the hand. The distaff continues in use, and it may be doubted if the people are yet acquainted with the spinning-wheel. Clothmakers and dyers spread out their yarn on the streets in the homely fashion of two centuries ago in England. Weaving is executed on small wooden looms, some of which, I observed, were still without the fly-shuttle. It is with such a rude apparatus that the pretty Roman scarfs are woven by girls in the shops where they are sold: one will be made to order within four-and-twenty hours. Pottery and glass, as also beads and a number of other articles, are in the like manner produced on a small scale in the living-room of the family. The baker's oven is behind his counter, as was the case in Pompeii two thousand years since. I had a fancy to visit some of the printing-offices, and found that in them, as in every other industrial occupation, the work is performed altogether by the hand. In the printing-room connected with the college of the Propaganda, there were only six hand-presses, and six now in use, and the instances slowly executed by them were on coarse hand-made paper. In the office of the only newspaper printed in Rome, there was a larger number of presses, including one
of the cylinder kind, but all were wrought by manual labour, which was admitted to be sufficient, for the impressions of the newspaper were said to be seldom above 800 copies. In the copy which fell into my hands there were only two advertisements. I was told there was nowhere any steam-moved printing-machine; indeed, as far as I could learn, there is no steam-engine of any kind within the walls of Rome.

Industry, carried on however primitive, must in time, as one would think, be followed by the promised reward, for thrift and professional diligence. But if riches are accumulated in Rome, they do not assume the shape of expanded business establishments. There are large hotels in which considerable capital is sunk, but we do not see many other concerns on an extensive scale. Few shops possess a stock of goods that would fill a cart; and the appearance of the business establishments generally, does not come up to what one may find in any country town in England. An explanation of this universal backwardness and absence of enterprise will, I fear, have to be sought in the political condition of Rome. W. C.

BURNHAM YEWS.

CHAPTER L—GILBERT DOGGET.

At the beginning of the present century, there stood in Burnham village, among the pastoral flats of Suffolk, a certain old house and gardens. A large rambling flat place it was, with plenty of garden-ground in front, full of old-fashioned flowers, in beds of old-fashioned shapes—hearts, true-lovers' knots, and such like—with gravel paths between. This garden, too, had its cypress alley, its box-trees clipped into sugar-loaves and towers; and on each side of the gate a gigantic peach, cut in yester-summer, and burnt out its tail to the rising sun, letting every passer-by at once into the secret why the farmhouse bore the name of Burnham Yews. Fill up the distance with vistas of cornfield and pastures; to the left stream, on a line with the back of the house, an orchard in full blossom; on the same line, at the right, set a goodly row of aspen winking and rippling like the golden background of a Byzantine painting; throw over the whole the magic light of a spring evening, and there you have conjured up a picture of the homestead as it shewed somewhere about seven P. M., May 6, 1762, just a hundred years from the present time.

The white gate between the peacocks is swung back on its hinges, as it has been all day, in obedience to popular belief, which holds that a man can shut the home-gate for full four-and-twenty hours after a funeral procession has passed through. Against the post, looking earnestly at the scene before him, leans a slightly-built young man, of perhaps one-and-twenty, with a bundle slung over his shoulders, as if he were about to set off on a journey. His hat is off, and you see his light straight hair, the high features beneath, the thin lips close and firm, the gray eye keen and careful like a robin's. This is Gilbert Dogget, younger son to old Martin Dogget, the yeoman-farmer whom they buried this morning.

What a surprising will the old man had left behind him, to be read in the wainscot parlour after the mourners came back from church; for house and land, the Yews Close and the Upper Close, Roseland, and the Long Pastures, every field by name, were thereby given, devised, and bequeathed to the elder son Martin; and for the younger there was only one post, newly put up at the tail grounds. This unjuiced will, so the company pronounced by lifted eyebrows and bottlenecked ejaculations, while they listened to it, and some of them, after the lawyer was gone, conversed in minds that were pretty free on the subject. As for Gilbert himself, he had taken no part in these demonstrations, but had slipped off quietly in the middle of the heir's noisy promise that he might count the Yews as much his home as ever. Without taking any one to counsel, he had fixed his own plans; and now, having gone over every well-known spot, we last look at the old roof under which he would never lay down his head again. Gilbert lingered there with a gripe at his heart; the thought of this day at last swelling up the sense of disappointment. He thought how, ever since he was a little lad, it was he who had saved and worked early and late for his father, while Martin would just rise round the field and then be off after his own pleasures. He thought of the horses that put their heads over stable-doors to whinny when he went by, of the young stock, the sheep and cows on the pastures, even the pony in the farm-yard—all these, great and small, would miss his care. And now, of all the living creatures, his only portion was black Jess the terrier, which sat there on her haunches, staring up in his face with the look, half curious half piteous, of a dog that knows something has gone wrong, and can't for its life make out what or how. And why should the testator have made so unequal a division of his property? Well, no doubt you remember a story, my reader, very true to human nature, of another father who likewise had two sons, and that he was much more ready with the best he had for the scapegrace than for the thrifty lad who kept at home and minded business. Besides, these young men were the sons of two mothers. Martin Dogget was first wife, and her child—she had died in giving him birth—more perhaps for the mother's sake than for its own. Marrying again, on purpose that the boy might have some one to talk to, he had been lucky enough to fix on a woman with a strong will, a sharp temper, and a sharp tongue, who was naturally not over-kind to her step-son; so there had been little peace at the Yews from the day when the second Mrs Dogget became mistress there, to that on which her husband had followed her to the grave with very few tears behind his spectacles, and a strong feeling that the parson's words about censoring from troubling referred to the deceased. As Gilbert grew up into a living likeness of his mother—except her tongue, for he was the quietest of lads—he could not be made to see a thing in the homestead that the carver's words about censoring from troubling referred to the deceased.

While I have been offering this explanation, our hero has taken his last look at the old home, has seen the orchard and the aspen twinkle against the sunset for the last time, and now turns to go; but just then the house-door was being closed, which holds it uncanny how a man some years older than Gilbert, with half-a-dozen dogs at his heels. A coarse, broad, sensual face, a great straggling figure loosely put together, made up the outward man of young Martin Dogget the heir. Down he came shambling to the gateway, and there was a beery thickness in his voice as he shouted, with an oath, though by no means ill-humouredly. "Surely you ain't such a fool as to be sneaking off, Gilbert? Haven't I told you a dozen times you're welcome to a home here?"

"Ay, till you turn me out of doors in your next drunken fury. You and I live together now! Fire and water could live together easier than we two.

Gilbert's tones were bitter; he can fancy the sight of his brother would make the gill in his heart overflow.

The only laugh, and swore again with rough good-humour. He stood there several minutes placidly staring at the tail grounds. This unjuiced will, so the company pronounced by lifted eyebrows and bottlenecked ejaculations, while they listened to it, and some of them, after the lawyer was gone, conversed in minds that were pretty free on the subject. As for Gilbert himself, he had taken no part in these demonstrations, but had slipped off quietly in the middle of the heir's noisy promise that he might count the Yews as much his home as ever. Without taking any one to counsel, he had fixed his own plans; and now, having gone over every well-known spot, we last look at the old roof under which he would never lay down his head again. Gilbert lingered there with a gripe at his heart; the thought of this day at last swelling up the sense of disappointment. He thought how, ever since he was a little lad, it was he who had saved and worked early and late for his father, while Martin would just rise round the field and then be off after his own pleasures. He thought of the horses that put their heads over stable-doors to whinny when he went by, of the young stock, the sheep and cows on the pastures, even the pony in the farm-yard—all these, great and small, would miss his care. And now, of all the living creatures, his only portion was black Jess the terrier, which sat there on her haunches, staring up in his face with the look, half curious half piteous, of a dog that knows something has gone wrong, and can't for its life make out what or how. And why should the testator have made so unequal a division of his property? Well, no doubt you remember a story, my reader, very true to human nature, of another father who likewise had two sons, and that he was much more ready with the best he had for the scapegrace than for the thrifty lad who kept at home and minded business. Besides, these young men were the sons of two mothers. Martin Dogget was first wife, and her child—she had died in giving him birth—more perhaps for the mother's sake than for its own. Marrying again, on purpose that the boy might have some one to talk to, he had been lucky enough to fix on a woman with a strong will, a sharp temper, and a sharp tongue, who was naturally not over-kind to her step-son; so there had been little peace at the Yews from the day when the second Mrs Dogget became mistress there, to that on which her husband had followed her to the grave with very few tears behind his spectacles, and a strong feeling that the carver's words about censoring from troubling referred to the deceased. As Gilbert grew up into a living likeness of his mother—except her tongue, for he was the quietest of lads—he could not be made to see a thing in the homestead that the carver's words about censoring from troubling referred to the deceased.
tired of playing the fool, why, just ride him back again.'

Gilbert's face was set like a huck as he looked up at his brother, 'Nay, I take nothing with me but Jess here,' he replied, 'Where I'm going, I tell nobody. Who do both you and I think you may know if you like, If my master had done right by me, I should have kept house and land together, and there'd have been plenty for you all the days of your life. You'll have no luck with what you've got; it'll melt away from you like snow. But while you lose a pound, I shall earn a penny; while money goes from you, it will come to me. I shall have a home of my own, when you've only the workhouse over your head; and—mind my words—not you, nor any belonging to you, shall ever be a penny the better for any earnings of mine.'

The words had come out in those intensely bitter tones which silent nature finds when they turn at bay. Gilbert waved his hand against the house with a strange gesture, much as if he saw it sinking into ruin before his eyes; and without another look at his brother, he was gone. Poor fellow! in such a manner to lose all, he should feel as if he could only bear his life by breaking loose from all old belongings, and beginning it again in some new employment among strange faces.

Now were the days in which every cottage had its spinning-wheel, and handloom weavers drove a thriving trade. With his instinctive love of handicraft, Gilbert had learned weaving for his own amusement, when quite a boy, at the loom of a Cambridgeshire weaver who had settled for several years at Burnham, and then returned to his own village. All the day through, the stories he had heard from Simon Pettit about the 'fam-fam' and the green flashing figures on the young man's brain, and he had set forth now with a fixed purpose to walk his way into the 'shodd' join old Simon, and set up a loom under him. On the evening of the next day he reached Waterend, the weaver's hamlet, and got as hearty a welcome as he could desire from Simon, to whose lonely old age his quintain pupil was quite a godsend. True to his nature, the new-comer gave himself no rest till he could weave linen, coarse or fine, with any man the country through, and work flew in abundance. In the next few years Gilbert's loom clicked and burred, late and early, six days out of the seven.

After old Simon's death, he lived on quite alone in the cottage. He had no friend; he had no companion. He had no dog; he fed his sheep with corn. He was as much a stranger to the place as any one, and years Gilbert's loom clicked and burred, late and early, six days out of the seven. He was always one of the first to come over the garden-path with his dogs at his heels; and secondly, that this Martin Doggett is a pleasant sight to see at fifty than his grandfather, of the same name, was at half the age. For labour has set her broad honourable stamp on all the man, from his back which she has made fit for the burden, to the brown ribbed hand which lays hold of his pipe much as if it were a plough-handle. So Martin smokes and stirs in regular rotation, first at the flies on the ceiling, then out of the window, then at the dishes set on end over the mantel-piece. What is he thinking about? I wonder? perhaps his team or his bit of 'lornment land; perhaps what hard work it is to find bread for nine mouths on little more than as many shillings a week. The chances are that he is thinking of just nothing at all. But whatever may take up Martin's mind, some great facts respecting himself do not occupy it; the facts being, that he is heir to thousands of pounds, and that he has been heir ever since his father's death, some thirty years back—that people whom he never saw have inquired, advertised for him, wondered why he didn't turn up; that he has himself found himself on his track, but were on a wrong scent,
and that finally inquiries had died out within only a few years.

Martin did think of something at last; he laid his pipe on his knee, and said across the fireplace: "I don't know what to make of it, I'm sure; but I think I'll run out to the church with you this morning - I know what the way with folks as hev scrapped an' saved like he; they don't think of them they might help. He used often to send somethin', but here we've never had so much as a cheese the winter through. Bad enough we've wanted it, with a gal, too, ill from service with rheumatic fever. The doctor told me yesterday, if she was to take all the stuff in his shop, that couldn't help her from being a cripple in her hands all her days. 'Tis a poor look-out."

'A poor look-out for Letty,' Martin echoed gloomily. "But, missus, we can't say but what uncle was good to us somehow. I fare as if all wasn't right with him, and I've a mind to take a day to-morrow, and strike off to see for myself. Poor owl heart," said Martin softly, "he must be lonely like. Only gals, and them married and gone. 'Twas pity the boy died young, and him chiselled Gilbert, the owl name again."

Mrs. Doggett slapped her 'track' down on the table. "Them gals think themselves better nor you and me, because their father got up a bit in the world. Why should Gilbert be the glazing eyes with the owl name? I never heard tell of a Gilbert chiselled Gilbert beyond that boy, and your uncle, and the one we called arter him."

'Ay, but there was, though, afore your time. There was an old Gilbert, brother to old Martin, my grandfather. He went off into the shers a young man, I've heard tell; nobody heard of him arter that; may-be he caught the fever and died: a sight of folks do go as there."

Becky had no answer ready, for domestic dialogue did not figure in her present life. "You're the only day's work he had he'll give you as good as a week's wage home. But you 'bout do anything the matter, not you; 'tis just out o' sight out o' mind, to my thinking."

For this once, Becky's maternal philosophy did not hit the mark. Her husband reached Langstow next morning, to find his cousins all there, and with troubled faces too. Their father's health had been breaking for some time, they told Martin; lately, he had been getting worse, and last night was taken so bad, that the doctor thought he couldn't live this day through. He knew it himself, and all his cry was that Martin should be sent for, that he couldn't die easy without seeing Martin. And how strange, to be sure, said the women, that just when the cart was ready, and one of the sons-in-law getting a bit of breakfast before starting for Burnham, that Martin himself should have stepped in! Presently, when they were talking the message came down from the sick-room. Gilbert Doggett had heard his nephew's voice, and sent word that he must come up at once, and alone. At the sight of his relative pressed up by pillows in that awful shadow on his face, Martin had to draw his hand over his eyes, as he walked across the chamber to where the sick man sat. A host of little kindnesses he had shown him seemed to pour at once into his mind, and of this he was trying to say something, when Uncle Gilbert feebly interrupted:"

"Don't say I've been good to you, Martin; I can't bear that—it chokes me. Now I've got no time to lose, let me make quick work of what's on my mind. You know so much as my father had a brother Gilbert, who went off into the world years back, there was advertising for this Gilbert's kin; he'd saved a heap of money, though we didn't think nothing about it. I saw it advertised, and tried all ways to get at the money, thinking at first it would rightly come to me. I found out all about it; 'tis four thousand pounds what with principal and interest. There's a will—Gilbert Doggett's will—at Doctors Commons up in London; but seeing I were not the right heir, I couldn't get at the money. And, mind me, boy, that right heir, that were you—elder son to old Martin Doggett's eldest son; and O, forgive me," gasped the dying man. "I couldn't bear the thought that you should come into such a lot of money, and be a better man in the world than me. 'Tarn't likely you'd ever see the advertisement, or get to know anything of the matter, so, not being able to come by it myself, I kept it dark. Now, you must go to—"

A dreadful spasm interrupted this confession. The women came hurrying into the room. They raised their father, and held brandy to his lips, while Martin stood by, the strongest feeling mixed tinged only with the natural grief and awe inspired by the scene before him. Was this all delirium—this talk of his uncle, about four thousand pounds? Presently Gilbert's hand gave him the instinctive utterance shaped itself into an appeal for forgiveness.

"For give; O yes, uncle, if there's anything between us, whatever that may be. And the money you talk of, can it be had yet? Where is it, Uncle Gilbert?"

"Four thousand—principal—interest. Write to; no, go to—to-to—"

Martin watched the lips as they formed some name: he bent his ear over them, low down, lower still, but it caught only a gasping sound. Power of speech was gone, but the old man's sense remained clear. His fingers grasped and twitched the counterpane as if trying to write; seeing this, they brought a slate, but a few feeble scratches was all he had strength left to make upon it. And before noon that day, Uncle Gilbert had gone out of the world, and had taken the key of the secret with him.

With a vague sense of the secret itself lying like a burden on his brain, the heir-at-law trudged home- wards. Under similar circumstances, you, my reader, might have been prompted to rush off at once to some lawyer of your acquaintance, and conjure him to move heaven, earth, and all things therein, for the clearing up of the mystery. But then, you have not read this Journal in general, not to say of this article in particular, you are naturally quick-minded and quick- witted. Being so, you can hardly understand the slowness of the mental process in the rustic east-country man. A proposition quite as simple as two and two make four, if set before him for the first time, must be ploughed, so to speak, into his senses, before they can fully receive it. Martin kept on at work, oppressed by dim ideas of untold wealth, to which he had a right, and a conflicting notion, that as nothing so wonderful had ever happened to any of his neighbours, he couldn't possibly be the first man picked out for such good-luck. Then how should he ever find out a will far away in Doctors' Commons, the name only stuck by him because it jumbled somehow with the 'doctor's stuff' he had to fetch after his day's work for poor Letty. So for two full months his easy-chair, with that speech never a word about the matter to any soul alive. For all that, though it had grown to lay such hold on his mind that as he walked beside his team the thongs of their shaggy feet seemed to pour into his mind, and the fail got into a way of saying to the barn-floor:

'Four thousand pounds for Martin Doggett—four
thousand pounds!' All day long. Meantime, Becky, in confidential moments at the garden wicket, expressed her belief to the neighbours that her master was 'grieved'—to have been 'so still' since his uncle died, and took wonderful to the big Bible.' I fancy that had Mrs Doggett guessed the secret of the big Bible's fascination over her husband, the 'gossips' tongues would have been set going the floor of the hall, as if it were a divining-rod, and the money lay buried there.

Certainly pleasant to hear as far as it went; but then the investment and disposal of this money, could the old man tell anything about that? 'Nobody could.' Stupid old Judkins! I wonder Martin did not shave him where he sat and chuckled. But the poor fellow was only too glad to have heard so much; enough, indeed, to send him on his way home with a light heart; the pot of money dancing all those miles before him, as it danced before the boy while he ran to find the very spot where the rainbow sets foot on the ground. Enough, his friends and relations pronounced, to make a clear case for Lawyer Searchout. A clear case, also, said the lawyer, and set to work in the matter with hearty good-will. Ah, it was touching to hear those simple folks discuss the fortune coming to them, to observe what little notion they had of all such a sum might procure. Enough to pay back the few pounds spent in seeking it; enough of food, perhaps even butcher's meat every day; warm clothing for next winter, shoe-leather, and 'larning' in plenty for the children; and, above all, something better than 'the house' for the little bundle. Let it come, when she would have no father to work for her. Beyond wants and wishes such as these, there seemed no room in the narrow cottage horizon.

And now, it seems, we have only to put Martin in possession of his fortune, and set the village bells ringing through a sentence or so over his good-luck; and the reader feels that we could ring our poor neighbours into their rights with a heartier peal than we could find for the best dream good-fortune bestowed on shadows of the brain. But have we not all found out for ourselves one wide difference between the drama of fiction and the drama of real life? In the one, how easily difficulties can be got rid of, how readily mysteries clear up at the proper moment, how naturally everything, once begun, arrives at some happy and appropriate conclusion! In life, the order is quite otherwise; and it is these beginnings without an end, these riddles without an answer, the work which has no pay-day, the race to which no goal is set, this vexing incompleteness on every side, which darkens the shadow on the human lot. Our bit of homely history—most literally true—is a case in point. Here all mysterious evidence has been forthcoming, and Martin's claim established without much trouble; but this done, where is the four thousand pounds? Was the name that was the dying man had not breath to tell? Who advertised for the heir-at-law, and sent letters of inquiry to Clerk Judkins? Of course, a

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The 'shires'—pronounced as if written sheers—to East Anglia, are Lincoln, Cambridge, and Hertford shires. These are the Ultima Thule of our rural population.
day-labourer has no money to risk in setting agents to work who might, or might not, find answers to these questions. As for my friend Martin, I must say that, under the disappointment, he turns up quite a philoso-
phiser in a small book—'My miseries, feats, pos-
ting thing,' he was saying to me yesterday; 'natural, she
thinks a good deal of the four pound we've spent, and
all for small stuff,' he may say. 'Howsmungen-
dy that's to be made up by punching a bit; and if we
could get at our rights, the fortin mightn't bring us
good. Why, there was grandfather, his fortin only
made a bed lot of him. Nayther, I don't see what
good this here money was to the man that went on
the scrap all his life to save it, and hadn't so much as
wife and child.'

The honest fellow is right; it may be as well for
him and his that the threat Gilbert Doggett flung in
his brother's face should hold good after all:

'Nobody belonging to you shall ever be a penny
the better for any earnings of mine.'

THE GREAT DOVER FLOOD OF 1662.

Only a few weeks have gone by since the public
sympathy was evoked to alleviate a wide-spread
devastation, caused by the outbreak of waters in the
thirties of the country, now about recently won from the
sea.

Upon a grey autumnal morning, exactly two centuries
ago, a courier, all travel-stained, his jaded horse
embossed with foam, passed through the portals of the
Admiralty, then, as now, at Whitehall, and delivered a
letter superscribed 'Dover, November 12, 1662.'—In
haste—poste haste—poste haste—or all is lost! Port,
town, and people!' The order is of course addressed
to the Duke of York, then, as now, the supreme
monarch of all that is north-west of the Humber, and
the seventy and eighteenth centuries, and long subse-
quently, performed Britain's postal service, at the rate
of a bed lot an hour. Nayther, I don't see what

good this here money was to the man that went on
the scrap all his life to save it, and hadn't so much as
wife and child.'

No printed narrative of this dreadful sea-flood has
ever yet appeared in print. The inhabitant of
Dover will learn from it for the first time the
calamity endured by his forefathers; the future
historian of Kent will be furnished with a new
incident in his calendar of local events; for even
Halsted, the author of a county topography in four
huge folio volumes, though generally diffuse upon the
ancient and modern annals of Dover town, makes no
allusion whatever to the terrible flood of 1662.

The public manuscript records alone preserve its
memory and details. 'Right Honorable,' writes
Hugh Morell, the Dover mayor, in the letter before
me, addressing Sir William Batten, Secretary of
the Navy, 'we are here in a maze of astonishment
at an inbreach of the sea. People tremble for their
lives, hourly expectant of a second inundation. Dover
never was of such consequence as now, my lord,
since Dunkirk has been disposed of. It demands
for this port and town, with its thousand inhabit-
ants, as for life and death, an instant commis-
sion of the Trinity House, to see the devastation
and destruction, and make report thereof. The
whole town is gone, except about twenty houses.
A bark was driven upon a stone-roofed cottage; the
seamen thinking they had been upon a rock, com-
mitted themselves to God. Three of them, leaping
out of the ship, chance to light upon the house-top,
and so were saved. The owner's wife being in child-
hood died, notwithstanding she died out of her bed
unto them, grasping her baby by its skirts, but in her
feebleness she lost hold, and the child was drowned,
as was its father. Master Elliot, at the "Swaun" there,
had his house, being out of it, all flooded up to the
third story. The stable-walls fell in, and the
horses tied to the manger were all lost. How many
poor souls will be utterly ruined! The bodies of
the thousand and hundred men drowned in the
pastures, all dead, with knee, oxen, great mares,
colls of the breed of the great war-horse, and other
cattle innumerable. In a village, a maiden had gone
out to milk her kine at daybreak. Before she had
fully ended, the waters almost environed her.
Balancing her brimming pail, she strove to wade
to land, but no—her hair was wet to the
back, and crawling to the summit of a bank, she sat there
through the day, and next long wintry night, all
but the deal with cat's eyes to see. Thither
Thither came, as to an ark of safety, all the wild
animals and vermin that lived round about. Cats,
dogs, polecats, foxes, moles, hares, rabbits, nay, even
snakes, sought refuge upon that little islet of dry
earth. Much ado had she to keep them from
crawling upon her; and though by nature deadly
enemies the one to the other, an instinct of common
danger wholly suspended their natural	warring
away.

'Many that were rich when they rose from sleep in
the morning, were poor not above noon. Master Fuller
lost eleven hundred sheep. Yet did the sun on that
day shine out fairly and brightly, and the town and
neighbourhood went cheerfully to the business of the
day. A shepherd came to the Duke of York, and asked
some dinner of his wife; she, being more bold
than mannerly, said he should have none of her;
then chancing to look towards the meadows where
the sheep were, and seeing them whirling in a
circle tumbling in, one over another, like great
mountains of water, and that the flock must perish unless fetched in,

"He is no good shepherd," quoth she, "who dares
to venture his life upon the success of these
venturesome messengers that in the
seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and long subse-
quently, performed Britain's postal service, at the rate
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poor souls will be utterly ruined! The bodies of
the thousand and hundred men drowned in the
pastures, all dead, with knee, oxen, great mares,
colls of the breed of the great war-horse, and other
a submerged town. Unwilling, however, to appear wholly indifferent to their pathetic appeal, the following 'king's letter,' enriched with the sign-manual royal, is addressed to the knights and justices of Kent.

'Trusty and well-beloved, wee greet you well. Having with much sorrow understood the late great damage, spoil, and loss which our town and harbour of Dover hath sustained by the high and raging seas, swallowing up divers works, walls, and houses thereof; and that the tides do still increase and swell, to the imminent danger of our said town and inhabihtants of the same, many of whom have been already taken and drowned, and the rest continually threatened with destruction, wee have thought fit to recommend the redress of so great misery to your especial care and compassion, willing you to invite earnestly all our loving subjects dwelling in the parts adjacent forwith to contribute their best assistance, by sending in their carts, carriages, and other necessaries, towards the reparation, from future ruin, of the breaches made in our said town and harbour, assuring them that—besides the duty and charity which they owe their country in a time of so apparent hazard— wee shall esteem their endeavours herein a very acceptable service.—Given at our court at Whitehall ye 14th day of November, in the 16th year of our reign.'

Providence, however, helps those who help themselves. It was through the self-reliant spirit of the surviving townsmen, rather than any magical results of the royal letters-missive, that Dover speedily arose from its ruins to become, by imperceptible advances, the handsome and prosperous seaport known to our generation. Its population being now, exclusive of visitors, a dozenfold greater than 'the thousand inhabitants' washed out of their beds by that 'most extremest storm' in the year of special accidents by flood and field, the disastrous 1605.

HOME FROM THE COLONIES.
A TRIP TO FAIRYLAND.

We did not go to Fairyland upon the day appointed.

In Morumbidgee, where, when it rains, it rains, and the hailstones are at times so large as to kill birds, and even young lambs, we can promise our visitor fine weather, as one takes lodgings, 'for a month certain'; but in England, in respect to all projected out-of-door entertainments, there is, even in summer, the greatest uncertainty. Man proposes, but the heavens settle it. It rained for days; and, moreover, I was not in a fit condition for an excursion of pleasure. There are few colonists who do not bring back with them some reminiscences from their adopted land in the shape of a disease. The 'little present from India' is liver complaint; from the Gold Coast and the West Indies, it is ague; and although Australia is but a poor country for illnesses, yet not to be altogether behind the rest, it gives us a liability to influenza. I was laid up in Half-moon Street with an attack of that most ridiculous ailment—the eye-closer, the mouth-opener, that enemy of distinct pronunciation, which confuses our ps with our bs.

During this infliction, nothing could exceed at first the courtesy, and afterwards the attentive kindness of my new-found friends. Their names, I learned, were respectively Charles Martin and Angus Layton; but it suited our humour to call one another X, and Y, and Morumbidgee, as we had begun. They procured for me the newest books, and even read them to me aloud when I was unable to amuse myself in that way; and when I was too prostrated to rise, they came up into my room—of which they had made quite a flower-garden—without their beloved cigars, and did me more good by their pleasant talk than I could have extracted from a whole medicine-chest. In vain I protested that such conduct was not in the bond; that they had undertaken to show me life, but not to tend me in hospital.

'What is true,' admitted X; 'but then, on our own parts, we cannot afford to lose a new sensation. We are not accustomed to sick people.—Try a little lemonade; you can taste it, can you? Come, that shows you're getting well—and you afford us a most curious and interesting study, I assure you. Don't he, Y?'

'Most certainly,' assented the other; 'it couldn't be better—unless, indeed, it was a surgical case. I have often been going to see an amputation, but I never did it. Perhaps, when he gets over this bout, he will be good enough to meet with a compound comminated fracture of some sort or other. Ah, here are those strawberries come at last. There is nothing objectionable about them, as there was in the cherries.'

'I confound like a sick sheep at this, intending to laugh; for it was Y's theory that I was not really ill, but only disordered and thrown out of gear by finding everything in England contrary to what it was in Australia. I had not been able to eat any cherries that had been provided for me, and he averred that I had set myself against them because the stones were not outside the fruit, as in Morumbidgee. He was always apologising for the scent in the flowers, and for the song of a caged thrush that hung in a window opposite—Australian flowers being for the most part scentless, and the birds without song; and he insisted upon placing a cuckoo-clock outside my door, that I might hear that persevering note at night, as in the under-world.

As to thanks, these young gentlemen would have none of them, protesting that all kind offices of theirs were but my due, since in the Tables of Affinity the Advertiser occurred in the same line with one's Brothers and Sisters; and, indeed, added Y, 'considerably before one's elder brother, if the property is entailed.'

I could not help getting rapidly well under such circumstances as these, nor did I regret the indisposition which had evoked such evidences of good feeling in those with whom I had so curiously cast in my lot. 'Morumbidgee,' said X, one evening, as I was retiring to my room, 'you are getting well and strong now, and it is time that we should commence our campaign. To-morrow is, for certain reasons, peculiarly suitable for a trip to Fairyland; the glass at last promises us fine weather; and—'

'Hush!' interrupted Y mysteriously; 'don't annoy him, or he won't sleep. The barometer ought to fail, you know, according to his reckoning.* He has been quite pleased with the weather lately, because it has been like winter, as June in all well-regulated climates ought to be. For goodness' sake, don't let him know that it's the longest day to-morrow, for it ought to be the shortest. It would quite spoil his pleasure.'

The next morning, a barouche and pair conveyed us early through the south-western suburbs of London. The amazing extent of these fatigued as much as they astonished me. However mean and vile the outskirts of our colonial towns may be, at least one soon gets out of them. A poor man may there sleep in an alley, and yet breathe mountain air before breakfast. But here, were it not for the Parks, tens of thousands would never behold a tree or a blade of grass. We drove through miles of melancholy streets, where every other shop was either an emporium for lollipops or for cheap literature; their Principle, it was set

* In Australia, the barometer rises before bad weather, and falls before good.
forth in their windows, was Small Profits, and I should think that it must be their practice also. After a great while, however, we arrived at what seemed to be a country town. Which, however, was London still, and eventually at the country. This country consisted not of open fields, but of great walls, over which, when lower than common, or through the bars of jealous iron gates, we caught occasional peeps of exquisite gardens, parks, and shrubberies, and of the mansions they surrounded. In the land from which I come, when I drive by any country-seat such as these, it is probable I know who lives there. Upon inquiry, I can easily learn whether he made his money by gold or by sheep, and even some scandal about his father having emigrated at the government expense with a ring round one of his ankles. But the proprietors of the splendid places I was now looking at — Jones of the Stock Exchange, Brown the army contractee, Robinson who finds the rough-and-tumble mysteriously remunerative—these men of two thousand a year and upwards were nobodies. Society, of which they would be shining lights in Melbourne, is here unaware of their existence. As we emerged from this region into the champaign, a mighty glimmer of light flashed upon us through the trees. The top of the wooded hill seemed clothed in fire as for another sunrise. It dazzled me for a moment, and was gone; we were travelling on an elm-set English highway only, amidst a chequer-work of beam and shade. Then the trees ceased offering its great interval, and through it I beheld a magnificent palace of light, with towers and pinnacles tipped with flame. It was like no building wrought by the hand of man, and I looked for it to fade like a vision before my unsatisfied eyes.

'It is the Palace that was made by enchantment out of a single diamond,' exclaimed X, 'by the good genius of Focke, and which is open to mortals six days in the week, but on the seventh only to Shah; it holds the unfortunate— to whose griefs its garden, planted by Prince Packenham, is sacred expense.'

In another moment we had entered the crystal portal, and I found myself in the distant tropics, among luminous birds and giant vegetation. The atmosphere would have been oppressive but for Sirens who scattered coolness through the place from a mighty fountain, in which grew the rice-plant and the sugar-cane, and one with tall green stems and flowing leaves, upon which the eye gladly rested, as a relief to the surrounding splendors.

'It is the papyrus,' observed X, 'which supplied note-paper to the Egyptians; the Great, from whose temple came yonder statues.'

I turned, and through an avenue of palms and sphinxes, perceived two figures seated, so colossal that I had entered between them without perceiving either.

'These were hewn out of the solid Nubian rock,' continued X, 'more than fifteen hundred years before the Christian era.'

'It is appalling to contemplate the offspring of a period such as that,' said I; 'it is like standing face to face with eternity.'

'And yet that opposite cedal—look you—was centuries old before Rameses was in the arms of his dusky mother, and once stood proudly up four hundred feet in air in the Sierra Nevada, in California. These things perplex you, Morumbidgee, because you attempt to reason about them. Give yourself up into my hands. I possess the enchanted carpet which Prince Hamman bought at Benagur for the Princess Nodu-sunnah; and it shall carry us whithersoever you please.

In an instant of time you shall be in the halls of Bennachiri, guarded by the winged Assyrian bulls; or in that red palace above Granada where the Moor held regal state in defiance of Christendom.'

The Court of Lions in the Alhambra rose before me while he spoke, a mass of gold and colour, with the stalactite roof of the Hall of the Abencerrages beyond. The solitary splendour of the place—its gilded halls and inlaid ceilings, its silent fountain, its dim divans, its whispering columns—inviting dreams of Hesperia, and seemed as though I could have lived here with the memories of the Old, a lifetime. But X said: 'Behold!' and drew aside a curtain.

I know not what scene that had been peopled by Peris, I know I should not have wondered. A vision of whiteness, of things too bright and beautiful to be real set in a realm of crystal; a mingling of statues and foliage; a murmur of music and voices.

'Be calm, O son of the under-world. Lo, here is ancient Greece.'

Before us stood the temple of Jupiter at Nemea, and through the columned entrance I caught a glimpse, I thought, of the Athenian Parthenon. Within, were all the statues that have most charmed the world since art was born—the Farnese Joves and the Laocoön; the Discobulus and the Ariadne from the Vatican; and in the centre, as though to receive the homage of the rest, the matchless Milo Venus. I was looking at the living flowers upon the wall—that long procession of man and horse that reaches through so many centuries—when twilight fell upon my eyes.

'This darkness is Egyptian,' murmured X; 'we are in the tomb of Beni Hassan, on the Eastern Nile.'

On the walls without there were sunk relief edifices, and in the midst of that in which we stood a marble bath. At the entrance of this costly place was inscribed Sisra—welcome.

'This, then, is Rome,' said I.

'Not so,' said X; 'although the men that lived here were Romans, before the burning flood came from the hill, and made them dust. It is Pompeii. For sixteen hundred years this house, and thousands like it, lay covered with white ashes ere man began to dig for these memorials of his fellows. This was the summer dining-room; here the revelers were reclining, doubtless singing and going forth; this was the Xystus, or flower-garden.'

'A flower-garden!' cried I passionately; 'oh, how my dizzy eyes would love to look upon a simple flower!'

In a moment we stood upon a range of terraces, below which smiled a hundred gay parterres, with marble vases filled to the brim with flowers, and green-sward and trees—a mass of bloom and verdure, interspersed with whitest statues and long flights of marble stairs. Innumerable fountains, not as yet in motion, but with beaded bubbles winking at their brim, in act to rise, made silver throbbing round us, while in the distance lay a wooded landscape sloping to green hills. Beyond those lay, perchance, the common world, but all within sight was Paradise.

While, we looked, the beaded bubbles grew, and high and high leaped the water-falls, and intermingling at the highest point one with another, flashed above the trees; and lo! a broad white stream went tripping down a marble channel, which I had taken for stairs, and out of the roots of the summer day, the spring—enchanted my tongue, in act to rise, made silver throbbing round us, while in the distance lay a wooded landscape sloping to green hills. Beyond those lay, perchance, the common world, but all within sight was Paradise.

The heat of the noonday was quelled, the faint colours were fresher, that came from the rotary beneath, and the topmost spray touched our hot brows, falling far through the blue.

'Happy fountains,' ejaculated a languid voice beside me; 'when they work, they only play.'
This was Y, whom we had suddenly come upon, stretched on the sloping green-awn, and smoking a cigar.

"And so you deserted us, when we started upon the enchanted carpet," observed I reprovingly.

"Not so," said he; "I would have shown you the omnium gatherum with the greatest pleasure, but under the Master's eye, I would have been guilty of some unseemly thing. His enchanted wand moved this way and that with wild velocity, and the bassetes stormed, and the soprano made complaint, as though all the world had quarrelled with him, and were 'having it out' together for our benefit. Some said it was one thing, and some another, for it is not to be denied that there is a certain sameness about choruses, and that most of them, to an uneducated ear, have a very striking resemblance to 'God Save the King.' When there was music without voices, the difficulty of identification was even greater.

"What is that, if you please, sir?" inquired an enthusiastic but indifferent old lady in our neighbourhood, of the impassioned Y.

"I believe, madam, it is the Overture to Samson,'"

"The what, sir?" reiterated this lady sharply, who carried about with her an accompaniment to the drum of her car in the shape of an ear-trumpet.

"Whose overture, did you say?"

"I believe it was Delilah's overture, made to the Philistines," responded Y with gravity.

"Dear me," responded she, making a note of this.

"I am fortunate indeed in sitting next to a gentleman of such information."

"There could be no doubt in any mind concerning the piece that followed. Thither even that scene, so instinct with life and colour, there seemed to fall an impalpable gloom with the first notes of the Dead March in Saul. The Fairy Palace itself might have been a funeral vault while that 'knight of small renown,' as the dead was echoing through its aisles. The chorus from L'Allegro, again, one would have thought, was equally unmistakable; but this was not universally the case."

"Do you not hear people laughing, sir?" exclaimed our inquiring neighbour with indignation: "people who want to laugh should not come to an oratorio."

"Madam, in that I most entirely agree with you," returned Y earnestly; "but it is the chorus itself which is laughing in the present instance."

"Then, sir, they ought to be ashamed of themselves—that is my opinion—when persons have paid twelve-and-six to listen to them. And what are they all getting up and going away for? That is not a piece in the programme of this Rehearsal, that I am aware of."

"It is the Retreat of the Four Thousand, madam. The singers go before, and the minstrels follow after—to lunch."

Y's information was munificently recompensed to himself and friends in some excellent refreshments, which the old lady had brought with her in a basket which might have served for Moses's cradle in Israel in Egypt. She was, for her own part, charmingly communicative, and expected others to be equally ready with their remarks, turning her trumpet suddenly upon you like a subscription-box, and awaiting your observation with some impatience. When we talked among ourselves, she listened, omitting, from motives of delicacy, from joining in the conversation, but soliloquising upon the various subjects as they arose, aloud. When X, for example, was praising, with some eloquence, the incomparable basses, the thunders of the musical Vatican, as being in every sense the 'great guns' of an oratorio, she gave in her adhesion thus: 'Yes,' said she, making the observation to space, 'I like them basses; I can hear them.'"

During the second part of the performance, there was suddenly a commotion in the place, caused by
the rising and departure of the Pacha of Egypt and his suite, who were among the company.

"Then foreigners care nothing for music," remarked our old lady, provokingly. 'Abraham Pacha always said he liked the tooting better than anything that was played afterwards."

"Nay, madam, his High Mightiness is offended," explained Y; 'this Israel in Egypt is, of course, a painful subject for him to listen to. He rose, you observed, when the chorus began to express their pleasure that the horse and the rider were thrown into the sea. His patriotic feelings were wounded; he could not forget that Pharaoh, with all his weaknesses, was a pacha like himself. The Times says that it is of the greatest importance to England that he should be kept in good-humour. Let us therefore follow, and make apology to him, O Morumbidgee."

Under this ingenious pretence, we escaped from the patient throng, and from the old lady of Block O, and once more sought the garden, fair to wander in, but fairer to look down upon with some wide-open window at last. We banqueted in a pavilion of crystal, and from it watched the returning crowds pass by, for whom the Fiery Dragon waited below, and thousands of whom would have to wait for the Fiery Dragon.

"Oh, never come to the palace of Fockphansadar," said X, 'and, still more, never return, by any such means. The Dragon would gladly swallow every victim that is offered to him, but his maw is quite inadequate. The devotees, desirous to be first, fight with one another like fiends. Women and children are disregarded and trodden under foot by Selfishness and Brutal Strength."

"True," said Y; 'gentle society without its "company manners," in a railway crush, is one of the ghastliest sights I know."

But ourselves, like gods above the thunder, though not like them, I trust, 'smiling in secret,' how the throng was unmoved, for our barouches awaited us. We watched the shadows lengthen on the lawns, and evening quench the latest western flame that lingered on the palace pinacles. Most true it was, we spent that day in Fairyland.

A goodly place, a goodly time, As e'er were in the golden prime Of good Haroun Alraschid.

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**THE MONTH:**

**SCIENCE AND ARTS.**

The Astronomer-royal has delivered his usual annual Report to the Board of Visitors of the Observatory; and it is worthy of remark, as showing the increasing use which science is making of the spectrum, that he mentions having prepared 'a prism-apparatus, for examination of the spectra of fixed stars.' Spectrum analysis is indeed making rapid advances; chemists and opticians are availing themselves of its astonishing powers with promising results. At the last meeting of the Royal Society, a Mr. Pasha, who has a large share in the papers read, had spectrum analysis as their object or subject. But to return to the Report above quoted: Mr. Airy states that for the examination of spontaneous magnetic earth-currents, which at times play tricks with the telegraph, two wires have been laid from the Observatory to the Greenwich Railway station, where one connects with a wire terminating at Dartford, the other with a wire terminating at Croydon. As each of these will have its extremities buried in the ground, it is thought that the phenomena of earth-currents will be brought within the means of careful observation. Mr. C. V. Walker, F.R.S., has already made a preliminary discussion of the subject, which is published in the Philosophical Transactions. Mr. Airy further recommends the Visitors to press upon the Admiralty the advantage of having hourly time-siguals flashed down to the Start. An expense of £2000 would have to be incurred for the outfit, and the annual outlay afterwards would be a little over £300, a small sum when compared with the benefit to be gained. 'The great majority of outward-bound ships,' says the Astronomer-royal, pass within sight of the Start, and, if an hourly signal were exhibited, would have the means of regulating their chronometers at a most critical part of their voyage. . . . I know no direction of the powers of the Observatory,' he adds, 'which would tend so energetically to carry out the great object of its establishment, "the finding out the so much-desired longitude at sea."'

Another important subject mentioned in the Report is the measurement of a great arc of parallel from Valentia to the Volga. The Russians, it is said, will be ready with their part of the work by the end of the present summer; the improved geodetic junction between Britain and Belgium was completed some months ago by Sir H. James, so that the time has come for re-measuring the astronomical longitude between Greenwich and St Petersburg. Mr. Airy and this is shortly to be accomplished with the co-operation of the officers of Ordnance and the Magnetic Telegraph Company.

Mr. Lassell writes further from Malta, that he finds the climate eminently favourable for his astronomical observations; he has made a preliminary examination of some of the nebulae, and confirms the Earl of Rosse's conclusions as to their spiral form. He intended to devote himself entirely to those far-remote phenomena; but the moon is a popular object, and so many visitors wished to have a peep at its bright face in his large reflector, that he has been led to examine our satellite, and he remarks that it 'fascinates him greatly.' 'I see,' he continues, 'minute details with a hardness, sharpness, and reality I have never seen before. I believe that if a carpet the size of Lincoln's Inn Fields were laid down on the moon's surface, I should now be able to tell whether it were round or square. Yet what I see is nothing more than a representation of the same volcanic texture, the same cold, crude, silent, and desolate character which smaller telescopes usually exhibit. The Meteorological Society are not content with having infused fresh vigour into their proceedings, enlarged their number of members, and published a respectable account of their doings for the past twelve months, but they are going to try to settle some of the most important questions in their special science, or, at all events, to throw some light upon them. The attempt was made last year by a balloon ascent from Wolverhampton, which proved abortive. That part of Staffordshire is chosen because it is about as far from the sea on every side as it is possible to get in England; and as the balloon is to ascend to a height of five miles, it is not thought safe to choose a starting-point nearer the coast. As it is, there must always be some risk of a balloon being caught by a quick upper current, and blown away from over the land. A new balloon has been made for the experiment: the only persons to ascend are Mr. Corwell the aeronaut, and Mr. Glaisher, who is well known as principal meteorologist at Greenwich Observatory. Good instruments are provided for the observations, and Mr. Glaisher will have nothing to do but note the degree of temperature and moisture of the air at different elevations; the amount of electricity...
present in the atmosphere; the time in which a magnet vibrates or oscillates, and the state of the barometer. Observers who remain below are to make simultaneous observations in great parts of the country for subsequent comparison, and some are to make it their especial business to measure the height of the balloon from time to time, as much depends on the elevating power of the gas. As the experiment is to be made while these particulars are at press, we can say nothing as yet concerning the result.

Captain Denham of the royal navy has drawn up a summary of his surveying voyage in the Pacific in the ship Herald, during the years 1852-61. Among the results are 163 determinations of latitude and longitude; forty-one islands carefully surveyed and mapped; forty-two reefs and shoals properly laid down, and 450 miles of the Australian coast surveyed. Besides fixing accurately the place of the reefs and shoals mentioned above, many supernumeraries ones have been proved to have no real existence. A primary consequence of this expunging of imaginary dangers from the maps is the fact, that vessels sailing from India to China can now shorten the length of their voyage by one-fifth. Besides all this, a large number of magnetic observations was taken, and a deep-sea sounding instrument made use of between Monte Video and Tristan d'Acunha, which gave a depth of 7706 fathoms. If any reliance is to be placed on this sounding, it confirms Dr Whewell's theory as to the depth of the Atlantic valley in that region.

The Elle, one of the ships of the Prussian navy, has recently returned from a two years' cruise along the coast of Siam, bringing a large collection of objects of natural history; more materials for European museums and European books.—The Porcupine, a government surveying-ship, is commissioned for a trip across the Atlantic, by request of the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to take another line of soundings across from the west of Ireland to Newfoundland. Special attention is to be paid to the sudden dip, 200 miles from the Irish coast, where the depth suddenly changes from 500 to 1750 fathoms. This dip is a difficulty. Could a bank be found running all across not more than 500 fathoms beneath the surface, it would be comparatively easy to lay down another Atlantic cable.

A few years ago, there was published, under the authority of the Board of Ordnance, a collection of Meteorological Observations made at nineteen of the principal stations of the Royal Engineers during the years 1833-34. A large quarto volume has just been issued by order of the Secretary of State for War containing the observations from the date above mentioned down to 1835-39, made at thirty-one stations. We must explain, however, that the observations are only given in abstract; presenting the mean results, and the extreme range of the instruments, during each month and year; the original registers are bound and kept at the Ordnance Office for reference. In the list of stations we notice twelve within the United Kingdom; from Stirling to Southampton, and from Newcastle to Enniskillen; one at Guernsey; four in North America, including Newfoundland; three in the Mediterranean; four in the West Indies, including Bermuda and the Bahama; and one at each of the following places, Hong-Kong, Ceylon, St Helena, Mauritius, Graham's Town, Freemantle (Western Australia), and Auckland (New Zealand). The observations, so far as we are aware, have been made to determine the mean value of the barometer throughout the globe.

Sir Henry James, director of the Ordnance Survey, states, in his introductory remarks, that 'the importance of having correct information as to the climate of all countries in which we have stations is now so fully recognised, that the Secretary of State for War has given orders for meteorological observations to be taken by all the medical officers in the army wherever stationed.' The corps of Engineers have in consequence handed over their instruments to the doctors, who were to commence their duties on the 1st of April of the present year. Two thousand copies of Sir H. James's Instructions for taking Meteorological Observations have been issued to the medical officers, to guide them in their new duty; and henceforth we shall get a correct knowledge of the climate of every place occupied by a British garrison. The value of such records is obvious; the emigrant, merchant, and geographer will consult them, the meteorologist will attempt to discover therein the laws of the weather, and the student of physical science will gather from them subjects for investigation.

A recent chemical discovery made by a firm who shew specimens of artificial stone in the International Exhibition, demonstrates that solutions of alumina and silica can be prepared, which, when mixed, will remain fluid for some hours; that instead of having a quantity of liquid which solidifies immediately, a manufacturer using these solutions may arrange beforehand for a process of slow solidification. This is said to be a great advantage in the manufacture of artificial stone, or in the protection and hardening of natural stone. The discovery, indeed, brings to light what seems to be an unsuspected market in chemistry, one susceptible of wider applications. It is entirely under control; so that the manufacturer having decided that the fluid shall begin to thicken after six, ten, or any convenient number of hours, will see the result actually take place, and by arranging waste and chippings in moulds, and pouring the solution over them, he may convert the refuse of a quarry or stone-yard into useful blocks of stone.

Mr Sorby, who, by means of his microscope, has contributed largely towards the science of geology, is now pursuing a series of experiments with a view to ascertain and demonstrate the mode of formation of mineral veins. His notion is, that the application of pressure to a substance highly saturated, compels the salts or other elements therein contained to crystallise out wherever they can find room. Hence fissures and crevices in rock-formation have been filled by a process of crystallisation which originated in some tremendous pressure of the whole mass. The theory is ingenious, and may contain a partial truth, which could not be left in better hands than Mr Sorby's for its successful working.

M. Pouchet has addressed a note to the Academy of Sciences at Paris on the Migration of Eulosa, a subject that has of late years much engaged the attention of naturalists and physiologists. It has been supposed that the Tenia ocellata—the creature which produces the staggers in sheep—was a modified tapeworm, which had bored its way to the head from the intestines of the animal. M. Pouchet and his colleague deny the fact, and the conclusions; and shew by experiment that no such migration takes place.

The dangers of consanguineous marriages, and their influence in multiplying deaf and dumb cases among children, is the subject of a paper presented to the Academy by M. Bouli. It supplies matter for grave consideration. Taking the whole number of marriages in France, the consanguineous represent 2 per cent, while the proportion of deaf and dumb children born of those consanguineous marriages is to the whole number of deaf and dumb births at Lyon, at least 25 per cent; at Paris, 28 per cent; at Bordeaux, 30 per cent. The nearer the consanguinity of parents, the more does this proportion increase along the globe.
involved: Protestantism is more favourable to consanguineous marriages than Roman Catholicism is; and it appears by a return from Berlin, that the proportion of deaf and dumb children in 10,000 Catholics in that city was 2½; in 10,000 of other Christian sects, mostly Protestant, it was 6; and among Jews, 27 in 10,000. A similar result comes out in other circumstances. By a census taken in the territory of Iowa in 1840, there were found 2¾ deaf and dumb in 10,000 whites; 212 deaf and dumb in 10,000 blacks (slaves), or 91 times more than among the whites. In this case, the habits of the blacks were favourable to the increased result. It is found that where intermarriage is in some sort a necessity, from geographical position, there is an immense increase in the proportion of deaf and dumb births. For the whole of France, the proportion is 6 in 10,000; in Corsica, it rises to 14 in 10,000; in the High Alps, to 23; in the canton of Berne, to 28. In Iceland, it is 11. The whole number of the deaf and dumb in Europe is estimated at 250,000; and when we consider that other infirmities of a very serious character, including idiocy, are distinctly traceable to consanguineous marriages, we are led to inquire, what are the means by which relatives may be persuaded not to marry one another? Is it not a question which the Social Science Association might take up and discuss with advantage?

The food-question is one which arises from time to time among medical men and physiologists, notwithstanding the fond belief that some entertain that they have settled it. Mr W. S. Savory has read a paper before the Royal Society, entitled Experiments on Food; its Destination and Uses, in which he gives an account of a series of experiments made with a view to throw light on this much-debated question. It is well known that no one principle of food will suffice for nutrition; but, as Mr Savory observes, a clear and unequivocal evidence is still wanting to show how far each principle of food is essential to life and health, provided all else save that one be sufficiently supplied. This question he attempts to answer.

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KITTIE PALMER.

[The sole inscription on an old headstone in Dulwicch churchyard.]

But 'Kittie Palmer'—not a word
Beyond—the mossy head-stone's shewing;
Not even a date; it seems absurd
To care for one can't be knowing.
Yet I can't help it; she lies nigh
The quiet road I travel often,
And always, when I pass her by,
Towards Kitty there my heart will soften.

There's nothing there her age to say
Young! old—all's hid by time's thick curtain.
Was she a babe, scarce born a day?
A girl! a woman!—all's uncertain.
Was she maid, wife, or widow!—well,
That knowledge—we must do without it;
We know there's nothing here to tell,
And that's all we can know about it.

What were her conquests?—did she reign,
A child, but in her home's affections,
Or, older grown, seek, not in vain,
Heart-triumphs, for sweet recollections?
Was she vain! humble! foolish! wise?
Rich! poor! coy! bold! quite dull! or witty?
Oh, were you wicked with your eyes,
A plague to men!—I hope not, Kitty!

Did children make her smile or sigh,
A blessed or afflicted mother?
Did she at weddings laugh! or try
By death-beds, sob in vain to soothe?
At her grandchildren's christenings, eyes,
Half tears—half laughter, did she show now!
Or weep their flight to Paradise,
From cradles here!—ah, who can know now!

Yet still my fancy will go on
About this long-gone Kitty dreaming.
She, freed from all we think upon
Of worldly toils, and cares, and scheming.
Whatever she was, here her rest—
How pleasantly these green elms shade it!
How calm and threshold is her breast,
However wild, or sad, life made it!

As here I see her lie, forgot
By all who used to hate or love her.
By all save one who makes this spot
So sweet with thymy turf above her,
I cannot come to picture her
But as a sweet one life could render
With smiles to heaven—one fit to stir
In me but thoughts serene and tender.

So I think of her—think her fair,
And, on the painted sunshine gazing,
See laughing eyes and golden hair,
All beauty that one should be praising;
A happy, girlish wife before
My sight she lives, to fancy giving
Content more calm—more sweet, since more
Undaunted by fears, than do the living.

For we are things that know no peace—
Poor slaves of care, and toil, and pleasure,
Of wants and hopes that never cease,
For calm content we have no leisure;
But hers no more are sin and death,
All we must fear—with which we've striven;
Earth's must be still unquiet breath;
She breathes but heaven's, we trust, forgiven.

All they who knew her, too, have passed
From time; all broken heart-ties mended,
They have rejoined her where at last
All tears are dried—all sorrows ended:
What matters, then, that here her name
Alone is written! She is feting
As well as most who cared for fame,
For whom now not a soul is caring.

Ah! you who here are writing this,
And dream, perhaps, in future story
Your name may live—who, catch or miss,
Snatch at a little gleam of glory,
Is it so much that men should know
Your words years hence!—nay, man, breathe calmer!
Will you not sleep as well below
The grass, forget like Kitty Palmer?

Blackheath.

W. C. R.

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ON THE DANUBE, AND AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

1.

Against the stream, when the ship is strong, is the most beautiful way of journeying on the river Danube, as well as it often is on the river of life. Downward, for instance, from Linz to Vienna, it takes but nine hours, but then the rapidity of the motion does not allow of a distinct and complete view of the scenery that tempts the eye in passing—just as many of those so-called happy, rich people, who run fast through life, can never know it but superficially. Upward, the same distance requires twenty-six hours. The mountains on both sides, the vineyards, ruins, villages, towns, and the large, lonely convents are slowly drawn up before the eye, and have time to appear in their real character, to throw into the soul a bright or sad romantic glance, which, like a strange melody, a 'song without words,' you never forget.

Now and then, you go on shore, you pluck a flower, catch a kind glance from a woman's eyes, or surprise the sunshine in beautifully coloured glades beneath the vine-foilage; and the river itself, whilst the pouting steamer forces its way, changes strangely, from morning brightness and noon clearness, to the mysteriously tinted evening shades, amongst which fairy legends or historical records of love, chivalry, war, and terror, seem to peep out from the mountains and woods, as if they were being called into new life and reality. Or, if you prefer practical, instructive, real life to poetical emotions and dreams, there is much to be seen on the steamer itself; you here encounter representatives of the varied populations of the Austrian empire. The first I saw of these were three Hungarian noblemen, who wore the Styrian cocked-hat, with a cockade of chamois-beard, and the Styrian hunting-dress under their rich Magyarian mantles. They were bent on chamois-hunting in the Styrian and Salzburg mountains. The public papers had just related about the Countess Baththyanyi, assembling her servants and dividing her property amongst them, before she entered a convent, to mourn the fate of her husband, whom the Austrians so iniquitously and barbarously had hanged on the gallows; and these Hungarians, countrymen of Baththyanyi, Nagy Sandor, Damiian, were going sporting in the Austrian mountains! They had, fortunately, secured a separate cabin, where somewhat later in the morning the report of champagne bottles was heard. Abaft by the flagstaff sat an Austrian major, who had been wounded in a battle against General Bon, and now an invalid, was on his way to the baths of Gastein. He was a tall, strongly-built man, about fifty, with an open, martial countenance, and that oval-shaped head so often met with in Southern Austria, and which is considered by phrenologists as indicative of great heartiness and an average intellect. He, too, wore a green hat, with a cockade of the grey-brown, soft chamois-beard, signifying that the wearer has killed a chamois. The sportsman who has shot an eagle, or a vulture, sticks a feather of the bird in his hat, as the gardener's hat has flowers. You may certainly purchase, and adorn your hat with the insignia of the feat, but unlike some royal orders, it may give rise to a question of your merit, and a challenge to prove it, especially when you visit the mountains.

To my agreeable surprise, the old, renowned poet Castelli and his wife, whose acquaintance I had made in Vienna, came up from the cabin. Old Castelli had—I am sorry to say he has just died—a singularly free, quiet manner to strangers, remarkable even in South Germany, where social life is so easy. The consciousness of his popularity, and the sympathy he felt with every class of his countrymen, drew him near to others, and drew others to him, so that on board the steamer you might soon have fancied the passengers had not met accidentally, but were his friends or acquaintances, convened by him on an excursion. In the company around him, German was spoken in many dialects, for not only were Austria proper, Bohemia, Tyrol, Carnia, Styria, Istria represented, but even Serbia, by a priest in a long, black cloak, and with a peculiar brown beard, descending in a rectangular form to his waist. The conversation took a particular turn from the half-jesting reproach addressed to me by Castelli: 'Now, I am sure, you Danes are such barbarians, that you even do not know Blumauer's hymn to the Danube.' I could happily prove my country guiltless of such a crime. Some lines of the hymn were quoted, and took an effect, which taught me something. What links the Austrians together? The inhabitants of the kingdoms, archduchies, duchies, principalities, &c., forming the Austrian empire, are not a people or a nation, but differ from each other in race, history,
Leopold of Austria took Richard from Durenstein, and sold him to the Emperor Henry VI, who kept him for some time imprisoned on the Rhine. Although acquainted with these facts, one looks, nevertheless, on the gray, broken, tottering walls of Durenstein as a relic, sacred with loyalty and fidelity, and believes the guide, who, pointing to a grassy spot on the rock, says: 'There Blondel sat and sang.' So much power has poetic beauty over simple truth!

If your soul thirst for the poetry produced by capuchins, prelates, and monks, you will not lack these, neither on the Danube. The steam-boat stops at Mölk. You see an immense garden of flowers, fruit-trees, and vines ascending the scattered hills; but it will take some time before you pay the attention due to all this beauty, for immediately over your head, on a detached green rock, one hundred and eighty feet high, towers an immense building with dome and spires, at once a palace, a fortress, and a church. It is the stift or convent of Mölk, chief residence of the Austrian Benedictines.

The Danube was one of the great high-roads on which civilisation, led by monachism, entered Germany. When the industrious and studious Benedictines, as early as the seventh century, came from Monte Casino, they first settled here. The convent at Mölk was built 936 A.D., but became afterwards an Hungarian fortress, was restored to the order, burned, and rebuilt, and in 1808 was again made a fortress by the Emperor Napoleon, and at the peace was once more restored to the order. Ninety members of the brotherhood are living here, studying, teaching, or conducting the affairs of the order. They have a picture-gallery, and also a library consisting of 30,000 volumes.

The first feeling on entering such fine, light, vast halls, with their cases of beautiful and richly bound books, and on being led by the guide—generally a lively, polite, gentlemanly Benedictine—to inspect some rare manuscripts, is an indescribable feeling of well-being. You wish to remain here forever. It is as if the steamer, instead of ascending the Danube, had brought you back to the times of Attila and Charlemagne. Amongst these manuscripts, on the calm, secluded spot, blessed by nature, the great problem seems to be solved—deep love of science and truth, cordially connected with faith, at once a life of activity and peace. You take down a written psalter, and on finding some of those naive, beautiful illustrations for which the monks of the ninth and tenth centuries are especially celebrated, remember that at that moment in one of the very places whence a peculiarly aspiring, pure beauty-adorning spirit has sent forth its fragrance to the world. And this is just what Catholicism promises—art as well as science shall serve faith, and prosper in so doing. What dispels your illusion, what causes you to resign your wish of remaining hero almost as quickly as it was formed? Is it occasioned by your guide, the scholar of natural science, who tells you about a miracle performed by one of the pictures in the chapel? Or is it by another polite, well-breathed Benedictine, who has approached, and gently inquires whether you have been at Mariazell, deep among the mountains; or at Maria-Tatferl, on the Danube, and observed what wonderful cures the Holy Virgin has performed on the pilgrims, proofs of which are to be seen in the votive tablets on the walls?

Wer eine Wachsbaud, dehnt an der Hand die Wand, Und wer eine Wachsbaud, dem wird der Past gesund.*

Or is it by another conversation on the curse of liberty, and the advantages of the Concordat, which has given

* Bring her a wax-hand, and she curés your hand; bring her a wax-foot, and your foot becomes lame.
of the village, and has been honoured by the emperor with a medal, for having saved, some years back, nine men during a tempest on the lake. To some part of the village he is something of a wonder. One day, not shewed me his stores. I had anticipated finding there corn and fruits, and felt somewhat surprised at seeing a large heap of wooden toys. Most of the population of Traunenkirchen was told, early in the year, that bread by manufacturing toys, which are exported to Montenegro and Serbia. When trade slackens—when the rival (Bavarian) town of Bavaria possessed an ascendency—they come to Kardbach, and pawn their stock for bread and beer. How cheap their labour is, may be inferred from some of the prices. Baskets cost per dozen 4 kreuzer (1$d.;) a horse on wheels, 6$d.; another, with a whistle in the tail, 10$d.; a doll’s house, 4$d.; a pen-case, 9$d.; a dozen dolls, 1$d. Of course, this manufacture is coarse and clumsy, as may be expected, too, of toys which Montenegrin children are to throw at each other’s heads; but if you look at articles of a little more expensive character, you soon discover a sense of beauty—a physiognomist would add, the natural product of a population, which, in spite of the privations under which it suffers, is sanguine, lively, and pretty.

Formerly, the poor artisans received considerable assistance from their feudal lords, die Herrschaft; timber was sold to them at a nominal price, corn was at times distributed, and die Herrschaft paid the fees of the town night-policeman. The feudal rights and robot have been abolished, and the village has its parochial charity, die Herrschaft pay only their poor rates, and the timber is sold at its market value. Gifts are not bestowed on free men. The emperor has been obliged to lease the right of hunting in the parish districts, at a rate of 24 florins (2$d., 4s.) a year, since which the poor are no longer allowed to make use of the forest for themselves or their stock, and to make use of the forest for their stock, and to make use of the forest for themselves or their stock. Doubtless, some sticks are taken, but at the risk of life; I have at night met the patrols (riflemen) in the forest.

From these statements—however few they be—t it would appear that there is more order in the administration than before, and even the higher price of timber is to the natural economy a favourable sign. If the toy-maker loses, the woodcutter and the raft and boat men gain, as well as the holder of the wood. Even the toy-maker might yet prosper in Austria, giving up Venice, applied all its strength to the pursuit of its natural policy towards the East. But now the trade on the Danube is very hazardous, and the taxes are so heavy that Life has become a burden, said an old toy-maker one day to me. Ay, the very order and self-government that have been inaugurated, add to the burden. I have always found life more expensive in a free than in an oppressed country, and in Austria they pay for the dawn of freedom even before they are warmed by its rays.

I know no people abroad with whom I feel so much sympathy as with these. There is about them an ingenuity that, during my seclusion amongst them, often made me feel as on a South-sea island. Wishing to ascend the Sonnenstein, and asking Kardbach for a guide, he directed me to a white cottage, where I found an elderly toy-maker at work, to whom I delivered my errand. Next morning, at five o’clock, I heard a knock at my door; it was the guide—his daughter, a very pretty girl of seventeen, with large black eyes, black hair, and barefooted. On leaving the village with her, I felt as though of my part, as that of a child with its nurse, and sent her back; but very soon afterwards I entirely lost my way in the pathless forest covering the mountain-edges and intersected by deep ravines. At rare intervals, I heard through the thin air a woodcutter’s axe or the report of a gun, but the sounds only reached me as a token of my desolate loneliness. After noon, tired and
hungry, I had to give up the struggle for Sonnenstein, to make a safe retreat; but even this was easier conceived than executed, as I neither knew where I was, nor in which direction to go. A brook rushing down its stony bed gave me an idea—water seeks water; this brook, no doubt, will shew me the lake; I followed it; but soon, like the lake, it had no banks, but broke its way through the rocks, that rose perpendicularly on both sides. Perceiving that at this time of the year there was not water enough to cover the great stones which formed its bed, I descended to the bottom, and proceeded leaping and climbing, as through a grave, with no other prospect than heaven. Suddenly the rocks gave way, and showed me the lake ('Thalatta! Thalatta!'), from which I was separated only by a large meadow, as green and fresh as if it had gone forth from the hand of the Creator. I felt as in paradise, and when I heard at a distance the rhythmical sound of water-mill, I said to myself: 'Well, they have had time to build a mill; let us go to them, and get something to eat.' On my entering the house, where an elderly woman sat at work, she rose and stared at me without answering my greeting. 'Well,' thought I, 'she fancies I am the serpent.' (I was dressed in a black Mackschach, and was very hot and muddy.) Another elderly woman and two girls came in from the adjacent room, and stared at me too. 'Good folks,' said I, 'will you please give me some bread?' They did not answer. 'Have you no bread in the house? Let me look!' one of the girls violently, retreating behind one of the old women. 'Then, give me only a glass of milk.' 'No!' (in the German manner). 'Good folks,' said I, 'I will pay you of course; here is money.' 'Be off!' cried the old woman, making the sign of the cross towards me. I left the room, astonished at such lack of hospitality and respect, and having a boat on the lake, I beckoned the man to me. He was from Traunkirchen, and I told him how singularly the women had behaved. 'I do not understand it,' said he, and entered the cottage; I turned round and called to him to follow him. The women came running with bread, butter, milk, beer, wine, table-cloths, &c., and whilst they dressed the table, he took me aside, and solved the mystery. In the preceding year, a forester, who had perished in the brook out of which I had come, and the women had fancied I was his ghost. I spent a delightful afternoon with them. They did not know how to be kind enough to me. They begged my pardon for their 'silly' fears, and offered me a bed, not only for that night, but for any time; they had a spare room for a friend, and I should have it. In the course of our chat, I asked the name of the brook. The eldest woman said it was Sigisbach, and had that name from a duke, or a king, or an emperor Sigismund. The elder girl, however, believed its name to be Sigesbach (victory's brook), from a great victory won on its banks over the Turks; but the younger girl, about sixteen years old, afterwards told me another origin of the name Sigesbach. Once upon a fine morning, a young knight and a fair lady had left Traunkirchen for a walk to the brook. On setting out, she wore a rose in her bosom, but on their return he wore it.

She assured me, with a sly look from her blue eyes, that this was the true etymology of Sigesbach (victory's brook). Next day being dull and wet, Kardbach asked me if I would play at ninepins; and on coming on the skittle-ground—a large shed, part of which was a cow-stall—I made acquaintance with the clergy of the place. The most reverend, the priest, in long brown coat and Wellington boots, seemed desirous of keeping up my dignity by only playing a little, whilst his assistant, Geistlicher Herr, clerical sir, proved himself a passionate and clever *Kegler*. He was about twenty years, dressed in an old black suit, and linen not of the newest; he had a broad, good-humoured countenance, rather a low brow, and bristly hair. His salary, besides board and lodgings, is four florins (about eight shillings) a month, from which he assists to support his aged mother. He could not hide his pleasure at winning in the game (we played so low, that by two hours' effort he won perhaps 6d.), but his joy was childish, and not unpleasing; he appeared to take interest in anything above the everyday-life in which he moved, but with this he was content.

Amongst the players, most of whom were toy-makers, was an elderly man with a red face, and plainly dressed in a blue-striped cotton jacket. He was spoken of as Herr Hrofth (court councillor), and I thought it a jest; but most tolerant Catholic Hrofth, and the director of the state lottery at Vienna, but, as a closer acquaintance proved, he was a man from whom jest kept aloof. One day on descending the mountain, I passed a house, which I thought was a chapel or a convent, for over the entrance was painted in white letters on a black ground: 'Do not take my loss too much to heart; yea, it was ordained by God, and His name be praised evermore.' On entering the house, I found myself in a long corridor with rooms on each side, over the doors of which Mackintosh letters, veneered letters, and the inscriptions are quotations from these letters. On a deep beach to the east of the promontory is a swimming-school, erected by the Hrofths. Formerly, swimming was unknown at Traunkirchen, and many persons, in consequence, were drowned every year in the lake. Now the Hrofth, during his two months' stay each summer in teaching the art, in order to save the children of other parents from a violent death.

The 'clerical sir,' when I paid him a visit, proved himself the most obliging minister I ever met with, shewing me all the sacred books and garments, and explaining the ceremonies, as an engine-driver would explain the mechanism of his locomotive, and even with less pride. He afterwards gave me a still more striking proof of his obliging character.

iii.

Pen and ink can rarely reproduce natural scenery, and when thinking of the two little Langbath lakes on a sunny day I especially, I feel how weak are all such efforts. These lakes are situated in an alpine region, where the emperor hunts the chamois during his stay at Ischl. It is easily said, that amid wilder-rant yellow rocks, whose summits are capped with snow, you suddenly discover two emerald cups filled to the brim with deep-blue water. But what can give an idea of the genius loci, that produces an impression as if the swelling waters were retained within their confines by a gentle spirit hidden behind the birch trees, which in sweet familiar converse dip their delicate tresses in the azure lakes? Around reigns the deepest, the most delicious, soothing, stillness, but in such a sunny air, and with such fresh, green colours, that ever and anon the fancy recurs that it is all living an enchanted life, that hearts throb within, that the very birch trees are bathing nymphs who have metamorphosed themselves at the approach of man. Following the water into its remote recesses, in the blue shadows of this mountain, you cannot help it—it is as though you would find the grotto of the fairy queen, or meet the god Pan and all the beauties at the court of nature, which delighted my imagination old, and of which we heard in early, fondly believing youth.

*The stipend of the priest is forty florins (L4) a month, besides lodgings.*
When, with the inspector of the forests, I had, over the high Kranabit-Sattel, ascended to these lakes, we resolved to return by the high-road to Ebensee.
The title 'high-road' is given to the road for the simple reason that a horse and cart can pass through it; for all the rest of the road (six miles long) is, if not the steepest, certainly the roughest and wildest I ever saw. From the immense inclining walls on either side, we got a view of the densely wooded lower slopes, which are covered with a mixture of beech, oak, and larch, and are often cut by steep gorges. In the spring, the road is exposed to frequent land-slips and ruptures of mountain streams, and everywhere, in spite of the labours of the peasants and labourers, a torrent sweeps them away. Sometimes, over the accident depicted, heaven is represented, with God the Father, Christ, or the Virgin, kindly receiving the victims. It is roughly but vigorously executed; and the great number in succession of these monuments makes a deep impression on the mind. It can be readily understood that the population of a country may become superstitious as well as deeply religious. As for me, I confess that later, on seeing a Madonna in a church, it flashed through my mind as if I recognized her from the time when I have seen her in heaven.

From Ebensee we could only reach Traunkirchen by boat, for the rocky shore rises perpendicularly from the lake, and there is no road or path over the heights. We got on board a curiously shaped boat—resembling a baker's trough, to which a beak is added—and were rowed over the still green lake, on part of the lake-bed, seated in tiny summer, traces of this are left in uprooted trees, heaps of earth, and huge blocks of stone. It is on this savage road as if wrathful spirits were ever lurking behind the gray rocks; and this idea is kept alive by the strange monuments you pass—crosses erected where accidents have occurred; and besides the cross, a picture representing the accident—either labours thrown down, or a piece of rock that crushes travellers, or a torrent sweeping them away. Sometimes, over the accident depicted, heaven is represented, with God the Father, Christ, or the Virgin, kindly receiving the victims. It is roughly but vigorously executed; and the great number in succession of these monuments makes a deep impression on the mind. It can be readily understood that the population of a country may become superstitious as well as deeply religious. As for me, I confess that later, on seeing a Madonna in a church, it flashed through my mind as if I recognized her from the time when I have seen her in heaven.

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From the spot where we landed, we had to walk about a mile through a lane formed by the mountains. It was indeed like a narrow street between lofty houses; it sometimes opened into large squares; and there were moments when in the increasing darkness you might have fancied them inhabited, for here and there it shone and sparkled; the glow-worm in the grass sent forth its green lustre, and red shining insects, dancing up and down, spread a mysterious light. Sometimes water was heard trickling; once it sounded like the rustle of a silken robe. The clerical sir said that he did not like to be here alone so late, therefore—he naively added—he had asked me to accompany him.

The beadle came to meet us, and the clerical sir asked me whether I would stop at the beadle's house on my way back. I declined, for I could not remain there, till he returned from the holy rite. I chose the latter. On entering the church, the clerical sir put on his canonicals, and lighted by our only light, the beadle's lantern, knelt down, kneeling before the monstrance. When about leaving, he said he had considered the matter, and I might accompany him and be present at the ceremony, I could make up my mind to kneel when the others knelt. I ascended; so we left the church and proceeded down the street, first, the beadle with uncovered head and lantern in hand, then the priest—for now the clerical sir was a priest—with the host, and at some distance I followed barheaded.

From all the houses we passed, I heard—it was impossible to see—people in the entrance murmuring prayers, kneeling and crouching, whilst the host passed. At a point we entered the sick-room, the numerous family assembled went down upon their knees, and the movement was so powerful and imposing, that I involuntarily, without even remembering it, knelt, too. The priest approached the dying woman, and for some time spoke to her in a whisper, after which he beaded the toad prayers, the family responding:

'Pray for us,' and 'Amém!' in that disciplined, sad, half-singing tone, never forgotten when once heard in a Catholic German church. The priest proceeded to the holy work. He anointed the brow of the dying woman, and said the prayer begging forgiveness for sin committed in thought; then he anointed her eyes, mouth, breast, hands, and feet, praying forgiveness for sins committed with looks, with the tongue, with the heart, with the hands, and in walking. This done, he bent his ear to her mouth. He afterwards told me she had whispered: 'Now I am longing for my Redeemer.'

We returned in the same order as we had come, people still kneeling and murmuring prayers; and although the appointment was not! a vivid impression, I felt a still greater effect produced on me by these murmuring prayers from the whole community accompanying the departing soul. How are we dying? My neighbour may give a ball whilst I breathe my last!

When we returned by the lake, it was dark night, although the stars were out. It was as if the mountains reached up to and bore the sky, and as if the stars were lights in dwellings above. Still stranger fancies were called forth when, on those parts of the lake where the stars were reflected, one might become giddily on gazing down and seeing the firmament disturbed by the oars.

On landing at Traunkirchen, we heard music, and saw Kardath's windows strongly illuminated, whilst a crowd was assembled before the house.

'Oh, clerical sir, we have a concert!' cried a ragged urchin, leaping towards us.

It was so, indeed, and things were arranged in great style. At one end of the large room were to be seen the musicians—a strongly built man and two boys. The man played the guitar, and sang comic and pathetic songs; the elder boy played the violin; the younger beat the triangle. At a convenient distance sat the Hofrath, the inspector of the forests, and the doctor—the notabilities of the place—behind them toy-makers, artisans, and workmen; the third rank along the walls, not accommodated with seats, was for the populace, as Kardath said; and the fourth row was outside.

After the concert, most of the public left. The doctor, the inspector of the forests, the clerical sir, and Kardath played cards, whilst I made acquaint-
I was surprised to see that the musician was an indifferent spectator, and I remarked it to him. He answered: ‘One sees so much of this kind of thing; and besides’—he added in a whisper—‘I am a Protestant.’

A few hours later, he went away with his boys, leaving on my mind an impression of sad sympathy, blended with a feeling that might be expressed in words as these: There a fragment of the world’s history has passed me. John Huss, when he rose and preached in Bohemia, awoke the Protestant feeling, that, in spite of friars and Jesuits, fire and sword, has preserved itself secretly up to this day, aking for escape from the dominions of black-yellow Austria to the free air under the Anglo-Saxon stars.

The Lounger in the Exhibition.

The Eastern Annexe and the British Gallery.

‘Well, Thomas, and how did you like the Exhibition?’ asked a country squire of one of his tenants who had had his day at Brompton.

‘I liked it mainly well, sir,’ was the reply, ‘but I see nothing.’

Substituting ‘saw’ for ‘see,’ for grammar’s sake, this answer becomes faultless. Turner in his later pictures was said to have painted Nothing and very like,’ in allusion to their squashed-rainbow and chaotic character, and it is just this sort of Nothing which the International Exhibition impresses upon the mind of Thomas. It is to him a maze without a plan, and pleased as both eye and ear cannot fail to be with it, he feels almost grateful to come at last upon that straightforward intelligible statement—The Way Out.

He would not have missed the treat upon any account, but, like a man who has dined with a king, he is rather glad that it’s over. There are females who will not venture to move about the Palace of all Nations without some guide, however incompetent. One poor lady, who was sitting so disconsolately upon the margin of the Majolica fountain that I was quite glad to think how shallow it was, informed me that she had been waiting there four hours for Mr Jones, who had promised to shew her about.’ She had a little vial full of some pink liquid, looking like strengthening medicine, from which she occasionally refreshed herself; but notwithstanding that, she must have spent a dismal afternoon.

I must, madam (I would in reality have addressed her thus, I protest, if it had not been for that bottle), and all you ladies in a similarly lorn condition, to supply the place of your faithless Jones; and since Thomas, like yourselves, is from the country, let us take him and his bewildered family with us to the Eastern Annexe, wherein he will behold things welcome if not familiar.

Our way lies through the north-east transept to the mouth of the tunnel that runs beneath the entrance to the Horticultural Gardens. In this gloomy and subterranean spot, about which the gradients are steep, and where we are chiefly occupied in keeping our feet, there is not much that is attractive, unless the taste of the visitor is exceptional, and runs on headstones, milestones, and fireclay from the mine. Just outside of it, however, there is a very ingenious machine, the Anti-Furious Safety Cage for miners. The instant an injury occurs, or to the death-chant, the mysterious power of life made the deeper impression.
Poetry from the Agricultural Districts. The Eastern Annee might be the Western for all that is to be seen there of the pastoral muse.

Allegory alone ventures to set up her dismal standard here, in connection with a mowing-machine: 'Time Past, the small figure of Time (1861), with the brass model, illustrates the advantages of Boyd's Self-adjusting Scythe. Time Present, the life-size figure represents Time 1862, who, not being able to keep pace with his employment at this advanced age, is supposed to have abandoned the scythe for Boyd's Bruhk Lawn Mower.' So there is poor Time with his forelock (which one wonders is still there, considering that so many people have had their pull at it) pointing the moral, and adorning the tale of an advertisement! I am astonished that the proprietors of the Endless Chain adapted to Scourifying Purposes, have not made similar capital out of Eternity.

Of course, the progress of agriculture presents its bright side now and then. That the enormous Traction engine, for example (termed so, perhaps, on account of its docility), should have been induced to get up into that gallery, cannot but be a subject of congratulation to all who are interested in the victory of mind over matter; though how it got there, is a problem as inescapable to the state of art, as was the presence of the fruit in the apple dumpling to its majesty George III. There is a gallery, like a little orchestra, above the wares of each of the chief exhibitors, and the staircases—what they lead to—being things intelligible—are objects of admiration to the ladies.

What a dear little staircase! I say they, while their husbands are examining the 'rotating harrow'; the 'Moorsey turnip-cutter' (a suicidal-looking instrument), and the 'perforated beater drum.' Even the present writer himself has confessed to seeing a thing or two in this annex which was not amenable to the first grasp of his intellect. It was his territorial appearance—his landed air—doubtless, which invited the exhibitors to be more communicative and obsequious to him than he wanted, thus: 'Let me sell you a good water-ballast land-roller, air, or one of our capital registered sack elevators—now do.' This was very embarrassing; and besides, they thrust upon me catalogues, often written in foreign tongues, but always sufficiently unintelligible, and those it was necessary to get rid of, furtively, without hurting the feelings of the donors. The majority will most of them be found in the right-hand corner of the corrugated boiler of Timm's ornamental conservatory, where I sincerely trust they will do no harm. Some of the titles of the implements are new now and then, to suggest a familiar topic, but they have no more actual affinity than has horse-chestnut with chestnut-horse. A General Purpose Drill, with Steerage for small Occupations, for example, has at first sound a slight naval and military ring about it, whereas in reality it has nothing whatever in common with those professions.

The top of the annex is a sort of neutral ground, upon which Giantic Turntable mingles with Self-acting Meat-screens, and Edge-tools without Eyes (which sound like a denunciatory tract, and are surely something dangerous), lie down with Domestic Washing Machines. Returning by the eastern passage of the annexe, we find ourselves among an ownerless gathering of everything; pickles; gutta-percha side-boards; locomotives for the road, which look astonishingly practicable, and even inviting; only I should give up that comfortable crust by the boiler of turning at the door of my friend, I think, and content myself with a place on the driving-box—although there's not the slightest fear, I'm sure. Scents, and a charming young woman wanting to put some upon the chalybeate hand, specimens of sacramental wine; anatomised flowers, which have 'beautiful in death' for their appropriate motto; and flowers in wax, which the very butterflies
could scarcely tell from real ones; a case of sparkling spermaceti, with a pillar of the same within it, looking like Lot’s wife after her transgression; along with her is shamelessly exhibited a specimen of ‘hazed sperm.’ Uncooked legs of mutton, warranted to keep in any climate; ditto, oysters, and oyster-soup; ditto, Scotch collars, which may greet the Caledonian in London, at the Pole, as fresh as when they came from the Fleshmarket. A jury—the members of which are yet living—dined the other day solely upon specimens of these things. It is to be wished that they were not confined in their drinking to the British ports and champagne here exhibited, or at least that they were not obliged to take British brands as a corrective to the repast, Shad of Beets, what a finale would that be; only to be excelled by the smoking of one of those cigars which heretofore proclaim their British growth with a candour unparalleled in shops! Whatever happened to these patriotic trencher-men, however, the remedy lay close at hand in a complete collection of all the drugs, herbs, and medicines in the British Pharmacopoeia. The alluring poisons, too, lurk here, under the most ravishing forms; sparkling crystals, whose very touch is fire; and golden prisms, the dust of which is sudden death. The makers of colours have cases here so laced of that they may entrap many unscientific juveniles, whose young affections are rashly bestowed upon Vermilion and Emerald Green, on Violet Carmine, and on the Madder Carmine—so called, no mistake, because it is not a sober colour. The famous Pedigree Wheat also here attracts the attention it deserves, and earns the universal gratitude by bearing upon it its own colour. If this system had been adopted by all exhibitors, the International Exhibition would, for tens of thousands, have possessed meaning as well as beauty; would make the visitor as well as dazzled. But, then,’ remark the Commissioners with calms, ‘how should we ever have found fools weak enough to purchase our official catalogues?’

I am now about to visit one of the British Picture Galleries. It is not in my power to take you there, my friends, against your wills; you may dally in this North-Eastern Tranquility by the way, and even ascend the Tower of Planks if you please. Only remember, tired legs carry weary minds, and to enter a picture gallery when you are otherwise than fresh and strong, is indeed to do a foolish thing.

Another way of tiring yourself is to be always looking back for your party, and beckoning them away from something that interests them to something that interests yourself. ‘Another way’ (as the cookery books say), and a very common one, is to endeavour to look out manufactures in the Five Arts Catalogue, or statues in that of the Industrial Department. The majority of visitors, however, tire themselves from trying to see too much. If there is only one day to be spent in the Exhibition altogether, I have already pointed out how that inordinate time can be best employed. If the sight-seer has several days at his disposal, let him dispose things thoroughly; and, after his apportioned day’s work has been finished, let him wander aimlessly about the building if he will—but not before.

Having finished the annexe, then, mount the stair-case of the north-east gallery, and turning to the left, explore the engravings and water-colours, beginning with the easternmost room. This is devoted to the works of living engravers, which will probably be more or less familiar to the visitor. Here, however, he will see the very specimens of etchings, line, wood, mezzotint, stipple, or lithograph. The collection of English landscapes (2671) by Dalziel (Brothers) after Birket Foster, will especially refresh the eyes that have been so lately wearied with machinery. The next apartment is occupied by the shades (and lights) of departed engravers. As the originals of almost all these pictures are to be seen in the galleries beyond, neither collection excites the admiration which is due to them. A few connoisseurs and connoisseuses of such art-treasures are, however, always to be seen here, armed with malignant microscopes, and peering into every line for flaws, I am afraid, quite as much as for beauties.

The apartment of architectural designs is still less crowded, and yet this is by no means without its interest. The wealth of Britain can scarcely be more strikingly illustrated than by these stately mansions that are arising in all directions to beautify the localities nature has already adorned. At a wave of the Wand of Wealth—the spirit of a pen upon a cheque—a habituation arises almost with the swiftness of Arabian enchantment upon any spot in which it suits the millionaire to pitch his tent. The poor man comes upon the same exquisite scene during his brief annual holiday, and but the memory of it seems to away with him; it is more dreaming for him to think of it otherwise than as a picture. The rich man cries: ‘I will live there, for the place pleases me.’ There are examples of every kind of architecture, from the crenelated to the exquisite, from the severe to the unison, from the degree; from the suggestion for a model cottage to the design of a city.

But here are the Water-colours, at sight of which the townsman pants the country. Mr E. G. Warren, you make us sick at heart, you do, with your sun-rays glinting through the green. Your Rest in the Coast and Shady Wood (1285) is languid and not rest to those who cannot there see August when August come! We will then be in your Forest of Dean, may be, or in that long Highland pass (1422) of your Water-colours, drinking the drift-wreck and the sand-flowers by the summer sea in Cornwall (1385), or, more ambitious still, amid the cloudless skies and gorgeous tints of Italy (1386). Water-colours, as it seems to me, are especially adapted for landscape rather than figure-painting; but the First Love-letter (1202) is not to be passed over without notice, albeit the young lady is exceedingly precocious, looking scarce in her teens. Observe also The Contest (1120) by Cattermole, which, however, I do not believe, as the general public seems to do, is intended by that artist for the battle of Bannockburn. But there is, since there were certainly more than half-a-dozen persons on each side in that engagement.

And now we are in the first room of the principal gallery in Cromwell Road. Everything here is more or less good, and to describe the merits of individual pictures would be to write a folio. I will be brief and rapid enough myself, and merely indicate by their figures those paintings which it would by no means be to the visitor’s advantage to pass over with equal haste. A Top of the Hill (764) is one of the most charming examples of Linnell, the passing cloud in it seeming to be absolutely in motion. The Last Day in the Old House (727) is also very attractive, although people find some difficulty in deciphering Dick Tinto’s meaning. The young man’s predictions have been fully answered, he has brought his family to ruin, and he is bringing up his brother in the way he should not go, to the great distress of everybody, including the spectator. If the artist means anything, that is an outside, I mean an inside, joke. The long shadow of the unseen tree in 775 is sure to draw all eyes.

I am proceeding room by room here, and it is no exaggeration to say that this room is so excessively crowded that you can hardly walk round the apartment, so that I cannot get straight away at first; after a revolution or two, however,
I escape at the exit like a straw in an eddy. In the second room on the left there is a portrait (632) such as you are certain at once must be like, although you have never set eyes on the original. Enthroned (607) in a picture the Londoners do not get tired of, though the subject of it is stale enough, and the work has been exhibited again and again. It has always been considered admirable enough in painting and poetry, nor, because the thing takes place on board a troop-ship or an emigrant vessel, need we be surprised at the canvas. Certainly the 'people's' taste is various enough, and can scarcely be altogether bad, since it includes all styles. The Twisters (682) is another sensation picture, for the time must be distant indeed when Marie Antoinette and her sorrows fail to touch the heart. About the Apple Blossoms (690) Millais hang a crown of smiling faces, evoked by the happiness he has portrayed, but his Return of the Dove to the Ark (650) is caviare to the multitude. 'Two vulgar girls ill-treating a bird,' is one criticism I hear passed upon it very sublimely. R. Holman is always spectators enough, as there well may be, from the country, but the Londoners avoid it; they know it and the scene that it describes too well.

In the third room the brightness of Val d’Aosta (451) absolutely makes one wink to look at it; but since it belongs to Mr Ruskin, let no dog bark. That is a wondrous modern face there—numbered 567—and yet the man it pictures is alive, and likely to live for years after the youngest of us is what poor David Gray called 'moody;' it is Alfred Tennyson. 543 is a capital example to call it vulgar. The Death of Buckingham, which will do you good if you are inclined to be fast, my friends: there is another fine picture by the same artist in this room, with even a sader moral. If you want to see three fine young faces, such as are to be seen on English sea-coasts and nowhere else, look at Mr Hook's Stand Clear (477).

We are now in by far the largest of the British rooms, wherein almost every painter of the last hundred years has at least one example of his style displayed. Here is his or her impossibility. The immense superiority of our own artists over the foreign painters is evidenced here by the attention of the spectator not being engaged by this or that picture, but claimed by almost every one. In mentioning but one or two pictures, therefore, I omit a score of masters, each of whom has founded his school. It is curious to see how the taste of the populace for Martin's works, as Belshazzar's Feast (254), has died out; and yet at a little distance how effective they are. Danby also (244), for his Passage of the Red Sea, a work of a somewhat similar class, commands but few spectators. Sheer simplicity and truth, upon the other hand, compel the crowd to pause about such paintings as Collins's Return from the Sea-fowl's Haunt (327). Stanfield's The Abandoned (377) is another great point of attraction: that masterless, rudderless ship has a desolation so complete that it moves human sympathy; and the Sanctuary (427) by Sir Edwin Landseer, and the Combatant and Defeat (405, 406), by the same artist, fill human eyes with tears in pity for very stags. The Banquet Scene, Maddox (414), is, however, the sensation picture of this room, and its popularity is once more the terror and the joy of all the country people. Home from Work (438) has some admirable faces, but also lights which never were shown here, nor as my eyes can ever reach.

What simple Morland, who painted those charming Gipsies (103), would have thought of such tints, I know not; but 'What precious rum colours' was the expression of an unesthetic bystander, whose criticism evidently gushed from his heart.

Sir Joshua Reynolds is a general favourite here, without the power of getting folks in knots; but considering how very over the well-studied sermons of old earth there is a portrait before which the people crowd like worshippers about a relic—the Blue Boy (31) of Gainsborough; the most lifelike face, I think, of any that ever looked forth from British canvas.

Where the British and foreign galleries meet, at this point, there is a winding stair, which leads, as some aver, to the educational department. The initiated, however, are only startled by the following announcement: Educational Implements—Umbrellas and Sticks. This is hardly a judicious statement on the part of the commissioners, if they would win the young to learning; while we of mature age are only reminded by it of certain humiliating antecedents.

**FOUNDED OUT**

Some years ago I was attending a college in Paris, and a course of lectures on jurisprudence, with the view of preparing myself to enter the office of an advocate, a Frenchman, who had married my mother's sister. There were several English ladies there, and we were always encouraged to go to the English novels, and very hard we worked, though a good many of us had nobody to compel us to do so if we had felt disposed to shirk. The letters I received from my uncle seldom contained anything besides exhortations to work hard; and in the holidays, instead of inviting me to spend them with him and my aunt, he always encouraged the idea of my going to England, so that I was very much astonished when I one day received a letter from him quite unexpectedly, requesting me to start with the least possible delay for the depart-
of an estate only separated from his own by a river.
The matter had been so far arranged that it only remained for him to pay a certain portion of the purchase-money, and he declined to enter into possession.

This sum—I forget how much it was, but it was a large one—was in the carriage, a fact with which all his servants were familiar, including, of course, the cook of the commissaire also. Shortly after mid-day, Boiteler drove up to the barrier at Bourg, with the dead body of his wife in the carriage, and told the officer on duty there that his wife had been murdered by his servant, and that he had shot his servant, who was lying in a lane which he named, and whence he was shortly afterwards brought into the town by some labourers, under the direction of one of the foresters employed by the commune.

Boiteler was immediately taken into custody as a precautionary measure; and the following is the substance of the statement made by him in explanation of the affair.

His servant had suddenly stopped the horse in the lane, got down, and came to the side of the carriage with a pistol in his hand, which he fired, but the ball missed him, at whom it was aimed, and entered his wife's side. The pistol was a large one with a brass butt, and his servant had then attempted to strike him with it on the head, but he caught him by the wrist with his left hand, and held him for an instant, while he got hold of a pistol which was always kept in the carriage, and which he had himself loaded that morning, on account of the money he had with him. Having got hold of this pistol, he put the barrel between his knees, and held it there while he lifted the hammer and capped it; he had then leaned over the side of the carriage, but the muzzle lived on very close to his assailant's neck, and shot him dead.

There was no living eye-witness to deny that things had passed in the way described, and the apparent absence of motive, together with the appearance of grief he displayed, excited a very general feeling that he had told the truth. This feeling was, however, modified when it came to be known that a reason for his commission of the crime might be found in the circumstance that the whole of the money to be paid for the estate had been advanced by his wife's trustees, with the stipulation, that it was to be held in a special disposal as long as she lived, and that at her death, if her husband survived her, he was to inherit one-fourth, and the other three-fourths were to be divided among the children.

This supplied a motive, but it was hardly likely in itself to excite grave suspicion against him, if other circumstances had not been developed by the post-mortem examination. Two doctors had been appointed to perform this examination, and they were both of opinion that the man must have been shot by a person who was behind him at the time, though the pistol had been held above him and fired downwards. The reasons they gave in support of their conclusion were so convincing, that Boiteler's statement could only be accepted on the supposition that he was so excited at the time as not to be able to remember the exact position of his servant at the instant he fired. It was also shown that the muzzle of the pistol from which the ball had been fired which killed his wife must have been held quite close to her, as her dress had been set on fire.

I found the excitement in the department respecting the approaching trial intense. The opinion with respect to Boiteler's guilt or innocence seemed pretty evenly balanced, and my task was rather inclined to believe him innocent, but he thought the jury would find him guilty, with extenuating circumstances. My aunt, who had known Boiteler well from her infancy, and who, with her husband, had a very decided opinion of his guilt.

The reason my uncle had sent for me was, that I might be there to act as interpreter at the trial, if one was required, and that I might make inquiries among the English servants, whose knowledge of the French language was too imperfect to allow them to detail many little points accurately. I was driven to throw light on the affair. It wanted but five days to the trial when I arrived, and it was not until the next morning that my uncle took me to the office of the commissaire, in order that we might see if any of his agents might be sent with me to Boiteler's house. We found here the carriage in which the murder had been committed, which had been brought down for the jury to inspect. We were told that the prosecution relied on the effect which the examination of this vehicle would produce to procure a conviction. To show us the importance of the evidence which its acuteness had obtained, the commissaire sent for a woman, and directed her to seat herself in the carriage in the position occupied by Madame Boiteler. He then seated himself beside her, and one of his agents stood beside the carriage, and pointed the pistol at the woman, and it certainly appeared to be impossible that the ball could have struck the deceased on the wounded spot, the inference he drew was, that Boiteler had fired the pistol which killed her with his left hand, and had then instantly raised the hammer, and uncapped it; his agent, holding the pistol, as he imagined, perpendicularly, but in reality with the muzzle slightly inclined, so as to give the ball a direction towards the front of the body, a direction which proved the ball had taken by the doctor's evidence.

Our examination of the servants elicited nothing of any importance. They agreed in saying that their master and mistress lived in very good terms, and that anything like a dispute between them was very rare.

The day of the trial, every place in court had been secured by private arrangement beforehand, the audience consisting chiefly of ladies. The prisoner entered the court with a polite and comprehensive bow. Without bravado, and without any manifestation of anxiety as to the result, he took his place in the dock; his bearing, in fact, was remarkably good and prepossessing, and seemed to impress the jury in his favour. There was a general shudder when one of the officials of the court proceeded to spread out the different articles of dress which had been stripped from the bodies of the dead; and I noticed that the commissaire turned his head when it was laid out, with the blood-stain ostentatiously displayed. The case for the prosecution and the defence were both most well prepared; the evidence was, down to a certain point, substantially what I have already stated. The wound in madame's body being explained by the prisoner saying, that the instant he saw the pistol pointed towards his body, he instinctively threw himself back in the carriage, and that his wife must at the same moment have thrown herself forward, because, after he had disabled her murderer, he found her lying with her head against the front of the carriage; whereas, had she been sitting upright, she must have fallen backward.

The excitement of the audience had been raised to the highest point when the jury retired to consider their verdict. Instead of the low hum of conversation ensuing, which I have so often heard since in French courts on similar occasions, the most profound silence was kept. Indeed, nearly everybody must have been exhausted by the emotions produced in the course of the trial. The murdered lady had been personally known to many of the jury; the proceedings of the court were for some minutes brought to a standstill in consequence of the violent sobbing of the women.

While the jury were absent from court, the prisoner's advocate turned to my uncle, and whispered:
with pleasure, for he had a reputation for gallantry, now regarded him sourly. Had he killed his wife from jealousy, they would have had a certain sympathy and admiration for him; but now that they saw in him only the murderer who had destroyed his wife for so vulgar a motive as money, they despised him, and shewed it. Suddenly the prisoner sprang upon the ledge placed there for the convenience of prisoners who had papers to consult, or who wished to take notes, which ran along the front of the dock in which he was standing, and with a shrill cry, plunged head downwards on the stone floor. The crush was sickening, and the screams of the women heightened the painfulness of the scene. The convict was senseless when picked up, and remained so for many hours, but he had only inflicted torture on himself unnecessarily, for he recovered, and underwent his sentence in the manner prescribed by the judge.

DAVID GRAY OF MERKLAND.

On the 29th of January 1858, there was born, at a little out-of-the-way hamlet in Dunbartonshire, one David Gray, a weaver’s son; and on the 3d of December 1861, almost at the same spot, and at all events on the bank of the same insignificant rivulets—the Laggie—there died, in his twenty-fourth year. It is scarcely possible to imagine, in these days, a life more retired and eventless than was his.

‘Twas not a life,’

writes he himself—

‘Twas but a piece of childhood thrown away;’

and yet, in the course of that short span, there was probably crowded as much of hope and fear, of aspiration and despair, as falls to the lot of most gray-haired men. This village lad learned more in an hour—or certainly had more life taken out of him—than the majority of gentlemen who take the omnibus to the city every morning live in a week. A sensitive plant, we suppose, experiences more in a summer than a Scotch thistle does in a century. The necessity for getting money, which is sufficiently to supply all the thoughts of many respectable persons, occupied perforce some of his; but an eager longing for fame, a passionate admiration of Nature, and all the tremulous impulses of the poet, possessed him also. His mere brain—consisting of capabilities which was worked as few been have. It is sometimes made subject of regret that the brains of professors of literature are not oftener suffered to his fellow; but that of David Gray had been scarcely ever sown. We wonder at, and lament the fatal industry of such a man as the late historian of Civilisation; but prodigious as may have been the mental strain in his case, how much less harmful than that of the human spider who himself supplies the material for his own spinning. The tread-mill of the mind wears out soon enough when there is corn to grind; but when there is no corn—or only a grain or two—the revolutions, though violent and rapid, are few indeed. David Gray must have been a short-lived man, even if consumption had not laid early hold of him.

Perhaps in no country except Scotland could it have been possible that the son of a handloom weaver—and one of eight children—should have received any education, to be called at all. But at Kirkintilloch parish-school the boy seems to have picked up enough of learning to awaken hope in his parents that he should become minister of the Free Church, to which denomination he belonged. At fourteen years of age he was accordingly sent to Glasgow, where, supporting himself to a considerable extent by laborious tuition, first at Mill Street, and as pupil-teacher in a public school at Bridgeport, and afterwards as Queen’s scholar in the Free Church Normal Seminary, he contrived to attend the Humanity.
Greek, and other classes in the university during four successive sessions. The bent of his mind, however, was soon shown to be by no means in the direction of dogmatic theology; for sermons he found in store, or at least in the teachings of Nature; and he took to writing in the Poet's Corner of the Glasgow Citizen.

His letters, poor fellow, must have been rather embarrassing to the kind hearted conductor of that percyicalal. "This," writes Gray, "is the third note with which I have attempted to precede the lines I have enclosed. I know not what to say about them. They are the faint but true expressions of my imagination, though deficient—alas! how deficient to symbolise the beauty of the cloud-land I have visited, or the ideal love of my soul. Perhaps you may deem this the ravings of a restless spirit—the spasmodic mawkishness of a "metro-balladmonger"—but do not, for God's sake, do not. If you knew how often I have halted in the middle of the lobby of your office with a bundle of manuscripts—if you knew the wild dreams of literary ambition I am ever framing, yet all the time conscious of my utter insignificance, my dear sir, you would pity me. He was not generally, however, so modest as this. "I tell you," writes he to Mr Sydney Dobell, "that if I live, my name and fame shall be second to few in my age, and to none of my own. [Conceive Mr Dobell's feelings, who is himself a poet!] I speak thus because I feel power. . . . In all the stories of mental warfare that I have ever read, that mind which became of celestial clearness and godlike power, did nothing for twenty years but feel. And I am so accustomed to compare my own mental progress with that of such men as Shakespeare, Goethe, and Wordsworth, that the dream of my youth will not be fulfilled if my fame equal not at least that of the last of these three." If he had had a title and ancestral property like Byron, instead of nothing but the merest grandeur of such arrogance as this would have been unpardonable.

He is also by no means backward in urging his claims upon those gentlemen who guard; he sings,

"With jealous and loving care
The honour of our sacred literature."

He has finished a poem of a thousand lines, but experiences an unaccountable difficulty in getting it published. "I sent it to G. H. Lewes, to Professor Masson, to Professor Aytoun, to Darnell; but no one will read it. They swear they have no time."

He writes to Mr Monckton Milnes, to request his advice as to coming up to the metropolis and taking the literary world by storm the same way that Gentleman gives him the usual prudent counsel under such circumstances, particularly desiring him not to make so perilous a venture in a hurry; and with the usual result. "A few weeks afterwards," says the adviser, "I was told a young man wished to see me, and when he came into the room, I at once saw it could be no other than the young Scotch poet. It was a light, well-built, but somewhat stooping figure, with a countenance that at once brought strongly to my recollection a cast of the face of Shelley in his youth, which I had seen at Mr Leigh Hunt's. There was the same full brow, out-looking eyes, and sensitive melancholy mouth. He told me at once that he had come to London in consequence of my letter, as from the tone of it he was sure I should befriend him. It was that old, old story which will occur again and again so long as the intractable race of poets endure; but Mr Milnes was naturally much dismayed by the sequence that can persuade the House of Commons to do almost anything but marry its deceased wife's sister, utterly failed to induce the young Scotchman to return to his native land; so, having performed his fruitless duty as Mentor, he did himself the pleasure of helping the poet his own way. He gave him some light literary work to keep the wolf from his door (for David Gray would take no money-gift, saying 'he had enough to go on with'), and what the boy was probably still more grateful for, bestowed upon him some genial criticism.

There are many with whom I am well enough to read in this interesting biography, but the acts of considerate kindness shown to the subject of it by some of these to whom he applied for help, shine out like stars in darkness. They were not few, although it is impossible to deny that their protege was impractically beyond the average even of his class. 'I am in London,' writes he to Mr Dobell, 'and dare not look into the middle of next week. What brought me here? God knows, for I don't. Alone in such a place is a horrible thing. I have seen Dr Mackay, but it's all up. People don't seem to understand me... Westminster Abbey! I was there all day yesterday. If I live, I shall be buried there—so help me God! A completely defined consciousness of great poetical genius is my only antidote against utter despair and despicable failure.' Surely no man had ever less to support himself upon in this vulgar working-world since the hero of Locksley Hall.

All the gates are thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow, I have but an angry fancy which is that which I should do.

David Gray had need enough of all his self-confidence and philosophy. The literary world refuses to be taken by storm. He persistently rejects that pastoral poem of his of one thousand lines. The Lusie has been immortalised so far as manuscript goes, but it cannot be got into print. Doubtless he thought much inferior verse met with better treatment, and doubtless he was right. Considering his circumstances, David Gray was a poet of great merit. That he did not write originally, is no proof to the contrary of this, for all poets in their youth are imitators. Although he complains of these later days,

When in most bookish rhymes
Dear blessed nature is forgot, and lost
Her simple unelaborate modesty,
He is essentially a later-day poet. He sits at the feet of Wordsworth, and Keats, and Tennyson. His verses on the Cuckoo might have been written by the earliest of those three poets without any damage to his fame.

Last night a vision was dispelled,
Which I can never dream again; A wonder from the earth has gone, A passion from my brain.
I saw upon a budding ash A cuckoo, and she blissfully sung To all the valleys round about, While on a branch she swung.
Cuckoo, cuckoo: I looked around, And like a dream fulfilled, A slender bird of modest brown, My sight with wonder thrilled.
I looked again and yet again; My eyes, thought I, do soon deceive me; But when belief made doubting vain, Alas, the sight did grieve me.
For twice to-day I heard the cry, The holiest cry of melting love; And twice a tear bedimmed my eye. I saw the singer in the grove, I saw him pipe his eager tone, Like any other common bird, And, as I live, the sovereign cry Was not the one I always heard. O why within that lusty wood? Did I the fairy sight behold?"
O why within that solitude
Was I thus blindly overold ?
My heart, forgive me! for indeed
I cannot speak my thrilling pain:
The wonder vanished from the earth,
The passion from my brain.

Notwithstanding, indeed, his borrowed form and style, throughout this book, the author looked at Nature with his own eyes, and described so much of her, and only so much of her as he saw with them. A boy of nineteen, who could thus harmoniously photograph a ploughing-match—to most men, about the dustiest of all spectacles—need not have written as he did, 'when I read Thomson, I despair.'

It was a hazy February day
Ten years ago, when I, a boy of ten,
Beheld a country ploughing-match. The morn
Lighted the east with a dim smoky star
Of leaden purple, as the rumbling wains,
Each with a plough light-laden—while behind
Trudged a horse sleek-combed and tail belted
With many-coloured ribbons—by our home
Went downward to the rich fat meadow-grounds
Bounding the Luggie. Many a herd of heifers
Dew-lapped had fastened them, and headlong oft
'OE the hoof-clattering turf they wildly ran,
Lashing with swinging tail the thristy flies.

But now the smooth expanse of level green
Was quickly to be changed to sober brown;
And twenty ploughs by twenty ploughmen held
To cut with shining share the living turf.
O many a wintry hour, through wind and rain,
In valleys gloomed, or over the bleak hillside
Lonely, these twenty had themselves inured
And stubborned to perfection. Many a touch
And word of honest kindness had been used
To the dear faithful horses sowing on
In quiet patience, jutting noble chests.

Now the big day, expected long, was come:
And, with proud shoulders yoked, conscious they stood
Patient and unreeling; while behind,
All ready stripped, brown brawny arms displayed—
Arms sinewed by long labour—eager sways
Of ear-leaning slight, with cautious wary hold
The plough dealt. At the commencing sign,
A simultaneous noise discordant tears
The air thick-closing to a hazy dumpy
Sudden the horses move, and the clear yokes,
Well polished, clatter. With an artful bend,
The greening couler takes the grass, and cuts
The greenly tilled blades with nibbling noise
Almost unheard. The smooth share follows fast;
And from its shining slope the clayer glebe
In heat and neighbouring furrows sidelong falls.
Thes till the dank, raw-cold, and unsurged day
Gathering its rheumy humours threatens rain;
And the bleak night steals up the forlorn east.
And when the careful verdict is preferred
By the wise judge—a gray-haired husbandman,
Himself in his fresh youth a plough-boy keen—
Some bosoms fire exulting. Others, slow
Their reeking horses harnessed, lag along
Heart-weary and weary, and the rumbling noise
Of homeward-going carts for miles away
Is heard, till night brings silence and repose.

Almost all Gray's verse, however, is tinged with melancholy, and more or less the reflex of his inner self. In addition to being poor and unrecognized, he fell ill. In the midst of his literary disappointments, he was stricken by consumption, and thenceforward he regarded all things with the eyes of a dying man. The last itself to him was but as a sick-room comforter.

0 Lairauck!—for thy Scottish name to me
Sounds sweetest—without utterable love
I love thee: for each morning, as I lie

Relaxed and weary with my long disease,
One from low grass arises visibly,
And sings as if it sang for me alone.

Even friendship, which, with his tender and exaggerative nature, was a passion more consuming than love in other men, is associated with the tomb, although as it seems, he had far dearer friends alive than he who perished.

We sat at school together on one seat,
Came home together through the lanes, and knew
The dunuck's nest together in the hedge.

With smooth blue eggs in easy brightness warm.
And as two youngling kine on cold spring nights
Lie close together on the bleak hillside
For mutual heat, so when a trouble came,
We crept to one another, growing still
True friends in interchange of heart and soul.

But suddenly death changed his countenance,
And graved him in the darkness far from me.

O Friendship, prelilation of divine
Enjoyment, union exquisite of soul,
How many blessings do I owe to thee,
How much of incomunicable woe!

The daisies bloom among the tall green blades
Upon his grave, and listening you may hear
The Bodlin make sweet music as she flows;
And you may see the poplars by her brink
Twinkle their silvery leaflets in the sun.

O little wandering preacher, Bodlin brook!
Wind musically by his lonely grave.

O well-known face, for ever lost! and voice,
For ever silent! I have heard thee sing
In village inns what time the silver frost
Captained the panes in silent ministry,
Sing old Scotch ballads full of love and woe,
While the assisimal snow fell white and calm
With ceaseless lapse.

I and have seen thee dance
Wild galliards with the bassom lasses, far
In lone farmhouses set on whistling hills,
While the storm thickened into thunder-cloud.

Dear mentor in all rustic merriment,
Ever as hearty as the night was long!
I miss thee often, as I do to-night,
And my heart fills; and thy beloved sons
The music and the words ring in my ears.

Then Loudand Loosey wilt thou go—until
My eyes are full of tears, dear heart! dear heart!
And I could pass the perilous edge of death.
To see thy dear, dear face, and hear again
The old wild music as of old, of old.

A really admirable description of falling and fallen snow, commences thus:

Once more, O God, once more before I die,
Before blind darkness and the wormy grave
Contain me, and my memory fades away
Like a sweet-coloured evening, slowly, sad—

Once more, O God, thy wonders take my soul.

Death was as yet some distance off, and could, as it were, be dallied with. It is not unlovely to a young poet's soul thus looming dim. But as the fell thing gathered shape, and drew near, the poor fellow shrank back from it aghast, like other men. He craves to live, and entreats to be taken to some more genial spot than Morkland—the northern home, to which he had gladly hastened back, upon the first symptoms of his first disease occurring in London. The same kind friends we have spoken of assist him, and he comes up to Richmond with the intention of gaining admittance to Brompton Hospital. The idea of a hospital, however, alarms him, and he is sent down to the south of Devonshire. The sight of the Sanatorium at Torquay, however, appears to have had an extraordinary effect upon his nervous system. His cry became "Home, home!" and to the amazement of his northern friends, he presented himself abruptly at
Chamber's Journal.

78

Chamber's Journal.

Merkland.' It is altogether one of the saddest stories we have ever read.

Life was now cheerful, and he began to feel that he was in the right path. He composed a series of sonnets, entitled In the Shadows, which are unique in their character—descriptions of a poet's feelings on his own death-bed; the very anatomy of a dying heart. He cuts short his speculations upon the future with a reference to their superior — the poet's feet of clay—dancing so nigh:

Impatient questioner, soon, soon shall death
Reveal to thee these dim phantasms of faith.

He complains of the protracted winter, and the delaying spring, that may not perhaps find him alive:

O God, for one clear day, a snow-drop, and sweet air.

He even writes a poem on Morphia, that

Gives him strength to lie
Till sacred dawn increases until noon.

The one desire which consumes him now is to have his poems published. 'If my book be not immediately gone on with, I fear I may never see it. It is the only legacy I can leave to those who have loved, and loved me.' Who could resist such a tender appeal as this, since in gratifying the poet and his friends, there could be no risk of harm. He was wending fast whither the critical cease to trouble, and where neither ill-natured nor thoughtlessness have power to wound. The publication was arranged, and by a fortunate accident, a specimen page reached Merkland on the very day preceding his death. As he gazed upon it, he seemed to feel as though the dream of his life was about to be fulfilled.

In lovely place of seclusion, which had been with him a favourite place of meditation and resort, and was within the view of the localities that he most loved, David Gray lies buried. His humble ancestors, we learn, have reposed there for the last two hundred years, but there was not one of them like him; nor is it likely that there will be one like him among his race in the centuries to come.

Inns of Court and Barristers.

The Inns of Court have long had the exclusive privilege of training men for the bar, and exercising unlimited control over the members of the 'long robe.' There are now but four of such Inns—Lincoln's Inn, Gray's Inn, and the Middle Templars. All are on the same level in point of dignity or rank; none has greater or less pre-eminence than another; but among their respective members there are several degrees.

First, there are the benchers, who are the seniors of the Inns, intrusted with their government and direction. It is usual, when a barrister is made a Queen's Counsel, to make him a bencher of the Inn of which he may be a member; such persons have, however, no legal right to be so elected; the benchers can appoint whom they please. In a case which came some time back before the twelve judges on appeal, they, in their judgment, declared that the benchers have a right to determine whether their votes will add to their number by any new election, and which of the members of the bar they will elect to call to the bench. In Lincoln's Inn there are sixty-three benchers; in the Inner Temple, forty-two; in the Middle Temple, thirty-four; and in Gray's Inn, twenty. The meeting of the benchers is termed, in Lincoln's Inn, a council; in Gray's Inn, a pension; and in the Inner and Middle Temples, a parliament.

Secondly, there are the barristers-at-law or counsel- lions, being those persons who, having conformed to the prescribed regulations, have been called to the bar. Thirdly, there are those persons who, having kept twelve terms, without being called to the bar, obtain permission from the benchers to practice 'under the bar'; that is, anywhere but in open court. This class of practitioners is called special pleaders, or equity draftsmen, according as they prepare pleadings in the common-law or equity courts, or conveyancers, if they prepare deeds. These distinctions are all in general preserved after the call to the bar. Last of all, there are the students.

No person can be admitted a member of the Inner Temple who is under fifteen years of age. In the other Inns of Court there is no restriction as to age. Sir Simon d'Ewes, the first parliamentary reporter, and whose reports are so illustrative of political life in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was admitted a member of the Middle Temple before he was nine years old; and Lord Chief-justice Holt was a member of Gray's Inn before he had reached his twelfth year. No person in holy orders can be admitted a member of any Inn; nor can an attorney, solicitor, writer to the Signet, or writer in the Scotch courts, a proctor or notary-public. There are also a few other exceptions, which we need not mention. It appears that rejection by one Inn is a sufficient ground for rejection at all the others; and when admission is refused at one Inn, a notification of that refusal is transmitted, with the party's description, to the other Inns.

Although, with the exception before mentioned, there is no restriction on the age at which a person may become a member of any Inn, it may become a matter of doubt, in some cases, that no one can now be called to the bar until he has attained twenty-one.

Before a person can become a member of an Inn of Court, he must make a written application to its benchers, in which he must state his age, his father's profession, and his own condition of life and occupation. He must also make a declaration that he will not practise as a special pleader, or conveyancer, or equity draftsman, without the special permission of the benchers. He must also obtain a certificate of two barristers that they believe him to be a fit and proper man of respectability, and a proper person to become a member of the Inn.

The benchers, if they approve of the proposed member, admit him into the Inn. Previous to keeping any of the terms requisite for his call to the bar, he must deposit with the treasurer of the Inn the sum of 1L.100, to be returned without interest on his being called to the bar, or, in case of death, to his personal representatives. Such deposit is, however, not required when the student produces a certificate of his having kept terms in any of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, or (at the Middle Temple) of London, or Durham, or of his being a member of the Faculty of Advocates in Scotland; and before he can enter into what is called 'common,' he has to sign a bond conditioned to pay to the Inn all dues, fines, &c., with which he may become chargeable.

Before a member of an Inn can be called to the bar, he must have kept twelve terms. Whose such member is at the same time a member of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, London, or the Queen's University in Ireland, 'common' is kept by dining in the hall of the Inn any three days in each of the four legal terms in the year. Members who are not at the same time members of such universities have so to dine six days in each term. To each Inn of Court there is a hall, where the students, barristers, and benchers dine together. This plan is founded on just views, and is upheld with practical effects. Among these may be noticed that of its making known the person of the student, and exposing him, if his character be disreputable, to more easy detection by the Inn before the period of his application to be called to the bar. The expense of 'commons' for keeping the necessary terms is about 1.7 per annum. For the students, a bottle of wine is allowed to each mess of four, beer ad libitum, and a
comfortable and substantial dinner from the joint is provided. The benchers sit apart from the barristers and students, and have a more divalent fare. At certain periods, there is what is called a 'grand day,' when an extra court is opened for the purpose; and in Gray's Inn Hall, before dinner, the grace-cup, filled with sack, is passed round. The dinner-hour is five o'clock, but from half-past four to half-past five. No day's attendance is available for the purpose of keeping terms, unless the member so attending is present at the grace before dinner, during the whole of dinner, and until the concluding grace has been said. At dinner, the students wear black gowns without hoods or sleeves, and dine below the tables where the benchers and benchers sit.

To afford the students the means of obtaining instruction and guidance in their legal studies, five readerships are established by the four societies in the various branches of the law, these lectures are open to the students of all the Inns without distinction. On his admission into an Inn, each student pays L.5, 5s., which entitles him to attend the lectures of all the readers. Classes are also formed which he may attend if he think proper—for there is no compulsion—upon the payment of a small fee to the reader. At least two members of the Council of Legal Education, jointly with five readers, the examinations consist both of oral and written questions. If a student be so unfortunate as to be 'plucked,' he may appeal to any number of examinations, until he shall have obtained a certificate of having honourably passed. He is then entitled to wear the robes, to enter the chambers of special pleaders, equity draftsmen, or conveyancers, in order to obtain some experience in the actual practice of the law.

Chancery, an indispensable qualification for a seat on the judicial bench. Of this venerable order, there are, independent of the judges of the courts at Westminster, twenty-eight members. As the ceremony of calling a barrister to the degree of serjeant-at-law is somewhat interesting, we will shortly describe the ceremony used in Lincoln's Inn.

On the day appointed for taking the degree, the treasurers of the Inn and the benchers meet the serjeant-elect at a breakfast in the council-chamber; he is then led by the chief porter to the lower end of the hall. When the treasurer and benchers have arrived at the upper end, he approaches, and acquaints them that by writ, which he holds in his hand, he is commanded by his Majesty to take upon him the degree of serjeant-at-law, and at the same time expresses his regret on quitting the Inn, for, by taking the degree, he, ipso facto, ceases to become a member of the Inn. The treasurer briefly replies, and on taking leave, presents him with a gold or silver net purse, containing ten guineas. He is then, as it is termed, rung out of the Inn by the toll of the chapel bell, and it is customary for some of the benchers to attend him to Westminster Hall, where he goes through the ceremony of 'taking the cool.' He also takes an oath that he will well and truly serve the Queen's people as one of the serjeants-at-law, and that he will not defray or delay their causes willingly, for covetousness of money, or from anything that may tend to his profit, and will give due attendance accordingly.

On taking the cool, the serjeant presents to each of the chief-justices and the chief-baron a ring with a motto engraved thereon. A serjeant-at-law is clothed in a violet-coloured robe with a scarlet hood, such as the judges wear in the Central Criminal Court and in the crown courts at the assizes, but without the black

so refuse, they will hear the rejected member personally, or by counsel, and will allow him to adduce evidence to rebut the charges against him. From the benchers' decision, there is in every case an appeal to the judges of the courts at Westminster.

If a barrister conduct himself at the bar in an unprofessional manner, he will not only incur the censure of the benchers of his Inn, but they will generally order him to be excluded from the hall for two or three years, and direct that the order for such exclusion be affixed to the screen of the hall; hence this mode of punishment is called 'scorning.' When, however, the conduct of a barrister is such as to render him unworthy of being any longer a member of the Inn, the benchers 'disbar' him, and order his name to be struck out of their books. This is the extreme punishment, and is never resorted to except in cases of malpractice at the bar, or gross misconduct. A barrister who has thus been disbarred, will not be allowed, after his expulsion, to practise as an attorney, even though he had, previous to his call to the bar, been admitted as an attorney.

Before any one is called to the bar, he generally determines whether he will practise at the Chancery or Common Law Bar, and shapes his studies accordingly. If he select the latter, he also chooses which of the eight circuits he will attend. He usually selects that on which most of his friends and clients reside. There are 259 barristers on the Home Circuit, 208 on the Northern, while the North Wales and Chester Circuit only numbers 22. Chancery barristers can, if they like, go on circuit, but they rarely do so. In fact, any barrister can attend either circuit or sessions, although, by custom, Queen's Counsel never attends the latter, nor does any one who is or has been either Majesty's attorney or solicitor-general, attend the former, unless specially retained. Of those who do attend the circuits, one never receives sufficient fees to cover their expenses. The degree of serjeant-at-law is the highest degree attainable in the faculty of the law, and forms, by custom, an indispensable qualification for a seat on the judicial bench. Of this venerable order, there are, independent of the judges of the courts at Westminster, twenty-eight members. As the ceremony of calling a barrister to the degree of serjeant-at-law is somewhat interesting, we will shortly describe the ceremony used in Lincoln's Inn.
scarf. According to ancient custom, the judges and
serjeants-at-law go to St. Paul's Cathedral on the first
Sunday after Easter, when the latter wear scarlet
robes; on circuit, and on ordinary days at Westminster
Hall, they wear black stuff gowns. It may be men-
tioned that the serjeants and the judges of the courts
at Westminster (whom we have already mentioned
must by custom be serjeants) have an inn of their
own, in the hall of which they dine together during
term-time.

There are a number of barristers who, from their
superior abilities or long standing in the profession,
are selected to be her Majesty's Counsel in the law.
They are, in point of dignity and rank, superior even
to the serjeants-at-law. A Queen's Counsel can never
hold a brief against the crown unless he has previously
obtained a special permission or licence to do so, a
privilege, however, which, upon the payment of a
fee of about L3, is never refused. It is for this
reason that barristers who have much practice in
the criminal courts are made serjeants-at-law, when
no such licence is required. When a barrister is
appointed a Queen's Counsel, he is called by the
presiding judge of the court ‘within the bar’—that is,
he changes his seat from a back to the front row. He
then becomes a ‘leader,’ and wears a silk gown.
Barristers who have not attained the rank of either
Queen's Counsel or serjeant-at-law wear a stuff
gown; and are called ‘ juniors.’ It should be
reminded also, that a Queen's Counsel or serjeant-at-
law cannot hold a brief unless accompanied by a
junior; for this reason, some barristers decline the
honour of a silk gown. In many instances, good
juniors would make but bad leaders; and such
persons, although elevated in rank, would find their
brieves considerably reduced in number.

There are seventy-two special pleaders and con-
voyeers who are not at the bar, and therefore
not barristers, although they practise ‘under the
bar.’ There are also nine members of the Scottish
bar now resident in London, all of whom, with one
exception, are members of the English bar. Alto-
gether, there are about 4000 gentlemen at the bar, and
perhaps one half of these have but little or nothing
to do.

Among the privileges of barristers, the most im-
portant, and one essential to the due administration
of justice, is the unfettered freedom of speech. No action
can be brought against them for words spoken by
them as counsel in a cause; but such words must be
in some respect relevant to the matter in issue, for if
barristers go beyond their instructions, and gratuit-
ously slander a man, they lose their privilege. The
fees paid to counsel are not as a salary or hire for
work to be done, and consequently a barrister cannot
maintain an action for them if they be not paid.
So barristers cannot be arrested on circuit, or while in
attendance on the superior courts at Westminster,
and they are exempted from serving on juries or as
constables.

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'SOLVENTUR TABULE.'

Do you remember how the sun—the setting sun—would
slecly fall
In a warm gush of tender light, as now, upon the garden
wall,
Where peach, and plum, and jargonelle shone luminous in
golden hue,
Embossed deep in fairy cells of latticed leaves? I do —
I do —
Do you remember how we turned as the tired sun sank
down to rest,
And watched him fling his gorgeous robes about the
portals of the West,

Till the cloud-pillars rocked and flashed wild splendours
o'er the fields of blue—
And the wide gates of heaven were blocked with disarray !
I do—I do !

Do you remember how we stood in silence—our hearts
veiled and dim—
As from the hidden choristers rose many-voiced their
evening hymn;

And all the air was soft with balm, and all the grass was
bathed with dew—
And your sweet eyes were strangely moist, and so were
mine! I do—I do !

Do you remember how we passed with arms so fondly
interlaced—
Your hand lay thus within my clasp, and thus my right
was round your waist!
You kissed me then, and said that naught in the wide
world could part us two—
You said so then most earnestly. You recollect? I do —
I do !

Do you remember how the months have fled away with
rapid wing?
The summer past, and autumn waned, and winter came.
'Tis now the spring—
The blessed spring, so full of hope that olden time seems
to renew
When first we met and promised love—you think of it? I
do—I do —

Do you remember how you wrote a letter stained with
many a tear,
Each word of which shocked through my heart, and changed
its joy to wondering fear—
And how you said that I was false, and trifled where I
should be true—
And you must take your love from me for evermore? I
do—I do —

You meant it then. I stood misjudged. The lying lips
that came between—
Can lie no more. You know their worth. You read them
false. Ah then, my Queen,
Shall they prevail—those idle tales!—O think of what
we both passed through,
And let the year entomb its grief and shroud its woe?
I do—I do —

Let all the past be past indeed. Hark to the evening
waves' glad tune
Upon the beach. Through heaven's heights uprising shone
the round orb'd moon;
So let our life be full of light! I touch your lips as I used
to——
You give yourself again, my dear? You seal it thus? I
do—I do —

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AT THE DOG-SHOW.

That half the world does not know how the other half lives, was wont to be a true saying, although but a partial truth. It might have been added, that it was likewise ignorant of the feelings, passions, ambitions, and even the amusements of the other half. A certain tulip affords not only pleasure to A, but excites him to a sort of frenzy; he would give a quarter of his whole possessions to become the owner of an ill-smelling painted Jezebel of a flower, no other specimen of which, he is well assured, is in the collection of any rival tulip-fancier. The rest of the human alphabet used to stand aghast at A's infatuation. To B, whose entire existence, except the six weeks which are out of the season, and when he cannot 'get up a fourth' in all London, is spent in playing with grotesquely executed pieces of cardboard, and who founds his claim to religion and morality upon the ground that he desists from playing, whist exactly as the clock strikes twelve upon Saturday nights, A's course of conduct was unintelligible; he had known persons to have weaknesses for particular suits, like Mrs Sarah Battle, and even for particular cards, such as the Queen of Clubs, who does indeed carry a flower in her hand—but for tulips! Could any one imagine a more frivolous and senseless taste? C, who has enough money to maintain himself and family in comfort and even luxury, and who would scorn to increase his capital by trade, finds all the interest of life centered in a horse-race; he bets heavily upon animals about which he knows nothing for certain, except that their owners are not to be trusted, and believes that there is no joy in this world comparable to that of overreaching a friend. C, I say, was wont to look with the utmost contempt on D, who only cares for horses in respect to their capabilities of carrying him after hounds, and looks upon summer as an error in judgment on the part of Providence, insomuch as it affords no fox-hunting. E, who spends his spare time in thoughtful study upon the construction of some machine which shall destroy his fellow-creatures in the most unforeseen manner possible, by falling upon them from the skies, or bursting out upon them from under their feet, and whose idea of perfection is 'the greatest destruction of the greatest number,' used to conceive F to be little less than a brute, because he never misses a prize-fight, and his money is always ready at the

Cat and Cauliflower, in the cause of Science and the National Manliness. Similarly, G and the rest of us were wont to have some particular delight or hobby which was 'carnive to the general'; a clique more or less limited sympathised with us, and a palisade more or less confined enclosed us, over which we gazed, indifferent-eyed, at the pursuits of the world. Now it is one of the specialties of Society on the other hand, and no insignificant evidence of its liberality and large-heartedness, that it has a desire to be informed about itself. Not only is the upper crust anxious to know how the under crust gets on, and despatches its missionaries and its Mayhews, and Institutes its Social Science Association, and resolves itself into special commissions for that end, but the various cliques and coteries we have spoken of begin to evince an interest in that social body which they go to make up, and the social body in them. There is an inclination on the part of those within to lower their palisade, and on the part of those without to look over it, and see what is going on.

Virtuosi who have spent tens of thousands upon the most hulidous productions of the ceramic art; on clumsy jewellery of six centuries ago; upon ivory idols from the far ends of the universe; and who were wont to keep these things as jealously as the Turk his harem, are now as desirous of getting their goods appreciated as though they were marine store-dealers. Cognoscenti who used to pride themselves upon their exclusiveness, now 'loan' those mysterious treasures for public exhibition which were wont to be shewn as a favour only to their dearest friends, and then only for the sake of exciting their envy. Possessors of paintings that a few years ago would have been covered with a curtain, and exposed only on great occasions, like a relic, to a few devotees of the Fine Arts, despatch them now to galleries, to which the most ignorant may gain admittance daily for sixpence, and which the humblest may enter on Wednesdays and Saturdays for nothing at all. Associations, archaeological and scientific, whose nebulous 'proceedings' used to take place in dusty chambers, as far as possible removed from the ordinary world, hold open meetings, and attract to themselves excursion-trains at reduced prices. Chess-clubs, whose meditative doings were wont to be as secret as those of the Star Chamber, now play in our town-halls, and for the additional gratification of the populace, incorporate a sort of blind-man's-buff with their time-honoured
science. Flower-fanciers entice fox-hunters to their rose-shops. Agriculturists, who were formerly supposed to have a monopoly of the organ of wonder, attract the entire metropolis to gaze at their long-horns and their short-horns, their shearlings and their yearlings.

The whole fashionable world, male, and not a few of its female members, emigrated to Battersea Park the other day to see, and even to feel. It was considered a sign of ignorance not to kneel and pinch the regions about the tails of the fat cattle. The ladies, who imagined, I think, that the objects of their attentions were personally gratified by this process, indented the animals with the points of their parasols. They gazed with interest upon 'Little Wonder'—the fatest pig in the world, I should suppose—and expressed a tender pity that he should have been disqualified for a prize on account of his teeth.

The most remarkable thing in this great collection, perhaps, was an empty compartment, labelled 'Pen of Three Females,' which attracted great attention. I myself being interested in literature, was particularly curious about this, expecting to behold the writing implement which had been used in turn by some female trinumvirate of letters—Hypatia, Hannah More, and Miss Martineau, perhaps—but there was nothing but space and straw. The precious relic, if there was one, had been unaccountably removed before my visit.

The most numerous efforts were however made by all to understand what there was really to be seen, and if we did not succeed, we deserved to do so.

This creditable desire for knowledge on the part of Society at Battersea was, however, quite eclipsed by its enthusiasm during the same week at Ialington. The former is a locality which the aristocracy are unquestionably less accustomed to visit than the Second Chamber of the Legislature. The latter is terra incognita, and indeed. It is not too much to say, that a greater number of English people of fashion have surveyed St Peter's at Rome than have ever set eyes on, and far less partaken of, the Angel at Ialington. Yet, cabinet ministers and their wives, and bishops (not of Bond Street), and hundreds of ladies and gentlemen of title and high degree, beebok themselves, in a certain week in June, to this unknown district, in order to see a Dog show.

The Ialington Agricultural Hall, in which this exhibition was held, is as much a doubt in the interior, of a doubtful style of architecture; but the interior is of that Transition period when people began to build roofs over their stables, but had not as yet divided them into stalls. More than a thousand dogs of all descriptions—Sporting, Toy, Fancy, Fighting, and Foreign—were assembled here, the smaller in little detached dwellings of their own, and the larger on couches of straw, with no restriction as to space save that imposed by the length of their chains. The cleanliness of these creatures was beyond all praise, but yet there was a certain aroma about them—estraiz de connellos, let us call it—which brought out Society's scent-bottles; while, as for the noise, we can well believe that the singers in the Philharmonic Concert Rooms over the way did find the canine rivalry a little trying. Lablache himself could never have got lower than the Alpine mastiff, whose bell-tass was incessant; nor could the singer of highest note in the vocal scales have beaten, in respect to all shirriness at least, the white terriers. A couple of these, in partic-

ular, 'Highly Commended' by the judges, but apparently far from satisfied with that award, were ceasing, with red eyes and quavering voice, to implore the justice of the decree which had deprived them of a silver medal. Aristocratically contemptuous of such complainers, lay the King Charles's spaniels, snug in their little cushion, and with scald- red, jet-black hair. They seemed to know that the race is getting as scarce as old Port, and that the prices set on their silky heads ranged from ten to seventy guineas. These, in contrast with the majority of the dogs exhibited, were bond fade; but where such sums as L1,500, and even L2,000, were affixed to any animal in the catalogue, it might be concluded that the owner did not much part with his canine favourite. Such unexpectedly large prices were, however, given in some cases, that the owners were obliged to part with what they had no intention of selling—the fancy price they had put on their property being insufficient to keep it in its own possession.

Scarce less delicate than the King Charles were the Maltese dogs, white door-mats for my lady's boudoir, and with only an exquisite pink nose-tip to proclaim them dogs at all. Some of these dainty ones were even chained to their rabbit-stoof —and one had her family-tree planted at her door, so that all might be aware of her lofty lineage.

She was the granddaughter of Rose, the most illustrious coated-dog ever known in England, whose tresses were thirteen and a half inches in length. In curious contrast to these were their insufferably clothed neighbours. In two terriers, who wore their gossamer chains with much impatience, and strove to bite off the very tickets that proclaimed their triumphs: some of these were shivering like half-aspen leaf, and fallily barked like the closing of a porteminent. The pug-dogs, very deficient in nose, and with the rest of their features (to say the least) very much foreshortened, also kept up a whoop at the Angel at Ialington; they looked as if they had failed in becoming bull-dogs—just as the critics are said to be disappointed authors—and their tempers perhaps were soured by that circumstance.

The foreign dogs—among which I discovered a Scotch collie, much disgusted with his company—were for the most part rather a sad sight. There were some Pekin dogs, who appeared to regret that they had ever been littered, or had not gone the way of all dogs in their native country in early youth, and then tumbled among the wildcat, too, shivered miserably in the cold shade of the English aristocracy; and the Egyptian dogs—half rial and half Italian greyhound—were a piteous spectacle. The former were 'got up' as well as their circumstances would permit; what little hair they had was combed and commenced—taken assailous care of; as is the hair of the human when he first perceives that he is getting bald; but the dogs of Egypt had absolutely no hair, while their complexion was of that dead blue which a gentleman's upper lip presents immediately after shaving. It may have been my insular prejudice, but the Russian retrievers, handsome dogs though they were, seemed to present the same keen, cowed expression that is often observable in their masters; while the French sporting-dogs betrayed at once the inaptitude of our Gallic neighbours for le Sport. I am certain that the pointers at least had been accustomed to consider teams as game. There were numbers of some names and extra-foreign classes, upon whose ancestors it would have puzzled Mr Darwin himself to pronounce for certain, but all seemed willing to occupy themselves very agreeably in catching flies—and other insects.

Of a very different sort from these, however, were the great St Bernards, the philosophers of the canine world, in whose thoughtful faces and vast limbs its
Intelllect and dignity are most united. Not even the massive Alpine mastiffs gave such assurance of a dog as these, nor the huge boar-hounds, almost as terrible and thrilling as the game they pursue. Most of these mighty creatures were dumb—too disdainful to complain of their captivity at the hands of man—but ever and anon they poured forth an awful note of lamentation, not for themselves, as it seemed, but for the humiliation of the species over which they felt themselves to reign in vain. The Promethean bound might have expressed himself to the same effect against the gods. One of these St. Bernards might be bought—although it seemed profanation to barter so noble a creature—for a hundred pounds; but the affixed price would be in reality far less than the actual expense, for the best dogs are certain to be often stolen if their purchasers live in town, and to cost from two pounds to ten for each recovery. The adventures of ladies and gentlemen of fashion after their lost dogs might be published appropriately enough under the title of The Wits of Whitechapel.

The deer-hounds* moaned, and even barked as they slept, bustling, doubtless, in their dreams, upon the heathery hills. It must have been said for Gelert (two grand dogs were so named), with his heart in the highlands, to wake and find his body in Islington. The offer of this species, so beautiful in maturity, are as ungainly in early youth as calves or cygnets, nor did the majority of the canine puppies exhibit give promise of future good looks; the young of King Charles's breed, however, looked every inch (though their inches were few) a prince or princess, and those of the Newfoundlanders were perfect miniatures of papas and mammas.

Nor is it too much to say, that very few human Sovereigns have ever looked so majestic as did the blood-hounds. These are unquestionably the hereditary stock of the canine race, and their imperative magnificence is just what the folks who are anxious to appear 'well connected' are always striving after. They are not very intellectual, indeed; but then there is no necessity for it. Nature has set her coronet seal upon them (which she sometimes emits to do with the biped), and no one disputes their title to Nobility, although the bull-dog may of course turn up his democratic nose at the Institution itself as much as he pleases. Each blood-hound looked as if he had gained the first prize, and was sitting to the Queen of Scotland. He placed, at the special request of her Majesty Queen Victoria. Their play, if their mutual condescensions can be called by so light a name, was as that of lions; and once or twice there burst forth a terrible sound from their massive jaws, such as the hunted slave in the Dismal Swamp has often shuddered to hear, and the echo of which has startled the Recording Angel, accustomed as he is to the vindictive cruelty and unnatural avarice of Man.

The twenty couple of fox-hounds belonging to the Duke of Beaufort had, of course, no price set on them; they were priceless: their owner even refused the prize awarded, because there were no competitors. If a Frenchman could possibly be taught to understand such things, he would have beheld in that miniature kennel the finest specimens of the sporting-dog that exist. Nature and art combined in them to produce all excellences—speed, endurance, tone, sagacity, delicacy of smell, unanimity, beauty. More care, more money, more labour had been expended on the bringing up of these dogs than on the nurture and education (alas!) of half the people who would fill the exhibition on its shilling-days. What an idea of the importance of sporting-dogs in England would the following pedigree (extracted from the pages of this catalogue) of a mere pointer afford to a foreigner.


Conceive the astonishment of this ancestral animal if he could behold the whole host of these dogs, with all the ideas of savagery and uncivilised that they possess no game laws!

The little creatures with their hair combed over their eyes, whose uniformity of appearance at both extremities suggested the famous inquiry of the street-boy: 'Vich is 'a ed, and vich is 'tail?' were, of course, Skye terriers; and the much larger dogs, looking very much ashamed of themselves, as filling an unrecognised and amphibious position—half-land, half-water dog—were otter-dogs, the marines of the canine army. A very large show of mastiffs, so quiet and sleepy, to all appearance, that it was hard to suppose such creatures delighted in combat. One very fine one, of indountable pluck and vigour, I was told, was entitled 'Quaker'—in compliment, no doubt, to the member for Birmingham. About the bull-dogs, however, there could be no mistake as to their mission in the world. Fighting was evidently what they were born for, and a profession in which their business and pleasure were happily mixed. Their resemblance to fighting-men—to the bullet-headed, short-nosed, low-browed, evil-eyed individuals who belong to what is called (by a hideous misnomer) the 'Fancy,' was most striking, and seems to confirm the doctrine of metamorphosis beyond contradiction. One or two of them had even black eyes. A female bull-terrier, with pups, quite failed to convey the expression of tenderness which the pleasures of maternity are said to imprint upon the countenances of the very lowest of her sex. The pups, also, were black, which, when considered with the fact that the legitimate husband was no more than whity-brown, placed the lady's morality and taste upon an equally low level.

It was quite a relief to leave this vulgar company, and go up stairs, as it were, into the drawing-room, where the graceful greyhounds, clothed though they were, were uttering small-talk against the unseasonable cold, and the retrievers were handing about their drinking-mugs to everybody (for practice), as though it was coffee. The timid settlers, with beshagging eyes, were here too, and the spaniels wishing to make friends with anybody, and the glorious Newfoundlanders, full of magnificent good-nature, and surrounded by admiring young people, whom they welcomed by 'giving paw.' The superiority of expression was certainly with this last set, with the St. Bernards, and with the blood-hounds; for next in intelligence came the sporting-dogs; then the 'varmint' creatures, whose thoughts run on rats and badgers; then the pet and fancy classes; and lastly, the fighting-dogs, with their blood-shot eyes fixed longingly upon the spectator's under-lip.

Upon the whole, the Islington Exhibition was a most interesting one, and the dog-fanciers have established their claim to some consideration. Whitechapel and Belgravia have for the first time shaken hands. It is no little credit to the managers of the undertaking, that a thousand dogs should have been

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There were two smooth-coated deer-hounds, a very rare knowledge of which I believe, is only to be found in Eastwell Park, where they are used for separating the deer from the herd.
collected together, and accommodated so conveniently both for themselves and the public. This enormous raw material for hydrophobia has been dismissed without any comment. Although a small part of the evil had not been averted, it would certainly not have been for any want of such deterrent and remedial agents as bark and whine, a supply of which each animal was expected to bring with him—and did it.

THE HOUSE.

This needful structure, without which no considerable advance in civilization would have been possible, has been elaborated by very slow degrees. How great, and yet how tedious, must have been the progress which led from the cave or the hollow oak to the palace with marble floors and stately porticoes, to the mansion, roomy and fair to view, and even to the cottage, with blossomed creepers clinging to its caves and rustic porches. The earlier steps in this grand præmeval march are hidden from our eyes.

Even Hebrew Scripture gives us no glimpse of the difficulties which kept men back, of the wishes that urged them on, in their struggle for a home. One of the greatest of these must have been the perpetual tax laid upon the energies and resources of nearly all ancient peoples in the erection of public buildings. Temple, monolith, palace, and pyramid, absorbed the strength and the wealth of the elder races. Before the natural human hungering after comfort and luxury could be gratified, a tremendous toll had to be paid. Despotism, princes, proud and mean, cast the heavy yoke of care, until called on the nation at large to toil at colossal tasks of various kinds. Here, royal vanity piled up those stupendous masses of brick-work which still throw a blue shadow over the yellow desert of Egypt, and each of which cost the lives of myriads of poor patient Fellahen. There, some rapture of devotion, perverseness some superstitious freak, bore fruit in the shape of a huge temple, spreading over whole acres of ground its massive walls and Titan pillars. Elsewhere, rivers were embanked at great cost; sea-walls were constructed, to keep out the encroaching waves from vast artificial harbours; public baths, theatres, libraries, were reared at the public charge; streams were turned into channels, hills levelled, cities transplanted. All those tremendous labours, with which Rollin and Gascou adorn our modern imaginations, went very far towards thwarting private progress. Once let the state be established as the great spendthrift of the national resources, and the individual will soon have little to lay out for his own purposes. So it was in the days of old. Men were dwarfed, that the aggregate of men might perform prodigies of exertion and expenditure under the guidance of authority. The private persons who composed the nation were in the position of beasts of burden dragging a triumphal chariot. They lived meanly, that a mausoleum of mountaneous bulk might give shelter to Pharaoh's sarcophagus, or bear Pharaoh's name. They dwelt in hovels, that Dian's temple might be radiant with translucent marbles; that the columns might be of whitest alabaster; the floor glittering in mosaic of porphyry, jasper, agate, sardonyx; the roof ablaze with gold, ivory, and precious stones.

It may be said that domestic architecture, in its best sense, had a republican origin. The brawling, constitutive Greeks, exasperating to their Egyptian schoolmasters; and petty as were the houses of Athens, they were far superior to those of the Nile valley. All along that incalculable and uncooped and opulent river, among the spacious catacombs, the proud palaces, the countless obelisks and sphinxes in dark-red stone, the shrines dedicated to cat, ox, beetle, to the fish, the beast, and the reptile, rose the poor palm-thatched huts of the ill-lodged Copts. Sorry affairs were even the best of them, with their crazy walls of mud and timber, a notched plank for a staircase, mere dens for rooms.

Compared with the extravagance of the Egyptian buildings, which were built of stone, and on a regular plan, were commodious abodes, ill as we should relish their comfortless little adjoining cells, their contracted rooms and the rigid separation between the apartments of the two sexes. In the Greek colonies of Italy, Sicily, and elsewhere, the rich transplanted Greeks gave loose to their insatiate passion for the beautiful. Rome was still a tenth-rate town of shabby brick, Capua, Syracuse, and Tarentum possessed such villas, glorious with priceless marbles, sculpture, painting, gardens, fountains, gold, ivory, and silk, as moved us to wonder of the proud and ignorant patricians on the banks of Tiber.

The Romans proved apt scholars. At first, they marvelled and despised, then they coveted, and lastly they copied. The noblest races of the commonwealth, those arrogant and valiant tribes or gentes, from whose name are derived the French word gentilhomme, and the English word gentleman, were of Grecian blood, and had some share of the Grecian character. A residue existed of sturdy plebeians and plain equestrians, bluff Romulus had must have been the great-grandchildren of the kings of Egypt and Persia; they were freemen, at least to a degree, since no all-powerful tyrant could wring their substance from them at his good pleasure. In consequence, we do not find republican Rome rearing the wonderful monuments whose ruins still loom through the wastes of Asia and Africa, after serving as the quarters of many generations. To be a pyramid or a Babel-tower, at the price of hecatombs of human lives, would have seemed silly waste to the practical mind of the Roman. Dykes he built, indeed, theatres, coucuses, aqueducts; on whose stately arches the pure water was borne for many a league to refresh thirsty citizens, amphitheatres to keep the people in good-humour, quays whereat galleys could unload a freight; but he seldom threw work away on a fancy. When he did, he paid for it himself out of his own purse, as the tomb of Cecilia Metella, wife of the wealthiest of the Coriarii, a fatiguing war, bears witness. The palaces and villas of the Roman grandees were noble structures. They might be outshone by the actual residence of the Great King, but by no means by that of the Great God. They united the prettiness of Greek decoration with a certain grandeur of proportions and ampleness of splendour quite their own. How complete they were, we can best judge by scanning the fossil houses of Pompeii, and the twin-buried city, Herculanenum. If these were so fair and trimly ordered, these, the fifth-rate dwellings of moderately well-to-do men, living in a petty provincial town, what must have been the palatial abodes on Aventine, what the fairy palaces at Baie and Salerno. The Roman pattern for a gentleman's house, such a house as harboured poets, historians, and magistrates, was elaborately enough. It had its entrance-hall and vestibule, its guest-chambers, its atrium, where stood the statues of the owner's ancestry, the Larus and Penates, with altars ready for a flaring lamp and pinch of frankincense, where the fountain bubbled in the fish-pond, where the brazier burned, where the great oriental censer of bronze was suspended on the papilion, where a statue of Dian were the numerous rooms devoted to banquets and social intercourse; here a bower for summer use, there the uncooped and opulent river, among the spacious catacombs, the proud palaces, the countless obelisks and sphinxes in dark-red stone, the shrines dedicated to cat, ox, beetle, to the fish, the beast, and the reptile, rose the poor palm-thatched huts of the
granaries, mosaics, walls gaudy with gaudiest mythology in gay hues. Oddly enough, there were shops mixed up with the apartments; shops where the master sold the oil and wine of his farms; shops let on hire. The built town was a fleabag of magnates of Rome were not above turning a penny in that way. Their sumptuous dwellings bore a slight resemblance to the Persian Palais Royal as we see it now.

We modern Britons should not have liked a Roman house. We might, we must have admired its wealth of decoration—ivory couches, spotting fountains, statues in precious material, and of exquisite workmanship. Tyrannic curtainers, Arianis, Hengor and Ithian pillars—but we should not have understood that public, open-air, shifting existence which the Quirites led, changing from arbor to pavilion, from pavilion to heated chamber, according to the weather; and we should gasp for breath in the airless, cramped cubicles which served the masters of the world for bedrooms, and which they had borrowed from Athens.

But we owe them a great deal: they handed down to us the principle of the arch, the theory of the builder, the practice of mason and bricklayer. Their half-ruined houses, their books and traditions, have once taught our rude forefathers what men might do, and urged them on to exertion by the sense of shame and the love of emulation. A dark day came—dark, at least, to the prose of our old Roman empire—when the Goths took possession, and feasted in halls he could never have built. The northern races had ideas of their own on the subject of architecture. The painted Britons, as Cæsar and Tacitus describe them, dwelt in conical wattled huts of oister-work, mere Brobdingnag beehives, smeared with blood on top. While in Germany and Scandinavia the tribes had an idea which was only attained in the abodes of their kings and chiefmen. The commonalty dwelt in misaplan hovels with very careful walls, and Harfager, had palaces. These were long, roofed wooden edifices, propped by innumerable pillars, which pillars were not the slim shafts of young pine trees, around whose stems, from coast-days, the northern maidens twined green boughs and the simple flowers known to them. When the Goths were lords of the cultured Germans, conquerors of the Danes, and with quarried and cunning workmen at command, they loved to bid their slaves build them a fairer copy of the old type of princely abodes. Then chisel and mallet were piled on piles; and in the pastorals of the pine tree were artfully simulated in marble of Carrara and Numidian porphyry; corbel and gargoyle, ogive window and fretted pinnacle, succeeded to the smooth simplicity of classic taste, and Gothic architecture gained the stamp of permanence.

A bird’s-eye view of the old continent, at the time when the imperial race had learned to crouch before a barbarian’s footstool, would have shown some strange results of progress, but must have left the palm to Europe. At that time, Persia, an overgrown monstrosity, rotten to the core, awaited but a push to overturn her power. She had done little for civilisation. Her palaces—even those of Persepolis, to which Alexander and Thais had applied the torch so wantonly—owed all their beauty to Greek art and skill. Her private dwellings were poor constructions of timber and mud, while half her people dwelt in tents. In tents also lived the savages. The immense population of what was then independent Tartary, the future spoilers of Asia Minor, and the future taskmasters of Russia. The Tartar, however, loving variety, had demised his idea to the houses of theathings and aldermen, what were those of the majority of Saxons, of Gurtl and Sigbert the swineherds, of Wybert the smith, and Harold the carpenter? They were built in cells of unbarbed wood, plastered with clay, and thatched with reeds and straw, and would hardly have figured well in the report of a sanitary commission.

In Russia, in the Baltic provinces—which then belonged to a score of pagan tribes—in Germany and Sweden, almost everywhere, in fact, timber...
abounded; the people therefore constructed their houses of wood, reckless of the continual fires to which they were exposed by war and accident. The system had its merits. A burned town—and some towns were destroyed by fire in the sixteenth century—could rise like a phoenix from its ashes before the old embers were cold. When a man’s house was changed into an ugly heap of glowing beams, he simply took his hatchet, called on his neighbours for a little friendly help, and set seriously to work to build another. Down came a score of trees; some clay was puddled to the tenacity most approved for plastering the crannies between the logs; the fen furnishe a boatload of reeds for the roof; the rubbish was cleared away, and the floor of beaten earth proved all the harder for the baking it had received. So the burned-out household got a new dwelling almost gratis, and lived content until the next onslaught of the burning, pillaging foe. But timber is not a substance adapted for any but a rude order of buildings. There have certainly been palatial edifices erected in mere wood, but architects hardly care to do their best for what a spark may reduce to tinder, and weather must corrode. No great improvement can be expected until the forests are thinned, and the greenwood has given place to quarry and brick-field. The arch, without which we could have built anything uniting beauty and grandeur with convenience, was unknown to the early Celts and Teutons. The Pictish forts existing in the northern isles have no nearer approach to the archway than a straight slat of stone laid upon two upright posts. The Scandinavian and Germanic races knew no better principle than this, until the traditions of Vitruvius and the other masters of the art became gradually diffused through the barbaric realms. Even then, what a long time elapsed before the theory ripened into practice! In a few old crypts, dampness and under ground, we see the thick, dwarfed pillars, the low roofs, and heavy arches of early Saxon architecture. Such was the work of a monk-ridden people, whose best efforts were devoted to monasteries and abbeys, and whose houses must have been much inferior to even those stunted copies of a fair model. But a great change, happily for the world, was coming on. King Edward the Confessor earned no good-will from his subjects when he invited Norman nobles into our country to see, to envy, and finally to snatch the wealth of fertile England; but it was otherwise when that saintly king imported Norman architects, Norman carvers in wood, glass-stainers from Rouen, and masons from Caen. The Saxons, a sensible race, in spite of their prejudices and superstition, saw the superior skill of these foreigners, and hastened to profit by it. In that single reign which preceded the reigns of Stamford Bridge and Hastings, more progress was made in all that relates to building and ornament than was probably the case since the time of Alfred. England’s own, France quivering in their grasp, like a pigeon in the clutch of a hawk, Sicily, Antioch, Cyprus, in Norman keeping, their adventurers victorious over half-fabulous odds wherever they went, the outcasts of Norway set the fashion to Europe. They had a wonderful taste for pomp, but it was a chastened taste. It is true that the Norman lavished all his invention and his wealth on the cathedral, the cloister, and the castle; but he enriched the world with many creations of rare beauty, imbued with a poetry that was new to Christendom. The Norman castle was an immense advance upon the works of the past; it had lofty towers, arches of surprising grace, size, and strength, halls that rose to a height, and a height so attained dimmed the eye of man, and the minute finish of the stone-work and wood-work rivalled the nobleness of the proportions.

It has been shrewdly conjectured that the minsters, convents, and castles of the feudal day were the work of a peculiar brotherhood, whose emblems are often to be found among their carvings, and whose name at least has descended to the order of Freemasons. Be that as it may, it is certain that since then Europe has never seen such prodigal bounty of adornment, such lace-work cut in tough stone, such intricate rose-windows, carvings and intradoses as first annually, and by degrees, a rainbow of dyes, such foliage and flowers, monsters and demons, saints and angels, as toad the pinnacles and turrets with the colors that remain to us. But the Freemasons, if such they were, spent most of their trouble on ecclesiastical buildings; and though they strengthened the baron’s keep, and carved hangings devoured for plastering, the chaste half-fit for the heroes of Homer, they did very little for the ‘bower’ of my lady the baron’s wife, and nothing at all for the comfort of the baron’s villeins. What they did, however, was to keep alive the traditions of good and graceful architecture, and to train up a race of workmen who handled their tools well, and who could erect a fair house for any one who could afford to pay them. Gradually, as nations grew richer, people could afford to pay them; not the labouring class of hinds and ploughmen, who, poor fellow, had to stick much longer to turf hovels, huts of rough stone, or cottages of the Devonshire ‘cob,’ but the farmer and the burgler presently desired something snazzy and more tasteful than the smoky wooden huts of which they were made, and they shared in the improvement of the time.

England, in this respect, was singularly backward; she was not only outstripped by Italy and France, but by Spain. It was in the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the Spanish ambassador wrote home to express his wonder at the oddity of the English yeomen, who fared as well as hidalgoes of Castile, yet lived in houses built of mud. This eye for form in the envoy of the Catholic king spoke so so curiously, was what is known as the ‘half-timbered.’ It is eminently picturesque, built of timber, bricks, and with walls of bricks, and they shared in the improvement of the time.

The Saracens did as much for the eastern world as the Normans for the West. When they burst from their deserts, ill-clad, hungry, and untaught, but strong in the might of their new faith, their poverty moved the contempt of the Byzantine court and of the Greek colonists. That a rude people, hitherto despised, should leave the wilderness to rule over nations, was in Greek eyes as improbable as would now be the conquest of Europe by the Laplanders. But the wiscases of Constantinople were wrong; the Arab had much latent genius, and a love for the beautiful quite as fervent as that of the Greek in his best days. When he was lord of all, when he had learned to imitate the handicrafts, and had absorbed the science of civilised men, he showed that he could invent in his turn. Here arose those wondrous palaces, mosques, and pavilions; those majestic castles, and tombs hardly less gorgeous, which even in ruins surpass the best productions of our own day. Nor was it in Spain and Syria alone that the horse-shoe arch, the flowing scroll-work of Arabesque art, the deep cornices glowing with gold, the fairy columns, the glittering fountains, the floors and ceilings so chastely splendid, so softly turned into being; as Arab teaching was due the snowy Tajmahal of Agra, the palace of the Moguls, all the magnificence which decked India under the Mohammedan sway. If the Mogul, in whose Arabian learning reached the highest pitch, had only known how to adorn the homes of his kings,
Alhambra and Alcazar, we should have owed them little. But their efforts were not wholly spent on the polished marble, the fantastic carvings, and the many-coloured enamels and frescoes which were to please a monarch; they were directed to the development which seemed marvellous to neatness and elegance; even the cottages of the white-turbaned peasantry, under whose skilful care the Vega blossomed like a garden, were miracles of cleanliness. The Gothic hidalgoes of Castile sneered at the spotless floors, the snowy walls, and above all, at the passion of these infidels for washing, and the provision they made for that effeminate and heathenish practice. But as cause and effect act and react over the world, there is little doubt that we owe many a lesson, in other matters than physic and chemistry, to the Moslems of Spain.

Many integral parts of a house had been, during all this time, slowly changing. The awkward Egyptian door, a mere plank with wooden fastenings, had given place to the folding doors, which was commonly a trivalve; to this succeeded the low, heavy, and almost circular door of the Goths, and to this, again, the tall and pointed door of the feudal epoch. The last gave place only to the double-leaved portal of the time of Francis I., which has remained in favour with the builders of large and handsome houses to the present day. Throughout the East, curtains were used at all times, and the place of bolts and locks was filled by servants who slept across their lord's threshold. Stairs were for the most part raised. Some Moorish stairs were broad and commodious, and Venice could boast of stately flights of wide stone steps; but the châteaux of the north had to stumble, as best they might, up the dark, steep, and breakneck ascents which led to their turret-chambers. In the best houses, out of Italy, glazed windows were most rare. Dukes packed up the glass of their casements, and carried it with them on summer-m widen when moving from town to country. The Russians were lucky in having a substitute in tale, thin plates of which admitted light, and kept out the cold. The natives of West Europe were fain to content themselves with oiled paper, parchment, or discs of thin horn, while the people of Spain and the Levant had nothing but a wooden shutter therewith to exclude sun, dust, rain, or tempest. Where glass panes existed, they were usually very small, and in the shape of that well-known lunette which looks so well from without, but admits so little light.

The Renaissance—wherein books and crucibles, learning and art, revived with a splendour that for a time threw old ideas into the shade—did much for domestic architecture. There was an actual fury for all things classical; not, it is true, for the classicism of Greece, but for all that related to Roman science. The stately and convenient Italian type of mansion supplanted the castellated dwelling of the baron. Towns were changed: the crown and the towns were too strong for the turbulent nobles, and no one cared to be cramped within a donjon tower that no feudal enemy was likely to besiege. Then, for the first time, the gentry of France began to build hotels and manor-houses which had broad staircases of stone, marble, or cedarwood; and when the doors and windows; to raise their ceilings; and to aim rather at grandeur than at strength. England did not, indeed, vie with France in the elegance of its houses, but was clothed with favour the Tudor style of building, then new, and which was perhaps better suited to her climate and scenery than paladian porticos and Tuscan halls. Tudor archi-

Chamber's Journal
plies of hewn stone which that patient people had contrived to erect, and at the enormous extent of the area covered. But the bulk of the people lived in cottages, neat, indeed, but humble in materials and design.

The natives of the Polynesian Archipelago were found very backward in respect to their dwellings, as in other matters; indeed, it is only among the dwarfish races that haunt the swamy forests of equatorial Africa that we can find a parallel for the blackes of Papua, in their tree-castles, which they ascend by a rude ladder. Otaheite, in whose delicious climate little shelter sufficed, could boast of its huts of light wood, roofed with matting, and the New Zealand had cot- tages for the peasant, fortified pavilions for the chief. But the natives of the Austral continent had but a 'gunyo' of bark, a mere screen to be carried about and placed against the stem of a gum tree, and behind which half a tribe could huddle together when the wind blew.

Some peculiarities of the Turkish house, using
that word in the widest sense, deserve attention. Whereas our dwellings are regular in shape, the size and form of the rooms being regulated by the size and form of the house, the Turks pursue a different system; with them, each room is a complete whole, a parallelogram with its dais, divan, and orthodox amount of window, and the house is composed of as many such rooms as the owner wishes, and is rather a federation than a compact unity. The result is irregularity without, but harmony within; and if it be true that we should remember that we live in our houses, not outside them, logic would seem to go hand in hand with the Ottoman practice.

Another Turkish custom is to confront the street with a high and expansive wall, dead-wall, like the face of a blind man, while the numerous windows look into a well-fenced garden, where the gilded kiosks stand knee-deep in a sea of blossoming flowers, where the fountain ripples, and the pigeons flutter and coo. Jealousy and fear of oppression have united to bring about this morose seclusion.

The dwellings of most nations are deeply imbued with the national character. There is the modern Greek house, white and glaring, where dark-haired, dark-eyed women, with flat red caps, laced with gold, and stubbiness like that of Scroats, peer all day from the windows. There is the Russian house, with its double or triple windows, its great stoves and flues, and its solid walls. There is the Prussian house, ugly and snug of yellow Dutch brick, mixed with yellow Memel timber, and which also has double windows. There, in Flanders and Brabant, the sharp-peaked roofs, the crow steps and gables, of Belgic taste; while Paris has houses tall as those of Edinburgh, gay and garish of aspect, and inhabited by families of every social grade, from the senator to the shoeshine or the ragpicker in the attics.

Switzerland and the Tyrol have those houses which we see so often caricatured in the toy-shop, picturesque abodes of wood, often very old, and which have assumed the rich golden tint of polished bronze, by long mellowing under sun and rain. These houses, both handsome and comfortable, with their covered galleries running round the outside, their porches and gables, their steep, projecting roofs, and their hundred windows blazing in the crimson sunlight of evening, have also wooden chimneys, yet are rarely burned. A judicious combination of turpentine and lampblack shields the pine-wood from the roaring bals of the stove.

In some respects, England is better provided than other lands. It is true that the homeward-bound traveller, fresh from the stately frontage of foreign cities, feels a shock of mortified surprise as he sees the smaller and humbler dwellings of his countrymen. The houses look so absurdly low, the colours dim, the windows small, the doors ridiculously narrow and low, as if meant for the egress of a population of dwarfs. But he reflects, after a time, that the glitter abroad is more apparent than real, that there is something in the Englishman's desire to have his home to himself, instead of being a sandwich between tiers of next-door neighbours. In Bell-hangings, in water-supply, in the fitting of doors and windows, England leaves the continent far behind; though she is in her turn surpassed by the best mansions of New York and Philadelphia. Drainage, too, though in a crude state, is better attended to in England than abroad. But it is impossible to rebut the accusation of bad taste which clings to the British builder.

This is the age of stucco, of awkward twin villas, with all the inconvenience, and none of the grandeur, of pseudo-Gothic architecture, of gaunt terraces, making a desperate pretence of being stone, while the wretched cement peels off their fronts under the influence of damp. It is the age, too, of palladian monstrances: of red brick jails, into which credulous tenants are seduced, and which prove to staff to run up as rapidly, and on as slender foundations as Jack's fairy beanstalk; the age of 'scamped' work, reckles contracts, and cheap dwellings not meant to last. It may be objected, too, that not only are walls this chimneys smoky, and floors frail, but that the truths of modern science are wholly ignored, and that ventilation is its chief care. But at present, the houses of England are in the hands of worse Vandals and Goths than Genserici or Alaric, and many a poor family might envy the comfort and beauty of the buried Roman villa, with its pretty chambers, tessellated pavement, and firm walls of 'herring-bone' brick, which lies, fathoms down in earth and rubbish, beneath the rickety foundations of Magnolia Cottage.

SOMETHING OF ITALY.
ROME (ST PETER'S, AND VARIOUS MATTERS OF SOCIAL CONCERN).

To a winter and spring residence in Rome, Easter is the crowning point; the last twinkle of the illumination of St Peter's on the night of Easter Sunday being the signal to settle hills, pack up, and begin. Besides those habitual frequenter who profess to be attracted by a climate which admits of sitting with open windows in December and January—and who perhaps contrive to undo any good from that source by means of soirees, balls, and other amusements—there is the stream of casual tourists, who begin to drop in for the Carnival, and which continues to augment in volume all through Lent, till it becomes a perfect torrent at Palm Sunday, when the ceremonials of Holy-Week commence. In expectation of this periodical visitation, the hotels, which for months have been reduced to a bare staff of officials, now recall their garrisons, and go into full play; there is a distinctly marked increase in the number of street-cabs, as well as in the amount of their charges; and as for the army of beggars, we can easily imagine how they don their rags, in preparation for this their great annual harvest.

Arriving in Rome a fortnight in advance of Holy-Week, we had time to visit St Peter's and other popular places of resort while they were still in a state of comparative solitude. A sight of St Peter's may be said to have this unfortunate effect on those it renders a person careless about seeing grand churches all the rest of his life. St John Lateran is marvellously
fine, so is St Mary Maggiore, and so is St Paul's, now in course of erection beyond the walls. I could speak also of the elegance of the church of the Jesuits, and many others. For there is a balance of beauty in every structure, each celebrated for some special object of attraction, and which, being got up at an immense cost, cannot but have pressed as exhaustingly on public and private purse, as repeated visits at different times of the day; and on this account we are temporarily tempted to wish that some share of genius had been left to be employed on a work of art so stupendous yet harmonious in all its proportions as to be an example of what it is possible for man to execute, as a temple consecrated to the worship of the Supreme Being. Unfortunately, this superb structure is placed in a situation ill calculated to render it impressive. It stands on the lower edge of a stretch of somewhat low ground on the right bank of the Tiber; and is so overhanging by the hilly range of the Janiculum, as to be seen only in front; and even there no proper view is to be obtained, for the noble piazza where it stands is behind it, and the streets leading to the bridge of St Angelo. Gaining the piazza by these comparatively mean thoroughfares, there is still something to regret. Being built in the form of a Latin cross, the line of sight on which is towards the spectator, the dome is partially hid by the façade. In a word, a good outer view of St Peter's is only to be obtained from the Pincio on the other side of the town, and that is too far off to discriminate details. Chance, not taste, determined this site on the western verge of the city. It was here that Constantine, having fallen to decay, the design of superposing it upon the existing building was taken up by successive popes, till at length the present edifice was planned by Michael Angelo. Dying in 1563, before the work was more than half finished, this great architect's design of a Greek cross was rejected, by which change the interior is certainly improved by additional length, but at the expense of the full view of the dome on the outside. Whatever may be this defect, it is forgotten on entering the building.

It was a sunny afternoon, about five o'clock, when we entered through the arches of pagan gods, goddesses, and mythic beings, reaching the central doorway, and looking along the spacious nave, dotted over with only a few strangers and devotees, our immediate feeling was that we now saw the grandest object of our lives. The great extent of variegated marble floor, the high Corinthian pilasters, faced with marble slabs and medallions, and decorated with colossal sculptured figures, the roof enriched with paintings and mosaics, the high-altar and its lofty bronze baldacchino or canopy beneath the dome, fronted by a white marble balustrade, on which are arranged nearly a hundred lamps, burning in honour of the shrine of St Peter—these leading features of this edifice, with minor accessories, including the side-altars and marble monuments on the walls, conveyed that overpowering sense of magnitude and grandeur which it had been doubtless the object of the architect to attain, in order that nothing to mar the general effect. The only parts screened off for the ordinary services are the side-chapels, and the vast central nave; when not in use, this may be freely promenaded from end to end; and yet, notwithstanding the almost constant throng of so many, the care taken by officials, that it appears in as good order as it was at its completion two hundred and fifty years ago. Several hours may be agreeably spent in examining the more interesting details, independently of the time spent in looking around the internal and external aspects of the dome, whence there is an extensive prospect over the city and country as far as the Mediterranean. No justice, however, can be done to St Peter's without a visit at least once or twice in the day; and on this account you are left to judge for yourself, from these and other accounts, of the many other objects of interest which are considered by their admirers as the main points of interest in the edifice. The general resemblance between St Peter's and St Paul's, in London, has frequently provoked comparisons. Except in the scheme of arrangement, St Paul's is very inferior to St Peter's, in so far as to say nothing of internal appearance, it might stand inside of it; and, though greater in height and dimensions, nowhere does the dome of St Peter's present such splendid dignity as St Paul's seen from Blackfriars' Bridge—so much in architecture depends on situation.

From a covered continuation of the portico in front of St Peter's, visitors ascend by broad flights of steps to the cluster of buildings on the north, containing the Sistine Chapel and various departments connected with the Vatrici. At the present time are the Museum of Sculptures, the Galleria of Paintings, the Library, and the Studio whence have been furnished several of those large and beautiful mosaics which enrich the Interior of Exhibition. If the visitor has already seen the Venus de Medici at Florence, and the Laocoon and Apollo Belvidere in the Vatican, he has to see the Dying Gladiator in the Museum at the Capitol to attain to the satisfaction of having beheld the four great works of ancient art, which nothing is said yet to have equalled. On the same principle, to have visited the Vatican, with its Transfiguration by Raphael, may be said to close a person's career after his experiences of pictures elsewhere, and to make him feel that, being in a manner used up in his admiration for art, he must fall back on simple nature for his enjoyment of the beautiful. Wandering from collection to collection of one kind or other in Rome, the mind becomes bewildered with the multiplicity of objects, which are not alone celebrated for their artistic excellence, but the part assigned to them in history and legend. The trophies of Marius and the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius at the Capitol; the gigantic marble figure of Pompey, at the foot of which 'great Cesar fell,' now in the Palazza Spada; numberless frescoes, sculpture, and mosaics, brought from ruins and gardens; almost as numerous statues and pictures of the Virgin and Child, and representations of holy families, crucifixions, and martyrdoms without end—such are among the objects which task the memory, and are mingled with recollections of ruins, churches, and dramatic religious pageants.

The effects of general mismanagement present themselves at every step one takes in the Eternal City. Notwithstanding an abundance of charitable institutions, mendacity flourishes to an extent which the Ireland of twenty years ago could alone rival. I have indeed heard it alleged that begging is made the subject of licence; those who, from the greater scope for excision, beg at church-doors, it is said, pay higher than ordinary beggars depending on the run of the streets; while those who, as a sort of begging aristocracy, stand in front of St Peter's, pay highest of all. In the same way that everything to make a man acquire a species of vested interest in a crossing, so, I apprehend, do the beggars of Rome establish a monopoly of particular streets. Being to all intents and purposes of our stay, the second highest landing-place in the flight of steps which leads to the promenade on the Pincio, was monopolised by a beggar, who, possessing the professional advantage of having to walk on his
hands and knees, and trail his legs behind him, suffered no persons to pass without bounding after them, and representing his claims on their compassion. If not absolutely licensed, the beggars of Rome are at least considered as beggars, and receive a certain encouragement from the example of begging-friars. In the dress of their order, these idlers are permitted to stand in the lobbies of hotels, Right or wrong, with imploking looks, and holding out begging-boxes, they are ready to receive an alms. Nor are the regular beggars without the bad example strangely set them by persons of good conituency. As an act of piety and humiliation, gentlemen attire themselves in sackcloth gowns with hoods, in which holes are left only for the eyes, and wearing sandals on their bare feet, they are seen with a rope tied around them, and an alms-box in their hand, going about mutely craving doles of money; their plea that they do so for some charitable purpose being a poor excuse for a practice fraught with so much demoralisation.

That it is quite as consistent with Christian principle to impart to people the means of earning an honest livelihood, as it is now and then in a fit of benevolence to toss them a few coppers, is a fact not very well recognised anywhere, and perhaps in no quarter so little as in those portions of Italy, where, in conjunction with laxity, the influence of Rome has been most vigorously exerted. The supposed sacred obligation of giving alms has not only created hordes of beggars, but helped to induce a general disposition to depend on pensions for the most trifling services, or for no services at all. To our surprise, the hand was often held out to us by persons presuming some kind of humble occupation, as if it were plainly our duty to give money for the asking—to such an extent has the sense of independence been obliterated in some parts of this dimmer part of the country.

Supply following demand, a set of miserable folk flock into Rome during the Holy-Week to afford an opportunity for the exercise of the graces of pious humility and devotion. Of the eight nights of the week is the ceremony of washing the feet of a number of so-called pilgrims who have professedly come to visit the holy places. The ceremony takes place on the evening of Holy-Thursday, at an establishment adapted for their accommodation. There are two departments, one for men, and the other for women, but to that female spectators alone are admitted. After the feet-washing, each class is entertained at supper. I went to the feet-washing of the male pilgrims. Upon entering a passage, I saw a tremendous crush at the further end, where there was a door opening on a lower floor, in which the ceremony takes place. With some squeezing, I got through the doorway, down a few steps, and found myself in a hot and close apartment, crowded nearly to suffocation. Along one end and side was a bench to be used as a seat, with a foot-board raised off the floor. A paling and guards kept back the crowd. In half an hour, a body of poor-looking people, resembling street-beggars, entered by a side-door, and ranging themselves along the bench, proceeded to take off their shoes and stockings. Several priests now appeared, and one of them having read some prayers, they joined the operators. These are gentlemen of different stations in Rome, who form a confraternity devoted to this and other acts of charity. They are habited in red jackets, white cravats and aprons, and sit chatting and laughing till tuts with warm water are brought in, and set one before each person. They now begin the operation of washing, with zeal and skill, but not last long. The priests get their hands washed by having hot water poured on them along with the soap, and then exhibiting another prayer, ends the ceremony, which, to my mind, was not pleasing. The whole thing had a got-up look, and one wonders how it should be perpetuated. As the pilgrims are lodged and fed several days, it is not likely the usage will expire for want of applicants.

Such is Rome—full of antiquated customs arising in the mass, from good motives, but continued on the general injury; they inflict consisting not less in the demoralisation of individuals than diversion of the public mind from all rational plans of social and religious reform. Right or wrong, the town in the world would be more free from porcy than Rome. Possessing a fine climate, a river as susceptible of improvement for navigable purposes as the Clyde, and a country around so naturally not in fertile properties as to be unwholesome from the very exuberance, how melancholy to find this ancient and interesting city sunk in a state of chronic power, its more educated classes occupying themselves with a repetition of pageants fit only to amuse children, and its only thriving industrial occupation, the execution of such works in high art as can afford to any means of subsistence. Perhaps the papal government does its best according to its knowledge; but unhappily that best is totally at variance with the development of national resources. The tithe is countenanced in thousands of able-bodied beggars, lay and clerical, is one gross form of disorder. There is also something exceedingly repressive in its custom-house system, for it scrutinises and taxes exported as well as imports. I attempted to send a small box of prints to England through the legitimate channel of the French Messageries Imperiales, which has so far a general rule to respect, but was not received till it had been opened and examined at the customs-house in order to be taxed, and such was the trouble connected with it, that I withdrew it altogether. The circumstance afforded me an opportunity of observing the method of taxing imports. All the foreign goods brought into Rome are examined by the officers of the suburb of this dimmer part of the country on every article individually. Every piece of cloth, for example, is measured and authorised to be sold by the affixing of a small leaden stamp. To all other articles, down to a pair of gloves or bottle of Eau de Cologne, a similar stamp is attached, as a verification that it has passed the customs; and any foreign article found in a shop with a few grains of lead dangling from it, is liable to seizure.

All imported goods are accordingly dear, and under the influence of protection, so are those of native manufacture. There is an improvement in the mechanical arts, as well as to keep people poor, could not be more ingenuously devised.

Among the expeditors pursued by the papal authorities to raise fiscal duties, is that of taxing the passports of those hosts of strangers, whose ordinary expenditure in Rome must materially contribute to its support. A history of my passport, and the exactions of which it was the subject, might itself make a diverting paper. First, on entering Rome, it is taken from me in exchange for a receipt. In three days, I give up the receipt, and receive a carte de séjour, or permission to live in the town any length of time under three months, for which I pay a small fee. The clerk in the police-office two scudi. When about to quit Rome, I take back the permission, and request to have my passport. After a good deal of trouble, I get it, but with the obligation of taking it to the police-office and paying for it the same sum as before. I am sure to get it back all right now. Not at all. I only give a licence to depart, for which, according to tariff, I pay a small fee, and I am informed I shall find the part of Civita Vecchia. Next day, on going to the railway station, a man stands in the entrance to the waiting-room, and does not allow me to go on board without exhibiting my passport, which is what I hoped to buy. Getting to Civita Vecchia, my passport is handed to me in exchange for the licence; but I am told I must again give it up at the office of the
steam-boat, where a police-officer waits to receive it. There I resign it; my passage-ticket from the office satisfied the guardian who watches at the quay, and I am allowed to step into a boat and quit the pope's dominions. As for my passport, I know not for a day where it is. It is only when on the point of leaving next morning at Naples, that I see the passports all on board, mine among the rest, are thrown promiscuously on the table of the saloon, and each may pick and choose for himself. Altogether, the sum exacted by the papal authorities for this business was thirteen shillings, and as a similar sum had to be paid for the passport of our courier, I conclude that three scudi, or thirteen shillings, are the usual charge. The number of strangers who visit Rome annually being said to be about 40,000, it is pretty evident that the clever contrivance of making them pay for liberty to see and spend money in the town, must form an important branch of public revenue.

In the name of the large number of visitors, if not of the native population who dare not not promenade on the subject, I would also speak of the excessive cost of postage to and from England, which is double that charged at Naples or any other part under Victor Emanuel's government. The unavoidable costliness, letters and newspapers are frequently detained for weeks beyond the proper period for delivery, and sometimes entirely intercepted. One day, while I was in Rome, all the copies of Galiganti were so confiscated by the post-office, and we had to forego our ordinary English news. As marking the same narrow policy, I may add that I constantly observed official edicts stuck up denouncing the introduction and sale of books touching on Garibaldi and the Italian question. That such works, in France, are not suppressed, may not be entirely intimated. 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There is a general impression that the Campagna, as this district is called, is too level and marshy to be cultivated with advantage. This is a popular error. The level and marshy part lies chiefly towards the sea-shore, and even it in the hands of the Dutch would long since have been sectioned into polders, drained, and rendered as productive as the Netherlands. The bulk of the Campagna for a wide space around Rome consists of undulating prairie, green, fertile in the extreme, and susceptible of being rendered as wholesome and beautiful as Lombardy. What is wanted to reclaim this naturally fine region, is intelligence, along with confidence in the expenditure of capital. Giving the cardinals of past times credit for devoting their revenues to the recovery of ancient works of art, I cannot but regret that some of them did not earnestly set to work in reclaiming the Campagna, and make it as much the fashion to admire finely cultivated lands as finely executed sculptures. Possibly they imagined that the Campagna was irreclaimable; for there are traditions to that effect. But a more cogent reason, I believe, was a fear of the fact, that they have no heritable interest in their possessions in this quarter. Holding the land only as a means of revenue for their lives, and with no family to succeed them, they naturally expended no capital in permanent improvements, but are contented to take from year to year what is yielded for a right of pasturage. The desolation of this wide region, is not a decree of Providence. An erroneous social system, to be cured by legislation, is alone to blame. After perambulating the Campagna in different directions, my conviction is, that, with some insignificant exceptions, it might be all brought into the condition of sound arable land, and freed from its alleged noxious influences; and such being accomplished, it is difficult to see from what quarter Rome is to be rendered insalubrious. The unwholesomeness of Rome during summer, even as it stands, is, as far as I could hear, pretty nearly an idle fancy; injury to health being caused much more by means of living and airing, and secret exposure to heats and cold draughts, than by any properties inherent in the soil or atmosphere.

That Rome, under an enlightened constitutional government, which would act in the advancing spirit of the age, might become a highly improved, populous, and prosperous city, rivaling in modern times its ancient importance and celebrity, is abundantly evident; but from what has been said respecting certain obstructions and causes of discontent, any substantial improvement under existing circumstances is hopeless. Can the court of Rome not see what has alienated the loyalty and affection of the people, and produced that gloomy exasperation which was burst into a flame of rebellion but for the menacing presence of twenty thousand French soldiers? W. C.

BEATING ABOUT THE BUSH.

DURING a six years' checkered experience of Australian life, in the course of which I turned my head and hand to sundry and very different callings, the happiest time, I think, I had as tutor in the bush. To be sure, a hundred a year did not seem much, when a few weeks before I had been making five times that sum in Sydney; but then, as a few days before I obtained my appointment, I had been making nothing, wandering about by day, hard up for a meal, a nobbler, and a pipe, and more than once coughing at night in the damp grass of the Domain, or finding a drier bed in the silvery sand of Rose Bay, with a bundle of shrivelled sea-weed for my pillow, I was exceeding glad of that hundred, I can assure you, and of the board, lodging, and washing that accompanied it.
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

My employers were kind-hearted and considerate people; my jolly little pupils—mirabile dictu in Australia—were not saucy, although they were high-spirited; a pleasant family lived at the nearest station to ours; and if inclined I could go over, out of my short school-hours, as often as I liked, unquestioned and uncriticised, to the nearest township, and there foregather with the roystering Irish clerk of petty-seasions, and the jovial spirits—owners and superintendents of stations round the town—which his never-failing fund of jest collected about him in his own hospitable home, or in one or other of the taverns, whose large number was altogether out of proportion to the scanty population of the weatherboarded little place. I had the run of two or three acres of delicious grapes; and peaches were so common that, from the boughs of the standard tree, which—when the cottage stoof knee-deep in the green-mottled-with-brown-black leaves, and fragrant bosses of blossom of the white clover—blushed like sunlit snow, and buzzed all day long with the cheerful hum of the black and steel-blue flies, and the brown busy bees—I used to pluck the luscious globes of blissey rose-pink and gold to pitch into the yawning mouth of a huge China sow, big and unwieldy as a little hippopotamus, which, as long as the peaches lasted, was sure to waddle up as soon as, with a jug of sugar-beer, or a pamikin of cold tea by my side, I had seated myself in my rockings-chair on the brick floor of the verandah to have a smoke.

Did we want to brew punch at the house, we had only to step across its railway-platform-like planked verandah, and pull as many lemons as we needed from the trees; which grew beside it, to add their delicate flavour and fragrance, and floating discs of palest gold, to the sweetened dilution of home-distilled grape-brandy, white as water, but strong almost as pure alcohol. Did I want to pull sculls instead of lemons, there was a 'cot' always at my service on the creek; there was fishing-tackle, if I felt disposed to angle; there were guns, if I wished to shoot, and birds and 'possoms galore to be shot, if I could but manage to hit them. As for riding, if, excelling all recorded circus-exploits, I could have ridden two dozen horses at once, Bob, the Yorkshire groom and local jockey, for whom the owner of local racers fought—Harry, the 'native' horse-breaker, who didn't understand piloting racing-horses, but would sit a buck-jumper that had barely 'had the tucklings on,' with a coolness that made Bob open the eyes of astonishment, and frankly acknowledge his inferiority—or George, my slim eldest pupil, as good as any man, when mounted on a staunch, on-heels-turning stock-horse, with his idolised stock-whip in his hand for cattle-in-driving purposes—any of these three would gladly have run up my multitudinous stall from the flat on which six times that number grazed. But now I must make a humiliating confession. Short-sight—of course, not lack of skill—prevented me from caring much about shooting, and I blazed away thirteen times at a 'possum, which never moved, without doing it the slightest injury. I had a dim recollection of having been able to ride when a child; but long residence in large cities, with small means, had deprived me of the power of withering the world with noble horsemanship. During my tutorship, I was almost daily on a horse, and, in the first portion of it, almost daily thrown from the same. At length 'the cove,' to render in Australian the English slang of 'the governor,' gave orders that no unmanageable animals should longer be supplied me by my practical jоке-loving mounters. A pretty but lazy bay mare—a good un to look at, but a very bad un to go—on which I had bestowed the appropriate name of Creeping Jenny, was set apart for my especial use, and very religiously was my right to her respected, since no one else on the station would condescend to ride her. On Creeping Jenny I used to jog to the township and back, and potter about in the bush, losing my way in five cases out of six, for, though I rather pride myself on my organ of locality when it has to be exercised on masonry, I never found it of any service to me in the monotonous of the Australian woods.

'You're sure you know your way, sir?' said George, with a roguish smile, as he took down the slip-panels for me. With saddle-bags distended with books, I was bound to a station nine or ten miles off, the manager of which was a liberal lender of literature, and had promised me a return-cargo, including the third and fourth volumes of Macaulay, which had just reached our part of the colony. I had been to the station three or four times under George's guidance, and felt certain that I could get thither and back alone. I answered somewhat grandiloquently to that effect, tried to crack a stock-whip I had borrowed from him, but only succeeded in stinging my face and tying myself up into a bundle with the twining lash; and then, to avoid further inspection by the grimacing George, galloped as fast as Jenny would consent to go down to the swampy hollow, in the centre of which there was a tolerably big lagoon, one of a 'chain of ponds,' most of which grew best in the afternoon.

It was a scorching hot day. The locusts chattered on the trees like myriads of shipwrights hammering on the sides of iron vessels, and the tree-trunks were doped with the ghost-like exuviae they had shed. Butterflies as broad-winged as sparrows flaunted their gold-bedizened black velvet. The mosquitos rose and fell, and crossed in a shimmering chaos like fountain-jets. Under the shade of a 'plump' of rushes, a black snake floated in the tepid water of the lagoon. At its further end, two black swans—not rare areas in Australia—paddled hither and thither in languid pride. They rose when past the head discharging low sweet music, their snowy pinion-plumes beautifully setting off and being set off by their jet-black bodies. A cloud of velvety wild-ducks also startled by my cry, sprang from the water with a splashing sputter, but after a short flight, dropped suddenly into the lake's fringe of reeds and tea-tree. The king-fisher, sporting, like an old-fashioned Whig, a plum-blue coat and buff waistcoat, zigzagged across the sunlit, daily shallowing sheet. For the first time in my life I saw a native-company wild—indeed, three of those curious cranes. The cock's warning trumpet-blast called my attention to the trio, clad in light blue like that which some of the French cavalry regiments wear, taller than many French infantry soldiers, striding away as fast as their long legs would carry them.

I topped the further edge of the hollow, and rode over an arid, sparsely grassed, red-soiled level. Great anti-hills, swarming with great black ants, dotted it like boils. On one lay the skeleton of a snake—every bone picked clean—bleaching in the sweltering sunlight, which gave a strange, dream-like aspect to the vistas of white-boiled or ragged-backed trees, with
leaves of the hue of a ship's copper after a long voyage, that checker'd the ground with a mere sharn of shade. Charred, jagged stumps of trees diversify the scene, and fallen trees, over which Creeping Jenny, thinking, perhaps, that it would be more to her trouble to go round them, mustered up energy enough to leap—generally obtaining, through her unwonted activity, to avoid that part of her rider, procured upon her neck. One bit of scrub the splendid crimson of the peony-like waratah glorified; about it a flock of tiny phasian-t-wrens, not so big as many humming-birds, fluttered and twittered. Tittered and rain, too, right and left, the beautiful little diamond spray of the pencil plumage—gray and black, white and yellow, sprinkled with blood-red. The large, spotless-white and glossy-black Australian magpie flitted its head and tail, and flitted its rich but few-noted melody on all sides of me. The big Australian crows paraded, croaked, and winked with a wicked solemnity, north, south, east, and west of my progress—well aware that I carried no gun; doubtless, also, well aware that if I had been armed, small harm could have come to them. I saw, moreover, that ornithological swell, the bronze-wing pigeon, pulling out his gleaming breast, and preserving his balance by flaps of the burnish'd wings to which he owes his name, as he followed the branchy scapular clothed beneath his head. King-parrots, looking, notwithstanding the dignity of their name and the splendour of their hues, somewhat flunkie-like in their green coats and red visors and breasts; flocks of blue-mountaineers, that 'seemed to a fanciful view' sheds of a rainbow just blown out of the sky, as they swept across the sunshine; red lowries, green lowries, lighting up the shade with ruby and emerald, that appeared to burst into flame when they too, darted into the full blaze of light; groups of crimson-rose and palm-red and laced with white pigeons, that fluttered on the ground; ground paroquets, green paroquets, and lovely little budgereeghas—birds that seem almost too delicately gregarious for this world, always from Fairley Land, their satiny pea-green streaked with velvety black and golden-yellow, golden their tiny heads, and their cheeks spotted with violet beauty-patches—dazzled the eye with their plumage, and deafened the ear with their screams. Little lizards, with glittering eyes and scales, basked, sunned, and peered on the grass. There was nothing very unsavory in the look of the big-mouthed, long-tailed, desiccated reptile watching your movements with its inscrutable unwinking gaze.

A cutter over a stretch of undulating ground lightly dotted with trees, like an English park, and covered with short grass, dried almost to the slipperiness of ice, brought me to the end of the first stage of my journey—a slah-hut, roofed with loose sheets of bark, clumsily connected with an ill-built brick fireplace and chimney. This was the head-quarters of two flocks, and I had been commissioned by the 'cove' to leave a message for one of the shepherds with the hut-keeper, in case I managed to find out the sheep's name and the position. I had done so, but that, I looked about for this fellow, an old Irishman, much given to mythologise, and found him hot in argument with a certain Yorkshireman, who had long ago deserted his pastorate for the bounty of the bush—so much time I speak of was paid by the settlers in the district to wander about with his gun, and rid the neighbourhood of dingoes. The two old fellows, clad in blue serge shirts and dirty moleskin trousers, were squatted on the floor of the hut, smoking in rapid puffs, and angrily disputing. The barking and snapping of their dogs having at length drawn their attention to me, the Yorkshireman claimed the offer of a water-melon which he had brought to the hut, had, in conjunction with some rum (also of his importation), proved to the satisfaction of Paddy his ability got jolly on his friend's grog—meanwhile cooling his throat with pink and white gores of his friend's melon—had begun to abuse, after the manner of Irishmen who have received a favour, his Yorkshire acquaintance as a stingy, cowardly Sassenach, as also, to brag of Ireland's 'shumparioritee' to the rest of the universe.' Yorkshireman, after the manner of his countrymen, being more given to respect facts than phrases, had pointed to the crescents of green rind, speckled with yellow, which littered the floor, and asked Paddy whether the colony didn't beat Ireland in melons. Paddy had replied that 'milons, and poin-apples, and shush-loike' were in Ireland 'plinty as the pratties.' On this point, issue had been joined. My adverse judgment gave dire offence to Paddy. 'Were ye iver in Oireland?' he asked. I confessed that I had never crossed St George's Channel. 'Then, what can the lokes of shush as you know besides Gobeshanor?' triumphantly exclaimed, recovering good temper enough to receive my message. I, in return, was commissioned by the Yorkshireman to 'tell 't messter' that a calf of his had been killed by 'old Gobeshanor,' a notorious native dog, which had long baffled the Yorkshireman's destructive skill; but that the robber, kenner-speckle by his great size and loss of one ear, having been seen loitering in the neighbourhood, and the remnants of the mangled carcass having been dosed with strychnine, a faint hope might be entertained that the cunning old felon like charge was found and shot.

I had unusual luck, and after half an hour's further ride, hit the creek at the proper crossing-place for the station to which I was bound. There, a few hundred yards off, were the house, and the huts, and the barn, the wool-shed, and the empty stack-yard, silently baking in the sunlight. A loud barking of dogs brought out the superintendenta from a corner, with a friend, who, like myself, had just happened to drop in upon him. He carried my saddle-bags indoors for me, and a merry little black fellow, with an almost bald, glossy head, exactly like mine, led me off to the stables. In a minute or two, I had been introduced to the other chancer-visitor, and was seated in a darkened room before a table littered with pipe-ashes and cheroot stumps, and laden with a porous-crust water-monkey, wine-glasses, tumblers, spirit decanters, and black bottles of the Australian wine, for the making of which mine host was famed; and certainly it was a very different tipple from the atrocious vinegar which Australian publics generally sell under its name. I have not a very distinct recollection of what occurred during my sojourn in that darkened room; I vaguely remember that my fellow-guest was a very funny fellow, and told droll stories of life in the real bush, the squatterings. He was exceedingly facetious in his enumeration of the various uses to which 'squatters' cement' (that is, green hide) might be put. The way in which, with a fesso of it, he had nosed and dragged from his horse, without being seen, a fresh-coloured, unsophisticated young pastor—known as the 'English Rose' and 'Daisy'—on his first appearance in the station, I had far-off, I looked about for this fellow, an old Irishman, much given to mythologise, and found him hot in argument with a certain Yorkshireman, who had long ago deserted his pastorate for the bounty of the bush—so much time I speak of was paid by the settlers in the district to wander about with his gun, and rid the neighbourhood of dingoes. The two old fellows, clad in blue.
to suspect that the narrator intends, if possible, to perpetrate upon you. From the aspidistra, however, with which my native friend urged me to drink, and to my liquors, I began to suspect that he was devising some practical joke for my own benefit. A roguish look in the drink-inflamed eye of the superintendent showed me, too, that I must expect not more than the hint of a rebuke from him in resisting the 'raise' that was evidently to be taken out of me. Accordingly, I resolved to attempt a retreat before I was quite 'overtaken.' I emptied my saddle-bags, and reminded him of his promise of fresh books, adding that I must be off at once. He would not hear of my going so soon—Macaulay I should not have for hours to come. Well, then, I said, I must go without him. I rose and walked to the door, but the 'cornstalk' got there before me, and straddled across the doorway, swearing thickly and savagely at English milk-sopappiness. This was too much even for a quiet fellow like myself to bear; so I made a butt at the tall young gentleman, sent him sprawling rather by mere impetus than science, and then made a bolt for the stables. I expected soon to be followed, but, to my astonishment, was allowed to buckle on the empty saddle-bags, to slip on the bridle, to lead out, and mount my mare in peace. When I tried toward the crossing-place, I discovered the reason of this quiet— in the narrowest part of the hollow road leading down to the creek, through which Crowsnest Valley was not game enough to charge, even had I liked to ride down a man who, whatever his motives might have been, had just given me plentifully of his best, stood the superintendent and his friend in time-worn grass prepared to dispute my passage. I jerked Jenny's right rein, made her scramble up the right bank of the hollow road, and commenced a canter parallel with the creek. A shout of mocking laughter did me the compliment of discrediting this manoeuvre. They knew, and thought I knew (but I didn't), that owing to the rottenness and precipitousness of the banks, there was not another crossing-place for twelve miles, and that the creek trended away to the east so sharply before it made an elbow and returned to the neighbourhood of our house, that I should be many miles away from home before I could cross the water on the course they imagined I had only shammed to take, and that, therefore, they had only to wait a little while to catch me.

On and on, however, I rode, in a dreamy state of consciousness, but keeping as near to the creek as the scrubby nature of the ground would allow me. I was almost myself again by the time I came to the crossing-place above referred to. The sun was sinking, flying a distant range of hills in gold-and-silver-shot mists. A flock of cockatoos flocked a stray purple thunder-cloud with snow, as they flew screaming to their roost, a sombre she-oak, dipping its long-tressed branches into a deep pool of greenish-brown. When the birds dropped upon the gloomy tree, it seemed suddenly to burst forth in clusters of white blossom. As I rode by the tree, a few of the birds on the lower boughs sorrered their sulphur crests, and showed the sulphur plumes beneath their wings, as, with harsh complaint, they swiftly left their just-reached couches, and wheeled impatiently about the oak until I had got some way beyond them. A long way off, a cloud of dust above the tree-tops told me that a flock of sheep were slowly seeking their hurdles, lazily cropping sparse grass-blades as they went. In the creek, floated a water-mole, fishing voraciously, and a frozen parrot-bottle, and making me long for a draught of Guimense's stout.

A nankeen crane, looking exceedingly clean, and cool, and West-Indian-planter-like in his suit of pure yellow, passed and the hideous snail, that amongst a patch of reeds Jenny would have crossed the creek, and taken me home that night, but I must needs trust my precious bushmanship instead of her instinct, and resolved still to follow the stream, believing that a mile or two ahead I should come to the shallow pool where our sheep were washed, within a hundred yards or so from my cottage. I must, however, have been deceived by the ill-assorted darkness rapidly. The gray night-jar flitted about me, clamouring for more pork! more pork! but feasting on the huge night-noths, which also flitted around me on wings not more noiseless than their cries, that darkened the meadow a weird-looking flying-fox dropped from a high branch on its broad vane, almost brushing Jenny's nose. I heard but could not see the opaline scampering up and down the gum-trees. Their boughs loomed gloriously out of the eerie gloom which seemed to stem upwards from the aromatic scrub. I passed a deserted, dilapidated hut, from the hearth of which came the voice of a frog, mourning in solitude over the desolation—a melancholy lar. From a swamp I skirted came the voices of ten thousand frogs, croaking in chorus, and the curlew's cry, despairingly doleful, as the last wail for aid or mercy which the murderer's victim raises where there is none to help or pity. My fancies momentarily became more sombre. I had not the slightest idea of my whereabouts. Like the eye of a drowsy lion, the smouldering fire of some camped-out traveller or travellers sullenly winked in the distances that I steered towards. When I saw myself cut off from it by a gully, down which Jenny refused to go. In vain I cajoled; no one answered. At last I did what I ought to have done long before—laid the bridle on Jenny's neck, and let her wander at her own sweet will.

About midnight, however, I was so tired, that I determined to have a nap, so, taking off the saddle for a pillow, and shovelling my mare prepared to dispute my passage. I jerked Jenny's right rein, made her scramble up the right bank of the hollow road, and commenced a canter parallel with the creek. A shout of mocking laughter did me the compliment of discrediting this manoeuvre. They knew, and thought I knew (but I didn't), that owing to the rottenness and precipitousness of the banks, there was not another crossing-place for twelve miles, and that the creek trended away to the east so sharply before it made an elbow and returned to the neighbourhood of our house, that I should be many miles away from home before I could cross the water on the course they imagined I had only shammed to take, and that, therefore, they had only to wait a little while to catch me.

On and on, however, I rode, in a dreamy state of consciousness, but keeping as near to the creek as the scrubby nature of the ground would allow me. I was almost myself again by the time I came to the crossing-place above referred to. The sun was sinking, flying a distant range of hills in gold-and-silver-shot mists. A flock of cockatoos flocked a stray purple thunder-cloud with snow, as they flew screaming to their roost, a sombre she-oak, dipping its long-tressed branches into a deep pool of greenish-brown. When the birds dropped upon the gloomy tree, it seemed suddenly to burst forth in clusters of white blossom. As I rode by the tree, a few of the birds on the lower boughs sorrered their sulphur crests, and showed the sulphur plumes beneath their wings, as, with harsh complaint, they swiftly left their just-reached couches, and wheeled impatiently about the oak until I had got some way beyond them. A long way off, a cloud of dust above the tree-tops told me that a flock of sheep were slowly seeking their hurdles, lazily cropping sparse grass-blades as they went. In the creek, floated a water-mole, fishing voraciously, and a frozen parrot-bottle, and making me long for a draught of Guimense's stout.

A nankeen crane, looking exceedingly clean, and cool, and West-Indian-planter-like in his suit of pure yellow, passed and the hideous snail, that amongst a patch of reeds Jenny would have crossed the creek, and taken me home that night, but I must needs trust my precious bushmanship instead of her instinct, and resolved
and of course I was soon freed from my bonds. The apathy with which the old man heard my story, however, made me almost as angry as the laughing jackasses' derision. Fondling the fur of a white-wafered-black native cat that he had killed, whilst I pulled on as well as my cramped arms and legs would permit me, the bushranger's boots, which had lost at least half of their soles, and even the memory of blacking, the old fellow unconcernedly guessed that it must have been my cooey that he had heard the night before, when he was 'too plaguey tired' to answer it; and added, that he had 'seen' some time ago in the Sydney Morning Herald that 'Brumagem Jim' had escaped from Cockatoo, and always expected that he would 'work back' to his old 'lay.'

The Yorkshireman himself told 't's measter' about the mangled calf. Under his guidance—passing more than one flock spreading like a fan, in front of blue-bloosed smoking shepherds; brood-mares with colts, that seemed to walk on stilts, and herds of bellowing cattle—I at last got home, and recounted to an anxious audience my adventures. A few hours afterwards, Jenny came home unharnessed—'Brumagem Jim' had soon wearied of so slow a steed, but of course had kept the plated bridle, and the capital colonial-man-made empty saddle-bags—my faciotions friend had satirically strapp'd about her neck. George looked rather glum when he found that I had lost his stock-whip. A few days afterwards, my superintendent friend having heard of my mishaps, gathered up, sober and apologetic, to the cottage wherein I sat amongst my boys, with Macalay, a brand-new saddle, bridle, and stock-whip, and a request that I would get measured at his expense for a new pair of boots, and tell him how much my watch had cost, and what were the contents of my purse when plundered.

**YELLOW JACK.**

The Merrimac has blown up, the Minnesse has been sunk in the Mississippi, Norfolk has been taken by General Wool, and New Orleans is occupied by General Butler; but it is not improbable that another belligerent will soon appear upon the scene of the American war, more formidable than any iron-clad steamer, more powerful than any Federal or Confederate commander—General Yellow Jack.

The yellow fever, the dreaded \textit{rounto} of the West Indies, the pest which has visited New Orleans once in three years, on an average, for half a century. It has often appeared at Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston at the same time as at New Orleans. It has desolated the banks of the Mississippi at times as high as Memphis. On the Atlantic seaboard, it was terribly fatal, a few years ago, at Norfolk and Portsmouth, in Virginia, and it formerly paid occasional visits to Philadelphia and New York.

A southern city, during the visitation of the yellow fever, presents a mournful spectacle. The persons attacked are mostly strangers from the north, or emigrants from Europe. Very few born in the south, or acclimated by several years' residence, are its victims. But no stranger is safe. He may fall in the street by day, or be waked by an attack in the night. He is hospitably attacked by the members of a humane society, or the Sisters of Charity, and in from three to five days, in a majority of cases, is carried to a nameless grave. His coffin is thrust into an 'oven,' and closed up with a few bricks and some mortar. How fatal this disease may be among strangers, is shown in the returns of cases in the hospitals of New Orleans: in the Tuero Infirmary, the deaths to the cases have been 40/72 per cent.; in the Lurenberg Hospital, 52/66 per cent.; and in the hospitals of the Board of Health, 33 to 47 per cent. In one season, in which the deaths from yellow fever in New Orleans were 7011, there were 3569 Irish victims, and 2339 Germans. Americans from the northern states, who are unacclimated, generally leave New Orleans by the first of May. The Irish and German immigrants who settle there do not leave the city at all, but a large percentage perish by yellow fever, and other diseases incident to a hot and malarious climate. Should this fatal epidemic visit New Orleans and other southern cities during the present summer, when occupied by large garrisons of northern troops, more lives will be lost in a single month of such occupation, than by all the battles of the war. The Irish, Germans, and northern men composing the Federal army are those most liable to fall victims to this disease, and should it commence at any point, it may be expected to spread to every southern camp and city.

What are the probabilities of such a visitation? There has been no yellow fever in the south for the past two years; it is due, therefore, according to the averages of the past. But to form any judgment of the probability of such a terrible addition to the horrors of war, we must consider the origin of yellow fever, and its mode of propagation. From a careful study of its phenomena, we are satisfied that it is a contagious disease, carried from place to place, like the small-pox or plague. It cannot be shown that it arises spontaneously in any part of the United States. It prevails at all times on portions of the tropical African coast. It exists every summer at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and almost every summer at Havana, Cuba.

It is brought to New Orleans from one of these places, and ordinarily carried from Havana to Savannah and Charleston. From New Orleans, it spreads to Mobile, Galveston, Vicksburg, and sometimes Memphis.

A rigid and effective quarantine would keep it out of all these places; and it is by this means that New York and Philadelphia have so long been protected from its assaults. When these cities were attacked, the disease began at the ship in which it was brought, and spread from that point through the neighborhood. A \textit{cordon sanitaire} was drawn around the infected district, and it did not spread beyond. A few years ago, a ship from the West Indies, having yellow fever on board, lay at quarantine at New York. One day, when the hatches were open, as the ship lay at anchor in the Narrows, the wind blew a faint, sickly odour into a little village on the shore of Staten Island. In a few days, there was a large number of cases of yellow fever, and twenty-one persons died. The result was a mob, which burned down the quarantine hospitals, and the removal of fever-ships to a safer locality.

When the yellow fever has spread from New Orleans to the villages of the interior, it has proved very fatal to southern residents, and even to negroes. For a safe acclimation, people must have passed through the contagion of the disease; they must have had something like incubation. It is not enough to live where the disease has been, or might be. A person, too, who has passed the ordeal, and considers himself safe, either from having had the disease, or from having been exposed to the action of its mysterious cause, may lose his invulnerability by living in a cool northern climate. This is at least the belief in New Orleans, where northern residents,
having become acclimated, prefer to remain, rather than risk the danger of a second ordeal.

Physicians, as usual, have disputed upon the question of the contagiousness of the disease, and the manner in which it is carried from place to place. Commercial interests are opposed to quarantines; people believe, in some instances, what it is their interest to believe. But the facts are too strong for anti-contagionist theorising. The disease comes with vessels from Vera Cruz or Havana, when the season is far enough advanced to give it a refection, an atmosphere in which to propagate itself. It is killed by the first hard frost. Some suppose the matter of contagion to be of a vegetable character; some, that it is animalcular. It is certain that, whatever it may be, the frost kills it. As soon as the New Orleans papers announce a black frost—for a mere hoar-frost is not sufficient—the river steamers and railways are crowded with passengers, and in a week New Orleans puts on her winter festivity. But there have been cases in which the materia mortis have found protection even from Jack Frost. In a house and room in which there had been in the summer yellow fever, stood a trunk which had been opened during this period. It was closed; frost came; Yellow Jack took his departure, and the house was filled with people. After a little time, the trunk was opened; the fever broke out again in the house, and two or three persons died of it.

So death, which comes over the blue sea in ships, and can be locked up in a trunk, may be carried about in the pack of a pedlar. Thus, a Jew pedlar went from New Orleans during the epidemic, when business was dull, into the country villages. At the first house in which he opened his pack, the fever broke out. Its next victims were some persons who had visited that house and examined the pedlar’s wares. The fever gradually spread over the village, and carried off a large portion of its population. The sanitary condition of this village may have been good or bad—we know nothing of the habits of its people—but there is no reason to believe that they would have had the yellow fever, had it not been brought in the pack of the Jew pedlar, stowed away among his silks and laces.

At any time, and anywhere, the yellow fever is a terrible disease. If you were to call in, one after another, six of the most eminent physicians in New Orleans, or in any other city in which it has prevailed, it is probable that they would prescribe six different modes of treatment, and that the patient’s chance of recovery would not be improved by any. The nursing of a child, neglect, accustomed to the disease, is considered better than any of the usual modes of medical treatment.

The mortality of yellow fever is by no means uniform; while it has risen in the New Orleans hospitals to fifty-two per cent, and in an army hospital might be expected, with probable complications, to be much greater, in private practice, among the better class of patients in the same city, it ranges below twenty per cent.; and we have known the mortality, under peculiarly favourable circumstances, to fall as low as five per cent. If the food, the air, and the habits of men could be controlled, they might be insured at a low premium against this as well as all other epidemic diseases. Even the malarial of the African coast or the rice-swamp may be met with proper precautions. The short railway across the Isthmus of Panama, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific, cost the lives of five thousand men; yet one contractor on that work assured us that he had never lost a man during its prosecution, because he had insisted on certain sanitary conditions. If these were incorporated into the discipline of an army, the cities of the south might be safely held by northern garrisons; but without some such precautions, and those of a very stringent character, Yellow Jack will be more formidable to the north than Bragg at Beauregard.

CHIVALRY.

There came a knight at evening-time
Unto a lonely ford.
Two children prayed to him for alms,
‘For Jesus’ sake our Lord!’

‘Good sir,’ they cried, ‘for him who died,
Carry us o’er the ford.’
He lifted them on his saddle-bow,
And rode with them through the wood.

His chest was like the mountain bull’s,
And he was strong of arm;
Upon his face, though seamed and scarred,
There was a Sabbath calm.
He rode a stately destrier,
All dappled with the gray,
And splashed into the shallow ford,
At the closing of the day.

A golden statue shone the knight,
Wrapped in his golden mail;
His banner, of the crimson sheen,
Blew flapping like a sail.
The water lapped against his feet,
And o’er his saddle-bow;
He rode until his charger’s mane
Was washing to and fro.

And when he reached the gravelly bank,
Down in the violet flowers
And in the fern those children lain,
Safe from the chilling showers.
He guarded them from wolf and bear
Until the break of day;
And at the dawn he gave them alms,
And sped them on their way.

He slew the wild thief in his den;
He freed the ravaged town;
He helped the poor man at the plough,
And struck his tyrant down.
In at the widow’s broken pane
He flung the welcome gold;
He sacked the cruel baron’s tower,
And burned the robber’s hold.
He never knelt except to God;
To good men he was meek;
But to the bad, his voice it seemed
As when the thunders speak.

How did he die!—with back to tree,
His death-wound in his breast,
With whivered sword still raised to strike,
And broken lance in rest.
And now he lies upon his tomb,
Rapt in eternal prayer;
And round him windows jewel-like
Shine with a radiance fair.

W. T.

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AULD LANG SYNE

As you saunter back homewards, lights within are struck up right and left. Perhaps it is the instantaneous revelation of the gas, but oftener the more fitful paraffine, throwing an upward pallor on the face of Sarah, who is moderating its vast splendour. You have a momentary glance into the order and life thus evoked out of chaotic shadow: young faces and figures drawing round the fount of light, the pictures on the walls, a corner of the mirror-frame of branching gold, with the nude marbles near it over the fire. Then the curtains are drawn; you are shut out from the family altar, with its lights and flowers, and haply its skeleton.

In this walk, you may reckon always on the incident of an attractive open-air entertainment. Here come men of fantastic aspect, mottled creatures with faded diadems tied round straight thick hair—men in tights and spangles, who all day ply their mission in the purleus of the great thoroughfares, and take to the suburbs in the evening. They bring performing dogs and clothed monkeys; they link brass rings with a terrible clatter, besides swallowing knives and spitting sparks and flame. They score a little circle near them, in imitation of a plate, for the reception of contributions, and beg gentlemen as a favour not to pitch half-crowns. To these gather crowds mostly of girls, with babies and perambulators, and little boys of various respectability. I have been much amused by the behaviour of one of these last, when called within the ring to assist the conjuring man in some complex feat. He imagines himself the cynosure of all eyes, and blushes and laughs a great deal; he shakes his head broadly to friends in the crowd, in a way which signifies to them that he is going into this through pure fun, and that they have no idea how he enjoys it. At bottom, however, he, poor little fellow, is bursting with pride at being chosen, albeit only to yield up his fearful and wonderful frame for transformation into a simple hydraulic apparatus by the conjurer, who pours water into his mouth, and afterwards pumps it out at the tips of his fingers. For his services, he is rewarded with a ‘free front box in the dress circle,’ as he is told, while the man goes on unable to the task of keeping the ‘devil on two sticks’ going briskly, or spinning three articles continuously round each other in the air. There is nothing extraordinary in this last trick, except when, as in a case I saw the other night, the articles happen to be a ten-pound iron ball,
The uncertainty of the weather for one thing never troubled us; storm had one set of pleasures, sunshine had another; and if different in kind, they were equal in degree.

On Saturday night, decided premonitory symptoms broke out in the shape of an unusual development of bread, and a change in the complexion of the house. The kitchen walls had a new and brilliant wash of ochre, in which, by the by, all my early artistic sketches are irreversibly lost. Fresh hangings of, I remember, a curious zebra pattern, were put upon the bed. The stone floor was scouried so clean that you might take your porridge off it, as my mother was wont to remark. A broad silt under the row of chairs, and the hearth-stone, were white as snow with pipe-clay, or some such stuff. Cleanest-looking and brightest of all, the jambs were gilt with a fresh coat of gas-tar. No shockhead need hope to emulate the dazzling gloss of these jams when the apartment was properly illuminated. And was it not illuminated on those Saturday nights? I remember with what an unthinking, satisfied sense of millennial advent I used to come into it out of the winter darkness and cold.

What a warm effulgence glowed through the open door! The oil-lamp was lit and hung, but merely because that was its due, for the pervading glow was from the fire, which held a radiant mass of coal with flaming accessories of wood. On the hob, the sonie kettle cheerfully invited attention to its new polish, looking like some honest creature with its ebbon face newly washed. Cheek by jowl with it, a big-bellied pot looked conscious of some rare secret remotely connected with the head. A pyramid of oat-cakes and barley bannocks on the table was piled so high that it leaned from the perpendicular like the tower of Pisa. On entering this enchanting region, it was little wonder if I took the cat to my bosom and embraced it with some extra enthusiasm.

Not my sister? No, not my sister, though I often wished to do so. Country children are very shy in demonstrating affection for each other. They feel each other's emotions with the truest sympathy, but are mortally ashamed if betrayed into an expression thereof. Maggie would have wished the earth to open and swallow us both up if I had gone and put my arms round her neck. Only when illness was among us would we volunteer each other complimentary ginger-bread or sympathetic lollipop, and even that was done shamefacedly. I have seen one break up in this way long after he had acquired the polish of society, and the use of its ready phrases for all occasions, stand speechless and awkward like a booby by the bedside of a brother or sister.

How we got through the Sabbath, I remember only vaguely. We went to bed early in the evening, I know. That being the only act between us and bliss, we erroneously supposed that the sooner it was done the better. There was a tradition in favour of the young sleeping in their day-clothes in the barn, the cradle, a rag-bag, or in any other odd nook that night. We intended to make the experiment from year to year, but somehow the night always found us constitutionally naked in the legitimate crib. The desire to sleep, and the terror of sleeping too long, kept us awake later than the average. If I suspected Dick had fallen asleep before me, a pang of keen envy shot through me, and I broke into fresh consciousness. I am confident he more than once tried to delude me by an unnecessary vigour of nasal respiration.
which usually signifies that all sense of propriety is lost. Whoever awoke first was under an obligation to communicate with his oblivious fellow. What a gift that fortunate first waker had the power to confer by a wave of his hand! In almost every household, a sense of the fearful mystery of the thing glimmered in me as I reached through the midnight to call Dick from death to life. That was life; in head and heart on that most pleasant morning of all, a moment of intense thought, fancy, or sensation was not only alive, but believed itself immortal.

Oftentimes we were simultaneously awoken by the first-footers, who shook door and windows as if they had the famous Seven to Waken. It might be our neighbour the blacksmith, facetiously inquiring at two o'clock in the morning if my father was going to lie up there-meaning under the blankets—till the sun burned a hole in him! It might be one with a still finer sense of humour demanding that the valuables be quietly given up, to prevent boast- shed! The door being unbarred, strangling hands came and went till daybreak. Commonly, two or three were my neighbours. Being obliged to drink prosperity to the «Frenchie» of every house they entered, it happened, as the rule, that most of them, foolish fellows! were incapable of rational enjoyment after breakfast. For a period of the morrow, all was gaiety and compli- ments! What a perversion of good friendly feeling! There was perpetual foolish shaking of hands, a perpetual murmur of "Your health, I was, Tammas; and yours, mistress; the bairns!" Some gay decoy of a halfpenny, with a splendid array of pearl buttons on his many-coloured bosom, would add to the sentiment of "the bairns," a mysterious hint that there was no knowing what might happen when a certain young lady had gone up a bit. The same garrulous youth would turn to me, and inquire if I thought I might, in course of time, tell any of his father's bonnets. Another, taking a poetical licence, would declare I was a chip of the old block, and no mistake. Another, of mature years, would lay his hand on my head, and benevolently wish that I might, in course of time, be a man like my grandfather, and Tammas Buckle.

We juveniles were always impatient for four o'clock. At that hour, we had our first sumptuous meal, consisting of a hasty exhibition of baker’s bread broken to bits, and inundated with boiling milk. Remember, baker’s bread was a Sabbath-day luxury to us, and to all like us, then. I believe it is not so much so now. After this fare of breakfast, we boys were allowed to go out for the purpose of burning our flambeaux. With a delicious sense of freedom which I have never experienced under any subsequent circum- stances, we plunged out into the winter morning, though it were ever so stormy. Our torches were made of old sackcloth, oskum ropes, or soiled tow dipped in tar. Having cut them fairly across under the shelter of the cart-shed, away we screamed like little demons, with our burning brands over the country. Perhaps the most delightful part of our pets was making a ghostly glimmer in the air. Perhaps the ground was dry and hard, and the sky clear, and full of keen, piercing stars. Perhaps it was dark and windy. It did not matter to us. Our joy was in the deed itself, a sort of smoky comet in a widely parabolic orbit. Now and again, a fragment, detaching from the main mass, dropped from above into the smoke and mist, and got quenched for its pains. Being joined by apparitions similar to ourselves at various stages, we scourred the country round, and shook our lurid terrors at the windows of the houses, and were espe- cially gratified when some infantile screams rewarded our efforts. There was a large village some ten or twelve miles from our place, and on the hornboard on this morning divided into two hostile divisions— 'the headers' and 'the footers'—and warred against each other in some fashion for possession of the town. How they warred, and in what manner victory was declared, I never knew, or have forgotten; but there were casualties, I know.

Between nine and ten o'clock, our great breakfast of the year was disposed of. It was highly recherché, you need not doubt; but I forbear details, in case differences of opinion might arise. Dick and I, and several other congenial spirits, next mustered in the cart-shed, to conduct our annual shooting competition. Rifles were not then invented; and though they had been, I doubt if the circumstance would have afforded us much. Our musketry consisted of several superannuated keys, large-barrelled stable-door keys, with a touch-hole filled in them. We had also one lighted piece of artillery in brass, which, with its carriage, could, when not on duty, be easily accommodated in a vest-pocket. Our target was a board placed against the wall, with a number of most eccentric rings in the midst of a couple of keys or so we battered this board and the adjacent walls with leaden slugs manufactured from the raw material on the spot. To tell the truth, I, for my part, never much relished this sort of sport. I question if the exact destination of any of my pellets was ever ascertained from first to last. The loose powder heaped on the touch-hole was ignited by applying a well-lighted piece of orange skin; and I never could do this except with my eyes shut, in which state I could not naturally be expected to aim with nice precision. Indeed, I fiddled away in a highly ridicu- lous manner, with the match at random, and instead of burning the powder, burned my fingers, which made me start violently, for a moment uncertain that my brains were not blown out. Then the ex- pected and yet dreaded percussion not having occurred, I would cautiously open one eye, and in all likelihood find the touch-hole bare, and the barrel pointed at nothing in particular, but with a dubious tendency towards the roof.

At noon, we made a round of calls upon those of our neighbours with whom the old folks were most friendly, for the understood purpose of receiving our handed. This pleasant visit is associated in my memory with a day of sunshine and snow. The surface of the country is one undulating sheet of white, and a light drift is frozen down on the cart-road, which we are traversing; a cheerful glow of sun- shine pervades the air, and sets the icedicles running, and the trees dripping, and the robins hopping, while a pale steam rises over the zigzag track of the river. Dick and I have got our faces polished for the second time; his—rosy, fresh, and environed with a liberal depth of linen spread over his shoulders—looks like a monstrous apple on a white plate. We have Maggie between us, and with hands linked, are on our way to the smithy, the ploughs at the door of which seem the ghosts of their former selves; to the joiner’s, where broken cart-wheels are lying half revealed in the snow at the shop-door; to the mason, which high garden-walls keep a profound secret on ordinary occasions; to thatched cottages glittering with a fringe of icedicles; to the tollman’s, whose house we always absurdly overrated, from the ostentatious Swiss style in which it was built. On the way, we followed those dwellings, everything will be found cheery and pleasant. The gendwife, in a clean white cap with highly ornamental lappets, welcomes us with a kindly "Come awa’, bairns! and try to look serenely unconscious that this is anything but a mere friendly visit, from which nothing substantial is
expected on either side. Perhaps other families are there on a similar errand. If one has anything strikingly novel or picturesque in his apparel, the decent woman will often notice that peculiar click, clicking of the tongue which is the sign of inarticulate admiration; or holding a blushing nymphet at arm’s length, she may even ejaculate: ‘My certe!’ or ‘Bless me!’ or ‘What a beauty!’ and so on. After bestowing an orange, she will inquire what the recipient means to do with it; whereon some very young man will indicate its probable destination by putting his finger in his mouth. In the act of distributing currant-buns, she will stop abruptly while one or two are still unserved, and observing carelessly: ‘You don’t care for this, I know,’ will put the thing past the utter dismay of the observer, who smile feebly, and then, suddenly recollecting themselves, try to keep up a careless exterior, as if, indeed, she had correctly divined their wishes. An extra supply ultimately compensates for the temporary anxiety. By and by, we are dismissed loaded. And so from house to house.

The remainder of the daylight was enjoyed as each listed—mostly on the ice; if ice there were. We never heard of such a thing as skates, but our soles were well studded with broad-headed nails, which we ground with vigour. The district curling-club would have a friendly match to-day, if all possible. We struck out slides in the neighbourhood of the rinks, and when our own play flagged, we turned to watch that of our friends. ‘Curlers? Indeed, keen is the word. They played sometimes from twilight to twilight, perhaps ankle-deep in slush, with rain or snow, or both together, falling. Burns calls it the ‘roaring play,’ and there is no doubt at all that both men and stones can be heard where they are not seen. All instructions, congratulations, denunciation, and miscellaneous remarks have to be bawled after the whole length of the rink. That is not a great length, but it leads to the adoption, on the part of the curlers, of an unnecessarily violent style of expression. How well I remember their cries, drowning even the boom of the slides, and often falling under the feet as we went roaring down the slide! Frantic cries of ‘Soop it up! soop it up!’ meaning that the granite just left the curler’s hand is in need of all the auxiliary aids to progress which the brooms of the party can render: enthusiastic cries of ‘Tak’ that man by the hand!’ meaning that somebody has played a marvellously good shot, so good as to be congratulated accordingly: ironical cries of the same, meaning that some unfortunate person has played into the hands of his opponents; consoling cries of ‘Well settled, at any rate!’ meaning that a shot, though futile, was planned with considerable skill. Those who sport on ice are subject to certain ignominious possibilities. The young are particularly subject, as I know well; but the old are not exempt, as I have seen a grave kirk deacon sprawling after his stone, half sliding, half running, flourishing his broom like a lunatic, come suddenly down, and perform the rest of the journey with his feet in the air. Not that I mention it to his disparagement; I myself had the bump of self-esteem completely knocked out of my head in those days by the exalting game of striking stars on the ice.

We had also the option of visiting the adults’ shooting-match, which was no mock affair, but a matter of pots and pans, and other substantial utensils, to the competitors. Here, when the time was ripe, I fired my first shot from a real full-grown gun, over the usual rest—a cart with the front and back doors knocked off, and aimed so as to lye. I feared the onlookers would be forming exaggerated expectations of what this elaborate preparation would lead to; but, in fact, I touched the trigger often, and thought I pressed it, and then broke into a cold sweat because nothing had happened. Finally, my compacted senses burst into a thousand atoms, and scattered into immensity. When I gathered myself together again, I found my nose was bleeding profusely, and somebody was complimenting me. I had indeed brought down the second-prize wheel-barrow, having missed the first by an inch; but it was the merest luck, John Stroke said; but then John was in consequence thrown back upon the third-prize rake. The best shot of the district was also the best ploughman, a hearty flaxen hand being the chief means to excellence in ploughing as in shooting.

This delightful day was closed by an evening assembly, which usually took place in our barn. The loose straw, as much condensed as possible, was packed up in one end; sacks of corn and potatoes, implements and furniture, were stowed away in corners, and freely used as sitting accommodation by the ladies and gentlemen of the company. There were nice country lasses with cheeks of cherry brilliancy, and clear innocent eyes, very much given to laughter as they sat on men’s knees, which position was, and I have no reason to doubt is, their recognised right at such gatherings. These were they whom one sees in deep sun-cap, virgins-white short-gown, and druggest petticoat among the sheaves in harvest; or minus the cap, singing among the cows’ feet, at milking-time, in the summer gloaming; or still more scantily clothed a flaxen hand being the chief means to excellence in ploughing as in shooting.

Credulous people south of the Tweed would believe we danced to the bagpipes, but I vow I never heard that instrument till I came to London. No; we had a fiddle, and the most enthusiastic of fiddlers, Blind Aliek. In the agonies of quiet reed-time, Aliek’s arms and legs, and head and body, were flung and swayed to and fro in a harmonious commotion that was a sight to behold. You would think he was expiating some powerful charm or working off some divine delirium. But when, by particular desire, he gave a solo in the pauses of the dance, what a genial spirit he was then! It might be Bonny Doon or The Land o’ the Leal. As he spun off those fine-wove airs, he would lay his ear to his instrument, rocking gently and with exceeding plaintiveness, as if his head was laid in a muff, and his heart was strung on a harp. Dancing is an exciting business anywhere, but excitement ferments into fury when the elements are of this nature.

They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit, in a mazy tangle, which stretched from eight o’clock
at night till four or five the next morning. There were few pauses, and those for the most part were mere pretexts for allowing partners to kiss each other publicly, which was always done to a shrill imitative accompaniment of the fiddles. Last came the White Cockade, a peculiar final piece, the plan of which began with one person and a pocket-handkerchief, and, gradually developing, absorbed the whole company, as the music, formed into a circle, and sang Auld Lang Syne, as it is never sung elsewhere, nor can be. And so ended my one holiday of the year.

**HARMONIC PROGRESSION.**

The impression seems to be general, that drawing-room pianos are tuned to ‘concert-pitch.’ The fact is, there is no such thing as concert-pitch, tuning to concert-pitch being a delusion, like driving at the illimitable perspective, and this is the more remarkable, inasmuch as the pitches in use are already inconveniently numerous, without the invention of one more, which has no definite existence.

The pitch of a note is its degree of highness or lowness. A note or sound is produced, as we all know, whenever the atmosphere is thrown into vibration with a rapidity sufficient to be perceived by the organs of hearing; the more quickly the vibrations follow each other, the higher, sharper, or more acute will be the note, and *vice versa.* Since there are many ways by which the velocity of vibrations can be counted, it might naturally be supposed that the pitch of every note could be easily settled once and for ever; that we should merely have first to decide *musically* what the note shall be which represents C, and then to find *philosophically* what number of vibrations per second that note corresponds to, in order to fix at once a *standard of pitch* intelligible to all the world, and capable of being reproduced at any time. Practically, however, there is no such standard. Since the time of Handel (1720—1759), pitch has risen nearly a tone. Like the Irish joke, that the fashion of dining later and later would end in putting off dinner till next day, so the gradual rise of pitch has carried us almost into the next note; what was C to Handel is D to us; between the pitch of the tuning-fork (still in existence) belonging to that great master and the pitch at present in vogue, an elevation of eleven and a half vibrations per second has been made. Between these extremes, there exists every variety of pitch, and in consequence, much inconvenience and confusion.

In the first place, we have a number of notes all giving different sounds, and all called by the same name. Thus, the philosophical or theoretical pitch of middle C of the pianoforte corresponds to five hundred and twelve vibrations per second (C, 512); this pitch was long used by Mr Hullah and other choral directors. The pitch used by the French government is C, 622; that recommended by the Society of Arts is C, 628; Messrs Broadwood’s medium pitch is C, 534; and the present Opera and Philharmonic Society’s pitch is C, 546, but, as the Opera directors acknowledge no standard at all, and as the cause that has raised the pitch hitherto are still apparent, there is nothing of the pitch of the Opera from being raised yet considerably more.

It is easy to show the ill consequences of this uncertainty; one instance, but a striking one, will suffice. We have repeatedly, from experience, how much orchestras vary in pitch, provide themselves, when going on a tour, with from thirteen to twenty sets of tongues, tuned to different pitches, varying about a tone and a half. This want of uniformity has been engendered by the tendency of musical pitch to become high. The principal reasons for this tendency are these: 1. The advent of certain foreign vocalists gifted with voices of exceptionally high register; 2. The opinion entertained and acted upon by many instrumentalists, that increased brilliancy of timbre demands an increase of the elevation of pitch; 3. The simple fact, that it is always possible to raise, and often impossible to lower, the pitch of an instrument. Therefore, if one important instrument in an orchestra, as the oboe or clarionet, is found to be higher than the other instruments, accordance is generally and most easily attained, not by lowering it, but by raising them. With an exciting cause like this in operation, and no authoritative standard to refer to, it is not to be wondered at that pitch rises. Still, it is an extraordinary fact that, during the last twenty years, pitch has risen a semitone.

Examples of the inconveniences of a high pitch are many; for instance, the considerable elevation just mentioned causes music to be performed in a key different to that for which it was expressly written, and the intention of the composer is thereby defeated. It is well known to musical people that Beethoven’s mass in D is so high that it can hardly be performed even at the old-fashioned pitch. Last year, however, it was performed by the Sacred Harmonic Society. The high pitch then prevailing rendered it impossible to sing the music; nevertheless, the mass was performed, and in a key which Beethoven would have called E flat; and rather than lower the pitch, the music was altered—not transposed, but the high notes actually lowered, and the parts re-arranged—to fit the service to the elevation. Even where it is not impossible to give the music, it is found that the present high pitch, if it does not seriously impair, the powers of the most gifted and skilful artists; and the directors of choral societies are of opinion, that not only is the quality of sound produced by large bodies of voices seriously depreciated by a high pitch, but that false intonation is a frequent result of it.

Another serious consequence of the absurd height of musical pitch, and one which comes home to many of us, is the enormous price of pianofortes. The price is due partly to a demand for the best and most perfect instruments; but the great cause of expense is in getting strength to resist the extreme strain of modern stringing. The tension of the strings in a full-sized grand pianoforte tuned to medium pitch is about twenty-five thousand pounds, whereas that in a piano of the same dimensions tuned to high pitch is about eleven and twelve tons. The effect of the high pitch is to increase this tension about fifteen per cent.

A great outcry having been raised some three years ago that pitch had become extravagantly high, and that it was tending to rise even higher, the Royal Society of Arts called together a general meeting of musicians, amateurs, and others interested in music, in order to consider the state of musical pitch. The Society, after much discussion, recommended a uniform pitch, of a somewhat lower standard, and they issued tuning-forks of this standard under their authority. Hitherto, however, the suggestions of the Society have not been generally adopted; our public performers continue to scream at the same height as before, and our conductors, no doubt, to adapt Beethoven and other great composers to suit the elevated taste of the present day.

Let us now inquire how the Society of Arts standard was arrived at. To do this, we must first understand what is meant by theoretical or philosophical pitch. It is easily proved that the number of vibrations necessary to produce any given pitch is determined, from the note is double the number required to sound the same note an octave lower, this relation persisting through the whole range (about nine octaves) appreciable to us. Thus the organ, which comprehends both extremes of the scale through which vibrations become audible as musical sounds, the lowest tone is that produced by the thirty-
two feet pipe (22 feet C), and is generally reckoned at about thirty-two vibrations per second; C an octave higher (corresponding to the lowest C of a grand pianoforte) 160 vibrations; and so on to the highest, five octaves above middle or 2 feet C, which gives sixteen thousand three hundred and eighty-four vibrations per second. Not assuming as the simplest form of the wave a possible point of departure the existence of a note corresponding to one vibration per second, the various octaves will be represented by 2, 4, 8, 16, 32 vibrations, and so on. Theoretically, then, the sound produced by thirty-two vibrations per second, which musicians have already agreed to call C, is the same note five octaves higher than that produced by one vibration; and by continuing this process, we find that a note five octaves above middle C of a pianoforte corresponds to five hundred and twelve vibrations per second. This theoretical or philosophical note is found to agree so nearly with the musician's idea of the note C (the simplest fundamental note in a practical point of view), that writers on acoustics, without exception, have agreed to consider them identical, and have thus established a theoretical pitch or definition of the note C.

This theoretical pitch (C, 512), or one almost identical with it (C, 510), was used by our Philharmonic Society for thirty years, during the best period of its existence; there has been a large and satisfactory use of it for choral purposes; and the French government have adopted it for the pianoforte C, 522, as an appointment to warrant its utility. On the authority, then, both of practice and theory, a pitch of C, 512 would seem to be the most appropriate.

On grounds of short duration, this pitch would have been recommended by the Society of Arts for general adoption, but they were prevented from taking this course by certain practical considerations affecting the union of the present Philharmonic or Opera pitch (C, 546) to the theoretical pitch would have involved a sudden lowering of nearly a semitone. Such change could not possibly be made without great inconvenience and pecuniary loss to our orchestral performers, and to musical instrument-makers with large stocks in hand. It was well known that chiefly owing to this cause, considerable difficulties were found in enforcing the French pitch of C, 522; and it was felt that if a difficult course was suggested, it would not be followed, and that the change, though it might be good in itself, would be practically disregarded.

It was therefore determined to recommend a pitch of C, 528, the same, in fact, as had been before decided on by the Congress of musicians at Stuttgart in 1834, and which is now in use throughout Germany. This pitch, though perhaps not the very best that could be conceived, is one which possesses many advantages, and was thought to have the best chance of obtaining the consent of contemporary musicians. It is founded on the calculation of thirty-three instead of thirty-two vibrations per second to the 32 feet C of the organ. It is the only pitch yet suggested that gives all the notes of the scale in whole numbers (C, 294; D, 297; E, 330; F, 352; G, 396; A, 440; B, 495; C, 528); it is nearly half-way between the present Philharmonic and the philosophical pitches; it is a quarter of a tone lower than the present Philharmonic and Opera pitch, by common consent voted intolerably high, and its adoption involves as little loss or inconvenience to performers and instrument-makers as can be expected from any general alteration.

In dealing with hundreds of vibrations per second, it has probably occurred to some readers to inquire how can a fork or other instrument be proved? how can there be vibrations be counted? Musically speaking, of course, it can be tested by the ear, can be heard to be in unison, or not, with the note it represents. It does not require a practised, or even a musical ear to detect very slight differences in the number of vibrations; for if two tuning-forks, for instance, nearly but not quite in unison, are sounded together, the phenomenon of the fork with the higher note will be heard to give a wobbling sound like a gentle tremolo will be heard. The cause of the beata is thus explained. In the sharper fork, the vibrations will be a little more rapid than in the lower, and the vibrations of each to be represented by a wave-line, the waves of the sharp fork being a little shorter than those of the flat one, and we place the two wave-lines parallel with each other, we shall see that here and there the waves nearly coincide, and the sound of the vibrations corresponding to that wave is doubled, while midway between each doubled sound we shall find the curve of the waves opposed to each other, when the sound will be indistinct. So we have a note produced alternately loud and soft. This effect is purposely produced on a larger scale in Italian organs (not the nuisances played by Savoyards in the streets, but church-organs manufactured in Italy) by tuning one of two pipes of the same quality a little flatter than the other, so as to give a tremolo tone like that produced by a good singer, or a skilful player on the violin. This organ stop is called voce humana, voce cieca, and sometimes unica morsis (an allusion to the wave manner, we suppose); its effect is agreeable when judiciously made.

It is surprising what very slight variations can be detected by the listener. Wo on one occasion seemed to have detected a difference of less than two vibrations per second in two forks sounding middle C. This is accomplished by striking the forks simultaneously, and allowing them to vibrate on the backhead or teeth—a very delicate test of their accuracy.

Suppose now, instead of comparing two tuning-forks, we compare a fork and a piano, and that we find the fork and the middle of the piano; and that we can discover how we can possibly know that the number of vibrations of each is so many hundred per second, a number which the eye cannot follow? This is rendered possible by the ingenious apparatus used to such acoustics. The first and most ancient method of estimating the velocity of vibrations is of a mathematical nature, and consists in the theoretical examination of the dynamical properties of a stretched string. The laws of bodies in motion have all been ascertained and demonstrated ever since the time of the immortal discovered of the laws of motion; but by a very great part of those laws, it is easily proved that the note sounded by a stretched string depends on the length of its vibrating part, on its weight, and on the amount of its tension. Any person can calculate from those data with what velocity the string will vibrate, and any musician can tell the name commonly given to the note the string sounds. Thus, therefore, we may obtain a knowledge of the number of vibrations corresponding to any given note.

It is only within the last few years that this theory has been practically tested by applying it to actually counting the vibrations. This is accomplished by an ingenious instrument invented by our countryman, Mr. Henry Griesbach. It was known theoretically that if the length of the vibrating string was halved, the tension remaining the same, the number of vibrations would be doubled, and that (as we have before stated) the note produced would be the same note an octave higher. In Griesbach's instrument, a very long and lax gut (vibrating, therefore, very slowly) is stopped off one half, one-quarter, one-eighth, or one-sixteenth of its length, causing it to vibrate twice, four, eight, or sixteen times as fast, till it emits a musical sound which can be recognised as, say C. It is then assumed, agreeably to the theory just laid down, that the whole length would give the same note. If we try this, we find the same note so many octaves lower. The whole string, though vibrating very slowly, is still too quick for the eye; so, by a nice adjustment, the string is caused at the end of each vibration to touch
very slightly a steel lever; and by a clever arrangement of clock-work, the number of vibrations is recorded on a strip of paper moving at a uniform rate. It can thus be shewn that a note identical with that of the 22 feet C of the organ corresponds very nearly to thirty-two vibrations per second; and by simple multiplication, that the middle C of the piano-forte corresponds to five hundred and twelve.

Besides the mathematical or theoretical method and Griesbach's, or, as we may term it, the practical method, both of which apply only to stringed instruments, a plan has been invented by Baron Cagniard de la Tour for registering the number of vibrations when generated in the air, as in the case of wind-instruments. The contrivance is called a Sirène, though one would hardly suppose that the wind-whistling-through-a-chink sort of noise it makes when first set in action, is by no means suggestive of the seductive music of heathen fable. Within a brass cup are placed two discs of waxed paper; the upper one is perforated. Both discs are pierced with a corresponding number of round holes of the same size, at the same distance from each other, and at a common distance from the centre, so that when the upper disc is made to revolve, the holes are alternately closed and opened simultaneously, like those in a pierced circular ventilator with a double plate. The holes in the moving disc are being obliterated, or they shrink from beneath them; so that the mere pressure of the air from a pair of bellows causes the disc to revolve. It is evident that each time the holes are opened and closed, the air will receive a certain number of cuts corresponding to those given by the vibrations of a string; and when the revolutions of the disc is rapid, the vibrations will be sufficient to produce a musical sound. Thus, if the disc is pierced with eight holes, and it revolves sixty-four times in a second, the note produced will be the theoretical middle C (C, 64 x 5 = 512). To get the measurement all the hair of the instrument is accurately to register the number of the revolutions of the disc, and to multiply it by the number of holes as above.

In the complete instrument, the revolving disc is connected with an indicator in appearance like that of a gas-meter, which fulfills this part of the process.

A most elegant modification of this instrument has been invented, called the Harmonic Bine. It consists of four circles of holes each pierced in one, so arranged with stops that the holes of each circle or set can be opened and closed in succession while the disc is revolving. The sets of openings thus being arranged so as to represent the note, its third, its fifth, and its octave; so that by opening and closing the stops in succession, a major common chord is played by the instrument.

Another method of measuring the velocity of vibrations has very recently been invented by M. Lissajous of Paris. It consists of an apparatus which reflects rays of light from a small mirror fixed on the vibrating body, but we have not yet had an opportunity of investigating its principles or mode of operation.

It appears, then, that we are able, by several direct or indirect methods, without resorting to any standard of comparison, to ascertain the number of vibrations corresponding to any given note. On this, the scientific point, there is no difference of opinion; there is no difficulty in determining what any pitch is, but we seem to be as far as ever from deciding what pitch we shall select for general use.

It may not be uninteresting to close this account of the manger of measuring vibrations by giving the results of some experiments very lately performed on the Westminster bells. In consequence of a commission from the government, Professor Pole, in conjunction with Mr. Griesbach, examined the notes sounded by the great bells of the Houses of Parliament. They found that the key-note of the chimes, the E of Big Ben, gave 567 vibrations per second, a true E according to the present Philharmonic pitch, and not differing much from the E of the Society of Arts scale, as adjusted by equal temperament. It should, therefore, correspond pretty nearly with the E of a properly tuned pianoforte, a useful fact that should be known.

**HOME FROM THE COLONIES.**

**WIMBLEDON CAMP.**

Tun ignorance of English country-folks with respect to the district that surrounds their metropolis, is excessive. They come up for the season to see town, they say, and to partake of its delights; and as for fields and trees, they see enough of them at home. Even if they bring their carriage with them, Thomas (who has not the bump of locality, and only knows his way from Charing Cross whether he always drives to start from) is generally instructed never to go 'off the stones,' except for a round or two in Hyde Park, or to a visit to the Botanical Gardens when there is a flower-show. Visitors who are not 'carriage-people,' are deterred from exploring the suburbs, even if they wish to do so; they are naturally suspicious of a pleasure-exursion that begins and ends with a railway journey; and, on the other hand, they fear the exertions of the cabmen; the distance to points of interest and beauty is also greatly overrated, and trembling platoons of men are said to be driven out of town, of which they would think nothing in their own neighbourhoods. Thus it happens that very many despire themselves of the enjoyment of excursions which contain a high degree the pleasures of town and country.

The hands of X and Y, I ran no risk of omitting anything far or near that was worth seeing. I learned with wonder, that if the site of London had not been chosen for a commercial city on account of its convenience, it would have been assuredly a place of much resort for its picturesque position; and that the Thames had not been fated to bear upon its bosom the argosies of the world, it would yet have attracted thousands by its natural beauties—its winding ways, its rapid depths and gleaming shallows, its sleepy-back waters, its frequent islands clearing the swift stream, its sloping lawns and woods, that form or crown its banks. As a prose writer of exceeding and acknowledged merit seldom gets much credit for writing poetry, however excellently he may do it, so the Thames, being the golden river of trade, is little thought of for its more lovely qualities.

'You know what knickerbocker is taking you?' asked X, one afternoon, as our barouche rolled swiftly and smoothly over Putney Bridge.

'No,' said I; 'nor should I complain if you had brought me only to see this. What an exquisite scene!—what beautiful villas!—and how charmingly their gardens kiss the stream!'

'You should see them when the tide is out, and they have nothing to kiss,' said Y, with agreeable malevolence. 'A man who lives in a Thames villa should have no nose.'

'Is it my belief,' said X, 'that if Y was ever to get to Paradise (which, however, seems very improbable), he would manage to pick some hole in the local arrangements even there.'

'He does not disturb me,' said I; 'he is to me but as the skeleton at their feasts was to the Egyptians. When he reminds me of the tide will presently leave Putney, and spoil it, I enjoy Putney all the more while the tide is in.'

'Admirable Morumbidgee!' cried X, 'your words are nuggets of gold unadulterated with quartz. Your conclusion shall be paid by a glorious spectacle as soon as we have mounted this hill.'

An open heath, set in an exquisite landscape, lay before us, and in the centre were the snow-white tents of an encamping army. Artificial mounds of various sizes, looking like the barrows of the ancient
dead, were arranged in uneven lines to southward, each of them having a white shield upon one side of it, with a black boss in the centre; flags of all colours fluttered multitudinously in the sweet summer's air, and bore upon it the names of martial music, and now and then the murmurs of many tongues in a sort of hushed applause. There was also another sort of almost incessant, almost insistent, applause. 

'That ping and thud which you hear,' explained the observant X, 'is the voice of the Minne bullet, which is doomed death to many a poor fellow this day on the other side of the Atlantic. Here, however, thank Heaven, we shoot at targets, and not men.' 

Leaving the carriage outside the line, we paid our shillings at the gate, and entered the camp. The canvas town was admirably arranged, each official tent bearing upon its forehead the name of the business transacted within it—Armourer, Council, Secretary, Printing-office, Statistics, Finance (which, however, had nothing in it), and Executive. All these made up one circle of themselves; but besides them were numbers of marqueses appropriated to various purposes. Some held the country rifle associations—Berks, Hertfordshire, Kent, Shropshire, &c., &c., fluctuating daily over them in letters of gold; some were vast Refreshment-booths; some contained huge wooden stands for spectators to sit upon; we also found a stage here and there, and a common residence for the Volunteers, some of whom defrayed the whole expenses of the corps, and some—representative men of the different corps—were maintained at the common charge. Direction-posts were placed at every turning—To Ammunition; To Sighting-Targets; To Long Ranges; To Pool. 

'Why to Pool?' inquired I. 'Of all places, why to Pool?' 

'He knows nothing, absolutely nothing,' exclaimed Y with admiration. 'Morumbidges, you are price-less.' 

Even X's elucidation was interrupted with paroxysms of mirth. 'To Pool, means to the pool-targets; those to whom each marksman contributes a certain sum, and if he makes the highest score, wins the entire subscription. You have heard of pool billiards, I suppose.' 

Immense boards also met us everywhere with programmes of the proceedings of the day. Running Deer as usual? Like the bulletin of a sick swallow, said Y; Tickets added at the Royal Albert Grounds; Pool; Sighting; Association Cup; Lord Spencer's Cup; St George's Vase; &c. We also found a tent for Prize Entries. The following was the announcement: Rifle Derby, All Comers, Lord Vernon's, and (without an intervening stop) Messe M. E. on a Saturday Review. 

'Ah, then, it has changed hands,' observed Y grimly, 'although they said it hadn't.' 

'But it does not seem much of a prize,' observed I, 'after all. The Saturday Review only costs sixpence, does it?' 

'My dear Morumbidgee,' exclaimed X pathetically, 'you have made Y laugh aloud. Let me explain this matter before he indulges himself further in a weakness so exceedingly inconsistent with his character and position. The Saturday Review has offered a prize of fifty pounds to be shot for; and since it has long made a butt of everybody, its proprietors could scarcely have hit upon a more appropriate method of compensation. How annoyed they would be if Mr Bright was to enter for their gratification, and win it.' 

'There is no fear,' observed Y dryly; 'he only shoots with his longbow, with the violets of the vale, and you know when the price, Morumbidges, you yourself may be induced to try your fortune with the rifle: they are here.' 

We entered by a large tent with a semicircular table in it, on which was crowded every description of costly trophy from an inlaid rifle to a gold watch: telescopes and tankards, earrings, silver shields for rosewater, and groups in the precious metals, executed by the best artists. As we stopped opposite to one of this last kind, 'What say you,' asked X, 'to competing for the First Stage Queen's prize?' 

'The First Stage Queen's,' said I; 'what are they?' 

'Morumbidges imagines that it is something theatrical,' cried Y; 'he believes that a prima donna will reward the exactness, and the sufficient quantities.' 

'It is the first stage—the first day's shooting for the Queen's prize,' explained X, 'and this group by Marochetti is one of the proposed rewards. The winner may take his choice here to the amount of two hundred and fifty pounds.' 

He might well have been puzzled amid that glittering show, contrasting so strangely with the unfurnished tent and the heath stretching wide and bare before the open canvas door. 

'Magnificent strawberrie's,' exclaimed a fruit-seller at the threshold of this treasure-house; 'this morning gathered strawberries, gentlemen!' 

'There's a Carilysm for you!' observed X. 

'No, sir; they're Cordis,' said the man. 

Upon this we could not refrain from buying a bottle (of which the topmost layer was excellent), and it served to remind us we were in need of a more substantial lunch; but we had now lost our bearings, and could not find it; while in addition to these, a couple of vast encampments, east and west, were occupied as residences by the Volunteers, some of whom defrayed their own expenses, and some—representative men of the different corps—were maintained at the common charge. Direction-posts were placed at every turning—To Ammunition; To Sighting-Targets; To Long Ranges; To Pool. 

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from behind the marker's butt. If it was a Centre, there was a lineup; 'We'll done, Howie,' or 'Point,' but if it was a bull's-eye, there was a round of kid-glove hand-clapping, a waving of embroidered handkerchiefs from the ladies, and a "Bravo, Schneider, or "Elton," from the men. A more pleasant spectacle can scarcely be imagined, and the shooting was exceedingly good. The Etonians, however, in whom Y took an interest such as I should not have supposed him capable of, did not come off victorious, which he took great pains to explain to us was owing to their devotion to boating. They have no time to give their attention to rifle-practice, as these other more "dry-lob" schools can do, you see.

This enthusiasm in such a man for the place of his juvenile education was very striking and strange to me, Tom Brown having as yet taken no root in young Australia.

At the next target, a match was going forward which excited scarcely less of interest—the contest between the Lords and the Commons. From the circumstance of the former not having their robes and coronets (which had been evidently expected by some of the onlookers), there was no little dispute as to which branch of the House the respective elevens belonged. It was a comfort, however, to feel that one's sympathies could not, at the worst, be thrown away upon anybody under a member of parliament, and so enjoyed the spectacle hugely. From that pious feeling that moderates every transport in the Briton when in presence of titled persons, we did not ejaculate, "Bravo, Abercorn," "Go it, Airlie," as in the former case; but when the first range was done, and the Lords won it, we could not forbear to cheer a little.

"Let law, religion, virtue, morals die," exclaimed X, misquoting from a well-known poem.

"But leave us still our old nobility.

'At the same time,' added he, 'instead of following them to their next range, I think we shall find better fare at the Running Deer.'

This animal being of the same size (in iron) as the living creature, and proceeding by mechanism at about the same speed, runs to and fro between two limits of sixty, for twenty of either, and has to be shot in transitu. If the shooter should miss it altogether, he loses nothing; but if he 'spells the venison' by hitting it on the haunch, the marker presently gives him a bishop and white flag, and the sportsman is fined for the offence. The above seven targets, as well as four others for Pool, were all close together in that portion of the common which was formerly dedicated to duelling; and the noise of the rifles was therefore very great. A red flag would now and then be set up, while the markers left their places of safety to clean this or that target, but otherwise the firing was incessant. Add to this, that various prizes were being shot for simultaneously at the remaining thirty or forty targets, and it may well be imagined that Wimbledon Common was not sacred to silence.

The whistle of the Volunteer bullet, however, is but the whisper of peace; there was nothing in it (to my ear, at least) to mar the exquisite serenity of the surrounding scene. Immediately beneath us lay Richmond Park and a far-reaching range of pasture and cornland breathing prosperous plenty; while in the distance hung that mighty cloud which ever hovers over the wealthiest city in the world, and yet almost the only one that has neither wall nor rampart, nor even a gate to close in the face of a foe.

I am glad to pelting away his chance.

But by far the most engrossing contest of all was that on the last day, between the winners of prizes at the Meeting—between the best shots in the world, that is—for Lord Dudley's prize. The shooting was very equal, as might be expected; but Lord Bury and
Captain Williams made the best scores. After the last shot of the former, his success seemed almost certain, for it was necessary that his antagonist should make a bull's-eye—at 500 yards—even to tie him. Captain Williams made the bull's-eye. They now prepared, therefore, to 'shoot off the tin.' The excitement was not thrilling indeed, and amidst a breathless silence Captain Williams shot first, and made another bull's-eye. Lord Bury then also made a second bull's-eye. These men must have had iron nerves; for I myself, upon whom a thousand eyes were not fixed, and who had not a shilling dependent on the result, felt myself trembling with anxiety. Captain Williams shot again, and made a third bull's-eye. I was sorry for his Lordship. Each day I took my way over roads whose ruts the snow had filled, while my horses' bellies rang gaily out through the snow-clad forest, whose pendent knotes flashed in the sun's rays like silver; and when night came, I never failed of a welcome beneath the barked roof of the nearest settler, where my news—albeit five months old—was more prized than my dollars, and my French-Canadian servant, with his broken English jests, and his sweet old Provençal songs, was more regarded than myself.

We had passed Lake Superior, and were threading the forest bordering Lake Huron, when one evening we came to a better cultivated farm than usual, and stopped at the door of a large farmhouse, where the scraping of sleds and echoing of feet announced one of those blithesome frolics with which the settlers at intervals lighten the monotony of backwoods' life. On such occasions, every guest is welcome, and we were rapturously received, though the house was crowded to suffocation. But it soon appeared this was an extraordinary festival, being for the bridal of our host's daughter, whom all these friends—who came from many miles round—were to accompany to see the knot tied on the morrow. What a joyous scene it was! How they jeered and laughed till the music was almost drowned, and despite the crush, danced merrily until the spruce and juniper wreaths trembled on the walls, and the forest of candles flickered above our heads; now forming old-timer's back, with the rosy bridemaids, in their yet redder ribbons, now clustering in triumph round the soft-eyed bride, the fairest flower I ever saw in that wild region.

The sun rose on our unwrinkled revels, ushering in the wedding-day. A hearty breakfast was dispached and then one and all—for I deferred my journey in honour of the occasion—prepared to escort the bride on her way.

Through many of the backwoods' settlements clergymen have never passed, and troths are lastly plighted before an inanimate object, and amidst the present occasion it chanced that a clergyman was visiting his brother at a farm some twenty miles distant, and the marriage was hurried that the bride might have the advantage of a 'parent's blessing.' My two-hour sleigh being the best-appointed vehicle in company, I placed it at the bride's disposal, and we were soon speeding through the forest, followed by a bevy of sleighs and traps, filled with a laughing crowd; and while the sleigh-bells rang out the merriest of bridal peals, the young settlers played wild choruses upon their horns, until the old woods echoed with their mirthsyre.

About mid-day, we reached our destination, but we had to wait for the conclusion of another ceremony. It was a wedding, and the stranger I was, for the bride was portly, the bridegroom grizzled, and they made the responses with a decision which shewed they had quite made up their minds; while occupying the time by the open-mouthed cluster of wonderings, the offering of the bride and bridegroom, who had long been legally, as they were now religiously, married.

The young people's turn was next; and despite the struggles of the little ones, and the boisterous laughter of their elders, they were all duly christened, and led away by their newly-wedded parents, and a hurricane of congratulations and cheers, which lasted until they had driven off in the two trains awaiting them.

Then came the wedding of our own fair bride, and she seemed almost scared to find how solemn were the words which bound her to share the burdens as well as joys of her bridegroom; but she had always meant to do so; and, taking heart of grace, she will happily as he handed her into my sleigh for the return-journey. Again we swept through the bush with laugh and jest, and in the intervals my servant Antoine sang jubilant bridal peans, and thrilled our ballads of love and marriage enough to turn Hymen-ward a whole community. But after a time there were more wordy than music, and they started to listen, for my high-bred horses, fresh as when we started, had far outsped the heavy steeds of the other travellers, and were running them out of sight and hearing.

'Let us go by the lake-shore,' cried the bridegroom; 'then you'll see the 'tumble,' and we will be home yet before they are.'

The idea was highly approved by the new-made wife, and as I was somewhat weary myself of the monotony of the woods, I readily agreed. Between us and the shore was a winding gully filled with frozen snow, which soon brought us to the broad belt of ice bordering the land. Beyond was the lake, which, so far as we could see, stretched a vast expansion of blue, refreshing to the eye wearied by the universal whiteness, and troubled by a recent gale, it heaved and rolled in heavy swells, whose very action was cheering amid the deadly stillness. Meanwhile the bowled merrily on over the wary ice, which flashed and sparkled in a thousand glimmering and gorgeous rays beneath our horses' feet; while on our left the land rose into lofty promontories, crowned by battlements with the rosy bridemaids, in their yet redder ribbons, now clustering in triumph round the soft-eyed bride, the fairest flower I ever saw in that wild region.

* Among the fifty-three successful competitors for this prize, there was but one alien, a Swiss.
Chambers's Journal

107

Lake, and whose picturesque beauty was enhanced by the long lines of glittering isles which fringed the overhung shores, and whose deep-blue, shiny spray had raised before it. This duly admired, we pressed on, for the short day was drawing to a close, and just as the sun sank behind the pine-crest of a distant headland, we came to a wide estuary, whose further point it formed. Beyond was the farm, and we urged the horses to a swifter pace, for with the sun's departure came a great access of cold.

The estuary, some eight miles wide, stretched deep into the land, and to save time, we drove straight across the vast sheet of ice which bridged it. Night fell as we proceeded, but though the moon had not yet risen, the misty reflection of the snow lighted our way, and ahead was the promontory, showing darkly against the starlit sky. We had about reached the centre of the bay, when a sudden report, like a discharge of artillery, filled the air, and rolling back over the ice, was repeated by the thousand echoes of the wilds. It was the unmistakable sound of cracking ice; and, without a word, I put the horses to their speed. The next moment, a yet louder and sharper concussion broke on the silence, quickly followed by a third, which sounded as if it rent the ice apart.

At once, the truth flashed upon us. As often happens, the heavy swell of that great inland sea was breaking up the solid ice; and so far from land, among the slavering fragments, was a position of the utmost peril, in which our only resource was flight; and again I urged on our bounding steeds.

Meanwhile, my companions peered eagerly into the dimness, seeking to judge where the danger lay, but the silvery haze baffled them, and we could only speed on blindly. At length, our horses stopped, and the thought that we were in a dark belt of heaving water. The crack was across our path, and the chasm was too broad for our horses to leap; all left us, therefore, was to turn landward, and hurry on, if we were to avert the danger. But with each step the gap beside us widened, until it almost resembled a river; then it turned again lakeward, and, to our consternation, we discovered that the ice had parted on either side of us, cutting us off from land, and leaving us floating on a large island of ice, which the swift current of the river was already dragging away from under the lake.

What a sudden dismay came over us as we gazed at the increasing chasm no effort of ours could bridge! The bridgegroom was eager to swim the space, and bear thither his bride, but I saw that if he had deserted the useless sacrifice of life, for long ere he had gone half the distance, he would have died in his frozen clothes.

There was but one chance left—that we might yet hit on some projecting point of the lake-shore. But as our raft floated steadily further and further out from land, that last hope vanished; and before long, we who had lately been so joyous, stood sadly watching the white outlines of the hills fade into the night, as they whose last sight of land was, and with the sorrowful knowledge that the only doubt remaining on our doom was, whether we should perish miserably among our own questions, or be swept off into the ice-cold waters of the lake!

It was a terrible prospect; and the remembrance that we had in a manner brought the evil upon our own heads, increased its bitterness tenfold. Had we but apprised any one of our route when we diverged from the usual track, we should undoubtedly have been rescued. But from the very condition of our already rescued; while, as it was, the blind path by which we turned off to the shore would put them all at fault. The bridegroom's self-reproaches were keener of any, for he had himself pronounced the destroyer of their bride so lately committed to his care; while the poor girl wept in utter abandonment of spirit, not only for the blighting of her bright hopes, and for the young life she must so shortly render up, but for the sudden parting from the beloved ones she should never see again.

Meanwhile, the moon shone very bright, making night beautiful, flooding our ice-raft with its silvery light, quivering in broken rays on the broad lake, which now rolled in waves around us, and shining like a glory on the distant hills, giving us one more glance at earth.

But the cold was intense. The wind, straight from the frozen north, swept over the lake in fitful gusts, and seemed to pierce us like icy arrows; and though, wrapped in the heavy sleigh-fur, we crouched within its narrow limits, we could scarce endure the rigour of the night; and, worse than all, our fair companion had to share these hardships with no protection save the most sheltered corner of the sleigh, and the warmest wrapper; yet she never murmured, but, with the gentle heroism of her sex, laid her head silently and now tearlessly on her husband's shoulder; and I thought she prayed. Day at last broke on this long night of misery and desolation. The imperceptible current of the lake had kept us out of sight of land, and the huge mass of ice lay steady as an island among the surrounding waves. We told ourselves we had no hope of rescue, yet long and anxiously we watched the circling wind, feeling hotly for some sign of coming aid, and it was with a deeper despondency we discovered that, as far as the eye could reach, there was nothing but lake and sky, save on one spot some five feet of water, where floated a fragment of our raft, which, cracked from the commencement, had parted during the night, bearing away with it both our horses. And as the day wore on, another hardship was added, which resembled all the rest—that of hunger. Since the preceding morning, we had eaten nothing, and our long exposure to the cold began to make us severely feel; while, though many birds flew over the lake, not one came within reach of our rifles to soften this new calamity.

Two days passed, and no words can tell the intensity of our sufferings as we floated on that frozen prison, which the winds and waves appeared powerless to destroy; each hour served but to augment our misery; and when the third day broke upon us, cold and exhaustion were fast doing their work, and we lay helplessly in the corners of the sleigh, as it seemed about to die. But the young bride seemed to last; whether it was the unbroken vigour of her youth sustained her, or that marvellous endurance of her sex, which has so often carried them through wreck and tempest, I know not, but she was still comparatively unshaken, and while she drew our coverings more closely round us, she earnestly entreated us still to hope and trust. I began to think with horror that a time would shortly come when the unhappy girl would be left alone upon the ice.

Thus another night closed on our sore extremity, and we did not think to live it out. As the hours passed, a furious storm arose upon the lake, lashing its waters into foaming billows, which dashed against our raft, as if they sought to shatter it in pieces; clouds, black as ink, rolled over the sky, and appeared to fill the air; and, to crown all, the faintest sight of our hunger was succeeded by raging pains, almost beyond endurance, and yet which seemed hourly to increase. Never have I suffered as I did that night. It was a well-nigh maddening, and many times, as we sat cowering within the sleigh listening to the rushing of the waves, did we almost pray that they would overwhelm our raft at once, and end our misery. At length this desire seemed granted. There was a sudden crash, and a violent concussion, as though we had struck upon a rock, and the billows beat and roared more wildly than ever. In the darkness we could distinguish nothing; and, pressing down our hunger, we sat with clasped hands and bowed heads awaiting our doom. While we still waited, the dawn
crept over the sky, and our indomitable bride, springing up, uttered a cry of joy, then threw herself weeping in her husband's arms. Before us, rising in hills and valleys, lay the snow-clad land, and against its icy border our raft was tightly jammed. Though we guessed it not, the gale had blown from the south, and by the merest stroke of providence, it had driven us back to the northern shores of the lake, and thus saved our lives.

Not far off, the ascending smoke announced a dwelling, so we fired our rifles, a signal which quickly brought the inhabitants to the shore. They proved to have been members of the late wedding frolic; and nothing could exceed our astonishment and joy at our discovery, which was utterly despaired of. Every possible care and kindness was lavished upon us, and the bride's parents and friends summoned to rejoice over their lost lamb that was found. 'All's well that ends well,' we thankfully agreed; but never shall I forget the intense misery and suffering of that adventure on the ice.

**THE USE OF WOODS IN THE HOUSEHOLD OF NATURE.**

Among the different plant-communities which, collectively considered, are the Vegetable Kingdom, the woods undoubtedly take the first rank. Trees are indeed the supreme rulers of the plant-world. When grouped together into forests, they exercise an important influence on the climates of countries; and not only is the life of the lowly plants which they overshadow connected with their existence by the most intimate ties, but even the prosperity and well-being of man himself.

The woods show us, in the clearest and most direct manner, the reciprocity of action which subsists amongst the different members of the vegetable kingdom. If the trees and other plants did not grow together in communities, their life as individuals would be in the highest degree endangered. United together, trees mutually shelter each other on all sides against storms and the drying effect of the sun's rays. This reciprocity of action is highly interesting. Thus, herbaceous plants and grasses envelop the earth with a protective covering. They allow the sunbeams access to the young seedlings, and also give them a sufficient amount of shade, so that the sun's rays are prevented from drying the soil, and thus injuring their young life. If it rains, then trees grow up and rivers rise under the shadow of the smallest members of the vegetable kingdom, only to reciprocate, as they approximate to the period of their maturity and strength, the favours which they received in the hours of weakness and infancy. Under their summits the shadowed earth retains its moisture, and the herbaceous plants and grasses—those poorer plant-children of Nature—are thus fed, whose tender rootlets have not the ability, like the roots of trees, to draw their moisture deeply out of the earth. So also, when showers of rain fall on forests, the leaves of the trees catch the drops, break the force of their descent, and the plants thus sheltered drink in the moisture of the storm, whilst they escape its violence. The moss-covering, too, which forms on the ground in woods, at least in temperate climates, continues to retain the fallen moisture long after the storm has passed; thus saved from the arid east, whilst the shadow of the trees prevents its evaporation.

It follows that a wooded soil is favourable to the production of springs; also, that the continued existence of moisture in the air, and a settled temperature from them, will produce a cooler atmosphere, and therefore a lower degree of temperature, in a country where they abound. It is not difficult to make this intelligible to the reader. The ocean, winds, and woods may be regarded as the several parts of a grand distillatory apparatus. The sea is the boiler in which the vapour is raised and condensed. The winds are the guiding tubes which carry the vapour with them to the forests, where a lower temperature prevails. This naturally condenses the vapour, and showers of rain are thus distilled in the atmosphere which float in the atmosphere by the winds beneath them. The grateful moisture descends on the thirsty landscape, replenishing its numerous springs and rivulets which issue from them to continue to flow, and a confluence of their waters forms brooks and rivers, the natural arteries of a country, and the natural means of intercourse and commerce.

The Turks, although only a semi-civilised people, seem to be aware of the cooling influence which forests exercise on the spot where they are located. There is, at this day, in the neighbourhood of Constantinople, a splendid wood of the finest beech and oak, which is protected by law, because it feeds a spring, the water of which supplies the whole city. It is conducted there by an aqueduct.

When a country is deprived of its forests, the springs and rivulets are exhausted, and the climate is rendered warmer and drier. Hence, where there is a temperate zone, and an incessant supply of moisture from the neighbouring seas, the woods are of far less consequence; in fact, it is far better to cut them down, for they make the soil unite and climate more uniform, and prevent the successful cultivation of the soil. The present agricultural condition of Finland, in Northern Russia, establishes this fact; for the removal of its woods has dried up its swamps, and forwarded cultivation, whilst it has rendered the climate milder and more habitable. But where the country is not situated near seas or oceans, and the climate is continental, then man must be careful, in cutting down the woods, not to transgress the limits which nature has prescribed.

Where there are mountains, the woods must be allowed to stand. A wood, by the roots of its trees, as well as by its thick moss or grass covering, binds together the soil on the declivities of the mountains, and thus in the most natural and simple manner strengthens it. If we take the wood away, the springs are dried up, and the moss or grass covering disappears. The power of the rain, no longer broken by millions of leaves, by the grassy mantle, comes down in unrestricted violence, and the loose soil, torn from the mountain-side, is carried down into the subjacent valleys. Here it settles as sand and mud, which fills up the streams and rivers, raises their waters turbid, so that they overflow their banks, and inundate the plains. This sand and mud is left on the grass-covering of the plains when the storm subsides, and the waters return to their accustomed channels.

But every farmer knows that crops of hay raised on meadows frequently inundated are worthless as food for cattle. At length, in the course of years, these swampy pastures become overgrown with sand; the former riches and prosperity of the inhabitants slowly disappear, and the once happy valley becomes uninhabitable. But this is not all. The whole landscape gradually changes, an entirely new plant-covering is produced, and in warmer climates, poisonous gases are developed from the swamps, as in the Pontine marshes of Italy. It is thus that mischief done to the woods on mountains is a bequest of destruction to coming generations.

No country in the earth, was formerly more healthy or more richly cultivated than Italy, once the 'Garden of Europe,' now only an extensive morass. Where at one time the richest life prevailed, gloomy death threatens to extinguish its life. By the torch. He is aided by malaria, a disease whose existence is to be attributed solely to the unhealthy decomposition of animal and vegetable matter in the stagnant marshes so abundant in the country. The poisonous effluvia spreads.
The woods in their united might are truly a natural
fascine or fortification, which serves to withstand the
perpetual encroachments of the sand-hills on low and
exposed shores; growing on the sides of mountains,
they stay the progress of glaciers, and protect the
inhabitants of the valleys against the avalanche or
mountain snow-ball, which, as it rolls down the
steep sides, gradually gains in magnitude and
velocity, until it encounters a forest of hardy
mountain pines, which bravely awaits its onset.

Though the foremost trees may crash and fall beneath
its ponderous weight, yet they check its onward
progress; and the united strength of its forest assai-
nants finally shatters it to pieces.

It is plain, from these considerations, that there
are other things which ought to enter into our calcu-
lations before a wood is cut down beside the mere
value of the trees as timber. If trees are removed
from a mountain-side, or from a coast or exposed
river, or from an inland district only scantily supplied
with water, there is no end to the mischievous con-
sequences that will ensue. By such ignorant work
as this, the equilibrium in the household of Nature is
feebly disturbed, and her wise and beneficent
arrangements for our own good are completely
frustrated.

THE LOUNGER IN THE EXHIBITION.
THE TRANSPORTS AND THE NAVY.

Ir would very much tend to the public convenience in
the Exhibition if visitors would select some other
spot for their trying-place than that which is
familiarly termed 'the nugget' — the Australian
pyramid. The crowd that is always about it, watch-
ing with staring eye and open mouth for the tire-
some Smiths, who have not an idea of publicity
or for our Betsy Jane, who, along with her London
cousin (male), has purposely lost herself, impedes
the entire eastern entrance.

Having emerged from it at last, however, let the
visitor who has accompanied us thus far turn east-
ward, into the north-east transit, keeping to the
right-hand side. Here Lecuyer's dressing-cases of
cart gold first attract the eye; and if the sight-
seer be a female, probably causes her to—well, just
to groze the tenth commandment. Yet only consider,
madam, what a cause of envy this would be, were
treasure be if it stood upon your dressing-table! A
'skeleton in the cupboard' would be nothing to it.

With what extra precaution would you examine the
apartment before retiring to rest, for fear of the
presence of that dreadful man for whom you have
been looking under the bed for so many years? Or, if
you have no such material apprehensions, permit me
to call your attention to the statue which overshadows
this piece of toilet splendour, and doubtless derives
gratification from the exhibition of covetous passion
which it evokes. Yes, madam, that is the enemy of
mankind (and more especially of womankind) him-
self, whom the sculptor has seated most deservedly
upon a rocky spike. In the immediate vicinity are
the West Indian courts, with their models of fruit
and flower, and all the products of the tropics, not
exclusive of Rum. Here is Malta, too, with its
figuene silver ornaments, and its light and all but
figuene stone-work; and Ceylon, with its ivory-handled
daggers and carvings in cocoa-nut.

In contrast, indeed, to these graceful offerings from
the islands of the sun are the productions of their
neighbour, Canada. Heavy timber take the place of the
slight tropical gurbs, and works of solid usefulness
supplant those of ornamental skill. The Canadian
collection is one of the least attractive in the Exhi-
bition to the mere holiday-taker, but perhaps the
most satisfactory of all to the philosopher interested
in the progress of the World. Agricultural products—
barley 'grown thirty minots to the arpent,' for instance, and 'varieties of the red onion'—do not enter the unthinking mind; wide samples of wood in planks, suffice but little beyond reminiscences of 'see-saw.' And yet that hideous Timber Trophy, which the juveniles take such delight in, must be cut down presently, but which most persons of an age to be aware that they have legs to be tired, very scrupulously avoid, gives an earnest of future greatness such as is not afforded by any other colony. Those planks, each twelve feet long and four inches thick, with the bark on both edges, represent more than sixty different species of wood, among which are samples of white oak, black cherry, black walnut, sugar-maple, &c., &c., all nearly four feet wide. There is one plank of pine which might have been cut fifty feet instead of twelve, from a tree twenty-two feet in circumference, and one hundred and twenty feet to the first limb! There are also sections of trunks with the bark on, so cut as to show the grain of the wood and the polish it will take, accompanied with twigs, leaves, and flowers of the tree. As it is, Canada exports annually thirty million cubic feet of timber in the rough, and four hundred million, board measure, of sawn timber, and this only of half-a-dozen kinds. The fifty other specimens here exhibited are left to perish, or burned as a nuisance, since there is no demand for them among foreigners, who have hitherto been unaware of their existence.

Undoubtedly the greatest content of this court is that the visitor, who is destined to pass through this splendid screen of Horeford Cathedral—among much that is of a very opposite and practical character. Huge bells and cannon of cast-steel, the Queen's swan, a suit of brookdale; Bessemer's steel; besides an enormous statue of poor Oliver Cromwell (the third within sight), designed for the ornament of a public fountain. On the western side of this transept are some very interesting courts. The realms of Chubb and the other locksmiths are here not indeed much invaded, since few visitors probably possess personal property requiring such safeguards as a lock that needs twelve separate keys to open it, or a padlock that requires 30 billion of permutations to discover its secret. There was but one individual in this department when I last visited it, and he was regarding a thief-proof safe with such a malevolent expression that I felt sure he was no ordinary sightseer.

What deterges people, however, from this locality is the complicated appearance of the locks themselves, which a little information from the very civil attendants will render intelligible and interesting. Mr. Chubb has very safely offered an additional hundred guineas to his previous reward to anybody who will pick the lock which has already defied so many efforts. There are fire-proof safes here which have lain for eight-and-forty hours in the midst of flames without the least hurt to their contents; their massive walls have taken a day to cool, and yet the gold within them has remained unsalted, and the notes uncharred. The custom of lining these with plasters of Paris is discontinued, since that substance so persistently retains the heat. Saw-dust and alum is now used; the latter of which melts in extreme heat, and saturates the former. Since, however, steam is generated by this means, parchments would be destroyed in the process, and have therefore to be placed in a steam-engine, unless they are baked in a kiln, or chipped in a mortar.

Passing from the region of wards and tumblers, we find ourselves among another kind of locks, in the hair department. Here are specimens of scalps sufficient to furnish the judge of a Pawnshop this negative merit, that they do not smell so badly as one would expect, and of Nova Scotia, which keeps its fish in spirits when there is nothing more to detain us in this locality.

CROSSING TO THE EAST SIDE OF THE SOUTH-EAST TRANSCEPT, WE PASS BY WODEN'S STATUE OF LORD BACON, BY NOCO, MEANS A FAVOURABLE ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE SKILLS OF THE ADMIRABLE SCULPTOR; IN ADDITION TO WHICH HIS LORDSHIP APPEARS TO BE INHIBITED FROM THE JAUNUCUS. AMONG THE ARCHITECTURAL OBJECTS HERE, ARE SOME SPECIMENS OF ECCLESIASTICAL CEILING ON A LARGE SCALE, BUT THE COURT IS MAINLY USED AS A SECLUDED SPOT, ADAPTED FOR PICNICS AND ANOTHER SORT OF CARVING. THE DAIRY FOUNTAIN IS SUPPOSED TO BE A FONT FOR ADULT IMMERSION, AND THE MEANING OF THE R EDEMS IS HID FROM THEM. THERE IS ALSO A GIANTIC PULPIT, CARRIED IN THE FORM OF A POLLARD OAK, WITH SQUIRRELS AND BIRDS UPON ITS BRANCHES, INTO WHICH, IF A DIVINE SHOULD EVER VENTURE, THEY MUST REMIND THEIR CONGREGATION OF A JACK-IN-THE-GREEN. EVEN THIS, HOWEVER, EXCITES LITTLE ADMIRATION, AS THE DECORATION OF THE CHURCHES, IN THE MEDIEVAL TIMES, WAS OF A HIGHER ORDER. THE DAIRY FOUNTAIN IS A FOUNTAIN FOR DROPPING COCONUTS ON THE HEADS OF THE ATTENDANTS.
the first style. The silver hair of age, the raven tresses of youth, the golden ringlets of childhood, are all here in profusion ; and, with a touch of the excited suspicion, there are semi-bald scalps—heads of hair one would expect to find upon gentlemen past middle age, furnished with Patent Hair Extensions (!) which defy the most skilful scrutiny. There are artificial eyebrows, too, for those who need them. If a lady objects to that asuburwards of hers, which her enemies call by a less euphonious term, she can change it to any colour she pleases; or, if a gentleman conceives that Time is dealing unfairly with him in respect to graying, he can get that injustice remedied. For thin hair there is an ingenious concealment in a certain false scalp, which harmonises so well with that which nature has suffered to become unproductive, that the union is imperceptible. An added charm of this particular department is this, that most of these triumphs of the perruquier are 'orders from ladies and gentlemen, who have kindly permitted their exhibition'—artificial adornments already bespoken; so that this is not the last time we shall have a chance of seeing them, but may chance to be so fortunate as to recognise them upon our personal friends. Perhaps the most curious contents of this court are the specimens of raw national hair. The tresses of the French are dark; the German, rusty-brown; and the American (as a type of which, we are that distracted nation), iron-grey. There is one tress sown from an English lady more than six feet long—a Rape of the Lock indeed. Having examined these, and the feathers of all shapes and colours, and touches even in their cages of glass, the visitor may feel that he has conscientiously surveyed the east transit.

The Nave is not now what it used to be; the centre of it being entirely filled with a Christmas exhibition. The most beautiful in the building, some of them are so ugly and inappropriate, that, as we look upon them, we ask involuntarily: How did they get here? True, there is nothing like leather, but why should we have a trophy of it in the Nave? A question to be answered—albeit, the thing is interesting in itself, exhibiting excellent photographs of the processes of manufacture, and specimens of every material used for dressing and tanning. The Birmingham small-arms trophy is bold and clumsy, and I have seen the same weapons much more tastefully arranged on board ship. Nor is the fur trophy quite in its proper place, with just a suspicion lingering about it, to a sensitive nose, of a badger having recently passed that way. It is curious to perceive the elaborate preparation with which everybody applies an eye to the big telescope here, through which nothing, of course, is to be perceived. There are some works executed for the Art Union in close proximity, however, that will repay any amount of gazing, and which, anywhere else, would of themselves afford an Exhibition. The number of these, in all sorts and sizes, will be doubled in their proper spheres, but in their present position, they merely give one vertigo. Among Copeland's porcelain here, there is one of the most charming decorations ever devised, containing one of Turner's 'Rivers of France.'

Mr. Peters' handsome dray, with its Fortnum and Mason hamper, its wine-box, and its ice-cream, reminds one indeed pleasantly enough of Essex, but not much of art or science; the horses ought to be 'put to,' and take it away.

The toy trophy, on the other hand, has every right to be here, for it enlists the best sympathies of that large proportion of visitors, the 'young people.' To watch their longing looks, and hear their eager tongues as they gaze upon the monster doll's house, and beseech Uncle to buy it for them, although it is refreshing as to visit the American bar for a 'cocktail' or an 'eye-opener': only when one contemplates that doll's 'tresses' with its one wed, miniature knick-knacks and magnificent duodecimo clothing, we tremble for the future of the little lady-purchasers. How can the Belgravian, and far less the Brompton mother expect to get appropriate husbands for daughters who are brought up with such extravagant notions as are suggested by toys like these. Opposite to them is Hiram Power's beautiful statue of California, with that curious implement in her hand which has mystified so many spectators—it is a Divining Rod. A somewhat similar female statuette, with Harry Emmannuel written under it, does not imply that it is the specimen of raw national hair. The tresses of the French are dark; the German, rusty-brown; and the American (as a type of which, we are that distracted nation), iron-grey. There is one tress sown from an English lady more than six feet long—a Rape of the Lock indeed. Having examined these, and the feathers of all shapes and colours, and touches even in their cages of glass, the visitor may feel that he has conscientiously surveyed the east transit.

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fowl has all the vigour and elan of the Zouave, and well deserves the medal that has been awarded to him. The Star of the South, and other splendid diamonds exhibited by the various jewellers here, attract a crowd that never thins; yet to the eye which beauty alone is the current of fashion has power to charm, Oster’s glass diamonds—specimens of lapidary cutting with (in one instance) 1360 facets—are equally attractive. Among the most elegant of the costly objects in this place is the gilt and oxydised table, with the statue of Godiva upon it, presented to Prince Albert by the Queen. Her Majesty also exhibits a dessert-service, chaste and simple, of Worcester porcelain.

The park gates of wrought iron afford here a rare specimen of the union of strength with beauty; and the 110-pounder Armstrong gun, as finely polished as the precious stones themselves, gives appropriate assurance of safeguard to the British wealth that is so lavishly heaped around it. Among the statuary, there is the Venus of Canova; an ‘Orphan Flower Girl’ by Cruttenden, very modest and natural; and a large statue of Garibaldi, which, if it does not come up to our conception of what it should be, fails only because our conception is so high. The model of Trajan’s Column at Rome is very handsome, and noticeable here. This should by no means be confounded with the erection in Waterloo Place, as was the case with one of the copies of it; I heard, informed her daughter that it was the ‘Dook o’ York’s Column, my dear, as stands by the steps as one goes down into St James’s Park, you know.’

In the west transept, the most striking object, on entering from the Nave, is the splendid service of plate given by the city of Berlin to our Princess Royal and her husband upon their marriage. Turning to the right hand, we find ourselves in a region almost entirely Austrian, mitigated only by a few excellent Belgian statues, and by some spray from the Belgian courts in the shape of furniture. Exquisitely carved pipes in meerschaum, in ivory, and in wood, here attract to themselves crowds of misguided youths, whose desire it is—a new sin, introduced since the foundations of morality were laid—to colour the same. They desire this in despite of the Laws of the Growth of Man, illustrated in the very next compartment by means of statuettes exhibiting our rise from childhood, through boyhood and adolescence up to manhood. The clocks in this neighbourhood are bewildering, all going, but all wrong, as though even in England, with an immutability truly national, they could only keep Austrian time. The book-binding also affords some characteristic traits; the paper and printing are excessively inferior to the outside, while the ledgers are as highly ornamented as though they were meant for gift-books. For any country to exhibit ledgers among the Nation of Shopkeepers is somewhat andacious, but for Austria!—Moreover, she has brought several Cases containing Freedoms of Cities, of which we should have supposed there had been at home a great deal more of demand than of supply. She is greatest, however, in her albums and her blotting-pads for the use of princesse, which are really magnificent. The leather mosaic album presented to the corporation of London by the Messrs Rollinger of Berlin is a gigantic specimen, weighing six hundred pounds, and requiring life-size carriers de route to fill it. The western courts in this north-west transept are full of corn and wine from Austria Proper, and from Hungary, of fossil fuel (commonly called coal) and of minerals. From combustion, Hungary, there also half a courtfull of matches, out of the coloured heads of which a large picture has been constructed, against which, if you were to brush rather hastily (I do not say, ‘Do it’), it would burst out into a flame. Passing under the western dome, and resisting the temptation to purchase (at one thousand pounds and upwards) one of those trembling diamond sprays for our back hair, we enter the south-west transept. On the western side are the Hanse-Towns courts, with their carvings in wood and amber, and their bird-cages built like human habitations, delighting the youthful breast. In the centre of this transept there is some admirable ivory carving from Frankfort—in particular, a cup that represents three years labour of the patient artist—and some beautiful specimens of foreign jewellery, marvellously cheap by contrast with that of our own manufacturers, who have doubtless some explanation of that fact to offer. Otherwise, there is little more worth speaking of in this locality. The Zollverein—and how that word does puzzle my Season-ticket as well as my Shilling-friends!—the Zollverein, which I heard one explain to be an animal whose fur is very valuable, and another, to be a contagious disease, is (to adopt their conclusions), the ruling beast, the prevailing epidemic, hereabouts; and it does not present an imposing spectacle. Slippers of rushes; elaborate iron sales, whose safety is more than problematical; gigantic toys; cigars from Mannheim; indifferent furniture, and shell-lace for polishing the same; nasty smelling water-proof things from Hanover, and things which you would not be surprised to find in any bazaar, meet you on every side. These unattractive courts, however, have their uses. On account of their size, and distance from other parts, they are often visited by children and their infants for the purpose of supplying liquid refreshment independently of the Contractors; while the many-mouthed Orchestration in the neighbourhood drows all impatient cries with its sweet thunder.

SITTING IN THE SUN.

When Hope deceives, and friends betray,
And kinsmen shun me with a frown;
When hair grows white, and eyes grow dim,
And life’s slow sand is nigh run out,
I’ll ask no boon of any one,
But sing old songs, and sit i’ the sun.

When memory is my only joy,
And all my thoughts shall backward turn;
When eyes shall cease to glow with love,
And heart with generous fire to burn,
I’ll ask no boon of any one,
But sing old songs, and sit i’ the sun.

When sounds grow low to deafening ears,
And suns shine not as once they did;
When parting is no more a grief,
And I do whatso’er they bid,
I’ll ask no boon of any one,
But sing old songs, and sit i’ the sun.

Then underneath a spreading elm,
That guards some little cottage door,
I’ll dance a grandchild on my knee,
And count my past days o’er and o’er,
Asking no boon of any one,
But sing old songs, and sit i’ the sun.

W. T.

The Editors of Chambers’s Journal have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

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FOREIGN EXHIBITORS' ENGLISH.

The English language has been of late undergoing a sad martyrdom amongst us. Its sufferings are displayed not merely in the conversazioni of London and in the halls of the International Exhibition, but in hundreds of placards, catalogues, and circulars connected with that illustrious institution. Our foreigners have truly been busy, breaking, splitting, torturing this troublesome tongue of ours—have, in short, done all but 'spike English.' The French make the oddest display in this way; but the Germans are not far behind them.

Madame Jullienne has invented a girdle or waist-band by which little children may be held while bathing. She first used it for her child Hélène, and therefore she calls it the 'Hélène Jullienne.' She tells us not only that the girdle is efficacious as a sort of holding-rein, but that it 'is apt to give them an amusement which make them delight of bathing, and you are dispersed altogether with watching them in the bath, which gives all security to mothers. Besides, there is the advantage that the child is maintained in the water with is body.' There is also a startling bit of information to the effect that 'the person, the bathing-tub, and the machine are forming one inseparable piece.' M. Payen, who exhibits an elaborate piece of goldsmith's 'work,' which he values at £6000, says: 'Monsieur Payen's aim has been to unite in one master-piece and to offer, overcome by workmanship, all the difficulties of jewellery, with the desire, which is the ambition of every exhibitor, to contribute within the limit of his means to the triumph of his country.' M. Legal exhibits a sugar-boiling machine, of which ten sets are now working; and this ten puzzles him into saying, 'a tenth size of my patent boiler, now working'; one of the merits of the contrivance consists in 'particular arrangements for certain filial by means of a conductor which enables the matter to be drawn off.'

M. Berthelot, who exhibits a new kind of hosiery-frame, wishes to say that it will operate equally well upon different kinds of fibre, but, embarrassed by a troublesome advicer, he tells us that 'this new system works indistinguishably cotton, greasy and combed wool, flax, and silk.' He, moreover, tells us that his 'workshops are moved by steam.' M. Mertons, in describing his flax-dressing machine, tells us that it is worked by 'young girls and boys;' that the flax passes through rollers 'wanting half a horsepower;' that it works up so many 'hundredweight' of scotched flax, and so many 'hundredweight' of raw flax per day; and finally, that 'it is entirely foreseen to prevent any putting out of order or losing of time by the insufficiency of the employed persons, which can be caused to the machine, or by the waste which rolls itself easily.' M. Neubarth and Longtin, having invented a new cloth-shearing machine, and written a description of it in French, have been unfortunate in their attempt to obtain a parallel translation in English; for instead of informing us that the machine has a cutting width of 1600 mètres, the placard starts us with the information that 'the cutting length of this machine is 1540 yards.' M. Verney has a weighing-machine which he characterizes inscrutably as 'articulation with swipe;' his postscript, however, 'any letter to be stamped,' is not so far removed from our 'all letters must be post-paid.'

M. Pinard, in describing a new process of enamelpainting, is pretty lucky in his spelling, but stumbles sadly in his final bit of logic: 'The aforesaid practical difficulties, as well as the serious consequences which the artist is exposed to, by any ill success, the least of which is the complete destruction of a long and hard work, will give to those productions the importance they deserve.'

The 'Imperial Royal' dominions of the Emperor of Austria send over a vast number of interesting articles, most of which are described (if in English at all) in better English than that adopted by French and Belgian exhibitors. Sometimes, however, the writers have been embarrasst not a little. The mineral waters of Krynica in West Galicia are described, and then we are told that 'the sale of this water accords with his therapeutic importance, and great quantities may be despatched, as the influence amounts in twenty-four hours to three hundred thousand pounds of Vienna.' Of the springs from which the mineral waters of Rohitsch in Styria rise, we are told that 'four are employed to baths, and only the mightiest of them is drunken;' and that 'all these springs contain many Glauber-salts.' These and several other mineral waters are said, with a beautiful confusion of words, to be 'exposed by the principal warehouse to the the Blue Hedgehog' in Vienna.' Ignatz Holzer, having some kind of hardbake or sweetstuff to submit for public
favour, describes it in the following way, innocently
unconsciously, doubtless, of any whimsical effect: 'Most
good preserving for baking, called Viennoise
wine-and-tea-state.' This baking distinguished by
its exquisite aroma, swift dissolubility and its pro-
property to advance the digestion, is extra, ordinary
liked by being taken with wine, tea, and punch.'
Anton Simon of Vienna, in announcing his biscuits,
is hardly aware of the unpleasant import of the
designation 'Finest children's biscuits!' There is a
sort of grandiloquence in Joseph Max Ripka's de-
cription of a new dye-drug: 'The enormous prices
of natural argol have been the motive to seek an
equivalent for this article replacing perfectly the
last. By our succedaneum of argol the principal gains
by using our production are the following,' &c.
Charles Behr, proprietor of the purified wares
of Carlsbad, describes the mode of their production in
the following choice English: 'They are not cottoled,
and not ground, but formed by stopping or precipita-
tion of chalk containing carbonate, like that of the
bubbling fountains of Carlsbad, and are produced:
by the assistance of the sun, and to the perpetual one ever ex-
flow of mineral water. It arise, by and by, over the
called form, a crust, of which, when this enough, the
form must be put away, maturing in water-steam;
and the relief is ready. These stoppings gains a
high interest, not only in the scientific, but also
in the artificial reference, because all models are masterly
carried. As little stoppings are the same gods to be
put in metal in broches for ladies; further, if the
same are in greater dimensions as medaillons, and if
they are in frames, also for decoration of rooms,
become always peculiar an according piece.
Englishmen acquainted with German will easily
perceive the curious way in which most of these
blitz arise.

Dr Pfaffmann tells us that his water for
the mouth is an article of the toilet answering the
requisites of a rational care conducive to health.'
The American Apollo-candle Company contrive to
make their queer English inform us that there are
tricks of trade at Vienna as well as in London: 'On
account of the great renowne, that our candles enjoy
everywhere, several candle manufacturers in order to
draw benefit from the circumstance—serve them-
selves of the same orange-colour paper which we use
for the packing of the Apollo candles since 1839—
imparting and complete, not only binding to ours, that the public is in consequence,
easily misled.' Something similar is the caution
put to us by Dr Julius Jasch concerning his ana-
therin water, which has lately given the impulse to
many spurious imitations. The latter have been set
forth with a quick-like train of eulogical commenda-
tions, but their inferior quality not allowing them to
enter into serious competition with my anathema
water, counterfeiters tried to imitate the shape of my
flasks, and carried the mystification so far as to give
their production the name of anaphalia water.'

The Austrian and Hungarian advertisements, drawn
up in three languages, have the French far more accu-
rate than the English. M. Paneth of Vienna, after
describing his exhibited wines very fairly in French,
scrambles through the English in the following way:
'I have received permission to forward there wines
to the Exhibition in smal cask instead of bottles because
I wish to convince the jury that the wines, through
my own especial method of cultivation, may lay in
the Exhibition building, during the hottest season of
the year, without losing any of the main features of
taste or quality—all other wines, namely those intended for the jury
lay in docks. The above prices are to be accepted as if
the Austrian bank-notes had no cours therefore the
buyers gain the standing cours—as for instance from
the above named prices, according to the present,
cours more than ond third.' (We may state here
that some of the wines catalogued by Paneth
is as low as a shilling per gallon—the same as London
beer 'in your own pots.') Kanzelbauer's 'Belly or
Lesser Stomach Girl' is described in a hand-bill, of
which we cannot but express our special
maladies of the body are set forth in rather too homely
and direct a way for English taste; we will there-
fore only mention that the inveterate 'thins at the
duty to inform the honorbard public. If all the
above mention ed sufferings, are caused through
nothing els than, the elastivity of the stomach.

The northern states of Germany try hard to
present themselves in passable good English, but
not always with success. M. Schering, a manu-
factoring chemist, states that all his photographic
chemicals 'were brought with greatest con-
scientiousness in an equally pure and superior
quality, so that, whenever indirectly, my prepara-
tions gained credit, not only throughout Germany,
but also in all European and a great deal of trans-
Atlantic countries; the demand of these articles being
actually great and, I dare say, daily increasing,
I am obliged to think repeatedly of an adequate
extent of my laborious works, and to the present kind of wall-paper at Hanover announces that 'the
apply of the invention is cheaper and more like
nature, than all natures and this kind, made till now.'
This resemblance to nature even remains in the
stoutest amplification by a microscope or lump.
The business can be urged very well in a large scale,
because one may employ even without any pre-
paration even children for the fabrication of it. How-
ever the proper manner of performing, the secret
itself can be preserved. The sending away of
the manufacture is almost always easy, and can therefore
very easy. The secret is to sell.' August Mühle of
Pirna informs us that he 'takes himself leave to
recommend following sorts of feltsheets;' and Carl
Fröhling announces that at his establishment 'all
other kind of feltware are to have to the lowest
price.' Henning Ahrens, in reference to willow and
 cane furniture, talks pleasantly of 'children's chair
and 'sofas' for 2 persons look at No. 22 L1, 4s. Od.,'
he ends with 'moderate terms at large orders.'

SCHEMES FOR EMBANKING THE THAMES.

Those who have attended to the recent parliament-
dary discussions concerning the embankment of the
Thames, must be aware that many schemes have been
brought forward for the first time; but even persons
who are tolerably versed in the subject are but
imperfectly acquainted with the amazing number of
schemes which have been brought forward, and the
length of time consumed in their discussion.

After the Great Fire in 1660, Sir Christopher Wren
made an earnest endeavour to rebuild the city in such
a way as to provide an open quay or terrace along
the north bank of the Thames. This terrace was to begin
eastward at the Tower, and extend westward to the
Temple. In those days, there was only one bridge
over the river in or near the metropolis, and such a
terrace was much more easy to construct than at the
present time. As to the part westward of the Temple,
it was more like country than town, and needed no
terrace. Handsome commercial buildings were to
extend along the greater portion of Wren's terrace,
with small docks at Bridewell, Queenhithe, Dowgate,
and Billingsgate. Private interests, however, over-
bore public advantage. Wren, as 'surveyor-general
and principal architect,' was obliged to abandon the
schemes for better purposes, such as the best
scheme for re-building the city; and all that he could
effect, in relation to the improvement of the river-bank, was
to obtain an act of parliament forbidding the building of
outhouses or sheds within a certain distance of the
water's edge. By degrees, this prohibition became nugatory; the owners of river-side property, by favour or by bribery, appropriated the river-margin between their premises and the river, and built out wharfs and wharves; and thus the river-bank began to assume the condition which is now so grievously familiar to us. Citizens, as individuals, continued to overpower citizens as members of the community; nothing was done to remove the obstructions: on the contrary, the wharf-like appearance of the river-side became more and more decided. During the reigns of Charles II, James II, William and Mary, Annuities L. and George, no public bodies had spirits enough to even propose a remedy for this state of things. Shortly after the accession of George III, Mr. Gwynne published, in his London and Westminster Improved, a remarkably bold scheme for improving the metropolis generally: including a plan for quays on both sides of the river, for carriages, and foot-passengers, sixty feet in width; with another portion of equal width to serve as a series of landing-quays, bordered by rows of houses. As he alone was earnest in the matter, and as no one came forward with capital, the scheme fell to the ground. In 1767, the corporation expended a little money in making a kind of continuous wharf, as a substitute for a quay or terrace, for a few hundred yards close to the old Blackfriars Bridge, at the first time under construction; but it was a very slight affair, being only supported on timber-poles. In 1770, Messrs. Adam began the construction of Adelphi Terrace, a lofty embankment of masonry of a remarkable kind—opposed at every step by the city authorities, who contrived to hunt up 'vested interests' of various kinds.

Thus matters continued until the present century. Sanitary reformers were not so strong then as they are now; nevertheless, there were many enlightened persons who felt that it was the duty of the city to retain its river-banks in such an unsightly condition, with no public walks such as exist at the sides of continental rivers. About 1806, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into this matter. The civil engineers of the day were examined, and were invited to suggest plans for embanking the Thames. They measured the width and depth of the stream, the force of the current, and other elements likely to affect the question. Mr. Jessop submitted a scheme for a river-wall, which involved the demolition of the then existing wharves, and for filling up the space behind the wall with mud dredged from the bed of the river. The depth of the river would be increased by the dredging, and by the narrowing consequent on the building of the wall; while the new land, obtained from the river behind the line of wall, would acquire great commercial value as building-ground, or as land available for diverse purposes. It is surprising, seeing the similarity of this plan to those recently brought forward, that more than half a century has elapsed since Jessop formed his scheme, and that here we are, in 1862, still without a Thames embankment. Jessop's plan, as further elaborated by Mr. Mylnne, was really a very complete one, so far as concerns the city portion of the river-side. There was to be an embankment from Blackfriars Bridge to the Tower, with wharfs and warehouses built thereon. All the shoals were to be deepened uniformly, both to improve the navigation, and to supply material for filling-in behind the wall. The corporation was to execute the work, and it was calculated that the value of the reclaimed land, with the whole cost, the committee reported very favourably of the scheme, but nothing resulted from it.

Not until 1824 was public spirit sufficiently aroused to attempt the scheme of embanking the river. That year was the most active of the whole. The Middlesex side, was to be embanked from Westminster to Blackfriars, with a clean river by our side, the word of thankful remembrance must be claimed for Sir Frederick Trench—although he himself met with nothing but disappointment in regard to the matter. In 1824, Sir Frederick brought forward a plan for embanking the Thames from London Bridge to Westminster, with a road-way extending the whole distance. The works were to be done by a joint-stock company, but with the concurrence of the crown and the corporation. The bill was rejected in the House of Commons. Sir Frederick then held a remarkable meeting in the Merchant Taylor's Hall, to canvass the matter. It was attended by the Duke of York and a large number of the aristocracy—including that river-green statesman over whom time passes so lightly, and who discussed Thames improvements in 1824, as he does in 1862—Lord Palmerston. Trench explained to the assembled company a slightly altered plan; and it is really worth while to attend to it, while the vexed Whitehall and Westminster wrangle of 1862 is still in our memory. Trench proposed an embankment from London Bridge to Scotland Yard, eighty feet wide, with a carriage-way and two footpaths; an embankment from Scotland Yard to Westminster Bridge, a hundred and ten feet wide, with a terrace-crescent of elegant houses; a basin of seven or eight acres between the Embankment, and the docks and other commercial purposes; and three or four lines of street or road from the Embankment to the Strand. Architecturally, it was a fine plan; but opinions naturally differed as to its commercial success, which was to be derived from ground-rents and wharf-dues. No sooner was the plan clearly set before the public, than a storm of opposition arose from coal-merchants, wharfingers, quay-proprietors, ferry-owners, and others interested in river-frontage. Committee after committee was formed; concession after concession was made; and the storm grew too strong; and Sir Frederick Trench had the mortification of seeing his favourite scheme frustrated, and one to which he seems to have been led solely by a wish for the public good.

In 1831, for the first time, the city authorities took up this matter on their own responsibility. They asked Sir John Bennie and Mr. Mylnne to report on some practicable scheme of embanking so much of the river-side as came under corporate control. The engineers drew up a report concerning narrowing and deepening the river, building berths and reclaiming the muddy expanse behind it; but their estimates contained no items for compensation; and the corporation, after a little further stir in the matter in 1832, 'backed out' of the matter. A parliamentary committee which sat in 1833, in relation to rebuilding the Houses of Parliament, settled on the plan which resulted, ultimately, in the construction of that fine terrace with which we are now familiar, and which may perchance some day form part of a general embankment. In 1840, a new series of movements began. The corporation, having just that meddlesome conscience which usually falls to the lot of corporate bodies, felt a little the reproaches which were directed against it for supineness. A bold plan was brought into parliament for embanking both sides of the river all the way from London Bridge to Vauxhall—a scheme which few of our projectors now even venture to hint at. Mr. Walker the engineer was engaged. He found that the Thames varies from 600 to 1480 feet in width at different spots within the assigned limits; and he proposed to construct the works so as not to exceed £70 per foot as it should in no place exceed 870 feet. This contraction, and the removal of shoals, would greatly improve the flow of the river. The embankment-wall, on the Middlesex side, was to be 26 feet high, and have a terrace in front of the Houses of Parliament and the Milbank Pententary. The space reclaimed behind it
was not all to be converted into solid ground; there were to be tidal and floating basins for barge-traffic, with water-passages underneath the embankment. The scheme was admirably grand and complete one, but it fell to nothing. Nor did any greater success attend a new plan proposed by Sir Frederick Trench in 1841, in which he endeavoured to combine the excellence of his own ideas with those of Mr Walker’s.

There came a very busy group of schemes during the years 1842, 1843, and 1844. A royal commission was appointed in the first of the three years to inquire into various proposed metropolitan improvements; and during its lengthened sittings, numerous plans for embanking the Thames were brought under notice. Some of the plans were rather peculiar; but the most was a certain family-like-ness in the whole of them. Sir Frederick Trench, undaunted by the various failures of nearly twenty years, proposed the construction of an embankment such as Mr Walker had suggested in 1840, with a railway supported above it on iron columns fourteen feet high, a covered walk on the embankment under the railway, and a carriage-way on either side of the walk. Mr Walker altering his old plans to meet new suggestions, proposed an embanked quay, four feet above high-water level, broken by pilings, a wide area behind, with a strip of green space, and in a line with the quay; without, however, any roadway for carriages. Mr Martin had a bold scheme comprising three improvements—a great sewer to carry off much of the London drainage down to an agricultural manure-depot somewhere near Limehouse; a line of quay above the sewer, with colonnaded wharfs at certain spots to land merchandise, without disturbing the continuity of the quay; a terrace for foot-passengers above the quay, and a more or less equalizing the depth of the river by sub-works. Mr Page (whose new Westminster Bridge has since brought him so much fame) proposed a continuous embankment, with water-openings crossed by bridges on the same level, and, behind the embankment, a series either of tidal docks or of locked basins. All these plans underwent much scrutiny; and it was believed by the commissioners that Mr Page seemed to promise most advantages. It may be interesting to notice, in further elucidation of this scheme, that the engineer proposed to lessen the width of the river at various places; that his embankment would extend from Blackfriars Bridge to Whitehall Gardens; that there were to be two roadways to lead to it, from Whitehall Place and Northumberland Street, supported on walls; that there was to be a continuous water-way behind the whole length of embankment for boats and barges; and that the expense, estimated at £300,000, was to be defrayed by an extra 3d. per ton of coal-tax, to last till 1861.

The unlucky Thames was doomed to a yet longer period of discomfort. Mr Page’s well-wishers were strong but not strong enough to overcome the numerous opponents who start up against all such schemes. The recommendations of the commissioners came to naught; and another period of many years’ inaction commenced.

In 1855, railway people went nearly crazy in advocating continuous lines of railway through the metropolis; and many of these railways were to be connected with embankments of the river. Embankments with roadways over them, and railways by the side of them; embankments with foot-bridgeworks under a glass roof; embankments with railways under them, in the form of tunnels; embankments with railways over them, supported by iron columns; embankments with railways over them, connected with other rails, to extend to the Great Western system at the one end, and the Blackwall line at the other—all were rendered specious enough, at least on paper. Mr Bird’s plan was a remarkable one. There was to be an embankment from Scotland Yard to Southwark Bridge, supporting a carriage-road on iron columns. Within, and twelve feet below the level of the embankment to be a railway enclosed within retaining walls; the level of the railway was planned so as to go under the embarkments of Hungerford, Waterloo, and Blackfriars Bridges; and there would be no deficit behind the embankment, entered by aqueduct locks crossing above the railway. Ingenious as were, doubtless, some of these schemes, a parliamentary committee rejected the whole of the above.

The year 1859 was that which introduced the scheme so hotly contested in recent debates. The Metropolitan Commissioners of Works had, two or three years earlier, obtained permission to carry out the main drainage scheme (now in active progress). The experience obtained in other parts of the metropolis showed that it would be a dreadful nuisance to construct the low-level sewer in the line originally intended—that is, under the roadway of the Strand, Fleet Street, &c., by means of gaping cuttings or numerous shafts thirty or forty feet below the street level; the injury and inconvenience to commerce thereby would be almost incalculable. Some one suggested—‘Let us carry out this low-level sewer into the river itself, below it, and an embankment at the same time.’ The idea was too good to be lost, and it has not been lost. A committee was appointed in 1859 to examine witnesses thereon, and the names of Fowler, Bird, Sewell, Bidder, Stephenson, Edmonston, Harrison, Bazalgette, Hemans, and Page are to be found among the list of engineers who racked their brains on the occasion. The schemes themselves we need not describe, for they revived the old ideas over and over again, with the addition of a vast sewer under the line of embankment. The committee recommended the scheme that of Mr Bazalgette’s, to be carried out by the Metropoitan Board of Works. The newspaper reader knows the rest.

Thus we have been, from 1666 to 1862, nearly two hundred years, talking about embanking the Thames, and have not yet got out of the region of talk into that of action.

THE BLOTTING-PAD.

Please, sir, that young person’s called again,’ said Emma the housemaid.

‘Ah!’ answered Mr Randall, as he deposited his umbrella in the stand, and proceeded to remove his mud-spattered gaiters, who was coming down stairs from her bedroom with the last volume of Adam Bede in her hand, overheard both remarks.

‘Emma!’ said she, as Mr Randall passed through the back-door into the little garden to take one fond look before dinner at his cherry-tree, on which five exuberances like large green pease were viable—

Emma’s answer,

‘Yes, ma’am.’

‘Where is Mr Tozer?’

‘He’s not come in from his Turkish bath yet, ma’am.’

‘Hum! where is your mistress?'

‘Hupstairs with Miss Jukkins, ma’am.’

‘Oh: the dressmaker, Emma,’ continued Mrs Tozer in a low confidential tone, ‘who was that young person that called on Mr Randall?'

‘I’m sure I don’t know, ma’am,’ replied the servant volubly. ‘The first time she come here, she was with master ever so long in the parlour, and she went out crying.

‘Nice-looking?’ inquired Mrs Tozer.

‘She was what some might call nice-looking,’ replied Emma with a slight toss of her head.

‘Well dressed?’

‘Well, ma’am, she was decently dressed enough, but there was no style about her—only a plain straw bonnet, and ever so little crinoline.’
Chambers' Journal

117

Here the return of Mr. Randall from the garden put an end to the colloquy, Emma retired to the kitchen, while Mrs. Tozer sailed into the drawing-room.

"Well, uncle," said Alfred Randall as the party were comfortably seated at dinner, "how do you get on with the bathing?"

"Capitally, my dear boy," replied Mr. Tozer. "I look upon Upton as the greatest benefactor of the present generation. I should like to see a statue of him in Trafalgar Square, with a what's his name in his hand!"

"What's his name?" asked Mrs. Randall.

"I mean one of those things the Romans used to scrape themselves with."

"Mr. Tozer, how can you do it?" said Mrs. Tozer reproachfully.

"Oh! a stripil," exclaimed Alfred with a laugh.

"But do you think you are losing flesh?"

"My dear," interrupted Mrs. Tozer, "I'm sure you're fatter than ever, and your face is dreadfully red."

"My love," rejoined her husband, "you're getting unpleasantly personal. Krakdak, my rubber, says it's entirely owing to the removal of the useless epidermis—you see the natural tint of the skin."

"Well, for taking down superfluous flesh, there's nothing like regular drill," said Alfred; "why don't you join the Volunteers, uncle?"

"Too stout, my boy," sighed Mr. Tozer, putting himself below the bosom. "I couldn't stand that skirmishing business. Double-quick march, drop on your knee, and fire; I should never get up again. I should remain in a supplicatory attitude for the rest of my life, unless helped up by the adjutant."

Mr. Tozer watched her nephew narrowly during dinner-time, fancying she perceived an air of distraction and anxiety beneath his apparent hilarity of manner.

At length the ladies retired to the drawing-room, while the gentlemen sat awhile over a modest bottle of claret.

"Uncle Harry, you're a good-natured man," said Alfred.

"Fat does not always imply good-nature—why do you make the remark?"

"Because I want you to do me a favour."

"Money, of course?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"A very moderate sum—thirty pounds for three months."

"My dear boy, I can't do it without asking Mrs. Tozer."

"That's just what I don't want. Aunt is an excellent creature, but deeply infected, my dear uncle, with the feminine weakness of curiosity."

"She is indeed," sighed Mr. Tozer. "Then it's for a secret purpose?"

"Well, in some respects," said Alfred colouring—

"it's an act of charity."

"You see, my boy," answered Mr. Tozer, "the state of the case is this: both our incomes are very limited. Mine, less income-tax, is three hundred and fifty per annum; yours, from the Assurance Company, two hundred. Your aunt considers our living with you a material assistance, although—"

"Can't you let me have the thirty pounds in advance for your board and lodging?"

"Alfred, I must confess to you a melancholy fact in advance—I am a henpecked man. Not a cheque do I venture to draw without submitting it to your aunt. Mrs. Tozer is a sort of jester at possession, and she would fancy, if she spied an unknown draft for thirty pounds in the pass-book, that it was to pay for Star and Garter dinners to ballet-dancers, or some such absurdity."

"I imply harm," exclaimed Mr. Tozer; "that we have never had a family. If I had had half a score of boys and girls, instead of vegetating on this miserable funded property, I should have gone working away in the city. A true Englishman should die in harness. And the worst of it is, I get no sympathy. When I go down to my old haunts in the city, everybody says: "Ah, Tozer, what a jolly-looking, comfortable, lucky fellow you are! No brats to bother you, no business to worry you—don't I envy you!" Alfred, at times I feel desperate, as if I should like to break loose, plunge into scenes of low life, and defy your aunt! Well, my boy, I'll think over this money-matter to-morrow."

To-morrow came, and the family were seated at breakfast, when the postman's double-knock was heard at the door.

"Let me be postman! cried little Harry Randall, racing out to the front-door, and taking the letters from Emma. He ran in, and knocked an imitation double-knock at the parlour-door."

"Come in," said Mrs. Randall.

"I'm penny-postman—I'm penny-postman!" exclaimed Harry, distributing the letters impartially among the company, without regard to their addresses.

"Harry, this is for your papa," said Mrs. Tozer, handing back a remarkably dirty letter which the little boy had given her: "dear me, it smells like a stable!"

"Oh!" murmured Alfred, deep in the Daily Telegraph, and apparently not hearing the last remark. He thrust the letter unopened into his pocket, and went on reading.

After breakfast, Mrs. Tozer retired to the bow-window with Adam Bede in her hand, and began to play with little Harry.

"So you'd like to be a postman, Harry?"

"Yes, Aunt Susan."

"Why?"

"Because they're dressed like soldiers. Emma knows a soldier; I saw him in the kitchen, and he taught me to do this," said Harry, making a military salute.

"But a postman isn't a gentleman, Harry."

"Would papa shake hands with me if I was a postman?" asked Harry.

"Why, a funny question," said his aunt laughing.

"But a postman's better than a cabman," continued Harry.

"O yes," replied Mrs. Tozer decisively, with a shuddering recollection of sundry battles-royal with members of that fraternity.

"Well, Emma and me saw papa shake hands with a cabman in the Alpha Road, and Emma said: "My patience, if ever I see the likes of that!"

"Now, Harry, no more play; run and get your lesson-book."

Harry scampered off, while Mrs. Tozer glanced over the edge of Adam Bede at Mr. Randall, who was busily reading the dirty letter. He put it in his pocket, then drew the blotting-pad towards him, and began to write. He folded, enveloped, and stamped what he had written, put it also into his pocket, and in a quarter of an hour left the house for the city.

As soon as she heard the front-door slam, Mrs. Tozer rose. She was a well-meaning woman, but full of curiosity, and prone, from an habitual taste for novel-reading, to look for mysteries in the most common-place matters. She went to the table and examined the blotting-pad. Alfred's letter had been written with a quill pen and rather thick ink, and a good portion of it was distinctly impressed on the blotting-paper. She could make out that it was in answer to an urgent demand for money; but the commencement of the letter was what filled her with the greatest astonishment—"My dear Rose." The address of the envelope was illegible, save the last words, "Lisson Grove." She shuddered. "Adam Bede," and, utterly forgetful of the sorrows of Hetty, remained with her chin upon her hand for some moments in deep cogitation.
'My dear, any commands?' said Mr. Tozer, entering the room with hat and stick. 'I'm going for a constitutional round the Regent's Park,' and Mr. Tozer spun his hat round on his stick.

'Tozer!' said his wife. 'You're a perfect child. Ah, I wish I had your spirits! My love,' continued she, with unwonted softness, 'I want to speak to you.'

Mr. Tozer placed two chairs in the centre of the room, the men striking an attitude, with a strong theatrical twang: 'Madam, say on. Some fifteen years have passed away—'

'Nonsense, Tozer; I begin to think you've been at the cherry brandy. What I want to know is this: have you observed anything curious about Alfred lately?'

'I noticed he wore a paper collar yesterday, which you won't allow me to do, although, I assure you, they're far cheaper.'

'Mr. Tozer, you're distracting. I speak seriously on a serious subject; now answer me!'

'Well, no. I can't say. Hm—I thought he was rather strange in his manner about that letter this morning.'

'Ha!' said his wife, 'so I thought. My dear Henry,' she continued in an awful voice, 'that letter was from a woman.'

'Curse it!' cried Mr. Tozer, leaping up, 'you don't say so; that accounts for the loan.'

'Tozer, you've not lent Alfred money,' said his wife sternly.

'Good, my love—'

'Tozer, you have; let me see your cheque-book.'

'My dearest, on my honour, I've not; he only asked me.'

'And you refused, of course.'

'Of course I did,' said Tozer vauntingly.

'Were it not for poor Ellen, and the assistance we are in the habit of giving to the deserving, I should go at once into furnished lodgings,' continued Mrs. Tozer; 'but—'

'But are you sure of his guilt?' faltered Mr. Tozer.

'Mr. Tozer, in this world we are sure of nothing; but although I am a woman, I have brains, and a web of circumstantial evidence is lowering over poor Alfred's head, which may blow his character to pieces.'

'Thus much I may tell you: a woman, Christian name Rose, surname unknown, has twice called here on Alfred. She was seen in tears after an interview with him; she writes to him for money; he replies in affectionate terms; finally (to judge from the odour of her letter), she lives in a mews near Lisson Grove.'

'Mr. Tozer kissed his wife's hand, in pure admiration of her intellect. 'My dear Susan, I'm not worthy of you; you ought to have married the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Well, I must be off to combat corpulence with brisk exercise.'

After he had got clear of the street, and out of the range of his wife's vision, Mr. Tozer did not go into the Regent's Park, but turned his steps towards the city; in fact, he was determined to unravel this mystery unaided. His principal motive was to clear Alfred's character, for he could not believe that he was guilty of anything beyond some slight imprudence. His plan of action was extremely simple. After walking leisurely into the city, he took up his quarters at the 'Green Dragon,' a respectable hotel and eating-house, the bow-windows on the first floor of which commanded a view of the entrance to his nephew's office. Here he took dinner, and then sat for two mortal hours, feeling like a sentinel on duty, with his legs on a second chair, a long pipe in his mouth, and a glass of warm gin and water at his side.

'But I may have some rough work before me, and nature must be supported.'

At half-past four Alfred emerged from his office, little aware of the pair of Argus eyes which were watching his movements through a cloud of tobacco smoke, at the 'Green Dragon.' Mr. Tozer having, with praiseworthy acuteness, paid the waiter beforehand, descended the stairs with marvellous agility. Alfred strolled westward, taking the Holborn route. Mr. Tozer followed at about twenty yards' distance, feeling, as he afterwards confessed, very like a French spy; in constant terror lest Alfred should turn round and recognise him, to avoid which he was perpetually watching his nephew's head, and springing aside into courts and alleys, or squeezing himself against shop-doors, whenever it showed the least symptom of retroversion. As the Randalls lived in Camden Town, Mr. Tozer felt that Alfred's movements, on arriving at the corner of Tottenham Court Road, would decide whether he was going straight home. To his surprise, and, it must be confessed, his secret joy, the object of his pursuit steered due west, along Oxford Street. His pace became slower and slower, his bearing more objectless.

'No fear of his taking a cab,' thought the uncle. Several times Alfred consulted his watch. An appointment for which he's too early,' surmised his nate pursuer.

'Mr. Tozer was growing weary. He could endure steady walking as well as stout gentlemen, but a slow, crawling, hanging-about-kind of pace knocked him up. Alfred began to stare at every photographer's shop on the way, his unfortunate uncle, afraid to come so near as to peer into the same window, hung in the rear, pretending to take the deepest interest in babies' underclothing, or staring like an overgrown school-boy at the tarts in a pastrycook's. At last, Alfred reached the bend of Marylebone Lane, up which tortuous avenue he listlessly turned. Mr. Tozer followed cautiously, his flagging energies invigorated by this change in the line of route. Presently, a Hansom cab appeared in view, empty, and driven languidly along. The moment the driver perceived Alfred, he drew up to the kerbside. Alfred jumped into the cab, and was at once driven slowly away, in the direction of Paddington.

'This is no accidental cabman,' said Mr. Tozer, as, with painting breath and purple face, he pursued the fugitive vehicle. 'O lor!' he gasped, 'I'm done for. I couldn't run it for a thousand pounds!'

Just then a Clarence cab passed, also going towards Paddington.

'Cabman! for mercy's sake, stop!' roared Mr. Tozer, waving his hat convulsively.

The driver looked astonished, and drew up to the pavement.

'Cabman! I'll give you half a sovereign; I want you to follow that Hansom.'

'Lo, bless you, sir, I'm choke-full of ladies for the G. W. R.?'

'Cab-driver, what is the matter?' said a frightened female with corked-up curls, thrusting her head from the window.

'Nothing, mum; you're in plenty of time for the seven o'clock train—only a friend of mine, mum; jump on the box, sir.'

'There he goes!' shouted Mr. Tozer as the Hansom turned the next street-corner.

The driver of the Clarence whipped his horse, and soon caught up the Hansom, which was going along in a very leisurely manner.

'There—not too near,' said Mr. Tozer; 'keep about twenty yards behind him.'

'Why,' said the cabman, 'it's No. 2001, that's what it is. I don't mean his vehicle—if I mean himself. He's a man we call Philip the Scholar.'

'Ay,' replied Mr. Tozer, all attention.
‘You see he’s a man as has had a good education; still, there he is driving a cab; and not given to drink neither. I, Sir, called him and added the driver as the Hansom crossed the Marylebone Road, and turned up Lisson Grove. The Chauffeur was sobbing. ‘Driver, driver!’ screamed the elderly lady from the interior, ‘this is shameful! I shall call a policeman. You are not going to the railway station.’

‘Lor bless your ’art and soul!’ said the cabman, leaning bassetingly from his box, but not slackening his pace; ‘if I don’t get you in time for the seven train, I’ll eat my horse, nose and all, and then never asking you for your fare. It’s only a particular friend of mine.’

Mr Tozer winced slightly at the cabman’s insinuation of intimo, especially as the ladies inside vented some very disagreeable remarks on his corpulence; however, he bore it all calmly, and said: ‘What club do you mean?’

‘Why, the United “Marylebone and Paddington Cab-drivers’ Provident and Discussion Club’ meets every Venesday, arf-past six. I’m blest if Philip ain’t going there!’

As he said this, the Hansom cab turned up a narrow archway next to a public-house, apparently leading to the stables.

‘A bullock, a bullock!’ cried Mr Tozer, ‘take this sovereign, and exchange hats and coats. I would rather,’ he said mildly, looking at the driver’s frowzy head, ‘you did not wear my hat.’

‘Cert’nly not, sir. It’ll be as safe as the Bank in the boot. So you’re going into the club like a cabby, eh, sir? Well, that will be a queer start. But you don’t lose the word.’

‘The word?’

‘Why, I mean to pass you in. When the doorkeeper says to you “Graft and Squawker,” you say “When did I last hear your name in court, my good sir?” and don’t you let out as I let on to you, sir, or some one on ’em will be punching my head.’

‘All right—all right,’ said Mr Tozer, jumping down, and said to the porter, ‘where are you?’

‘Oh, don’t I wish I could see a policeman,’ cried the indignant lady inside, as the cabman drove away.

Mr Tozer entered the public-house and asked for the club-room. The barmaid showed him the way.

‘One of the old school,’ smiled she to a customer.

‘Reg’lar antecedellian?’ said a half-tipsy shoemaker.

‘Tony Weller himself,’ remarked a spruce clerk, who was indulging in a glass of bitters.

Mr Tozer reached the club-room, received and gave the required shillibob and then sat down modestly as far back as possible, and in the darkest corner he could find.

This room was like most other public-house clubrooms, long and narrow, with an infinity of chairs, and a long table running down the centre, while the walls were ornamented with several exceedingly obtrusive likenesses in oil of sundry landlards and landadies living or dead. The more energetic and influential members of the club were seated at the table, the more indolent or modest (as Mr Tozer) lolling with their chairs tilted against the wall, with their feet on the bottom rail, and held their glasses in their hands. About five-and-thirty persons were present, among whom Mr Tozer was unable to discern five and a half or six of his host’s pupils. After various proceedings of a dry and routine character, amongst which a weekly report was read by the secretary, and a black-list produced of sundry persons mentioned two weeks ago and slain, the master of the club was ordered to be posted up in the bar forthwith, the grand business of the evening began. The chairman rose, and after hemming and hawing, and drinking about a pint of half and half to clear his throat, read out the subject of discussion for that evening: ‘That the sixpence-a-mile system is an undue interference with the liberty of the cab-driver. The mover of the question then got up, and after some preparatory hesitation and diffidence, became so eloquent and energetic, that Mr Tozer, who had hitherto been fearfully bored, and as though weary of the weary, began to get quite interested, and forgot all about his nephew and the mysterious Hansom cabman.

‘My friends,’ said the speaker, ‘it’s not the price, it’s the fixing the price—it’s the interference of the gavument with the cabmen that I complain of. Why should the cabmen be treated different to every other class of the community? Because we’re such a precious set of rogues. And there are plenty of black-sheep among us, I don’t deny. A respectable man don’t care to become a cabby, to be hauled by a police a side of him, and the excise commissioners on the other, when he can get a living any other way. But are there, I ask, no rogues among the butchers, and the bakers, and the grocers? Are butchers all honest? [A voice: ‘What do they make their passengers of?’] Are bakers pure? Is there not bones, nor alum in their bread, no “dead men” in their customers’ books? Was that man a grocer, I ask? Who are his apprentices to water the tobacco, sand the sugar, and then come down to prayers? (Great laughter and cheering.) Then why single out the cabmen? In France, I understand the emperor settles what price a butcher shall ask for his meat, and a baker for his bread, but we English say: “That won’t do here; that’s only fit for a parcel of children. We want free trade, free trade.” And that’s all I ask to-night, my friends, free trade in cab-driving; liberty to sell the hire of my vehicle for what price I please. Why should I be compelled to take no expense, a mile at all times and seasons, whatever the price of horse-shoe or horse-feet may be? It’s a dead robbery. But then people say: “The public will be so imposted on.” No, they won’t, any more than now. Now the commissioners publish a book of the distances to and from every street in London. I don’t care if it’s as big as the family Bible; let every man be bound to keep a copy of that book in his cab; and but for Heaven’s sake, when the passenger knows what distance he is going to be drove, let us poor devils make our own bargain as to the price!’ (Vociferous cheering.)

The speaker who followed detailed a case of individual hardship. ‘Some men, my mates, is always unlucky; they’re always on the wrong side of the road of life, and always getting down into. Now, here’s a case in point. There’s a man, which I won’t mention names here, but well known to many of you, he was ashamed to come into the club himself to-night, so he asked me to tell his story. Well, this man has worked through sunshine and wet year after year, one that took his pint of beer a day, and never went beyond it. His ambition was a cab of his own, a Hansom. He got a “less promised him—that cheatmare of yours, Bill Green.”

Mr Green indicated assent by a wave of his pipe. ‘Well, a certain party—I won’t mention names—it may be Levy, or it may be Moss, or it mayn’t be either—supplies him a cab, charging him a rattling high price, on account of the payments being only five pound a month. He was paid five pound a month, like a man for four months; then his wife took bad in her chest; she ketches cold going backards and forards to a fringe-warehouse in the city. Philip—there, hang it, mates, I’ve a happey name!—(Out cheering, in which Mr Tozer joined.)’ Philips behindhand. The Jew says: “I’ll tear up that acceptance I hold of yours for your five pounds, if you’ll promise, you’ll write a fresh one for sixty-five pound, giving you three.
months longer to pay it in." Well, Philip agrees. But now the children get the scarlet fever, his wife's forced to stop at home, and they have to start all over again. Then the Jew brings his action (I don't blame him); the cab is seized, and sold for five-and-twenty pound (about half its value); the mare would have been sold too, if Bill Green had sold a penny of her, but he didn't walk her out of the way. And I'm blest, if the balance, which, with costs, and lawyers, and one devilment or another, comes to near thirty pounds, ain't paid to-morrow. "Philis, The Scholar, goes to quod!"

Mr Tozer rose with tears in his eyes, and said, in a voice choking with emotion: "Gentlemen, I'm a stranger here; I've no business here; in fact, I'm an impostor. I'm no cabman," he continued, pulling vainly at the strings of his tattered old cape, "but I have been in this place, and I have been in this company, and I have been in the company of the company."

His cabman was faithfully awaiting him outside. He gladly reassumed his own garments, and drove to Camden Town, arriving there about half-past nine o'clock, weary and excited. He had obtained some clue to the mystery of Alfred's conduct, but not all. "Who is at home?" he asked of Emma.

"Missis is gone to bed with a bad headache. Your missis is awaiting you in the drawing-room, sir," said she significantly.

"Mr Tozer breaks. He found his wife on the sofa, immersed in East Lynne. She had finished Adam Bede that afternoon.

"Good-evening, Mr Tozer," said she with mock scorn. "are you aware of the time, sir?"

"Well, dear, I know it's rather late, but you see I had a little particular business," Here Mr Tozer drew near for the purpose of administering a consolatory salute.

"Ugh! Mr Tozer!" cried his wife, pulling her handkerchief to her nose. "You have brought the most frightful odour into the room with you. You smell not only of the rankest tobacco, but of all manner of stable abominations. Where have you been, sir?"

"My love, I'll tell you in the morning," answered Tozer, with unwonted courage; "to-night I must be dead. Ta, ta." He took up a bedroom candlestick, and retired. His wife shortly followed, and found him apparently fast asleep, which did not prevent her expressing her opinions about him pretty freely in a curtained lecture. Alfred Randall did not reach home till midnight, when he came in, looking as Emma told her mistress, the "pitier of down-heartedness." He did not appear at breakfast the next morning.

At that repast, Ellen Randall looked pale and melancholy; Mrs Tozer sat icy and grim; while Mr Tozer glanced at his wife in a fretfully beseeching manner, like a school-boy who is going to beg a half-holiday which he is almost sure he won't obtain. All the parties were ominously silent.

A cab drove up to the door. Mr Tozer recognised through the window-pane his Clarence cabman of the preceding night; he rushed to the door.

"Mr Tozer," said his wife with dignity, 'you forget yourself—we have servants.'

Regardless of his wife, and pushing past the astonished Emma, he rushed barheaded into the street.

"Mornin', sir," said the cabman, smiling and touching his hat. "Here's a bit of a scrap! one of my mates asked me to bring to Mr Randall!"

Mr Tozer stretched out his hand, and received a dirty, ill-folded scrap of paper.

In another moment, it was snatched from his grasp by his indignant wife. She rushed in, and slammed

the front-door after her, leaving her spouse bare-headed in the street with the cabman. Mr Tozer began to play the he got behindhand again. Meanwhile, Mrs Tozer had entered the parlour. "My darling Ellen," she said, falling on her niece's neck, "we are a pair of poor, deceived, miserable wretches, I'm so benighted, I'm so benighted last night. Read this. "Rose is in chokes," read Alfred. "Dear, dear me, this is most unfortunate! I must go at once without waiting for breakfast, and see what I can do."

At this juncture, Mr Tozer having, by dint of repeated knockin', regained the inside of the house, came into the room. "Uncle Henry, you'll help me, won't you?" said Alfred. "You recall the thirty pounds I asked for the day before yesterday? Read this."

"With all my heart, my dear boy," exclaimed Mr Tozer. "Now I understand it all. It is a real deed of charity, and I'll draw the cheque at once."

"You will not, Mr Tozer," interposed his wife. "Can human nature be so vile? Are you both banded together in love for this wretched woman?"

"Woman!" cried Ellen. "Yes," said Mrs Tozer. "This horrible Rose of Lissom Grove."

Alfred exploded in a fit of laughter. He then seated himself in the sofa, put his arm round his wife's waist, kissed her half-a-dozen times, and said: "Ladies, I now comprehend all your suspicions and innuendoes, and will proceed to dissipate them into thin air. Strike, if you please, but hear me. Know, then, that when I was at school, I had an especial boy-friend, whose name was Philip Rose. He was not of very exalted birth, as his father kept an inn and posting-house in a country town, but was well educated, with a view to some liberal profession. But railways ruined country inns and posting, and at his father's death, Ellen, wild with grief, left you. Where was this, having always had a great taste for horse-flesh, he started in London as a livery-stable-keeper; but being one of these easy-going, good-natured souls who believe all the world is as honest as themselves, he gradually lost his money, and came down in course of time to be a mere cab-driver. After having lost sight of him for years, I met him one day by accident driving a Hansom, and then found that he was endeavouring to pay the price of his cab by instalments. Since that time, sickness in his family has prevented him from completing the purchase-money, and I have tried, at the earnest request of his wife, who called here once or twice, to assist him. Last night, I accompanied him to his club, where a brother-cabman undertook to lay his case before the members; and the remainder of the evening was spent in endeavouring to make an arrangement with the holder of his acceptance, but without avail. Now, however, Uncle Henry has come forward nobly!"}

Here Mr Tozer interrupted his nephew, and related the story of his adventures at the cabmen's club.

We will draw a veil over the scene of reconciliation that took place, only quoting the remnant of Emma the housemaid, as she and the cook discussed the events of the morning: 'I declare I'm quite disappointed. Only think of Rose being a man after
all. I thought it was a romance; and it was only a catman!

We may mention, in conclusion, that Uncle Henry had several interviews with 'Philip the scholar,' and being ably seconded by Mrs Tozer, who was anxious to make all the amends she could for the unhappiness she had unwittingly caused her niece, he paid the passage of Philip Rose, with his wife and family, to Melbourne, feeling that at the best it was an uphill struggle for such a man in London.

Alfred has since received the following letter from him:

'My dear Randall,—If you will allow a poor cab-driver, in recollection of old days at school, to address you so familiarly—I am thankful to say we are all well, and Robby got much stronger on the voyage. I found as much competition in Melbourne as in London, so proceeded, by advice of a friend, to Ballarat, which is still one of the leading gold-fields, and a very nice little town. We don't drive Clarences there (there may be a Hansom or two about), but Irish low-backed cars. I have got a car and three horses of my own, and run between Ballarat and Buninyong, about seven miles, on a good metallised road. Eighteenpenny fares apiece, and six passengers to the load. I hope next winter to have enough put by for a bit of land of my own; I shall then fess up in a paddock, and keep a cow or two, and hope to begin clearing off my debt to your worthy uncle. My humble duty to him and Mrs Tozer, also to Mrs Randall, in which my wife joins, and I remain, my dear schoolfellow, your attached friend,

PHILIP ROSE.

'Address, No. 4 Eucalyptus Cottage, Baking Hill, Ballarat East, Victoria.'

BOOK-HUNTING.

'What a miserable old age are you preparing for yourself?* is the well-known reproof that Prince Talleyrand administered to the young man who could not play whist; but there is a pursuit peculiar to old age; and no better exponent of it than Mr John Hill Burton upon Book-hunting, a sacred science, which in him has found a fit and reverent historian. The work itself, although so recent, has an ancient look about it, like that old-fashioned impression which one sometimes sees on the faces of children; and there is a statement on its fly-leaf, that 'twenty-two copies have been printed for sale on large paper, in crown quarto,' which will doubtless make the eyes of bibliomaniacs glisten with desire. How far the author himself may now be sunk in this species of aberration, we know not, but it is our opinion that he would plunge very deep indeed if he were not afraid of the consequences. This is not a fine art, age, he admits, and convicts and felons fare exceedingly well in it,

hope for the patient after this. It tends at once the
veil of decorum spun out of the filmy superstitions
by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially
decoying himself; it reminds him of the belief that his petty
purchases were necessary, or, at all events, service-
able for professional and literary purposes. He now
becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observ-
able in the course of this train of circumstances, that
the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by
an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandon-
ment to its propensities.

There is surely something in the above remarks
which reminds one not a little of Charles Lamb, and,
still more, of certain writings (such as ‘Murder con-
sidered as one of the Fine Arts’) of De Quincey. With
the latter author, Mr Burton was intimate, and he
presents him to us very graphically under the
 pseudonym of Papaverius. Not for him were the
common enjoyments and excitements of Book-
hunting. ‘He cared not to add volume unto volume,
and heap up the relics of the printing-press. All
the external niceties about pet editions, peculiarities
of binding or of printing, rarity itself, were to him as
if they were not. His pursuit, indeed, was like that
of the savage who seeks but to appease the hunger of
the moment. If he catch a prey just sufficient for his
desires, it is well; yet he not hesitate to bring
down the elk or the buffalo, and, sating himself
with the choicer delicacies, abandon the bulk of the
carcass to the wolves and vultures. So of Papa-
verius. If his intellectual appetite were craving after
some passage in the Oedipus, or in the Medea, or in
Plato’s Republic, he would be quite contented with
the most tattered and valueless fragment of the
volume, if it contained what he wanted; but, on the
other hand, he would not hesitate to seize upon your
tail copy in Russian gilt and tooled. Nor would the
excess of one sort of principle from everyday trivial
work restrain his sacrilegious hands. If it should
contain the thing he desires to see, what is to hinder
him in a wandering of the twelfth volume of your
Encyclopædia Methodica, or Brock und Gruyer,
leaving a vacancy like an extracted front-tooth,
and carrying it off to his den of Cacus?’

The learned world is divided by our author into
two classes—those who return books borrowed by
them, and those who do not; and Papaverius belonged
to the latter order. He was not very careful either
of the books he thus unluckily detained. There is only
one legend of a book-creditor having once forced his
way into his den, and there beheld ‘a sort of rubble-work
inner-wall of volumes, with their edges outward;
while others, bound and unbound, the plebeian sheep-
skin, and the aristocratic russian, were squeezed into
certain tubs drawn from the washing establishments
of a confiding laundress.’ If book-wealth, to which he
did attach some sort of value, was thus treated by
Papaverius, it may be well imagined that vulgar
money was not much looked after. Those who knew
him a little, called him a leasman in pecuniary
affairs; those who knew him well, laughed at the
idea of coupling any notion of pecuniary responsi-
bility with his nature at all. ‘You might as well
attack the character of the nightingale, that may
have nipped up your five-pound note and torn it to
shreds, to serve as nest-building material. Only
immediate craving necessities could ever extract
from him an acknowledgment of his vulgarity, the
agents by which men subsist in civilised society;
and while only the necessity lasted did the acknow-
dledgment exist. To give an example, which will
render this clearer than any generalities. He arrives
very late at a friend’s door, and on gaining admission
—a process in which he often endured impediments—
his representations, with his pockets empty, his
robes filthy, his voice and manner the very
rhetoric, the absolute necessity of his being there and
there invested with a sun of money in the current
coin of the realm—the amount limited, from the
nature of his necessities, which he very freely states,
to seven shillings and sixpence. Discovering, or
fancying he discovers, signs that his eloquence is
likely to be unprofitable, he most unfortunately
finds that, should there be any difficulty in connection
with the remission of the loan, he is at that
moment in possession of a document, which he is
prepared to deposit in the offices of the fortunate
agent. The document calculated, he cannot doubt, to
remove any feeling of anxiety which the most prudent
person could experience in the circumstances. After a rummage
in his pockets, which develops miscellaneous and
varied, but as yet by no means valuable possessions,
he at last comes to the object of his search, a crumpled
bit of paper, and spreads it out—a fifty-pound bank-
note! The friend, who knew him well, was of opinion
that, had he, on delivering over the seven shillings
and sixpence, received the bank-note, he never would
have heard anything more of the transaction from the
other party. It was also his opinion that, before
coming to a personal friend, the owner of the note
had made several efforts to raise money on it among
persons who might take a purely business view of
such transactions; but the lateness of the hour, and
something in the appearance of the thing altogether,
had induced these mercenaries to forget their cunning,
and decline the transaction.’

With all his faults, however, Papaverius had a
loving soul; too much learning, assisted by other causes,
had made him a little narrow in his views. ‘It had
made him so!—it had made all the age!—it had
made him—and it makes many men—stintish. With him,
as the present writer has good cause to know, it was
no perilous matter to present a gift-book, although
it might have been written by a young man, and pub-
lished within the week; the time that he denied to
business and his own affairs, he would cheerfully
spend in encouragement and genial criticism. The
ordinary book-broker under the circumstances,
would treat with him as though he was a poor
wagoner, who vexed him with presentation copies of
their works. ‘He was deeply obliged, and anticipated
the most profound pleasure from the perusal of the
volume in question.’ This ingenious statement, how-
ever, met at last with this rejoinder, which put an
end to its further use. ‘I received, sir, the very same
flattering communication from your pen, two years
ago, concerning the very same work. You have
omitted to observe that the book I last sent you is
only a second edition of my former work.’

The book-broker proper, however, is often by no
means anxious to read even those volumes which he
is so desirous of possessing. ‘He know about books!’
quoth one, in reference to a scholar of some repute;
‘nothing, nothing at all, I assure you; unless, perhaps,
about their insides.’ It is the rarity, and not the
merit of a work which excites their admiration, and
they sympathise with that acquaintance who, when the
high prices at a certain book sale began to slacken a
little, remonstrated pathetically: ‘Going so low as
thirty shillings, gentlemen—this curious book—so low
as thirty shillings.’ The following example, which
may be a ‘black-letter man, or a tall cowboy, or an
uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English
dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadside, or a pas-
quinader, or a Grandee, or a literary man, or a
 gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an editio-princeps
man,’ and yet have next to nothing of the learning in
him. It is the glory of some wretches—hight
bibliophiles—to get hold of a copy of a unique book, and shut it up. ‘There were known to be just two copies of a spare quarto, called *Rout upon Rout, or the Rubbers Rubblished*, by Felix Nixon, Gent. A certain well-known poet, who was credited with a prodigious memory, by indefatigable perseverance, he also got hold of, and then his heart was glad within him; and he felt it glow with well-merited pride when an accomplished scholar, desiring to complete an epoch in literary history on which that book threw some light, besought the owner to allow him a sight of it, were it but for a few minutes, and the request was refused. ‘I might as well ask him,’ said the animal, who was rather proud of his firmness than ashamed of his curioshness, ‘to make me a present of his brains and reputation.’

The same philosophic spirit is said to sometimes enter the mild bosom of the Dutch tulip-fancier, causing him to pay thousands of dollars for a duplicate tuber, in order that he may have the satisfaction of crushing it beneath his heel. Defibrin warmed his convivial guests at a fire fed by the wood-cuts which had been printed from in the impression of the *Bibliographical Desmerson*, so as to effectually assure the subscribers to his costly volumes that poor men should never participate in their privilege. The brutal selfishness of conduct of this kind needs no comment; but in judging of least heinous crimes among book-hunters, such as a church, it is well to lend their treasures to others, we should be careful to remember how much more important a rare book is in their eyes than it is in those of other people. Ordinary folks who subscribe to *Muckie or Smith*, and keep three or four hundred volumes in a back-room which they call ‘the library,’ can scarcely imagine a desire for books so inattractive as that which consumed Richard Heber, for instance. The number of this gentleman’s books was stated in six figures, and the catalogue of them occupied five thick octavo volumes. He satisfied his own conscience by adopting a creed which he enunciated thus: ‘Why you see, sir, no man can comfortably do without three copies of a book. One he must have for a show copy, and he will principally keep it at his country house; another he will require for his own use and reference; and unless he is inclined to part with this, which is very inconvenient, or risk the injury of his best copy, he must needs have a third at the service of his friends.’

‘Some years ago,’ says a writer in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, ‘Heber built a new library at his house at Alloa, and it is said to be the largest in Scotland. His residence is at Ballochmyle, Argyllshire, where he died, is filled, like Maglachan’s at Florence, with books, from the top to the bottom—every chair, every table, every passage contains a volume. He has also other libraries; he has even one in York Street, leading to Great James’s Street, Westminster, laden from the ground-floor to the garret with curious books. He had a library in the High Street, Oxford, an immense library at Paris, another at Antwerp, another at Brussels, another at Ghent, and at other places in the Low Countries and in Germany.’

Among other curious characteristics that help to make works valuable to book-hunters are typographical errors. ‘The celebrated Elzevir *Cesar* of 1635 is known by this, that the number of the 149th page is misprinted 153. All that want this peculiar distinction are counterfeits. The little volume being, as Brunet says, ‘une des plus jolies et plus rares de la collection de l’Elzevier,’ gave a temptation to fraudulent imitators, who, as by a providential arrangement for their detection, lapsed into accuracy at the critical figure. *Wits had Light*’ was replaced by ‘a babbed of green fields,’ the word rejoiced, but in the eyes of the book-hunters, the volume containing the foolish words is most esteemed. A man who never learnt to keep a word in copying a title-page, nor ever ended a sentence with a monosyllable, was once thus hideously misrepresented by his printer. ‘In the pride of his unspetted purity, he little knew what a humiliation fate had prepared for him. It happened to him to have to state how Theodore Bessa, or some contem- porary of his, went to sea in a Canadian vessel. This statement, at the last moment, when the sheet was going through the press, caught the eye of an intelligent and judicious corrector, more conversant with shipping-lists than with the literature of the sixteenth century, who saw clearly what had been meant, and took upon himself, like a man who hated all pottering nonsense, to make the necessary correction without consulting the author. The consequence was, that people read with some surprise, under the authority of the panegyric of a contemporary, that Theodore Bessa had gone to sea in a Canadian vessel.’ In one of the editions of the modern annual, called *Men of the Time*, some lines dropped out of Robert Owen’s biography into that of the Bishop of Oxford’s, which immediately followed it. The article upon the reverend prelate therefore begins as follows: ‘Oxford, the right reverend Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of, was born in 1805. A more kind-hearted and truly benedolent man does not exist. A sceptic as regards religious revelation, he is nevertheless an out-and-out believer in spirit movements.’ But perhaps the most amusing instance of this sort of mistake occurs in an American edition of Hamlet, in that Prince Danes—

‘The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yes, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me.’

The amended reading stands—
‘As he is very potent with such spirits.
Abuses me too—damnme.’

Among the books with titles which are calculated to mislead the unwary, Mr Burton instances the *Diversions of Purley*—one of the toughest books in existence; *Urban lines*, by Lovat (Allatus), a biographical work, devoted to the great men who flourished during the pontificate of Urban VIII, whose family carried on their coat-armorial; and *Knickersbook’s History of New York*, a theological book treating of the types of Christianity in the old law, he once held vehemently competed for at an auction by a citizen artisan and a burly farmer, the former of whom bought it, and sent it to his own use and reference; and the latter that it was ‘a buik up’ the tups,’ otherwise rams. ‘Mr Ruskin, too, having formed the pleasant little original design of abolishing the difference between Popery and Protestantism, through the persuasive influence of his own special eloquence, set forth his views upon the matter in a book which he termed a treatise on *The Construction of Sheepfolds*. I have been informed that this work had a considerable run among the muriand farmers, whose reception of it was not flattering.’

A very interesting chapter is devoted by Mr Burton to antiquarian book-clubs, and includes a history of the famous Roxburghe Club, whose list of after-dinner toasts is given in appropriate black-letter. The primitive members used to sport these toasts in proof of their high caste in book-hunting freemasonry, whithersoever they happened. ‘One of the regular toasts at the Highlands, to open his refreshment wallet on the top of Ben Lomond, pledged his guide in the potent *du pays* to Christopher Vahlfar, John Gutenberg, and the Cailleach of Gretna. Yet, dead or alive, the Cell had no objection in the world to pledge successive glasses to these names, which he had no doubt belonged “to fery respectable persons,” probably to the chief landlord of the neighbourhood. But the best Glenlivet would not induce him to pledge “the cause of Bibliomania all over the world,” being
SOMETHING OF ITALY.

ROME (THE BAMBOINO).

A visit to Rome would be incomplete without a sight of the Bambino. All strangers are expected to see the Bambino, or, to give him his proper designation, the Santissimo Bambino, or Most Holy Child, and having been so fortunate, they may with justice say, they have beheld something more than ordinarily wonderful. Devoting a morning to this purpose, we drove off about ten o'clock to the church of Ara Coeli, one of the most ancient and interesting edifices in Rome, situated on the summit of the hill of the Capitol, and described as occupying ‘the very centre of the Christian world.’ Why this particular church, more than any other, should have received the designation, Ara Coeli—the Altar of Heaven—has been the subject of different legends, of which it would not be easy to offer any intelligible version. Whatever be the origin of the name, there can be no doubt as to the extreme antiquity of the church. On entering it by a flight of steps from the level space on the Capitol, to which there is an easy sloping ascent for carriages, we see that the building is of the style of the old Roman basilicas, consisting of a nave divided from the side-aisles by rows of lofty pillars. These pillars are of different orders of architecture, and do not match. Some of them are the columns of the original temple of Jupiter, out of the remains of which the building was mainly constructed; while others are from ruined palaces and temples in the neighbourhood—the whole being a species of composition from the wreck of the pagan world, and now forming the church connected with a monastery of the order of St. Francis. Persons familiar with the memoirs of Edward Gibbon, the historian, will recollect that it was in this ancient church that the design of writing his great work occurred to him. He says, that it was on the 18th of October 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefoot friars were singing vespers, that the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city first started to his mind.

Our visit to Ara Coeli was to appearance unavailing. In the silent basilica, there were but two persons—one a ragged pauper ‘making his stations,’ and a monk who was engaged in brushing up and decorating one of the altars preparatory for Easter Sunday. Perceiving that we were strangers, the monk left off work, and came to offer his services in explaining the antiquities. We said we wished to see the Bambino. He was very sorry—the Bambino had gone out on a visit, but he would be soon back, and if we pleased, we might in the meanwhile look round the church; there was the old mosaic floor, which was thought very fine; there were several good pictures; and above all, there was the chapel of St. Anthony of Padua, with a great number of sketches representing his miraculous interposition in saving persons from being killed in cases of accident. Escorting by this obliging monk, we sauntered for a time round the church, and took note of its various objects of interest; but as time wore on, and no Bambino was making his appearance, we at length quitted the church, stating that we should return on another occasion.

We did not go far. On descending the steps outside, a respectable family carriage with a pair of horses drew up. There, surely, was the Bambino at last. The door of the carriage opens, a monk steps out, and receives from another monk, his companion, a box swathed in scarlet silk. The two ascend the steps, the second monk having somewhat of a superior air, and carrying a book. They enter the church, which they cross to the opposite side, and proceed along a passage; we close at their heels. Turning to the right, they arrive at a small octagonal chapel, having an altar on one side, while on the other is a high cupboard with a door of two leaves elegantly painted and gilded. The box with its drapery is set down on a table in front of the cupboard. There now appear two other persons on the scene. These are a gentleman and his wife; and the lady, who is in an interesting situation, kneels down devotionally on a chair which stands conveniently for the purpose. The monk who had carried the book requires no one to tell him what to do. With an experienced eye, he saw what we had come for, and prepared to gratify us. The first thing he did was to equip himself in a chasuble or short surplice, and put on a pair of purple silk gloves; he then opened the cupboard, and disclosed a large variety of votive offerings in silver, also two kneeling figures, between which the box is usually deposited. After lighting two candles, and placing them on the table, he removed the cover from the box, which he unlocked; then he threw back the lid, and let down the front. There was a figure within, but it was concealed from our sight, until the monk delicately drew off a silk coverlet, and exposed to view the object of our visit. There lay the Bambino!

Invited to approach, we beheld a doll of exceeding beauty and splendour, and of the most winning sweetness of countenance. In length, it was about eighteen inches, and is assumed to be an infant of five or six months old, but its features are of more advanced maturity, and its fine dark eyes more grave and piercing than those of a child. On its head, which was supported by a small pillow, it wore a crown of gold, or silver-gilt, decorated with precious stones. Swathed closely in a rich dress of white silk, which was similarly embellished with jewellery, its face, neck, and hands were alone uncovered; the back being decorated with pearl beads, and the fingers loaded with rings. On its feet, the points of which projected from the dress, were a pair of golden shoes,
or a species of sandals, through the openings of which the toes were partially visible. Besides other embellishments on the dress, there was a large brooch sparkling with divers-coloured gems. The description is completed, when I mention that the doll was of wood, painted to resemble life. Such was the Bambino, on which we gazed for several minutes in mute admiration. Noting the deep devotions of the lady who had come to visit the shrine, we now departed. To enlarge my knowledge of the sacred infant, I returned two days subsequently, and by the courtesy of the same god-natured monk, I had not only a more thorough view of the Bambino, but was affor ded some information regarding its character and functions; and at my solicitation, there was also given me a work purporting to be its history, accompanied by an engraved likeness. It may while away a few minutes to peruse the following narrative, which I condense from the historical account of the Holy Child of Ara Coeli."

The Santissimo Bambino is a miraculous image of the infant Jesus, carved from a tree which grew on the Mount of Olives. The artist by whom it was executed, was an exemplary monk of the strict order of St Francis, dedicated to this devout undertaking his con ventual hours of leisure during a residence in the city of Jerusalem. The city of Jerusalem was preserved, not less by the devotional feeling of the artist, than by his design of transferring the image to Rome, where it might kindle Christian love and devotion for the divine child. As regards the date of its execution, its removal to Rome, and the name of the artist, the writer of its history acknowledges his ignorance.

The earliest record of its presence at Ara Coeli goes no further back than the year 1629, whence it may be concluded that it was enshrined there towards the close of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventh century. Let the time of its arrival be what it may, it is undeniable that its presence in Rome has been an inextinguishable source of grace and mercy to this favoured city. Nor should we marvel at God thus appropriating to himself this divine figure, seeming the miraculous co-operation which He vouchsafed to lend at its creation.

On the eve of its completion (proceeds the narrator), the devout artist painted the graven image, lest he should be denied the privilege of imparting the requisite finish to his work, in consequence of the miraculous preparations set by the materials for colouring. His inmost soul was wrung by anguish and anxiety, and in this emergency, he besought that succour which neither art nor human means availed to procure. He cast himself prostrate in humble supplication, and prayed persistently and fervently; and lo! a faint flush of lifelike glowing colour gradually suffused the sacred image, and completes it with a finish so faultless, that human art never could have imitated! Fancy can easily picture the amazement and rapture of the holy monks, as well as the heartfelt and ardent gratitude which such Divine condescension inspired."

The writer here refers to the belief which many entertain that the features of the Bambino were carved as well as painted by Divine agency; but he does not sustain this extreme view of the case, and is contented with the indisputable fact of the colouring. Now he goes on to say, a second miraculous event speedily succeeded to the first. The period of the monk's departure from Jerusalem having arrived, he set out with the view of conveying the figure to Rome, anticipating only a fair and prosperous voyage. The porter of the hotel, being a man noted for evil, concocted the foul design of sending to the bottom of the deep the sacred child, in company with

vessel and passengers. By infernal machinations, the sea was lashed into so fierce a tempest as to defy all nautical skill, and to save the vessel from destruction, the sailors wildly threw every movable article overboard, including the box containing the Bambino. But Satan was no gainer by his nefarious schemes, for whilst every other object cast into the ocean sank and disappeared to the bottom, the miraculous image escaped universal ruin, and floated in perfect safety to the port of Leghorn. The fact was evident to all. Every inhabitant of the town who command ed a view of the sea, or repaired to the ramparts, clearly beheld the case containing the blessed image leisurely advancing in spite of wind and wave, and finally stranding at the entrance to the port. The news of the event speedily filled the city, and reached a convent of Franciscans, by whom the case had been daily expected. With religious reverence, they received it as a miraculous gift from God, and guarded it with care till it was sent to the place of its destination. It may easily be imagined with what outbursts of joy and adoration the sacred image was welcomed at Rome, as the fame of the miraculous events which had attended its formation and transit had preceded its arrival. The good monk, its constructor, afterwards arrived safely at his convent of Ara Coeli, where the city of Jerusalem are told this "precious relic" speedily began to work wonders, and perform miracles.

The vices and virtues to which the Bambino was exposed were, however, not ended. "Such was the fervour of devotion towards the Divine image, in a town devoted to piety, a lady rashly stole the holy child, which she designed to keep; but she reaped no advantage from the imposture; for, at the expiration of a few days, the Santissimo Bambino of its own accord returned miraculously to its wonted shrine at Ara Coeli, amidst the joyous chimes of all the bells in the city, which spontaneously rang out a supernatural and welcome peal in its honour."

The miraculous return of the Bambino to its shrine, with the attendant miraculous ringing of bells, produced a profound sensation in Rome, and having vastly increased the reputation of the sacred image, the number of precious gifts which it henceforth received was incalculable. Besides the emeralds, sapphires, topazes, amethysts, diamonds, and other valuable stones by which it was decked by countless petitioners, there was given to it a resplendent ornament of five pieces, encrusted by 142 diamonds in silver, and valued at 182 crowns. The person who executed this splendid work of art, which represented the Sun of Justice, was the famous Carlo Sartore of Milan, who having to receive the holy child under his roof, fitted up for it a splendid shrine, and there he jealously guarded it while in his possession. The brilliant sun-like ornament called forth the highest admiration from nobles, prelates, and all who frequented the artist's studio, and even his Holiness deigned to approve of the superb workmanship."

Evil days, alas! overtook the innocent Bambino. Its riches served but to provoke the greed of the sacrilegious. During the political troubles of 1788, its person and shrine were ruthlessly robbed of ornaments and treasures, and but for the pious solicitude of a nun, it would have been broken in pieces or consumed as firewood. Saved from this calamity, the holy child was preserved for a year and five days in the convent of Trastevero. While in this secure asylum, it was not only the object of continual veneration by the kind-hearted nuns, but was robed by them anew in cloth of silver embroidered with gold, and they further decorated it with a circle of precious metal. So far renovated, the Bambino was conducted back to its shrine, where it was received with every demonstration of affection. Against the savage acts of desecration and robbery, the more respectable Romans had earnestly protested, and in token of their joy at the reinstallation of the Bambino
at Ara Coeli, they decreed that one of a new set of bells should be solemnly consecrated to its special honour and cựcd by some ace ornaments pourrit in, and although these are not comparable in richness and splendour to those that were lost, yet they afford ample proof of the vitality of true faith and charity in the heart of the Christian. Daily, is the stock of votive offerings belonging to the Bambino increased, and frequently are additions made to its personal ornaments and equipments. Until within the last two years the holy child was barefooted, a circumstance which so affected a pious and beneficent individual, that he presented it with a pair of shoes of pure gold, made by one of the most skilful working-gentle men in Rome, and which artistic shoes it now becomesly wears. The keeping of a carriage for the Bambino may be thought to be an expensive arrangement for the monks, but it is not so. The Princ d'Alessandro Tolonina, to do homage to the Bambino, munificently assigned a carriage with horses and driver for its special use, and the whole equipage is kept at his expense.

In its visits to the sick, the Bambino is usually accompanied by two monks, one of whom takes charge of it in its box, while the other performs the religious services on the way. As it proceeds through the town, a portion of its scarlet drapery hangs from the windows of its carriage, to make people aware of its presence, and give them the opportunity of paying to a passing homage. There is a general belief that the Bambino realises as large a revenue as any medical practitioner in Rome; but this I am unable to verify. I learned that, on being brought into the apartment of the invalid who craves its supernatural aid, it is not shown till a candle has been lighted on a table at each end of its box. It is then devoutly kissed, and, made of an ornamental cushion brought for the purpose, while in this attitude it receives the supplications of the sick person, who, in token of deep respect, is permitted to kiss its golden shoes. I inquired if invalids might kiss its lips, and was told that this is permitted only in particular cases, and under certain restrictions, which does not surprise me. Judging from the manner in which half of the large toe of the bronze figure in St Peter's has been already kissed away, we can see the propriety of not permitting an indiscriminate kissing of the lips of the pretty little Bambino.

The work put into my hands by the monk comprehends a narration of six distinct miracles performed through the intervention of the Bambino, but our space admits of little lapse. The fourth miracle in the series was the sudden and entire recovery of Lucia Costantini, an inmate of the Vatican, she had been ill forty days, and was at the point of death, when the Bambino was brought to her bedside. She reverently sank on her knees to embrace the divine feet, and at that moment heard a voice exclaim: "Lucia, arise, for thou art healed." The cure was complete, although the chill of death had been upon her. The sixth miracle concerns a personage styled the Chevalier Carlo van Swygenhoven, an eminent physician of Brussels, who, with the honour of belonging to 37 European learned societies, had the misfortune to have a wife afflicted with a painful and seemingly incurable heart disease. Travelling about, the pair came to Rome, where, by chance they heard of the Bambino, and the wonderful cures it performed. The Chevalier and his delicate wife, who had not been able to lie on her bed for ten years, were now (says the trustworthy chronicler) seized with the most eager desire of doing honour to the Bambino and its shrine, and of receiving its blessing. On the 11th of March 1690, three hours from their arrival in Rome, they came to the sacred spot, they reverentially, and with such a vivid faith, expressed the feelings of their soul, that from that very moment the pious lady was perfectly free from all symptoms of her complaint. She went home cured, and it gratifies us to add, that she was ever afterwards able to lie comfortably on her left side.

The learned Swygenhoven, D.M.B.—for such are the letters he puts after his honoured name—gladly attests the miracle.

The writer, in conclusion, refers briefly to some other miracles effected by the Bambino. He is of opinion that if he were to record the whole he should more than fill a volume. I agree in thinking that he has said quite enough.

W. C.

PERFUMES.

The use of perfumes dates from the earliest times. The incense-bearer took a prominent part in the religious ceremonies of Egypt; the brown beauties of the land of the pyramids, like those of modern China, carried odoriferous pouches, and wore necklaces of scented beads; and spices and sweet compounds enabled the embalmer to preserve their bodies from decay after death. The luxurious Persians burned storax upon their hearts, and seldom used any but aromatic woods, even for domestic purposes; while to counterbalance the displeasing effect of dirt on their olfactory nerves, they used aromatic unguents. The Israelite priests were commanded to burn sweet incense every morning and evening, and, in their anointing, to anoint themselves with holy ointment, compounded "after the art of the apothecary," of myrrh, cinnamon, calamus, and cassia. The perfume used at the Hebrew rites was composed of stacte (myrrh of the finest description), oyxha (alabaster shell), and galbanum (an aromatic gum). The use of any imitation of the holy perfume or ointment by a layman was prohibited on pain of the offender being cut off from his people. Hebrew dames and dames perfumed their beds with myrrh, aloes, and cinnamon, and scented their tresses with frankincense, cassia, aloes, and myrrh. Attached to their necklaces, they also wore a small gold or silver box, or an alabaster vial, filled with the aroma of musk, olibanum, balsam, saffron, or spikenard, the last being esteemed "very precious." So indispensable were perfumes considered to the feminine toilets, that the Talmud directs one-tenth of a bride's dowry to be set apart for their purchase. The queen of Sheba introduced the balsam of Mecca into Judea, and the shrub from which it was obtained was carefully cultivated there until the fall of Jerusalem, when all the plants were destroyed by the despairing people. Only one plantation of this rare spurge is now known to exist, and that not in Israel, but in Arabia Petraea, the annual yield of which amounts to no more than three pounds of the precious balsam.

When Darius's perfume-casket fell into the hands of his conqueror, Alexander threw away the scents, to make room for the gold; but it must not be inferred thence that the Greeks despised sweet essences. It is true the sale of such luxuries was forbidden by Solon; but spite of this, and of the Socratic objection, that they imparted the same smell to slave and master, perfumers continued to be a legitimate and lucrative trade in ancient Greece, especially at Athens, which grew famous for the excellence of its odoriferous wares. An Athenian host was not content with perfuming his dining-room, but scented his drinking vessels with myrrh, and sprinkled his guests with perfume: this last operation was usually performed by the young ladies of the house; but once a year, by hitting on the happy device of letting four pigeons loose in the banqueting-chamber, who, as they flew above the heads of the company, dropped different perfumes, rendering the atmosphere of the building unusually made up in the form of ointment, which was applied as a salve; some esquisses, however, preferred to pour liquid scents over their limbs, a cheloner custom certainly, although generally considered
a voluptuous, foxy, and effeminate practice. The scent of the violet was most in favour among the Athenians, although wine-bibbers preferred that of the hyacinth, but the perfume was gradually refined till each part of the body had its peculiar emblem—the hair and eyebrows being perfumed with sweet marjoram, the neck and knees with wild thyme, the arms with balm, the cheeks and breasts with palm-oil, and the feet and legs with Egyptian ointment.

In imperial Rome, this species of extravagance went beyond all bounds. The amphitheatre was redolent with aromatic odours, the walls of bath-rooms were sprinkled with essences, and on festival occasions, even the military ensigns were anointed. The establishment of a Roman lady was not complete without a slave whose special office it was to sprinkle the hair and dress of her mistress with the perfumes of India; and Lucian reproached his countrywomen with lavishing the whole means of their husbands upon beautifying their locks, and using such quantities of perfume that, at that day, all Arabia was bathed from the hair of a Roman matron. Nor were the male descendants of the rough subjects of Romulus less indolent in sweetening their persons than the females. Decadent Rome was a dandy, and paid himself three times or more a day, even to the soles of his feet. Pliny says that India and Arabia annually drew a hundred million of sesterces (about £800,000) from the empire, on account of odoriferous herbs. At this time, Coriandrum sativum was the rage, then it was superseded by eettar of roses, which gave way in turn to saffron, violets, marjoram, quince-blossom, cypress, myrtle, caraway, lilac, pomegranate, and myrrh, which were called by the name of bitter almonds. All these, however, were thrown into the shade by the regal unguent composed of seventy-two different ingredients, most of which were far-fetched and dear-bought. Cassandra and Antioch became specially famed for perfumes, their manipulators attaining such skill that Crito, physician to the Empress Flavia, enumerates twenty-five different perfumes extracted from the root of one plant, and the leaf of another. The Emperor Nero burned so much perfume in celebrating the obsequies of his wife Poppea, that Pliny declares the whole produce of Arabia for a year was not equivalent to it. The philosopher pointedly inquires, what proportion of the odours reached the deities, and compares the gods, instead of appreciating the offering, seem less propitious to the Romans than when their worshippers presented the humbler offering of balms and myrrh.

Saturates every age and clique have fallen foul of masculine patrons of the perfume, and stigmatised the pampering of the fifth sense as a token of effeminacy; history, however, scarcely justifies the censure. Englishmen were never more pre-eminent for manliness in thought, word, and deed than when they were ruled so royally by the daughter of Anne Boleyn, and yet at no time was perfume so generally and so lavishly used in England. Her manly-minded majesty herself could not abide strong smells, but was excessively fond of delicate scents, and many were the pairs of perfumed gloves that found their way to the royal hands on New-Year's Day. Lord Oxford hit the queen's taste in this respect so nicely that she had her portrait taken wearing his gloves, and made the scent of them fashionable under the name of 'Lord Oxford's Perfume.' The ladies of course followed in the wake of their mistress, and every fair lady and even some of the indubitable appendages of the toilet-table. Noble lords wore scented doublets, and their noble ladies were proficient in all the mysteries of the still-room, and adept in the concoction of sweet waters from their floral favourites.

Nobles and ladies were supreme in the finer classes; perfume for a lady's chamber and gloves as sweet as damask roses formed part of the multiform stock of the country pedlar. Orange and jasmine were the favourite foreign perfumes in vogue; but it appears as if English ladies were not above the rose; for of no other we command a better reputation, since we find the Sultana-mother desiring Elizabeth to send her some essences and distilled waters, in acknowledgment of sundry handsome presents sent from Constantinople to the queen of England.

A little later, we find good Philip Stubbes railing bitterly against civet, musk, sweet powders, fragrant pomanders, and odorous perfumes, which he declares darken and obscure the spirits and senses of those who indulge in such ensnarems of pride, allurements to sin, and provocatives of vice. He vows that 'the beds wherein they have laid their delicate bodies, the places where they have sat, the clothes and things which they have touched, shall smell a week, a month, or more after they be gone.' However, he finds some comfort in reflecting that these sweet odours will one day be exchanged for 'stench and horror in the attermost hell;' a charitable conclusion in which it is to be hoped he was mistaken. The author of The Ladies' Dictionary (1694) instructs his fair readers how to make clove, musk, myrrh, rose, marjoram, and violet perfumes; for their hair, for their hands, to divers compound powders wherewith to perfume their hands and bodies, telling them 'perfumes of these sort add the rose's sweetness to the lil'y's loveliness of your snows, and balm to point your fingers, and divers compound powders wherewith to perfume the ends of your gloves with perfumes, and those that take you by the hand—shall find all pleasures grasped in a handful, wherein all ravishing objects are, that can convey to your nose those charming deligts and meteotisms (oil of bitter almonds). All these, however, were thrown into the shade by the regal unguent composed of seventy-two different ingredients, most of which were far-fetched and dear-bought. Alexandra and Antioch became specially famed for perfumes, their manipulators attaining such skill that Crito, physician to the Empress Flavia, enumerates twenty-five different perfumes extracted from the root of one plant, and the leaf of another. The Emperor Nero burned so much perfume in celebrating the obsequies of his wife Poppea, that Pliny declares the whole produce of Arabia for a year was not equivalent to it. The philosopher pointedly inquires, what proportion of the odours reached the deities, and compares the gods, instead of appreciating the offering, seem less propitious to the Romans than when their worshippers presented the humble offering of balms and myrrh.

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rubbing himself with civet. It is now seldom used, except for scenting such articles as valentines and writing-desks.

Valuable perfumes are of two sorts, one consisting of gum-resins and balsams, the other of essences, cotto, and espsirs. The odorous gums are myrrh, frankincense (largely used for incense), gum-benjamin, or benzoin (used for pastiles, sealing-wax, and court-plaster) gum-elemi, labdanum, and gum-copal. Balsams are mixtures of inodorous gums and odorous oils, the principal being balsam of Toin, balsam of Peru, and balsam or balm of Gilead. These gum-resins and balsams are obtained either by incision or by boiling the branches and bark of the tree. Essences and cotto are extracted by four different methods, technically known as absorption, expression, maceration, and distillation. The seat of the essential oil is not always the blossom of the plant, sometimes it is extracted from the wood, as in sautil and cedar; from the bark, as in cinnamon and cassia; from the root, as in the iris; from the fruit, as in bergamot, cedrat, pimenta, and dill; from the seed, as in caraway, anise, and almonds; from the leaves, as in laurel, and citronella. The orange-tree yields no less than three distinct scents—Portugal, from the rind of the fruit; nevat, from the flower; and petit grain, from the leaves.

The flowers of warm countries are most prolific in colour, but yield the palm of sweetness to the natives of colder climates. The majority of Enchant flowers are white, next in order comes red, then yellow and blue—orange and brown being least available to the perfume, whose impurity is now chiefly exercised, and most profitably employed, in the preparation of simple essences, or compound 'bouquets,' for scenting handkerchiefs. Of simple essences, the most popular are orange-flower, jasmine, tuberosa, lavender, violet, lemon, bergamot, and patchouli. The last named is extracted from the stems and leaves of the patchouli, an herb growing abundantly in India and China. To undue floral essences, this fashionable scent is anything but agreeable, and it owes its reputation less to its own merits than to its connection with the beautiful productions of the looms of Cashmere. Orange-flowers, tuberosa, and jasmine are grown principally in France, the last being perhaps the only perfume which defies imitation. Sicily is the principal producer of lemon and bergamot, two of the most useful of essences. Nice is famous for its violetas; while England stands unrivalled for lavender, the produce of Hitchin and Mitcham being worth four times as much as that of other lavender-fields. The queen of the garden is also cultivated here for the manufacture of rose-water, but our growers cannot compete with their French rivals. The extent to which the rose is grown in France for commercial purposes may be judged from the fact of one manufactury at Cannes annually consuming one hundred and forty thousand pounds-weight of rose-leaves. The otto is produced by the simple distillation of the flowers in water, and is so valuable, that a superior sample has been appraised at as much as seven pounds sterling per ounce; it must, however, be remembered that it requires some five hundred pounds-weight of roses to yield that quantity of otto. The East is still famous for its rose-gardens of Brossua, Adrianoole, Uslah, and Gilgenez. In a good season, the Balkan district yields seventy-five thousand ounces of otto, but the best otto comes from Cashmere. In India, the otto is diluted and adulterated in various ways; and the rose-leaved geranium is largely grown in Turkey and in France for the same dishonest purpose.

Many of the most odorous decizens of the garden are so tenacious of yielding up their sweetness as not to repay the labour of extraction, and compel the perfumer to exercise his skill in imitating their special odour, in order to satisfy the wishes of his customers. Nor is this task so difficult as it might seem at first sight, for, by uniting certain essential oils in varying proportions, the scent of almost any flower may be satisfactorily imitated. Thus, jasmine, tuberose, orange, cassia, vanilla, and rose combined, pass for lily of the valley; the same ingredients, less cassia, serve for myrtle; and orange, violet, citron, almonds, and tuberosa, in close imitation of magnolia. In this way, too, are produced the essences sold as heliotrope, wall-flower, sweet-pea, laurel, eglantine, and honeysuckle. Eau-de-Cologne, which finds favour in every part of the world, is composed of the oils of lemon, citron, and orange, prepared from the fruit in different stages of maturity, which harmonise with each other so as to produce but one aromatic expression. Redolentia is a combination of cloves and lavender. Frangipanni was invented by a noble of that name in the latter days of the Empire, and is composed of every known spice in equal proportions, with the addition of a little musk and some orris-root. His grandson digested this powder in spirit, and thereby produced a perfume of such lasting quality as to obtain for itself the title of 'the eternal perfume.'

Modern chemists have contrived to produce artificial essences of almond, pear, pine-apple, quince, and apple, closely resembling the real essences in colour, shape, and flavour; but although they are largely used by confectioners, we have the authority of Mr. Pesse for saying, that they are useless to the perfumer, as all these others act on the olfactory nerve in the same manner as chloroform.

The doctors of the ancient world freely prescribed perfumes, particularly in cases of nervous disease; and we cannot understand why their successors so entirely ignore such means of cure. After the Dutch cut down the spice trees of Ternate, that island was scourged by epidemics to which it had before been a stranger; and it has been stated that no person employed in the perfume manufactories of London or Paris has yet fallen a victim to cholera. Be this as it may, we cannot but believe, with Sir William Temple, that perfumes 'may have as much power for good as harm, and contribute to health as well as disease;' at any rate, the subject is well worthy the attention of medical experimentalists.

The Shadow Under the Yew.

There sits a shadow under the yew,
Who, sun or moon, or light or dark,
Waith with a cruel giber and grin
In the blind night or by the star-spark;
Or whether it rain with lashing rage,
Or whether it blow with a devil's force,
Sitting and counting the fresh grassed graves,
And the lying stones, each one o'er a core.

Under the shade of the churchyard yew
The dark things sits and counts the graves,
That Dead Sea—filled in a treacherous call;
That billows around him in grass-green waves—
And when I see him, I tread so soft,
And I scarcely dare to draw my breath,
For beaux—plume black is the yew-tree's shade,
And the name of that terrible shape is Death.

The Editors of Chamber's Journal have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.
PATERFAMILIAS.

People of all calibres of temper and understanding have criticised the nineteenth century. They have viewed it from their several stand-points, flattering and fleeting, throwing mud or burining incense, as their ideas prompted them. My worthy friend, Professor Velox, has fine things to say in praise of this our epoch—it is, by his dictum, an enlightened age; a most humane, honest, generous period of progress; the fitting vestibule of a millennium of happiness and virtue. My so less worthy friend, the Rev. Laud Oriel, M.A., sobres over the era—it is, he says, a cold age, heartless, covetous, unbelieving, without anything good or bright about it: a degenerate dwarf, when compared with the mighty centuries which we flippantly call the Dark Ages. And an enthusiast of another order, Danton Smith, that grim student of Mr Carlyle's, scorns the age for an age of shams, ridicules its pet theories, and longs for the advent of the coming man—Man with a great M, hero, stage-king, or demagogue, who is to make as short work of us piggins as King Stork with the frogs.

But whether Velox, or Danton Smith, or Laud Oriel be right or wrong, or partly right and partly wrong, as more often happens when we mortals come to judgment, there is one aspect of the age which they all three overlook—it is a comic age. It may or may not fight better, or do more to feed the hungry and clothe the naked than its predecessors; but one thing it certainly does, and that is—to laugh. This is eminently a laughing century. No cynical laughter, be it understood; no sneering bitter, like Voltaire's, in the midst of the moldering pomp and frauds of old Europe; but a hearty, well-meaned explosion of not unkind merriment. Our age can extract food for mirth from almost anything. It declines to accept transparent make-believes with the unquestioning gravity of elder days. No humbug, however solemn and pretentious, is safe from derision. Our grandfathers saw a monarch, for instance, through a cloud of royal splendour, a shimmering haze of gold and purple. The dweller in that glorified atmosphere might be hated, but could hardly be ridiculous. We have changed all that. With our modern spectacles, we see right through the radiant mist of prestige—right through the kingly lion's hide; and if we find a long-eared, thistle-cropping animal masquerading in that regal guise, we laugh at him.

When kings and bishops are made the subject of mirthful comment, it is no wonder that Paterfamilias should be considered as fair game. At first sight, we may think that Therites himself could not have made much sport of such a theme. Is it really a good joke that a man should be married, and the father of a thriving family? Is a wife so absurd, and are children so preposterous, that their presence should overwhelm an individual citizen with merited ridicule? Or are the true points of attack personal to Paterfamilias himself? We have all made merry over his portrait in Punch. We recognise him at a glance. By the sea-side, or asleep in his elbow-chair, or poring over bills in his invaded study, or blockaded by pyramids of luggage on the platform of some railway station, we instantly descry his familiar figure, which seldom fails to call up a smile. That bald head, those bushy whiskers, of the exploded 'mutton-chop' pattern, those broad shoulders, and that bewildered, anxious face, could not belong to any other than Paterfamilias. We know his dress even better than his features—the round-cut shooting-jacket for marine holidays, the baggy frock-coat for London wear, the dressing-gown which he is in the habit of draping around him like a Roman toga, the corpulent umbrella, and the respectable square-toed boots. No bachelor, of whatever standing, could possibly wear such boots, could tie his cravat in that flabby bow, or wear a hat so adapted for settling on the back of the head, throwing the organ of benevolence into fine relief.

But what absurdity is there in all this? Is it absurd to be fat, absurd to be middle-aged, to dress after the fashions of one's youth, and by the standard of one's contemporaries? Is it absurd to escort one's daughters to balls and concerts and sea-side piers, to hold conference with Materfamilias about household expenses or juvenile ailments, or to arch one's eyebrows over Miss Caroline's milliner's account or young Hopeful's shool of college bills? If not, there would seem to be something wanton in the constant shower of shafts which are aimed at that broad target, the British family-man. For it is worthy of notice that Paterfamilias is always highly respectable. No scamp, no person of lax morals or irregular habits as to pecuniary transactions, is eligible for such an office. Whatever his faults may be, the typical Briton goes
to church, pays his taxes like a man, does his public
and private duty, and is honest and open as the day,
thought a little tasty and moulded of brain.

It strongly suggests that Paterfamilias, in this ap-
pellation, is Pantaloon on the grand literary and
pictorial stage, unconsciously atoms for the sins of
bygone members of his own world-old class; for there
was a time, and that not so very far distant, when
Paterfamilias, so to speak, rode rough-shod over the
world, and had his own way much more than is good
for any of us. Think of the patriarchal system, as it
flourished long ago, from Cathay to Canaught, and
think how it must have worked. It had merits, of
course, but it had the one great defect inherent in all
dеспотisms, that everything depended on the character
of the despot. It answered pretty well on a small
scale, though with what amount of heart-burnings
and smouldering, incomplete rebellions we can only
guess; but on a large scale, mankind broke away to
form feudal kingdoms, republics, anything but the
big overgrown family where a master ruled over
kindred slaves. Among the Chinese, even now, we
find Paterfamilias in tremendous force; his colossal
figure overshadows the Flowery Land. Its juris-
prudence reflects his image; he is the key-stone of
the state-creeed in politics and religion, and an
ingenious fiction makes the emperor the father of his
people. If L. Chin, take a double first degree
at the imperial university of Peking, if I fertilise
provinces, cut off myriads of Taeping heads, or clear
the seas of pirates, my children will not benefit by
my rise in life. In China, the wise statesman or
brave soldier never leaves a corner to his offspring;
he earns a mandarin button for his ancestors. A
man’s great deeds are rewarded by ennobling himself,
his father, and any given number of grandsons,
and the roots, not the twigs, of the family-tree are
refreshed by the fountain of honour.

In Turkey, and in most Mohammedan countries,
Paterfamilias is truly a sacred being. His sons dare
as soon sit down in his august presence as in that of
an unmuzzled lion. His daughters have no choice
of their own as to marriage, and his wives he can slipper
or divorce, sack or slavet, pretty much as his whim
directs. It was in ancient Rome, however, that the
paternal power attained its loftiest pitch. Pater-
familias, in toga and sandals, was indeed a household
tyrant; his flesh and blood were his absolutely, a
vesting of despotic. He had the power of life and
death over his offspring—could inflict stripes, immure
in dungeons, sell into slavery. His wretched sons
never came of age at all, so far as independence was
concerned, neither at twenty-one, as in England, nor at
twenty-five, as in France; their monogamy was perpetual.
A grave Roman of three score was, in the eyes of
Quirinal law, an infant, if he had a tettering old
parent of eighty, and was unemancipated. The only
means by which a just or indulgent father could set
his grown-up son at liberty from the overweening
tyranny imposed by law, was to sell him to somebody
else. A mock-sale was effected, a peppercorn price
was paid, the son became the slave first, and then
the freedman of a stranger, and presently bidden into
citizenship. But it could only over sons and daughters
that the master of the house bore full sway; by a
pleasing fiction of the Roman code, his wife was
regarded as his daughter, and as the sister of her own
children, the better to exalt over sons and daughters.

Materfamilias was more a servant than a consort. If
she abstracted the keys of the cellar, and indulged
in a comfortable glass of Falernian, she was liable to
the same punishment that Patina incurred at the
hands of Bluebeard, and no Selim was likely to avert
the scimitar-stroke from her neck. If her house-
keeping was too expensive, her temper too hussy, or
person ugly, she was dismissed without the formality
of an application to the Sir Crosswell Crosswell of
the period. ‘Restore the keys,’ is a curt formula
(1)

—The wonder in the system, playing
as it did a kind of moral cat’s-cradle with the
domestic and social relations, abated somewhat of paternal
power. An old esquire, an old yeoman or trader,
might have a knightly or a most golden apron,
etitled him to sit at meat with emperors, and the
accolade of chivalry put an end to the potius potatos.
A lad who had become as inapt to the honours of
knighthood was transferred thoroughly from parent
to master, and the heiress was wedded according to
the good pleasure of her suzzen, not of her near
kinsfolk.

But so late as the last of the Tudor reigns, children
stood meekly before their parents, asked their blessing
twice a day, craved permission to do whatever they fancied, and took cuffs and hard words with
perfect equanimity. Such, at least, was the theory of
the time, and the old chroniclers dwelt fondly on the
good old custom of breaking the heads, not only of sons, but of daughters, with a corrective walking-
staff, and on the monstrous profliy of those young
rebels who sat unbound in the presence of father or mother. There was, no doubt, a great deal of
buffeting and lecturing on the part of the elders,
and a great deal of passive submission on that of
the younger members of a family. But Master and Miss
Godchild were not of this school, and is it probable
that no radical change has taken place in human
nature since then. Did not the Conqueror’s sons, the
sons of Henry II, the son of James III of Scotland,
and many others, levy war against their royal progenitors? Did not wicked Adolff of Gueldres imprison,
beat, and cruelly maltreat the poor white-haired old
duke, his father? There was more lip-service in bygone
days, but perhaps not such a difference as to hearty
reverence and honest affection as the Rev. Laud Oriel
imagines.

When we get down to the Stuart reigns, to the
Georgian reigns, we find Paterfamilias still rather a
tremendous personage. His spouse and children paid
him homage, even when his personal character sug-
gested any other than reverential emotions. There
was Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, that wild, wicked,
clever courtier, he who outdid in sins and epigrams the
most rakes of the time, and who died so meekly
and repentantly at last with good Bishop Burnet
praying at his bedside. Yet letters from his wife
Katharine are extant, in which this man is addressed
with adulation, with foul humility, and Scripture
phrases, and a tone of pious respect—such much
letters as a religious daughter might have addressed
to a saintly parent. Was Countess Katharine a
hypocrite, then? Or does History lie when she shows
us the madcap earl reeling with drink, proaching
mock sermons, masquandering as an Italian mountebank, or rioting in the suburbs? Neither, most prob-
ably; but Countess Katharine, like Countess Wilmot:
Lettor-writer of her time dietated, and her faithless
husband was canonised ex officio.

All through the last century, it was customary for
well-bred persons to address their father and mother
formally as ‘Sir’ and ‘Madam,’ to beg their blessing
before a journey, and to beg, or feel extreme
deference for their judgment. To argue with them
was regarded as presumptuous, even sinful; and the
daughter who declined a consort of her mother's choosing, or the son who persisted in selecting his own profession, met with severe blame on all hands. Fathers clung to the horsewhip as a Palladium of authority, and nothing but nothing could prevent a contumacious child of twenty or so to a locked-up chamber, bread and water, and Tilton's Sermons. The same censure fell with a great rain, the discipline of the older school; its wholesome maxims were forgotten or laughed at; the proverbial phrases it delighted in—as that 'Little boys should not ask questions,' and so forth—fell flat upon the ear.

Come when you 're called, and do what you 're bid; Shut the door after you, and you 'll never be—

Pshaw! what rational infant of our day could endure such miserable doggery! The emancipation of the nursery, like other emancipations, grew out of education and the progress of ideas. First of all, learning really did, as the Latin grammar tells us it will, make manners milder; secondly, instruction produced confidence. Parents began to respect their well-taught children, who seemed so much older and wiser than they saw their past selves, in the mirror of memory, as at one and the self-same time. They blended, with native quickness, that mamma and papa knew a good deal less of the 'logies,' of French irregular verbs, and modern history, than Master John and Miss Clarinda. It was one thing for a son who could not spell to believe in the infallibility of a father who could not read; and another for little Tommy, who can tell how far off the moon is, and who has discovered the Georgium Sidus, and knows 'all about' galvanism and photography and the Indo-Germanic languages, and the zoophytes and algae, and much more, to respect the wisdom of a parent who did not know where the Zambesi river is, nor who the False Demetrius was, nor how to make collection.

We therefore find children freely imparting facts to the authors of their existence, affably setting them right when their impressions are erroneous, and keeping the old folks well posted up in the latest discoveries, improvements, and solving of nature's problems. We find them volunteering their own opinions in the frankest manner, debating, arguing, and pooh-poohing the traditions of antiquity with a vigour and pertinacity not in the stigma of 'flippancy.' The title sets their way, and the world is with them. Our age is for truth, as opposed to authority, when the two principles clash. The consequences are curious. Did you ever notice the difference between Mrs Grundy of the preposterperfect generation, born in 1790, let us say, and Mrs Grundy of a later date. The one sails about, magisterial and majestic, with her brood of grown-up daughters, grown up long ago, alas! at her heels. They are old maids now, but she calls them the 'girls,' and they have the stiff angularity and starch of the school-room yet. They know little, and never learned to think for themselves, and mamma supplies them with dresses, ideas, pocket-money, and principles. The old lady is mistress of her own house, and never endured a contradiction in the course of her life, nor owned herself mistaken or wrong under any conditions. Now for modern Mrs Grundy, born too soon to learn the accomplishments of the age, but too late to be indurated in the principles of divine right and awful supremacy. She is a poor bat, neither mouse nor bird. As she goes about with her daughters, she always has a throng of ducklings. The young birds will take to the water, while she stands chucking unregarded warnings on the back of the neck, her daughter is frank and decided, and have the courageous candour of the century, so different from the self-conscious bashfulness of old days. She admires them, and is rather in awe of them, and they know it. Their Balmoral boots, sea-side jackets, plummed hats, and jaunty cloaks, the skill and daring with which they ride, or bathe, or play croquet, or draw the bow, or dance, their health and enjoyment, their accomplishments, command of foreign tongues, their taste for ferns, aquariaums, and what not, scare the poor woman.

She does not command them, does not scold, but remonstrates gently, chaperones them, and goes about with them more like an elder sister of neglected education than as a family chiefness, as was once the mode. She is not didactic, and is not much put out by being laughed at. Her sons treat her kindly, but would as soon think of asking her blessing, under ordinary circumstances, as they would of begging for that of the Rev. T. Sniffles, the new curate, who blushes when spoken to. Nobody, not even herself, values her opinion very highly. She is loved, but not esteemed an oracle, and I should like to see her bully awful Miss Grindler, the prioress governess. And how should it be otherwise? Forty years ago, women were valued for their most passive personal charms. Neutral tints were in demand. They were taught langour, drilled in coquetry, trained into helplessness. They played wavy Italian or French airs on the self-swell pianina; they read poetry; they took no exercise, and simmered innately when a dandy came up to pay them silly compliments that a girl of our day would laugh at.

And Paterfamilias, how does he take the change? Will he, in case of one of those differences which occur in even the best regulated households, fetch the thundering cat horsewhip out of its dark lair in the study-corner, and flog little Alfred, as his father before him flogged him when he robbed orchards or stole jam-pots? Certainly not. The very idea is absurd. Flog that bright relick, little fellow, in black velvet knickerbockers, with those great, solemn eyes, and that bold, frank bearing, a true gentleman of three feet nine inches! For children have much improved, as well as the rest of us. Where, now, is the sulky, gawky, bread-and-butter eating Miss of fourteen, she whose pinafore, and awkward stiffness, and silent stupidity glare upon us from old scrapbooks? Where, too, is little Alfred's prototype, that incorrigible Master Tommy or Jacky in the ugly skeleton suit, or the crumpled frill and inky jacket, a boy at once shy and mischievous, awkward, who could not answer a stranger, nor look a lady in the face, nor keep out of hot water? You might cane Tommy; he howled, but he was used to it; but little Alfred! upon my word, his honest face and truthful speech might have mollified Mrs Brownrigg; and besides, Alfred would no more steal apples or jam, than he would parnix John the footman's silver watch that he has left accidentally on the pantry-table.

Yet Paterfamilias has its moments of annoyance. His young son, of whom he is not a little afraid, he seems so old and wise, like a fairy elf changing, sometimes treads on his corns, morally speaking. The junior now and then usurps the easiest arm-chair, pores over the newspaper when his elder wants it, contradicts the 'governor' a little too flatly, and uses old expressions of Yankee origin, which his father can hardly comprehend. The youth's cigars, his dress, his latch-key, his bachelor-friends, his thoughts of Norway and the Nile, his politics and his practices, all jar with the traditions of bygone times. He respects his son, is proud of him, perhaps, but would prefer that he were of a different cut. And yet, he pays his bills when he can, and takes out his daughters to places of polite entertainment, and bears much good-humored quizitism. Paterfamilias is not on her knees to him any more; she has found him out, and is aware that he knows much less than the olive branches, and not so very much more than
herself. So they consult about ways and means, and
are on terms of something very near equality, and for
every six henpecked husbands there are some half-
dozen who rule the roost at home. Paterfamilias, in
general, bears his burdens and does his duty manfully
and kindly. Not always. We all know some Sir
Anthony Absolute, who quarrelled with his offspring
till he succeeded, in driving his sons out of doors, and
in owing the spirit of his daughters. We may every
day see the toasty old fellow go down to his club,
drumming with his stick upon the pavement, and
scowling defiance at society for jostling him. There
are some men who drive away their sons quite
naturally, as an old cock crows and flaps, and plies
his spurs, until he has driven younger chancellors
ignorant. This not seldom occurs when there is an entailed estate, and perhaps
a title, which must, willy nilly, go down to the heir.
There are many who grudge a son his enforced
succession, who view him as an enemy waiting for
their vacant shoes, and who spitefully try to starve
him during their own lives. It is notorious that
conspicuous-about, are not usually on the best of terms
with reigning majesty. The young man may really
long and wish for the bright prize, and if he be never
so disinterested, there are plenty to buzz suspicion
into the monarch’s ears—ah! the monarch’s ears, or
Sir John’s, or those of Mr Maw the eminent brewer,
or of Mash’s foreman, for flatterers may beset the
humblest, where a penny can be turned. But if the
old gentleman does not awake from his lethargy to
find Prince Hal trying on the diadem before the pier-
glass, he may have some right to winces; only he
should not believe his dear well-wisher, Buckbite, too
implicitly, when he says he saw the Prince thus
engaged. I fancy that fewer of us long for inherit-
ances than those from whom the heritage must come
perhaps imagine.

These latter persons, these banishers of children,
and enemies of their own flesh and blood, do not
fairly count in the category. True Paterfamilias,
blessings on his honest heart, never does a cruel thing.
He may chide, he may chafe, but he shares his last
rust with wife and bairns; he may be puzzled to
make both ends meet, but his children love him; and
the tears that fall on his cheek when they lay him in
his last home are none the less bitter and sincere than
if he had been the most peremptory domestic autocrat
that medieval Britain ever saw.

THE LOUNGER IN THE EXHIBITION.
THE NORTH COURTS AND GALLERIES.

There is one great advantage about the north courts,
which will be felt more and more as the weather
becomes warmer—they are better ventilated and less
crowded than any other part of the building. The
great opening to the Horticultural Gardens in the
centre introduces a large supply of air, and the major-
ity of the courts themselves do not attract what the
philosophers call ‘the rapid and irrefective.’ Colonies
generally are avoided by this class. Hardheaded,
hard-handed, practical folk, on the contrary, frequent
the colonial courts, with an eye perhaps to possible
emigration. They discover objects of vital interest
in Queensland, for instance (one of the most easily of
the north courts), which offers to the rest of the
world only wines, wools, woods, and some very
unpretentious-looking birds. In New South Wales, there is a very heterogeneous
collection of products, including Alpacas born at Sydney
(out of which are made the umbrellas of many uncon-
scious visitors), models of towns, and sugar-plums.
Emus and kangaroos are here exhibited of pure
Australian gold; as well as specimens of gold from the
various auriferous districts. I met two gentlemen
here disputing upon the various merits of Summer
Hill and Abercornie gold-fields, who inquired of me
whether I had ever been to those localities, and could
settle their argument. While I spoke with them,
there came up a third gentleman, apparently a
stranger to the other two, and joined in our conversa-
tion with much urbanity. The conclusion of the
matter was, that this last individual invited us all
home to his lodgings, where he had a particularly
fine sample of Australian gold to dispose of at a fabu-
ously low price. They were all most courteously
pressing that I should make one of the party, and I
consented to do so; ‘only,’ said I, ‘I must be accompa-
nied by my friend yonder—in blue—who, I perceive,
is making his way towards us.’ The evanishment of
my three acquaintances at the appearance of the
policeman was instantaneous.

One of the best arranged of the colonial courts is
Natal, which is very the epitome of a colony, containing
all things peculiar to itself, from its fruits to its
travelling wagons. Its birds, shells, and butterflies
are very beautiful, but its natives, pictures of whom
are hung about the walls, are very much the reverse.
In Western Australia, there are cabinets of sandal-wood
very neatly executed by convicts, which excite the
agricultural admiration. ‘Deary me,’ exclaimed one
middle-aged lady, who, if her ears did not deceive her,
came from the Vale of Berkshire, ‘so they can be of
some use even in prison, can’t they? And all these
little drawers come open, I suppose—but don’t you
go a-pullin’ on ’em, Mary Jane. And made o’ scandal-
wood, too, be they; well, that sounds odd, too, don’t
it?’ There is some beautiful feather-work of this
court which would charm the ladies of fashion if they
ever ventured in this out-of-the-way locality—which
they do not. There are some tables of curious woods
in the New Zealand courts, but except these, this
exceedingly befuddled colony has little to show.
I never see Otago (which he pronounced Ought-to-go)
advertised, observed a curious roady fellow whom I
met in this place, ‘and I see it advertised everywhere,
but what I think of Ought-not-to-go. They’ll never
catch me emigrating nowheres; and cos why: I bin.’

In the Bahamas, there is some exquisite shell-work,
specimens of pink pearl, and among its little list of
practical products, some very good sponges. The
medieval court has an appropriate gloom about it not
ungrateful in these dog-days, and contains things
curious and laborious enough, if not absolutely beau-
tiful; intensely decorated organs, funeral palms of
appliquéd work; alms-bags, credence cloths, post-
communion napkins, satin damask for dossels—
whatever those may be—and every description of
ecclesiastical upholstery.

It is impossible to particularise the various objects
of luxury and comfort with which the furniture
rooms are filled to overflowing. Those in the
cabinet seem to attract the greatest crowds, and Collman’s
sideboard in oak, with the partridges and other game
ready carved upon it, is perhaps the most favourite
specimen. There are two other sideboards, however,
north of the pavilion; one of wooden workmanship;
the other illustrative of the plays of Shakespeare
and the other of the incidents in Robinson Crusoe.
The whole value of the department, entitled
Western Africa (with the exception of some good
cocoa-nut matting), might be represented by about
The Russian department, which we now enter upon, is one of the most interesting, because the most characteristic of the northern courts. We perceive here the products of that sort of industry which ministers to the tastes of the wealthy affording a curious contrast to the comforts of the middle classes, or the necessities of the poor. We look in vain for much evidence of national wealth, but we find abundant proof of the riches and prodigality of the ruling class. The ornaments, the jewellery, the painted china here exhibited might have been made in Paris, except for their reckless disregard of cost.* The very books are flaming with barbaric gold and jewels, and these is a New Testament which alone is valued at £478. There are also some handsome bells, which doubtless have had the advantage of ecclesiastical blessing, and an inconsiderable show of raw and manufactured goods. Norway and Sweden exhibit comfortable sledges, and certain vehicles called cariocios, somewhat similar to those which in England are used for trotting-matches. The life-sized figures here, so brilliantly but cheaply bedizened, are not, as some visitors suppose, their majesties the king and queen of the country, but a Norwegian bride and bridegroom of the peasant class.† Among the most singular of the works of devotion in the building, there is in this court a series of the images of the Lord and the Saviour cut out with a pair of scissors, and among the books, a biography of Hedley Vicars in Norwegian. Denmark offers many doubtless admirable furs, the very look of which, however, causes the August visitor to despise; cutlery of all sorts, surgical instruments, including some artificial leeches—which can be made to ‘leave off’ at pleasure without pinching their tails—and feather-work, some of which last makes up what its ticket calls ‘A lady collar of Greenland’s birds.’

The Swiss court is one great watchmaker’s shop. There are watches of all sorts and sizes, ornamented in every possible way; watches set in bracelets and decorated with sapphires, with garnets, with rubies, in snuff-boxes, set in gold or in pictures; gold hunting-watches so thin as to be contained within a crown-piece; and even watches in rings. There is the Universal Clock that tells the time not only at Brompton, but all over the world—at Peking, at Valparaiso, at New Orleans, and all this in a minutes’ notice to keep a sharp look-out upon the calendar, and noting every month, and week, and day as it goes by. The mechanical singing-birds are also very sweet performers in this month of May, and attract no less notice than ever did nightingale in wood; one of them, just as it has finished its little ravishing tune, is seized upon by a (mechanical) cat, to the openly expressed indignation of the juvenile spectators. Holland, without being at all brilliant (which was not expected of her), presents an appearance exceedingly comfortable and housewife. She has substantial carpets and coaches; pulpits and China; liqueurs to conclude the evenings in a becoming manner, and wadded quilts. Belgium has furnished forth a tailor’s shop of gigantic dimensions, which occupies a space that Art can little spare; but she has also several well-executed statues. In her war department there is a certain wheelbarrow which beats anything we ever saw in a panopticon for the multiplicity of its transformations, it being convertible into a camp-bed, an ambulance, a tent, a boat, or a bridge.

The gallery above the notebook is but a short one, and does not demand any tedious scrutiny, its contents being principally stuffs and fabrics, and ‘long span yarns,’ which certainly need not to be repeated here. The effigy of a gentleman in a white worsted costume to be purchased for nine shillings—is the

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* Extravagant as their prices are, they have all got sold upon them.
† This misconception was strengthened when these effigies were moved into the nave, to receive the Swedish awards from the Duke of Cambridge.
principal attraction here for males, as the artificial flowers and the Brussels lace are for females. Moving eastward, along the northern gallery, we pass through Belgium, whose painted windows gratify one sense, while its leathers offend another; through Denmark, of which the chief production appears to be lithographed blinds (misleading foreigners with the idea that the country); and through Switzerland with its raised maps, which attract at least as much admiration as they deserve. If the Swiss could not make raised maps, by what method, I should like to know, could even that ingenious people represent their country upon paper? The Dutch might just as well be applauded for making their maps of such a beautifully dead-level. Where there is little to praise, however, that little gets much belauded; and it is a melancholy fact that certain nations have used the northern galleries of the International Exhibition as a place where rubbish may be shot. Russia contributes a few good pictures, but more boots, besides a vast stock of Russian-American India-rubber, which only seems to differ from the ordinary sort in its more disagreeable smell. In Norway, there are some interesting specimens of Lap houses—made of flannel and sail-cloth; curious household contrivances used by the Norwegian peasantry; and some plentiful, which are simple enough compared with their astonishing brethren of the Eastern Annexes.

The Egyptian collection is highly characteristic and interesting. There are a number of gold ornaments which, until lately, enhanced the charms of a mummy queen who reigned about 1910 B.C.—the Cleopatra of four thousand years ago. There are ivory carvings, and rich embroideries; glittering but cumbersome horse-furniture, and saddles of surpassing splendour for donkeys and camels; jewels made by the negroes of Bamboula; exquisite pipes; yataghans, and modern weapons, less picturesque but more effective, from the government manufactories at Cairo. Ecuador sends some pictures by native Indians, evidently copied from Italian Raphael altarpieces. Next to this is a very dangerous court indeed, into which no prudent man will venture to take his wife—the court of Travelling-Bags. If I were to travel with any travelling-bag there purchased, I should think of nothing else until I got safe home with it; and in any case, of misadventure or delay, my first question then would be always: 'Where is the travelling-bag?' My second: 'Where are the dear children?' Manufacturers should not be permitted to expose a species of goods at once so tempting to the female and so ruinous to the male, or, if the temptation be resisted, so calculated to shake the pillars of domestic peace. One method of defence, however, is for the husband to pass into the next department, that of Philosophic Instruments—and there to pretend to have a fancy for something pretty expensive, such as the Portable Laboratory for a Travelling Metallurgist, for instance. When the wife says: 'What nonsensical extravagance, Charles!' Charles can reply: 'Very good, love; only none of your gold-stoppered, Russia-leathered, ivory-mounted Companions for the dressing-table, my precious darling.' Among the wonders here is an Acoustic chair, ornamented with two gaping lions' mouths, through which,—as through their prototype at Venice—the very deafest may listen to all that his relatives (under the impression that he cannot hear because he has not got his trumpet in his hand) may have to say against him. For deaf persons of the softer sex, there are small instruments contrived in head-dresses and ornaments, so that the very artificial rose, into which you whisper your soft nothings, and the jewel that trembles at your furtive caresses, are mere acoustic apparatuses. There are worse kinds of surgical instruments than these, which it turns our blood cold to contemplate; while one corner of the department is wholly given up to galvanic bands. Visitors seem as fond of trying these on, as of being weighed for nothing, or of getting gratuitous scent upon their pocket-handkerchiefs, but it is certainly a very shocking amusement.

Upon the bridge that leads from this spot to the refreshment-gallery is to be seen Peter's extraordinary conservatory for minia in the country; and through the un instructed eye, there appears nothing but a large-sized and rather blunt pencil making meaningless dots and marks upon a piece of paper; but by the magic of science, these strokes are transmitted at the top of the instrument into actual writing, quite legible indeed through a powerful glass, but so infinitesimal, that the whole Bible could thus be written out twenty-two times in the space of a square inch, and the Lord's Prayer three hundred and fifty-six thousand times in the same area. The machine writes slowly, and took, I was informed, two days and a half to transcribe the first chapter of St. John. The uses of this invention will of course be very exceptional, but also very valuable, in the case of secret dispatch-writing in time of war. A messenger might conceal the plan of a campaign under his thumb-nail.

Proceeding eastward, we come upon the stationary court, some of the specimens of which are calculated to arouse some of the worst passions of the human breast: leaves from cheques-books that suggest forgery to the least imitative of mankind, and genuine notes—for from five to a thousand pounds—whose attractiveness is only marred by the one word cancelled, unpleasantly distinct in the right-hand corner. Among the examples of Bank-notes, there are some that, to those who are ignorant of the Black Art of the Composer, must appear not a little libellous. As illustrations of the various kinds of types used by different Companies and Institutions, there are the following:

'The messengers of Julian had been instructed to despatch with diligence the important mission intrusted to them; in their passage, however, they were detained in consequence of the numerous delays of the London Manchester and Birmingham Railway.'

Nor does the extract appear less insulting, when, in smaller type, it extends a little further:

'The messengers of Julian had been instructed to despatch with diligence the important mission intrusted to them; in their passage, however, they were detained in consequence of the numerous delays of the Provincial Governors, who caused them to be conducted to Constantinople by the most tedious

Hammer smith Literary and Scientific Institution.'

The north-east gallery is monopolised by the products of India, and affords yet another example, of which there are so many in the Exhibition, of a land that has grown luxuriously without becoming civilised; hookahs and inlaid sandal-woods; jewelled muskets and crystal-handled daggers; state parasols and golden trees—all these abound here: there is also much furniture, admirably carved by native artists, including a European piano sent out on purpose to be thus decorated by Madras workmen. The extreme north gallery running beside the refreshment rooms is mainly given up to saddlery and divers raw products; but at this eastern end of it there is a case worth visiting, that contains the current coins of all countries; there is also a model, exhibited by the Association for protecting the Fisheries, of the various apparatus at sea, which makes us tremble for that surely approaching period when our favourite fish shall become unattainable by persons of moderate means. The Association, however,
BOOK-PRINTS.

On taking up a book for the first time, probably three people in four will look at the frontispiece, if there be any pictures before reading a single page; and many will lay it down in disappointment, if they find letterpress only. To children, the pictures are by far the most attractive part of a book; and if the subjects are well chosen, a lively description of the engravings will give them the contents of the volume in the way most likely to fix their attention.

To give pictures of the figures, or similes by which a writer may explain his meaning or enliven an abstruse passage, is to illustrate an illustration, and such books may rather be said to be ornamented than illustrated. For instance, we take up Bacon's Essays; the frontispiece is a tolerable portrait of our great philosopher, and we feel interested in seeing how far that powerful mind is expressed in the head and face; but opposite, in a vignette, we see the rebel angels expelled from heaven. Our first thought is, that the picture is a mistake for one of the Paradiso Lost, and has slipped in here through a mistake of the binder; but beneath, we read: 'The desire of power in exiles caused the angels to fall.' There is scarcely an attempt to render to the local colour; a light dress would have nearly the same treatment as a dark one, unless, indeed, the latter was nearly black; whereas, in the best specimens by later engravers, one may almost tell whether a piece of drapery is intended for red, blue, or brown by the distinction of tint and texture. In the earlier productions, the difficulty of handling the grave and etching-point is lost; and partly owing, perhaps, to the haste in which they were done at very low prices. There appears to have been a gradual improvement in book-etchings—and our remarks apply only to prints in books—till they reached their culminating point of merit, in what may be termed the golden age of illustration, and that period we are inclined to fix as including the last twenty years of the eighteenth, and the first twenty-five of the present century. During that period, there were many painters who made pictures or drawings for book-publishers, who were immersed with the true spirit for the work, and engravers were found who translated their pictures into black and white with great correctness and delicacy. It would be tedious to chronicle the names, or discuss the merits of all those who embellished with pictures such works as Bell's British Poets, the Novelist's Magazine, the British Theatre, &c. But our two great favourites, by whose standard we involuntarily test the merits of the rest, deserve, and shall have a short notice.

T. Stothard, R.A., is a name found below great numbers of little engravings, and what charming little gems they are! He has been called the English Raphael, and well deserved the name. His female figures especially are exquisitely graceful, and of a childlike, or, we should rather say, an angelic simplicity, for one could almost imagine that Stothard was favoured with visions of angels, instead of being compelled to study from the marble figures or plaster casts that seem to have given their rigidity to the figures of Westall and others of his contemporaries.

But it is only in the enchantment that the beauty of Stothard's designs is perfectly preserved. In the work of this engraver, at least in his book-plates, for his style was not so well adapted to large engravings, we see correctness of drawing combined with a freedom of execution that nothing can surpass. The lines seem to flow just in that
direction, and with exactly the width between them which will best express the nature of the surfaces to be described. To those who, from the habit of comparing engravings together, have acquired the power of appreciation, there is an indescribable charm in the manner in which he twisted the lines about the folds of a coat, or the delicate, filigree white dresses of the ladies. The very angle at which his secondary lines cross the first and strongest row, is so well chosen, that the Heath-cutting, as it is technically called, is the model to imitate which most juvenile engravers are set; he is, in fact, the most classic of book-print engravers.

There is, too, a peculiar charm in the circular or oval shapes common to book-prints of this period. They were usually surrounded by an engraved border, which sometimes helped the story symbolically, but was principally of use in giving delicacy and refine ment to the subject by the width between the lines, and the rougher texture of the surface. By the introduction of a little shadow on one side, the engraving was made to appear lifted from the border, as though it had fallen upon it.

It is satisfactory to know that the works of James Heath are held in such esteem by the keeper of the prints, that he has now formed a collection of them, a distinction with which few engravers have been honoured. But while we con fess to a predilection in favour of Stothard and Heath, we must not underrate the merits of many others, of whom we will mention R. Smirke, a painter who was remarkable for the expression of his heads, and the powerful as well as pleasing arrangement of light and shade. He illustrated Don Quixote in a manner which, if not in all respects equal to the illustrations of that fascinating work by his great rival Stothard, has at least the merit of being more Spanish.

Richard Cook exhibits such wonderful taste and skill in the many designs he has made from the British poets, that we cannot imagine how one who could paint so well could abandon the arts for many years before his death. The feeling he has displayed in portraying the heroes and beauties of Greece and Rome will always be admired, but we think never excelled.

It is time to say something of landscape, in the painting and engraving of which the English have perhaps surpassed all other nations. If, in the rendering of historical or fancy subjects, we have a right to expect care and thought, so in landscape the artist should give the literal truth with the picture represents an actual place; and even if it be but of those uninteresting things called composition pictures, it should at least look as if it might exist. Of course, in the choice of atmospheric effects, and in the introduction of figures, some licence may be allowed, but the first should not demand too much attention, and the last should be suitable.

As landscapes are portraits of places continually changing their aspect, they possess an interest for the antiquary. There are some hundreds of views in the Beauties of England and Wales, which, though not of the highest order, and such as might now be thought coarse and rusty-looking, to our judgment are among the best engravings of their kind. There is a look of reality about them which would make us believe in them, even if we did not know how true they are to many spots we are well acquainted with. There is a freedom of execution and variety of touch which we may seek in vain in many highly finished prints of later date. Amid Scotland has left us, received due justice in the pictures of her far famed localities which are sometimes joined to the works of other artists. To speak of Ireland—a set of twenty-four—engraved by Milton, which need no higher praise than that they have as much of the merits of Weelclis's celebrated land-}

scapes after Wilson as can be got into so small a space.

Now, just as mail-coach travelling improved till the invention of steam, so, about 1825, a discovery was made which caused a revolution in the art of engraving. This was the possibility of casting thin steel-plates, and softening them sufficiently to enable the graver and etching-point to act upon them. At first, this was considered an unmixed advantage, and, in a commercial point of view, perhaps it was; for a steel-plate would allow thousands of impressions to be printed from it, when the softer copper would only yield hundreds. The publishers could afford to give a larger price, hoping to be repaid by the extended sale. Again, a greater minuteness and delicacy of finish were possible on the harder material. A great impetus was given to the production of engravings. It will be remembered how the annu als sprang into a brilliant but ephemeral popularity— Keepsakes, Amulets, Bijous, and Books of Beauty rivalling each other in the beauty of their engravings and silk covers. Works such as Shakespeare's, Pope's, Johnson's, Spen ser's, and Kugler's, were brought out at a great expense, and yet proved very profitable speculations. Engravers had more work than they could execute in the period fixed on them, prices were high, and for a time all went well.

But at length a reaction ensued. Many of the annu als were little more than showy pictures, with trashy, insipid stories; they threw away the proper order, in which the painter should follow the writer, and not precede him. As engravings on steel did not soon show signs of wear, after illustrating one book, they were frequently made to do duty again, with, if possible, a still feeble tale to drag in the position. Thus, we have seen Diana Vernon, and other heroes and heroines of Scott's novels, shown up again in the most unexpected situations, to illustrate tales certainly not like Sir Walter's.

But in the material itself there were drawbacks. With no wish to decry the merit and exquisite beauty of many engravings on steel, we think much was lost by the change to so hard a material. The steel-plate being too nearly of the same temper with the steel tool that cuts its surface, the engraver works in constant expectation of the breaking of the point, which interferes very much with an easy and graceful execution. As regards landscape, too, we should perhaps sur prise some by expressing an opinion that the influence of our greatest landscape painter has been prejudicial to the true interest of art. It is easy to see to what an extent his great and deserved success has influenced many who have looked at his pictures with admiration, and transition to see his effects of light and shade; and a tendency of this kind is more pernicious in representing the facts of nature, than the fictions of the imagination. This remark only applies to drawings made to be engraved, and so to enter into rivalry with prints after Turner.

But it is not at all with a wish to find fault with the art as it is, but rather to direct attention to a period in the history of book-illustration which has passed away, and of which the traces will each year become more indistinct. To speak now only of the copper-plate prints which we have tried to prove had a peculiar charm arising from the facility of their execution, were very limited in the number which could be taken from each plate; probably, after some three hundred were struck off, the finer lines were worn out, leaving a kind of glory round the coats, hats, &c., which, if dark, were engraved with stronger and deeper lines. And it was those who were intended to be the limit of tolerable impressions which could be printed, the bloom and beauty of some of the more delicate engravings with which we are familiar only a hundred. If to these considerations we add the effects of time, bad usage, the burning or other destruction of many of the books which contain these little
gem, it will be admitted that it is desirable that all
who value what is beautiful in art should, according
to their opportunity, help to preserve pictures, which,
like the books of the libyl, must rise in value as they
decrease in number. It is melancholy to think how
many have been torn out of books to amuse children,
who would have been better pleased with the costest-
coloured picture. We do not regard the calf, the
touch, even if printed matter be unworthy of the illustration; but doubtless many
little book-prints are lying about unvalued, or may
be found in scrap-books in unworthy company, and
their preservation is recommended to that numerous
class who have always some pictorial hobby on hand.
What more pleasing amusement can be suggested for
a winter evening than the arrangement or mounting of
these little treasures. The aid of a magnifying
glass of moderate power will be found of great use in
tracing the manner in which the engraver has ren-
dered the different textures, or indicated the distances
of objects. Few people are aware of the taste and
skill which are employed on engravings, the very per-
fec tion of whose execution leads to a general sup-
position that they are produced by some machinery,
of what nature, few inquire. But it is to the sympathy
and tender handling of the fair sex that we especially
commend the graces of the beautiful children
which emanated from the pencil of Stothard, and
were multiplied by the graver of Heath. Surely
a collection of such engravings is quite as interesting
as a cabinet of shells or of coins; and even in an
antiquarian point of view, there is much that is
interesting in the dresses of different periods, though,
doubtless, the pleasing flow of the drapery is often
due rather to the judicious treatment of the painter,
than to the taste of the dressmakers and milliners of
the day. Evidently, from prints of churches and homes,
their grandeur and antiquity may derive the most valuable
assistance.

The passion for getting together engravings that
bear on particular subjects has always prevailed to a con-
siderable extent. Some have collected every print
connected with their native town or country, whether
portraits of eminent men or pictures of remarkable
buildings. Sometimes books which were either
scantily illustrated or not at all, have been rebound
with blank leaves, on which everything is pasted that
seems to bear, however remotely, upon the favourite
subject. A most striking instance of this is seen in
the fancy which seized some of the rich collectors of
prints and books for getting together engravings of
the celebrities mentioned in Granger's Biographical
Dictionary. Some of these collections were carried
so far as to be worth large sums of money—one, we
remember, was sold for L300, after several of the
most valuable prints had been taken out to be sold
separately.

It may seem an unfortunate instance to give of the
extent to which the passion for collecting book-
prints may be carried, to mention a gentleman of
good position in society who could not resist the
temptation of stealing some engravings, which, upon
a search, were discovered in a drawer, where they
were kept to be seen by no eye but his own, proving
that though a love of the arts may refine the taste, it
will not make people honest. There is, however, just
this drawback from the merit of collecting, that it
does not—fear we do not—tend to improve morality.
Be it fossils or coins, or gems or pictures, or
prints or books, or autographs, it certainly induces a
grasping feeling, hardly compatible with a just respect
for the rights of other people.

We have a remarkable instance of the effect of a
work being well illustrated in Rogers's Italy and
Pleasures of Memory; the poet-banker, being naturally
anxious to prove that there should be an attractive edition of
his works, employed Turner upon the landscapes, and
Stothard upon the figure-subjects. Their drawings
were put into good hands to engrave, and the result
was, that the two volumes were so attractive as to
find their way to many drawing-room tables, where
poems of at least equal merit are seldom seen, and
what was probably undertaken as an expensive fancy,
proved a paying speculation. As we have mentioned,
in these books the prints were on the same page as
the letterpress, and were engraved on large plates, so that
the plate-mark might be cut off.

It is hardly enough to disclaim any wish to depre-
ciate the merit of living artists in book-illustration;
there is much brought out now that merits our
warmest praise. The point to which wood-cuts have
been carried, with a delicacy of tints which it might
have been supposed the material on which they are
engraved would not admit of, is a striking feature in
thousands of books issuing annually from the press;
and as the nature of the process admits of the picture
being printed at the same time with the letterpress,
the illustration or diagram may be brought into close
proximity with the passage that requires elucidation.
Wood engraving is seen to the greatest advantage in
vignettes, where little or no background is required;
but when it seeks to imitate engravings on steel or
copper, its weak points are clearly to be seen, as a
want of richness in the blacks, and of refinement in
the lights.

From the time of the appearance of the Pickwick
Papers, with their piquant sketches by Phiz, it has
been the fashion to illustrate some monthly publications
with etchings, probably because the process is quick
and inexpensive; and for works of a comic character,
no doubt they are admirably suited.

A somewhat more careful engraving and finished style of
etching has been used for works of a graver nature, in
some of which great feeling and a strong appreciation
of the author are displayed. We will only mention a
volume of Tennyson's Poems, in which the poet's spirit
is sometimes so embodied in the pictures, that one
would almost think that, like another Admirable Crichton,
he must have painted and engraved them himself.
But these, while they have their need of praise, are
not our subject now; our business is with the dead,
and the little time-stained scraps of paper which bear
the impress of their genius—prints and engravings
which may be lying about in unregarded corners, or some-
times sold for almost nothing at a book-stall. To
your intelligent appreciation and tender handling,
gentle readers of both sexes, we commend them.

MY LANDLORD'S CUSTOMER.

"O please, sir, would you come down stairs, missus
says?" O please, sir, would you please be quick, for
master's gone out of his senses, and we can't hardly
hold him.

It was little Emma, the tidy but very small maid-
svant of the lodgings who thus addressed me,
bursting quite violently into the trim first-floor par-
lour of 88 Regent Parade, Bubblewells Royal. I
lodged in that favourite and fashionable thorough-
fare, in the house of Abel Timms, tailor and outfitter,
whose shop was below, and it was the Timms' maid-
svant who had broken in upon the quiet enjoyment
of my newspaper by the above startling request.

"What do you mean?" I asked, looking up from the
Law Reports. "What do you want to hold master for?

"He wants to kill himself!" exclaimed the girl, and
a terrible scream from the lower rooms roused her appeal. I tossed down the paper, and scrambled
from my easy-chair with as much promptitude as
could be expected from any quiet bachelor of fifty
years' standing.

"Good gracious! this is really serious!" I exclaimed,
and ran downstairs. There I found Mrs Timms, a comely, kind-hearted young woman enough, very much out of breath, and struggling with her husband, who is very cetaneously and excited enough to justify the small domestic's statement. My first idea was that the tailor, in general the meekest and most civil of little men, had been drinking, and perhaps beating his wife, but it was plain that I was mistaken. The man's lank sandy hair was tossed and tumbled over his sallow face; his eyes were bloodshot, and had a wild look in them; he had torn off his neck-tie and collar, and an open razor lay on the table near him, for the possession of which weapon the conjugal scuffle was evidently going on.

My arrival put matters on a more comfortable footing. Between us we forced Timms into an arm-chair, and held him fast, in spite of his kicks and inarticulate moans, until the paroxysms passed away, and the poor little man began to cry and sob like a child.

"I think we may lose him now, sir," whispered Mrs Timms; "but oh, thank you, Mr Parkes; I can't bear to think what might have happened if you hadn't been by."

"Is he—is he often like this?" I asked in some perplexity, for I could not but suspect constitutional insanity, and there are pleasant things in life than to be domiciled with a lunatic."

"Never, sir, never before," answered the woman with energy, "we have been married three years, and a better, kinder husband than Abel never was, nor did I ever have a word of unkindness, never."

And here Mrs Timms put her apron to her eyes, and began to weep. All this was very embarrassing. A man who has passed the twelfth flower, who has never been married himself, is apt to have an almost superstitious dread of anything that looks like interfering in a matrimonial dispute. Besides, the thought of his discharged hand, of the slight armour of thing that goes to Bubblevilles for, I had enjoyed my sojourn, and derived benefit from the waters and country air; but the charm of the place would be destroyed if I were to be mixed up in domestic dramas with which I had nothing to do. Under the influence of these reflections, and seeing that the tailor's mood had changed from excitement to depression, I was for slipping off, when the little maid picked up a piece of paper from the floor, saying: 'I think, mum, master dropped this, please, sir.'

Mrs Timms was of course the proper person to take cognizance of the document; but as she had her apron to her eyes, and as the small servant held the slip within eight inches of mine, I could not help seeing that it was a cheque, on regular bankers' paper, adorned with the proper copperplate flourishes and address, and that across the penny-stamp was written in a fine bold hand the aristocratic signature of 'Fitz-Fluke.'

'Bless me—Fitz-Fluke!' ejaculated I.

The name acted on the tailor with talismanic potency. He ceased crying, clenched his fist, and stretching out his arm with a gesture that would have been tragic if used by a bigger man, exclaimed in a voice of real pathos: 'That's him! that's the villain that's mine me!'

I was thoroughly surprised. What?—Mr Fitz-Fluke—the Honourable Reginald Fitz-Fluke, of Eugenie Villa at Bubblevilles, and of Park Lane, London—who had been caroused and respected at the watering-place, and whose departure I had just been chronicled in the local newspapers! That Mr Fitz-Fluke was a cut-off of the Family of the Earl of F. F., his robes, his apartments, his stables, his carriage, his horses, his servants, his money, his stock in trade, was impossible to pass through the shop without seeing a brown paper parcel addressed to 'The Hon. Reginald Fitz-Fluke,' or a pair of silver-striped page's trousers, labeled 'Mr George Fitzgerald Eugenie Villa,' accidentally lying on the counter. Indeed, Abel was rather given to bragging of his noble customer, quoted the Fitz-Fluke opinions on all matters of taste within the province of the needle and shears, and even dished up, for the entertainment of humbler patrons, the wondrous tales told by the Fitz-Fluke returns to us of the size of the Earl of Canonbury, F. F.'s brother. And here was this very Abel Timms passionately proclaiming the Honourable Reginald a villain, and frankly accusing him of having caused his ruin.

Mrs Timms was a true woman; so long as there was any fear that her half-maddened husband would cut short his days by means of cold steel, she disregarded all his wild alarms to pacify customers; but, as soon as it appeared that tears would be shed instead of blood, she remembered her two children upstairs, and winced at the word 'ruin' as a mother's will. She therefore begged, in a hurried whisper, that I would be so kind as to stay and advise them, adding, that she could not bear to be left alone with 'Mr T.' just then; and she sent Emma up to attend to the children, who very opportunely began to wail from the attic, and applied herself to extract an explanation from her husband. This was no hard task. The poor little man's nature had been stired to its depths; he had been frantic and foolish, even to being tempted to self-destruction; but that fit was over now, and he was heartily sorry and ashamed.

His wife had not the heart to scold him, though he was an abasement perfect; and it was with sob and a broken voice that he stammered out his story.

Fitz-Fluke owed him a great deal of money. He had been 'patronised' by the great man through the hunting season that had lately ended, and Abel had watched with delight the frequency with which the aristocratic name of the Earl of Canonbury's brother found its way into his ledger. At last, the Hon. Reginald gave up Eugenie Villa, and went away, and then Timms sent in his bill, with a deferential note of apology for that slight of the noble person's attention. Of course, Fitz-Fluke most handsomely paid the bill by cheque—a cheque drawn on those well-known and eminent London banks as the North and Dibbs of Charing Cross, and signed, stamped, and dated in the most formal way. As for the amount, that would have been a fine-bite to some tradesmen in my landlord's line. Schaep and Hearne of Bond Street, or Crump and Slater of Conduit Street, would have smiled as they set it down among the 'bad debts' of their portly account-books. But to Timms its loss meant beggary, and nothing less. The Hon. Reginald had left twenty-eight pounds, seven shillings, made all the difference between comfort and destitution to the poor little struggling man. The truth is, Abel had been rather too sanguine and ambitious when he gave up his snug post as foreman to the great tailor of Bubblevold, Old Edie, and set up in business in so expensive a quarter as the Regent Parade; and, above all, when he married, on the strength of his bright prospects. To be sure, Mrs Timms was a good wife and manager, and the first-floor apartments had hitherto let well enough to pay, or nearly pay, the rent of house and shop. But custom came in slowly, and coin more slowly still. It is all very well to stick up a glass board in one's emporium, with 'Terms—Cah,' on it; but that harmless notice no more lesson the purse-strings of the public than a scarecrow frightens sparrows. People still have credit for clothes; and it is one thing, as Abel ought to have known, to have money owed one in all directions, and to have the satisfaction of figuring the actual gold and silver. Fitz-Fluke, noble, dashing, and apparently rich, had a little, Abel's clothes were from the uch of a shop like an auricular Jupiter of the nineteenth century. He had been trusted, and had paid—paid by cheque; and he had gone away, bearing with him Abel's little. In various parts of England, in the livery's that clothed his page and footman; in the drab coat of his coachman, and the drab gatters of his grooms; in the boxes and trunks of his family,
in the shape of riding-habits and juvenile jackets; and even in the gaudy coat that shielded his own Honourable shoulders.

The cheque had been presented by Abel Timms at the branch-office of the London and County Bank; of course, it had been endorsed, and had sent it up in their daily parcel to London, for transmission to the Charing Cross firm. Timms was to ‘look in on Tuesday’ for the money; but on Tuesday, poor Timms, when he edged his way through the customers around the counter of the bank, got no money at all; he merely received back the cheque, with the brief intimation that there were ‘not sufficient effects,’ and that there was one shilling to pay for postage, &c. Timms could not comprehend the dreadful truth at first. The clerk briefly enlightened him thus:

‘Not sufficient effects—that means that the drawer of the cheque had not a sufficient balance in their hands—McNeesh and Dible, that is—to meet the draft. He has a balance, but not enough; and they didn’t care to advance, I suppose. He should be more careful. One shilling, please.

Timms paid the shilling, and left the bank, catching at the idea of a mistake. He would write that very night to the Hon. Reginald, and explain the error into which his distinguished patron had inadvertently fallen. He knew the value of the house; he knew, in fact, the number of the house in Park Lane, and he would write. As he was cudgelling his brains, however, to find sufficiently civil terms wherein to jog his customer’s memory, he ran against an acquaintance, Grundy the confectioner, who came hurrying along in a towering rage, with a paper in his hand.

‘Grundy!’ cried the angry Grundy, ‘here’s an infernal business. We’re all let in for the amount of our bills, I do believe, by that Honourable humbug, Fitz-Fluke. Here’s his cheque for a hundred, seventy, ten; and the brief letter to me making the counter to the National Provincial, with “not sufficient effects” for all explanation. A pretty go! I’ve been supplying Eugene Villa all through the winter with half-soppers, extra-made dishes, and all sorts of goods— even the boys, hang ‘em, ran up quite long-chalk for raspberry-tarts and sweet stuff; and the cheque, that I thought as good as a Bank of England note, comes back on my hands like a bad half-penny. But he shall smart for it, if there’s law in England.’

‘Mayn’t there be—some mistake?’ gasped Timms, turning a white face to his master. The confectioner thought not. Miles, the grocer, had been similarly duped, he said, and so had the saddler, Silvertop. It was a clear case, Grundy thought. Poor Timms went home like a wretch pursued by the Furies; a mocking voice seemed to pour dark counsels into his ear, and bid him despair and die. His heart within him was heavy as lead. What was a mere inconvenience to the richer tradesmen, to Silvertop, Grundy, and Miles, was to him a crushing blow—a total smash. He had been imprudent, relying on Fitz-Fluke. He had given a bill at three months to Thurm and Salter, the clothiers, with whom he had dealt on credit. This bill was for eighty-four pounds. It would fall due very soon; and it could not be met, and the unlucky tailor knew well that no mercy could be expected in that quarter; he should be sold up. So, daunted and maddened by the gaunt spectre of destitution suddenly evoked, Abel lost his wits for the time, and, leaving his errand’s opportunity, rushed into the room where he stood, bare-necked, opening the razor, would have actually given one sensation paragraph the more to the newspapers, and have offered himself a bleeding victim to to the columns of Fitz-Fluke. No more fear of that now; the poor little man was calmed down from the momentary fever-flush, though it was pitious to hear his wife’s Upgrade weeping.

‘I trusted him, sir, as if he’d been a deak. He’s served me cruel; and I was uncommon moderate,
too, in my charges. I can take my looks of that, and particular in the hitches. What with buttonholes for the page, which his name was George, and state liveries for the footman and coachman—the plush bear’s alone six-and-ninepence a yard—riding ‘abits for the young ladies.’

‘O dear, I can’t stand this,’ I murmured to myself; and whispering a promise to Mrs Timms to think the matter over, and advise her to the best of my ability, I went upstairs to my own sitting-room. But in an hour there came a timid tap at the door, and Mrs Timms arrived to tell me the tale more succinctly and clearly than her bewilder’d spouse could do. Matters were evidently going ill with the young couple. Abel was such a minnow among the Tritons of trade, that a very little sufficed to put an end to his commercial existence. He had but little custom; and even if he were to affront all his supporters by dunning for his due, he could not hope to meet that bill of Thurm and Salter. That bill was the fatal loom in the distance, the anacondas to eat up the Timms family, body and bones. Without Fitz-Fluke’s money, he could not face the day of payment. An execution, clearing the house of furniture and lodgers, or taking the shop of cloth and trimmings, was imminent, and then Abel’s career would be nipped in the bud, and the transition to the workhouse be rapid indeed. It was a journey of doubt, he said, that he was asked for the pride of one who had been a master—a merchant-tailor! All property must go; the name of Timms must be in the Gazette; the body of Timms might even be lodged in jail for debt. ‘Mr Thurm is a hard, stern man, sir,’ said the poor wife, ‘a hard man indeed. And the poor children—oh, it is for their sakes I feel this rush.’

There was genuine grief in her look and tone; and though she was no electionist, and did pronounce the last word of the above sentence ‘ruin,’ I did not feel at all disposed to laugh. Most good creature she was—they were both good creatures. I had been well treated in their house; my joints had lasted their normal time, my sugar-basin and decanters had not been poked upon, and the cat had never glutted its appetite on any of the viands I had laid in for my own consumption; moreover, the attendance had been good, nursed through a spell of the gout, and Abel had most heedfully ‘finedrawn’ a rent in my favourite coat. What more could a reasonable lodger look for?

Decidedly, I had every reason to thank, and was sorry for, poor Mrs Timms. I have thought, but am not certain, that my landlady had a faint hope that I might perhaps cut the Gordian-knot by advancing the sum due to the clothiers; there was a wistful glance of Mrs Timms’ eyes that seemed to hint as much, and she lingered and lingered, and nervously tied and untied her apronstrings, and appeared anxious to say something that would not some trippingly off the tongue, and that poor woman, I am glad she did not put her wish into words, for to refuse would have been painful, and, as for paying the money, it was out of the question. A man with four hundred a year, less the income-tax, with expensive chambers in the Albany, with club-subscription, doctors to fee, charity-dinners to attend, and sea-side and mountain trips to provide for, cannot afford to sign away almost a quarter’s income at one scrape of a pen. Sincerely I wished I could allow myself the luxury of being generous, but it would never do. Eighty-eight pounds! quite out of the question—quite!

‘Mrs Timms,’ said I, ‘I really feel very sorry for you—on my word I do. But I am in a difficult position. As I told you, I am set straight. From what you tell me, I begin to fear that this Mr Fitz-Fluke is some artful swindler, victimizing the public under a borrowed name. Should this be so, he is probably known to the police; and as I am going to run up to London to-morrow for a couple of days, I will go to Scotland Yard, and
enlist the services of a detective. It is likely that so superior a knife as this would prefer impunity and a mullet, to Millbank and oakum—would pay the cheque, I mean, rather than go before a magistrate.

So saying, and hinting to Mrs Timms be of good cheer, since nothing could be easier than to track so ostentatious a fugitive, I somewhat hastily took my hat, and went out, for the landlady’s thanks were slightly hysterical, possibly as much from disappointment as excess of gratitude.

And yet, said I to myself, as I turned into the High Street, I may be on a false scent after all. If that Fitz-Fluke were really of base metal, an electroplated counterfeit of rank, he would surely have been detected before. Bubblewells Royal is full of experts. There’s that old Miss Scraper has the whole Peerce by heart, from A to Z, and knows the names, weights, and colours—no, I mean the ages, marriages, and circumstances of all the Honourables there enshrined. And Mrs Pryor has the history of every titled family at her finger-ends. Had he been an impostor, he never could have got with credit through the ordeal of our Bubblewells assemblies; and I knew he visited at the best houses.

Then my memory recalled the image of the Honourable Reginald, a fine portly man with gray whiskers, a florid complexion, and a fresh, jolly face, and how he used to march and talk and such an act as him in pink and mahogany tops, riding out to the ‘meet,’ and back from the hunt—seen him driving tandem, swaggering in and out of the shops and library with a pleasant word and a laugh for everybody—seen him at billiards, whist, balls, and dinners; and he had always seemed a gentlemanly jovial person, rather of the sporting order, but good-natured to even the humblest. Mrs Fitz-Fluke, to be sure, was a thin, sad-eyed woman, with rather a scarred face and silent manner; but the young ladies were handsome, dashing girls; and the boys like little fellows in knickerbockers and absurdly smart tunics. If Mr Fitz-Fluke were no Fitz-Fluke at all, but some Brown or Jones masquerading in a heraldic hide, all I could say was that the pretender must be a man of talents far above Cagistro himself. Wherever I went, I found the same opinion prevalent. News flies fast in such a place as Bubblewells, and every one I saw knew perfectly well that the Honourable Fitz-Fluke had tricked his tradesmen. Some were scandalised at the fraud, some chuckled over it, others hardly declared that it was no more than they had always expected, but no one appeared to dream that their departed acquaintance was an impostor. One or two of the more lenient ventured to hint that the whole affair might be a mere blunder, the inad ver tency on the part of the noble debtor—but they provoked almost as much derision as I did when I hinted my doubts as to whether Fitz-Fluke were Lord Canonbury’s brother after all. My expressions on this head were very ill received, being taken as an affront to the understanding of the community, and I distinctly heard Mrs Pryor whisper to old Lady Larkinings: ‘Poor Mr Parkes! If he knew a little more of good society, he would not make himself so ridiculous. Mr Fitz-Fluke an impostor!—preposterous!’

Nevertheless, when I went up to London on the following morning, my thoughts set steadily towards unmasking a rogue, and I began to feel a sensation of pique mingling with my sympathy for the tailor’s wrongs. I say the tailor, partly because Timms was my landlord, and partly because the grocer, pastry-cook, and saddler were all much better able to bear the losses sustained by them. Timms was my only client; I was not quite so enough to champion any other creditor in the matter of the too fascinating Fitz-Fluke. However, I resolved to act warily, and therefore called upon my solicitor, previous to taking steps in the matter. Mr Marshall was an old friend; he had given me briefs in former days, before I succeeded to my slender patrimony; and he received me cordially. The keen old lawyer knelt his beef-teas as I told him the history of Fitz-Fluke, and he scrutinised the protested cheque which formed my credential—and with which he did not scruple to find me before stating—as curiously as a connoisseur scans an antique medal.

Then Mr Marshall consulted a dingy copy of the Peerage, and one of the Blue Books, which were squeezed in among the calf-bound folio Acts of Parliament on his dusty shelves, and enunciated as opinion.

‘My dear sir, excuse me, but I really agree with those Bubblewells people you tell me of, that Mr Fitz-Fluke is the real Simon Pure, and no sham; and so much the worse for your poor little landlord. Don’t you see that a professional Jeremy Diddler might be frightened into paying the tailor, whereas Fitz-Fluke can snap his fingers in the face of A 99. It is only a simple contract debt, and as there is no legal offence—’

‘No legal offence!’ interrupted I: ‘why, to give a cheque on a bank where a man has no effects is felony.’

‘Yes, felony, according to Lord Cromham, but misdemeanour by the more recent ruling of the Hon. Pondon and Chief-justice Patchley,’ said Mr Marshall, taking snuff; ‘and although such an act is in itself a serious matter, it does not appear to stretch to such a case as this. Fitz-Fluke had effects, you see; he had a balance, and he drew on it, and he overdrew it, that’s all. A judge might regard him for carelessness; but I don’t think a jury could send him to work on the Portland breakwater, riskily as he deserves it. A very ingenious trick, Mr Parkes—very.’

But when the good old lawyer understood that I was really determined not to let the matter rest, he changed his tone.

‘Now look here, Mr Parkes,’ said he; ‘you ought to know the ins and outs of law as well as I do, only I’m in harness yet, and you are out of the shafts long ago. To sue Fitz-Fluke, and to prove his guilt, and to execute, or take his person—he’s not an M.P., is he? again consulting the Peerage—is the only regular course, and it won’t serve our turn. Much delay, large costs, and your poor tailor in the Bankruptcy Court long before we get a man in possession of Fitz-Fluke’s veneered sideboard and electro-plated crest. Don’t see him, then. Don’t go to the police: they are all but useless in such a case. I’ve got a clerk worth any ten of those private detectives that advertise in the Times. I always employ him in any difficulty like this—will you stand a live-pound note as his fee?’

‘I will,’ answered I.

The lawyer rang the bell. ‘Send Mr Lobh here. Mr Lobh came—a thorough-paced attorney’s clerk of the more subtle and tragic order, no light-comedy clerk in tartan trousers and Magenta neck-tie, but a tall, thin, youngish man, with a smoothly shaved dark face, straight black hair, shabby clothes, and a look of intelligent desperation. You could see that the man’s brains were active and fiery behind his furrowed forehead, and that all he lacked was opportunity. Very soon he knew as much about the case in point as his employer or myself.

‘I’ll try,’ said Mr Lobh, entering the particular with a stamp of a pencil in a greasy black-bound
occurring to me—I would go straight to Mr. Neeson and Dibbs. I went, found the bank easily enough, pushed open one of the heavy mahogany swing-doors, and closed my way through the numerous customers up to the nearest counter. The moment a clerk was at liberty, I thrust my cheque—Timms’s cheque—in his face, as if I had been a highwayman presenting a pistol.

‘Short, if you please,’ said I; ‘a hundred, a twenty, and gold.’

The young man grinned contemptuously as he scanned the document. Wonderful memories bankers have, to be sure.

‘I’ve seen this before; it was returned to the London and County. Effects not sufficient. Can’t pay it.’

I ventured to remonstrate, hinting at a mistake, but I might as well have tried to pump the sphinx.

‘A great shame,’ said I, ‘and inflicts cruel hardship on a deserving family.’

But the clerk was already paying down showers of sovereigns to somebody else. When he had finished, I attacked him again.

‘Could you oblige me by telling me the actual amount of Mr. Fitz-Fluke’s balance? I felt the last syllables drop falteringly from my lips, so impressive was the stony horror and incredibility in the clerk’s eyes. He could not have been more shocked if he had been a Rosicrucian asked in an easy manner to blab the arch-secret of the order.

‘We never mention the state of a customer’s account,’ was all the reply I could elicit, and of course I had to retire. I strolled to Park Lane. Yes, there was the house, and a baker’s boy whisking a few doors off told me Mr. Fitz-Fluke really lived there. It was not a house of very promising appearance, being narrower and older than most of its haughty neighbours and having an air of mouldy neglect, as if it wanted fresh paint, fresh brass and iron, cleaner windows and curtains, and a general touching up. I walked up and down the pavement once or twice, then ventured to knock. A footman opened the door a very little, first putting up a strong short chain that rattled heavily. Evidently the garrison were on the alert.

But my call was useless. Not only Mr. Fitz-Fluke was not at home, but I could not glean the scantiest information as to any probable time for seeing him. The house was curious and suspicious, and presently shut the door with a slam. My hopes sank to zero. Fitz-Fluke was a rogue, no doubt of it, but not one of those conventional rogues whom policeman X can manipulate as if they were pats of butter, and mould to his will.

That night my dreams were haunted by the fearful images of the tailor, his wife, and the two children, dressed in rags, and singing doleful ballads through the streets. My thoughts, when I woke, were still more distantly prophetic: Timms in a debtor’s prison, Timms in rackets, gin-drinking, and the rudiments of rascality; Timms converted into a tipsy little scamp, beating his wife, and neglecting his family; Mrs. Timms in tatters, and a black eye; the children dying, or running wild among the Arabs of the streets—such would be the probable results of the Honourable Reginald Fitz-Fluke’s financial stratagem.

At the solicitor’s I found Mr. Lobb, charged with information. It so happened that the old lawyer was very busy, and the clerks’ room not being adapted for polite converse, we sauntered out to talk as we walked along. The clever clerk was more loquacious than I. Never mention the state of a customer’s account.”

‘I thought I’d reconnoitre the enemy a bit,’ said Lobb, ‘and work up to him by degrees. The Blue Book told me you kept in my gentleman belonged to, and so, as I happened to know a party connected with the refreshment department there—’

‘A waiter, do you mean?’ asked I, much amused.

‘Why, yes,’ said Lobb demurely, ‘he is a waiter. But we belong to the same free-and-easy in Birding’s Rents, and I knew he was off duty, being in the doctor’s hands. He gives the exact account of Fitz-Fluke I thought he would. A cunning old chap is Fitz-Fluke, and my friend’s heard of plenty of tricks of his, worse than this, and the gentleman say it’s a pity he wasn’t black-balled years ago.’

‘But is he an Honourable?’

‘In a certain sense, he is,’ answered Lobb dryly; ‘better known than trusted, though. He’s had his change but his wits and his name to live on these twenty years; but he’s as bold as brass, so it’s useless to try to bully him. I know a trick worth two of that, but it wants money to work it.’

‘How much?’ asked I nervously. I would have done a good deal for the poor young folks at Bubble- wold, certainly, but paying money is a crucial test.

‘No bones and spending,’ returned Lobb, who had probably felt me wince as we walked side by side, ‘only a loan for about ninety minutes or so. The sum wanted is thirty-one pounds, twelve shillings, which will be returned in an hour and a half.

‘Is that all?’ said I, with a sigh of relief.

‘Yes,’ returned Lobb, ‘barring five bob, which perhaps you wouldn’t be particular about. That’s for commission.’

But Lobb would not reveal his scheme; he merely said that if I would intrust the above-mentioned sum to him, along with the cheque, he would guarantee a satisfactory result. This was tantalising; but Lobb was a clever fellow, and had his employer’s good word. I went with him, therefore, to my own bankers’, drew out some money, and handed over six five-pound notes, one sovereign, and two half-

crowns, to my mysteriously, who pocketed them with a grim smile. The deal was done.

‘Mr. Parkes,’ said he, ‘I ain’t playing with you in this; I’m doing my best, but it must be in my own way. Will you let me be fugleman, just for two hours, without a word of remonstrance or complaint, no matter how odd my behaviour may seem?’

‘I will,’ said I; ‘I put myself entirely into your hands for the time specified.’

But certainly Mr. Lobb’s proceedings were of a nature to try my equanimity. After dragging me to the Polyandrion Club, where he civilly asked the porter whether Mr. Fitz-Fluke was within, receiving an answer in the negative, he next hurried me off to Charing Cross, making an evident point for the banking-house of Mr. Neeson and Dibbs.

‘What are you going to do?’ I asked, irresolutely hanging back as my companion gave a push to the well-remembered swing-door. Lobb put his finger to his lips, by that mute sign reminding me of our compact, and in the next moment we were within, and standing at the counter. A clerk stepped up to ask our business; it was the same clerk who had refused the cheque. He remembered me, and his eye was unfriendly, and his voice testy.

But Lobb thrust himself forward, and drew the bank-notes rustling from his breast-pocket.

He had come, he very glibly said, to pay in a sum of money to the account of a customer of the firm—and I could hardly believe my ears when he added in a business-like way, that ‘the name of the party was Fitz-Fluke—the Honourable Reginald Fitz-Fluke.’

I quite gasped while the cashier made the entry and gave the usual receipt for the money. Had Lobb gone suddenly mad? Was he bought over by the cunning? Here he was, actually gorging the voracious maw of the devouring dragon, Fitz-Fluke, with further applause of tearing him from his former prey, the substance of poor Timms. I had not the moral courage to snatch up the bank-notes from the counter, but passively allowed the clerk to count them, flatten them, pin them, and put them in a drawer. Nor was
THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Many of our savants are taking advantage of the holidays for fresh explorations of the Alps, and renewed observations of the glaciers, and several are going to pay particular attention to the margin of the Swiss lakes, in hopes to discover further traces of the ancient inhabitants whose houses were built on piles over the shallow water. In connection with holidays, we have weather of course been an important subject, and our English climate has had to bear more than its usual share of reproach. We have, however, only partaken of a state of things which appears to have been common to the whole of Northern Europe: from Petersburg, amid exciting political news, we hear that an October temperature prevails; at Berlin, Whitunday was hot and summer-like, but after that the weather became cold and windy; Denmark tells the same tale; and it is only when the traveller gets to the foot of the Pyrenees, or beyond the Alps, that he finds real settled hot weather. April was a fine warm month in England; but in Pennsylvania there fell twelve inches of snow between the 8th and 10th.

We find in the report of Admiral FitzRoy's lecture delivered at the Royal Institution some interesting particulars concerning the application of his storm-signal. Some objectors urge that the expectations formed of the weather may be erroneous, and that to suspend a journey or a voyage, or to put off outdoor operations because of a storm that might never happen, would occasion loss as well as inconvenience. The admiral answers that his signals are only intended to be cautious, to excite vigilance, and to denote anticipated disturbance somewhere over these islands. As a rule, the disturbance may be looked for within three days from the time of hearing the signal; meanwhile fishermen and others along the coast are to be on their guard, and Notice their glasses and signs of the weather. Of course, infallibility is not to be expected; but these 'forecasts' have already proved in saving life and property, as may be understood from a few instructive examples which we present in Admiral FitzRoy's own words. 'A gentleman intend-
a warning was sent to Yarmouth, in the afternoon.
Being nearly dusk, and having then no night-signals,
nothing was done till next day, after all the fishing-
boats had gone far out to sea, they having started
very early in the morning. That afternoon, there was
a Gale: and to save the boats and the
fished there were obliged to cut from and abandon some
L40,000
worth of nets and gear. Night-signals might have
saved that loss, and the imminent risk of many lives.
Such means are ready now.—On Friday the 7th March
the warning-drum was hoisted all day at Plymouth.
Saturday was so fine in appearance, that the caution
was not appreciated, and mackerel-boats went to a
distance as usual. That afternoon another signal was
made to show that a heavy southerly gale was coming
soon. It was a beautiful afternoon. No one anticipated
the sequel, except those who, spider-like, could "feel
along the lines." Before midnight, there was a storm
which lasted much of the next day. One of the boats
was lost with eight men.—Our next instance shows that
a foreign government has learned a lesson: the
Prussian corvette Amazon was totally lost in a storm
which was foretold along our eastern coast; and so
struck were the Prussian authorities by the facts of
that period, taken in connection with other known
cases, that an official application was soon afterwards
made to the Board of Trade for information, with the
view of enabling a similar system to be organised in
the Baltic, communicating, if possible, with England.
We thus see that meteorological science, imperfect as
it is, can be made practically useful in the preserva-
tion of life and property.

The balloon ascent mentioned in our last took place
under very favourable circumstances. It occupied
about two hours of the forenoon, and in that time the
balloon travelled from Wolverhampton into Rutland-
shire, and rose to a height of nearly five miles. The
thermometric observations exhibit some remarkable
results: at the surface of the earth, the temperature
was 55°; at the height of half a mile, it was 46°; at a
mile, it fell to 29°; but began to rise at two miles,
and continued, until at four miles it touched 42°; it
then fell rapidly down to 16°, the air being dry
throughout the whole series of elevations. Mr
Glaisher, it is said, behaved with the coolness of a
veteran aeronaut, and entreats me to have
a complete scientific account of his results. Had it
not been that the north-westerly wind was blowing
the balloon towards the Wash, and making it dan-
gerous to remain longer in the air, he would prob-
ably have ascended beyond five miles. Another
attempt is, however, to be made when the wind is in
the west, when, if possible, the balloon will be taken
to a height of six miles. The two voyagers suffered
but little from cold, but felt at times a sensation of
sea-sickness, with palpitation and difficulty of breath-
ing. As regards the highest observations, we would
recommend the Alpine Club to compare them with
theirs taken on the mountain-tops where the tempera-
ture is affected by local circumstances.

Almost every mail from India now brings news of
fresh discoveries of natural resources in that country.
The district of the Jyntea Hills, though within a
comparatively easy distance of Calcutta, and comprisin
an extent of 43,000 square miles, was scarcely known
until a few months ago, when surveyors visiting it were
surprised to find a region of valleys and gles of
wonderful fertility, and abounding in mineral wealth.
As the population is not more than two millions, it
will be, however, some time before these valuable
resources can be turned to profit. More roads and
more people constitute the great want. With respect
to intercommunications, certain sanguine individuals
seeing that from one of our posts on the Upper Brah-
mans or the Ganges, it is not more than four days
a journey to get to the Yangtschekiang, recommend the formation of a
road between the two places; they behold already in
anticipation a highway stretching from Calcutta to
Shanghai.—Another Indian topic is the scheme for
shortening the coast-voyages from one side to the
other of the great peninsula, the special object being
to find or make a passage through Adam's Bridge,
from the Gulf of Manar to Falk Strait, available at all
seasons. If this were accomplished, traffic traveling
from Burma to Madras and Bombay, and the
reverse, would be saved all the distance which they
are sometimes taken to sail round the south side of
Ceylon. Even at the expense of blasting the tradi-
tionary bridge, it would be desirable to establish a
passage between the island and the mainland.

By a report lately published, we learn that the
railways planned out in India will comprehend nearly
4700 miles, of which one half are finished, or in course
of construction. The several works are actively
carried on, as the importance of getting the whole
of the lines into full traffic as soon as possible is properly
recognised. In many districts, the principal highways
are being connected with the railways by cross-roads,
or light branches. In some distances the natives
themselves have undertaken the task. The more
roads, the more trade; and cotton, which costs from
threepence to fourpence a ton per mile for mere
transport by the native bullock-wagons, is now
conveyed by rail at a penny or three-halfpence.
It is worth remark, that while those railways are
benefiting India, they are also promoting our
home-trade, for we are told that up to the end of
December last, the quantity of materials required for
the works, shipped from England, amounted to
2,439,925 tons worth; in round numbers, L12,000,000
sterling. Three thousand and twelve ships were
employed in the transport, of which number thirty-
nine were lost. In October last, there were employed
on the lines then open for traffic 34,629 persons,
of whom 32,148 were natives of the country. It is to be
hoped they will all learn lessons in good government.

A small book has recently made its appearance,
which, to a certain class of agriculturists, will be unusually
interesting under present circumstances. It is on
The Chemical, Geological, and Meteorological Conditions
involved in the successful Cultivation of Cotton, and
gives, besides, an account of cotton-growing in what
are called the Cotton States of North America. The
author of the book is Dr J. W. Mallet, Professor of
Chemistry at Mobile, son of Mr Robert Mallet, a
well-known F.R.S.; and one result of his elaborate
investigation is to set aside the notion that cotton
will grow 'anywhere' in a tropical climate. It appears,
on the contrary, that cotton is a plant as limited and
circumscribed by conditions of growth and seeding,
as is the vine itself; and Dr Mallet, having been
supplied with abundant specimens of cotton soil from
India, Algeria, and elsewhere, has made such a series of
comparisons as leads to the conclusion that what-
ever advantages other countries may possess, there
nevertheless remains the superiority to the cotton-
growing states of North America. This arises from
an abundance of the most suitable soil; and it is the
question of soil which is treated of in the present
volume; the other portions of the work being reserved
for future publication. Those who wish to know
the results of careful analyses of cotton soil will

* London : Chapman and Hall.
find them clearly set forth by Dr Mallet; he explains why it is that the cotton soil of Alabama produces such abundant crops. It is the fibre only that is carried away: all the rest is recovered; hence, a pound of fibre from an acre of ground there is not more than $\frac{1}{3}$ pounds of mineral matter, the annual loss is but small, not half of which is lost by an acre of wheat at 25 bushels to the acre, which in the grain alone removes more than seventeen pounds of mineral matter. In his next volume, Dr Mallet will treat of the salt of the cotton plant as grows in America, and the climatal relations which there affect it.'

Ethnological questions are becoming more and more the subject of study; lecturers at the Royal Institution have entertained audiences with popular expositions about the brain and the skull. Dr Rolleston has discussed the subject from the anatomical point of view, and with respect to the differences between the brains of man and animals, and the effects of education in modifying the expression of features, he observes: 'All alike, when coldly and dispassionately viewed as concomitantly varying phenomena, lead us to hold that our higher and diviner life is not a mere result of the abundance of our convolutions. How harmony may have come to exist between them, our faculties are impotent either to decide or to discover; but this shortcoming of man's intelligence affects neither his duties nor his hopes, neither his fears nor his aspirations.'—Mr Huxley's lecture on 'the fossil remains of men' was an attempt to generalise on that interesting question.—Whether the distribution of cranial forms had been the same in all periods of the world's history; or whether the older races, in any locality, possessed a different cranial character from their successors? As regards Northern and Western Europe, the answer to this question is given in the following paragraph of a monograph on the comparative osteological and anthropological remains of cultures are found of peoples who used stone and bronze and iron implements before the time of the Romans, and a difference in their skulls has been noted. But, as in the native Australians of the present day—the purest of living races—it is possible to discover differences of skull as marked as between the ancient skulls, we see that no absolute conclusion can yet be arrived at. Meanwhile, we know that the skulls dug up in the peat-bogs of Denmark are those of a people who lived subsequently to the establishment of the present physical geography of that country; and that the Early skull is of a date antecedent to the last great physical changes of Europe, the owner being a contemporary of the mammoth, the tichonrinoeceros, the cave-bear, and the cave-hyena, so that a vast gulf of time separates him from the men of Denmark. Another, the Neanderthal skull, of which the age cannot be exactly known, is the lowest and most ape-like in its characters of any human skull yet discovered. Mr Huxley's general conclusion is, 'that the oldest known races of man differed comparatively, but little in cranial conformation from those savage races now living, whom they seem to have resembled most in habits; and it may be concluded that these most ancient races at present known were at least as remote from the original stock of the human species as they are from us.' Mr Huxley is preparing a book in which this important question, illustrated by engravings, will be further considered. A contribution towards our wider knowledge of it has been lately published at Batavia, and sent to Europe for distribution, entitled Eerste Bijdrage tot de Kennis der Scheide van Volken in den Indischen Archipel, being the first part of a treatise on the skulls of different peoples in the Indian Archipelago. By the aid of lithographic engravings, the reader can make comparisons for himself.

Professor Ehrenberg of Berlin has laid before the Academy of Sciences of that city a brief statement concerning the fall of what is popularly described as 'blood-rain,' during a storm at Lyon in March last, showing that it is to be regarded as another instance of the fall of 'trade-wind dust,' by which term the red sand from the interior of Africa is identified. This sand being carried along by currents at a high elevation, is caught at times in the conflict of elements, and falling with the rain-drops, has given rise to the popular error above noticed. Forty-three organic forms have been discovered in this red sand, which leave no room to doubt of its origin, and the whole phenomenon is a remarkable instance of the way in which modern science works by tracing effects to their causes.

WOORSHIP.

Where there are no temples reared by mortal hands,
No altar-stone, no consecrated shrine,
No edifice for purposes divine,

To congregate the people of the lands,
Still would the flame of adoration's fire
Survive in human souls, and heavenward aspire.

What need of graceful arch and storied pane
To a poor suffering sinner on his knees?
The universe has greater things than these,
Wherewith to decorate God's boundless fame.

And many voices of sublimary powers
To send unto the sky a grander psalm than ours.

With never-failing lamps the heavens are hung,
The mighty sun by fiery robes embraced;
The changeful moon, so pensive and so chase;
The crowded stars in countless systems hung;
And meteors speeding with a fearful flight
Through all the realms of space, and clothed with marvellous light.

Nay, there are sounds of worship that arise
From birds and trees, in many a sigh and song;
From winds and waters, hurrying along;
From restless seas, upheaving towards the skies;
From flowers, fruits, spices, incense-streams ascend
Up to the floating clouds, and there in sweetness blend.

And yet 'tis fit that men should congregate,
To read, expound, and venerate the Page
Which shall extend from brightening age to age
The hopeful promise of a holier state;
'Tis well to meet, with souls that look above,
To form and propagate a brotherhood of love.

O for one simple creed, that all would share,
The mildest, purest, most peaceful, best,
That we might follow God's divine behest,
And worship Him in gladness everywhere;
Mingle without intolerance and pride,
And make His holy Word our counsellor and guide.

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Holidays.

The above word is known to the idler, but one of magic power to him who works, whether he be school-boy or man, whether he be ploughman or premier. I question whether age makes much difference in the enjoyment of a holiday, so long as we have tolerable health. The boy is of course more demonstrative; he expresses himself about the tyrant pedagogue, who keeps him to his task, more freely than paterfamilias does about inexcusable business. He shuts his book with a buoyancy, if not sauciness, which the elder holiday-maker does not feel; but for all that, the latter accepts the change with a depth of enjoyment of which Master Tommy is incapable. His holiday derives much of its charm from the sense of escape from responsibility. He leaves the daily capricious demands of a profession. When he leaves his house, his office, his chambers, or his shop, he drops the burden of command, which is even heavier than that of obedience. For days, we will suppose, he has drawn the threads of his work together, and wound up the machine to go during his absence. When the luggage is labelled, the rooms in the litter of departure, the cab called, the last summary made of wraps and umbrellas, the man feels a steady sense of imminent relief, of which the boy knows nothing. A friend of mine had once just reached this crisis of a holiday. His carpet-bag was ready; in a few minutes he would have been off to Spain; when a messenger arrived, red in the face, with news which obliged him to stay at home for a month. He took his knapsack out of his bag, re-entered the littered rooms, went up again into his tumbled bed-chamber, put his new travelling suit of dittoes into the stale old wardrobe, locked up his passport with its last gritty visa, and worked hard for a month. I look on my friend as a man who has been through the agony of disappointment, as one whose bans have been forbidden at the altar.

The essence of a holiday is change. This is more important than mere rest. I do not know, however, whether change would not be more refreshing if it were preceded by some rest. We are apt to leap too suddenly from work to play, and many a man gets knocked up by rocketing off from the bustle of business to that of pleasure without an interval of rest. He would enjoy his tour more if he would take two or three good long sleeps, and have his fill of yawning. Then he would wake up and enjoy himself.

The great want of many professional men is sleep. Nature demands that first. However sincere your purpose of ascending the Matterhorn as soon as you reach Switzerland, however capable you may be of that feat, don't despise a few disgracefully late breakfasts before you gird yourself for the exertions of your holiday. If you don't thus 'knit up the ravelled sleeve of care,' you will very likely find the unusual exertions of an active tour rub your health out at elbows.

Change, however, is the great restorative. The sedentary man laces on his hightops, and pants up the hill; the weary mountain-shepherd lounges in the valley. The citizen flies to the country; Rusticus takes the train for town. The landman rejoices in a cruise; the sailor gets leave for the shore.

I am a Londoner myself, and as such enjoy the country with a relish unintelligible to rustics. To me, the country is the land of ease. I see the ploughman halting in the furrow, the milkmaid with her pail, the hedger with his bill-hook, the reaper with his sickle. In fact, I believe that a sickle is as rare, say, as a boomerang. The corn, I am aware, is now cut either with a scythe or reaping-machine, a chattering subversive affair, before whose insidious knives the stalks sink and the ripe ears topple. But, in spite of this mechanical fuss, the country is the land of ease to me, for it is synonomous with holidays. Of course, it is a different thing to the countryman, who breaks the monotony of his year by a visit to town. He would tell me, no doubt, that the harvestman is hot and weary; that many a pleasant does hard work on week foot; that the milkmaid expresses herself in a vulgar way about early hours, and has been heard to swear at the butter when it won't 'come.' I dare say. But for all that, the countryman cannot understand the appetite with which I devour the lanes, the beach, the rippling fields of corn, the crawling wagon yellow with wheat, the shadows of the clouds sailing over the sea and the down; to say nothing of that wonderful insight into the universe which you get by lying flat on your back and looking up, or rather down, into the sky. You turn away from the world, and gaze upon the infinite, with swallows wheeling about some hundreds, it may...
be thousands of feet beneath you, and, if naturalists may be believed, filling their bellies with little red enterprising spiders, which cruise about in space. These are men who assume heights to have distant scenes beneath them. I lie on the grass, and get a deeper view with one half turn of the body. Conceive the change! I lie on my back in London, and see smoke streaked with telegraph wires. By the way, these last have been multiplied wonderfully within the last few years; it will be impossible, soon, to get a good photographic view of any of our chief places. Mr. Reuter is like a spider with a great web conveying over his offices at the top of Waterloo Place. There is little to choose, however, especially in the neighbourhood of our public buildings, the metal web is being spun over the town, until at last we shall see ourself shut in like tame birds, and London will be a gigantic cage.

Next to change, exercise is essential to an effective holiday. I don't pretend to write about it medically; I don't know what it does for your diaphragm or your pneumo-peritoneum; I don't know the specific gravities of the leg of a postman and the arm of a blacksmith; I can't tell you how much your chest will expand with a six weeks' course of gymnastics, or how rapidly healthy muscle is replaced by unwholesome fatty matter if you lie late abed, or loll about all day on a sofa, when your girth grows, indeed, but below the chest. I don't know how many miles a man ought to make a point of walking in the course of each twenty-four hours. There are books enough to teach us plenty of scientific facts about the neglect and use of exercise. Indeed, to say the truth, I cannot help feeling a suspicion of this self-conscious management of the body and limbs. It is a questionable thing to obey nature only by force of habit. The fewer habits, the better. The benefit of all such things as diet and exercise, is endangered if we are always consulting printed wisdom to know when we ought to eat, walk, ride, or sleep, and have our hair cut. We may, on the other hand, attach too little importance to the when and why of these things. There is a contempt of cause and effect which shortens many persons' lives, who yet need not have lived cut-and-dried regulations about the common machinery of health. Perhaps exercise is just one of those things which ought to have more regard paid to it than it has. If exercise, especially before the frame has become well developed and knit, however exciting at the time, it harms the joint and tries the heart. It is a fine thing to do it, for a boy being himself down in the bottom of a winning boat with white lips and a thumping pulse. He soon 'comes to'—youth is elastic—and eats a famous supper; but maybe years afterwards the little evil seed then sown will shew itself possibly with fatal haste. Let me then advise you, my friends, if you are not already well seasoned, to resist the charm of emulation on your holidays, at least at first. Don't be run off your legs directly you start on a walking tour. If you allow yourself to be carried off at once, you will perhaps spoil the whole thing. Protest, and secure the gratitude of others who have small moral courage, as well as your own digestion and sleep; protest, and win eventually respect and health.

Indeed, to enjoy a holiday thoroughly, there is need of more decision than appears at first. Remember that it is a holiday, and drive away the working thoughts and cares which will sometimes follow in your wake. If you are an artist, who receive blank verse, it has been found that they will answer one another if allowed to accumulate at home. Shuddle this coil off; the world will move round still, though you take your hand off the top of some cramp. Determine to relax, to rest, and the recreation will be effectual. Let what boyishness you have come uppermost, and follow the innocent whim of the day. Holidays, to be pro-

itable, must be entertaining, absorbing; if anything which is legitimate attracts and influences you, don't be ashamed of it too childish to be enjoyed. Tumble on the hay, throw stones on the beach, gaze about in the market. There is much harmless amusement to be got out of your fellow-travellers, and the coffee-room, and you make all the idolatry of guide-books, which tell you not only where to go, but what to feel and think while you are making the prescribed excursion. Explore, to some degree at least, for yourself; test your wits and make your resources. The practice of taking a return-ticket for your holiday is also questionable. You will be haunted by the remembrance that you must take such and such a route, and, moreover, by the suspicion that the thing will be lost before you get its whole value. You will peep at it in your pocket-book in unfruitful places. It will bring back the vision of the London terminus when you pay some boatman on the lakes, or buy a draught of milk at an upland Swiss challet. You will see a Hansom cab and your office while you are looking for some foreign coin. The charm of a mountain pass will yield to a whiff of Oxford Street.

No, let the holiday be cut off as cleanly as possible from the rest of the year; they will both be the better for the severance.

While we are on holidays, I must protest against the sneers aimed at the excitationist. Do not despise his baby and his bundle. He may be naturally vulgar; he will be doubly so on his excursion. His black satin waistcoat, his bottle, and food in greasy paper, his ungainly frockiness, his snobbish gaiety, are then inevitable. But I rejoice to see them all. He enjoys himself heartily. It is all very well for fine ladies and gentlemen to smile in superior disliike or condescension, which are pretty nearly the same thing. Probably you regard the fatuities of that bosky holiday-maker with his cheap Sunday clothes, and gin and water. Likely enough, he knows how to make the engine which drags you both. Perhaps he printed the refined book off which you glance with a half-reprehensive eye at the liberties which are being taken with the respectable society of the second class. Don't be shocked at the thorough way in which he wipes his face, and returns the red cotton handkerchief into his hat with a dab. His holiday is but a short one. Let him take it as he will, with an ease and openness which lose much of their vulgarity when we reflect that they are natural. Don't refuse the shrimps he offers you, haughtily. Whatever you take with you on your holiday, take a stock of good-humour, and it is astonishing how much enjoyment you will continue to receive which stack-up people altogether miss. If you must always have your accustomed little proprieties about you, you don't deserve a holiday at all.

OUR COAST DEFENCES.

Questions of debate involving consideration of physical laws and physical resources have the advantage over all others, that they possess a finite issue. They must be settled by experiment, and calculation based upon experiment. "Whether—having regard to the capabilities of modern artillery, and ships with iron armature—fixed or floating batteries offer the greater defensive advantages, is a question of this sort. Political considerations have influenced the debate, as could have been scarcely prevented under the circumstances; but the issue is a physical one. An act of parliament, or treaty, or many things which may be done, cannot repeal a law of nature. Whether ordinance be or be not competent to pierce iron armature at ranges—say from 1700 to 3000 yards—may still remain a matter of doubt to the minds of some; but the issue is hemmed in by the laws of nature herself, which, like those of the Medes and Persians, never alter.
It is of course conceded, that fortifications without suitable ordnance would be of no avail. What sort of ordnance, then, are to be regarded suitable?—what size?—what character?—rifled or unripped? With what force are they required to discharge their projectiles? In other words, with what velocity should their projectiles leave the guns? These primary questions the National Defence Commissioners themselves answer. They refer to four descriptions of guns—namely, 12-ton gun, to throw a 100-pound spherical shot; 12-ton gun, to throw a 300-pound rifle-shot; 22-ton gun, to throw a 300-pound spherical shot; 22-ton gun, to throw a 600-pound rifle-shot. All these guns, he observed, it is proposed shall be muzzle-loaders; hence, although sometimes denominated ‘Armstrong guns,’ they can advance no genuine claim to that designation; the real Armstrong gun, as we assume every intelligent Briton to know, being a breech-loader.

Suppose now the writer of this to be quietly sitting in the august presence of the National Defence Commissioners, prompted by scientific curiosity alone, and with information solely in view, he very humbly may be assumed to ask the following questions, and to elicit the following answers:

Curious Inquirer:—You particularise certain great guns with which to arm your fortifications. Do I understand you to say such ordnance are actually made?

Chairman answers:—No; not made, but going to be made: Sir William is going to make them.

Curious Inquirer:—What about cannon for coast defence to the cookery-book of Mrs Glassie. He is strongly tempted to ask whether it would not have been well to make the cannon first; but remembering the difficulty of restraining himself, merely asking: 'Do I understand you to say that none of these cannon have been made—not one?'

Commissioner:—Oh dear, yes! one—the smallest of the four.

Curious Inquirer:—The cannon, I believe, that has been fired at Shoeburyness.

Chairman:—Correct.

Curious Inquirer:—That gun could only manage to smash iron-mace at two hundred yards, I believe—long pistol-shot distance, we will say; and on July the 7th, it would be to, in the above question. In these days, we expect more than to predict what gunpowder charges are suitable to their needs? In common scientific fairness, we will waive the second question. In these days, we expect more than to predict what we may accomplish by engineers. Whether such guns have been made, involves a matter of fact. The first of the four has been made—the 12-ton unripped gun discharging a round ball of 150 pounds. The others have not been made. Experience has been acquired of the 150-pounder, and our imagination is sufficiently set forth for that experience. The commissioners base all their assumptions as to the utility of the land-fortifications on the supposition, that their chosen guns shall be competent to demolish iron armature, such as floating-batteries would carry, at the minimum range of 1700 yards. Practice with the 12-ton gun (the smallest of the four, and the only one made) has, however, conclusively demonstrated that its longest effective range against iron armature is no more than 200 yards. Practice, moreover, has demonstrated that, in order to get up a perforating velocity for even this short range, a charge of not less than 50 pounds of powder is necessary; demonstrated, too, that such charge must be ignited in two places simultaneously by two separate fuses; and lastly, that the gun was unequal to the enormous strain put upon it, seeing that on the 7th of July it burst, launching its breech nearly forty yards rearwards. Looking at the case dispassionately, however, it does seem that theory and practice alike point to the conclusion that Colonel Boxer has arrived at—namely, that land-batteries are of no proven avail against floating-batteries clad in iron armour.
A very probable conclusion to which some minds may arrive, and, under the circumstances, a very natural one, is this—no forts cannot hurt floating-batteries whatever their size, neither, under these circumstances, can floating-batteries hurt forts. This is not exactly so, however. Artillery projectiles are launched by heavy guns, say 7000 yards range, neither, under these circumstances, can floating-batteries launch heavy shells. Horizontal and vertical firing is the more crushing, the more devastating of the two, doubtless, when it takes effect. No object, or assemblage of objects, could long withstand the ravages of heavy bombshells continuously dropping; and the peculiarity of vertical fire is such, that the longer the range, the heavier the impact. But this dropping or vertical fire is very inaccurate. Whether a bombshell be discharged from a mortar, or at high elevation from a long piece of ordnance mortar fashion, the inaccuracy is almost equally great, against a target of equal size. Enlarge the target or mark aimed at, and vertical fire would prove accurate enough for all practical purposes. Thus, at 3000 yards, or even a longer range, if necessary, bombshells fired from a floating mortar-battery could be depended on to fall within a town or a fortress; whereas, at that distance, perhaps not one vertically fired bombshell out of a thousand could be reasonably expected to hit a floating battery. In a full appreciation of the competence of horizontal and vertical firing lies the whole gist of the argument. Whereas floating-batteries may, in specie, to the speed of eight knots at a fort or town with certainty of effect, landfortresses, on their part, have no such certainty.

The arguments adduced by Colonel Boxer go to prove the superiority of floating-batteries to landfortresses as against other floating-batteries. Matched against each other, it would become a question of whose gunners could keep their own guns running, according to circumstances. A great deal has been said and written in respect to the evidence furnished by the Monitor and Merrimac. Scrutinised narrowly, that evidence is by no means so conclusive as has been commonly imagined. True, the Merrimac quickly disposed of two wooden frigates she found at anchor; partly by running them down, partly by the devastation of her shells. That an iron-clad ship could get under, or rather crush in a wooden ship, was too obvious for demonstration; that shells horizontally launched was the sole method of launching wooden ships, had already been demonstrated. The Turks at Sinope were made to illustrate the theory of General Paixhans at the expense of their fleet; and shortly afterwards that same idea was impressed on the survivors of one of our own ships-of-the-line—no matter which—before Sebastopol. Three shells, horizontally fired, happening to pierce this anonymous defender of our national honour, eighteen men were killed between decks as by a thunderbolt! Panic seized upon the rest of the crew. Fleeing from their guns, they escaped through the ports, and took refuge in a steamer hard by. That this is a true record, we know of our own knowledge; but if corroborated be asked, we point to Mr Scott Russell’s recent pamphlet on our coast defences of the future. All these facts were well known prior to the conflict in Hampton Roads. What we did not know, though it might have been inferred, was that such armature as the Monitor and Merrimac were provided with may be considered invulnerable to such guns as belong to the American service. This means no disparagement to the Americans—far from it. Prior to the advent of ironclad vessels, say 1859, the Americans had steadily developed and given fullest effect to the system of artillery proved most competent to wreak devastation upon wooden vessels. To the uttermost, the Americans adopted the leading idea of Paixhans, that any sort of low velocity was enough to send a shell through wood; and inasmuch as very large guns could only be safely fired with low proportionate charges, it was better to increase the dimensions of the gun than to increase the power of the charge. Starting upon these premises, the Americans, to the advent of mailed ships, had done all that is in them lay to construct guns of the maximum size, firing gunpowder charges of minimum weight. Gunpowder!—the wrong ingredient of firing—was applied as the charge to American ordnance. Our cousins over the water, who are now slaughtering each other so wildly, do not now use powder for most of their heavy ordnance at all. The powder ingredients being moistened, are pressed into a cake just fitting the bore of the gun in which it is to be thrust. The cake is then bored or perforated, to promote rapid ignition, and the perforated mass stands in lieu of gunpowder.

Having already adverted to Mr Scott Russell’s pamphlet, it may be well to state that this gentleman advocates the construction of real iron-clad seagoing ships exclusively—ships like the Warrior and Black Prince and Northumberland. He does not approve of floating-batteries, either specially designed or extemporised. He cannot even approve of Captain Cowper Coles’s now celebrated cupola-batteries, which seem to have so much to recommend them. ‘As for your mere floating-bateaux—they lack smooth-water defences at the very best. Give me real ships, that can go to Australia and back, if needed. A mere floating-battery,’ he argues, ‘must have steam-power equivalent to the speed of eight knots an hour, otherwise she is a mere log on the water, without the faculty of locomotion. Better give her thirteen knots an hour at once, and make a respectable ship of her.’ Pronouncing relative to Captain Cowper Coles’s cupola-ship, he admits that this peculiar construction might favour the working of ordnance larger and heavier than is now possible by mere manual labour, as in ordinary vessels; but he rather significantly observes: ‘First make your ordnance.’ Conceding this advantage to Captain Coles, Mr Scott Russell’s praise comes to an end. ‘That you can make your cupolas more invulnerable than the sides of such a ship as the Warrior are or could be made, I concede,’ observes Mr Scott Russell; ‘but if the ship carrying the cupolas should not be equally invulnerable, can bosa? If equally invulnerable, why not make a Warrior at once?’

These general remarks have sufficed to prove that the philosophy of modern attack and defence is not so definitively settled as many imagine. Whilst an artillery officer of such experience and scientific fame as Colonel Boxer, and the artillery school of the fortification commissioners’ deductions, mere lookers-on may at least pause before coming to a conclusion. Whilst an iron-ship builder of great experiencelaunches sarcasm—not always good-humoured—at the Admiralty for the course they are taking, outsiders, to whom iron ships and artillery are as cuneiform lore, may safely say each to himself, ‘The case, I apprehend, is not quite settled.’

Two things strike us as very remarkable in Colonel Boxer’s pamphlet. An artillery officer himself, all his predictions might have been assumed to favour the belief in the superior efficiency of fixed as against floating batteries; nevertheless, his convictions point in the other direction. Again, he throws out some very significant hints about attacking iron ships by a submarine projectile. We should not be surprised to learn, that of all the schemes ever devised or pondered on to compass the destruction of these iron-clad leviathans, the deep, the most likely to be carried out, so to speak, spoiling the poetry of every song that boasts of ‘wooden walls’—we should not be surprised to learn that submarine attack is most efficient of all. Even at this time, we are enabled to state of our own knowledge that a submarine projectile is under trial by the Admiralty.

From the evidence and discussions which our
national defences have elicited, the fact has been made sufficiently obvious, that little reliance is now placed in the Armstrong breech-loader guns for heavy ordnance. Apart from other objections—and there are many—the failure of these ordnance in the quality of imparting high initial velocity, totally incapacitates them from dealing efficiently with iron armature. Armstrong bolts sail on through very long ranges; but when they first leave the gun, their initial velocity or penetrating power is much less than that of round-shot of considerably less weight. This fact is not commonly appreciated, but it is a fact nevertheless. When we see Sir William himself coming back to muzzle-loaders, no further evidence is needed in favour of the position that breech-loading rifled ordnance are for the purpose in question ineligible. The history of Armstrong guns should teach us the lesson of not being over-hasty to arrive at conclusions in matters involving a physical issue. Then, again, in the matter of small-arms, we were equally precipitate. There was a time, and that not long ago, when Whitworth’s rifles were assumed to bear the palm over all others; and had parliament listened to certain powerful advocates of this gentleman, ten millions would have been expended in the manufacture of Whitworth rifles. Mr Whitworth now stands in a position of equality with many other rifle-manufacturers; and the results of certain experiments, recently conducted at Woolwich under precisely equal conditions, have resulted in a great triumph to Mr Lancaster, inventor of the celebrated oval bore. Three different sorts of rifles were the subjects of experiment: Whitworth’s, the small-bore Enfield, and Lancaster’s. The ammunition used for all was similar, and manufactured by Mr Whitworth. The rest from which the arms were discharged had been constructed by Mr Whitworth. The conditions were equal in every respect, and the results are made apparent by the appended figures:

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The figures represent mean radial deviation, and make known the fact, that not only Lancaster’s rifle, but the Enfield, has transcended the celebrated arm of Whitworth.

A LITTLE COMMISSION DOWN SOUTH.

‘Hello, Fordyce!’ I say, Fordyce; well met, my boy!’ bawled out Captain Ekins, pulling up his lean Mexican horse, with all the jangling bells and bits of silver on its tasseled Spanish bridle, as he caught a glimpse of my figure in the forest glade to his right. Captain Coriolanus Ekins professed a great friendship for me—no small compliment on the part of a man who was in the habit of frankly confessing that he ‘hated a Britisher worse than copper-head snakes or wood nutmegs.’ I cannot say that the liking which, though whimsical, I believe to have been sincere, was exactly reciprocal. The captain was a rough diamond, and not perhaps the most handsome or most inquisitive person, but on causing his northern origin to be forgotten by out-Heroiding Herod on the subject of slavery. Public opinion in the state of Louisiana set strongly one way, but no indigenous planter or ‘mean white’ was half so fiery a realist for negro bondage as this immigrant from New Hampshire, who was agent for a non-resident proprietor.

I had been taking a quiet walk through the cool depths of the pine-wood that Sunday morning, and felt the solemn stillness a refreshing change from the glare, squabbles, and gossip of Donaldsville City; and here had chance thrown me in the way of the most inveterate busybody in the district, one, too, who had an especial fancy for the recipient of his opinions and statements. However, as manager of the branch-bank not very long established at Donaldsville, by Peters and Mull of New York and New Orleans, I was bound to be polite to everybody, and I returned the salutation of my forward friend with as good a grace as I could muster.

‘Heard the news?’ said Ekins eagerly.

‘Not a word, sir. I have the European mail come in since breakfast!’

Scrub the European mail, sir!’ said the captain with lofty scorn; ‘we have something else to do, sir, on this glorious and progressive continent, than to trouble our heads about your pack of rotten old despotisms to home. No, sir; but it’s likely one of the best properties hereabouts, with two hundred heads of niggers on it, most of ’em fit to hoe and pick, will be auctioned next week. I wish I’d the dollars to invest—in. Your principals should buy it, sir—the Pont machiche plantation.’

‘The Pont machiche!’ said I in surprise; ‘young Mr Lemarie’s estate!’

‘Ay, sir,’ said the captain tragically. ‘Young Lemarie was knifed, sir, in a New Orleans café on Friday night, in a trifling altercation about turning up the king at écarté. A pretty cut, mister, severing the jugular as sleek as a—piece of pumpkin,’ conclued Ekins, in default of a more appropriate comparison.

I could not express much surprise or sorrow at this untimely end of one of the most popular and most celebrated young men of the town. The ladies are mad about that preacher chap. Heav’n, have you heard him say Sabbath since he’s been in these parts?’

I replied in the negative. I was not very partial to those open-air meetings for religious purposes, which make up a good deal of the excitement in out-of-the-way places in America. During my residence in the States, I had been present at several such gatherings, and the odd mixture of hymns and flirtations, sermons and scandal, bargain, gossip, and wild rantings from some improvised pulpit, had jarred with my English notions of the fitness of things. But I had some curiosity to hear the celebrated new preacher—the Rev. Jonas Buck—who discourse had made a sensation in the country, and were not the less renowned because of the extreme difficulty of comprehending their exact purport.

Seeing my hesitation, Ekins struck in again:

‘Come along, Fordyce; Nine Poplars ain’t very far off, and my friend Nat Parker, at Salt Spring Farm, will loan you a pony and saddle. You’ll likely get up, for I’d like your young man of the preacher’s talk good sound doctrine, some of it; but he gets out of my depth nation soon, and sometimes he lets out things that it don’t do for the niggers to hear. There’s them already shakes heads at him for jawing, dangerous Abolitionist in disguise; and I hear he’s allays whispering and junketing about among the field-hands—a game he’s likely to burn his fingers at, I tell you.’

The discussion ended in my walking to Salt Spring Farm, accompanied by my mounted acquaintance.
There, Nat Parker was asked to lend a pony, a request readily complied with; and we jogged on in company. The camp-meeting was a gay sight. Some score of tents were pitched, and as many booths of boughs and cane-trees had been hastily erected among the tall trees, while the white tilts of a few wagons gleamed through the dark foliage. Most of the assemblage had come on horseback or mule-back, however, and some in boats up the creeks and bayous, for the roads are still very indifferent throughout the state.

There were a few flags flying, gayly 'star-spangled' banners, belonging to companies of what the Americans call summer-soldiers, or militia, who had been glad of this opportunity to put on their uniforms; and the display of bright-hued bonnets, parasols, and New Orleans finery, was gay enough in its way. Indeed, the French or Spanish descent of many of those present betrayed itself in an amount of laughing and cheerful chatter quite unlike the hum that pervades a crowd in Ohio or Pennsylvania.

But round the pulpit, an inverted cask surrounded by a wooden rail, the work of some negro carpenter, gathered a number of the planters' wives and daughters, intent on catching every word that fell from the lips of the pet preacher, the lion of the hour; and several of the planters themselves, on whose faces was an expression more of perplexity than admiration. In the basking sun, spitted on the woolly heads, straw hats, red handkerchiefs, and cotton garments of a number of negroes of both sexes. Presently, there was a stir and a rustle, and the preacher, emerging from a tent, climbed into his rude pulpist, took off his hat, pulled a book from his pocket, and in a high nasal voice gave out the first quavering strains of a New England hymn, which pleased far and wide among the clumps of hickory and dogwood.

The usual prayers and singing succeeded; but the sermon was the great event of the day, and when its heat, quite so profound that nothing broke it but the whir of a winged insect, or the far-off cry, half-seren, half-song, of the mocking-bird. The sermon was a wild, quaint discourse, one of those orations which no one, not even perhaps the author, can be said absolutely to understand. I soon perceived that the man was a mystic; one of those hot-brained enthusiasts, more common in the high-pressure life of the Atlantic cities than elsewhere, and whose mind must have been in the condition of a reel of dishevelled silk. At times, however, there were flashes of real poetic beauty, which seemed to glint on my eye; pungent sarcasms that made the hearers wrin; grim denunciation that cowed them; home-truths, well and forcibly put. The minister was a man of thirty, tall, gaunt, and stately, with the high cheek-bones, the lank, dark hair, the thin firm lips, and the sunken yet fiery eye of the true old Puritan pattern. Dressed in ill-fitting black clothes, with one lean arm out-stretched, and the other hand clutching an open Bible, he might have been some resuscitated preacher of the days of the Long Parliament.

He had no inattentive audience. Many of the excitable women were weeping, and when he paused for breath, or to wipe his heated forehead, I could hear the half-subdued exclamations that evoked the delight of the blacks. At the same time, many of his expressions struck me as thinly veiled denunciations of slavery, and passionate aspirations for the deliverance of the African race; and I judged by the knotted brows of some of the planters that the same idea had occurred to them. Yes, the fact was so; and as the long discourse drew towards a close, the periods seemed more connected, and the allusions more transparent. I could dimly perceive the planters that the same idea had occurred to them. Yes, the fact was so; and as the long discourse drew towards a close, the periods seemed more connected, and the allusions more transparent. I could dimly perceive the planters of the African race. 

A man to preach against slavery in the very stronghold of the system, hard by that New Orleans whose combustibility, the delirium of the dirty race is deepest, among those plantations where the black is treated as a beast of burden! Yet, as I looked at the gaunt speaker, I could not deny that he was just the stuff of which martyrs are made—rather a grotesque personage, and with more fire than taste or discretion, but no doubt sincere.

The sermon ended. By that time, the more intelligent of the elder men within earshot had begun to look very grave indeed. The younger citizens, as usual, had been heedless listeners, and many a half-whispered conversation had gone on between them and their respective sweethearts, under cover of the discourse just closed. As for the negroes, I doubt if they understood much about the matter, except that kind things had been said of them, while Massa had been roundly rebuked for his pecunious. But when Mr Hucks, after giving out the first verse of another hymn, came slowly down among his congregration, he was beset by many ladies who had on him for his 'moving sermon,' and to offer him refreshment from some of the numerous baskets with which the wagons and packhorses had been loaded. The scene, indeed, now very much resembled a picnic with a dash of the fair. Everywhere, on the soft moss and wiry turf, were to be seen groups feasting merrily; children, not so much the horses as the Negroes, who had on him for his 'moving sermon,' and to offer him refreshment from some of the numerous baskets with which the wagons and packhorses had been loaded. The scene, indeed, now very much resembled a picnic with a dash of the fair. Everywhere, on the soft moss and wiry turf, were to be seen groups feasting merrily; children, not so much the horses as the Negroes, who

'Massa Britisher, please, Massa Cap'en Ekin's quest your company.'

I followed the boy, and he led me to a rather sequestered nook, in the centre of a small grove of dogwood and sweet gum-trees, where I found a number of persons more or less well known to me. An entertaining Yankee, the proprietor of the Fourth of July Hotel in town, had set up a sort of alfresco bar there, and juleps, Catawba and brandy-cobblers, stone fencs, and stinges, all temptingly fed, met a brisk sale. But there was anything rather than a festal look on the features of the members of this thirsty company; I saw nothing but frowns, pursed-up lips, and other signs of mental anguish. Mr Hardy looked serious, so did Colonel Story, so did Elder Waite, so did Major Gutch who kept the dry-goods store, the planters present wore a perturbed aspect, while Ekin's, fully in his element, looked utterly busy and important.

'Come here, Fordyce, and liquor. Oh, never mind your British prejudices; and you, you ebony imp, take yourself off, do you hear? Try a julep! Well, a cober then? Gentlemen, see here, Mr Fordyce is a good man and true, though he has the misfortune to hail from that rotten old island. We needn't keep him in the dark.'

I briefly asked Mr Hardy, whom I knew for a man of sense, what had happened.

'Oh, nothing extraordinary. Some of the citizens have taken umbrage at phrases used by the preacher, Mr Hucks, a very hot-headed young man, in my opinion, and they think he means to stir up the slaves to—'

'To burn and murder, sir, to cut our throats and seize our property!' cried Ekins. 'What else did he mean by all his artful talk about Jael and Sisera, and the parents and undadcums? I can't distinctly believe my ears. A man to preach against slavery in the very stronghold of the system, hard by that New Orleans whose combustibility, the delirium of the dirty race is deepest, among those plantations where the black is treated as a beast of burden! Yet, as I looked at the gaunt speaker, I could not deny that he was just the stuff of which martyrs are made—rather a grotesque personage, and with more fire than taste or discretion, but no doubt sincere.'
the spectacle of servile insurrection, with torch and bloody knife, had been evoked.

'Guess we're not sheep, to wait patient till the butcher's at our throats,' hoarsely exclaimed Elder Walah. 'Then pesky Abolitionists chaps up north may have made this Mr Hawks a catchpaw to claw out the hot hickory-nuts without riskin' their own skins. I wish I'd never counseled him. I never did much like his doctrine.'

'His talk pleases the ladies,' said Major Gutch; 'but I mistrust him. He offered to teach my Phoebe how to read.'

'Dead agin the law!' exclaimed all the other men confidently; while Story added: 'Our critter! Teach a nigger to read? We must ask Judge Troll his views about that.'

'Tell you what,' cried Ekins, nodding mysteriously, 'if the law won't work quick enough, southern gentlemen know how to put their shoulders to the wheel. I expect. This air is a land o' freedom, I some think, and we'll put down such tarnation firebrands as this Hawks, if it costs us a cord from the major's store.—They're about moving.

So they were. A general stir took place; horses were harnessed, girths drawn, and with vociferous leave-takings, the assembly broke up and departed. As for myself, I fed my borrowed pony, and easily giving Ekins the slip, absorbed as he was in discussing the preacher and his incendiary language, I joined a family group, from whose members I had always been received with a smile. This family was that of Mr Joel Lumley, a gentleman of New England extraction, but who had become owner of a Louisiana estate and negroes, years before, by his marriage with the only daughter of a rich French Creole, M. Garasse. I liked the family; old Joel himself, who had been a fine intelligent fellow in his day, though now getting frail and forgetful; Mrs Lumley, née Garasse, a good-humoured swarthy bundle of humanity, always in crumpled coffee-coloured silk and a black lace-cap; Lumley's three sisters, quaint, bustling New England spinster; and the two daughters, Ruth and Hannah. Indeed, the image of pretty Ruth Lumley haunted my dreams, sleeping and waking, more than I cared to acknowledge to myself, for although I was in receipt of a good salary, my position in life hardly warranted my becoming the suitor of one of the co-heiresses of a wealthy planter.

By this time, or I may say weeks, had elapsed since I had been at Bellevue Plantation; and it was a disagreeable surprise, on approaching my old friends, to find Mr Hawks among them, and to hear that he was their guest, and had been staying for some time beneath their roof. Words cannot express the ungrainly appearance of the preacher as he bestowed an ambling bay pony, chosen for its docile character, but which was so low in stature, that the gaunt rider's large feet seemed to dangle but a very little above the ground. Quiet and small as was this palfrey, its management seemed to give the missionary a good deal of trouble, and he was by no means so blunt or oracular from the saddle as from the pulpit.

I could not help laughing in my sleeve at the odd contrast between this queer bony figure in rusty black and the two handsome dark-eyed girls on their miteralsome nags, with the feathers in their pretty Spanish hats drooping gracefully over, as they reverently listened to the somewhat jerky utterances of their clerical guest. As for Mrs Lumley and the maids-aunts, they all rode mules, for the better government of which, a negro lad, barefooted, but neatly dressed in blue cotton, trotted beside each animal's bridle. Joel Lumley was on his big northern horse, as usual.

M. met with a kindly welcome. The hospitable family officiously searched for 'forgetting them,' and insisted that I should come up to Bellevue and dine on the following day. After a little conversation, we arrived at the place where our respective roads diverged, and we parted. I cannot say I was quite content. Certainly, the Lumleys had been good-natured and friendly; certainly, too, I should have indignantly repudiated the idea that I was jealous of the preacher—jealous, and of such an awkward, grim scarecrow as that! Besides, I had no right to be so, since I had never paid a visit to Ruth Lumley; and yet I could have wished Mr Hawks in New England again, or anywhere else than at Bellevue.

I rode home. That night, at the bars of the different hotels and taverns, from the lofty Fourth of July establishment to the humble grocery of Mrs McGree, the sermon was discussed. It had been unintelligible to most hearers; but commentators had been busy, and its purport was pretty generally condemned. Before midnight, a sort of round-robin had been drawn up, demanding that Mr Hawks should preach no more in the parish, unless he were prepared to deny and recant the 'blasphemous and subversive theories' which he had that day broached. Moreover, Judge Troll was adjudged to enforce the law respecting negro education; and I myself heard the judge pledge himself, over a julep, to vindicate the majesty of the statutes by administering an 'everlasting quilting' to any offender against the keystone of southern society.

When I went to keep my appointment at Bellevue next day, after bank-hours, it so chanced that my horse, a favourite mustang from Texas, cast a shoe at the foot of the low sandy hill where a white post, thinly striped with red, marked the boundary between the Lumley property and Black Pits estate, on which Captain Ekins resided as agent. There was a smith, of course a slave, at Black Pits, and to him I confided my horse, with injunctions to get him shod as soon as he could manage to get the fire alight in his little forge. I also bade him feed the animal, stimulating his zeal with half a dollar, and bidding him ask Captain Ekins for some corn, or the driver, should the captain be out. I then mounted the hill on foot, and leaving the hard road, struck into a narrow foot-path that crossed a cotton patch. The tall plants were flourishing nobly, and their ripening bolls waved gently up and down as the light breeze swept by, while my tread fell silently on the soft sand.

Thus it fell out that I came abruptly upon a little knot of persons, huddled, as it were, in a hollow in the sand-hills. Most of these were blacks, men and young women, but there were two light-complexioned mulatto girls, servants of the Lumley family, and in the midst of the group was a gaunt white man, with an open book of the primer class in his hands—Mr Hawks caught in flagrant delict of teaching negroes to read.

My presence produced as disastrous an effect as if I had been a Bengal tiger ready to spring. The moment the slaves saw my white face, up they jumped with a smothered cry, and the field-hands, trying to hide behind one another, scuttled off into the brake. The mulatto girls fell on their knees, sobbing and petitioning for mercy.

'Please, massa, no tell; kind massa, deel massa, no tell, for Heaven sake; or if Regulators know it, we shall be whipped to death a'most, sar.'

Meanwhile Mr Hawks, startled but defiant, deliberately stared me in the face and pocketed his book. With some trouble, I silenced the clamour of the girls, assuring them that they had nothing to fear from me, but at the same time warning them that their apprehensions might very likely be realized if any white American should chance upon their place of study. They hurried off towards the house, leaving Mr Hawks and myself together. I passed my arm through the preacher's, and we walked up the path at a slow pace.

'Mr Hawks, I respect your convictions,' said I, 'but
really you are running a great risk. Turkeys are not more jealous of their harem slaves than slave-owners of any interference with their live chattels. I am an Englishman, as you perhaps know, and am no pro-slavery enthusiast, like my neighbours; you may therefore take my warning as a friend’s when I say, do not renew this. You will draw down punishment on these poor creatures, and rivet their chains, instead of loosenning them.‘

‘Young man, your speech is wise after the wisdom of this world,’ answered Mr Hucks, very ungraciously as I thought. ‘I am a chosen vessel, a peculiar potsherd to lead Samson out of the house of bondage.’

‘Take care you escape fracture in the process,’ said I angrily. ‘I don’t threaten, mind, Mr Hucks, but I fear you will cause more suffering by your rashness than you can ever alleviate.’

With these words, we came in sight of the house, on the threshold of which stood Ruth Lumley, and I forgot the late events in gazing at her bright eyes and heightened colour as she bade us welcome. The dinner passed off fairly enough. I thought that Mr Hucks monopolised the conversation a great deal more than was expedient; nor was his discourse of the clearest, though Ruth and Hannah seemed to pay very great attention to him. I did not like the man. Honest he was, as I believed, but his flippant and mystical jargon daunted me, and I could not for my life make out how the young ladies could endure it. I could not stir from her for a second; she seemed to have comprehended it all in ten; but the frequent biblical metaphors and far-fetched allusions gratified his New England ear and those of his sisters. These last were homely, half-taught women; while the Creole mistress of the house, good Mrs Lumley, had no education at all, and could barely write.

I rode home in due time, anything but satisfied with Mr Hucks’s proceedings under the roof of Bellevue. Nothing remarkable happened in the course of the next two weeks. The cotton was swelling and ripening, the woods were heavy and sound, and we all predicted a first-rate crop, and prepared for the bustle of picking and ginning the raw fibres. At the same time, advances were in great demand, and I was almost in a state of siege at the bank. There are pleasant occupations than that of manager to an institution of the kind, in a rough region of the South, where every loan is attended with serious risk, and where refusals to be loaned are as much as an insult; but by persuasion, and as good a union of firmness and suavity as I could manage to exhibit, I contrived to keep above water, though my stock of money became exhausted, and I had to write to New Orleans for a fresh supply. No other camp-meeting had taken place, nor had Mr Hucks again appeared in public, but he was believed to have preached frequently, with closed doors, to a chosen few. So passed away the time until the eruption, long smouldering, burst out into flame.

It was awakened at dead of night by the most awful clamour and confusion; the bell of Government House, the bells of chapel and school, were ringing the tocsin with harsh impatient din, as if the place were on fire. Drums were beating and files squealing with most warlike dissonance in the usually still streets, and horsemen galloped in a distracted fashion to and fro, amid a roar of voices. I sprang up, and dressed hurriedly. A huge bonfire was blazing in the street, almost under my window, and around it moved several dark forms, among them that of a man with a lorgnette, who was blowing the ambrosial. Alreadly I could see the glitter of muskets and bayonets, as the citizen soldiers turned out, half dressed, and hurried to the muster. Numbers of these people and cannon, but a few heavily armed, began to gather thick as bees. I threw open the window. ‘What on earth has occurred, gentlemen!’

‘Murder!’ ‘Treason!’ ‘Rebellion!’ bawled a dozen sleepy voices; while Ekins, who now rode down the street in his uniform, and with a sword and pistols at his belt, called out to me to ‘arm and come down.’

Thoroughly puzzled, I snatched my gun from the hooks where it hung ready loaded, and emerged into the street. Two words now explained all—‘The niggers!’

It was one of those half-crazy panics to which slaveholders are occasionally liable, and of which I had often heard, though I now witnessed one for the first time. I felt half disposed to laugh, though I knew well enough that mirth on so ticklish a subject would be very ill received. Ekins, who had now got off his horse, and committed the beast to the care of an Irish porter, caught my arm, and hurried me off to Government House. He volubly assured me, as we passed along, that a most atrocious conspiracy had just been brought to light, that even yet there was infinite peril, and that nothing less than a universal massacre of the white race, with all the St Domingo horrors on a wider scale, had been on the point of commencing.

This, even to me, an outsider, so to speak, from the prejudices and passions of the community, appeared anything but trivial. I could not but remember that we lived mixed up with an immense black population, credulous, excitable, and with many cruel wrongs to goad them on to violence. I recollected, also, that Louisiana contained many blacks who, on account of their perverse character, or their desperate efforts to escape, had been sold from the border states into the more hopeless bondage of the extreme south; also, there were on the sea-side plantations not a few African-born blacks, half-tamed prisoners of war, whose memories were not all of submission and servitude. And yet when I looked at the imposing array of white citizens, bristling with arms, and collecting fast at every corner, and at the stupid looks, half ashamed, half puzzled, of the few negroes about, I could not think the danger real. Ekins, however, went on taunting and gesticulating until we reached Government House, and the council-chamber, which was nearly half full of citizens. Great confusion prevailed, as usual, in such cases. The regular authorities were bewildered and helpless, and the majority seemed to drift to and fro with every fresh rumour or utterance of opinion. Several officers of the militia were there in uniform besides Ekins and the other officials and the elder men, as is not uncommon in America, seemed quite eclipsed by the decision and dash of the younger. A knot of resolute young men had gathered together, and every word they spoke might have been a fresh supply. No other camp-meeting had taken place, nor had Mr Hucks again appeared in public, but he was believed to have preached frequently, with closed doors, to a chosen few. So passed away the time until the eruption, long smouldering, burst out into flame.

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‘What do you think of this matter, Mr Minns?’ asked I.

The gigantic young Kentuckian, who was overseer of a plantation within a mile of town, tossed back his long black hair from his tanned forehead, and showed his white teeth in rather a scornful smile as he replied: ‘More smoke nor fire, I guess. They’re afraid, them government, speech-makin’ niggers, and they believe the niggers will chaw ’em up afore day dawn. This child done pretty the chronies, but a snap of a flint, he don’t, onst he’s awake and got this holfer bit of iron ready;’ and Minns shook his five-foot rifle in his brawny grip, and laughed aloud.

‘But there were a most cantawampus plot, I say,’ cried Ekins, almost foaming at the mouth.

‘I believe there war,’ said Minns simply—a more
flash in the pan; but there’s mischief brewin’, or I’ve been bamboozled. See, that darkly I took; prisoner first let the ‘possum out of the bag.’

 Without waiting for any comments on this transatlantic variation of an old proverb, Captain Ekins rushed upon a miserable-looking negro, with wrists fast tied together and dejected mien, who crouched in a corner, and bade the captive, with many cuffs and a few to speak out. The poor wretch, however, was half idiotic with fear; he merely muttered: ‘Golly, massa, me poor Sam! O massa, please, save—oh, oh, oh!’

 ‘He as spoke,’ said Minns; ‘and we’ve got his confess down in pot-hooks and hangers, on state-paper, but he don’t know half; so, cap, you’re wasting your breath. A lot of em meant to rise, that’sartin; but it’s so mixed up with the Land of Canaan, and going to the New Jerusalem, and all they’ve heard from that preacher chap—’

 ‘I thought so,’ almost yelled Ekins. ‘He’s the snake in the grass; he’s the ringleader of them sievey-skinned imps of the old serpent. Boys, a halter for Hucks!’

 The wrath and fear of the assembly took fire like loose gunpowder at this appeal. A loud cry was set up of ‘Hang the preacher!’ and even the most moderate were for his instant arrest and trial.

 ‘What the devil is this?’ cried Missy Greenly. ‘Come, the fast to collar Hucks; and I’ll jest take hose, and go up to Belleville, and take the critter in his night-cap. But there’s more to do; we want a Vigilance Committee, and all honest men on it. Reg’lators ain’t enough for this muss; every true citizen must write his name down, bound to help, with head and hand, till we’ve seen the last of this infernal thing. Every one of you has proved to have been afoot. Its purport was very vague, but it really seemed to have no connection with those massacres and burnings which Southerners are always dreaming of. A number of slaves must have been as far as I could judge, to assemble in a body, and to make a bold push for freedom; though whether they meant to march towards Mexico or Canada, or some mystical Avalon of the negro race, it was impossible to tell, so obscure was the jumble of statements.

 ‘In all these tales, the preacher, Mr Hucks, was more or less implicated. His share in this plot of these poor slaves was dubious, and the stories were contradictory; but I incline to the belief that a substratum of truth existed, and that Mr Hucks had a genuine handkerking to play the part of Gideon or Moses. His share in the plot was—death, and a violent and cruel death. In the eyes of the whites, Mr Hucks was a double-distilled traitor, a thousandfold worse than any black conspirator could have been. No doom was too bad for him, people said; and the women, his former partizans, were for the most part as wrathful as the men, or more so. Every mother, as she clasped her children, felt a glow of anger against the man who had, as she believed, planned to give up those dear lambs to the butchers; every planter looked on his crops as saved by miracle from the torch of revolt; and while none, or next to none, questioned the propriety of hanging Mr Hucks, there were not a few who spoke of nothing less than burning him alive when taken.

 He was not yet captured. The utmost efforts to ferret out his hiding-place had failed. In vain had a reward been offered; negroes were exasperated; the planters banded together, incensed, by the gentle arguments of the cowhide, the flint-vice, and the hot iron, to tell all they knew. The secret was either a secret to all, or it was well kept, and the fury of the planters had increased. Meanwhile, I had received notice that a sum in gold, silver, and notes, sufficient to replenish the bank-till,
had been entrusted to the captain of the *Pretty Polly* of Boston, which vessel was to complete her cargo in Atchafalaya Bay previous to sailing for her native port with a mixed freight of rice and sugar. It was suggested that, on her departure for the north, she should lie for a while off the South-west Pass of the Mississippi, and signal the shore, giving me an opportunity of boarding her at the depot. I knew,' wrote Mr. Peters, 'how rare are safe chances of forwarding valuables; but by the kindness of my old friend, Captain Jones, I am enabled to save the usual premium on the specie, &c.' This suited me well. A part of the *Pretty Polly*'s cargo was, as I knew, to be taken on board at South-west Pass, and a steam-tug had been chartered by Captain Ekins to convey the produce of Black Pit's estate down to the sea. I could ask Ekins for a cast down the La Fourche River, and we could either return in a canoe or on horseback. It was thus settled, and Major Gutch, who wished to speak about procuring a supply of dry goods from the north, was to make a third.

On the evening previous to my departure, a black boy was sent down from Belleview Plantation with a note from Miss Lumley. It was short, but kind and polite. Could I come up at once to the house, Ruth asked; adding, that she had much to say to me, a favour to ask, and a grave secret to keep. Of course, the answer was yes. I dressed myself with unusual care, and as I walked my horse up the hill, my heart beat thick and fast. A quarrel and a reconciliation! I declare I was more half in love with Enruth at present than ever I had been in my life. There was a rustling among the tulip-trees, a rustling of feminine attire, and pretty Ruth, in her straw hat and muslin dress, came tripping to meet me. I sprang off my horse, took the hand she extended, and was going to press it to my lips, when she gently withdrew it.

'Oh, Fordon, can you pardon my petulance the other night?' said Ruth. 'I know you meant all that was good and noble and generous, but I was riled to see those rudely leaves break into papa's house, and I was very unjust to you. Pray, forgive me. A long talk followed; I will not write it down. Perhaps I am not the only man alive that has put more faith in a woman's soft words and smiles than they deserved. But the favour — this was very simple. Ruth had a little field of her own, she told me, and it was planted with sea-island cotton, much finer and silkier than any in the state. This delicate staple was rare in Louisiana, but Ruth had raised a tiny crop of it, and the produce she had kept since last year, waiting for a chance of sending it direct to Boston, where it would command the highest price, and with the money it brought, she meant to give her dear parents a present — a surprise on their wedding-day. That was all; and would I kindly help her? Would I convey the bale most carefully on board the *Pretty Polly*, and ask Captain Jones to be so good as to sell it for her? Yes, I would. She thought so. O how kind of me!

I asked her if she thought the preacher would be taken. Poor man, she did not know. She was quite tired of the sound of his name. He was a queer, unsmooth person. She spoke of him with a pretty scorn, and then invited me to 'come in and see papa.'

Next morning we were at the quay, a few miles below town, Ekins, Gutch, and myself, while the Irish and negro ports were finishing the storage of the little steamer's cargo. The bale of cotton, Ruth's precious bale, was left for the last.

'Put that on deck, and take care of it, do you hear?' I called out.

'Him debilish heavy, sir. Me tink him cotton close packed, anyhow,' returned one of the panting blacks, as he hauled the load forward. A guard of armed volunteers stood to bid us farewell, as our lashings were cast off, and the tug moored its way down-stream.

'Suppose we catch Hucks while you're away, cap?' said one of them jestingly.

"If you do, and burn him before I come back, may I never, if I forgive you, boys!' answered Ekins with perfect seriousness.

The voyage down-river was prosperous, and, sure enough, the first thing we saw on the blue sea was the *Pretty Polly*, a fine ship, her sails hanging loose, and all ready for weighing anchor. We went alongside, and were hospitably regaled in the cabin by Captain Jones, while the cargo was transferred to the ship's hold. Of course our talk was of the recent troubles. Presently we went on deck. Ruth's bale of cotton, my especial charge, was swaying to and fro at the end of the 'whip' that lifted it from the tug to the loiter merchantman; it touched the deck.

'Oh, what have we here?' said the skipper. I explained, giving him at the same time a little note in Ruth's handwriting, which she had told me would satisfy the captain as to the bale's destination. To my surprise, the captain knelt his brows, whistled shrilly, and looked queerly from me to the note, and from the note to me.

'Stand by, to heave up anchor; yoho!' sang out the mate. Soon the anchor was spoken, the sails were filled, and the vessel began to move. Ekins and Gutch bade the skipper adieu, and prepared to re-embark on board the tug.

'Stay a moment,' said 1; 'if Captain Jones has no objection, I should like to see that bale stowed away.'

'Shall we strike it down the river?' asked a seaman, stepping up. There was a querrel on the skipper's face.

'I don't think that would be humane,' said he; then giving the bale a slight kick, he added: 'If the poor chap ain't smothered already, he’d like air.'

'Yes, verily, and sore hath been my tribulation among these Malianites,' answered Fordon, in a loud voice from the interior of the cotton package, 'seeing my limbs are cramped, even as Jonah.'

'Hucks! by all that's venemous!' cried Ekins and Gutch with one accord. The grinning sailors gathered round, and by the captain's orders opened the bale, which was found to contain a strong osier crate, in which the hank form of the bony preacher had been uncomfortably stowed away. Cramped and half suffocated, Hucks was still alive, and was carried down, almost fainting, to the captain's cabin, and placed on a couch, while a furious dispute took place.

My companions were with difficulty prevented from stabbing or pistoling poor Hucks on the spot, and they broke into executions of my treachery, in thus concealing the fugitive, mingled with entreaties that Captain Jones should give him up. But the commander of the *Pretty Polly* very coolly told them that his conscience went 'dead against slavery'; that his vessel was going into the China trade; and that, as it was his last visit to the 'beggarly south,' he could afford to save a hunted wretch without fear of future vengeance from mob or law.

'The best thing you can do, mister,' said he to me, 'is to take a passage north with me. It's not just fair you should have made a scapegoat by the gal, but that's done. Them Legislators won't believe your story, even if you lay it all on her. Best make tracks out of danger.'

The advice was good. Ekins and Gutch made no secret of their intention to bring me to trial, before the Vigilance Committee, for abetting the escape of Hucks, and my former friend in especial swore to put the noose round my neck with his own hands, abusing me for a 'double-tongued, right-handed devil.' I had to give up my place and prospects, and sail for Boston in the *Pretty Polly*, rather than face Judge Lynch.

Years after, when sailing for a handsome house in Philadelphia, a lady kindly invited me to come to tea that evening.
SOMETHING OF ITALY.

NAPLES.

On a pleasant morning at the end of April, a French steamer bore us into the bay of Naples. The Mediterranean, which at times be as sunny as the Atlantic, chose to be in one of its placid moods, so as to admit of our standing on deck to note the features of a scene not readily to be forgotten. On our right was the lofty and rugged island of Ischia, with the lower and more verdant island of Procida; on our left the bold promontory of Misenum; while in front, like a giant bug from the sea, towered Vesuvius, with a light smoke curling upwards to the blue sky, still dotted over with white morning clouds. Soon the bay opens, and there lies before us a fringe of white towns sweeping round the shore, with Naples overtopped by the castle of St. Elmo in the centre. Ships at anchor, and sundry light craft under sail, scattered about, complete the fascinating picture.

From Civio, a voyage of seventeen hours, and this continues to be the most agreeable way of coming from Rome. A railway has been constructed, and might, six months ago, have been opened from Rome to Capua, whence there is a line already in operation to Naples; but for reasons which Cardinal Antonelli could probably explain, this very desirable railway has been kept shut, with such a fine crop of grass growing upon it, that the line may be let out as pasturage along with other parts of the Campagna. With the railway still in prospect, there is no deficiency of diligence on the part of the peasants. The reports, however, of occasional waylaying on the frontier did not dispose us to adopt a journey by land. Perhaps these reports were visionary, but in a country where nothing of this kind is ventilated through the press, rumour has everything its own way; and so we took the sea-route, which chanced to be a great success from the sea, towered Vesuvius, with a light smoke curling upwards to the blue sky, still dotted over with white morning clouds. Soon the bay opens, and there lies before us a fringe of white towns sweeping round the shore, with Naples overtopped by the castle of St. Elmo in the centre. Ships at anchor, and sundry light craft under sail, scattered about, complete the fascinating picture.

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the town. On the occasion of any public rejoicing, when crowds throng the streets, poor persons may be seen dragging out their small tables, and constituting them stalls for the sale of fruit, which is the universal purchase—whole stock in trade consisting of a gallon jar and a tumbler. One of these copious fountains ever welling up, and free to all, is situated on the broad low pier of the Porta Nova, which is the regular anchoring-place for boats, and as this was within sight of our hotel, we had an opportunity of watching the daily operations. The resort was greatest on Sunday from about noon till sunset, during which interval many thousands of persons partook of the water or hovered about as spectators. At tables with forms placed for their accommodation, relays of men and women in holiday attire were enjoying this harmless potation; close by, there were establishments open for the sale of wines and spirits, but they were comparatively deserted. The simpler and cheaper attractions the morning carried the day. But how could it be otherwise? There was neither cold nor damp to drive people to seek shelter and excitement within doors. The outer world was beautiful and exhilarating. Overhead was that bright blue sky, in front was that charming bay decorated with shipping, and all around that glorious sunshine—in themselves a sufficient stimulus to all but the absolutely vitiated.

Another species of stimulus perhaps had its influence. Naples was in a state of political ferment; the minds of all were uplifted and full of hope. A cruel and pernicious despotism had been happily got rid of, and brought within the sphere of Italian unity, the people felt themselves to be now part of a great nation. As no one was unwilling to speak unreservedly on the subject, I had an opportunity of hearing remarks in no way complimentary to the past condition of affairs. The press had been under a severe censorship, there would be no public discussion of any grievance, secret spies invaded the privacy of families, bands of armed police patrolled the streets and prevented petty gatherings, and persons who became subjects of suspicion, no matter what their rank, were suddenly seized in their homes and immured for years in dungeons without trial or hope of release. Such was Naples previous to the expulsion of Francis II., and never in the annals of revolutions was there a more righteous overthrow. Suddenly and strangely emancipated from the incubus which oppressed them, politically unaccustomed to the forms of a free government, it would have caused no great surprise had the Neapolitans broken into political excesses. There was one distinct principle, however, which saved us from this. It was that of Italian unity. Tempered by this dogma, they readily threw in their lot with the more grave and experienced Piedmontese, and now they wait for the full realisation of this earnestly entertained idea.

With the liberty of free discussion, the Neapolitans showed no reluctance to use it. The cafes overflowed with eager debaters on political questions. Opinions from England concerning the probable future of Italy, or expressions of sympathy in its fate, were seized on with avidity. Daily, the press poured forth a profusion of cheap papers, and the sale of these by news-boys and stall-keepers reminded us of what we had seen at Turin; the fact of this freedom of the press being the more striking after what we had observed at Rome. The contrast between the state of trade in the two places was also remarkable. The shops in the Toledo were thronged with customers, and public improvements of various kinds were in active operation; no impediment to such general vivacity by the arrival of Victor Emmanuel, accompanied by a fleet of French war-vessels. Unable to reach the heart of the Neapolitans, I can only say that outwardly there was neither sulkiness nor any other symptom of dissatisfied feeling. In the various rejoicings that took place, but one sentiment, that of intense satisfaction, prevailed. The Italian flag everywhere flying, bands of music playing, royal salutes firing, illuminations of the town and fleet, balls, theatricals, and ceremonies of public interest were given token of the universal rejoicing. The most significant demonstration was that made by the numerous regiments of national guards, a particularly fine body of men composed of the middle and higher classes in the town and neighbourhood.

The manner in which the king was received on driving out almost every afternoon along the Chiaia was a good evidence of his popularity among all ranks. Passing beneath our windows, we could see the long line of carriages which attended on these occasions; the cortège consisting of every available, in vehicle public and private, and reminding us of nothing short of the road to 'the Derby.' It may here be proper to say, however, that the Neapolitans are excessively fond of driving. Very many, as we were informed, make heavy sacrifices in order to keep a carriage, while persons of a humble class never seem to have any scruple in hiring an open one-horse cab, in order to have a little show-off. Assuredly, this taste for riding in carriages is one of the social phenomena of the place, and is in a degree encouraged by the scope for the indulgence on the long open flagged thoroughfares, on which you roll almost as smoothly as on a railway. The number of carriages of one kind or other which drove past at the hour of the fashionable parade on the Chiaia was usually from a thousand to twelve hundred.

That Victor Emmanuel felt flattered by these ovations, cannot be doubted; but in looking into the state of affairs, he could as little fail to discover that in this resurrection of a kingdom onerous duties are imposed on the new authorities. So long has Southern Italy been misgoverned, and the bulk of the population kept in ignorance, that neither material nor mental resources have been at all developed. Percinicious old laws need to be cleared away, and new institutions established; but for all this, and much more, consideration and time are required. What appears essentially necessary is that degree of stability along with enlightened measures as to trade, commerce, and agriculture, which will give confidence to capitalists. The people are in want of remunerative employment, which if found for them by individual or associated enterprise, would be more serviceable than that of giving occupation to thousands of destitute Neapolitan poor-houses which were begun by the former dynasty. No one can make an excursion in any direction from Naples, the westward in particular, without being deeply impressed with the state of agriculture, approaching in some places to an entire neglect of the soil, and the number of people with scarcely any employment. That the dethroned and exiled dynasty deserves no compunction is evident from a variety of circumstances, but none more than the deficiency of elementary education. Few of the humbler classes can read or write. In Naples, accordingly, the ancient profession of the scrivano, or letter-writer for the poor and illiterate, still flourishes as a necessity in the social system. Offices and stalls are established for the reading and writing of letters. The stalls of the scrivani are most numerous under the shelter of an arcade near the royal palace; for there the penning of petitions to the king was till lately an important branch of the profession, nor in the circumstances of the country is it soon likely to be relinquished. In passing along, we see women of a humble class seated beside the old spectacled scrivener, prompt to write to the distant friend, for which useful service he receives a small fee.

Naples, as is well known, is a favourite winter and spring resort of the English, who cluster chiefly about the Chiaia, where there are lodgings, shops, and reading-rooms for their accommodation. At present,
they are making a resolute effort to erect a commodious chapel on ground with which Garibaldi presented them during his dictatorship. Along the heights which crown the city and extend westward from it are the precipices where are many villas embowered in pleasure-grounds, picturesquely clothed in vines, fig and orange trees, and commanding views of Vesuvius, the bay, and of the island of Capri. Few places in the world are more enviable in point of climate and locality. Strangers find much to interest them in the Museum, which is open to them daily. The collection comprehends pictures, but consists chiefly of ancient objects of art—sculptures, mosaics, and minor articles in bronze, &c.—brought from Pompeii, Herculanum, and other excavated cities.

The liquescent blood of St Januarius occurred while we were in Naples, and a short account of it may be given.

According to legends on the subject, Januarius, a Christian missionary, was cruelly put to death in the year 305. A pious lady who was present at the execution contrived, it is said, to sponge up some of the blood, which she secreted and carefully preserved. The relics were kept in two small vials; in one was the blood, and in the other a piece of straw which had been taken up accidentally along with it. How these memorials of the martyred St Januarius were preserved for seven hundred years, there is no account. They began to be exhibited in the eleventh century, were transferred to Naples, and have long been esteemed a sort of palladium of the town. They are now preserved in a side-chapel in the cathedral, which has likewise the honour of possessing the skull of the saint enclosed in a silver bust. The blood is alleged to be the subject of a miracle twice a year, in May and September, and oftener according to circumstances. It is said that up to fifteen hundred years ago, would, under any sealing up in a bottle, have long since shrunk into a thickened or hardened mass. Such has been the case. The blood is a thick quiescent substance, and the miracle consists in this, that through the efficacy of prayers and supplications to the saint, it suddenly resumes its original liquid form. As miracles do not ordinarily fall in one’s way, we gladly embraced the rare opportunity of seeing one, and took care to be in good time at the church where the liquescent takes place.

The scene of the event was the church of St Chiara, a spacious basilica situated in a narrow street turning off the Toledo, and the appointed time was the afternoon of Saturday, the 3d of May. On entering the church about two o’clock, few had assembled; but we could see by the sentinels on guard, the broad passage lined off for a procession from the door to the high altar, and other preparations, that something of importance was in hand. Though favoured with seats, time hung heavily in the silent building, and nothing worth notice occurred till the entrance of a string of poor-looking women, such as are commonly seen begging at church-doors. Establishing themselves on forms outside the gospel side of the altar, these privileged persons, who affect to call themselves relations of Januarius, began a very extraordinary kind of chanting, or rather monotomous howling of aies and pateros, and the longer they vociferated, the greater was their vehemence and agitation. To all appearance, they were lashing themselves into a fury, but felt some surprise that such irreverence should be tolerated. Near to five o’clock, in the midst of the din, and when the church had become crowded, military music is heard outside and the expected procession enters. What an array of splendour! A richly jewelled tabernacle, bearing the case in which are the sacred vials, is set on a stand draped with velvet within the railing of the altar, amidst a concourse of priests. Then followed prayers, chanting, and music from an instrumental choir, with a repetition of theignon prayers for the intentions of the women, some of whom were frantic in beseeching the saint to vouchsafe the miracle. On this occasion, Januarius was more imposing than he sometimes happens to be. After several examinations, the liquefaction was said to be effected, and the case was shewn accordingly; but in consequence of the movements of the agitated crowd, and the smoke of incense, which communicated a mistiness to the almost suffocating atmosphere, no one at a distance could properly see the object of general wonder. There being no hope of a satisfactory state of preservation. Under the former dynasty, heavy fees were exacted for admission to the different departments; but now the whole establishment is open without charge.

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The scene of the event was the church of St Chiara, a spacious basilica situated in a narrow street turning off the Toledo, and the appointed time was the afternoon of Saturday, the 3d of May. On entering the church about two o’clock, few had assembled; but we could see by the sentinels on guard, the broad passage lined off for a procession from the door to the high altar, and other preparations, that something of importance was in hand. Though favoured with seats, time hung heavily in the silent building, and nothing worth notice occurred till the entrance of a string of poor-looking women, such as are commonly seen begging at church-doors. Establishing themselves on forms outside the gospel side of the altar, these privileged persons, who affect to call themselves relations of Januarius, began a very extraordinary kind of chanting, or rather monotomous howling of aies and pateros, and the longer they vociferated, the greater was their vehemence and agitation. To all appearance, they were lashing themselves into a fury, but felt some surprise that such irreverence should be tolerated. Near to five o’clock, in the midst of the din, and when the church had become crowded, military music is heard outside and the expected procession enters. What an array of splendour! A richly jewelled tabernacle, bearing the
Another formidable brute of the jungle is the wild-boar, of which he specifies one that measured 40 inches high at the shoulder, its head being nearly two feet long. It leads the hordes of pigs; and one pursuit of the natives is to plant them with 'a bad-looking mongrel kind of cur.' Two kinds of deer are wild in the forest. The natives catch some by beating them into narrow ratten looms and nooses. Our traveller heard a good deal of the men with tails; the caudal inconvenience was rumoured to be four inches long, and had a socket prepared for its accommodation in all the seats. Fortunately, this monster always kept four or five miles in advance of Mr St John's party. Besides the tribes who have a fixed habitation in the villages, there are wild nomadic tribes who, whenever they exhaust one bit of jungle, remove to another. They are the great collectors of wax, edible birds' nests, camphor, and rattan. The main instrument of destruction in use is the blowpipe or sumpintan with its poisoned arrow.

Many of Mr St John's tours among the Dayaks were with Captain Brooke (Sir James's nephew), whose mission was to make the peace between hostile tribes. This he did by the summary method of presenting each party with a sacred jar, a spear, and flag; whereas, it will not surprise the reader to hear, the disputants vowed eternal amity, and in witness thereof the champion of each party struck off a pig's head at a blow. Of course the Englishmen were required to yield to many absurd ceremonies arising out of the native belief in their supernatural virtues. They had to scatter rice, and sprinkle water on women and children, wishing them prosperity and every blessing. The water with which their feet were washed was sacred, preserved to fertilize the land. At Grung on the river Sarawak, they were especially bountiful with these singular honours. The priestesses of the place were especially active tying little bells round our wrists and ankles, and bringing rice for us to to split in, and this excitable morose they swallowed. One horrid old woman actually came six times! After the official and pompous reception, a space was cleared for dancing. The old Orang Kayas and the elders commenced, and were followed by the priestesses. They walked up to us in succession, passed their hands over our arms, pressed our palms, and then uttering a yell or prolonged screech, went off in a slow measure of dancing, leaving their hands in unison with their feet until they reached the end of the house and came back to where we sat; then another pressure of the palm, a few more passes to draw virtue out of it, another yell, and they went again. At one time there were at least a hundred dancing. For three nights we had little sleep on account of these ceremonies; but at length, notwithstanding clash of gong and beat of drum, we sank back in our beds, and were soon fast asleep. In perhaps a couple of hours, I awoke; my companion was still sleeping uneasily; the drum was deafening, and I sat up to look around. Unfortunate movement! I was instantly seized by two priests, and led up to the Orang Kayas, who was leisurely cutting a fowl's throat. I was taken to the very end of the house, and the bleeding fowl put into my hands; holding him by his legs, I had to strike the lintels of the doors, sprinkling a little blood over each; when this was over, I had to wave the fowl over the heads of the women, and wish them fertility; over the children, and wish them health; over all the people, and wish them prosperity; over the Rejang, water of equal size, and mountains, good crops for them. At last I reached my mat, and sat down preparatory to another sleep, when that horrid old woman led another detachment of her sex forward to recommence the dancing.

The ceremonies attending births, marriages, and deaths vary very much. They have this in common,
that they are all rubbish of the most despisable kind. At one place, the principal feature of a marriage-ceremony is knocking the heads of parties together. Divorces are easily procured, and often procured, it being an invariable custom, that the young woman of seventeen with her third husband on trial. They appear to live on pretty good terms, and sever in the most amiable style of spirit. The worst thing Mr St John tells of the women is, that while they drink little themselves, they rejoice to see their husbands in a beastly state of intoxication. The people worship no idols, and have an idea of a supreme being, with innumerable good and evil spirits.

The Kayuns, a fierce warlike race, are the terror of the other aboriginal tribes, and also of the Malays. They are said to be cannibals on occasion, not from any particular relish of human flesh, but to make themselves more respected among their enemies. Head-hunting is their favourite pastime, or so. They attack a village amid the barking of hogs and talawaks, and desolate it with fire, murder, and rapine, making their captives slaves. Mr St John got a list of forty villages they had destroyed during the previous ten years. One of his most interesting chapters is concerning a visit he made to a tribe of this wild race on the Baram, a fine river in Borneo Proper. On the day the white man burst on the children of the jungle in the might and pride of his civilization; in other words, Mr St John navigated the Baram in the government steamer Pluto, at sight of which all monsters, magic, and spooks dispersed with ridiculous celerity. Like their betters, the natives instantly concluded that what they did not understand must be supernatural. 'Here is a god come among us,' they said, as the strange swift-moving mass hove in 'sight.' The business of the travellers (official) was at Languss, a Kayun town about a hundred miles inland, with about 2500 inhabitants. An influential chief was absent on the horrible business of head-hunting; but Tamawan, 'who looks a savage, and doubles is one,' and other chiefs, did the agreeable in certainly handsome style. They were charmed to be allowed to inspect the vessel, and the large 32-pounder gun 'greatly excited their respect.' They were particularly anxious to know if we could discover the hidden treasures of the earth, as they had heard that we possessed one that showed the mountains in the moon.' Mr St John entered into the spirit of the original fact, and appears to have been an immense favourite. On the subject of head-hunting, however, he felt compelled to give them some 'wholesome advice, which made them feel thrifty.'

Mr St John reached his summit—one by way of the Tampasuk, and again by the Tamawaran, the two main rivers of the rich district between the north of Oeyau Bay and the beyond the mountain. The inhabitants of these districts, estimated to number 45,260, are two-thirds Ida'ans, the aboriginal race, and the remaining Bajus, Landaus, and Malays. The numerous rivers by which they are scattered and fairly divided, Sarawak, which is a great drawback to the district. The Ida'ans are essentially agricultural, and raise rice, sweet potatoes, the kili-kili, yams, Indian corn, sugar-cane, tobacco, and cotton. This last product is not largely cultivated, though it is met with throughout the island, and is manufactured by the natives into a dark cloth. Trade is very thriving. The Ida'an does not pay tribute to the Borneo government; every village, and almost every house, has its independent government.

The details of these two expeditions are interesting. The natives figure far less creditably in the narrative than in that of the visit to the Kayuns, blood-thirsty and savage as they are. They showed no hospitality, and demanded prices so absurd for their favours, that the English hate of extortion and avarice became stronger than appetite with the travellers. At the village of Kian, the native mountain demonstration greeted them, but, as usual, it was mere bragg, to pave the way for extortion. It melted away as the thirty muskets of the party muttered, and no attempt was made to plunder them. In noting the appearances of the route by the Tampasuk, Mr St John says that the Bajus have a singular reluctance
to use their own logs for locomotive purposes; they ride anything that will bear—horses, caws, bullocks. He was amused to see a cow, with a couple of lads on her back, trotting along, with 'a calf not a week old frisking behind her.' At the farms of the Brunei, he first saw native ploughing. 'The plough is made entirely of wood, and is drawn by a buffalo, and its action is the same as if a pointed stick had been dragged through the land to the depth of about four inches.' These farms have each four acres enclosed, and appear to be kept under continued cultivation. Simple as their mode of farming is, it is the basis of their prosperity, and Mr St John thinks it is a remnant of Chinese civilisation. The Tamatsaik, far inland, is full of Idaan fish-traps, made by damming up one half of the stream, and forcing the other half into a huge basket.

Mr St John avoids politics, and nowhere directly alludes to the propositions recently before this country in reference to the island. He is, however, devoutly attached to Sir James Brooke, as it is to be noted, to the credit of that gentleman, is every European visitor who has really witnessed his government in operation and the results of his influence. Mr St John also takes every opportunity of proving the imbecility and utter worthlessness of the Brunei government. He supports the experiment of making it a Chinese settlement under European government. The book contains a detailed account of the insurrection of the Chinese gold-workers, and the temporary overthrow of the Sarawak government in 1867; also much information concerning our Labuan colony and the Sulin islands.

In these volumes, much that is reported of human nature as existing in these wild regions is unintelligible to human nature here; but on the whole, our own experience will furnish the case to the origin of many manners, customs, and incidents, preposterous as they are. The Dayaks make their largest offerings to the spirt of Brunei, and Mr St John thinks it is a remnant of Chinese civilisation. The Tamatsaik, far inland, is full of Idaan fish-traps, made by damming up one half of the stream, and forcing the other half into a huge basket.

B Y A G R A V E

FATHER, father, here I linger;
Years have passed since last I came
Thus to trace, with faltering finger,
On this stone your vanished name;
That dear name—what dear lips told it
Once—that name now named by none
But by those—how few!—who hold it
Dear as I, your lonely son.

Father, father, I am yearning
That long-vanished form to see,
That face that is but returning
Dim, as in a dream, to me;
Few the years that dear face blessed me
Kee it awed my childish sigh,
Father, no more to caress me,
From its coffin, calm and white.

Then but as a child I wept you;
Deeply as a child's heart un,
In its love my child's heart kept you,
But no more than now I'm man.

Not as much! O early pined for,
Father, o'er whose grave I bow,
O, with tears these eyes are blind for
Those dear eyes that see me now.

Yes, that see me; oh, but dearer,
But more loved as years depart,
Has not death but drawn us nearer,
Ever closer, heart to heart!

Still amid day's thoughts, night's dreaming,
I have seemed to feel you near,
Guiding, guarding, to my seeming,
Me, your child, who mourns you here.

Yes, while here your dust is sleeping,
O pure soul, these lips would kiss!
You are in some far world keeping
Watch o'er those you loved in this;
Still my evil thoughts controlling,
Joying in my earthly joy,
I have felt you, grief consoling,
Warning, warning, dear boy;
O from empty space before me,
Father dear, that you might start!
Might now bend that dear face o'er me,
And look love into my heart!

But not to these eyes, while living,
All that blessed lost look come;
No more words to mine are giving
Those loved lips for ever dumb.

Shall I not hereafter know you,
O my father, yet again?
Yes, to these eyes death shall show you
When I leave life's joy and pain;
With the bliss of those long parted,
O how cherished, O how sweet
Is the thought that then glad-hearted,
Father, father, we shall meet.

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A NIGHT IN THE CATACOMBS
OF THE UPPER NILE.

No feature in the mental idiosyncrasy of the Egyptians is so striking as their passion for excavating, building, and burrowing under ground. Half the lives of the thoughtful classes of the community, who were so numerous and influential as to impress their peculiarities on the whole nation, was passed in subterraneous apartments, nominally constructed for the reception of the dead, but in reality for the use of the living, who loved the grim silence and solitude which the company of mummies and the perpetual presence of death insured to the frequenter of the tombs. Accordingly, there is scarcely a mountain, rock, or precipice in any portion of the Nilotic Valley, or of the desert bordering upon it, which does not contain suites, more or less spacious, of sepulchral chambers, adorned with sculpture, painted in brilliant and gorgeous colours, abounding with symbolical representations, with deep shafts, long corridors, endless flights of steps, descending, winding, branching off into the bowels of the earth, with here and there niches for coffins, carved and decorated divans for the living, and beautiful tables running along the wall, on which to arrange the wines, fruits, and viands designed to comfort and exhilarate the worshipper of Isis and Osiris.

Once, while roaming about the wastes of Nubia, we learned that there existed far out in the desert something which our informants called a ruin, though whether below or above ground they were unable to decide. Respecting its exact distance from the river, they were equally uncertain; some estimating it at one hour, some at three or four. Arriving shortly after dark at the village which was to form our starting-point, we found the whole population asleep, or determined to appear so, with the exception of four young men, whom we heard, while groping our way through the dusky streets, or rather lanes, talking and laughing in a ruinous unlighted building. Our Arab servants, who cherished strong prejudices against all inhabitants of the 'black countries,' argued that they must be murderers, or at least brigands; otherwise, they could have no motive for sitting together in the dark, after all honest people were in their beds. But brigands or no brigands, they would probably consent for money to become our guides, which, when we had knocked and made known our wishes, they cheerfully did. It must be said for wild and eastern men in general, that they seldom profess knowledge when conscious of ignorance; so that if they undertake to conduct you to any place, you may be tolerably certain they are familiar with the road, though about distances their ideas are often extremely misty. On the present occasion, our difficulties were multiplied by the circumstance, that the guides understood not one word of Arabic, while, with the exception of an ignorant river-pilot, we were all equally unacquainted with the Noubah language. Scanty and unsatisfactory, therefore, was our intercommunication; but as they affirmed unhesitatingly that they could lead us to the ruins of which we were in search, we bade them move on, and followed. Soon the village was left behind, and the desert entered upon—the desert, vast, monotonous, lighted up by the most brilliant moon, its sand-hills piled up and modelled by the winds, clothed in some places with tamarisk or the oriental willow, alternating at intervals with barren rocks, rising into peaks, or cloven into vast fissures, through which we wound our way, immersed at times in deep shadow, with the yawning mouths of caverns on either hand. Our attendants, little used to walking over deep sand or rugged rocks, presently became tired, and their weariness perhaps induced them to question us as to whether or not we had brought our firearms with us, since they apprehended that our guides might possibly have a design upon our lives, as they often whispered together, and laughed. Our rifles, our pistols, even our daggers, had been left behind, so that, had the Nubiens intended mischief, they had an excellent opportunity; but they entertained no such idea; and at length, after a weary march of at least three hours, stopped at the foot of a low mountain, declaring us to be now in presence of the object of which we were in search. As neither column nor obelisk, nor wall nor gateway anywhere appeared, we began to suspect they were really mocking us, and being roused to anger, fiercely demanded what they meant. The men then, with their spears, pointed to an Egyptian cornice cut in the rock, and all but covered with sand, which, kneeling down, they vigorously removed with their hands, till they laid open a small doorway, through which, being the most eager of the party, I forced my way, like the Egyptian deity, Agathodemon, wriggling into a hole.
Once entered, I beheld by my wax taper one of the most astonishing sights I had ever witnessed. Standing on the sandy beach, to the left in by the winds, my head nearly touched the roof, which was completely instinct with life; myriads of small creatures, with woody wings, open mouths, and glittering bead-like eyes, hung quivering and trembling from the roof, detaching themselves gradually, and darting madly hither and thither in the unaccustomed light. Leaving my companions to work their way through the sand at their leisure, I advanced, with more than my wonted caution, into the cavern. Nor was caution at all unnecessary, for I had not proceeded many yards before a large square mummy-pit yawned before me. Into this I threw a stone, and by its frequent bounding and rebounding from side to side, conjectured that the depth of the shaft could not be less than seventy or eighty feet. After warning my friends of the danger, I skirted the pit, and then passed in profound admiration of the grandeur, extent, and magnificence of this subterranean palace, constructed by the lavish industry of the Egyptians in an out-of-the-way mountain, which they who quenched their thirst at the Nile could have seldom had occasion to visit, unless—which is not improbable—all this portion of the wilderness rendered fertile by their genius and energy. The tamarisks, the willows, and the mimosa, still growing on several hillocks and hollows, testified to the practicability of such a take-offation.

After gazing round me for several minutes, I discerned a square opening in the rock, leading to a lower suite of apartments; and after estimating the depth, which seemed to be from fifteen to eighteen feet, I leaned forwards with my hands on the sides of the opening, and leaped down, followed by a torrent of bats, all apparently intent upon extinguishing my wax taper, and at length, to my no little annoyance, succeeded. They now considered they had got me all to themselves; and as I stooped to gape about for the cause, I felt the springing thick upon the ground, and put my thumb and fingers into their open mouths, while others of their brethren crawled over my head into my bosom, and down the back of my neck, their cold clammy touch making me shiver with disgust. Into these halls and corridors, no light but that of a torch or taper had ever penetrated since the creation; around me was the true Egyptian darkness—a darkness which could be felt, since it weighed upon the spirits, and made the eyeballs strain to catch a glimpse of something visible and tangible. I placed the stones and the mummies in various directions, and as, however far they went, they struck against no rock or wall, but always fell on the sandy or stony floor, I conjectured that I stood in the midst of a vast hall, the pavement of which might be pierced with mummy-pits or other dangerous cavities. Beginning to be alarmed, since I knew not how to advance or retreat, I shouted with all my might to my companions, who, not knowing what course I had taken, had probably turned off into other galleries, never supposing I could have descended into that chasm. Whether they came to my aid or not, there was one circumstance of wonder: if I might find an exit from that dismal den—this was a slight current of air which now and then breathed upon me. Exploring the floor carefully, now with my feet, and now with my hands, I moved towards the point from which the air came, but, to my dismay, the little refreshing breeze ceased to blow, and then I felt a second like that which I had felt behind. I now resumed my former practice of throwing stones, and at length found that they struck against a wall, which turned out, however, when I reached it, to be only the base of a large square pillar, designed to support the weight of the superincumbent mountain. On a low projection of this pillar I sat down to consider what was next to be done. If I sat there till morning, the return of day would not improve my condition. The stones which strewn the floor on the least touch by collision; all the means of striking a light were with my Arab servants, who, I feared, had given me up for lost, and retreated from the catacombs. At this idea, a bewildering panic攫了起来, and screwing up my eyes, I rose, and straining my voice to its utmost pitch, sent what resembled a loud roar through the cavern. The echoes took it up, and carried it right and left, till it became fainter and fainter, and gradually died away in the distance. Visions and phantasms then took possession of my mind. I beheld the slope of a mountain capped with snow, and in a sheltered nook near its base, a house, with children, overlooked by a woman, playing on the green-sward before it. A baby lay among roses near the woman’s feet, who, alternately gazed at it and at the page of a book which it was clear she was not reading. Upon this scene I gazed with deep anguish, since it seemed to be the last glimpse I should ever obtain of those figures. Fancily then carried a high up on the mountain, towards where the avalanches roll and roar; and as I mounted, one of the most enormous bulk appeared to be loosened from its seat, and to be launched like lightning down the precipice, where I was rapidly climbing. It struck, it overwhelmed, it stunned me—not! I lost all sensation. When I escaped from the folds of this hideous vision, I beheld my Arab servants, each with a light in his hands, standing before me, and inquiring how it happened that I had lost myself, and proceeded to so great a distance in the dark.

It was inamaterial. We now found ourselves in an immense excavation, whose sides pillars and niches were glowing with strange imagery, painted in bright colours, and representing, as we conjectured, the passage of the soul from earth to Hades. We found, lying among trees and flowers along a dreary path, the spirit, dim, shadowy, almost colourless, followed two wolf-headed conductors into the presence of the subterranean king, who was to pronounce judgment upon it, and assign it an abode, bithie and joyous, or portentously dismal, according to the tenor of its career on earth. The spirit in question happening to be one of the fortunate, soon passed its examination, and was received by two ladies, who led it by the hand into a place abounding with all those delights upon which the ancient Egyptians set especial value: wine, fruits, flowers, all sorts of delicious viands, choresses of women, dancing in circles, while others of the same sex played upon golden harps, which, from their open mouths, they appeared to breathe as from the voices. At this reception, the spirit seemed to lose the tenacity of its figure, and was plumped out to respectable dimensions, while its face beams with joy. Here the artist had stopped short, either because his activity had been arrested by death, or wishing to abandon to the imagination the remainder of the scene. In a sculptured niche close at hand, we discovered a gorgeously painted coffin, with a face of rare beauty delineated on the lid, having long, black, sleeping eyes, a straight nose, high forehead, and rich, pouting lips, resembling those of a Macedon with the latter that of an Egyptian woman; for the chin, too, was Greek—that is, exquisitely rounded, dimpled, and rising over a neck never surely beheld among the genuine natives of the Nile valley. Would you find the mummy within? And if we did, would it answer the flattering indications of the exterior? The discovery was soon made that the coffin had never been opened, and that a solid block of wood had time and thick paint rendered it, that it was with no little difficulty we discovered the point of junction between the lid and the coffin. The want of hammer and chisel would have hindered our discovery of no avail, had not our Nubian guides drawn forth heavy crooked daggers from beneath their armlets—one of which I purchased on the spot.
and still possess—and suggested the possibility of opening the sarcophagus with them. This we at length did. The mummy, properly speaking, was not visible, being concealed by a thick investiture of rawhides and bandages. In addition to its form obliteration, while its face was represented by a painted mask of rare beauty. Round the throat was a necklace, and on the head a crown of gold beads, exquisitely formed and chased, of which we robbed the mummy. We were, however, thieves of some conscience, for after having appropriated the necklace and the beads, with a blue porcelain ring, worn probably in life by the deceased lady, we replaced the lid, restored the coffin to its niche, and left it either to become a prey to the next travellers from Europe, or to remain in silence and quietness till the great Osirian resurrection.

It so happens that the Egyptians, even in their sepulchres, where the mysteries of life and death are strangely mingled, invest their spirits with attributes which will not bear to be spoken of. In one place, the imagination is borne up to the highest level of the sublime; in another, it is dashed suddenly to earth in the most material way. Bodies mutilated in war are piled up before barbarous monarchs; decapitated trunks lie prostrate on the floor, while the heads which have been severed from them are heaped, grim and ghastly, in a corner. Some attempts are occasioned to suggest an ethnological distribution of the races whose deeds are celebrated on the walls of these tombs; for where the painters were real Egyptians, we find groups of red men driving forward other groups of white, yellow, or black men, as captives or slaves. By the white men they are supposed to have been held by Macedonian masters; in which case the tombs are of recent construction, while the yellow men represent Persians or other Asiatics. A strong objection to this theory, however, is found in the fact, that among the oldest tombs in Thebes, excavated and painted, in all likelihood, before the siege of Troy, groups of white men were slain, who may therefore be merely meant to represent white strangers wrecked by storms on the Egyptian coast, and sold as slaves to the princes and grandees of the Thebaid.

We had sufficiently examined the paintings; we entered a long corridor, which, after ascending and descending for many hundred yards, terminated in a small chamber, in which we noticed a mummy-pit filled with large stones. In the wall was a hole, about four feet and a half from the ground, which looked into another tomb, for through it we could discern long suites of painted passages and apartments. After much consultation, and many tempting proposals made to the Nubians and Arabs, no one would consent to be thrust through that hole into the neighbouring tomb: some pretended fear of ghosts and spirits, others refused to explain the ground of their apprehensions. I then volunteered, and having been raised to a horizontal position, my head and neck were thrust through the opening in the wall, but no efforts of my friends sufficed to propel my shoulders after them. Growing apparently weary of keeping my body straight, they were on the point of breaking my neck, when, by a violent effort, I forced back my head out of the opening, and dropped among the piles of rubbish. The twinge I then felt in my spine seems to be renewed as I write, as well as the anger with which I reproached my friends and followers for their disregard of my life. Hunger and fatigue now made us think of a retreat; but it was easier to resolve upon it than to make it, for so numerous were the passages, stairs, and steps, and suites of chambers we had traversed, that no exit for a long while appeared. At length we arrived in the great hall, whose roof rose into the mountain far beyond the reach of the light afforded by our torches and torches, as well as of the stones which, with strong arms, we cast upwards in search of it. We made an inspection of some of our party that, in this instance, the Egyptians had taken advantage of an immense natural cavern in forming this dome, which for height and breadth exceeded the largest cathedrals in the world. Under the impulse of keen appetite, the taste for the picturesque, however, became faint; so, in spite of the great antiquarian attractions, we hurried towards the exit, and soon found ourselves in the keen, sweet, elastic, refreshing air of the desert. Here we enjoyed a spectacle which threw all the labours of the Egyptians completely into the shade—this was the dawn, which was just then beginning to spread its white skirts over the eastern sky. We forgot the dangers we had passed, forgot our hunger, forgot everything, and climbed the rocky pinnacles of the near hill to witness the most glorious show which nature has to present. Along the line of the horizon, just where the eastern desert sinks in the sky, a bright flush, every moment becoming more and more luminous, surged up into the firmament, changing rapidly from white to yellow, from yellow to deep saffron from saffron to pink, to crimson, to purple, till the whole mighty arch of the Orient heaven became one blaze of intermingled colours, flashing, glittering, quivering, as if all the Amorans of the pole had been suddenly thrown together. Not a word escaped from the lips of any one present. In silent astonishment, bordering possibly on adoration, Arab, Nubian, European, gazed—marvelled at the prelude to the descent of the sun, the description, thrilling, absorbing, overwhelming, till the vast fiery disc, more resplendent than molten gold, and absolutely blinding through its brightness, thrust up its dazzling rim above the edge of the desert, and in a moment the full day shone upon the earth.

The contrast between the interior of the catacombs, smelling of huts, coffins, mummies, decaying gums, core-cloths, and wood crumbling under the influence of time, and the buoyant, elastic, etesian breezes blowing up the valley, and diffusing themselves softly over the waste, could hardly be surpassed. Yet it is worthy of remark, that there are no dejecting masses of rubbish in Egyptian tombs. No one was ever the worse for breathing the atmosphere they contain. I have slept whole weeks in the midst of coffins, sifting corpses, and never experienced the slightest inconvenience, though the air occasionally appears close, and on that account, but on that account only, disagreeable.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. The life of a man whom, living and dead, almost all men have agreed to praise, must be worth some care to study. His very popularity is motive enough to excite our interest in him; our eyes naturally follow the direction of Fame's foremost finger. We are glad, therefore, to meet with one who claims to know more than others why the man is pointed at, and what is in him to be admired, especially when he has found not a commonplace guide, who will bore us, but a gentleman, who will tell his story genially and well.

That many memoirs of Sir Philip Sidney have preceded this which Mr Julius Lloyd has given us, he is himself careful to point out in his preface. If it had been only that in all these there were minor inaccuracies, which needed corrections, sights of steps, and suites of chambers we had traversed, that no exit for a long while appeared. At length

* Of this we were ourselves afterwards robbed, in our turn, in an Italian custom-house.
years of age, but it was a mission which a young man might perhaps best discharge. Its ostensible object—that of offering complimentary condolence to princes on the bereavement which had set them on their throne—required the presence of the statesman, an ancient and important object of acquainting the state of feeling on the continent with respect to the reformation of religion, we must easily be done, in parenthesis by a young and intelligent man, who might be supposed to be inquiring for his private satisfaction, than by a statesman better known, whose questions might have been met with greater caution and reserve. His conduct of this embassy seems to have been in every way successful. Walsingham, in a letter to Sir Henry Sidney, notified his approval with more than official warmth of language, writing: 'There has not been any gentleman, I am sure, these many years, who hath gone through so honourable a charge with as great commendation as he.' Another correspondent, with a finer pen for detail, writes: 'God blessed him so, that neither man, boy, nor horse failed him, or was sick during this journey; only Fulke Greville had an aegue in his return at Rochester.'

But to a biographer an additional interest attaches to these accounts of his diplomatic journey, in the persons and records they furnish of that which, in his character, the young handsome gentleman, practised in courtly graces and accomplishments, kept his place among the circle of his courtiers, everywhere left upon those with whom in negotiation he was thrown into contact; he rarely failed to secure their admiration, in which many cases rose to personal esteem, and more than one instance subsequently ripened into a permanent friendship. Amongst others, 'Father William' of Orange, who was not much given to be romantic in his regards, and certainly was not a man, who had intimate communication with him after his return to England. As governor of Flushing, he made the best of a position in which his powers were but limited, while his efforts were thwarted by the incapacity of his leader in the field, and his zeal chilled by the lukewarmness of the queen at home. Elizabeth really cared little for the result of the struggle, or she would have found a way at least to prevent her troops being defrauded of their pay, even if she could not have turned courtiers into able generals. Poor Sir Philip, whose, love for the cause of the commonwealth, and his lofty estimation of his own duties, and his having been so highly regarded as the cause of Europe by truth and of God, spoke out his counsel, complained loudly of the soldiers' wrongs, and wrote home letters of passionate remonstrance, such as risked him the loss of the queen's favour. Without doubt, this was to him a time of severe trial, but his noble letter to Walsingham shows how simply he could take it; indeed, it is in this crisis of his life that we see most of his character stand out. We might have known only his gentler nature, if the harder qualities had not been brought to light by these experiences of a soldier's life. His claim to the possession of high military genius is quite another matter. Mr Lloyd, we think, assumes it on what is, after all, but slender ground. The single exploit of the campaign, of which he has the entire credit, the capture of Axel, was certainly a most successful stroke. He seems also to have shown considerable sagacity in his judgment of men, to have been most thoughtful of the welfare of those under him, and to have had in a high degree many other qualities which have distinguished great generals. But he simply had no chance of proving himself one, and therefore at best we can speak only on conjecture. But, indeed, whether in the field or in public life, his fame rests on no particular achievements, but rather on the impression which he left on his companions, and on the being in all things the same noble and pure-minded and chivalrous man. Enthusiastic as his admiration was, we are apt to overempress the thing. Reading the account given of his last days in the present memoir. This final picture his biographer...
has drawn with great care and tenderness. We can hardly agree with him that it is a relief to turn from it to the epitaphs which were showered upon his hero's grave; we would rather watch him sleep in peace.

Sidney's contribution to our literature we have always thought to have been far less valuable than the influence which he had upon its development. Mr. Lloyd's praise of Arcadia is, after all, only an apology for its blemishes; and in confessing that most readers would now find it tedious, he admits that it has little in it that is truly good. The world will with great complacency let it die. It was popular because he was idolised, and because it was fantastically graceful, and took the fashion of the day. Like his sonnets—which, however, are far higher in character—it will still interest those who are interested in him; but considered by itself as a work of art, its merits are slight enough. Nor did he himself set much value upon it; indeed, it was written rather as a pastime, Italian fiction lending him the model, and Plato contributing the better part of the reflection. But by his Defence of Poetry, in itself a well-handled essay—which we are bound to honour as being almost the first fruits of English criticism—he undoubtedly rendered very important service to the cause of literature. This is the friendly patronage of men of letters making our debt to him really and truly; a household which we reflect that he approved those writers who have made Elizabeth's reign famous in the history of literature, we shall the more admire the boldness of his advocacy, and the enlightened judgment that directed it.

On the whole, we think that Mr. Lloyd has done justice to the work he took in hand. He has shown himself able to appreciate the strength as well as the subtle fineness of Sidney's character; he has also been most careful in sifting all accessible records; and with much skill and taste, has woven them into a pleasant memoir of a man of whom we are glad to know what may be known.

**OUR BEST BEDROOM.**

Twenty years ago, I was a curate in the stirring and manufacturing town of Twistley. The district church to which I belonged was an appendage to the ancient minster of St. Mark the Evangelist, and was called a chapel of ease. But, in truth, there was little excitement for any mind awakened with the edifices, whether lay or clerical. The church was a hideous, red-brick pile, adorned with a portico of raw, gray stone, and was always damp, draughty, and inconvenienced by its excessively high pitch. The district was large and unhealthy, comprising the worst portion of the suburbs, and the curates were miserably paid by doles from various bounties and societies. All things considered, there were pleasant pieces of pretence in the church than that which I, in common with two other young clergymen, enjoyed at Twistley.

I hope these preliminary remarks will not be misconstrued; I do not mean to take for a clerical Dieter, intent upon leaves and fishes, but negligent of the calls of duty. It was not the work that we murmured at, but the darkening atmosphere of smoke and fog, the moist air of the swampy plain and sluggish river, the dull, sad monotony of the ill-built town, and the plaudit of evil, on which our feeble efforia seemed to make no impression. In truth, a manufacturing town, twenty years back, before emigration and the repeal of the Corn Laws had lightened the burden of the poor, was not exactly an agreeable field to dwell in. Pious and sullen discontent seemed the normal condition of many who are now in a healthier and kindlier frame of mind, and we had no docile flock to attend to. It was scarcely pleasant to be involved in endless arguments, here with a furious Leveller, there with a disciple of Cloots; to be reviled as hypocrites when we meant nothing but good, or to be dubbed oppressors when our hearts were aching at the sight of the unredeemed misery around us. We had little to give, for our pay was low; and it was no easy matter, in especial for Jones and myself, who were married men, to make both ends meet in a place so dear as Twistley.

Lester, the other curate, was single, and had some allowance from his father; we two Benedict and were almost entirely dependent on our salary, and our shabby black coats grew shabbier and whiter about the seams every day. Of preachment we had little hope; not one of us had any interest with those who had benefits to bestow, and we could not reasonably expect promotion for some years at least.

Thus far the prologue. My story really begins with the moist and fast-darkening winter afternoon when Jones and I were returning, wet and tired, from our rounds in the suburb. The day had not been a pleasant one. First, Jones had been in poor form by a wandering lecturer, a clever and unsuspicious fellow, who had contrived to turn the laugh against the curate, though most unfairly in a logical point of view. Next, I had been severely mauled in controversy by a Moronite cobbler, who pelted me with garbled texts, and refused to hear in a correct, revised, and richly illustrated version. Thirdly, we had been called upon to hold hungry and despairing, without the power of rendering any material help, for it was a time of dearth, and great numbers were suffering cruel distress; so we were rather out of spirits, and walked slowly.

As we passed through the High Street, we met a tall, gentlemanly man with bushy gray whiskers and a thoughtful face, who bowed to Jones, and looked hard at me, as he made way for us on the pavement.

'What a remarkable face!' I exclaimed; and indeed it was so. Very delicate were the finely cut features, very bright the eyes, and very pleasant the momentary smile of the stranger as he greeted Jones, but there was something curious and odd in the general effect for all that. I could not analyse the impression which this gentleman's look made upon me, but it was hardly an agreeable one.

'That's Mr. Staunton,' said Jones. 'I wonder what brings him to Twistley on this damp, dark day. He very seldom comes over; and, indeed, it is a long drive to Staunton Den.'

'Staunton Den?' said I. 'Is not that the place we had a distant view of from the top of Cawrese Hill, when we took that tremendous constitutional last summer—the grand old house among those noble beech-woods, with pasture and piers and the glittering lake peering out among the clumps of heavy timber? He lives there, then?'

'He lives there,' said my companion, 'at least till his nephew, the present baronet, comes of age, which I believe will be two years hence. He is his guardian, and has the management of the property, which is a splendid one, by all accounts. I have heard—but you know how gossipping tongues will run on—that Mr. Richard Staunton was bitterly disappointed when his brother, Sir John, married very late in life. Sir John was a sad rake, though he could not do much harm to the property, which was strictly entailed, and it was thought that Mr. Richard was sure of the title and lands. But Sir John astonished everybody by marrying some one below his own station—the daughter of a tradesman or farmer, I believe—and when he died, three years later, he left a son to succeed him.'

'So this Mr. Staunton had the care of the young heir?' said I carelessly.

'Not of the heir, though he had full power over the property,' returned Jones. 'He was a sort of living chronicle of all that concerned his acquaintances.'

'The mother, a sensible, good woman, devoted herself
to the task of bringing up her son, and I have heard that the boy turned out very well indeed. Poor soul, she died six months since; and now I suppose the nephew must be under the uncle’s care till he comes of age.

All this did not interest me much, but out of civility to Jones I suppressed a yawn, and remarked that Mr Stanton had the look of a very superior man.

‘So he is,’ said Jones—‘a great traveller, and took the highest honours at Oxford. He’s a chemist, too, and well up in all the old allegories, about which folks like you and me, Harper, know so little. I met him years ago, at a watering-place, and he is very polite, as you saw, but we have never got beyond the preliminaries of acquaintance.’

We had by this time got past the region of shops and sound pavements, and were picking our way through the mud and rubbish heaps of the outskirts. Mr. Jodlings were in Paradise Row, and those of Jones in Waterloo Cottages. The Row was the nearer of the two, and I asked Jones to stop for a cup of tea. It was half past ten. Jones accepted my modest invitation, and we turned the corner, and beheld a tall gentleman, evidently a stranger to the locality, heedfully scrutinising the fronts of the little houses of the Row.

‘Bless me!’ exclaimed Jones, ‘there is Mr Stanton again. What can he possibly want here?’

‘It did seem odd. Paradise Row consisted but of six houses, one of which belonged to the decent widow whose lodgings I and my family occupied; while the other five respectively appertained to a tailor, a dancing-master, a washerwoman, a master blacksmith, and a carpenter, who called himself, somewhat ambitiously, a cabinetmaker and undertaker. Unless Mr Richard Stanton, by some strange chance, required the services of one of those useful artisans or artists, it was unintelligible that he should be there. Stanton Dene had no connection with Twistley. It had its own cathedral town, nine miles off, its own market town within half that distance. It did not seem probable that the temporary master of the old Hall was likely to seek sartorial aid, or tuition in dancing, or even neat mending and careful clear-starching in Paradise Row. ’Who, as I live,’ said Jones, ‘as I live, he’s going to call upon you.’ And indeed the tall gentleman was very deliberately manipulating the rusty little knocker of Number Six.

‘Poo! nonsense. It must be Mrs Parks that he wants to speak to,’ said I, with a beating heart, though my heart should have throbbed one second, the quicker because a stranger of station and education paid me a call, may seem incomprehensible to those who do not know how welcome is any break in a monotonous life.

At any rate, Mr Richard Stanton, after a brief colloquy with the check-aproned little maid who answered his rap, was admitted, and the door closed on his tall form.

‘Some mistake,’ said I, ponderingly; ‘I wonder whom he is looking for.’

Jones was quite eager to solve the enigma, so we hurried on, my companion suggesting as he went two hypotheses—one that I might have known Mr Stanton and forgotten him; the other, that he might have known my wife in bygone days. At any rate, we found him seated in our small and dingy sitting-room, which looked all the smaller and dingier for his stately presence, while opposite to him sat poor Clara, trying very hard to keep the children quiet, and to see at her best. Clara was the clearest and dearest of little women, but she could not help feeling ashamed of the tasteless mean apartment and its poor furniture, as Mr Richard Stanton blandly surveyed it through his heavy gold-framed glasses. And yet there was something very winning in the manner in which the visitor now received Jones and myself. He said, with a very pleasing frankness, that he felt some explanation of his presence was needed—that he was no stranger to him, by report at least; and that he had lately seen my former college tutor, Mr Gidley, whose warm eulogiums on my classical attainments and moral character had induced him to seek my personal acquaintance, and to decide on making me the offer which was about to suggest.

‘Briefly, then, Mr Harper, I may inform you that Sir Frederick, my nephew and ward, has large ecclesiastical preferment at his disposal, and is, in fact, patron of four livings. One of these, as you are perhaps aware, is the valuable rectory of Bullington, on the banks of the Thames—I see, Mr Harper, you do know the spot.

Know the spot! I should think I did, for my poor father had been vicar of a neighbouring parish; and as a child and a school-boy, I had been used to consider the rector of Bullington, with his globe, his handsome house, almost hidden by rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, with the smoothest of lawns, the mellowest of peach-walls, and the sweetest of chaste, as a prince of the church. In, two years' time, you are perhaps made up a fat and comfortable income, equal to that of most deans. But this living had long been enjoyed by the Honourable and Rev. Cecil Dozy, D.D., and I knew that the old gentleman was still alive and hale.

‘That benefit,’ resumed Mr Richard, with a gentle sigh, ‘is not vacant. But Oakleigh Parva, fifteen miles from this, in the hill-country, is mine to bestow, Mr Thrump, the late incumbent, having accepted a colonial bishopric. The house is pretty good; the garden is a fine one; the duties—though I hardly know the amount of the stipend—are of course slight; and the stipend is four hundred and twenty, which Easter offerings may—’ I see you are impatient. Would it be worth your while to accept Oakleigh Parva?’

Worth my while! The room seemed to whirl round and round before my eyes, and I hardly know whether, in the excess of my surprise, I was not guilty of some very extravagant conduct. Consider, dear reader, I had but a hundred as curate of St Mark’s chapel of ease, and a wife and two children pining in shabby-genteel poverty and failing health, and who was I to be indifferent to such a golden guinea? One beam of prosperity! I think I was a little faint and giddy for a moment, for I remember Clara, crying herself, poor thing, but with tears of joy, loosen my neckcloth, while Jones—a good fellow quite devoid of jealousy, and who was magnanimous enough not to grudge this wonderful windfall that had fallen into another’s lap—patted me kindly on the shoulder, and wished me joy.

‘There is one condition, and one only,’ said Mr Stanton, when I had recovered my composure, and that will not, I trust, appear a hard one. My nephew, Sir Frederick, as whose guardian it is my privilege to give away the living in question, is in delicate, almost feeble health, in spite of the very great care with which his excellent mother—of whom he has lately been bereaved—brought him up. He is a youth of very high promise, and of a gentle and engaging disposition, but perhaps oversensitive, and requires regular study and cheerful quiet. If you were, perhaps, aware, he will come of age; but in the meantime it would be well that he should be prepared by tuition and example for the high position which he must ere long be called upon to fill.’

How beautifully Mr Richard Stanton spoke, not pompously in the least, but with a graceful stateliness quite bewitching. A most superior man! Even his face, which I had so often admired, at first sight, now seemed to me to wear the impress of every noble sentiment and candid virtue. He was my benefactor; I saw him with a golden aureole, round his intelligent head, and his bright, restless eyes, sharp chin, and beetle brows, no longer inspired
the vague dislike with which they had at first struck me. He went on to say that he should esteem it as a favour if I would take charge of the young heir, whose growth was still very rapid, and direct his studies. A horse, if I approved this proposition, was to be kept for the young man’s use, and I was to receive for expenses, and my salary as tutor, two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

‘In two years, Mr Harper,’ said the guardian, ‘your pupil—if you agree to my wish—will arrive at man’s estate. He will owe a debt of gratitude to the kind care of Mrs Harper and yourself, which the mere money-payments can never cancel. And who knows—that old Dr Dooey, who must be much beyond the modern tongue—he offered the young baronet was a liberal one, and I had not much doubt that I was a sufficiently good scholar to be his tutor, though I felt rather awkward as I mentioned that, of modern tongues I was almost wholly ignorant. My wife, too, was a little nervous at the idea of the responsibility we were about to incur, but the beneficient visitor gently ridiculed our scruples.

Sir Frederick,’ said he, ‘has been for years abroad, with his mother, and is well versed in modern languages, but his classical education has been comparatively neglected. His studies in history, too, are probably somewhat backward; but it was the dying wish of my poor sister-in-law—a most excellent woman—that he should enter parliament, and assume that position which and, up to the head of the Stauntons. And I am sure, that Mrs Harper, in spite of her youth, is the best of nurses in sickness, and—’

Just then in came the little maid with the tea-tray, and my wife looked a little confused and guilty at the sight of the thick bread and butter, the black tea-leaf of Staffordshire make, and the mugs of milk and water for the children. But our guest put her at her ease by declaring himself had thrifty, and by asking, with a kind of gay seriousness, if I may use such a paradox, for a cup of tea. He had his cup of tea, praised its flavour, and accommodated himself as well to the small black teapot and the half-dull teaspoon of German silver. During the meal, he talked away our remaining scruples so skilfully and genially, that we began (Jones included) to consider ourselves as predestined to develop the tiniest greatness of the young county magnate whom our roof was to harbour; I assumed the didactic meon of a Johnson, while Clara put on her most matronly airs.

‘And now, with your kind permission, I must tear myself away; your delightful society has already caused me to forget the flight of time,’ said Mr Staunton at last; ‘but we shall meet again ere long, and my solicitor, Mr Stokes, will call on you to adjust all needful formalities. Good-bye, Mrs Harper. Mr Harper, allow me to shake your hand; and yours also, Mr Jones; and you, my little dears, will perhaps make an old gentleman happy with a kiss.’

This last speech was addressed to my two little girls, dispossession figures. So I stated that these young ladies desisted, not from habitual coyness, for they were generally friendly enough, but from some mysterious antipathy which they had taken to our distinguished visitor. They clung to their mother’s knees, cast furious glances of infantile terror at the stranger, and sobbed out a vehement refusal to make Mr Richard Staunton happy with a kiss.

But little Emma and little Kitty remained in the minority; the rest of us broke into a unanimous pean of praise, as soon as Mr Staunton’s stately form, a little, just a very little, stooped by years and study, had vanished down the dim vista of Paradise Row. Our benefactor! could we say too much in his honour! Such a noble, kind-hearted, discriminating personage. He was so thoughtful, so considerate a patron, that his frank affability lightened the load of obligation which he conferred. His solicitude for his nephew’s welfare, too, did him infinite credit. I mentioned Jones’s scrap of gossip respecting Mr Richard’s reported disappointment at the birth of the heir, and we all agreed—Jones as well as Clara and I—that Mr Richard was a pattern uncle and a model gentleman, and that common fame had basely calumniated his generous disposition. Presently, Jones wished us good-night, and went off, and we were left to wonder and to talk, and, I hope, to give thanks that gushed from the heart, and uplifted themselves whither thanks should be paid, for the wondrous fortune that had fallen to our lot. Tears rose to my eyes still, as memory carries me back to that happy evening on the Terrace, by the hand, my young wife and I, talking in whispers, because our hearts were so full of a joy that had something solemn in it. It was then that Clara, after the children had been put to bed, timidly told me of motherly fears, long hidden in her own bosom, lest Emma and Kitty should be taken from us; it was then that she bade me remark—one whose perceptions had been dulled by hard work and daily cares—how very thin and pale were those pretty little faces, how large and hollow the thoughtful eyes, how frail the tenure of life, of our darlings, sickening in the wholesome air of smoky Twistley. They wanted many things, those tender blossoms, which my lean purse and our melancholy place of residence denied them. Better clothes and good medical care, pure air, playyelows, the fresh, bright country-life—these had been sorely needed; but what was unattainable to the curate’s children, would be within the reach of this year’s daughters. In the health, the plenty, and the freedom of Oakleigh Parva, Kitty and Emma would expand like flowers in the sunshine; and, to cut matters short, so it proved. Mr Stokes the lawyer next day communicated Mr Staunton’s intentions. These were surprisingly liberal. He would advance me the money requisite to purchase the furniture of Mr Thrump, the outgoing vicar, now an unprofitable bishop of Calient; this could be paid by way of instalments from the stipend, and was to bear no interest. I scarcely knew how sufficiently to thank the worthy friend who had thus relieved me from the last of my difficulties, for I was quite unprovided with the necessary six hundred pounds, and should have had to borrow at a high rate, but for Mr Staunton’s thoughtfulness.

I was presented and inducted by the bishop, on production of my testimonials, without any demur; and as soon as a curate could be found to supply my place, we took leave of our friends and Twistley, and joyfully removed to our new abode. The parsonage was a pretty house, in good repair, standing on a rising-ground, that overlooked the thatched roofs and farmsteads of the hamlet of Oakleigh Parva. The parish was wide, but the population small, and the church a thoroughly rustic one. There was no resident squire, but most of the land belonged to the Stauntons, whose ancestral residence, I regret to state, was nearly ten miles off, and was severed by other properties from this oulying district. Oakleigh Parva had been a portion of the estate presented to the church, and had belonged to the great monastery which stood at Twistley ages before a factory chimney arose in the place. The ruins of the cruciform cell,
called the 'Monks' House,' were still distinctly visible in an orchard within sight of the parsonage. The gray stones lay in shapeless heaps among the gnarled old apple-trees. As for our new dwelling, it was very snug, though built in the reign of James the First; and the children screamed with delight when they saw its high-pitched roof, quaint porch, matted with sweetbrier and woodbine, the trim lawn and shrubberies, the huge old sun-dial, that had told of the sun's march for centuries, the big old tile-barn, and the paddock stary with daisies.

The rooms were for the most part small, but very comfortable, with their oak wainscots, and the Rev. Mr. Thrump's furniture was better than any that we had had the use of during our married life. Anything so heartfelt as the happiness of Clara and the children, on settling, I never beheld. There was no great hurry, for it was yet early spring, and our important pupil was not to come to us till the summer, but still we thought it best to assign his room at once. He was a great deal shabbier and small; and Clara, making an inroad into the 'study'—how little had I dreamed, two months earlier, of such learned retirement!—where I sat penning the first sermon I was to preach in the little pulpit of Oakleigh Parva—"it must be the green room, my dear. No other will do at all."

I was called back from the Lamentations of Jeremiah by this address, and smiled as I told Clara I would 'leave it for her.'

'But do come, Philip—ah! but you must, to please me,' coaxed Clara, 'for no other room in the house will do for Sir Frederick, and this is such a nice one. Do come.'

So I did what any sensible man would have done under the circumstances, I laid down my pen, and obeyed.

The chamber alluded to was a very nice room indeed; it was on the first floor; it was large and airy, considering the antiquity of the house; and it had three windows, half hidden by the ivy without, but on which the yellow sunbeams fell pleasantly.

'A south aspect, Philip,' said Clara magisterially—'you know Mr Richard Staunton was so very particular about a south aspect for his nephew's apartment.'

The windows looked on the pretty garden, where the birds were singing their spring hymns already, and whence in due season the sweet scent of all the profusion of old-fashioned flowers would mount to this favoured chamber. They faced south, and commanded a fine view. The room was well furnished, harbored a prominent sleigh, and generally whistled a they could not help it. The Georgian epoch, silk curtains, and plenty of chairs, chests of drawers, and toilet-tables, a big pier-glass, and a soft carpet. No other room in the house had so much grace and go; and the picture that was so handsomely appointed. It was really, as Clara remarked, too pretty for the abode of a bachelor and a striping.

'And yet, Philip dear, there is no other that I can think of. The red room where we sleep faces east, you know; and the children's nursery would not do at all; and the blue room and that with the pink roses on the walls are too small; and, in fact, nothing but this will serve. See what a rich paper too, and how well it matches that lovely carpet and the curtains!'

It was a handsome paper, dark green in colour, but not sombre, being of a rich deep emerald hue, and of what is called 'velvet flock,' the most costly and daubed on all papers. It appears that we could not possibly put our delicate pupil in any other room than this; and it was accordingly resolved that the green chamber should henceforth be known by the style and title of Sir Frederick's room.

It was in good order, or would be so when a few purchases, such as a shower-bath and the like, had been made. But the bell-wire proved to be broken, and we had to get it repaired as best we might.

There was, of course, no bell-hanger in Oakleigh Parva, and none in the neighbouring village of Brambridge; but in Brambridge there was a blacksmith, who could, at a pinch, execute the desired repair, and I gave the necessary instructions to this descendant of Tubal Cain.

'Umph!' said the man; 'very well, sir. And so 'tis here the young Sir is to sleep: rather he than I, that's all I know.' And the smith struck a few bars as he unstrapped his wallet of tools. My curiosity was piqued—I asked for an explanation; but Jonathan Brown, shoeing-smith, was not willing to be communicative. He only growled out that 'luck was luck,' and that 'a o' folks' had died, to be sure, in that chamber, on which some thought the 'old monk's curse lay special heavy.'

An old woman of the village proved more garrulous; she explained that the prior of the little monastic community, having been expelled with violence by the Stauntons, under warrant from King Henry VIII., had laid a solemn spell on both the house and the acres rent from the monks, and on the parsonage, which was to be given to a heretic incumbent. It was still firmly believed by the more superstitious villagers that at irregular intervals the shadow of a ghostly monk, in cowl and robe of serge, passed noiselessly through the vicarage house and the haunter mansion of Staunton Dene, bathing those who were left of the monks, and on the parsonage, which was to be given to a heretic incumbent. It was still firmly believed by the more superstitious villagers that at irregular intervals the shadow of a ghostly monk, in cowl and robe of serge, passed noiselessly through the vicarage house and the haunter mansion of Staunton Dene, bathing those who were left of the monks, and on the parsonage, which was to be given to a heretic incumbent.

I did my best to keep these fantastic rumourings from coming to Clara's ears, lest they should alarm her. For myself, I was rather annoyed than impressed by them. I was not by any means a superstitious turn of mind, and I quietly set down the legend as an absurdity unworthy of a second thought. We were very, very happy at Oakleigh Parva; my wife recovered her good looks and sunny smile, both of which had become rarer than in her early life, and the children soon grew rosy and plump of form, and thrive wonderfully. Our new home, indeed, might have satisfied the cravings of much more fastidious folks than we were. The people about us, though ignorant, were generally well disposed and grateful for any little kindness. It was such a pleasure, to Clara in especial, to see the friendly faces of the humoured nodds and ducks of welcome at the cottage thresholds, that we felt as if we were among old friends again. So the spring melted into summer, and on the last day of no other room in the house was so handsomely appointed. It was really, as Clara remarked, too pretty for the abode of a bachelor and a striping.

Sir Frederick's personal appearance surprised us at first. We had, of course, sketched an ideal portrait of the young baronet, giltimg him, equally as a matter of course, with very light hair, very blue eyes, a feminine delicacy of feature, and a sickly pallor. The real Sir Frederick was a tall, dark-haired striping, with a grave and handsome face, rather sunburnt, but by no means indicative of the tendency, identified those of a ghostly monk, in cowl and robe of serge, passed noiselessly through the vicarage house and the haunter mansion of Staunton Dene, bathing those who were left of the monks, and on the parsonage, which was to be given to a heretic incumbent. It was still firmly believed by the more superstitious villagers that at irregular intervals the shadow of a ghostly monk, in cowl and robe of serge, passed noiselessly through the vicarage house and the haunter mansion of Staunton Dene, bathing those who were left of the monks, and on the parsonage, which was to be given to a heretic incumbent.
tutor, whose name was Peters, and who had been appointed by Mr Staunton to his present post, appeared a dry, hard man, who did his duty mechan-ically, but no more. He consigned the young baronet to our care with much of the formality of a conscientious messenger giving up the custody of valuable property, and I half wondered whether he would not end by asking me for a receipt for Sir Frederick Staunton. However, after dinner and declining our offer of a bed, Mr Peters took a cold farewell of his late pupil, and rattled off in his post-chaise.

That evening was duller than we had expected. Sir Frederick’s reserve did not melt, and his cautious manner and chilly politeness threw a damp over us all. I am wrong, though, when I say all; Emma and Kitty, whimsical as children often are, took very kindly to this cold-mannered stripling, refused to be daunted by his grave looks, and tyrannically demanded that he should look at all their picture-books and playthings, besides extorting a promise then he should tell them some ‘pretty stories.’ It was very odd. There was Mr Richard, talkative, bland, and beaming benevolence at every word, and those delicious little damsel had refused to be friendly with that admirable man; his nephew arrives, melancholy, grim, and taciturn, and the little witches take a fancy to him at once, and coax him in some manner of their own, into a smile that seemed rare on his bronzed face.

But Clara and I were not very well pleased. My wife had been preparing to be so good and motherly to the sick boy, to humour him into health, and to bear patiently with his whims and probable peevishness, that she felt terribly snubbed by the cold and distant courtesy of our young guest. She pronounced a private opinion that the lady Lady Staunton must have brought him up most injudiciously. She thought him ‘haughty.’ I could not press his character so positively on his character; he was a problem to me.

When Sir Frederick retired to rest, of course I went upstairs to see if he was comfortable, and to ask him how he liked his room, which he had not yet seen. He cast a quick glance round it, and I saw him shiver.

‘You are cold!’ said I, and indeed the day had been rainy, and I recollected that Sir Frederick had spent most of his life in Italy.

‘Not exactly cold,’ he answered musingly; ‘but I seemed to know this room. Strange! I suppose I dreamed of some similar one, or like it, or may have seen its likeness in travelling.’

I did not catch the drift of this, but I expressed a hospitable hope that the young man had everything he wanted.

‘Everything, thank you. I have been brought up very plainly and quietly, and shall not, I hope, give much trouble. I am afraid I am putting you to inconvenience by occupying so large a room.’

To this I rejoined that his uncle had expressly stated his wish that he should have a room with a southern aspect, and of good size.

‘Ah!’ said the young baronet with a singular expression, ‘so this apartment was Mr Richard Staunton’s choice?’

And he shivered again, so that I could do no less than offer him a fire. This he declined; but as he kept harping on the subject of his late question, I told him that, so far as I knew, Mr Staunton had never been at Oakleigh Parva, or at least into the upper story at the parsonage-house, before, but that he had been particular in bespeaking a large room and a good fire for his ward. Here I could not help adding some warm expressions of sympathy on that noble benefactor, who had rescued me and mine from poverty and unhealthy air; but I regretted to find that Sir Frederick by no means partook my eutha-

**CHAMBER’S JOURNAL**

Is he at Staunton Dene, at present, Mr Harper?”

‘Whom do you mean?’

‘Mr Richard Staunton.’

I replied that he was not there, and that the last letter I had received from him was dated from the Highlands.

‘You have not, I believe, seen much of your uncle?’ said I.

‘Not much. Now I am his ward, I shall perhaps see more,’ said Sir Frederick drily; and we parted for the night.

The next morning found our new charge the same as ever, cold, civil, and slightly of any account to intimacy, but with a kind smile and a kind word for the children. Only the latter circumstance, I believe, prevented Clara, who was very impulsive, from absolutely desisting our guest. ‘The little ones, as I have said, took to him from the first, and so did a big spaniel about the house, which had been left behind by the Rev. Gideon Thrum, now bishop of Calcut. But the servants were evidently afraid of him, probably on account of his precocious gravity and the chilly polish of his manners. He was very well-bred, having mixed, though sparingly, in the best foreign society, and had nothing awkward or hobbledehoisy in his bearing. His abilities seemed very good, and his information far from scanty. He had travelled and observed much, had read many books, and conversed with many eminent persons; and though his remarks were characterised by great modesty, I felt as if my pupil were in many respects ahead of his master.

But I could not fathom his nature. He was tractable enough, and readily opened his books, and submitted to an examination in his classical proficiency, but when I suggested an expedition to Staunton Dene, to have a look at the old Hall which must ere long be his home, he quietly declined. I pressed the point, less from curiosity, than because I had a wish that he should benefit by air and exercise.

‘No, Mr Harper, I would rather not. I will not cross the threshold of that old house—much as I cherish a childish recollection of it—until I enter as its master, if ever I do so.’ And with these words he turned abruptly away.

Clara and I now agreed that pride, a false, perverted pride, was the true key to the character of this unhappy boy; and I thought it my duty to read him a long lecture on this score, as well as on his evident insensibility to the kindness and affection of his estimable guardian and uncle, Mr Staunton. He listened to me with perfect equanimity, and then said, with a smile of, I will say, a most provoking character: ‘Have you quite finished, Mr Harper?’

‘Quite,’ said I sorrowfully.

‘I am obliged for your good intentions. Do you happen to know the amount of the rental of the Staunton property?’

‘About fifteen thousand a year, or nearly sixteen,’ said I, much surprised. ‘But pray, why do you ask?’

Sir Frederick did not seem to hear or heed my query.

‘Fifteen thousand a year, or more,’ he muttered abstractedly, ‘and large accumulations, I suppose. The stake is a high one. Many a man has sold his soul for less.’

And he sneered off in a way that I could not but feel excessively unbecoming and insubordinate, considering our positions as tutor and pupil. I did not get on very well with my charge. My wife was still less pleased with him, and took little pains to conceal her displeasure. She cared seclusively for his com-

*messengers, but as a matter of duty, and we both felt that his presence in the house was distasteful and wearisome. Yet he gave little or no cause for open complaint. He was very courteous to both Clara and me; uniformly kind to the children, who were his staunch friends; kind to the servants, who took an unaccountable
fancy to him; kind to the dog, whose whole allegiance was transferred to him. He read as much or as little as he pleased, and at other times he went out and rode his horseback, or, on hot days, with his fishing-rods, and sought the loneliest and wildest nooks in the country-side.

Mr Staunton sometimes wrote to inquire tenderly concerning his nephew’s health; and when I wrote in reply, I always asked Sir Frederick if he had any message to send, but his answer was always a negative.

There seemed to be some charm in this strange young man, visible to every one but my wife and me, for soon the villagers began to speak with praise to me of ‘young Sir Frederick,’ and to express bright hopes of the time when he should have the control of his own property. Then, too, I heard for the first time what was surely a calumny, that Mr Richard Staunton was a hard landlord, mercilessly stern in exacting the last farthing due, no matter what might be the misfortunes of the tenant.

Very strange that; but Clara and I agreed that duty, and a care for his nephew’s interests, must be the ruling passion with our benefactor. One day, Clara overheard the children whispering some garbled fragments of the legend of the ghastly monk who was run to earth to haunt the road; the story of an old woman, Dame Bright, tell it to Sir Frederick when he stopped to chat with her at her cottage-door. Now it was this very Dame Bright from whom I had heard the weird tale, of which Clara had hitherto known nothing. Clara, who was gentle enough in general, was very angry now; she was indignant with Sir Frederick for frightening the children with ghost-stories, and vowed to give him a hearty scolding. But the scolding was deferred, for my queer pupil did not come back at his usual hour, did not come back to dinner; and when he did return at dusk, he was fatigue, wetted through by a storm of rain and hail, and so haggard and wretched of aspect that the chiding words died away on Clara’s lips.

‘Dear me, how ill the poor boy looks!’ exclaimed my wife, as the white, wan face of our guest glanced past the open door. ‘Do, Philip, make him drink something hot, and change his clothes at once. It’s enough to kill him.’

And Clara, instead of scolding Sir Frederick, ran to bid Susan get a hot bath ready, and warm the bed in his dressing-room.

The next morning came, and the bell rang for prayers and breakfast, but no Sir Frederick Staunton appeared. I went upstairs, and found the young man very ill and feverish. The doctor was summoned, and the doctor came; not a very learned doctor, perhaps, but of very wide practice in a thinly populated country—a surgeon named Gooch.

‘Ague, not a doubt of it,’ said Mr Gooch, when the diagnosis was complete.

‘Ague! You think so?’ said I anxiously; and Clara, who was always in terror of scarlet fever and measles, for the little ones sake, echoed me.

‘Think so? I’m sure of it,’ said the surgeon. ‘I’ve been five-and-thirty years a practitioner, and I ought to know. Poo! my dear madam, no danger—none. I’ll set him on his legs again in a jiffy.’

And with this pledge, confidently spoken, off cantered the doctor; and presently the doctor’s boy came over on his ambling pony with medicines. Of course I thought it my duty to communicate what had occurred, by letter, to Mr Staunton. I told him Sir Frederick had been caught in the rain, that he had a slight attack of ague, that all possible care should be taken of him, and that the experienced surgeon of the district felt confident of a speedy cure. I added, to calm Mr Staunton’s natural anxiety, that I would soon write again.

I did soon write again, but not, alas! to communicate any tidings of a reassuring nature; Sir Frederick was very ill indeed, and fast getting worse. Mr Gooch looked serious and puzzled. He would not admit that he had been wrong about the supposed ague, but he owned that there were singular and peculiar symptoms in the case, and that his experience was at fault.

‘He doesn’t eat opium, eh?’ said the surgeon mysteriously, holding his hand and whispering in my ear.

‘Opium!’ said I; ‘certainly not; of course not.’

‘Nor take quack nostrums? nor smoke too much Cavendish, eh?’

I answered that Sir Frederick did not smoke, and that I believed him guiltless of the practice of swallowing empirical remedies.

‘Umph!’ said the doctor, knitting his brows, and scrambling into his weather-stiffened saddle again.

The next day he was very minute in his inquiries as to the health of the family and domestics, and, to my no small surprise, insisted on making an incursion into the kitchen, and inspecting the saucepans, the teakettle, and all the rest of the culinary apparatus. But whatever he was looking for, he seemed baffled. He pumped himself a glass of fresh cool water, sipped it, eyed it like a connoisseur examining the beewax in old port, and set down the glass with a sigh.

‘Umph!’ said the surgeon again, and off he went with Care riding side saddle towards the spavined old bay. That night, Sir Frederick was DELIRIOUS.

Dame Bright, a notable person, half nurse, half charwoman, had been sent for at first to attend on the patient, since our maid was inexperienced in a sick-room; but on the particular night on which the youth’s reason began to wander, Clara avowed her firm intention to wait over the sufferer herself. My little wife was very soft-hearted, and I believe her conscience smote her at the idea of being angry with and averse to this poor friendless lad, and she insisted on tending him in person. Clara was a capital nurse; and I could not but consent to her undertaking the duty, only bargaining that on the second night I or Mrs Bright should take her place.

Be that as it may, Clara came down, with a very white face, to call me from the study, where I sat, a little after midnight, busy with letters and accounts. The house, of course, had been long hushed, but I could not bear to rest when Clara was wakeful and busy. My wife’s pale cheeks startled me.

‘Come, come,’ she said; ‘I am frightened. The poor boy is saying such dreadful things to himself. He says—(here Clara began to sob)—he says we are butchers, and this house a shambles, and his uncle—only he never calls him his uncle—was a murderer from the beginning, and a Judas, and the father of lies. Come, come; it is shocking.’

I went. The poor young man was tossing to and fro in a violent paroxysm, rolling his head on the pillow, and stretching out his lean hands, as if to keep off some imaginary foe. His great eyes looked terribly hollow and bright; they gazed meaninglessly: it was plain that he did not recognize me.

‘Back, keep back!’ he moaned; ‘I knew you from the first, smooth-tongued fiend that you are. You chose the room, mother, he—Richard Staunton. Nurse Bright saw him come to the empty house, and stand long in the open window of the accursed room, and grin—grin like a wolf, as he is—when he thought no eye was on him.’

Here the feeble voice died away in murmurs.

‘Gracious me, Clara!’ said I, wiping my forehead, on which great drops of sweat gathered, ‘this is very horrid—shocking. Go down, love; this is no place for you.’

‘Hush! listen,’ said Clara suddenly.

‘So many have died here,’ moaned the sick lad; ‘the room is full of shadows. There is a curse on it. The monk walks—ha! I saw him: he touched me, and his eyes glittered under his cowl, and his breath was icy cold—cold. That was a dream; but
the eyes made me tremble—they were Richard Stau-
ton’s eyes. How he hates me! I stand between him and wealth—the broad lands and the gold. Mother, mother, you did well to warn me, well to mistrust honor blooded and Murder in his eyes—long age—besides
my cradle.

Then the sufferer gasped for breath painfully. I
tried to persuade Clara to go; she refused. I looked
at her attentively by the dim light: in her face was
written dismay, consternation, but no blank horror;

Then the sufferer gasped for breath painfully. I
tried to persuade Clara to go; she refused. I looked
at her attentively by the dim light: in her face was
written dismay, consternation, but no blank horror;
on the contrary, there was a dawning intelligence
that perplexed me.

‘Hush! lose not a word,’ whispered my wife; ‘per-
haps Heaven permits that we should defeat a crime.’

‘Can you suspect’—I began.

Clara pressed me. Frederick began to
talk, first very vaguely, and in broken scraps of
foreign tongues, then suddenly he broke into the cry
of a sick child: ‘Take me away—to the pure air—
away! away! I stifle here; I cannot breathe. I shall
die—I shall die!’

Clara tenderly adjusted the pillows under the
sufferer’s head, and gave him some cooling drink. The
poor fellow retched no more, but groaned and tossed
for a while, till the hot clutch of the fever relaxing
for the moment, he sank into a light slumber. Clara
had staked out the room in a titter, and with her finger
presses on her lips. There was an air of mystery,
amost of terror, in her comely face.

Philip—husband, do not lose one moment; get
the best advice.

‘My dear,’ said I hesitatingly—‘Mr Gooch.’

‘Mr Gooch is a dunce!’ cried my wife impetuously.

‘What is wanted now is the judgment of some great
docotor, where’s that Dr T.,—one of the most eminent
professional men of the day, would arrive at Oakleigh
Parva within twelve hours. By the time the great
London doctor arrived, Sir Frederick was worse. The
disease had returned against him, fever raged hotly
burned the patient, deadly chills had assailed him, and
Mr Gooch, who was very sulky when he heard of the
summons to Dr T., feared the worst result.

Clara, whose general health was very good, was
by this time nearly knocked up: she complained of
violent headache, giddiness, and so forth, and was
twice compelled to relinquish her post at the bedside
of the sick boy from sheer exhaustion.

It is very odd, dear, but I feel as if the room
itself were a vault. The atmosphere seems stifling. I
suppose it’s all silly, nervous nonsense,’ said my
brave little wife.

Dr T.—arrived when the patient was in a
delirious paroxysm, raving wildly and incoherently. He
heard what we had to tell, felt Sir Frederick’s pulse,
looked in his face, and exchanged a few sen-
tences with Mr Gooch. Then he turned to the bed,
and seemed to listen intently to the sufferer’s broken
words.

He is talking sad stuff, doctor; not a grain
of sense in a bushel of it,’ said the gruff surgeon.

I differ from you, sir, on that point,’ returned the
doctor; ‘the instincts of a patient are not to be

He is talking sad stuff, doctor; not a grain
of sense in a bushel of it,’ said the gruff surgeon.

I differ from you, sir, on that point,’ returned the
doctor; ‘the instincts of a patient are not to be
safely slighted. Much that we, in the pride of
intellect, are accustomed to close our ears to, may
prove a revolution in the advancement of science.’

Mr Gooch growled out something very like an oath,
and stomped off.

‘Good-bye, Mr Harper,’ said he; ‘I’m no use here,
now that mealy-mouthed “new light” is come from
town. I wish you a good-evening.’

Dr T.—had his instruments and chemical appara-
tratus, contained in a little Russia-leather case, without
which he never travelled, placed in the chamber, and
begged to be left alone with the patient. He did not
disguise his apprehensions—a crisis must soon take
place. Clara and I went down stairs to await in my
study the next announcement of the physician. It
was a sultry summer’s night, and the air was heavy
and still. We sat talking low, till the pale light of
early morning came upon us like a ghost. An hour
after this, Dr T.—came down stairs with a smile
on his good-humoured keen face.

‘Saved!’ cried my wife, catching the look of con-
tentment with feminine quickness.

‘I hope so,’ said the doctor; ‘but you must move
him at once. Any other room will do; but no time
is to be lost. I have found out the real phantom
monk, the true destroyer that haunts your best
bedroom.’

‘What!’

‘Arsenic!’ said the doctor, exhibiting some powdered
matter of various shades and tints, from dark green

‘What!’

‘Arsenic!’ said the doctor, exhibiting some powdered
matter of various shades and tints, from dark green
to pure white—arsenic enough to poison a regiment.

Clara’s face was paling, she was holding the paper
on her lips. ‘This is not the right stuff, my dear sir—
by its means, and contains poison enough to be the
decisive blow to life. I have assumed the
character of Sir Frederick’s strange symptoms, and
of the many untimely deaths that fatal room has
witnessed. See—I have analysed different portions
of dust, brushed at random from the wall.’

We sat mute and the tears trickled down my face.
The doctor resumed: ‘Such things are common, too
common. But if it be true, as I hear, that Mr Richard
Stanton virtually chose this apartment for his sickly
nephew’s habitation—that Mr Richard Stanton deliberately
planned to give this benefit to a total stranger,

That Mr Richard Stanton is not far behind the
Borgia and Brinivillers of old days,’ returned the
doctor dryly.

I sat stunned by the magnitude of the enormous
wickedness, suddenly revealed to me as by a light-
ning flash.

‘I feared it—I feared as much. The poor lad said
in his ravings that his mother had always suspected
her brother-in-law, always—and that is why I would
make you telegraph to London for Dr T.—,’ said my
wife, weeping on my shoulder.

I have little more to tell. Sir Frederick, removed
to another room, skilfully attended, and well nursed,
recovered, though very slowly. I felt it my duty
to resign the living, given as it had been by a wicked
hand, and for an evil end. So I and mine had to go
forth from the pleasant country home, once more to
do battle with the world and poverty. We did not
suffer much from this sacrifice to conscience. Sir
Frederick, who had, as he owned, suspected us at first
of being his uncle’s instruments, now became our fast
friend, and never scrupled to own that he owed us,
to our friends, his escape from the greatest of earthly
dangers. He was now out of peril. Richard
Stanton was a cautious man, and when some powerful
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THE LOUNGER IN THE EXHIBITION.

The International Exhibition, which has so long been oscillating between failure and success, has at last been accepted by the national mind; it has accomplished for itself what neither Commissioners nor Guarantors could ever have accomplished for it; it has become familiar in our ears as a Street-word.

'Has your mother sold her mangle?—Who is your hatter?—Did you ever send your wife to Camberwell? have all had their day, and been forgotten,' and the sarcastic inquiry: 'How are your poor feet?'—addressed probably, at first, in piteous earnest by some female eccentric to her companion after a day's work in the dry-cellar, who are, in their carpets, now reposing in their heads. This is a genuine test of popularity, but one which our foreign visitors, who are made, of course, the particular subjects of the inquiry, cannot in the least understand. 'These English,' M. Assolant will now be confessing, 'are not so brutal and unsympathetic, after all. They ask us after our poor feet.'

If your poor feet are very bad—if you feel as if you had been almost 'walked off your legs' in the Exhibition, permit me to recommend to you to visit the Court of Civil Engineering and Building Contrivances, to the south-east of the nave; there are comparatively few sight-seers to be found there, and although you will not be so sanguine as to expect vacant benches, many of the models therein exhibited are of sufficient strength to bear you. There is a fire-escape, for instance, which has ample accommodation for one in the bag at its foot, and I have not seen it thus occupied more than half-a-dozen times. In one year, more than one hundred and fifty human beings have been saved from death by fire by machines of this description, which reach, by the addition of upper ladders, to a height of seventy feet. Another element is evaded by the diving apparatus opposite, at the sight of which little boys cling to their mothers' skirts, and shriek aloud, under the impression that they are in the presence of a water-bogie. The Drinking Fountain here is ingeniously provided with metal cups, that hang bottom upwards, so that when the drinker has satisfied his thirst, the cup must needs be emptied. The Reversible Windows are also worthy of adoption, which admit of their being cleaned without the necessity of female servants sitting half within and half outside of an upper story, with nothing to save them, if they fall, from being dashed to pieces but the iron points of area railings. Among the numerous maps and models of railways here, there is a specious-looking plan for that railway tunnel under the British Channel which we trust never to see except on paper; while a gigantic model of the Tugela and Bilbao railway across the chain of the Cantabric Pyrenees, exemplifies the latest and one of the greatest achievements of modern science.

Adjoining this department, dedicated to the safety or convenience of human life, is the Naval and Military Courts, to whose motion should be referred the destruction of his fellows with such success as at present. No such fatal fruit ever grew on poisonous trees; change here presented still containing such specimens of cunning handiwork as the world never saw till now. The vent-pieces are gauged to the 1-1000th of an inch, and so perfect are the rifling machines, that it is stated they can copy a signature in the bore of a gun. The mighty models of the gun-carriages, and of all the finishing and finishing, and delightful perfection, the drawing-room ornaments, and the travelling-carriage in which the 10-inch mortar takes the air is worthy, indeed, of so great a gun. In strange contrast to these giant weapons, are the miniature revolvers that could lie in the waistcoat-pocket, and pistols so laden with the precious metals, that they seem only fit for regicides to take the lives of kings. The electro-plated double-barrelled guns, ordered, for presentation, by the Council of India, are admirable examples of the combination of splendour and utility. Nor are the inventions for slaughter more numerous than those for healing the sick and tending the wounded. There are models of ambulances and of every description of field-stretcher that is in use, from the dhooleys of Hindus—those 'ferocious dhooleys,' which, in the course of Warren Hastings' imprisonment, were accused of carrying off the wounded from the battle-field—to the Maltese carts, so cleanly looking and comfortable, that one would almost welcome a slight flesh-wound, as an excuse for lying down in such agreeable quarters. There are here, too, life-size models of soldiers, which, all unreal as they are, yet attract the idle eye of the passer-by, among the flies; these are exhibited to instance some projected improvement in uniform; but this is by no means generally understood. After a lengthened trial at Hyde, the beginning of a eulogy upon a certain knapsack, affected one compassionate servant maid almost to tears; she thought it referred to a court-martial, by which the poor fellow, whose effigy she was contemplating, had been condemned to death for the revolutionary sentiment (perhaps), 'Free arms and a free chest,' inscribed upon the placard he bore. There are tents, also, with all the interior and exterior fittings up so agreeably with stoves and hammocks, that dwelling-houses seem quite a mistake compared with them.

The Court of Naval Architecture is even more interesting than its military neighbour, without, however, being in all cases quite so intelligible. The horizon is a subject that admits of considerable perplexity. An 'artificial horizon' is calculated to puzzle most minds, but when we come, as we do in this department, upon 'Mrs Taylor's Artifical Horizon' (without one word of explanation), the intellect rather collapses. Another element is to be seen more clearly with the physical than with the mental eye, and the same may be observed of horizontal patent propeller direct-acting steam-engines. The ship 'with iron passing through her,' is also problematical, and only reminds the Unscientific of the Irish shoes that were originally made with holes in them to let the water out. About the life-boats and the life-belts, however, there is no such difficulty, and the models of Light-houses appear successfully to the humblest intelligence: the storm-swept sea and the driving ship rise before us as we look at them, and the light that shines out upon the lonely rock amidst the world of waters; we admire the skillfulness of the builder who could have set up so strong a tower in such a place, and the neatness of the solitary house so strangely located, and, above all, the dutiful care that never suffers the saving-lamp to be quenched or to grow dim. There are models, too, that illustrate the entire history of ship-building, from the days of Henry VII. until now—from the clumsy magnificence of the Great Harry, down to the hideous but useful shield-ship of Captain Cowper Coles. The fine old ships, though 'killing no murder,' have the British sailor, let us hope, half-stoker, half-gunner though he may become, and with his 'Shiver my timbers' exchanged for 'Splinter my iron sides,' will be the last of long-lined Armstrong ordnance. Through the sea, however, as Dibdin and Marryat described it, has fled for the present; the occupation of the middle
and the sailor-boy may be said to have gone ever since Self-reefing Sails were adopted.

Returning to the north-easterly courts, we find ourselves in a grove of leathers; thousands of ‘honourable mention’ and splendid horse-furniture are there sufficient to supply all Rotten Row. There are examples of stalls and stable-fittings supplied with such comforts and conveniences as are indispensable to a gentleman’s household.

In the Sheffield Court there is every description of hardware, from inlaid and exquisitely mounted skates for ladies, to razors that would cut your throat for you; as soon as you look at you’—or, at least, as quickly as they would reflect your image; fire-grates of all descriptions, elegant and rich, or chaste and classical; stoves like Temples raised to Vulcan; and kitchen-ranges which seem made of metal most attractive ‘to young persons about to marry’—and furnish. The more prudent of this class are always to be found here; more or less, purchasing tea-trays so charmingly painted that it seems a shame to put anything on them, and coal-scuttles all too fair for the office for which they are intended: the more extravagant of them, on the other hand, daily in the neighbouring Glass Court, where their loving looks are reflected in all directions. Here are crystal dessert services, tables as frail as they are fair, centre-pieces so delicate that it is wonderful how footmen can be found to take the responsibility of handling them, lustres which seem of themselves to emit light, and ice-pails cold and frosty even without their refrigerators. This is not the slightest of the dessert services that is that which was sent out to the Canadian government for the use of the Prince of Wales during his visit, engraved with the maple leaf which is the emblem of Canada. There are some simple and elegant centre-pieces, adapted for wild-flowers and creepers, which form very beautiful and unostentatiously ornamental. The Pothier Minton is an example of the magnificent effects which are commanded only by excessive wealth. The contents of the Potteries’ Court are very various, from certain gigantic and weird shapes in earthenware almost big enough to live in, but the uses of which are unknown to the present writer, up to the loveliest ceramic statuary. The porcelain dessert services, the Parian statuettes, the ‘sets’ for domestic use—from the dinner-plate with drawings by Phiz to the Paul Potter tray—are each and all worthy of attentive consideration. The pottery is as beautiful in the International Exhibition than the contents of these last two courts.

The Process department is always very densely thronged on the shilling-days, there being a thirst for practical information among the humber classes that does not exist in the higher. The people who smoke most pipes and use most needles are very anxious to see how pipes and needles are made. The sewing-machines are ever surrounded by an eager throng of females, with the crudest notions of machinery, but with very distinct ideas respecting domestic economy. The Patent Covers for Family Jars, which, in those days of divorce courts and public disclosures, should surely be socially invaluable, are handled and admired by ladies whose generic likeness to Mrs Poyser it is impossible to mistake. The copper-plate printing and lithography are almost too magical and wondrous for the majority of these visitors, who watch it speechlessly, and retire from the process as if spell-bound; but the india-rubber balloon-making is charmingly palatable, and its results are immediate and satisfying. The Fakstaff Punch that ‘outbores Blondin by crossing the Channel without a rope’ is a treat which will be most firmly imprinted on the retinas of the ‘young people’ of anything in the Exhibition, unless, indeed, it be the fountain of perpetual motion, which is on exhibit and is a thing of glass, and water seems to have been imported from Fairyland for their especial entertainment.

The Court of the Precious Metals exhibits a potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. If all is not gold that glitters there, it is silver or aluminum at the least. Here most do congregate ‘the upper ten thousand,’ in front of this or that jeweller’s store, only kept moving, slowly and unwillingly enough, in front of the coveted treasures by the monotonous commands of the police. But I can only hope that people will be seen rather than to be described. We are now, too, in the region of Art, where dictation (according to the present writer’s notions) is an impertinence. You may like your Venus tinted, or untinted, plain or coloured, without interference or reprobateness from me. I will venture to say positively, however, that the Pandora is not, as is supposed by many, taking snuff from the box she carries. The Egyptian sculpture in relief, here, illustrates, of course, that famous ‘cheque received by Pharaoh on the Bank of the Red Sea crossed by Moses and Company,’ but I cannot say why the Red Sea has not been tinted red.

If you enter the crowded pavilion entitled ‘Rome’ here, you will find the atmosphere in accordance with the supposed locality, and if you do not cover, at least must envy the statues, cool, white, and marble limbed, that cannot perspire, and have no pockets to be picked. The Cleopatra is perhaps the finest of these. But if you want a statue of a real woman, perhaps the princess ever looks less vulgar. She is reading the sorrows of her native land, and a tear has fallen from her eyelid. In the same chamber is a very pretty piece of sculpture, artistic, classical, chaste, and all the rest of it, an excellent likeness, doubtless (if one could but verify the resemblance), of the Psyche it portrays. But in the case of the Psyche it is the other hand.

As you enter the French Court from the south-east, you are greeted characteristically enough with perfumes and music; a repository of scents is before you, and on your right hand a collection of musical instruments, including a monster sax-horn (forty feet high), invented to prove that magnets and volume do not at all fatigue the player, however they may overpower his audience. The gilt furniture here is also somewhat emblematical of the country from which it comes; it is skilfully and splendid and ‘stagey’ without any great degree of comfort. There is other furniture here, however, unsurpassed for magnificence and taste by any in the building; while there are imitation bronzes and other ornaments for the drawing-room as cheap as they are beautiful, which bid us bless the mere.

Mechanic skill

That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
And cheaply circulates through distant climes
The fairest relics of the pastimes.

Wherever there are things in this Exhibition exceptionally expensive, though not always exceptionally beautiful, we are informed by a placard appended to them that ‘the Pacha of Egypt is the purchaser, and has ordered two more.’ He has carried away five hundred pounds’ worth of gilt Lion (life-size) from the west transept; the ugliest vehicle in the world from the carriage department; and from these French courts a negro and negroess, bearing chandeliers, who have not overstepped the modesty of nature by too much clothing. It is a wonder that he has not insisted upon purchasing every piece of glass and other ornaments for the dancing-room as cheap as they are beautiful, which bid us bless the mere.
by a frieze of gold, bears upon its unruftled bosom a ship with a statue emblematical of the city of Paris. The genius of Progress lights with flaming torch her crown, by the palm, and she is dressed in the drapery by a charming piece of satire) is represented as steering her. Liberty is doubtless hovering somewhere above the allegorical group, but at present she is invisible. Among the articles of apparel here, there are gloves so exquisitely embroidered that it would seem as though the arts of luxury could no further go, until presently we come upon some men's breeches similarly ornamented, and trimmed—only conceive it—with swan's down!

The artificial flowers, feathers, and fruits are not to be distinguished from those of nature, any more than is the string of manufactured pearls, price £4, from the genuine string beside it, valued at £L1100; while there is a certain vineyard the blooming fruit of which, would, I am sure, be peaked at by the birds, were it out of doors. The triumph of art, however, culminates here in the Gobelin tapestry. The idea of a beautiful painting, which even the best tapestry conveys, and is intended to convey, is lost through the perfection of the work: the mind overlooks the intermediate process altogether; the ingenuity and fidelity of the copyist do not suggest themselves. We go through it all as though it was Titian's own—not executed from his divine imagination with a needle and thread. If you asked me (but not unless) that common question: 'What is the finest production of art in the Exhibition?' I should reply: 'The Reading Girl.' If you asked me, 'And the second?' I should answer: 'The Tapestry in the French Court.'

The church furniture here (and especially the clothing for the priests) is, as might be expected, of a very gorgeous kind; the operatic decorations, too, are equally splendid—and as one would imagine, but for the presence of a policeman in their neighbourhood, equally genuine. A new and pretty fashion—that of painting drawing-room ceilings—is prevalent in this court. It would be waste indeed to burn them, but how charming it is to keep them in their sticks during the daytime, and replace them by the ordinary wax or composition when the time comes for lighting up. This is surely a wrinkle—and the only one, I hope, they will have—for the young people 'about to furnish.'

An allegory of the Exhibition in gold and enamel will not fail to attract the eye of the visitor; but he will probably resist the temptation of purchasing it. A department of taste, as placed supersonally informs us, being £L6000. The imitation majolica china here, with the raised fishes and seals already occupying its dishes, is not to be distinguished from the real thing, and the London firm, F. L. & P. L., is represented artificially; the 'wonders of the sea-shore' being merely cunning imitations of the same: there is also a large and well-executed statuette of Rebecca at the Well—entirely composed of sugar!

But that which attracts the largest crowd in this or any other court, and which even fills the gallery that commands a view of them, is the mechanical toys. The cock that crowes not only in the morning, but at any other time that seems good to its proprietor; the hare, with head so critically on one side, who strums the tambourine; the artist of a foot high, who plays the fiddle with such perseverance; and the creature, genus unknown, who throws the shuttlecock, and can outplay the children, jeered at by the children, deserted even by the grown people when the fatal words, 'The hare will not perform to-day' are stuck up, as they often are, above that often-ailing quadruped. Another cause of the success of the Night Poaching Bill has affected his nerves. In close proximity to these curious animals are the imitations of the feathered creation; birds that chirp and twitter and hop from branch to branch with a naturalness not to be questioned. A more ambitious example of mechanism still is a piano, the tones of which are fed, so to speak, by the suggestion of hoarse, toothed like the wheel of a musical-box, and placed above it by hand. It has this great advantage over the piano, and indeed over every other instrument, that one can calculate exactly when it is going to stop.

With a glance at Spain, characteristically flimsy and childish, with its veils and shawls, and highly coloured models of bull-fights, the visitor will conclude his tour of the south courts. A walk through the carriage department will then not be unpleasing, if it is only for the comparatively free space it is sure to afford him. At the eastern end of this he will find himself in the United States department, the meagre contents of which can be alone accounted for by the unhappy condition of that country. It contains an ingenious machine for milking cows, by which that tedious transaction can be effected in less than a quarter of the usual period. The scenery of the northern states is being subjected to the process at the present time. It is perhaps upon a just principle of compensation, and to prevent the Exhibition from losing its interest, that, while the contents of the south courts are by far more attractive than those of the north, the south galleries are stocked with composites, that is, there is scarce anything but 'goods and stuffs' in the whole range of them, and duplicates (including one of the Universal Clock) of what is to be found below. The only point of attraction is, indeed, the anatomy department:

*Vivarium*—makes yourself acquainted with what is inside you—appears to be a sentiment animating all minds. People say 'How horrid,' but they nevertheless pervade this scientific butcher's shop uneasiness. Among the least dreadful things in it are the artificial limbs and eyes, which beckon and stare at the astonished spectators from all sides. There are depôts of these eyes, it seems, all over the world, 'the colours in the collections being adapted for persons inhabiting northern climes, as well as for the natives of tropical regions.' A one-eyed emigrant might therefore start from Europe with—let us say—a black eye, and change it for a more convenient tint upon the various stations upon his route. Those who wish to procure an artificial eye by correspondence, need but to state the colour, and send a photograph of the patient's full face; he will then receive what he requires in course of post, 'with natural and ancient movements.'

A curious acrostic to the 'Trustees' Collection'; but there are other imitations more peculiarly French—an Aquarium, the sole recommendation of which, one would think, consists in its being a Vivarium, is represented artificially; the 'wonders of the sea-shore' being merely cunning imitations of the same; there is also a large and well-executed statuette of Rebecca at the Well—entirely composed of sugar!
at its foot a pool, in which morbucks and king-fishers are represented diving and fishing, while over the whole hovers a hawk with outspread wings. In the Educational Department there are bibles printed in many tongues—such as Catech or Cutchee, for instance—of which the European visitor has probably never before seen anything. The artistic merit of the city of the street-boy Reformatory, is to be seen here; in the beginning, he is picking pockets, and describing 'wholes' in his hand and for pence; but afterwards, through Ragged Schools and other reformatory influences, he earns a respectable position for himself in life, and finally emigrates to certain happy hunting (and fishing) grounds, where he certainly seems to enjoy himself. Here, too, are books for the blind, and certain raised maps, excessively ingenious, constructed for their use, which impress one cheerfully with the activity of philanthropic enterprise. A little beyond these, there is one of the finest treats in the Exhibition, but of the pleasure of which, alas, the blind can never partake. A collection of admirable photographs presents to all the finest scenes of this beautiful land, and reminds many of happy summer days spent amid the scenes themselves. The landscapes are magnificently by the magic of Art, and brought into the din and steam of town, are indeed things to be thankful for. They touch the sacred fountain of tears as potently and far more universally than any prose; they even console, so long as he looks at them, the gazer ‘in city pents,’ for his enforced absence from those breezy fields, those flowing brooks, those woods in which light and shade never cease their glorious struggle. Above all, there are some photographs from the sea-side which only require the sea-air and the briny fragrance to make the illusion complete; as we stand in the hot room amid the roar of the streets, with our eyes in the telescope, we feel indeed as if we were far away from any such place. We are on the wet and pebbly beach, runners in the sun, while the retreating foam-topped wave yonder is gathering strength once more to regain its territory. The far-spreading ocean lies before us speckled with sails and sea-gulls, as is the sky with clouds. If we stand upon the moonlit shore when all is calm and still, and the almost waveless sea laps on the crag. In the International Exhibition there is much to thank Art for, which God has permitted to do such good things for us; but we thank Art for nothing more gratefully than for this wonderful process by which she has actually brought home to us nature herself.

The grounds of the Lounger in the Exhibition are now ended; ‘a mighty wind ariseth roaring seawards,’ and he goes. May all his fellow-visitors to Brompton enjoy likewise some holiday by the side of the sea, whether they visit costly Scarborough or humble Gravesend; whether they swing in their own carriages behind the swift express-trains northward, or patronise the parliamentary; and take their ‘eleven hours at the sea-side for three shillings.’

A MIGRATORY TOWN.

When I landed at Bombay, it was what the Ducks—as the Bombayites are termed—called the cool season; that merciful interval of respite between the immense heat and stifling sultriness of the hot weather and the deluging rains, rheumatic damp, thunder, lightning, and unwholesome atmosphere of the monsoon. The passage along the coasts of Malabar had been an exceedingly delightful one, favoured as we had been with the almost clock-like precision of the land and sea breezes; so that we stepped off the steamer and into the mild cool of the early morning. These gardens, thought I to myself, do great credit to the constructors and occupiers of these houses and compounds. Everything about seemed so well arranged, so light and airy, so permanently delightful, that I quite enviaged my friend the eligible site he had chosen for the construction of that home where the years of his manhood would, in all probability, be consumed.
If the compounds were well arranged, the bungalows themselves were as tidy and compact as toys just taken out of a toy-case. They were none of them very extensive, and not in a single instance more than one story high, but they stretched themselves out like a suddenly crushed spider, and off the central room, or hall, which constitutes breakfast, dining, and supper room, there branched off a marvellous number of short narrow passages, that opened out into airy and pleasant dormitories, or terminated in the library, the music-room, the godowns or stores-houses, and, first in dignity and importance, the ice-room, the most stately piece of Indian luxury which British and American enterprise have successfully achieved, transporting miniature icebergs, from latitudes where such things are common, to places where ice was never even conceived of, wrapped up carefully in swaddling clothes of blankets, and old straw, and shavings, and conveyed on shore under the midnight sky.

The manner in which the walls were painted, and the floors covered with elegant and cool rattan or Chinese mats; the elegant furniture, the harp, the piano, the library, and, sloping down to the sea-beach, the miniature kitchen-garden; the poultry-yard, with its frivolous nunnery-goats, whence came the supply of milk for our morning coffee—a dreadful old horse with one eye, and a baby's hoop, driving a milch cow up to the door of an afternoon, to supply our wants for tea—all these combined, I say, seemed to speak audibly of permanent comfort and stability.

Neither was the esplanade cantonment devoid of those general features of European civilisation which are always introduced when a few English families settle down, if for some transitory months. In the mornings, the gentlemen strolled along the sea-beach, until they came to some convenient sandy cove, where all indulged in the indescribable luxury of an Indian sea-bath. The ladies had chatties of seawater supplied at home. Then came the incomparable Indian breakfast, whereat everybody, even including the invalids, looked cool and comfortably, with the butter and the fruit enveloped in fresh leaves, and the table interspersed with fragrant bouquets, with the chukkas, the curries, the fried fish, the prawns, and—inestimable boon—in the centre of the table a huge vase of sparkling fresh water, in which floated or bobbed up and down large fragments of ice. The Parsee servants were perfect models of their class, so white their garments, so shiny their bronzed features, so well starched and speckled their singular head-dresses or turbans. Towards the cool of the evening, the hot and imprisoned inmates of the fort, the sojourners at Mazagong and B crediah, the leviathans looking in the harbour—all these disgorged their contents on to the esplanade, to mingle, some on horseback, some in carriages, some afoot, with the local aristocracy of the esplanade cantonment. Thither also came alternately the bands of Her Majesty's and the native infantry regiments on the station, and added the enchanting link of music to all the other attractions existing around; so that it was with a heavy heart that I took leave of mine host to join my regiment at Jaunpur, and Poonah, secretly hoping, though I hinted nothing of the sort, to spend such another month or six weeks in the same pleasant quarters at some time future day. I little thought then how soon, and under what very different circumstances, I was destined to visit the spot again.

In the very height of the south-west monsoon, amidst torrents of rain and storms of wind, with every discomfort that saturated clothes, hunger, and fatigue could supply, I found myself riding down the Mazagong road towards the esplanade somewhere about five o'clock in the evening, covering myself and assuaging my miseries with prospective glances into what I considered as certain shelter and comfort nigh at hand. The moon rose as I passed the statue raised to Clive or Cornwallis (I forget which), at the further extremity of the esplanade, and it rose upon a silence and solitude so palpable that I never remember to have contemplated in my life before. Not a vestige of a house or a garden, not a human being was to be seen. Where the pretty cantonment had existed, were bold patches of soil interspersed with puddles, the rank grass growing high on either side. Frogs in myriads croaked a requiem to the departed town, and utterly confounded, I turned my horse's head towards the fort gate, and challenged the sentry.

After the usual preliminary questions and answers, I asked him what, in the name of fate, had befallen the cantonment—had an earthquake swallowed the whole place up?

'Is it the houses on the esplanade ye'll mane?'

'Date, then, they are moved higher up to the hills.'

Although this response puzzled me not a little, it threw a glimmering light upon the mist of my understanding. Through the captain of the main guard, I got admitted into the fort, and so to the hotel, and there I discovered what, but for the habitual inertness and lassitude which Indigo engenders, I might have known long before, that the whole of this esplanade town was a migratory affair; that the houses were of wood, and could be packed away neatly into appropriate cases; that every separate tree was planted in a square box; that every separate box almost comforted the other; and that some fifty bullock-carts and half-dozen elephants carried house and garden hither and thither, as the means and inclination of the proprietor dictated, and as the seasons varied in the presidency of Bombay.

OUT OF REACH.

To love thee, and be dumb. Never by look or word
To break the silence set upon my soul:
To crush the voice that struggles to be heard:
Unmoved, to gaze on the forbidden goal.

To stand within the vestibule of Bliss:
To grasp alone the shadow of Delight:
To see and feel, but never taste of Peace;
Daily to live in an eternal night.

Awake, to dream of Love's undying song,
With expectation near akin to pain;
To hear its echoes as they float along,
But ne'er to catch its full melodious strain.

To sit and look into thine eyes, and yearn
To tell thee all my closely hoarded thought;
And still to know that I must calmly learn
To meet thy gaze, and yet to utter nought.

To watch the earnest smile upon thy face,
And picture joys that never can be born;
Or gem the Future with thy gentle grace,
As weepers decorate the dead they mourn.

To know there is no hope. Hourly to feel
That Destiny forbids a word—a breath:
This bitter fate is mine, until the seal
Is broken by the welcome hand of Death.

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TOO SOON.

I am a female, Mr Editor, and therefore the weapon which I am most accustomed to wield is not the pen. If I could get you by the button, or within reach of my voice, I do not doubt but that I should convince you of what I wish; but I find a difficulty in procuring a personal interview. The only time that I did have an opportunity of seeing you, you were particularly engaged—if you remember—and I was unable to conclude the manuscript which I was doing myself the pleasure of reading to you about. Since then, whenever I have called at your office, it has always happened that you have ‘just left, and are not expected to be there again for the remainder of the day.’ I should have otherwise much preferred communicating to you my views upon the following subject cired ere, and leaving you to embody them in your own columns. Redress and sympathy are all that I am in search of. Fame, goodness knows, is not my object; the rejection of that manuscript, written by my eldest daughter, aged fourteen only—and very much improving, permit me to add, after the seventeenth chapter, at which introductory period of the tale we were so unfortunately interrupted—the rejection of that manuscript wounded my Arabella’s soul as with a barbed arrow; but for my own part, I was glad of it. I do not wish her to set foot too early upon the thorny path of literary distinction.

‘Tompkins,’ said I to her father, ‘I am honestly glad of it. Our Arabella will meet with the world’s incense and adulation soon enough. That girl, mark me, is the child of Genius.’

‘Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to tell me so,’ responded Tompkins laughing; but what he meant by that, I have not the least idea. He often laughs in rather a foolish manner when, as far as I can see, there is little or nothing to laugh at. However, where am I? That’s what I object to in writing. One can digest agreeably and naturally enough in the course of conversation; but when it comes to pen and ink, one must keep to the—Ah, now I’ve got it. That’s another advantage of conversation; if you do forget the subject you begin about, yet the chances are you will hit upon it again, sooner or later, if you only keep on talking. I have often done this myself, and afterwards continued my observations, without anybody finding out that I had ever dropped the thread of my argument at all. Let me see, where was I?

I should not have called, you see—and that’s what I told your people down stairs, who were very polite indeed, but they appeared to be dreadfully engaged; no time even for a word or two, which I own seems to me rather odd in a Christian country. Why, when I am at work, whether it’s crochet, or Berlin wool, or even the sewing-machine, although one has to raise one’s voice a little in that case on account of the noise of the treadle; but what a saving it is to a large household like our own. Why, in a quarter of an hour yesterday morning, I hemmed and tucked a pet—But there, you may not be a family-man, Mr Editor. Where was I? I should not have called upon you, I was about to say, a second time upon any matter that only concerned myself or my belongings. No, sir; my business referred to an article recently published in your own columns, and for which I therefore conclude you are in some degree responsible. In that paper—entitled Too Late—a certain mischievous idea is indirectly inculcated. Its author would appear to be one of those joking persons, whom, although popular in certain society, I cannot say, for my own part, that I at all admire. Tompkins is always expressing his admiration for what he calls ‘humour.’ Well, I happened to have taken an opportunity of looking out that word in the dictionary, and I find it thus described—‘a fluid in its morbid or vitiated state.’ A man of humour is therefore a person who had much better betake himself to some cold-water cure establishment than go about infecting society; for I have heard Tompkins confess that humour is infectious. Under the mask of the jester, then, the writer of the paper to which I refer has chosen to bepraise punctuality, as though mankind were not already slaves enough to that degrading principle. Permit me to say a word or two upon the other side of the question—against being Too Soon.”

This is a social error, to which Tompkins is dreadfully addicted. I would solemnly warn all women about to marry to ascertain beforehand that their contemplated husband is not what is called a Fidget. A leaning towards intemperance may be greatly miti—

* From this point, Mrs Tompkins keeps to her subject with a consistency for which the reader is totally unprepared. I have not a doubt that the excision to which we have felt ourselves bound to resort will be made the subject of that lady’s animadversion. The original manuscript lies at the office, where it may be inspected by the curious, who are hereby invited to judge between her and us.—Ed.
gated in a husband by one’s keeping the collar-key, and not allowing him any pocket-money; but a fanaticism for being always before the time, it is difficult to repress, and impossible to expropriate. Better that a bridegroom should not be at the church door until after the marriage hour, and your marriage be postponed for a day, than that he should prove himself a Fidget by presenting himself at the altar before the clergyman or yourself is ready for him. Yet, if he was affable, and of such haste is only the result of his eager devotion; but do not deceive yourselves, young women; he would have been at the church equally early if it had been to bury you. Tompkins himself is in many respects an excellent husband, and I do believe it is very fond of me; but it is Timeliness first, and Feelings afterwards with him, I know. When business calls him on a journey, only one eye drops a tear at parting with his wife and offspring; the other is fixed upon the clock, to see that the cab is sent for in time to catch the train. That ‘catching the train’ is the thought which makes him thin and keeps him so. Much of his time is of necessity consumed in traveling, but not nearly so much as he spends in preparation for his journeys. The day previous to an expedition is mainly occupied in packing his carpet-bag and writing out his direction labels. He leaves overnight, as in a will, the most elaborate directions for the proceedings of his to-morrow, with a codicil, appointing that he shall be called half an hour earlier than he is first considered soon enough. This last command is wholly superfluous, since he always wakes of himself long before the appointed hour, and proceeds to ring the house up. Previous to this, he has kept me from my rest since earliest dawn, by perpetually getting out of bed. I tremble for his throat, since I know with what imprudent rapidity he is performing that operation in his dressing-room.

‘Georgina, my darling, sticking-plaster! There is no time, no time, no time, no time, no time—’ I tremble, I tremble, I tremble for his throat, since I know with what imprudent rapidity he is performing that operation in his dressing-room.

Presently his door opens, and I hear his voice over the banisters: ‘Jane, my boots! Where are my boots? What! No, they’re not in my room; they’re nothing of the kind. Ask Susan. Confound that girl, why is she always taking my boots away? She’s like a magpie. Where are my boots?’

After the one domestic has solemnly declared her ignorance of this abduction, and the other has called witnesses to prove that she took master’s boots up, cleaned, the night before, according to orders, in order to save time in the morning, I hear Tompkins observe in a very conciliatory tone that they need never mind, for that it doesn’t matter—the fact being that he has actually had the articles in question on his back during the whole of the morning, having thought it would hasten matters to put them on at once instead of his slippers, and then forgot that he had done so. ‘But Jane,’ adds he, ‘tell cook that I’m ready for breakfast. Is the breakfast ready? It ought to be; yes, it ought. I tell you that kitchen clock is slow—it’s very slow.’

I do not generally descend myself on these occasions, so that I cannot as self-love actualize the place at Tompkins’ breakfast; but I know it is a very hurried one, and like a Chinese religious ceremony, accompanied by a continuous ringing of bells. All this is of course not punctuality; but what is it? The English language (being framed by the male) has plenty of such terms as not until until the martial hour, and your marriage be postponed for a day, than that he should prove himself a Fidget by presenting himself at the altar before the clergyman or yourself is ready for him. Yet, if he was affable, and of such haste is only the result of his eager devotion; but do not deceive yourselves, young women; he would have been at the church equally early if it had been to bury you. Tompkins himself is in many respects an excellent husband, and I do believe it is very fond of me; but it is Timeliness first, and Feelings afterwards with him, I know. When business calls him on a journey, only one eye drops a tear at parting with his wife and offspring; the other is fixed upon the clock, to see that the cab is sent for in time to catch the train. That ‘catching the train’ is the thought which makes him thin and keeps him so. Much of his time is of necessity consumed in traveling, but not nearly so much as he spends in preparation for his journeys. The day previous to an expedition is mainly occupied in packing his carpet-bag and writing out his direction labels. He leaves overnight, as in a will, the most elaborate directions for the proceedings of his to-morrow, with a codicil, appointing that he shall be called half an hour earlier than he is first considered soon enough. This last command is wholly superfluous, since he always wakes of himself long before the appointed hour, and proceeds to ring the house up. Previous to this, he has kept me from my rest since earliest dawn, by perpetually getting out of bed. I tremble for his throat, since I know with what imprudent rapidity he is performing that operation in his dressing-room.

‘Georgina, my darling, sticking-plaster! There is no time, no time, no time, no time, no time—’ I tremble, I tremble, I tremble for his throat, since I know with what imprudent rapidity he is performing that operation in his dressing-room.

Presently his door opens, and I hear his voice over the banisters: ‘Jane, my boots! Where are my boots? What! No, they’re not in my room; they’re nothing of the kind. Ask Susan. Confound that girl, why is she always taking my boots away? She’s like a magpie. Where are my boots?’

After the one domestic has solemnly declared her ignorance of this abduction, and the other has called witnesses to prove that she took master’s boots up, cleaned, the night before, according to orders, in order to save time in the morning, I hear Tompkins observe in a very conciliatory tone that they need never mind, for that it doesn’t matter—the fact being that he has actually had the articles in question on his back during the whole of the morning, having thought it would hasten matters to put them on at once instead of his slippers, and then forgot that he had done so. ‘But Jane,’ adds he, ‘tell cook that I’m ready for breakfast. Is the breakfast ready? It ought to be; yes, it ought. I tell you that kitchen clock is slow—it’s very slow.’

I do not generally descend myself on these occasions, so that I cannot as self-love actualize the place at Tompkins’ breakfast; but I know it is a very
to have for supper, and the honest reason (sufficient, though the supper was not) why he could not do himself the pleasure of asking the Cymbals thereto. Worst of all, I have often been an unwilling listener to the conversation of railway officials, who, while they dust the empty carriages, and replenish the grease boxes (in the intervals of more active business, while the station is a waste, and the ticket-office, so-called), are accustomed to interchange communications concerning their 'dreadful trade,' which, although to themselves merely exciting, like the novel in their penny illustrated Journal, is to an interest very real and blood-chilling. They narrate of the 'narrow shave' by which the Parliamentary yesterday afternoon was only just shutted in time at the junction, ere the down express whirled by, and of the admirable talent evinced by Jen the engine-driver, who, although habitually drunk, has never missed 'nail it at,' and who sleeps as comfortably, between the stations, that he do, as though his engine was a fast-class carriage. Lurch-a-daisy, if the public only knew! (I heard one man remark this to his friend, a week ago) 'what precious risky things they have got to trust to; it's my belief we shall have less old ladies with parrots and pug-dogs a-travelling by this here line for pleasure.' Whereupon they all assented: 'True enough, mate, and broke into floundering laughter.'

This is unpleasant, but it is one of the least evils of railway travel in Tompkins's company. If he is a Fidget, his own account. You may imagine what a state he puts himself into when his wife and family have to start with him. He may well talk about 'catching the train,' for if the train were a species of animal, only to be secured by excessive speed, he could scarcely excite us to more unreasonable exertions. He begins at goodness knows what hour in the morning, and seldom is in time you were, it is only once when he does, to consider how long it takes you to dress. — There's plenty of time. Yes, that's what you said when we lost the last train from Brighton that night, and forfeited our return-tickets. He will never forget that unhappy incident as long as he lives. And, remember, you've got your dressing-case to pack. Arabella-a-a! [This is addressed at the top of his voice to our unconscious companion in the third deck who never turns you less than twenty minutes. What? Then it isn't your own, I'm sure. You must jump it on behind, as I have always suspected you did. Susan: why isn't the water boiling? How am I to shave? Nurse, where are the children? I want to kiss the darling children. [This is false; Tompkins only wants to make sure that they are up and dressing.] They had better have their bonnets on before breakfast, and then they will be ready to start at once.'

'Tompkins,' I exclaim, 'your conduct is really disgraceful, holding out like that upon the landing, and you without your dressing-gown. I insist upon your putting on your dressing-gown.'

'Your love, it's packed up,' he rejoins; 'I packed it up overnight, to save time.'

Everything that is done by Tompkins is to save time; and if Time is Money, as I have somewhere seen it stated, my husband deserves to be a very rich man indeed. But, in truth, so far from saving, he wastes time. An eighth part of his existence, or six whole years at the very least, for he is fifty next Saturday, how looks more, on account of his wearing himself away so in this manner — have been wasted in waiting for omnibuses and trains, at the corners of the streets, or on railway platforms; vast clippings of Tompkins, which he might have spent in eating his breakfasts with more regard to digestion, in finishing works of amusement or information which he has impatiently flung away; in devotional exercises (instead of using very depreciable language when matters do not happen quick enough to please him); and in letting his wife and family have a little peace. People cannot see it, I am thankful to say, on account of the crinoline, which makes us appear all of a size, but I am absolutely wasting away. If it is hard for a man to bear the 'naggedness' of a woman, which is one way may say, his natural burden, how can a woman bear to be 'nagged' at — an evil never contemplated by the sex. I am perfectly well aware that I dwindle a little; every female has a natural tendency so to do; to take a last look in the glass when she ought to be on her way down stairs; to add a postscript to her letter while the postman is emptying the box at the street-corner; to kiss the children a second time all round, while the cab is waiting, and there is not a moment to spare. It was never feminine to move quickly, and the garments of the present day have made it next kin to impossible. We are — I confess it generally rather late. There is therefore a certain excuse for one's being hurried by posters, and for not one's being a part of a woman, as of which point which I wished to arrive at long ago, only it is so difficult to arrive at a point. Nothing, I say, can excuse Tompkins for putting the clocks on, or terrifying us with false alarms respecting the hour. Many a time when we have been going out to dinner, has he put me in such a tremble that I could scarcely do my hair, by holloosing up the stairs that the brougham would be at the door in less than five minutes. Now, one cannot do one's hair (unless one has 'the man in' — and Heaven knows I am always trying to save Tompkins's pocket whenever I can), in five minutes, nor even in fifteen. After all our haste, too, we generally arrive at our friends' a quarter of an hour before we are expected, and find nobody in the drawing-room to receive us. It is in vain then so I tell Tompkins that 6.45 means 7 o'clock. When we send out our own invitations, it is with the greatest difficulty that I can prevent him from inserting the word 'sharp' — than which I can conceive nothing more vulgar — immediately after the dinner-hour. He would never wait for anybody — 'no, not for the Queen of Sheba,' is his ridiculous expression — if he could have his way; and he often, when we were away, as possible sitting down to table without Mrs de Slocroche, who is the daughter of a bishop, and whose husband will one day be a baronet. However, I did make a stand there. I made anything to take him, with a most reckless audacity with which Toosconism will actuate a man, and with that example, Mr Editor, I have done.

P.S. — No, I haven't. How fortunate it was that my letter happened somehow to be late for the afternoon's post, so that I put it in my travelling-bag, and carried it down with me into the country, in case there might be anything to add. And there is. We arrived at the departure station last evening under the usual circumstances — hurried, worried, flurried — and, as I thought, about three-quarters of an hour before it was necessary. Wonderful to relate, however, the train was at the platform, and we had only just time to bundle into it, while Tompkins ran for the tickets. His language was something awful, and (as I could not help remarking) a very bad example for the dear children. 'If it had not been for me, madam,' replied he, 'we should not have gone to-night at all, and strong expressions are absolutely necessary to move you.' He was very angry — for I suppose he had never been only just in time in his life — and he pulled at the window-blind so violently that the thing came off on his hand. But an infamous old carriage,' cried he; 'what rotten furniture; what ropy, musty seats. How slowly we are going, too. Well, if this is express speed, I could run as fast. We shall never get to our journey's end at the proper time, I know.'
'Well, really,' said I, 'Tompkins, that is not your business. The railway company is responsible, and not you. Put your legs up, and go to sleep, do. We do not stop again for an hour at least.'

Even while I was yet speaking, however, the train gave unequivocal symptoms of stopping there and then, at a miserably small station just out of town. Tompkins thrust his head and shoulders out of window.

'What is the matter, guard? Why are we stopping here in this disgraceful manner?'

'There is nothing the matter, sir,' was the reply. 'We are stopping here because we are advertised to do so at every station.'

'At every station?' exclaimed my husband, as white as a skinned walnut. 'Isn't this the express, then?'

'No, sir, it's the parliamentary. The express don't start for half an hour yet. We are stationed at the Junction presently, to let it go by.—Yes, ma'am, the carriage is a little out of repair. We ain't so particular, you see, with the first-class carriages in a train like this. Nobody ever gets into them except just from one station to the next or so. We shan't be at your station, ma'am, before daylight, if so soon.'

I did not reproach Tompkins, because I saw he was in a state of mental collapse. He knew as well as I that his Toosoomism had put us into the wrong train, and would cause us to pass the dreary night upon the railway. I forbore to utter a word of complaint even when, shortly after, we were backed on to a siding like any goods-train, and saw the express flash by like a meteor; that express which ought to have carried us to the arms of expectant friends, upon whom we should now break in like burglars between three and four A.M. I was silent at that time, I repeat, and have been so ever since; only I think the more: and if ever again Tompkins exclaims: 'There is no time to spare; make haste, or we shall never catch the train.'

'I shall not venture to allude to that unhappy occasion at Brighton, when we forfeited our return-tickets, then, I say, I shall have an answer for him.

HOW TO MAKE AN ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

The first submarine cable laid was that between Dover and Calais, completed in 1851, which has been worked, with occasional repairs, up to the present time. The entire success of this first attempt was, perhaps, to some extent the cause of the numerous subsequent failures, for it blinded us to difficulties arising from other conditions. The cable consisted of four copper wires, insulated with gutta percha, and formed into a rope, which was covered with tarred hemp, and again with iron wire, to protect it from being injured by anchors, &c. This form of cable answers tolerably well in shallow water, where it can easily be taken up for repairs; and it has been adhered to with some slight alterations, such as using a strand of several copper wires for each conductor, instead of a single copper wire, in almost all the shallow-water cables that have hitherto been laid. The principal objection to it is, that the iron wire which forms the external covering becomes corroded after a time in all parts of the cable that are exposed to moving water or buried in mud; it is also liable to injury from the rocks on which it may be laid, as in the case of the Channel Islands Telegraph, where a portion of the cable was entirely worn away. Experience has shown that a deep-sea cable made in this way is not strong enough, and that the insulation is not sufficient, hence the following:

The Atlantic Telegraph Cable was, after very insufficient experiments, constructed in the following manner: a strand of seven copper wires covered with three coats of gutta percha, was served with yarn saturated with tar, and coated with eighteen strands of iron wire, laid spirally. Three contracts were made for the manufacture of the cable: one with the Gutta Percha Company, for supplying the core or insulated conductor; and the other two with Messrs Glass, Elliot, & Co., and Messrs. Newall & Co., for supplying the external covering; the Company and the contractors being bound down by the projectors to complete and attempt to lay the cable in 1857. The manufacture of the cable was not commenced till February 1857, and between that time and the end of June, when it was necessary for it to be completed, the core had to be covered with three coats of gutta percha, representing 7500 miles of work, 350,000 miles of iron and copper wire had to be drawn out and spun into more than 47,000 miles of strand, and 300,000 miles of tarred hemp had to be spun and saturated, so that it will be easily understood that such extreme haste could not but be prejudicial to the quality of the work executed. This is the first cause of failure we have to notice: that it was one is proved by the state of some of the joints were found to be in when the cable was examined after its failure, the copper wire in some cases close to the outside, with only a thin film of gutta percha over it. Another cause of failure was the not having the cable properly tested. When one of the contractors proposed to test the gutta-percha cable under pressure before the external covering was manufactured, as he was in the habit of doing with all cables that he contracted for, the offer was declined on account of the expense which would have to be incurred. When we add that the cable was exposed to the sun during part of one of our hottest summers, and was so injured by this exposure, that the gutta percha exposed in large drops through the hemp, and between the iron wires, and that this injury was only discovered as the cable was being shipped on board the Argonauta on the return of the expedition for laying it, we have said enough to show that the manufacture was not superintended with the care and deliberation that should have characterized such an undertaking.

Even this defective state of the cable immediately after manufacture might not have had the effect of utterly frustrating the hopes of the project, had it been carefully handled, as the insulation seems at this time to have been tolerably perfect; we find, however, that an attempt was made to lay it with machinery utterly unfit for the purpose. The consequence of which was that 380 miles of the cable were lost, and the rest had to be brought back; that it was uncoiled and placed in tanks at Keyham, very much injured; that the tanks were never filled with water, for the purpose of testing how far the insulation was perfect, or otherwise; that several faults were cut out, and the joints imperfectly made; and that in this state the cable was again placed on board the ships. The number of times that the cable had been coiled and uncoiled was likely to injure it very seriously, and, in fact, it appears that parts of the cable were very uneven, and the external covering considerably displaced when it was finally shipped.

Two unsuccessful attempts to lay the cable were then made, and the vessels returned to Cork, starting again on the 17th July 1858, on the voyage, which terminated on the 5th August in the successful laying of the cable. This time, however, there was a sudden cessation of the electric current, and serious doubts arose as to the result of the enterprise; but in a short time the current was re-established as strongly as ever. This has been accounted for on the supposition that the conductor had been
broken by the strain, and that the separated ends had come together again when the strain was diminished. Even before the completion of the laying, the signals became very uncertain and irregular; and although the principal reason of the failure was being a much higher temperature than the latter substance, which is of great importance when cables have to be laid in tropical climates, a gutta-percha covered wire being so easily acted upon by heat as the frequency to become useless in such circumstances. Another great advantage obtained by the use of india rubber is the diminution of the inductive discharge produced by the exterior of the insulator being in contact with water.

This inductive discharge is produced whenever a current is passed through a metallic conductor insulated by some non-conducting substance, this substance being in its turn surrounded by a conducting medium; the electricity with which the internal conductor is charged acts on the opposite electricity of the external medium, and this electricity is transmitted to the water under such circumstances. Several other substances, such as Wray's Compound, Chatterton's Compound, and others, have been proposed as insulators, and may possibly be found useful in connection with india rubber or gutta percha, but up to this time experiments have shown india rubber to be the most perfect insulating substance yet known.

In all submarine cables hitherto made, the conducting wire has been a single copper wire, or a strand of wires, and no better conducting substance has as yet been discovered. Mr. C. F. Varley has, however, suggested a modification, the object of which is to prevent a strand of wires from being rendered useless in the event of one of them being injured. Instead of using a strand of wires, all communicating with each other, he proposes to insulate every wire separately, joining them only at intervals; thus, suppose a cable to contain three wires, the first two would be connected together at one point, the second and third at another, and so on, no two joints being made at the same point. The advantage of this arrangement is, that should the insulating covering become damaged, so as to allow water to touch and injure the wire, a strong positive current passed through the water would injure the exposed ends before the insulated ends retired inside the insulating covering, and the line would again become available.

It has been a much disputed question what substance is on the whole the best adapted for the insulating covering in a submarine cable. Gutta percha was, until lately, considered the best perfect insulator that could be obtained; but the result of the investigations of a parliamentary committee appointed in 1861 to inquire into 'the best form for the composition and outer covering of submarine cables,' has gone to prove india rubber very superior in insulating power to that substance; and later still, Messrs. Silver & Co. have invented a process for preparing and laying on an insulating covering of India rubber, which, besides the advantage of that substance being still higher. One of the principal objections to the employment of gutta percha as an insulator is the fact, that during the process of covering, air-holes are likely to be formed, which would materially injure the insulation, and might ultimately damage the cable to such an extent as entirely to arrest the current. This defect is got rid of to some extent by covering the wires with several thin coats of gutta percha, as the air-holes in one coat are not likely to correspond exactly with those in the others; and there can, consequently, be no direct communication between the wire and the outside of the cable. The great superiority of India rubber over gutta percha consists in its power of maintaining a much higher temperature than the latter substance, which is of great importance when cables have to be laid in tropical climates, a gutta-percha covered wire being so easily acted upon by heat as to become useless in such circumstances. Another great advantage obtained by the use of India rubber is the diminution of the inductive discharge produced by the exterior of the insulator being in contact with water.
from corrosion, and the whole covered with some cheap form of gutta percha or India rubber.

The method hitherto observed of laying the iron wires spirally has been much objected to, for two reasons; one of which is, that a cable with a spirally laid covering is very liable to form itself into kinks while being paid out; the other, and perhaps the more important objection is, that the covering of such a cable becomes stretched when subjected to a strain that is sufficient to unloosen the core to such an extent as sometimes almost to destroy the gutta percha. Another effect of this elongation of the cable is, that the core becomes permanently stretched; and in some cases, when the strain has been taken off, the contraction of the external covering has caused the internal wire to force itself through the strands of iron wire. It has been proposed, in order to remedy these two evils, to lay the iron wires lengthwise instead of spirally, binding them over afterwards with a spiral wire, the parallel wires tending to protect the core when the cable is subjected to tension. The principal objections to this plan appear to be, that a cable so constructed would not be as easily coiled and uncouled as one made on the old principle; that there would be some difficulty in making joints on such a cable; and that the process of manufacture would require more care and attention. These merely mechanical difficulties could, however, easily be overcome by practical men, and are but trivial compared with the advantages which are secured by this mode of covering. Several other minor improvements in the external covering have been suggested, such as saturating the serving of hemp with a conducting instead of an insulating substance, in order to facilitate the detection of any defect in the insulation of the conducting wire; but our space will not permit us to enter into these.

The form of cable, then, which appears, as far as present experience goes, the most suited for long distances and deep waters, is one consisting of a conductor formed of copper wires, separately insulated, and joined at intervals, surrounded with a coating of India rubber laid on in thin coats, and protected by a combined covering of hemp and longitudinally laid iron wire, the whole being then enveloped in a spirally laid binding wire. If we compare the Atlantic Cable with this, we find that, not to speak of the defects in the manufacture, and the probably imperfect insulating power of the gutta percha, the external covering was so constructed as to be unsuited to a cable destined to extend over such a long distance, being likely, when subjected to the tension it would have to undergo whilst being paid out, to damage, and perhaps destroy the insulation of the internal wire.

As regards the laying of submarine cables, we need only say that it appears advisable, perhaps almost necessary, to have vessels specially built for the purpose, in order to secure proper accommodation for the cable before it is paid out, and sufficient power to admit of the vessel being promptly stopped in case of any emergency, the form and details of the laying-out apparatus itself being so purely mechanical a question, and depending so much on the circumstances peculiar to each case, that they must be left to the discretion of the engineer of each company. We must, however, remark that it seems very desirable that further and more accurate soundings should be taken before any attempt is made to establish a cable between England and America, so that a correct idea may be formed of the probability of injury to the cable from mechanical or chemical causes when it is once laid down.

The facts we have brought forward in these pages, principally gathered from the proceedings of the parliamentary committee are, we think, sufficient to prove that the establishment of telegraphic communication with America is not by any means a matter of impossibility, and that the very near approach to success of the Atlantic Cable under such very unfavourable circumstances, should encourage us to hope that any new company which may be formed will profit by the experience of their predecessors, and will at length solve the great engineering problem of bringing the Old and the New World in direct and instantaneous communication with each other.

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

COULD we only behold ourselves as our great-grandchildren will see us, we should be ready enough to acknowledge ourselves ridiculous. Bold, as sevenfold brass would that woman be who, under these circumstances, should give her voice for crinoline; hopelessly bigoted that man who should see nothing inconvenient in the common hat. A volume descriptive of social life half a century ago* has lately been published, the illustrations of which, although portraying persons of the highest rank, have all the appearance of caricatures. The world of Tosten regretted the war with the vulgar Corsican mainly because it intercepted the Parisian fashions, which for ladies of that period dictated short and scanty skirts with little or no waists, and bonnets of exaggerated proportions, protruding at least a foot from their faces; for gentlemen, blue or black coats baggily made, and reaching down to the ankles, with hats enormously large, and spread out at the top.* Excluded from the imitation of these tasteful costumes, our unhappy countrywomen adopted straight pelisses of various hues, the body of the dress never of the same colour as the skirt, and bonnets of the beehive shape, excessively small; the men wore coats ofstuff colour with brass buttons, the tail nearly reaching to the heels; a gigantic bunch of seals dangled at their fobs, while their pastaloos were short, and tight at the knees; a spacious waistcoat, with a voluminous muslin cravat and a frilled shirt, completed the toilet.† The Marquis of Worcester of that date, as depicted in this volume in evening costume, has the appearance of a modern farm-hand, all in his best clothes to see the International Exhibition; while Clarenald Macdonald, pirouetting between the Ladies Jersey and Worcester, looks like a rustic Harlequin just before the transformation scene. Yet in those days, and in some such dress, did the evergreen Lord Palmerston diisport himself in the maze waltz, then just imported, and was beheld nightly at Almack’s describing an infinite number of circles with Madam de Lieven.

Almack’s was at that time exclusive indeed, the very heaven of aspirants to fashion.† One can hardly conceive at the present time the importance which was attached to getting admission to it. Of the three hundred officers of the Foot Guards, not more than half a dozen were honoured with vouchers of admission to this temple, the gates of which were guarded by lady-patronesses, whose smiles or frowns consigned men and women to happiness or despair.† Even the Opera, while George IV. was Regent, was

* An experimental cable has lately been made, covered externally with ratan canes, and is said to be admirably adapted for long distances, on account of its great strength and its low specific gravity; it has not as yet been subjected to sufficient tests, to enable us to speak as to its merits with any degree of certainty.  
† The British military were attired still more wonderfully, and must really have had an intimidating effect upon the enemy.
in the hands of an aristocratic clique, and totally independent of what is now called the support of the public. No one could obtain a box, no, not even a ticket for the pit, without a voucher from one of the lady-patronesses. When the singing and the ballet were over, the audience would retire to the concert-room, where a ball took place, accompanied by refreshments and a supper. The fashionable maids de chambre en cascade could then have read such an announcement as is every morning now set forth in the Times — the restriction of evening-dress will not be enforced. The strictest etiquette was wont to be kept up in this respect, no gentleman being admitted without knee-buckles, ruffles, and chapeau brise. If there happened to be a drawing-room, the ladies appeared in their court-dresses. After the opera, you were thought fortunate if you had an invitation to dine at Long Wellesley Pole’s mansion in Essex, the drive from London, after midnight, being considered an object of luxury. This famous spendthrift, who married Miss Tynney Pole, an heiress with fifty thousand a year, would subsequently have starved had it not been for the charity of his cousin, the present Duke of Wellington, who allowed him three hundred a year. The propriety of our time almost sinks to prudence compared with that of fifty years ago. Gaming was no means the specialty of White’s, the then Tory club, yet General Scott, the father-in-law of George Canning and the Duke of Portland, won L.200,000 at whist there; and Brummell, in one night, won L.25,000 at the same place of George Drummond, an event which caused that gentleman to retire from the bank in which he was a partner. Henry Baring retired about the same time from the same profession, from a similar cause. At Brookes’s, faro and macao were indulged in by Fox, Selwyn, Lord Carlisle, and the other great Whigs to an extent which enabled a man to win or lose a considerable fortune in a single evening. ‘Many a time a long night of hard play, the loser found himself at the establishment of Howard and Gibbs, the fashionable and patronised money-lenders. . . . On one occasion, Lord Robert Spencer contrived to lose the last shilling of his considerable fortune, given him by his brother, the Duke of Marlborough. General Fitzpatrick being much in the same condition, they agreed to raise a sum of money, in order that they might keep a faro bank. The members of the club made no objection, and ere long they carried out their design. As is generally the case, the bank was a winner, and Lord Robert bagged, as his share of the proceeds, L.100,000. He retired, strange to say, from the felid atmosphere of play, with the money in his pocket, and never again gambled.’

The London play of the British aristocracy was, however, scarcely to be called gambling when compared with their play at Paris. During the occupation of Paris by the allies, the proprietors of the Salons des Etrangers avenged the national honour with interest, by its invasions on the conquerors’ purses. Its manager, the Marquis de Livry, received its guilloche, the income of which is infamous through Europe, and aroused the envy of the Prince Regent, to whom he was said to present so remarkable a likeness that his Royal Highness despatched Lord Fife express to the Tuileries, Dufferin, and Blagny. At this shrine, Lord Thanet left his fifty thousand a year; his lordship’s infatuation for play was such, that when the gambling-tables were closed, he invited those who remained to play at chicken hazard and écarté; the consequence was, that one night he lost off a loser of L.120,000. When told of his folly, and the probability of his having been cheated, he explained: ‘Then I consider myself lucky in not having lost twice that sum!’

Here, night after night, was seen the famous Hungarian Count Hunyady, the chief gambler of his day. He became très à la mode; his horses, carriages, and house were considered perfect, while his good looks were the theme of universal admiration. There were ladies’ clowns à la Hunchére; whilst the illustrious Boul, of the Rocher de Cancaux, named new dishes after the famous Hungarian. Hunyady’s luck for a long time was prodigious; no bank could resist him at rugue et noir, and at one time he must have been a winner of nearly two millions of francs. His manners were particularly calm and gentlemanlike; he sat apparently unmoved, with his right hand in the breast of his coat, whilst thousands depended upon the turning of a card or the hazard of a die. His valet, however, confided to some indiscernet friend that his nerves were not of such iron temper as he would have made people believe, and that the count bore in the morning the bloody marks of his nails, which he had pressed into his chest in the agony of an unsuccessful turn of fortune. The streets of Paris were at that time not very safe; consequently, the count was usually attended to his residence by two gens d’armes, in order to prevent his being attacked by robbers. Hunyady was not wise enough (what gamblers are!) to leave Paris with his large winnings, but continued as usual to play day and night. A run of bad-luck set in against him, and he lost not only the whole of the money he had won, but a very large portion of his own fortune. He actually borrowed L.50 of the well-known Tommy Garth, who was himself generally more in the borrowing than the lending line, to take him back to Hungary. Here, too, every day was beheld Marshal Blucher, ‘a fine fellow, but a very rough diamond, with the manners of a common soldier,’ playing the highest stakes at rugue et noir. The salon was crowded by persons who came to see him play. ‘His manner of playing was anything but gentlemanlike, and when he lost, he used to wear in (German at everything that was French, looking daggers at the croupiers. He generally managed to lose all he had about him, also all the money his servant, who was waiting in the ante-chamber, carried.’ I recollect looking attentively at the manner in which he played; he would put his right hand into his pocket, and bring out several rouleaux of napoleons, and throw them on the rent table. If he won his first coup, he would allow it to remain; but when the croupier stated that the table was not responsible for more than ten thousand francs, then Blucher would roar like a lion, and rap out oaths in his native language, which would doubtless have met with great success at Billingsgate, if duly translated: fortunately, they were not heeded, as they were not understood by the lookers-on.’ The end of all this was, to the more fortunate, impoverishment for themselves and their descendants; to others, absolute ruin, ‘the losers disappearing never more to be heard of’ or suicide.

As play ran infinitely higher than it does now, so men drank far deeper. ‘A couple of bottles of port at least accompanied every gentleman’s dinner in those days, while the meal, commencing at seven or eight, did not break up before one in the morning. There were then four, even five bottle men; and the only thing that saved them was drinking very slowly, and out of very small glasses. The learned head of the law, Lord Eldon, and his brother, Lord Stowell, used to say that they had drunk more good port than any two men in England; indeed, the former was rather apt to be overtaken, and to speak occasionally some- what thicker than natural, after long and heavy petitions. The late Lords Pannume, Duff, and Blayney, wonderful to relate, were six-bottle men at
this time; and I really think, that if the good society of 1815 could appear more moderate duties without the least military education whatever. Captain Gronow, who went into the Guards in 1813, and almost immediately afterwards joined Lord Wellington's army in Spain, himself confesses we were far inferior to his drill, even after we had passed out of the hands of the sergeant, that the excellence of our non-commissioned officers alone preserved us from meeting with most fatal disasters in the face of the enemy. Physical force and our bull-dog energy carried many a hard-fought field.' The treatment of the common soldier was positively barbarous. A private in the second brigade of Guards having been convicted (for the second time) of coining Spanish dollars out of the regimental pewter-spoons, was sentenced to receive 260 lashes, and did not suffer.

The officers, on the other hand, seem to have been ruled with singular laxity. Desortion in the private was Death; but if a cavalry officer of good connections objected to villainous saltpetre and the inconveniences of tent-life, his scruples were respected. 'I knew an officer of the 18th Hussars, W. R., young, rich, and a fine-looking fellow, who joined the army not far from St. Sebastian. He started in horses was remarkable for their blood; his grooms were English, and three in number. He brought with him a light cart to carry forage and a parasol for his own baggage. All went on well till he came to go out on outpost duty; but not finding there any of the comforts to which he had been accustomed, he quietly mounted his charger, told his astonished sergeant that campaigning was not intended for a gentleman, and instantly galloped off to his quarters, ordering his servants to pack up everything immediately, as he had hired a transport to take him off to an outlying garrison.'

When a gentleman of acknowledged fashion was so vulgar as to die, the feelings of his friends were dreaded, excite his valet. 'Amongst the odd characters I have met with,' says our author, 'I do not recall one more eccentric than the late Lieutenant-colonel Kelly of the 1st Foot Guards, who was the vainest man I ever encountered. He was a thin, emaciated-looking dandy, but had all the bearing of the gentleman. He was haughty in the extreme, and very fond of dress; his boots were so well varnished that the polish now in use could not surpass Kelly's blacking in brilliancy; his pantaloons were made of the finest leather, and his coats were inimitable; in short, his dress was considered perfect. His hanger held the place of housekeeper to the Custom House, and when it was burned down, Kelly was burned with it, in endeavouring to save his favourite boots. The news of his horrible death became known, all the dandies were anxious to secure the service of his valet, who possessed the mystery of the inimitable blacking. Brummell lost no time in discovering his place of renunciation, and asked what wages he required: the servant answered his late master gave him L150 a year, but it was not enough for his talents, and he should require L200 a year upon which Brummell said: 'Well, if you will make it guineas, I shall be happy to attend upon you.'

The late Lord Plymouth eventually secured this phoenix of valets at L200 a year, and bore away the sovereignty of boats.'

The jeux d'esprit, whether of the dinners-out or the leaders of fashion, must be confessed, were rather pointless; and the few mots which Captain Gronow has preserved for our amusement are so great that we have been born too late for the society of a D'Orey or a Brummell. Of the latter individual, our author gives us a rather unjust account; he evidently regards him, even now, as a parvenu, an interloper in the world of fashion. For his part, he can see little enough in the man. And yet, among the high-born parasites about the Prince Regent, Brummell alone stands out with any resemblance to an honest man. He lost the favour of his master by espousing the cause of one whom that fickle prince had ruined and abandoned; and when he was trodden upon, he turned — very unlike a scoundrel — and overwhelmed his majestic foe with that inimitable inquiry, addressed to a common acquaintance: 'Who is your fat friend?'

Truly, the days were evil in Captain Gronow's time, the court was rotten to the core, and the camp, as generally happens, partook of its corruption. The history of the notorious Mrs Mary Anne Clarke is a part of royal blood, and there were fortunately no penny papers in those days to transcribe and inculcate with appropriate remarks; but even then it excited astonishment that the commander-in-chief should employ his mistress as his amanuensis, and sign her autograph lists for commissions without examination. Officers entered upon the most moderate duties without the least military education whatever. Captain Gronow, who went into the Guards in 1813, and almost immediately afterwards joined Lord Wellington's army in Spain, himself confesses we were far inferior to his drill, even after we had passed out of the hands of the sergeant, that the excellence of our non-commissioned officers alone preserved us from meeting with most fatal disasters in the face of the enemy.

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themselves away' upon those rocklike lines. 'I recollected his asking Colonel Stanhope what o'clock it was, on which the colonel told him twenty minutes past four. The Duke was looking round. 'The hands are mine; and if the Prussians arrive soon, there will be an end of the war.' The precise words, since so much debated, which the Duke used in his famous order, were: 'They are as good as lost. I am a young man. I have kept a field of fire. The death of the elder by the death of the younger - the arm on which he placed reliance. When Lord Uxbridge gave orders to Sir W. Ponsomby and Lord Edward Somerset to charge the enemy, our cavalry advanced with the greatest bravery, cut through everything in their way, and gallantly attacked whole regiments of infantry, but eventually they came upon a masked battery of twenty guns, which carried death and destruction through our ranks, and our poor fellows were obliged to give way. The French cavalry followed on their retreat, when, perhaps, the severest hand-to-hand cavalry fighting took place within the memory of man. The Duke of Wellington was perfectly furious that this arm had been engaged without his orders, and lost not a moment in sending them to the rear, where they remained during the rest of the day. It was a remark of the Duke that his cavalry, while of unimpeachable bravery, always went to town instead of to the country. Of the conduct of the allies and their involuntary hosts in Paris, we have many curious particulars. The English soldiers behaved remarkably well, and were not maltreated. During all the time our troops remained there, only one man was found dead in the streets; whereas it was not unusual to find in the morning, in deep wells or cellars, several Prussian soldiers, so strong was the hatred borne against them by the French. One afternoon, up to a hundred Prussian officers entered the galleries of the Palais Royal. 'They visited all the shops in turn, insulting the women and striking the men, breaking the windows, and turning everything upside down: nothing, indeed, could have been more outrageous than their conduct. When information was brought to Lord James Hay of what was going on, he went out, and arrived just as a troop of French gens d'armes were on the point of charging the Prussians, then in the garden. He lost no time in calling out his men, and placing himself between the gens d'armes and the officers, said he should fire upon the first who moved. The Prussians then came to him and said: 'The Anglo-Saxon is growled he had all the heads of the French in Paris the insults that they had heaped upon our countrymen in Berlin; we have kept our vow, and will now retire.' Nothing could equal the brutality of this insult. 'What exists between the French and the Prussians.' The French officers took every opportunity of insulting the English. 'Our countrymen, in general, were very pacific; but the most backward customer the French ever came across was my fellow-countryman, the late gallant Colonel Sir Charles S. - of the Engineers, who was ready for them with anything - sword, pistols, sabre, or fists - he was good at all; and though never seeking a quarrel, he would not put up with the slightest insult. He killed three Frenchmen in Paris, in quarters forced upon him. I remember, in October 1814, being asked by a friend to dine at Beauvilliers, in the Rue Richelieu, where Sir Charles S. - who was well known to us, occupied a table at the further end of the room. About the middle of the dinner, we heard a most extraordinary noise, and on looking up, perceived that it arose from S.' - s table; he was engaged in beating the head of a smartly dressed gentleman with once so well known to all who have visited France. Upon asking the reason of such rough treatment on the part of our countryman, he said he would serve all Frenchmen in the same manner. The offence, it seems, proceeded from the person who had just been chastised in so summary a manner: he had stared and laughed at S. - in a rude way for having ordered three bottles of wine to be placed upon his table. The upshot of all this was a duel, which took place next day at a place called Vincennes, in which S. - shot the unfortunate jester. When Sir Charles returned to Vincennes, where he commanded the Engineers, he found on his arrival a French officer waiting to congratulate the death of the relation, who had only been shot ten days before at Vincennes. They accordingly fought before S. - had time even to shave himself, or eat his breakfast, he having only just arrived in his camp from Paris. The meeting took place in the fosse of the fortress, and the first shot from S. - was a pistol shot at the French officer, who had actually travelled in the diligence from Paris for the purpose, as he boasted to his fellow-travellers, of killing an Englishman. A friend of Captain Gronow's was walking with a beautiful companion in Paris, and was followed by a half-pay officer of Napoleon's army, 'Colonel D. - , a notorious duellist, who observed to the people about him that he was going to bully 'un Anglais.' This man was exceedingly rude in his remarks, uttered in a loud voice; and after every sort of insult expressed in words, he had the impudence to put his arm round the lady's waist. My friend indignantly asked the colonel what he meant, upon which the ruffian laid his hand on my friend's face; but he did not give off with impunity, for my friend, who had a crack-stick in his hand, caught him a blow on the side of the head which dropped him. The Frenchman jumped up, and rushed at the Englishman, but they were separated by the bystanders. Cards were exchanged, and a meeting was arranged to take place the next morning in the neighbourhood of Passy. When my friend, accompanied by his second, Captain II. - of the 18th, came upon the ground, he found the colonel boasting of the number of officers killed, and saying: 'I'll now complete my list by killing an Englishman. Mon petit tir aura bientôt ton compte car je tire fort bien.' My friend quietly said: 'Je ne tire pas mal non plus,' and took his place. The colonel, who seems to have been a horrible ruffian, after a good deal more swaggering and bravado, placed himself opposite, and on the signal being given, the colonel's ball went through my friend's whiskers, whilst his ball pierced his adversary's heart, who fell dead without a groan. The duel made much noise in the province of Chantilly, and immediately for Chantilly, where he passed some time. On his return to Paris, the second of the man who had been killed, Commander P. - , ritter, had, insulted and challenged my friend. A meeting was accordingly agreed upon, and pistols were again the weapons used. Again my friend won the toss, and told his second, Captain II. - , that he would not kill his antagonist, though he richly deserved death for wishing to take the life of a person who had never offended him, but that he would give him a lesson which he should remember. My friend accordingly shot his antagonist in the knee; and I remember to have seen him limping about the streets of Paris twenty years after this event.' But the most curious of all the duels fought during the allied occupation was one which took place at Beauvais. 'A Captain B. - of one of our cavalry regiments quartered in that town was insulted by a French officer. B. - demanded satisfaction, which was accepted, but the Frenchman would not fight with pistols; B. would not fight with swords; so at last it was agreed that they should fight on horseback with lances. The duel took place in the well known court of Beauvais, and a crowd assembled to witness it.' Thus, whether we look to France or England, we see manners and habits prevailing half a century ago which would now excite laughter and indignation by all classes. Public opinion, if it could be said to exist at all, seems to have been utterly powerless.
Prolificacy and favouritism went hand in hand in high places, and if men did cry shame upon them, it was with bated breath, comprising distinctly to thank Captain Gronow, not only for an amusing book, but for a very comfortable feeling of complacency and self-congratulation.

LONDON ARCHITECTURE.

I really don't know what to protest against or admire first in London architecture; I rather think the want of uniformity in several of our most famous streets is the most striking. Oxford Street exhibits this irregularity to the full. A little, mean, coek-eyed shop holds its own there, with gigantic establishments on both sides, like a turnip between a brace of blood-hounds, and offers its penny cigars or ices under the elbows of its grand neighbours, with conspicuous vulgarity. To an Englishman, it is a characteristic and cherished sight; for this irregularity is a symptom of national independence, and a sturdy defence of rights. Great Britain is the country for Naboth. I have no doubt that his vineyard quite spoiled the garden of Ahab. It was an obstinate, defiant, littery corner. Any one visiting the place would say: 'What a pity this angle cannot be taken in.' All landscape gardener's would have sided with Ahab. But the most pert and vulgar owner of a cabbage-bed is its owner after all; and he may squat on his plot with unfeeling triumph in the middle of a row of palaces, if he please. It does not please many in Oxford Street to act in this manner, and we all like it. The great shop-keeper likes it, for it enables him to excel others; the little shop-keeper likes it, for it enables him to defy them. Their customers like it. Who buys anything in New Oxford Street, where the buildings are uniform? Whatever the goods within may be, the Oxford Street shops cease to attract when we get east of Tottenham Court Road. We can't tell one from another. They are mostly to be let or hired by Americans, who are not smart enough to appreciate British independence, or free enough to understand our love of liberty.

In Regent Street, where the houses are of the same height, if not size, this insularity displays itself in variety of colour and shop-front. Thus, if we walk down the street, and don't notice the uniformity of the buildings, the British love of irregularity asserts itself at least to the level of the eye.

Another characteristic of London architecture shews something of the same spirit of isolation. There are lodgings furnished and unfurnished, but it is difficult for a family to rent a portion of the house all to themselves. There are few flats. If you set up housekeeping, you are expected to have a front door, area railings, and water-rates of your own. The street-door must be a private one. This is, I believe, a peculiarly English arrangement. On the continent, in Scotland, and in America, you may keep a separate establishment on one floor. In London, even when you think you have found the upper part of a house, perhaps over a shop, with a private door all to yourself, you will discover that the upper floor lets with a quarter, and that the suppression of privacy involves the passage of a number of workpeople through your area twice a day to some place belonging to the landlord in the rear of the premises. I remember once, when looking for a separate portion of a house, finding out just in time to quash the pending agreement, that thirty-one tailors came through at seven every morning and every evening.

The great difficulty of having distinct portions of houses, and the absolute dearth of reasonable flats, drives the middle-class population of London towards the suburbs. They don't go there because the air is more pleasant, but because the rent is lower. It is better to have a box of your own at Camden-Town, and come into the shop or office every day by bus, than to be pinched by a heavy rent or imperfect accommodation close to your place of business. Thus London is fringed with detached villas, mostly alike. They almost always have potichomantic vases and anti-mas-sasars in the window, and you can see through them, like Marlowe's ghost. They are not built main, but built in bad taste. Before each is a strip of grass and gravel, puddy enough in bad weather to wet your feet. They are frequently not numbered, and are supposed to be known to citizens as 'Lilac Cottage,' 'The Firs,' 'Sebastopol Villa,' or 'Buckingham House.'

As these, however, are generally planted in rows all at once, like potatoes, by some speculator, they are unlike the gradually accumulated streets—where one man after another sets up his tent—in being uniform. They appear to be built mainly with stucco; but depend upon it, these plaster lies, like verbal ones, are sure to be found out before long. They are run up not to last, but to let, and it is curious to picture the rubbish ruins they must produce in another hundred and fifty years. Half London is no stronger than the mud villages of antiquity. How often we hear of houses tumbling down before they are finished. As it is, masses of those which touch, keep up one another. Take one away without propping the rest, and the row would go down like a street of cards.

The way in which suburbs of these villas roll on towards the country is a remarkable symptom of the energy or disease of old London. In some places, they invade the meadows without any skirmishers. The same place is to-day a hay-field, to-morrow, a square. The rent asked for some of these brick-and-stucco residences is very great. But they seem to fill. Occasionally, a builder fails, and a whole district hangs in hand for a year or two; but another man buys them up, and presently window-blinds mark the entrance of tenants. This rapid creation of houses may account in some measure for the high price of modern pictures. How shall all those new walls be covered. The spirit of expenditure once excited by the outlay attendant on building, tempts the citizen to patronise art, and enurbish himself with 'still life,' and scenes from the 'View of Wakesfield.' The wonder is, thinks my reader, where the money comes from. How are people so rich? I answer: They are not rich, at least they have no store of wealth. Quick circulation of money brings it faster through their hands; but if you were to sell them up, you would find many of their fortunes hardly larger than their incomes. Directly there is a stagnation in the great stream of currency, down they go. A comparatively small sum can thus 'enrich' a number of people, if they will but spend it, and thus make it do duty again. The miser, not the prodigal, is the true waster of money. It is useless hoarded in a box; whereas, if you are fool enough to fling it into the gutter, somebody will pick it up, and send it on.

This centrifugal current of middle-class people has one bad effect, it tempts the working-classes to crowd the deserted houses to their eaves. Streets which, a few years ago, had a family of two, now have six or eight, and often more. The rent paid for one room by an artisan at the west end of the town would provide a cottage and garden two or three times over in many parts of the country. But the old notion prevails about London being paved with gold, and fresh bumpkins
come up to lose their colour, and kill their babies with poisoned air. The process of packing working-people into houses which have been left high and dry by the stream of population settling westward, goes on at an alarming rate. Already there are parts of St James’s, Westminster, more densely peopled than Bethnal Green; indeed, some of the streets parallel to Regent Street, near the Circus, exhibit at present the most disorderly scene in London for their size; the neighbourhood of Berwick Street is perhaps the most closely packed of any. Thus great portions of London are being quickly filled by one class alone – artisans. Hitherto, little has been done to fit the houses they occupy for this new crop of residents; but the buildings calculated for one household are made to hold, not accommodate, from six to a dozen families. We want a general adaptation of buildings to their new purposes, rather than grand model lodging-houses, costly to the promoters, and repulsive to this latter-day poor aristone, are supposed to places with an evil name, in the east of London, where the tenements are small, and streets open, than they are in the neighbourhood of wealthy parts, where good houses are crammed with them from cellar to garret.

Another main feature of London architecture is the multitude of chimney-pots. They have, however, little social use; they only economise bricks. The chimney must be so many feet high. When the builder has got within three feet of the proposed top, he finishes his work at a stroke; on goes the chimney-pot. The result is a scrud, and pesteen, and pisseen, which recognise the permanence of their favourite scenery.

If I had to build myself a house in London, I would supply a common defect; I would have a flat roof, where I might take the air in summer, and smoke my pipe above the strife of the city. Mind you, I would not expose myself like a sweep or a fireman, but have a little tent for shade and privacy. Here, too, a few flowers might be grown, and perhaps lettuces and cucumbers raised.

By the greater height to which modern houses are being built, the excessive proportion of the reception-rooms to the others is diminished. It seems a pity, while you are about it, not to add another story, and thus prevent the drawing-rooms taking up most of the space. A large residence becomes small when there are best bedrooms only on the second floor, the third having sloping walls, and being mainly occupied by servants; yet this is the common arrangement of houses built more than a few years ago. We are not shocked at the descriptions of the manners of the middle ages, but depend upon it, our immediate progenitors in the last century pigged together in much more comfortable finery.

There is one feature of London architecture which especially attracts and shocks the unsophisticated countryman, and that is the gin-palace. That is the name he gives it; it is called a public-house by the natives and customs. The crumpled women and men in dirty flannel jackets, with their hands in their pockets, who lounge poor aristo, are supposed to characterise the trade carried on at these gaudy establishments. But, in fact, the majority are supported, not by regular topers, but by families who use the place as their cellar and sidestore. Keeping no store at home, they send regularly out for their dinner and supper beer, for the materials of an occasional bowl of gin or cup of solitary glass of toddy. Indeed, the more obvious the display made by the public-house, the better generally is its character. It is at the low-browed, dingy places in out-of-the-way streets that one sees the largest assemblies and last the worst of the evening. Many of the large corner-flaring ‘gin-shops’ have no ‘parlour’ at all; you get your glass of beer, or what you want, at the bar, and are off. If the pavement outside is not too crowded, it is not a bad place to have a glass of clear-eyed raggamuffins, the houses would get the

superior, or at least more tolerable character it deserves. These raggamuffins sit indoors in some places. Their presence in the street shews that they are not permitted to loiter within; the landlord would often like to send them away from the door. The facilities for drinking are indeed far too great, and the ‘custom’ in many trades tempts many a man to ‘wet’ a shilling which he ought to take home; but we must give the publicans due; the pretentious establishments which court notice are frequently far better conducted than the quiet-looking public-houses round the corner, where debauchery is close and concealed.

It is the fashion to decry the public buildings and ornaments of London. It would be difficult to adorn an irregular dingy town. Fine streets are themselves the most pleasing displays of a city. As it is, striking monuments only draw attention to ugly sites and surroundings; they are like smart clothes on a hump-back. There is more to be said in the same sense. A good figure is spoiled in a bad-fitting coat, a good coat on a bad figure. The Belvidere Apollo on the steps of a bathing-machine, or Handel’s Messiah at Greenwich Fair. Hence the disappointment at the effect of our most promising buildings and statues.

I do not wonder, however, at the impotence of these last, especially as they seem are, with smut. Can you recognise a hero in the skin of a nigger? The often ridiculed relation of statues to their pedestals is indeed remarkable; I wonder that some regular proportion is not ascertained by the laws of harmonical progression. At any rate, the elevation of a tyrant or patriot to the skies on the top of a column may be very flattering to his memory, but grievously discouraging to the sculptor who has produced the statue, and disappointing to those who like to see such a work. I don’t know whether the statue of Nelson is good or bad, but I would have engaged to produce its present effect at the cost of a five-pound note, and a visit to the stores of the New Road.

Churches are about the most depressing features of London architecture; they often seem to invite the eye only to call attention to their dull austerity. Their closed gates and silent steeples witness to the chilly temperature of the dominant creed, while their high pews and soft hassocks betrays a spirit of selfish exclusiveness and love of ease. True, many modern churches protest vigorously by daily chimes, open doors, and liberal ornament, against this ecclesiastical hauteur and conspicuous isolation; but the bulk of those in London do little more than depress the spirits, if looked at close, and break the monotony of chimney-pots when viewed from a distance.

The change from the dumb desolation of the week to the jangling chorus of bells on Sunday morning, must surprise observant foreigners. The hurried tolling, however, which breaks out then, is more like a sudden announcement of the death of the old week, than a joyful bailing of the day of rest.

When we begin to turn our other public buildings, there are few to be found without obvious drawbacks. There is the extensive minuteness of the Houses of Parliament, which are of course our pride; besides them, we can call the attention of our visitors to the tall size of Buckingham Palace, the squat strength of the Bank, and the reared severity of the British Museum, with its double-brayed green porch, and bare flanks—for all the world like a great naked Cockney with a helmet on. In reality, club-houses and these new hotels are our most presentable buildings, and last together the whole best evening. Many of the large corner-flaring ‘gin-shops’ have no ‘parlour’ at all; you get your glass of beer, or what you want, at the bar, and are off. If the pavement outside is not too crowded, it is not a bad place to have a glass of clear-eyed raggamuffins, the houses would get the
an impression will result from the number, wealth, and bustle of the streets which led to and from the sights they were asked to remember, much more striking than from the sights themselves.

THE COLLEGE IN THE WOODS.

A few years ago, on my way to Chicago, I stopped for a day on the banks of the St. Joseph’s River, in Northern Indiana, close upon the line of Michigan. Civilization was struggling with nature, and I watched with interest the rough encounter. The railway, after running twenty miles through a grand prairie forest, dashes suddenly into a city. Leaving my luggage at a great brick hotel, I struck out northward, across a fine, rapid river, into a rich rolling country, where each farm of fifty or a hundred acres was cut out of the forest, and where the stumps had not rotated out of the fields; while in many of them the great trees, all dry and leafless, girdled by choppings of the axe to destroy their vitality, were still standing in the fields of growing corn. Stacks of corn were piled around the central one, the lords of the soil. Great cobs of Indian corn in the ear were proofs of the land’s fertility; herds of swine and flocks of cattle were browsing in the forest. It was a scene rough and smooth in the present, but full of hope for the future.

Tired with my morning ramble, I sat down in the shade of a beautiful tulip-tree by the river-side, and thought of the three phases of life which a single generation would have experienced. A few years before, the wild Indian fought and hunted through these forests, and the smoke of his wigwam rose from the banks of this lovely river; the transition phase was now in progress; a few years more, and the whole country would be covered with the triumphs of civilization. As I mused upon the scene and its associations, music filled the air; it came down out of the blue summer sky; it swept through the arches of the ancient woods. The birds sat motionless upon the branches to hear it; the squirrels stopped their gambols. Even a bright little striped snake, which had been gliding through the grass near my feet, paused, erected his head, and poised it, as if the better to hear the sweet melody that filled the air. It was a chime of bells, playing the air of a French religious hymn—a rich, melodious chime of twenty-four bells. But how came they in the depths of a forest in Northern Indiana? I rose from my mossy seat, while the little snake lowered his tiny head, and glided away, and the pretty squirrels hid themselves in the foliage, and went in the direction from which the music had seemed to come.

It was a longer walk in the woods than I expected; but with a slight turn in the road, I emerged suddenly from the dark forest into the glowing sunshine, and a scene that filled me with surprise and admiration. It was a clearing of three or four square miles, walled round on three sides by the forest, and bounded on the fourth by a noble sweep of the river. In the centre was a pretty Gothic church, with two spires, in whose towers were the chime of bells. Near it was a cluster of buildings, the central one long, massive, and having a collegiate aspect. At the left were two bright lakeslets, glittering in the sun; and between them nestled a small peninsula, shaded with trees, ornamented with shrubbery, and cultivated as a garden and vineyard. In the midst of these gardens were two pretty chapels, one in the Gothic style, the other Italian. Across the lake there was a small steam-ship and a brickyard, and contiguous to the college buildings were several workshops, and a large play-ground, with gymnastic apparatus. Around were meadows, orchards, flocks of sheep, and small herds of cattle. A mile away to the left, in a beautiful nook by the river, I saw another group of buildings, including a small chapel. In less time than I have taken to write these lines, my glass had swept over all this beautiful domain, cut out of the heart of a great American forest, and I saw a crowd of boys at play in the college-ground; a group of them was bathing on a secluded shore of one of the lakes, watched by a man in a long black robe. The black robes were also seen as they went in and out of the principal edifice. Groups of men were working in the fields. In the distance, my glass showed me girls walking on the banks of the river, near the further cluster of buildings.

As an enterprising tourist, I did not long hesitate about the means of gratifying my excited curiosity. I walked toward the centre of the domain, and passing through a vineyard, where the grapes gave promise of many a cask of good wine, I addressed myself to a withered old man, who seemed to have thinned under his father’s care.

‘Th’ vines are growing well, father,’ said I.

‘Yaas!’ was the strong German answer, when the well-browned pipe had been deliberately taken from his lips. ‘Dey avez me trott a little.’

‘And the wine—how is that?’

‘Ah! zee vine iz pretty goot.’

‘Shall I be allowed to visit the place?’ I asked.

‘Oh, yaas, yaas! I shall take you to ze Faater Zuiperior;’ and he put his pipe to his lips again, and led the way to the principal edifice, where I was presented to a tall, sallow, black-eyed French priest, who might have been a general, if he had not been the superior of a religious community. Nothing could be more cordial than his reception, nothing more considerate than the manner in which he made me feel that I was welcome on the banks of his vineyard. The land of his community had been given to one of the Indian missionaries; his flock had been scattered by the progress of civilization, and the domain bestowed upon a French religious order. He and a few others, who had come from France, had been joined by Germans, Irish, and several American converts; and they had established a college, with the charter of a university for the future, while a female branch of the order had a flourishing academy, a mile away. There was also an industrial school for boys, and another for girls. The lay-brothers and sisters carried on the operations of agriculture, the workshops, the laundry, baking and cooking for so large a community, with its three or four hundred pupils, while priests, professors, and nuns attended to the work of education. The Faater Zuiperior, with a little excusable vanity, showed me the handsome church, whose gorgeous high-altar, and fine organ, pipes, and chancel, and precious machinery filled the whole region with music at intervals, day and night, had been sent them as presents from far off, never forgotten, generous France.

Then we walked over a little causeway between the two pretty lakes, and visited the islands, as they were called, but really a double peninsula, composed of two hillocks, each of several acres. In these solitary retreats were the nurseries of the order. One was the novitiate of priests, the other of the lay-brothers, where they went through the studies and religious exercises which were to prepare them for the solemn vows which would for ever separate them from the world, and devote their energies and lives to the work of their order. I saw novices of both classes, some walking in the groves with their books, some kneeling in their curious little chapels, with their heads and lay-sisters, students and apprentices, enjoyed their hour of innocent, and sometimes boisterous
mirth. As a rule, priests and nuns have the manners of children. If you would crow all the mirth into an hour, have them together over a good dinner. The gayest part I have ever seen, in sheer mirthfulness, was a party of nuns. Even the sisters of charity, whose life-work is in hospitals, and who nurse the sick and dying, are full of light-hearted mirth.

Our next visit was to the not far distant but still separate and secluded domain of the female community. We were received with a gracious dignity in the elegant parlour, by the young Mother-superior, an American lady of singular beauty, who had found a sphere for her energies in the education of a school, of an industrial school, the extension of her order, the establishment of new branches, and the opening of new avenues of feminine ambition or devotion.

When we had looked at the school-room, the garden, and the romantic prospect from the river bluff, an excellent luncheon awaited us, and we retired to rest, which had been arranged. I found the Mother-superior kneeling to the Father-superior, as on our arrival, to kiss his hand and receive his blessing. During our walk home, this priest, who seemed to consider that with his religious functions he conversed like a thorough man of the world on education, politics, and society. It was evident that he read the newspapers as well as his breviary, and that he had a sharp eye to business, as well as to the propagation of the faith. He even told me, with a curiously quiet consciousness of power in his tone and manner, how he had put down some bigotry in the neighbourhood, which had once time threatened his community, by exercising the political power given him in the votes of his community. ‘It is not necessary for us to vote,’ said he; ‘we have not that trouble; but the fact that we can do so whenever we choose, and defeat either party, is quite enough to make both treat us with a respectful consideration.’

I dined that evening with the President of the university. The Father-superior, by whom I sat, and the professors dined at a central table; the students of various classes at others. The fare was plain and substantial. There was perfect order and silence. At a signal, the Father-superior said a short grace, and the eating began, while one of the boys commenced, in a loud monotone, to read from Alice in Wonderland. I found this a most interesting journey in China; but he had not proceeded far before a touch of the superior’s bell suddenly silenced his tongue, and at the same time let loose a hundred. What with knives and forks and chatter and clatter, it was a perfect babel. The suspension of the rules was in honour of their guest, and a lesson in hospitality. As the fun was growing fast and furious, another touch on the bell reminded the room to a sudden silence; there was a brief thanksgiving, and the well-ordered boys, rough as many were in appearance, filed out of the room; and we soon heard their glad hurras in the playgrounds, while the Superior and several priests and lay professors gathered under a shady piazza, to enjoy the leisure after-dinner hour. On going to the ‘bishops’ room’ which had been assigned me, I found two bottles of wine, of their own vintage, which the Father-superior wished me to taste. One was a red wine, resembling the clarets of Hungary; the other, a choice bottle of Catawba, made from an American grape of peculiar flavour, but resembling the Rhine wines. They were light, palatable, and pure without any question. At the twilight hour, after a glorious

THE WARS OF THE ROUGH COURTSHIP.

The unfortunate Mary of Scotland, even in her childhood, was the cause of great wars and disasters. It was obviously a good policy for both countries that the boy Edward, heir of the English crown, should wed the infant Mary, on whose brows the Scottish crown already rested. It is said that John Knox, the most devout and disinterested of the Reformers, thought it must be hoped that the nation and union would be established throughout our island. But, considering jealousies and antipathies already existing, it was a movement requiring great delicacy and discretion in the management on both sides. So ill it was managed in these respects that the treaty only led to three several invasions of Scotland by hostile English armies, whose business it was to sack and burn all towns, fortresses, and private mansions which they visited. Between 1544 and 1548, the southern part of the kingdom was actually devastated thrice. Well might it be called the Rough Courtship. At length a French army of about six thousand men, under the Sieur d’Essoy, came to assist the Regent, Mary de Guise, in protecting her little daughter’s kingdom.

Fortunately for the lovers of history, there was in this force a certain Monsieur de Beaugn, who was pleased afterwards to write a narrative of the campaigns, which he published in his own country (1556). It is now an extremely scarce volume, bringing many times its original price. While mainly engaged with military details, the author incidentally gives a number of particulars which throw a light upon the general condition of the country at the time, and make the book highly worthy of notice, and it is rather strange that none of the book-printing clubs has ever given a reprint or translation of it.

We learn from M. de Beaugn that the English troops in Scotland were roused up with ‘a false heresy,’ giving them the belief that there was no nation in the whole world equal to them. He is studious to let us know that the Scots were in reality
equally valiant; only, through the intrigues of their nobles, and the wrath of God, they had been weakened by internal dissensions. Nor was their military organization and calculation given them a consistent success in the field. Called out for only a short time, each man came with his stock of food (oatmeal?) in his haversack; and that boy and girl, and song, they were obliged to fight very soon—perhaps precipitately—or to break up without fighting. Of a body who arrived as a reinforcement to the besieging army at Haddington, he states, that as soon as they marched up, and before they had considered even where they were to encamp, five or six hundred of them rushed forward in a charge to the gates of the town with their long bows in their hands, their quivers, swords, and bucklers hanging by their sides.

This last descriptive trait, which occurs among the military details, applies, as the writer intimates, to troops from the Lowlands. But there was also a contingent of Highlanders, as to whom he furnishes some additional particulars. It would appear from the use of the term in books and documents in those days, that the Celtic portion of the population, living, as regarded central authority, in a kind of free, unsettled condition, were not uncommonly known as Welshmen. It is probably, in a simple translation of this, according to the etymology of the French term, that they receive from Beaunage, in the most friendly manner, the unpleasant-looking name of les Sceauxers. This is the distinguishing title by which he always refers to them, in a tone partly of curiosity, partly of disparagement, partly of encouragement, such as a captain of the last century in America might have used in the case of his red Indian allies. Their guise, with its ancient peculiarities, of course caught his eye. He describes them as naked, except for a coloured shirt, and a certain light covering of woollen stuff (the plaid) of many hues. Their arms were the bow, the sword, and the shield. They roused themselves to battle by the shrill notes of their bagpipes, and daringly rushed to meet their enemies. In the unpremeditated charge to the fortifications of Haddington already mentioned, some Highlanders took part, and they boldly followed their Lowland countrymen in driving in the English outposts, and preparing to attack a strong force which was ready to receive them. But when a mysterious and unaccustomed foe was turned upon them—when they came sufficiently near to give the English gunners time to begin play, the effigy presents us with a curious companion-picture at home to that which was to be seen about the very same time in the New World, when the Mexicans first met acquainted with the terrible thunder of the Spaniards—the Highlanders turned and fled, and at each report, even of the smallest piece, stopped their ears, and threw themselves on the ground. As the siege advanced, however, they became familiarised with this (to them) new element of warfare, as artillery played a prominent part. Beaunage mentions that during one day the French battery of six guns fired three hundred and forty shots with no great effect, as the defences against which they were directed were chiefly earthworks; and elsewhere he states that the English of all nations thought most of artillery, and put most reliance in it.

The various manoeuvres and skirmishes before Haddington it is not our intention to follow. The garrison was strong, and able to hold its own. In the meantime, some French gentlemen, of whom Beaunage would appear to have been one, were detached from the besieging army to act as a bodyguard to the queen, who had retired to Dumfarton with her child, preparatory to carrying out the plan, which had now been decided upon, of sending the infant queen to France. On the eve of her embarkation, too, our chronicler reports a fine glimpse of the fascination which followed Mary Stuart through her hapless career. 'She was then,' he says, 'about five or six years old, and one of the most perfect creatures that ever was seen. Even at this age, the remarkable and admirable beginnings that she has manifested give such promise for the future, that it is impossible to have higher hopes of any princess of this earth.'

After the French ships sailed from the Clyde with the young queen, the siege of Haddington was prosecuted with continued vigour. Large reinforcements were sent to the army, and the queen-mother went to visit the camp in person. Her popularity with the French troops was unabated, and she appears to have carried it by a most attractive and affable demeanour. They had just succeeded in cutting off an English relieving force from them, speaking familiarly to all, praising their courage, and animating them to further bold deeds. She won their hearts also by her grace and beauty, for she possessed both, as her daughter, we may be reminded of Horace's 'matre pulchra filia pulchrior.' She knew, too, how to make these gifts of account in turning nobler heads than those of the French soldiers, when substantial ends were to be gained, as Miss Strickland, in her Lives of the Queens, has pointed out, while gently chiding them for making rash attempts to be undertaken by Beaunage's narrative, she is always, as is natural, the subject of the most chivalrous admiration.

The efforts against Haddington which she stimulated were rendered unavailing by the approach of an English army sufficiently powerful to raise the siege. The Scottish forces were obliged to fall back towards the capital. The English, supported by a fleet, again overran the south-eastern counties, and the ferocity and licence which both sides manifested in this war, terribly marked their track, as before. D'Escos's French troops, while fortifying Leith, were chiefly concentrated in Edinburgh, and their amicable relations with the people is to Beaunage a matter for special remark. 'On seeing the intercourse,' he says, 'of the soldiers with the town people, it might be thought that the former were born and bred in Scotland; and, indeed, as well as their having always been good friends, two other nations more compatible are not to be found; to discover now in the Scottish character the germs of this solidarity with the French, which does seem, all too slowly, to have existed, it would be necessary to dig among the roots of mankind. The. French soldier of little account, as he tells us, and some Scotsmen, got involved in a quarrel. From abusive words they came to blows. The soldier was joined by his comrades, and a riot arose, of greater dimensions than Beaunage intimates, for Leley, the Scottish historian, records that the provost of Edinburgh and many citizens were slain. The French officers, according to Beaunage's relation, anxiously strove to quell the tumult. They greatly deplored the result, and the soldier with whom the mischief originated was hanged. As a prudent course under the circumstances, D'Escos marched his troops from the city, again bringing them into active service by an assault upon the English at Haddington. Various other operations also began to be undertaken by the Scottish forces, and whenever the English army retired, the attempt was renewed to recover the fortresses whose garrisons it had relieved and strengthened. During one of those expeditions, some of the French troops were sent for a little respite, as Beaunage phrases it, to St Andrews, Perth, Aberdeen, Montrose, and some villages in Fife. Being not disposed, as our chronicler tells us, to be a temper as regards his allies, he has a good word for all these places. He does not, however, offer
any description, but looks at them merely from a military point of view, and considers how they might best be fortified or defended. Of St Andrews he just mentions the cathedral as a handsome, imposing edifice, and the castle as having been the scene of some of the last wars in these parts. In the same conventional kind of way, he glances at the fairly well (assez bien) ordered and accomplished university of Aberdeen; and if he were himself quartered there, he appears to have earned away an agreeable impression, for he characterizes it as a fine, rich town, inhabited by a pleasant people. From what we know, through other sources, of the features of Scottish burghs in those days, we must interpret any complaint of M. de Beaugé according to a very different standard from that which the terms of this letter may be expected to be

But the foreign auxiliaries were not allowed any lengthened rest. The time had come for energetic action on the part of all the forces which Scotland could command. Internal troubles—a religious insurrection in Devonshire, a popular rising against enclosures in Norfolk—hampered the English government. They supported imperfectly the position they had gained in Scotland against the pertinacity of their enemy, who now proceeded from one success to another. In progress of these, the French troops had active employment at various points, and Beaugé goes on to describe the details of the service. At Broughty, near Dundee, they tried their strength against the English garrison, and lost an officer of rank, who fell into the hands of the enemy. Before Dunbar, they were engaged in a hard-fought skirmish, in which was taken prisoner Sir John Wilford, the English commander at Haddington, which soon after was abandoned. Another engagement, in which they held a part, was the well-planned assault and capture of the strong castle of Fernihurst on the Borders. This was followed by a descent upon England as far as Newcastle, under the command of D'Esé, and we read without surprise that he adopted the usual course of ordering the enemy's territory to be laid waste wherever the army passed. On its return, it experienced great straits, particularly at Jedburgh. There was much sickness, and a want of both pay and provisions. The officers spent liberally whatever they had or could raise for the support of the soldiers, and the effects of the queen-mother to do all in her power for them are warmly acknowledged. A move northwards from Jedburgh was soon indispensable, as the English force in that direction was growing greater day by day, and might cut off the retreat. Likewise there was work to be done elsewhere, and the next important operation was to expel the enemy from the island of Inchkeith in the Forth. Here was another battle between the French and English, addressing the troops collectively and personally, animating them, and so gaining their hearts, we are told, that they were ready to meet any dangers in their service. The present enterprise was a fair test of their determination, for, at first, possession of the island was stoutly contested, although latterly, when their commander was slain, the English garrison were more easily overpowered than the assailants expected.

This was the last service in which D'Esé was engaged in Scotland. He was then recalled or retired to France, and probably Beaugé accompanied him, for at this point the latter brings his narrative to a close. Indeed, its natural termination had come, as its scope throughout is to immortalize the generalship of the Sieur d'Esé, whose operations and speeches are described and reported somewhat after the fashion of Caesar and Tacitus, only with more extravagant praise than was always awarded to the ancient commanders. But the war was not yet over, nor had the French auxiliaries being led by De Thermes, whose energy and skill left no reason that his predecessor should be outshone. They continued to be the worsted. They had now lost nearly all the important places of strength in which they had established garrisons; and the Scottish forces, under the governor Arran, were in the act of successfully assaulting one of the last of these, Lauder, when news arrived that, by a fresh treaty of peace between France and England, including Scotland as the third party, the French had taken to withdraw entirely within their own frontier. On the 20th of April 1556, peace was proclaimed at Edinburgh, and thus terminated a struggle of nine years, where for any good reason on either side, might as well have not been entered upon. The hatred and ferocity had been intense. In all times, the shedding of blood has been apt to beget at least occasional developments of the most savage part of man's nature, and the ruder the age, the more terribly and consistently are these likely to be manifested by exasperated combatants. But in the present case, the excessive barbarity was not merely an incident of the battle, in the conduct of the hostilities in Scotland. In the Hamilton Papers, printed for the Maitland Club, the text is given of the instructions which were given to the English commanders. He was to burn and utterly raze Edinburgh—then the town, the castle, and the palace. He was to sack Leith, putting man, woman, and child to fire and sword. This done, he was to pass over to Fife, 'and extend like extremities and destructions in all towns and villages whereunto you may reach conveniently,' and especially St Andrews, in which not one stick was to be left standing between the English and the country. The last hour was to be spared alive. We have seen cursorily how in practice the spirit of these orders was carried out, and Beaugé's pages have frequent reference to the fact, as well as to the not less savage retaliation which, among such elements as the times had to offer, might be expected to follow. His account of the taking of the castle of Hume, on the Border, by the English, is one episode showing the mode of conducting the minor operations of the invasion. Lord Hume was absent, but when the enemy appeared, his wife and her daughter and the rest of the household surrendered, with the assurance that if the castle were not instantly given up, her son, who was a prisoner in the hands of the English, would be hanged before her eyes. In the spirit of a similar concession, she promised that 'the life and death of her son were according to the will of God, with whose help she hoped to keep the castle as long as she lived, were it even to the death of the last of her race, when she was bound and ready for execution, was dragged forward, the mother's heart asserted its power, and she yielded to save his life.

At the siege of the castle of Fernihurst by the Scottish forces, we have an instance again of the retribution which was returned for the licentious treatment their country had experienced. The English officer in command, seeing that the assailant was about being successful, and feeling, as Beaugé remarks, that he had not much to expect if he fell into the hands of his native enemies, came out secretly in the middle, and delivered himself up to two French officers. They were removing him from the throng, when a Scot, recognizing him as the ravisher of his wife and daughters, dashed forward, and with a single slash made the head of the unfortunate wretch fly from his body to a distance of four paces. More than a hundred other Scots around manifested their delight at this successful revenge of a long time overdue, and when they had washed their hands in the blood of him from whose tyrannical ill-usage they had suffered, they fixed his head on a stake as a trophy of their victory. Other and even more savage manifestations of vengeance are mentioned by Beaugé, while he
palliates, although he deplores, and does not wish to defend them. He dwells on the inexcusable provocations the Scots had received. He tells of their country desolated, their towns sacked, their strongholds burned, their churches overthrown, their nobles and citizens inhumanly butchered, or subjected to every kind of cruelty; and he declares that it was the Scots, who bore themselves honourably and in perfect friendship with the French, were roused to such ferocity against their English enemies. During the progress of the siege of Haddington, the Scots used to come in troops about the camp, and in walking among the bodies of the slain English, some of them, whom Beaufois thought might have experienced particularly injurious treatment, attempted to tear out the eyes of the dead. In the various conflicts, no mercy was shown to prisoners; and our informant relates that when the Scots could find no more English to kill, 'they bought any the French might have saved alive. For these, whom they cruelly slaughtered forthwith, they gave us whatever price was asked, and even their arms. I remember, too,' he continues, 'that they procured one from me for a horse. They tied him, feet, hands, and head together, dragged him in this fashion into the middle of a large meadow, and ran at him on horseback as a target for their spears until they killed him. They then cut his body into small pieces, each fixing one on the point of his lance.'

Looking abroad now over the amalgamating results of the Union which soldered the two countries into one, it is somewhat difficult to conceive that such were among its not very distant antecedents. But from the very fact of so marked a contrast, we may derive from the memory of these old scenes of horror, one more evidence of the benefits that have flowed from the incorporation of England and Scotland, and also one hopeful reflection, that national animosities even of the sternest stuff can, on terms of mutual self-respect, be fused by the influence of common interests.

**DAYBREAK.**

Awake, this morning! wake, O heart and soul;
Your drowsy lids undose;
Ere dawn has melted, or the sun has stole
A dewdrop from the rose.

In breath of morn I waken with a glow
Like that which fills the East;
I go forth to the white fields as we go
Expectant to a feast.

The air is odorous with unbreathed sweets,
That with the south wind play;
The heart of Nature tremulously beats,
With sense of coming Day.

A rustling sound among the leaves is heard;
All life on either shore;
Expectant hooves, as marriage-guests are stirred
When cometh in the bride.

The Earth unclaspeth her beauty-clouding veil,
And waits her monarch's call;
Or like a princess in some eastern tale,
By Ethiop kept in thrall,
She breaks forth queenly from the dusky embrace,
And waits her lord's advance,
Who in his shining armour comes apace
To her deliverance.

Upon the hills I see a burnished shield;
O swarthy Night, beware!
There comes a king to summon thee to yield
His love, for thee too fair.

The fleecy clouds that love the beaming day
Sail on to meet the sun,
And as they sail, rejoicing seem to say,
The reign of Night is done!

Thus early voices hail the infant morn
In distant other dim,
The skylark pours to Nature's youngest born
A matchless cradle-hymn.
I rise while sunlight yet in eastern sky
Is struggling with the gray,
Yet this bright bird, with keener sense than I,
Before me greets the day.

And even on the fleet Night's dusky skirts,
Far up the fields of blue,
It pours a strain that meets this morn's deserts,
And thrills my being through.

Where didst thou learn it? In the world's young days,
In thy soul-leaps afar,
Was that transcendent melody of praise
Caught from the Morning Star?

Of all delights in Nature's life, a part
In that strain seems to be,
As if all joy that thrills her mighty heart
Were concentrated in thee.

It is her voice new uttered: thou dost watch
Her peasants mount through air,
And at heaven's gates her music thou dost catch,
As it ascends there.

And thus inspired, in showers of silvery rain,
To the enchanted earth,
Thou pourest Nature's one-born praise again,
In new and second birth.

Most holy Nature, from thy dome of blue
To meanciest flowertet wild,
I deeply love thee, yarne to thee as to
A mother yeans her child!

In all thy phases—in the flowery spring
When waves the golden corn;
I love thee when the day is taking wing,
As on this radiant morn.

When thou art sparkling in a cold-white blaze
Of dewdrops diamond light,
Which seems the stars' reflection of thy gaze,
Upraised to them all night.

The morn has broke the stillness, not of sleep,
Which nightly thou dost wear,
The stillness that is born of feeling deep,
Or the rude calm of prayer.

The preacher Wind has spoken to the trees,
And, stirred to motion, they
Wave their leaf-teeming branches in the breeze,
In welcome to the Day.

Their music-tones of praise blend with the voice
Of the swift-gliding stream,
Whose tiny ripples ripple and rejoice
Beneath the sun's first beam.

And Nature's audible praise, in sounds like these,
Rolls up to heaven's door,
As roll the sunlit waves of tidal seas
On to the distant shore.

Praise findeth utterance in the opening eyes
Of daisies on the soil,
Yet silent in that higher Life still lies
That claims akin to God!

This morning, then, I rather dwell with those,
Than go to grizzled sense;
I praise God with the streams, and flowers, and trees,
For His beneficence.
WASTE.

Political Economy will never, in our time at least, become a popular science. Good old ladies, with soft hearts, and heads to correspond, have an idea that there is something wicked in that stern, logical system. Amiable enthusiasts, and enthusiasts who are not amiable at all, mention it with a sigh or a sneer. And yet it is not the fault of the philosophers of this school that they are perpetually at war with sentimental prejudice. They mean well. They kindle a statistical Babel-light, whose vivid glare shews us many an unwelcome truth, many a pitfall lurking where we had fancied flowers and smooth turf; but we do wrong to grumble at the revelation. One of their pet antipathies, a target at which they are accustomed to discharge the heavy artillery of blue-books, and the brisk fire of speech and treatise, is Waste.

So far, in theory at least, we all go along with them. We all hate waste, or profess to hate it. But it presently appears that we only abhor waste in the abstract, and have each our cherished bosom-snake of extravagance. The subject is a much broader one than it is commonly considered. It has no necessary reference to money-payments, and there are other prodigals besides my Lord Viscount Squandercash and the thriftest Heir of Linn.

Take for an example that eminent British matron, the Honourable Mrs Skyner. She has travelled so much, and migrated so often, that most of us have met her. With her, saving is a religion, and she is more faithful to her creed than many of us. An 'elegant economy' is her Shibboleth, and she acts up to it with terrible persistency, beating out her gold very fine, and making a brave show on scanty means. In London, Brighton, Leamington, you may see her carriage, with the gaunt, bony grays, the smart liveries, and curly, ill-paid serving-men. Somewhere, in the pursuit of her elegant economy, Mrs Skyner has contrived to sour the milk of kindness in many domestics. Her cooks are in chronic revolt, her lady's-maids are as tart as vinegar, her footman is peevish, her butler a cynic, and even her wretched be-buttoned page is as pasty-faced and sullen a boy as can be found in Pagedom. The daughters are care-worn spinsters, vamping up their old wardrobes to compete with the new finery of wealthier damsels; and a long course of haggling and screwing, of sleepless nights over account-books, and subtle devices to make two and two into five, has traced many a wrinkle on their mother's haggard face. But she has the outer husk of splendour, equipage, liveries, plate, on the same footing as her neighbours who contribute six times her quota to Mr Gladstone's exchequer, and she cares little for the waste of toil and time, the waste of kindly human sympathies, the waste of heart and brain, by which these things are maintained.

A prodigal to be more gently dealt with is my very good friend, Turner Thompson. T. T., as he signs himself in notes to his intimates, is, in City parlance, a 'warm' man, and has, from private as well as professional sources, a very comfortable income. A citizen more worthy, discreet, and free from expensive tastes, I never met, nor are his wife and children particularly extravagant in their way of life; and yet T. T. is always poor. His servants spend his comfortable income for him, somehow. He has a numerous household, who wait upon each other, I suppose, and his Christmas bills and weekly outgoings must be something enormous. And so it falls out that Turner Thompson has little or no spare cash, denies himself a good many trifles, thinks twice before parting with a brace of half-crowns for some whim of his own, and is often obliged to shut his heart and his purse against distress that he longs to relieve.

Waste is T. T.'s sin, as well as that of Mrs Skyner, or of those patent and notable spendthrifts, Lord Squandercash and Sir Harry Featherbrayne, whose progress towards ruin and poverty is one long riotous rout of Comus. But Turner Thompson's waste is essentially English in its character. Foreign profligates at least have their money's worth for the money; they spend with their eyes open, and play the butterfly's part as long as the flowers yield honey. Steady folks abroad put by half their income as a matter of course; whereas, if a Briton has two thousand a year, he will hardly resist the temptation to spend two thousand and a few pounds more. To permit a substantial revenue to be 'muddled away,' with little pleasure and small credit, is English to the backbone.

One wonderful peculiarity of waste is, that no one seems to benefit by it, at least in anything like the proportion of the loss inflicted. I have a dishonest cook, let us say, or butler, or housekeeper, or all three, and I pay for butter enough and meat enough to supply a ship's company. It needs no wizard to
trace a connection between my kitchen and the marine store-shop in the back-street. And yet this transaction of whipping food into shipping and packing the tallow is but a sorry one. I lose more than is gained by anybody else. I pay golden sovereigns where Mrs Cook pockets pence under the shadow of the Black Bull. The tallow of the sauce is a dozen, which Bones, my man out of livery, vends privately to the landlord of the Grapes at a vile price; and when Mrs Priggins, my housekeeper, gives up the keys, and nature to Beckham she will have bought but a poor annuity with savings and perquisites that have thinned my feathers handsomely. Nothing thrives in connection with waste, or at least with the social variety of that complaint.

Waste political, the lavishing of a nation, really does enrich some few parasites, though in no fair ratio to the loss of the patient tax-payer. The scale is grander here, the opportunities more tempting. To be sure, we have improved since the days of Dunkirk House, the days of Leeds and Godolphin. No minister now frets on the plunder of the D loop; no colonel pockets the pay of his regiment; no commis- sioner absorbs the salaries of his subordinates; but in spite of all vigilance, Mr Bull gets the worst of many a bargain. Sacks of spices are smuggled through year after year, quiet jobs spring up like mushrooms after rain, and work is ill done or half done, and short comings are winked at, and stores are bought dear and cheap, and of street purchased uy or some pinch of official exigency. Every dockyard has its own whispered histories, its queer barters, its petty pickings and stealings, its purchases of well-seasoned timber that is sold at last for firewood, its copper rivets that turn out to be of base metal, its little errors in arithmetic. In time of peace, this waste is monstrous, perhaps a little harmless growing when the estimations are hustled through parliament; but in war-time the leeches become hungry, and the nation, whether it be England, France, or America, bleeds gold at every vein. In that hurry and turmoil, which answers to a change of domicile, with illness or accident supervening, in the case of a private family, numbers find their account. Then is the time to charter ships at ever so much per ton, without any absurd punctilio about seaworthiness; to buy preserved garbage in guttering cases in double bales, to be cheated by one contractor in shoes, by a second in muslins, by a third in hay, and by a fourth in blankets. War is naturally a wasteful process, since purchases must be made in haste, and often in the worst market, and all concerned in producing or consuming grow reckless or bewildered. The uniforms that should last a year at least, according to the articles of war, are spoiled in a day; shoes are worn out; shift shakers are flung away or built into the walls of huts, as in the Crimea; and knapsacks are dropped, weapons broken, kits mysteriously lost, tents burned to tinder. Every campaign is a scene of wanton expenditure from first to last.

There are classes with whose members waste is a second nature, and whose candles are perpetually burning in the end. Light come, light go, is an almost certain rule. There have been wonderfully lucky gamblers, but who ever heard of one that died rich? The winning they get from the green cloth melt like ice in the dog-days. Dampier, Bishop Hall, and other historians of the buccaneers, chronicle some remarkable instances of the childish prodigality of those lascivious pirates. Nothing could stick to their antipathy fingers. The richest prizes afforded them but a short revel on shore. Gold moidores, silver bars, diamonds, church-plate, slipped through their hands with scanty pleasure and plunder. The plunderers of New Spain were commonly a shameless, hungry band of ragged Robins, and poverty clung to them as a mantle.

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One great object of waste is land; not that a tract which can be profitably tilled is often left unproductive, but that the produce of the soil is heedlessly exhausted by random agriculture. This is more the vice of new countries than of old ones. Here, at home, we have too little elbow-room to permit any but a careful ministration to the successive waste crops; but the Yankee, the Australian colonist, are under no such wholesome fear of an empty barn and a balance overdrawn. America contains many a requisitioned tree stump, stunted orchards, and lonely 'barrens' of worn-out land. The selfishness of man has forestalled the bounty of nature, has drawn post-dated cheques on the fertility of the virgin soil, and left a desert, where should have been a smiling champaign. 'Let them care that come ahint!' says the cynical old proverb, and no one has been more acted on across the Atlantic than here.

Human life, human blood, have been the objects of more wicked waste than gold or land. To say nothing of war, where millions of lives are swallowed up for slight results, fellow-creatures are 'expended' terribly fast in many trades. The canals of Egypt cost a fearful aggregate of innocent deaths; each pyramid, temple, or city of the ancient world was a Moloch that devoured multitudes of workers; and the quays, railways, and harbours of America are fatal to crowds of Irish immigrants. Peace, too, is its victims as well as war. There is a grim calculation among slaves, that two-thirds of a human cargo landed alive in one voyage out of three, pays a high profit after expenses. And the same among Cuban planters, that it is more gainful to import reedy-grown labour than to rear domestic blacks, and the fair, queen of the Antilles is a Juggernaut that yearly buries for sixty thousand fresh Africans. Yes, there is waste enough—waste in every barrack in Europe or America, where life is below the average; waste in factory and workshop, where unhealthy trades go on; waste by steel-dust and choke-damp; waste by arsenic and viriil fumes; waste in the copper-works; waste where gliders toil amid mercury or cyanogen; waste among poor girls bending over the deadly green leaves of wretched apple-bouquet. There is waste among us all, so long as tainted air and impure water, want and excess, fever-haunted dens and cholera-breeding hais, exist among us. If the natural tenure of existence be as the Psalmist puts it, at threescore and ten, and the assurance companies tell truth when they strike the average dying-day of our mortal race at forty, then throughout society must be hideous indeed. As for wasted talent, wasted opportunities, wasted chances of doing good, such things are before us, around us, within us, every day.

Time is a grand object of waste. Considering how short our span is, it is marvelous how heavily it hangs on hand with some of us, and how we try, and
vainly try to 'kill' the old gentleman with the sceptre and the sword. By the time we arrived, our minds appear to be incapable of dwelling, save at rare intervals, on the trickling away of our few handfuls of sand, for we should surely go mad if we watched their quick evanescent eternity, and our hours slipping from our grasp, with the terror and remorse that might be perhaps expected. But we yawn and dawdle, or we chafe and rustle, and wish great fragments of our life away, that it may be next month, and quarter-day, or next week, and the vacation, or next year, and we something finer, higher, more happy, than at present, and—presently up comes the old gentleman, to turn the lemonade for others, and to cut us down with his sceptre.

With reference to trouble and time, many people scarcely seem to know what waste is. Men have spent a long life in carving cherry-stones or little bits of ivory, in writing the Illiad, or the old Testament, on as much vellum as would go within the compass of a nutshell; in studying some abstruse, but apparently useless art; in making some tiny automaton that amuses others for a few minutes. Professor Pearson, who has spent forty-five years in cataloguing birds and butterflies, cannot believe himself a trifler, or that life can have a nobler aim than an intimate acquaintance with web-footed waders and death's-head moths. Captain Fitz-Fluke, again, has spent the greater part of his life in a period to perfecting himself in billiards, and can do such things with the ivory balls and his pet cue as move the sympathy of every mariner in Europe. The captain and the professor look with mutual scorn upon the occupations which engross the lives of each other. Mrs Stitcherton, whose life may be measured out by the squares of a chess-board, and every week of her life has been a new week in the finished, looks with contempt on that Nestor of the hunting-field, Squire Harker, who boasts that he has followed hounds for eighty years, and who has held in his hand and the brush of a thousand foxes. Sagley the orientalist, whose memory is stored with sixty barbaric dialects, whose knowledge must die with him, since he has neither books to interpret, nor civilized folks to talk with, has not laid out the sum of his existence much more profitably than Treboccu the juggler, who can do everything with cards, balls, string, and gold-fish that may become a mountebank.

Waste materials afford a livelihood to many, though with respect to patient ingenuity in finding a use for uncommon things, the Celestials beat us at all points. At Niagara an extract is made from the refuse of the Western industry, and will not only fatten on all things edible, without any absurd antipathies to a diet of reptiles or insects, but will transmute rubbish into glistening dollars. It is needless to say that the long-tailed race have a secret process for separating slight percentages of gold from copper ore, and can ship it to Canton at a profit. It is known, too, that John Chinaman's long nails will claw out tiny specks of gold from the heaps of 'dirt' that the brawny European digger has flung contemptuously aside, and that he can thrive on the very scratchings of an abandoned claim. At home, his wonderful industry conjures up a maintenance out of slender means. He was the first gardener, the first breeder of fish in artificial reservoirs, the first to find out how valuable were the pig and the silkworm. His economy in agriculture equals his prudence in trade; nothing is wasted that can enrich the soil, and if the Peking Gazette has chronicled a scheme of main drainage, be sure that Chinese farmers have groaned over our blind lavishness. Some countries and some ages are more frugal than others. We ourselves, with all our waste, stem out our resources, and all those materials which our ancestors could do nothing with. Coal-tar, the black Lethse that used to pour its sullen floods from the gas-works, poisoning air and water, was an esteemed ingredient in our native drink, to be ext}; parent of aniline, of rosy Magenta, delicate mauve, and all the hues of the oil of almonds, and other things, our minds appear to be incapable of dwelling, save at rare intervals, on the trickling away of our few handfuls of sand, for we should surely go mad if we watched their quick evanescent eternity, and our hours slipping from our grasp, with the terror and remorse that might be perhaps expected. But we yawn and dawdle, or we chafe and rustle, and wish great fragments of our life away, that it may be next month, and quarter-day, or next week, and the vacation, or next year, and we something finer, higher, more happy, than at present, and—presently up comes the old gentleman, to turn the lemonade for others, and to cut us down with his sceptre. With reference to trouble and time, many people scarcely seem to know what waste is. Men have spent a long life in carving cherry-stones or little bits of ivory, in writing the Illiad, or the old Testament, on as much vellum as would go within the compass of a nutshell; in studying some abstruse, but apparently useless art; in making some tiny automaton that amuses others for a few minutes. Professor Pearson, who has spent forty-five years in cataloguing birds and butterflies, cannot believe himself a trifler, or that life can have a nobler aim than an intimate acquaintance with web-footed waders and death's-head moths. Captain Fitz-Fluke, again, has spent the greater part of his life in a period to perfecting himself in billiards, and can do such things with the ivory balls and his pet cue as move the sympathy of every mariner in Europe. The captain and the professor look with mutual scorn upon the occupations which engross the lives of each other. Mrs Stitcherton, whose life may be measured out by the squares of a chess-board, and every week of her life has been a new week in the finished, looks with contempt on that Nestor of the hunting-field, Squire Harker, who boasts that he has followed hounds for eighty years, and who has held in his hand and the brush of a thousand foxes. Sagley the orientalist, whose memory is stored with sixty barbaric dialects, whose knowledge must die with him, since he has neither books to interpret, nor civilized folks to talk with, has not laid out the sum of his existence much more profitably than Treboccu the juggler, who can do everything with cards, balls, string, and gold-fish that may become a mountebank.

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or a lump of coal spattering in the fire, or an integral part of man, or beast, or cabbage-stalk! How varied a roll of parts do our old familiar friends oxygen and hydrogen, the watchwords of play amongst us! They only combine in one proportion; but that mixture, differently treated, will give us a roaring draught of fever or a brilliant light to transmit signals for leagues through the darkness of night and fog, or a dreadful weapon that can not be turned on an enchancer who has invoked it limb from limb, with a force beyond that of gunpowder. Nothing is lost. If old rotting forests sink into the swamp, it is that sea-coal fires may blaze, and furnaces roar, and steam-engines be fed, in the far future; and so death ministers to life, and the great round goes on. No, in nature there is no waste, nothing flung away. But I will say no more, lest this article should be pronounced Waste Paper.

THE LATEST EXPERIMENT IN NEGRO EMANCIPATION.

What will be the ultimate effect of the great civil war, the emancipation of the slave population of the South? Is a question which cannot be regarded with indifference by the countrymen of Clarkson and Wilberforce. As most readers know, even among the most enlightened and benevolent public men in the United States, opinions are much divided upon the question of the consequences of emancipation. Whether the Southern negro, when set free, and no longer in fear of the lash, which has hitherto been almost his sole incentive to labour, will work on his own account for wages as well as he has worked for his master, is a matter upon which even the best friends of the black man have differed. The frequent references in all books of travel in the Southern States to the negro's diligent cultivation of the little patch occasionally assigned to him by his master would seem, however, to go far to remove these doubts. Readers of Mr Olmstead's valuable work on the Cotton Kingdom—which we can strongly recommend to the attention of all who wish for sound information on this subject—must remember his frequent notices of the fact of his having seen slaves hard at work on the holidays given by their masters—in the Christmas week, for instance, when he found that they were accustomed to hire themselves out for wages to poorer cultivators who were in want of assistance. The Southern planters naturally consider the negro as unfitted for freedom; that he is lazy and excitable; and must, out of very charity and regard for his welfare, be kept under the eye of overseers, and within hearing of the crack of the whip. If this were true, philanthropists might well shrink from the spectacle of four millions of slaves suddenly obtaining even a prospect of liberty. Luckily, however, we are not now left to mere inferences on this subject; an experiment of great interest has already been made, and the results are in the highest degree encouraging.

Those who have been in the habit of reading the American news, will no doubt remember that in the autumn of 1861 the Federal government fitted out an expedition for attacking the forts at Port Royal, on the coast of South Carolina. The successful bombardment of these forts put the government in possession of nearly all that fertile portion of the state known as the Sea Islands, and celebrated for their production of cotton of a peculiarly long staple and fine quality, which goes by the name of Sea Island cotton. This kind of cotton always fetches a very high price, and is used in the manufacture of lace and other articles; but, owing to the great care required in the culture, it is not supposed to be more profitable to the planter than the ordinary kinds, and of course the demand for it is much more limited. At the approach of the United States soldiers, the planters fled to the mainland, carrying with them all the property they could, including as many of their slaves, especially their house-servants, as they could induce or compel to accompany them. They left behind them, however, nearly ten thousand of their plantation slaves, or 'negroes,' all their aged and infirm, as well as most of the young children. They also abandoned considerable stores of corn and large quantities of crops of cotton, not gathered from the stalk. The negroes shewed themselves so well disposed that the government at once determined to employ them at wages in harvesting the cotton and packing it for market. The wages, though small, were considered by the government to be quite sufficient for their comfortable support, but, unfortunately, the prices of most things having risen, in consequence of the disturbed state of the country, the miserable pittance. It is said that some of the agents employed by the government sold store-goods to the negroes at exorbitant prices, though others behaved less selfishly. Nevertheless, the blacks worked industriously, and were content. As a result of their labour, considerably more than a million pounds of this valuable article was shipped from South Carolina. Where it was sold some time ago at a price which would realise for the whole crop about £170,000 sterling.

Encouraged by these results, and being of course compelled in some way to find employment for these ten thousand helpless people, the government resolved to try the experiment of planting a new crop. The undertaking was intrusted to Mr Pierce, at that time a private in the ranks of the volunteer army at Fortress Monroe, previously a rising barrister at Boston. Funds were placed at his disposal for the purchase of seeds and implements. A body of about ninety men and women was organised to go to Port Royal, there to labour as superintendents, and to instruct the children. A permanent committee was formed in Philadelphia for raising subscriptions sufficient to provide a trifling aid to the people in the shape of winter-clothing, bacon, fish, and molasses. This committee, in the month of May last, appointed the Rev. J. M. McKim to visit the islands, and ascertain the success of the experiment, and it is principally from the interesting report of that gentleman that we derive our information.

As to the system of working the negroes by wages, and cultivating the land by free labour, the enterprise has been found to be thus far entirely successful. Fourteen thousand acres of cotton, corn, and other crops are now in hand, and more than half of them have been planted only about a couple of months after the first crop. The implements were altogether insufficient; there was a want of ploughs and horses, and even of hoes. The people were reluctant to cultivate cotton, which they seemed to associate with their previous servitude. The superintendents were strangers to the work; some of them had never seen a cotton-plant outside of a greenhouse, and others had no practical knowledge of any kind of agriculture. They were, moreover, strangers to the country, the people, the climate. All they had to depend on was their own good-will for the work, and the good-will of the blacks. Yet, with all this, fourteen thousand acres were brought into cultivation, the actual work being done by 3000 labourers—that being the full number of the able-bodied field-hands out of the ten thousand.

The plantations are worked by purely voluntary labour, and every day of the week, except Sunday, the driver, now called leader, has no power over the negroes, and the superintendents having an average each of five or six plantations to oversee, often miles distant, they only attend to them by occasional visits.
The blacks are found to be very tractable. A threat of speaking to the provost-marshal, and having an unruly workman arrested, operates like magic. Mr Philbrick, a superintendant, says: 'They work on with a degree of confidence and industry that has surprised me. The generally expressed feeling is one of content. They are willing to endure a certain amount of poverty being their own masters.' It is remarked that they rarely attribute any cruelty to their late masters; indeed, there is abundant evidence that the slaves, as a rule, have not been treated with anything like wanton harshness. Mr Philbrick actually overheard one of the black servants in his house, named Flora, tell another that he 'ought to pray for old massa.' Joe, the black man to whom this injunction was addressed, however, replied: 'No, I won't.' But Flora stuck to her view, saying: 'Who knows but he may be wanting for a meal's victuals!' Unfortunately, a large portion of their work this year has been upon a common field, where there was not felt that individual interest which is necessary to stimulate labour to its best results. This gang-system is a relic of the old slave routine, which will have to be abandoned when the people come to work for regular wages. Mr Philbrick adds: 'Our experiment here has fully satisfied me of two things—first, that the negroes will do as much work in the condition of free men, and under a judicious system of day-wages, as they formerly did under the stimulus of the lash; secondly, that there is no need of providing for the emancipation of any considerable portion of them, as they would prefer to stay where they are, and as their services will be required on the places where they have been accustomed to labour.' Up to this time, unfortunately, beyond their food, clothing, and lodging, their wages have, in many places, been almost wholly insufficient. But the people, nevertheless, appear contented.

The clothing and other things sent out by the charitable committee in Philadelphia were not distributed wholly as a charity; a portion was sold, the money to pay for them being earned by the negroes in picking and packing the crop of last year, and selling chickens' eggs, vegetables, fresh fish, and the like, to the soldiers. The negroes show quite a Yankee turn for traffic. They may be observed on the beach at Hilton Head, where they come in their dozens to dispose of their fish, potatoes, and other produce. The Pennsylvania and Massachusetts soldiers are sharp enough at driving a bargain, but the negroes are found to be fully a match for them, and will dispose of their half-dressed chickens at half a dollar a pair, their eggs at a quarter of a dollar a dozen, and their scanty strings of mullet or whiting in short a time at any old Jersey marketman. Mr McKim and Mr Philbrick returned about $1,200 sterling as the proceeds of goods sold to the people. Low-priced looking-glasses, articles of clothing similar to those worn by the white labourers in the North, and articles of home-use, such as pots, kettles, pans, brushes, brooms, knives, forks, spoons, soap, candles, combs, Yankee clocks, are already in considerable request.

The negroes are not, of course, found to be without vices; deception and petty thievish are common enough; and they have a miserable habit of scolding and using authoritative language to one another. Good conduct, however, is certainly the rule. Ingratitude, at least, does not appear to be one of their failings. They cannot divest themselves of a dread of their old masters' return. Such expressions as 'O massa, deesse is good times afore—Too good to last, massa.' are commonly heard. A group of them met Mr McKim with the words: 'Tell em you talk em too much massa, too much.' The negroes appear to be a common phrase among them; or, as Mr McKim remarks, a sort of fourth degree of comparison—as much, more, very much, and lastly, too much. One man took his hand, and said: 'Tell em tank us; tell em God bless us; and then added, as if straining for a climax of the thoroughly white complexion: 'Give em my compliments.'

That these slaves are not wanting in daring or in steady courage when occasion arises, recent facts have abundantly shown. In times of panic, when the enemy have been expected, they have been known to look to the preservation of their property, and take means for protecting their women and children with considerable coolness and method. One of the most remarkable acts of daring during the war was the piloting by the negro Robert Small of the vessel called The Plassey, from Charleston, passing the guns of Fort Sumter, and running her direct to the blockading fleet. The men and women engaged in that exploit had solemnly agreed in advance that, if pursued and without hope of escape, the ship might be scuttled and sunk; and that if she did not go down fast enough to prevent capture, they would all take hands, husband and wife, brother and sister, jump overboard, and perish together.

A VERY GREAT VAGABOND.

Many a promising scion of a goodly house has lived to become the disgrace of the family, and earn for himself the designation of 'a thorough vagabond,' but in such cases the descent from respectability to utter disreputableness is generally gradual. It is something uncommon for a well-born, gently nurtured youth, with an honourable career before him, to deliberately place himself out of the pale of society, by choosing a calling in which success but makes his degradation the more conspicuous. Devonshire claims the doubtful honour of giving birth to a notable exception to the rule, in the person of who, a hundred and fifty years ago, was known far and wide as the King of the Beggars.

Towards the end of the year 1693, the rector of Hickley, the Rev. Theodore Carew, had a son born to him, and as is the wont in country-places on such occasions, rich and poor united in rejoicing at the happiness of their pastor, and on the day of christening, feasting and merry-making, the usually sedate village. Before setting out for the church, the child's godfathers, Hugh Bamfylde, Esq., and Major Moore, toasted for precedence, and the major losing, the infant hero of the day was christened Bamfylde Moore Carew. As soon as he reached a fitting age, young Carew was sent to Tiverton School, where his progress was sufficiently rapid to satisfy his master, and fill his friends with hopes for his future career. These were cruelly frustrated through a boyish escapade. The scholars of Tiverton School were allowed to follow the hounds whenever they had an opportunity, and on one of these happy days Carew and his companions inflicted so much damage to a field of wheat that the irate farmer complained to the head-master. Rather than await the certain punishment of their misdeeds, Carew and three other boys ran away from school, and sought safety from pedagogues and parents with some pigeons encamped in the neighbourhood. The wild life of their wandering friends so captivated the truant, that they decided upon joining them for 'good.' and after going through a certain probation, the headstrong quartet were admitted into the fraternity, and instructed in the art of preying upon the outer world.

Leaving to meaner spirits the clearing of hen-roosts, and the mapping up of uncumbered trifles, our ignoble hero, confident in his powers of deception, preferred practising upon human credulity. His first victim was an old lady who was haunted by a vision of buried treasure. Carew contrived to convince her of his capabilities as a diviner, and after extracting from her a fee of twenty guineas, directed her to dig
under a laurel-tree growing in her grounds, where she would find the hidden wealth, and decamped before his dupe could test the value of the information. After this, all his energies were devoted to attaining proficiency in the art of beggary, and before long, he stood without a rival as a successful mendicant. A robust frame enabled him to endure privation unseathed, and wherever there was room to stretch his leg, and a thatch as round and firm as he desired could desire. He was, in stage parlance, an excellent dresser, and could change his features as easily as his clothes; his wit was always ready, his invention fertile, while his presence of mind never deserted him. Like Mr Puff, Carew supported himself by his misfortunes, and might truly say, 'no man went through such a series of calamities in the same space of time.' He was not, like more commonplace impostors, content with repeating a stereotyped form of appeal; he took the trouble to visit the scene of any theft which he purloined, and make himself master of all the details, so as to be better able to pass as one of the sufferers. This perversity industry was rewarded with an income of a guinea a day. He especially delighted in deceiving those who sought to have been the first to detect his impostures. From one gentleman who had known him from childhood, he obtained relief thrice in one day. He had his whole course to him all unsuspecting of his relationship. A fit of remorse sent him back to Bickley, where he remained some little time, apparently contented, and the worthy rector began to hope for a chance of acquiring useful knowledge. Happily for him, he had to be on the coast on a stormy evening when a vessel was wrecked, he swam to her, to find only one of the crew left alive. A few hurried questions put him in possession of the ship's name, and her port of departure, destination, and cargo. Curiosity satisfied, gave place to humanity, and Carew sought to inspire the terror-stricken seaman with sufficient courage to tempt the waves. His efforts were vain; and finding the ship was about to sink, he sprang into the sea. Strong swimmer as he was, this pursuit of knowledge under difficulties was never pursued with so much zeal, as it was, he was thrown bruised and insensible on the beach. The anxious watchers of the wreck naturally supposed he was one of the crew of the vessel they saw go down; he was carried into the house of a charitable lady, whose attention soon brought him round. Of course he did not dissemble his true character, and was rewarded for his daring and discretion by sundry gifts, and a certificate from a magistrate, setting forth that he was the sole survivor of the crew of the Bristol ship Griffin, a piece of good-fortune which he failed not to make the most of.

Perhaps Carew's holiest exploit was his victimising the Duke of Bolton at Bampton. Having with some difficulty obtained an interview, he made himself known to his Grace as Bamykle Moore Carew, ship-wrecked on his way to England, in a Swedish ship, of which he was supercargo. The name was familiar to him; but as that of a good family; and the shame tampers supercargo gave such excellent reasons why he could not apply to his relations in his need, that all suspicion was disarmed. Not content with inviting the impostor to dinner, the duke ordered his barber to shave and his valet to dress him, and dinner over, collected a handsome sum among his friends. Being called away, his Grace insisted upon Carew's staying the night, and gave strict injunctions to his servants to make him comfortable. It would seem that they did not make him comfortable enough, for he made some excuse to leave the house, and made his way to a public-house patronised by vagrants, where he spent the night in making merry at the duke's expense in more senses than one. Next morning, he started to Salisbury as the shipwrecked supercargo, where the 'upper ten' liberally subscribed for the ducal protégé.

During one of his predatory excursions, Carew saw and was smitten by a Miss Gray, the daughter of a Newcastle surgeon. Wise was the day that the life of the wanderer might not wear the charm to her
eyes it did to his own, he persuaded the captain of a vessel lying in the Tyne to introduce him as his mate, and in this guise prosecuted his suit, and with such success, that the lady consented to elope with him to Bath, where the indissoluble knot was tied. When they grew tired of the gaieties of Bath, the newly wedded pair took a tour through Somerset and Devon, contriving to accomplish their purpose at Dorchester, of which town one of Carew’s uncles was then minister. The worthy clergyman, while he opened his doors freely to his nephew, improved the occasion by attempting to prevail upon him to change his course of life. Carew replied to his arguments by returning to Bath, not as a gentleman, but as an old cripple, and finding philosophical amusements in contrasting the scorn with which he was treated then, with the deference paid to him on his former visit. ‘The rich, who before saluted him, spurned him from their path; the gamblers overlooked him, as bringing no fish to their nets; the chairmen, instead of an obsequious “Please your honour,” cursed him; and the punters who had waited on his nod before, denied a glass of water, the clergymen passed him with supercilious brows; and the ladies, who had been eager to dance with the handsome bridegroom, could not bear the sight of the shocking creature.’ However, he continued his bargain; making his second stay in the city as profitable as the first had been pleasant, and leaving it a richer, if not a wiser man.

The death of Cluche Pech left the throne of mendicancy vacant, and Carew was allowed as a seaman by the captain of a homeward-bound ship, and in due time got safe to England, to the great astonishment of his friends and of merchant Davey, who never dreamed that his old enemy sought to prove worthy of their sufferages by increased exertions, and thereby came to grief, for, falling into the clutches of a crew who had an antipathy to vagrants in general, and their monarch in particular, he was committed for trial at the sessions, when he was sentenced to seven years’ transportation to New Holland, where white labourers were in great request. Carew heard the severe sentence unmoved, and laughingly told Master Davey, the owner of the ship which was to carry him to slavery, that he would be back in England before his captain.

In due time the Juliana arrived at her destination, and was speedily boarded by planters on the look-out for blacksmiths, carpenters, tailors, and handy men; but Captain Frosse could find no purchaser for Carew, whose peculiar talents were useless in the colonial market. Anxious to get rid of this unsaleable lot, the captain took Carew ashore with him to an inn where the planters congregated, and succeeded in finding one bold enough to purchase the last of his living cargo. While the price was being settled over a jorum of punch, the subject of debate contrived to secure a pint of brandy and some biscuits in his pockets, and then slipped out unobserved. Once out of the house, Carew boldly struck off across the plantations, and for that day and night went on his way unremarked, or at least unquestioned. The next morning, however, he was brought to a stand by some lumbermen, who, to obtain the head-money for capturing an escaped convict, compelled him to accompany them to the nearest magistrate, who, after hearing Carew’s story, ordered him to be taken to the nearest prison. Here he was asked if he had heard the news, and Hopkins, with whom he was acquainted, were with their ships in the harbour. A message from him brought them to the prison with the generous proposal of his future purchase. Carew, however, declined him, and the Juliana. The attempt to escape was punished by a severe flogging, and he was ordered to assist in loading the ship, a heavy iron collar being fastened round his neck, to prevent any repetition of the offence. However, his two friends did not desert him; they bribed the boatswain; and made of the Juliana to keep their eyes shut while their prisoner took advantage of Frosse’s absence to gain the shore. They supplied him with flint and steel, a pocket compass, some biscuits, cheese, and wine, and would have relieved him of his iron incumbrance, but for fear of incurring two years’ imprisonment thereby. Carew quickly reached the woods, and felt himself comparatively safe. He slept in a tree during the day, pursuing his way under cover of the night, carrying a firebrand, to light him on his path, and keep the snakes, bears, and wild-cats from making too close an acquaintance. After travelling unmolested for some days, he encountered a party of Indians, luckily of a friendly tribe, and with their assistance got rid of his collar; but although they treated him kindly enough, he found he was not to be allowed to leave them; so he accommodated himself to his circumstances till their watchfulness relaxed and a chance occurred. One night he sprang into a canoe, and succeeded in making his way to Newcastle, Pennsylvania. Once in a civilised community, Carew lost no time in putting his old arts to practice, with his usual success. Many victims was Whitfield the preacher, from whom he obtained four pounds. Working his way through the principal places in New England, Carew at last reached Rhode Island, where he was engaged as a seaman by the captain of a homeward-bound ship, and in due time got safe to England, to the great astonishment of his friends and of merchant Davey, who never dreamed that his old enemy sought to prove worthy of their sufferages by increased exertions, and thereby came to grief, for, falling into the clutches of a crew who had an antipathy to vagrants in general, and their monarch in particular, he was committed for trial at the sessions, when he was sentenced to seven years’ transportation to New Holland, where white labourers were in great request. Carew heard the severe sentence unmoved, and laughingly told Master Davey, the owner of the ship which was to carry him to slavery, that he would be back in England before his captain.

The daring beggar was not destined long to enjoy liberty. While watching the convict ship Philleroz from Topsam quay, Mr Davey and a party of seafaring men came up to him; the former, as soon as he saw Carew, cried out that he had come in good time, and that as he had come from Maryland for his own pleasure, he should go back to suit him. Carew, not seeing the force of this argument, resisted, but his assailants were too many for him; he was overpowered, conveyed on board the vessel, and at once put in irons. In vain he remonstrated, in vain he asked to be allowed to communicate with his friends, his captors would not even let him send informer for his wife of his evil case. The captain of the Philleroz himself was inclined to treat his prisoner with some consideration, and struck off his irons as soon as they were fairly out at sea; luckily, he was carried off by a fever, and his successor was a man of very different temper; he swore he would not be served as Frosse had been. Carew was of another mind, and the very day the Philleroz anchored in Milo’s river, slipped unseen over the ship’s side, jumped into a canoe, and paddled to the shore. His absence was soon discovered, and all hands ordered in pursuit, but Carew’s knowledge of the country stood him in good stead, and enabled him to reach the friendly woods in time to choose a good hiding-place. Adopting his old plan, he passed the daytime in a tree, and once saw his pursuers pass beneath him, and heard their curses at their ill success. As he had been obliged to rest off without provisions, he sat down to himself to anything in the way of food at the planters’ houses, the cows tethered in the yards affording him wherewith to quench his thirst. After one or two narrow escapes, the fugitive succeeded in getting to the river and succeeded in finding a canoe; but all efforts to cast it from its moorings proved futile, and he was just beginning to despair, when his eye caught some horses grazing near him, and he felt he was saved. Jumping on the back of the best-looking of the troop, he with some difficulty induced him to take the water,
and was soon safe on the other side the Delaware. Dismounting, he gave his steed a kiss and a blessing, and trudged onwards with a rejoicing heart. He begged his way through the States, visiting Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, at which last port he embarked once more for home.

As soon as he arrived in England, he made for Exeter, in hopes of finding his wife and daughter there. It soon became noiseless abroad that the famous King of the Beggars had returned, and crowds flocked to the inn where he took up his lodging. Among others came Mr Davey, to satisfy himself that the report was true. Convinced that it was Carew himself, the merchant congratulated him, and started a subscription for his benefit, which was liberally responded to by the admirers of the returned convict's pluck and determination. Having collected the tribute to his notoriety, he lost no time in joining his wife, who had given him up for dead. Carew then paid a visit to a relative, Sir Thomas Carew of Hope; he generously offered to give him enough to live upon comfortably, on condition of renouncing his disreputable calling. Bampfylde, however, preferred what he called independence, and went over to France for a time, till he suddenly bethought him that he had never favoured London with his presence, and resolved to try what he could do in the metropolis. He had scarce begun to experiment on the credulity of the Londoners when he was laid up by a severe illness, during which he came to the resolution to abdicate his throne, a resolution he carried out on his recovery, in spite of the vigorous remonstrances of his vagrant subjects. How or where he lived after this, is uncertain, but one biographer averred that some lucky lottery speculations enabled him to live at ease in his native Devonshire till he died there at the age of seventy-seven.

SOMETHING OF ITALY.

ENVIRONS OF NAPLES.

The environs of Naples possess two sources of interest for strangers—Roman remains and volcanic agency. What the Isle of Wight and southern coast of England are to the more opulent classes of London, the Bay of Naples, with its charming nooks and islands, was to the patrician orders of ancient Rome. Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Titus, and Hadrian delighted in visiting and adorning the shores of the bay, islands, and headlands. Extending ten or twelve miles along the coast on each side of Naples, there still exist fragmentary remains of cities, villas, temples, baths, and amphitheatres, significant memorials of a tasteful and luxurious people, and scarcely less interesting than the surviving antiquities of Rome. In Naples, the chief traces of the Roman period consist of a few columns involved in modern edifices, along with the rich collection of objects in the museum.

To the westward, a day’s excursion brings under notice some fine Roman remains at Pozzuoli and Baiae, also the Lake Avernus, and Elyssian Fields, with other scenes of classic interest; the pleasure of visiting these objects and places is, however, marred in no small degree by the deplorable poverty and helplessness of the people of this naturally fine but neglected district. On the high ground adjoining Pozzuoli is the ancient volcano of Solfatara, which, though now covered with vegetation, still indicates, by the snorting and steaming cavern in its capacious crater, that its fires are by no means extinct.

Eastward, the remains of Roman grandeur are considerably more extensive, for they consist of Herculaneum and Pompeii, so far as these cities have been excavated from the lava and ashes by which they were overwhelmed by Vesuvius. This mountain in itself forms the most attractive natural curiosity in the neighbourhood; for it has been the most active and destructive volcano in Europe within the historic period.

Standing on the quay at Naples, Vesuvius is seen at the distance of four or five miles, and just so far back from the sea as to leave space for an almost continuous succession of towns along the shore—Portici, Resina, Torre dell’ Greco, and Torre dell’ Annunziata—beyond which the country becomes more level, and stretches away southwards round the mountain. From this distance, Vesuvius appears to have a finely rounded form, tapering towards the top, the lower portions disposed as vineyards and small cornfields dotted with trees; the next higher part brown and scorched, and bearing large black patches of lava; and highest of all, a cone of grayish stones and ashes, somewhat flat at the top, sending forth at intervals a curl of light smoke. Keeping our eye steadfast on the mountain, we may perceive that besides this central smoke, there are small outlets near the summit, whence lesser puffs of smoke are occasionally issuing. Such is the ordinary aspect of this huge pondering mass. When in its more active mood, the scene is of course entirely changed. Vast volumes of smoke, vapour, and volcanic substances are shot upward from the crater, while eruptions of lava flow like a red-hot river down the sides of the mountain; on which occasions, crowds visit it to enjoy the spectacle. On close observation, Vesuvius is seen to be a mountain with two distinct summits, the division taking place at about three-fourths of the elevation. Originally only one hill, it was at a remote period rent in twain, leaving a spacious gap from side to side. By this rude dislocation, the active volcanic part remained with the higher portion nearest the sea, which rising to a height of 4070 feet, is what we call Vesuvius. The deserted northern peak of a somewhat lesser elevation, is known as Somma. Few think of climbing Somma; for unless to the geologist, who desires to explore its crumbling and haggard cliffs, it offers no object of inquiry; and we may dismiss it with the remark, that it is from its various coloured and fine-grained limestone rocks that are made those trinkets sold by jewellers as lava from Vesuvius.

From all accounts, Vesuvius has inherited all the ancient activity of Solfatara and of the extinct volcanoes of Ischia and other islands in the bay. As one volcano after another became extinct, or subsided into a sullen smouldering condition, Vesuvius assumed the more energy. Gathering its forces for that signal act of destruction which has gained it so much celebrity, it burst forth with unprecedented violence on the 24th of August 79, in the reign of the Emperor Titus, at one grand effort overwhelming Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, and shaking the country all about; for the showers of ashes, volumes of steam, and torrents of lava, were accompanied with earthquakes that left few buildings standing in the neighbourhood. I need say no more of this and subsequent convulsions of Vesuvius, than to express surprise at the enormous quantity of materials of one kind or other which it has contrived to procure and belch forth over the region at its base. That it is not at all nice in its selection, is pretty evident; for among the cooled streams of lava may be seen morsels of rocks of different kinds. Much of the ejected material is more or less metallic, much also is of an earthy
nature, and very readily subsides into soil for the growth of orange and fig trees, vines, and the grain from which Neapolitans make their macaroni.

Along the shore from Naples, there is now a railway by which tourists may make their excursions, but a hired carriage, at least for Ercolanum and some other places, is preferable. On Ercolanum, the road is one of those spacious thoroughfares paved with large smooth stones which I have already noticed as a remarkable feature of the towns in Italy; and along this our ride through a long straggling suburb did not occupy above an hour. Although it was early in May, the weather resembled that of a hot summer day in England, and whether riding or walking, I had to use an umbrella as a parasol. A long side of the road, the people were outside their doors at their customary handicrafts—women spinning with the distaff, shoemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and other artisans, including maestri, were still out on their long pipe-like materials on poles. We had also examples of the methods of keeping pigs, and lambs, and some flocks were of considerable size.

The weather was clear, and the air was fresh, and we were able to proceed along the road without an umbrella as we had been doing in the early part of the day.

Portici being passed, we enter Resina, and drive up to a door on our right, distinguishable by three beggars and a facino, whose self-appointed duty is to lie in wait for tourists. Off fly hats, and off flies the facino to let down the steps and open the door of the carriage; but more than this he does not attempt at present. Within the doorway, we are taken in hand by the appointed exhibitor, who gives each of us a candle, that he lets us know in English is ‘wax’, the faculty of using that word being of immense consequence in respect to its enhancement of fee.

The show opens after all is only ‘Price’, we follow this genus down a long flight of stone steps, as if we were descending the shaft of a coal-pit.

Getting to the depth of about eighty feet, and then proceeding a short way along a passage—steps, passage, and all being excavated from the solid lava—we begin to see by the light of our candles vestiges of painting and cornices on the rocky cavern; and turning and wending, come to what was a Roman open-air theatre, with rows of stone seats. Then we are shown the orchestra and front of the stage, also part of the green-room, with traces of frescoes on the walls. A topaz排除, the size of the theatre must have been immense. There, then, are we staring about with flickering candles in our hands, ninety feet below the level of the street, and can hardly realise the fact, that the huge vista vast once a theatre open to the light of day, and rung with the shouts of thirty thousand people. The liquid lava had flowed so thoroughly into all parts and crevices, that the theatre, and every other portion of the city, was sealed up as in the centre of a stone, and the diggings of it out so far has been a work of immense labour. Let sight of for ages, it was only on the digging of a well in 1709 that the overwhelmed city was discovered; and the excavations are of much more recent date. Any further attempts to dig into the hardened lava are hopeless, and explorations are now busily carried on at a spot where the destruction was by showers of ashes. Having ascended to the surface, resigned our candles, and paid our fee, we proceeded down a lane in the direction of the sea, and came upon a large enclosure, from which the incumbent earth had been removed. A sloping pathway led us into the ruins of buildings, roofless and shattered, of the ancient Roman town. We made our way amidst the ruins, and the sea-shore, for the marks of the surging waves are still visible on the walls. At present, the sea is a quarter of a mile distant. We found several men clearing out rubbish. They had just come upon a house with the wooden roof broken in and charred to a cinder—a striking evidence of the character of the catastrophe. Some officers of government were posted on duty to secure objects of artistic value, and prevent dilapidation.

Returning to our carriage, we had still a long day before us, and drove forward to Torre dell’ Greco—the facino resolutely determined to make a job of us, sticking on behind, and now and then throwing in a word in French, to shew his accomplishments as a conductor. And after all, the facino turned out to be useful, and worth the three francs which he finally pocketed. On getting to Torre dell’ Greco, he led us about to see the different houses that had last year been shattered by the earthquake; some being so rent as to be uninhabitable; while others, only cracked as to the walls, are still willing to remain in a place so liable to damage from Vesuvius, is only to be explained by the fact, that here is their property, and they could lose all by its desertion. Besides, there is little chance of being killed outright by these volcanic disasters; and there is a general notion that the Madonna will keep things from being utterly destroyed.

The town lies on a slope rising from the beach to the verge of the fields of lava, and accordingly the higher up the more hazardous is the situation of the dwellings. It certainly does stifle one as he emerges from a lane that leads upwards, to see that the more elevated gardens and small vineyards are bounded by banks of lava as black and compact as the hillocks of debris turned out of an iron-foundry. Over these irregular banks I walked for a mile or more, always ascending, in order to have a view of the crater formed by the recent outbursts. Although comparatively small in dimensions, these craters afforded a good idea of the intensity of volcanic action; their sides being composed of scorie, ashes, and sulphur, still so hot as not to be touched by the hand, and their fissures exuding fumes which were scarcely endurable.

After spending about two hours in these fatiguing explorations, we returned to Naples.

Our next excursion was to Vesuvius, and was performed in the same manner with a carriage as far as Resina. Formerly, there was a good carriage-road as far as the Hermitage, or about half up the mountain; but it lies buried under a mass of lava which flowed up to it in the eruptions of 1855 and 1856. Wheeled conveyances can now ascend no higher than the outskirts of Resina. There, carriages are dismissed, and tourists must either walk on foot, or ride on horseback the rest of the way. For ladies, chairs borne on poles by four men may be hired. I mounted a sure-footed pony, while my wife had a chair, and so onward and upward we went over the fields of lava, following a rude and exceedingly difficult pathway, till we arrive at the Hermitage. This is a species of restaurant occupying the outer extremity of a long ridge, which may possibly be the mass ejected at the eruption of Somma from Vesuvius; it now forms a kind of island in the midst of the lava that flowed down the ravine on each side of it, and besides the restaurant, it affords a site for a royal observatory and space for the growth of a few trees. Here, I left the pony; and as my wife was disinclined to go further, I went on towards the summit under the guidance of the bellman. On quitting the ridge, we struggle again along a rugged footpath over the lava, until we reach the wild valley lying between Somma and the base of the cone.

The ascent of the cone of Vesuvius is the worst walking of which I have had any experience. It is not walking at all, but stumbling, scrambling, creeping over a mixture of stones, and ancient Rome is to be thrown away a heavy demand on one's power of endurance and enthusiasm. Partly dragged, I at length got to the
summit of the steep, and there a new annoyance assailed us. This was a gusty wind, which blew about the dust, and rendered it difficult to move about. There was still a slight chance to be overcome, and, to my surprise, in the midst of one of the wildest scenes in creation, a man with a basket was seated behind a low wall of rough stone to supply refreshments to visitors. He could give an egg, roasted in the hot flintstones, or, if you pleased, a slice of bread, and bottle of lacryma christi. His charges were a trifle high, but one is not inclined to be critical as to prices amidst a sifting wind on the top of a volcano. I was fain to sit down for a few minutes on a stone under the shelter of the wall, and partake of a bottle of wine with the bearers, who good-naturedly acknowledged the libation. Having thus encouraged the poor man's enterprise, we passed on to the craters. It was only now I learned there were two of these openings; the larger or most northerly being of old date, and the lesser, which we first reach, being a result of the outbreak of 1855. Along the edge of both I walked for some distance, procuring glimpses of the abyss below our feet. Each crater sent forth gusts of sulphur fumes, and these, with the clouds of fine dust raised by the wind, rendered it impossible to tell, and for or lengthened observation. I did, however, at intervals, in walking round the rim, get a fair view of the two craters. Some parts of their sides were quite precipitous from the very edge; others, to the general surprise, were so steep that after the ascent of those dusty ashes were blended with scoria and rocky projections. These slopes lead irregularly down to caverns and fissures, whence the fumes issue, there being, in usual circumstances, no central opening to the fires beneath. The view from this elevated position over the bay of Naples and its environs is particularly fine, but I had no relish for a protracted outlook. After casting a glance around, I made a precipitate retreat, plunging ankle-deep at every step down the exterior of the cone. The sight I had obtained was interesting, but, to my mind, the thing most remarkable about Vesuvius is the vast extent of lava of different forms, extending from the foot of the cone to the outskirts of Resina and Torre dell' Greco. The various eruptions are quite distinguishable. We see how, in some torrents, the lava has hardened into folds overlapping each other with a smooth surface only deranged by cracks, while in other cases the surface can be compared only to a sea of black, roughness-dotted, and heaved up in fantastic masses, sometimes resembling the ridges of a freshly ploughed field. Although four years have elapsed since the eruption of 1855, the lava is in several places too hot to be handled, and a circumstance that leads us to imagine that the lower portions derive some of their heat from the fires beneath. It is indeed difficult to say where these fires are not. The sphere of volcanic action is evidently very extensive. On the borders of the sea at Torre dell' Greco there are various hot sulphurous springs boiling up among the rocks and also in the water. Similar demonstrations occur elsewhere in and about the bay, which one almost fancies to be a sort of caldron over inextinguishable fires.

At the Hermitage, after a little brushing up, I resumed my seat on the porphyry, my wife mounted her chair, and so without any accident we got back to the point where the carriage was in waiting. We had left Naples at nine in the morning, and now it was three o'clock in the afternoon; still, at this late hour, parties passed us on their way up, and I could not but feel, as our courier did, that they incurred the risk of being beaten on the march back by the express and rugged ascent. The intimate is the pathway over the lava, that no one ought to attempt the excursion except in daylight. 

The excursion to Pompeii was performed by railway, and occupied about an hour from Naples. On reaching the Pompeii station, a short walk brings us to the ruined city, which, contrary to general expectation, is found to be at an elevation above the level of the adjoining country. Destroyed in the first century, it was not till about 1750 that any one gave much thought to it. After the excavation, the most surprising, when we are told that parts of several buildings remained prominent above the soil, having never been thoroughly undermined. An incidental discovery of painted remains has suggested a regular course of excavation, the process of opening up has been going on for upwards of a century, but under great difficulties as to the disposal of the incumbent earth. Proceeding up a winding and sloping pathway cut through masses of rubbish, we come with startling abruptness on the doors and porches and other remains. The entrance is founded on the upper part of the town so as it is opened up. Going down one street and up another, crossing this way and that way, we are amazed at the extent which has been laid bare, though a much larger space remains to be cleared. While there was much to surprise and delight—much to instruct and to excite—there was no place to impose any account of what has been so often and so minutely described. A mere glance at the more remarkable features of the excavated city will suffice. The guide having drawn attention to the fact of the city having had walls and gates, proceeds to point out a group of four magnificent ruins—the Forum, the Temples of Venus and Jupiter, and the Temple of Ceres. Adjoining the ruins of the Bath of Leda, in several skeletons in manacles were found. At a short distance is the ruin of the theatre, with some handsomely columns still standing. The houses of distinguished individuals are also made the subject of special notice; such as of Sallust, Paro, and the villa of Diocles in a suburban street, and the latter of the patrician orders are noticed some remains of mosaics and frescoes, the greater part of such decorations having been removed, along with other objects of art, to the museum at Naples. The whole city has, in fact, been cleared of every movable; and almost every place is as bare as a house after a removal. The larger mansions have undoubtedly been magnified, and in their successive courts we see the type of the modern Italian palazzo and French hotel. These superior dwellings extend considerably backward from the street, the access to them being generally by an entrance between the shops of tradesmen. All the shops are of those limited dimensions which are still common in Naples, Rome, and other Italian cities. They consist of an apartment about the size of a coach-house, the front having been wholly open, or with a counter partially running across. At night, all had been closed in with shutters. I do not think there had been any shop-windows. Some of the shops seem to have had one or two small apartments behind or above. In several instances, the stone counters are seen, with large earthenware jars as fixtures.

A baker's oven, with remains of a grilling-mall, are shown in one of the shops; and from the skeleton of an ass having been found in a recess of this establishment, it is conjectured that the mill had been moved by that unfortunate animal. From a variety of such disclosures, it is evident that business was conducted in a primitive sort of way in Pompeii; the grinding of grain into flour, and the baking and baking and baking—no more than two or three degrees; and the fact that the excursion was performed by railway. In some instances, we see the names of traders on the fronts of their shops, inscribed in Roman letters in so rough a style as to suggest that they had been.
executed unprofessionally with a stick or brush. Few buildings are believed to have been more than two stories in height. Generally, nothing remains above the first story, and accordingly the city looks like a collection of short stamps of walls, which, for preservation, are clothed with tiles. In their entire state, the houses had flat roofs, a circumstance which hastened their destruction. On being excavated, skeletons were found in several houses, but not in great numbers; for as noticed by the younger Pliny in his account of the destruction of the city, the inhabitants generally fled to a distance for safety, many of them trying to shelter themselves from the shower of scorching ashes by carrying pillows on their heads. The skeletons found appear to have been chiefly those of ladies, who, perhaps, had not the courage or strength to escape. A number of them, when found, had on necklaces, bracelets, and rings of gold. One skeleton was found with a purse of money grasped in its bony hand; the attempt to secure the money having been the probable cause of death.

The streets are narrow, and paved with huge stones in the old Roman style; in some places they are greatly worn with wheels, and meet irregular. Water had been brought into the town by subterranean conduits, which emptied into the stone basin at the corners of certain streets; and from these public fountains dwellings were supplied by water-carriers. There are back-lanes in some of the streets, but no stables have yet been discovered. Possibly, horses were accommodated in the suburbs. One is pleased to see that the streets had trottoirs, a very curious fact, for it is only lately that side-pavements for foot-passengers have come into use on the continent, seemingly introduced from England. The forming of trottoirs had, therefore, become a lost art in Italy, and in few towns are such useful appendages to a street yet employed. The trottoirs of Pompeii are about thirty inches wide, and raised a foot above the street; in some instances, they are laid with a common kind of mosaic. Corresponding with them in height, there are usually three fixed stepping-stones at the end of the street. It appears from this that Pompeii was subject to showers that temporarily deluged the streets, and was therefore necessary to have means of crossing dry-shod. As wheeled carriages were employed, it must have required dexterity in drivers to pilot their cattle and vehicles through the spaces between the stepping-stones.

The most perfect of all the public buildings laid bare is the amphitheatre, which is situated so far apart from the other excavations that we cross a field to reach it. This field lies in the still unexplored portion of the city, and it is here that those excavations are being actively carried out, of which notice has lately been taken by the press. A number of men were digging in the earth, which was carried away by women and girls in baskets, and deposited in trucks. These were run off in the usual manner, and emptied at a distance, forming a railway embankment in the direction of Vesuvius. By this improved process of removal, the excavations may be expected to go on rapidly. It is to be regretted, however, that the embankments cross over the space which remains to be cleared out, and will have in turn to be removed. By the girls who were engaged in this toilsome labour, the hand was, according to custom, held out for a donation; and they would not have been indisposed to loiter at their work, but for the jealous watchfulness of a taskmaster, who was armed with a light whip to keep them in order. It would have been a hard heart that did not feel for them. The weather was intensely hot, and the fatigue of lifting and carrying baskets of earth from the deep excavations was apparently too much for these poor females.

We spent altogether about six hours in our perambulations over Pompeii; and having concluded by dining at the Hôtel Diomède, a house of entertainment for tourists, a short way from the railway station, got pleasantly back to Naples by one of the evening trains.

W. C.

HOME FROM THE COLONIES.

Strange Meats.

Breakfast in Half-moon Street was a little late, I fear, even for London. Y could rarely be extracted from his bed much before ten o'clock, and X and myself were generally still toying with the marmalade, when our lazy friend was beginning his assault upon the more solid viands.

"How early you fellows are!" he would exclaim; coming in, like Morning herself, all rosy from his bath; "I am thankful to say my conscience lets me sleep till it is daylight. Morumbuggee, I trust our X has been agreeable."

It was understood between these gentlemen that upon X should devolve the duty of my entertainment in the morning. He made the tea; he poured out the coffee; he devised the delicacies for the breakfast-table. Y, on the other hand, took the dinner arrangements under his particular charge, and certainly acquitted himself to admiration. It must be confessed, indeed, that if our exhausted friend had an enthusiasm left to him, it was for eating and drinking. Not that he was a gouton, or a koper; on the contrary, he was a most moderate trencher-man; but he was an epicure and a gourmand. In the England of my youth, such a young gentleman as this would have been a phenomenon. There were few bon-vivants then under fifty. The pleasures of the palate (by what seemed a very beneficent arrangement) took the place of others at the time those began to decay, and not before. Now a days, however, the talk of young men is of potagers and vintages, as it was wont to be of horses and their genealogies. Their greatest ambition used to be to excel their grooms; they now entertain more noble aspirations, and pant to be French cooks. With nineteen-twentieths of them, it is true, this zeal is but the merest affectation, their actual interest in made dishes and choice wines being about on a par with their practical knowledge of the same. The lad from Eton who has just joined the Guards' Club holds his wine up to the light and screws up his eyes at it only because Captain de Lippesnack and the other men do it, and not because he really hopes to detect a difference between the first and second bottles of Lafitte; but with some few young men of fashion the taste is unhappily genuine, and these have made gastronomy the rage. Lad's society has lost its charm for aristocratic youth. They dine together in parties scrupulously masculine, and lament in chorus that good port is not to be procured for love or money. The Belgravian mother is at her wit's end for sons-in-law. She has even sunk to the humiliation of giving day-halls, because there are so many young men who will not come out in the evening—for 'dancing after dinner plays the dooce with a fellow's digestion, you know.' And yet Materfamilias need not despair. Let her dismiss her daughter's music-master—for what really eligible young man will now fatigue himself by standing a quarter of an hour to listen to a girl at the pianoforte?—and expend the two hundred a year thus saved in a better cook; let her bait her trap no more in the old fashion, but with the latest célébrités; and
when the moneyed youth seems particularly pleased with an étricte, let her whisper, 'Whoever weds my Auguste, mark me, gets the recipe!'

X had a very hearty contempt for this unnatural effervescency, although with a reservation in the case of his friend.

'All Y's faults,' he would affirm, 'did I venture to blame that gentleman, 'lies on the surface, and the result of his circumstances. If he had had to fight his way in the bush as you have had to do, he would have done it like a man. The girl he loved, and who loved him, was given by her mother to a worthless fellow who was what is called "a better match." Her young blood has turned to gall. She is a leader of fashion, and makes note that are much quoted. "One of my sisters married a fool," she says, "and the other a knave; but in my husband, the two are happily combined."

If the holy did say so, observed I gravely, 'it seems to me your friend has had a lucky escape.'

'I don't know that,' said X. 'We become what we are made. When a wife finds the husband she loves is a villain, she can divorce him; but when she never loved him, and suspected his worthlessness beforehand, such reticence is not so natural. I may seem to speak idly, naively, viciously, but you do not know the things that I know, good Morumbidgee. At all events, there is much to excuse in a man like Y, blighted in hope and broken in fortunes, but who, until he grew up to man's estate, never knew perhaps what it was to be thwarted. If he does affect to find his lost happiness in French dishes, why, what then? I have known disappointed people take to courses far worse than those of the dinner-table. He never touched gin.

I myself was by no means blind to Y's intrinsic merits, and only impugned them perhaps because it was only in X as advocate for the accused; the nature of the good lad being generous to enthusiasm, although curiously tempered and mitigated by the artificialities of his mode of life. He was maintaining upon a certain morning that his friend was not only not indolent, but prone by nature to early rising, when that gentleman entered the breakfast-room, and interrupted the panegyric precisely at 11.15.

'I pulled my right boot on my left foot, and couldn't get it off again,' explained Y in apology.

'Ingenious, but not true, nor even new,' observed X with severity. "Y was always excellent at excuses, however, Morumbidgee. When he was at college, he exhausted every pretext for getting an exceed—permission to come up to town—out of his tutor. His relatives were constant, and sometimes even required his attendance at their funeral obsequies; his own health demanded metropolitan advice, and business beckoned him to the city upon obscure emergencies. At last, when all other subterfuges had been exhausted, he got himself suzorénd in a law case by a friendly attorney.

'X is charming, Morumbidgee,' observed Y confidentially, 'but he is not truthful. I have always been a victim to his misrepresentations. Why did he tell the cook I should only require two curried sausages, for instance, and, behold, I want a third?'

'You must not eat so much as usual this morning,' replied X; 'you are going out to a public dinner.'

Y uttered a scornful ejaculation, expressive of decisive denial.

'But, my dear Y, consider a little. Morumbidgee has never been at an English or public dinner.'

'Then he is an exceedingly fortunate man,' returned Y ruefully; 'and no one who is his friend would wish him worse luck. The social solemnity of which you speak is an unmitigated evil—bad in itself, and hideous in its consequences. It is, on the surface, and the result of his circumstances.

'But if the object be a charitable or a useful one—'
In Paris, half a plateful of this cost thirty shillings. Even in China, the market-price of the best nests, which are built in caves along the rocky coasts of that country by the swallow (Hirundo ocellata), is nearly twice their weight in silver. These nests, which are said to be constructed of fish-bones, have much the same appearance as those of the English swallow. One of them was handed round, for our inspection in a glass-case, which also contained the bird and its egg. 'It is the Chinese swallow,' observed an officer of the society who exhibited it; and this is the edible nest that the Chinese swallow builds.

And this is the swallow,' added X, indicating his cravat, 'which consumes the edible nest that the Chinese swallow builds. It is like the house that Jack built.'

'It is like a very excellent clear soup,' said Y, 'and I could eat some more of it.' Y was discreditably famished by somebody in authority, who caused a specimen even of such rarities as 'wouldn't quite go round,' to be set before him, but X and myself had no right to complain, inasmuch as he shared all things with us, and, especially if he didn't happen to like them. Each delicacy was accompanied with a printed card setting forth its locality and characteristics; and before the end of the entertainmenl such a pile of them as collected in front of Y, that so far as number was concerned, they might have served him to leave the houses of his acquaintance till the end of the season.

It is certain Japanese did not call Tripang, which Y, having tasted it, imparted to us with a generous celerity that excited our worst suspicions.

'I am nice,' asked Y: 'it doesn't look very attractive. What is this black thing floating in the middle of it?'

'A most exquisite viand, I assure you,' returned Y, putting a hairpin as a symbol that he was not to touch it; 'an almost priceless delicacy; it fetches sixpence in Japan itself; and my card adds, 'It is a most succulent and pleasant food, not at all like the Greene fat of turtle.'

'What is it called?' asked several persons opposite, balancing each a portion of the dainty upon the tip of their spoons.

'The soup is called Tripang; the—the—the particular condiment you are hábitating, gentlemen, is a species of Holothuria.'

'That doesn't go well,' said X. 'Here goes.' With that he swallowed the black thing, and his example was followed by the rest.

'Holothuria is the technical name,' added Y, with quiet distinctness; 'perhaps I should have said that it is more commonly known as Beche de Mer, or the Sea-slug.'

Two gentlemen here hastily left the table, and even X turned a little pale; while to watch the looks of wonder, trepidation, suspension, with which the guests regarded every dish that was set before them after this, would have been a feast for Lavater.

'What is this Semoule soup, sir,' for you seem to know all about these things?' inquired a stout gentleman opposite, who eyed every specimen of aclimatization through his double gold glasses as though it had been a constant business to remember having tasted something very like it.

'You probably did, sir, a very considerable time ago,' responded Y, 'and more particularly if you happen to have been brought up by hand. It is nothing but pap—made of the flour grown in the south of Europe and the north of Africa. Both macaroni and benzoni are classes; but in the powder of the world) are made of Semoule.'

'It is of peculiar excellency,' says my card, here, 'and takes many important forms in the human economy.'

'What, after you have swallowed it, sir?' ejaculated the stout gentleman anxiously; 'what forms?'

'It is impossible for me to say, sir,' returned Y gravely; 'but permit me to recommend you this nersis de dain—to deer sinews from Cochín-China—a strengthening potage, calculated to invigorate the system and recover its tone.'

These deer sinews are, according to Mr Fortune, a royal dish, and at all events are very good; but I began to feel that I had had my potage. The waiters, who had been accustomed to tolerably good society, and had never seen any one but an alderman go twice to soup, took little pains to conceal their contempt for us. To themselves, we whom Sigg's Eels from Hampshire was probably the most foreign of dainties, our devotion to these strange meats was inexplicable, and if we had been really Civilans, their eyebrows could scarcely have gone higher. The English dishes only (for there was the usual British dinner for those of pulsatile stomatch), in addition to the alien fare, were intrusted to their mercenary hands, while the rarer viands were distributed by the officers of the society. The stout gentleman, who, like myself, had come to be acclimatized—to taste everything—was very insignificant when any home-production was offered to him.

'Bother your ducks,' cried he, when that justly celebrated but not uncommon domestic bird was set before him, 'bring me some of your fat.'

'Yes, sir; coming, sir,' replied the waiter, delighted to hear something asked for with the name of which he was familiar; and after the usual delay that occurs at all public dinners (at which I believe the liqueurs have to be taken out of bond before they can be served), the man brought some curaçoa.

The stout gentleman had asked for curasaw,* a bird of Central America, that the society are particularly anxious to domesticate in this country.

'Morumbidges,' said Y, 'as usual has deceived us; his constant practice of 'fishing' the poor inanious terms 'to make the thing that is not the thing that is.' Those Babas a la Polonaise were, alas, no more babies, than younder petites cubes de groselle are, mathematically speaking, gooseberries of three dimensions. But here is a dish familiar to you, doubtless, as that of which we have been disappointed. Watch him, X; how all the Australian fires his eye! Again he seems to grasp his waddy, again to hurl his boomerang! It is Kangaroo Steamer, a stew prepared with the choicest portions of that agile animal, and (I speak by the card) 'very highly esteemed' in the underworld.

'I am afraid,' remarked X, who had contented himself with a very small segment of this delicacy, 'that the upper world, if I may call it so without offence, will entertain a very different opinion.'

'Well,' said I, 'the fact is, this dainty has not been improved by the voyage; to gather any idea at a distance of the savoury character of this creature in its own country, you should try kangaroo ham.'

'Waiter, my compliments to the secretary,' said Y upon the instant, 'and a slice of kangaroo ham.'

I was not aware that this particular dish was included in the carté, or my eulogium would not perhaps have been so extravagant. It is the weakness of generous minds to speak with enthusiasm of the absent and of the dead. The kangaroo ham was dead of course, but unhappily it was not absent. Without attaching more weight than they deserve to the feeble sarcasms of X and Y, I must confess that the particular specimen set before us was inferior to the 'wild-boar ham from Spain fed upon acorns,' which took its place upon the table. This, however, was excellent, as also was the Chinese lamb (roasted whole), which had not a quarter. A small flock of Chinese sheep, specimens of which obtained two prizes at the late agricultural show, has recently been imported from Shanghai by the Acclimatization Society, and is to

* Cras globosa.
be hoped that they will increase. The Leporines from the south of France—a supposed hybrid between the hare and rabbit—were a very delicate dish. It was particularly desirable (said the card), to remark the flavour of this meat; but it was also exceedingly difficult to detect it.

"It reminds me a little of veal without bacon, does it not?" observed the stout gentleman modestly.

"I really don't know, sir," replied X laughingly; "it certainly reminds me of it very much. It is as insipid as kissing one's sisters.

With this metaphor the stout gentleman was kept in high good-humour until the arrival of the Digby herring-salad, which, to use an exceedingly vulgar but expressive image, caused him to laugh on the other side of his mouth. This contumelious said to be made with the celebrated Digby herrings of Nova Scotia and smoked capelans, and belongs, perhaps, to the class of edibles which are known by the name of 'acquired tastes.' Before the taste is acquired, however, I would not advise anybody to venture upon it. The same may be said, in a mitigated degree, of the botargo from the Ionian Islands; but then one does not expect anything particularly good of the roe of the red mullet dipped in bees-wax, which, I understand, botargo is when done into plain English.

About this time my palate began to perform its office with less efficiency, and whether Canadian Goose, or Syrian Pig, or Sea-wood Jelly (for the order of things was a little confused at this repast) deserves most honourable mention, is a question I cannot decide for certain. I know, however, that I very nearly broke a front-tooth upon the Chinese yams; the fault may have been in the boiling; but if the proof of a vegetable, as of a pudding, lies in the eating, I should as soon think of praising a boiled yam as a boiled cricket-ball. The last dish I remember with much distinction was Honduras Turkey—a cross between the wild-turkey of that ilk and the domestic bird—and exceedingly good it was. A number of these have recently been imported by the Acclimatisation Society, which really seems indefatigable in its efforts, and worthy of all encouragement. When we consider that pheasants were an unknown bird to our great-grandfathers, and that they are now almost as common as partridges, we can easily imagine how practical are the objects of the acclimatisers. Our enthusiasm in favour of the society perceptibly increased with every course, notwithstanding some occasional damps, such as the sea-slug and the botargo, and was assisted by a succession of wines and liqueurs of a description as unusual as were the meats. Pine-apple and plum wines from Queensland, vin d'anges from Guadeloupe, 'Oued Allah' (a most excellent liqueur) from Algeria, mention (also very good) from the Ionian Islands, and many other strange drinks.

'This Camden wine is really admirable," said X, smacking his lips; "where can it have come from?"

'I suppose it came from Camden Town,' returned Y. 'The society spares no expense in carriage, and deems no locality too out-of-the-way. It is certainly very good.'

'Permit me to inform you, gentlemen," said I, with pardonable warmth, 'that this wine comes from New South Wales; that Chablis, too, you were praising so just now, is an Australian wine, and so is the White Victoria.'

'Again he grasps his waddie, again he hurrs his boomerang,' exclaimed X, laughing; 'but this time with success.'

'Let us drink his health in White Victoria," said Y, 'and then let us depart. We shall otherwise be exposed to oratory of a less novel character than the rest of the entertainment. For my own part, I can affirm with the expiring Frenchman: "It is time to go: I have had enough of everything." What say you, my friends?'

'I am ready," returned I; 'but I am also glad that I came. It is well to have had a dinner called from the four quarters of the globe.'

'I do not say that to-morrow," observed Y gloomily: 'I hope for the best, but expect the worst, as the old woman remarked in buying her quarter of a pound of tea. My belief is that I shall have night-haunts, and dream that I am Noah's ark—with its full cargo.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the last meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, there were many interesting objects of fine and mechanical skill on exhibition, well as interesting matters to listen to. One of the things, exhibited by a maker from Redruth, was a model of a rifle-camp stove, which, by a judicious arrangement of the flue, heats, with a single fire, six ovens, a boiler for water, two large cooking boilers, and four smaller boilers and steamers. An inventor from Exeter exhibited "improved spiral fluted nails," which are not to cost more than ordinary nails, but are especially useful for strong, heavy work; and as the head is nicked like that of a screw, they can be drawn out at pleasure, after having been hammered completely in.—Pipes were shewn made of bitumen and paper, which resist a pressure of from 200 to 220 pounds to the square inch. It is thought they will supersede the use of iron pipes in the mines of Cornwall; their cost is not more than one-half that of metal, and they do not corrode. Owing to the quantity of acid contained in the mine-water of the ducy, the iron pipes are in the course of a few years reduced to half their thickness, or they become converted into a soft substance similar to plumbago. If, on further trial, the bitumenised pipes are found to be strong enough, their introduction into mining operations will be a great advantage. Concerning a "differential pulley-block" which was exhibited, the chairman of the meeting said: 'By means of that simple machine you can accomplish what is usually effected with the aid of blocks and winch. With a force of one pound, you can lift twenty or twenty-two pounds.' This morning an illustration of its capability was afforded by a lady, who, with one hand, hoisted up her husband, who is not a very light weight." Mention was made of a machine for washing lead ore, which is to effect as great an economy in that mineral as it does in coal, to the cleansing of which it is also applied. It appears that the great heaps of coal-dust that accumulate round the mouths of coal-pits are no longer to be regarded as an inconvenience or nuisance, for the machine in question 'cleans the coal-dust from the earthy and other worthless particles with which it is mixed, at a small expense, and the dust so cleaned is found to make the very best of coke; so that by this application a previously worthless material has become of great value.'

It is worth remark that this Cornish Society takes notice of young persons, and encourages their endeavours. An apprentice at a foundry exhibited a model of a horizontal steam-engine of excellent workmanship, and with such a beginning it may be inferred that he will always be a first-rate mechanic. And a prize was given to a young lady, aged fifteen years, for a series of observations on the sunspots, which she made while walking to and from school during several months. The Horticultural Society, amid all their shows and musical fetes, are distributing tree-frogs by
ballet; for these little creatures are now widely regarded as pets. Inquiries having been made as to the mode in which they should be treated, an answer is given in the Society's Journals, which we quote here for the information of our readers. As regards food for the frogs, 'all that is necessary is to supply them with flies or insects during the summer. In the winter, they will sleep, and revive with returning spring. If kept during the winter in an artificially heated temperature, they will not become torpid; but in that case there is great risk that they may die from want of food. The best plan, therefore, is to allow them on the approach of winter to be exposed to a moderate degree of cold, when they retire into chimneys or below the ground. A favourite use of them in many parts of the continent is to employ them as a substitute for a weather-glass. They are placed in a jar with water at the bottom, and a tiny ladder resting in it; when the weather is threatening, they keep at the bottom; when fine, they come up, and sit on the steps of the ladder.'

It is well known to meteorologists that vertical currents, or convectional movements, are as common to the atmosphere as horizontal currents. They occur most where contiguous masses of air of unequal density are in contact, and they exert considerable influence in the heating or cooling of the atmosphere. Professor Hennessy of the Royal Irish Academy has invented a kind of vane which shows the existence of an upward or downward motion in the air, as well as the horizontal direction of the wind. As a result of a few months' observation, the Professor states: 'I have found that most of the storms which we experienced during the past winter have been preceded by some vertical movements of the atmosphere. In most of those cases, downward currents appeared to prevail. During the fine weather at the close of January, I noticed but little of vertical currents, but much disturbance prevailed in the two days preceding the disastrous storm of February 9; there were decided and frequent downward plunges. It appeared as if showers of cold air were descending, the temperature was also falling.' The storm here referred to was preceded by a rise of the barometer, a remarkable phenomenon, which puzzles many observers. It is explained by Professor Hennessy as a consequence of the air at the surface of the earth becoming mingled with cooler particles descending from above. It follows from this that when a rise of the barometer is accompanied by northerly and easterly winds, we are not to regard it as a certain foretoken of fine weather, as it may sometimes precede a gale. And we are to remember that 'before, as well as after, a storm, there are winds, by which we may expect precipitation of cold air downwards, and ascent of warm airs upwards,' and that during comparatively calm weather, very energetic vertical movements of the atmosphere may be safely grouped among the most certain symptoms of approaching disturbances on a grander scale.

Professor De la Rive of Geneva, in carrying on his electrical researches, has given explanations concerning the cause of aurora; and now, having pursued the subject further, he has constructed an apparatus by which he can produce artificially all the phenomena of aurora borealis and australis. In a table of observations made at Christiania, in Norway, and Hobart Town, in Tasmania, he shews that the appearances of aurora are simultaneous. Taking the period from 1841 to 1848, which admits of comparison, it is found that every time that an aurora was seen at Christiania, one was also seen at Hobart Town, if not at the same moment, twenty-four hours afterwards. In twenty-five instances, there was but one in which a southern aurora was not observed at the same time with a northern one; there is every reason to believe that the two do always occur simultaneously, as in the cases where the phenomenon is rendered invisible by clouds, an unusual disturbance of the magnets is noticed. Professor De la Rive is confirmed in his opinion that the displays of aurora take place within our atmosphere; and that they are not, as some contend, at a height of five hundred miles above the earth. The magnificent aurora of 1858 and 1859 helped further to prove his theory; for, by the aid of the electric telegraph, observers all over the northern hemisphere were enabled to communicate with one another, and verify the simultaneity of the phenomena. The apparatus by which the Genevian savant illustrates his theory is delicate and complicated, not easy to describe without diagrams; but the operation consists in passing a current of electricity through rarefied air of different degrees of attenuation, and according as these or the direction of the currents are varied, so are all the phenomena produced. We have more than once noticed Mr. Gassiot's experiments made before the Royal Society with his vacuum tubes; we remind our readers of them once more as bearing on this subject.

The Rev. Dr. Lloyd of Trinity College, Dublin, has communicated a paper to the Institute on the Probable Causes of the Earth Currents—that is, magnetic currents. That such currents are continually passing to and fro in the earth is a fact that has been known for years; it has been recently discussed by Mr. C. V. Walker, as we have mentioned, and he is now further investigating it in conjunction with the astronomer-royal; we therefore are glad to receive a suggestion as to the cause from a savant so well able to advance one as Dr. Lloyd. The phenomena of the currents are, that their direction follows the sun, although not at a uniform rate throughout the day, being eastward at 10.50 A.M., and westward at 2.50 P.M., and their intensity is greatest between noon and 2 P.M. There are other phenomena connected with the subject, but these are the principal; and from them the conclusion is drawn that the sun is the primary cause of the currents. The question then arises as to the mode of the sun's agency. Dr. Lloyd thinks that heat is the agent; the solar heat disturbing the equilibrium of the electricity of the atmosphere. 'It is well known,' as Dr. Lloyd observes, 'that the earth and the atmosphere are, in ordinary circumstances, in opposition—that the electricity of the earth being negative, and that of the atmosphere positive. It is also known that the electricity of the air increases rapidly with the height, a few feet—and in some cases even a few inches—being sufficient to manifest a difference of electrical tension.' The rate of this increase varies with the hour of the day; and, concludes Dr. Lloyd, 'we have in this machinery, as it were, means well adequate for the production of the observed effects.' The negative electricity being greatest at the parts most heated, there is naturally a flow of electricity towards those parts, subject to modification by the varying nature of the earth's crust, and the presence or absence of water. In the latter case, evaporation comes largely into play, for it is a prime agent in separating the two electivities—the positive going off with the vapour, the negative remaining with the vapourising body. 'The evaporation from the surface of the sea being much greater than from the land, the electricity will be most deficient at the former; hence there will be a flow of electricity from land to sea, which will combine with, and often mask, that due to the sun's position.'—From this brief notice, it will be understood that the subject is especially interesting. We may add, that Dr. Lloyd suggests a new kind of observations of atmosphere electricity by which his views may be tested.

A report has been published by the authorities at Washington which sets forth that the United States light-houses have been advised since 1851 to keep their lights burning as long as practicable after the sun's position. A new light has been added to the old Port Royal light-house, and a new one established at the entrance of the river, and a number of others long out of use have been set in motion again. The expense of the new light-house is to be borne by the United States government; but other lights are to be kept burning by the owners at their own expense. The new light is to be kept burning from 10 o'clock at night until 6 o'clock in the forenoon; but the present lights are to be kept burning as long as practicable after the sun's position. The new light is to be kept burning from 10 o'clock at night until 6 o'clock in the forenoon; but the present lights are to be kept burning as long as practicable after the sun's position. The new light is to be kept burning from 10 o'clock at night until 6 o'clock in the forenoon; but the present lights are to be kept burning as long as practicable after the sun's position.
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL

there was but little political influence connected with them, except that the Auditor of the Treasury, who had them under his control, had opportunity to give a favourite support to a fat contract for furnishing oil in wasteful quantities, at unheard-of prices. In 1851, there were 325 lights; now, there are 556, all of improved quality; and we especially notice the fact, as a testimony in favour of vigilance and honesty in the management of a great public trust, the larger number of good lights costs far less annually than the smaller number of bad lights. Formerly, the keepers pleaded themselves as to the time and manner of lighting, or whether they would light at all. Now, they are under a properly organised system and watchful superintendence. The authors of the report depurate any change in the light-house department; and recommend Congress not to be misled by curious or ignorant rumours, especially as, in their own words, the "wicked rebellion has extinguished 125 lights, many of them of the highest importance, which must be immediately replaced."

A chemist at Berlin, Mr Roschhaeupt, has lately patented a simple and economical apparatus for generating carbonic acid and other kinds of gas. It is a tube or box lined with lead, divided by a partition into two unequal spaces, the larger being the receptacle for the acid and marble, the smaller, which should be partly filled with pure water, being the outlet. The whole is made perfectly air-tight. Whenever a supply of carbonic acid is desired, the lead vessel containing the marble pieces is slid into the hydrochloric acid; a communication with the adjoining partition allows of the passage of the generated gas into pipes which can be led wherever required for use. Marble being a chemical combination of lime with carbonic acid, gives off the latter during the operation, and the lime forms chloride of lime, which may be used for bleaching or other purposes. In this way, as is stated, six pounds of marble dust, and seven pounds of hydrochloric acid, will furnish about 170 gallons of carbonic acid gas; and at a cost of less than a shilling. In a description of the method, it is stated that "there is no danger of explosion, as in the ordinary copper apparatus, because the pressure can never rise sufficiently high, and the evolution of gas can be stopped at any moment by withdrawing the sliding-rod which dips the marble into the acid." In Germany, this apparatus will, it is anticipated, come largely into use for charging beer with carbonic acid gas, and in the preparation of mineralised waters, especially those in which oxide of iron is held in solution.

It is well known to curers of meat that the outside of the pieces operated on becomes too salt, while the centre is scarcely touched, and that fermentation in consequence takes place within. A short paper by M. Martin de Lignac has been read before the Société d'Encouragement at Paris, in which a new way of preserving meat is described. Suppose a ham is to be cured: the inventor introduces a sound from the knuckle-end between the bone and the flesh; this sound is attached to a stopcock, which communicates by a tube with a cistern containing water, salt, and various aromatics and coniements. The cistern being placed at a height of from twenty-five to thirty-five feet, the liquid begins to flow as soon as the stopcock is opened, and by its pressure rapidly fills all the meat immediately surrounding the bone, penetrating the fibres by infiltration, and distributing the conservative agent to the parts most susceptible of fermentation and change. When thus prepared, the ham is placed for some days in a bath of pickle, which prevents the escape of the infiltrated liquid within, while saturating the surface, after which it is hung up in a current of air, at a moderate temperature, until it has lost five per cent. of its weight. If required, it may then be smoked, but this process is not necessary for its preservation.

THE FIRST SHOES.

Wife, keep those shoes with the shape of his feet in them,
Restless, small feet that we'd never have still,
Through all your years to come, visions how sweet in them,
Dreamings; how priceless, your fancy will fill;
Treasure them; some dreams are more than all pleasures
Life's ever giving our hearts to enjoy;
Few things that ever you'll prize, wife, as treasures,
So dear will be as these shoes of our boy.

Worn is each little sole; blessed was the wearing,
Smoothing them so, at which glad tears you wept,
Those wavering weak steps that caused you such caring,
Those tiny steps that our baby first set;
Wife, to our hearts, what a joy beyond telling
Were those dear totterings, half boldness, half fear,
All the joy then that our proud hearts was swelling,
Whene'er we see them, with us will be here.

Bolder those small shoes were ere he outgrew them;
Firm was the foot-tread at last that they knew,
When mother's eyes to her stooping kist drew them,
With that rapt gaze that still looked him to you;
Seeing them, ah! in the garden I've found him,
Busy and bustling as sat or as bee;
Glad as the butterfly flitting around him,
Babbles my baby again up to me.

Treasure them, brood o'er them—oh, how dear to you,
Will those small memories in after-years prove,
Should it be God's will those eyes that so knew you,
You in this life below no more can love.
Then shall the sight of these be a spell raising
Up to your gaze again, dim through your tears,
That little lost form to gladden your gazing,
Bidding that small tongue again bless your ears.

Ah! if in years to come—oh! God forbid it—
We must with trembling and tears tell his name,
Fear his grown face, and half wish God had hid it
Cold in the coffin before it knew shame.
These shall be balm to the sorrows that wring you,
Over these, tears, not all sad, you shall rain,
These his dear baby-face sinless shall bring you,
That you may love him all spotless again.

Far be such thoughts from us; none such we're fearing.
Ever, dear, for him, our darling, our joy;
God will his mother's prayers always be hearing,
Hearing his father's prayers, prayed for our boy.
But, oh, dear wife of mine, these shoes, we'll keep them;
Grown-up, he'll laugh at what he used to use;
Tears but of pride and joy only shall steep them,
When, a man, with us he sees his first shoes.

The Editors of Chamber's Journal have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

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A SUCCESSFUL SWINDLE.

Mine is a case that should appear in the police reports rather than in the pages of this publication. My money has been obtained from me under false pretences; my feelings have been most cruelly lacerated, and assault and battery committed on my heart. Is there, in this free and enlightened country, no redress for wrongs like these? I ask this repeatedly, and am as repeatedly assured there is none. All I can do, therefore, is to write a clear statement of the circumstances under which I suffer, in the hope that my fate may prove a warning to other young bachelors, and lead them to beware of bazaars and of young ladies behind a counter.

I am a young man of good family, with a handsome allowance, and first-rate expectations. I suppose I should be called a catch by match-making mamas and their daughters. I am a captain in a crack regiment, my height is six feet, and my whiskers are unexceptionable. Altogether, till misfortune overtook me, I was as pleasant, good-looking a young fellow as ever flirted through a Waltz, or made love at a picnic.

One morning last July, while lounging in my quarters at Dover, and doing nothing in particular, I received the following pink note:

DEAR CAPTAIN BRANTHWAITE - We have all been very busy here getting up a fancy-fair in aid of the endowment fund of a new church at Clay-cum-Stickle. The Rev. Augustus Nceall has kindly consented to undertake the responsible duties of the incumbent, but his principles will not allow him to enter on his new and arduous sphere until the endowment fund is completed. The dear man says so wisely and feelingly: "How can I administer to the wants of a numerous and starving flock, when so many of the bare necessities of life are wanting to myself?" So we want about £2000 more to make up a nice little income, and build him a commodious parsonage, and then we shall do charmingly. His excellent wife is aiding us, heart and soul; and you, I am sure, will likewise contribute your mite, and bring over some of your brother-officers to do the same. The day is fixed for next Thursday. Bring your friends to lunch at my house, and do not fail me. -Yours, sincerely,

Cecilia Pryor.

Pluckwell, Saturday.

P.S.-There will be a ball in the evening at the Assembly Rooms, for the same object. Tickets, L1, 1s. How many will you have?

Now, I knew Mrs Pryor for a busy, meddlesome person, but I also knew that pretty girls were generally to be met at her house; besides, old Pryor had a bin of still champagne in his cellar that was by no means to be despised. So I wrote off forthwith, promising to bring over half-a-dozen friends, for whom tickets might be secured. Thursday being fine, we set off in high spirits, and reached Pluckwell in time for a good lunch at Mrs Pryor's, after which we started for the scene of action.

We soon reached the large field in which the tents were pitched - entrance 2½d., which we paid cheerfully, it being the first demand. In the field, we found the usual wheel of fortune, gipsy's tent, refreshment-stall, and one large marquee with gaily dressed counters, and still more gaily dressed girls behind them. Crowds of people moved about the field, looking as miserable as English folks always do on festive occasions. Suddenly one of my companions exclaimed: 'Hollo! Branthwaite, look at that little creature there standing on the chair!' I looked round, of course, little thinking what would be the consequence, and my gaze was spell-bound by the sweetest little fairy eyes ever looked upon. There she stood on a chair, before a little looking-glass, trying on a pink hood, which she was endeavouring to persuade some idiot to buy.

Never before had I seen such charming unconsciousness, such naiveté, such grace! I don't know what she had on; it was something white, and cloudy, and angelic. But much clothing seemed superfluous in her case, for clouds of golden curls fell showering over her tiny waist, and were brushed back from the sweetest, gentlest, and withal most piquant face in the world. (I am aware that I am using a great many adjectives, but really the occasion demands them.)

My first feeling on seeing her was, that I had never truly loved till then; my second, an almost irresistible inclination to knock down that drivelling maniac, who was actually hesitating about buying the hood! He said it would be of no use to him. 'Fool!' In a moment I was beside the chair, and speechless with emotion, I tendered a sovereign for the precious article.

'Ah! that's capital,' she said, with the sweetest look of gratitude. 'Why, Mr Scrowker has been
doubting whether he would give me fifteen shillings for it. I hope you don't want any change!"

"Change! I gasped, "never!"

"Then we can't have our stall," she said, jumping daintily down from her elevated post, "and I will find some of my own very work for you."

As a matter of course, followed her to a large stall, where three other charming girls and a handsome mamma presided; and of course I gave a fabulous price for a cigar-case, which she said she had worked. (I don't believe she had, for it was hideous). Of course, too, I had to buy something quite useless of all the three sisters, and to put into all the raffles, winning at last a large wax-doll, several sizes bigger than a child of six months. As this last acquisition embarrassed me a good deal, I gave it back to her, and afterwards saw her sell it over again for a considerable sum to a good-natured old gentleman.

"You make a capital shopwoman," I said.

"Ah, yes, I have some tolerable dodges. I did a good business before you came in faded sixpenny bouquets, which I sold for five shillings. They were so worthless that a good many people gave them back to me, and I sold them over again. I sold one nine times, and made forty-five shillings by it!" and she gave me a sly glance at some people, "with a sly glance at me. I ventured on a tender reproach: 'And nothing whispered to you to keep a bouquet for me!' "No, indeed; but I can get you a rosebud, a beauty, if you like;' and off she danced, waving me back, when I would have followed, and beckoning to an elderly grave-looking person, who stood by the stall, and who was to all appearance the father of the charming quartet.

She soon came running back breathless, her hands full of lovely rosebuds. On the way she attacked that stingy Mr. Scrofl; you must buy the hood, and whom she now tried to tempt with a half-opened Gloire de Dijon.

"How much do you want for it?" said he.

"Well, I must put it in, and think of the damage reply."

He pulled out a handful of silver, and was, I suspect, looking for sixpence, when in a moment she pounced on the whole handful, with an "Oh! thank you; you are too generous," and swept it into her pocket. The fellow's dismay was delicious to behold; but he could only submit, for she was off again directly, and distributing her floral favours right and left, till, when she reached me, there was only one left.

"Now, what will you give me for this?"

"Anything, everything, all the money I have left,' I cried, thrusting my hands into my pockets. But alas! they were empty; nor could all my searching bring to light more than one miserable fourpenny-piece. Imagine my dismay.

"My dear girl," I stammered, "you see this is all I have left."

"Oh, you surely can't intend to be so mean? when I ran all the way up the garden to fetch them, and pricked my finger, and made it bleed;" and she held out a little white punctured forefinger, to verify her words. "You have your watch," she added, "and you can remit it to-morrow." I own I felt rather staggered at this. My watch was a valuable family relic, set with brilliants, and on the safety of which depended the favour of an aged and gouty uncle, of crucial disposition and enormous wealth. But the blue eyes were fixed on me, and seemed to wonder at my delay. All prudential considerations vanished. I placed the watch in one outstretched hand, and received the rosebud, which I was bound to do either.

"Wear it to-night, and I will dance with you," she whispered, as our eyes met for a moment.

She turned away with a faint blush, and I left the field alone and dry-eyed. I was so true! Did I say! and dress? I suppose I performed those operations, but I have no recollection of anything of the sort. I could only dream of the past, and hope for

the future. If it had been for any one else in the world, I should have said that I was going to make a fool of myself. But any infatuation for her, so far superior to all existing creatures, could not but elevate and honour any man whom she might choose to accept. So I started for the ball at ten o'clock, fully determined to propose at once. She was late, but at last I saw her coming up the stairs, followed by her three sisters, with the mamma and the clergyman I had seen with them in the afternoon. I fancied her eyes rested on the rosebud in my button-hole, and that they beamed with a soft approbation. Cheered by this tacit encouragement, I seized hold of the first steward I met, and begged him to introduce me to 'that young lady,' pointing her out. I thought his face were an amused smile as he complied with my request, but I took little heed of surrounding circumstances, so anxious was I to catch her name. The usual formula was pronounced: 'Captain Bronthwate—Miss Nevill. Was that the name? I could not be sure. I had no time to think about it, for the waltz began at once, and I seemed to be floating in a sea of bliss with an angel in my arms, keeping time to the music of the spheres. At last we landed on an out-of-the-way sofa, where I resolved to ask her to give me a merry holiday when I began; I must have been rather unintelligible at first, for she looked puzzled, and seemed trying not to smile. But when I managed to stammer out that I knew it was 'quite unworthy of her, yet if the devotion of a lifetime,' &c., she said quietly: 'I think you must mistake me for one of my sisters.' I assured her such a mistake was quite impossible. 'Then you cannot have heard my name.' 'Oh yes,' I said—Miss Nevill. I listened particularly for your name, and heard it quite well.'

'My name is Miss Ward,' not, 'as you,' the damnable reply."

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OUR FIRE-BRIGADE AND ITS DEFICIENCIES.

There are now nearly three millions of us here in London, living, on an average, eight in a house. Domestic families may, if they can, guess at the number of rooms in which fires are usually lighted, especially in winter-time; and may then, by a little arithmetic, arrive at a conclusion respecting the number of stoves and grates blazing away at once. Be this number what it may, it is certain that more than a thousand stoves now catch fire annually in the metropolis, averaging about three a day; and sometimes the average is so far departed from that ten fires take place in a day. Whether the houses are insured or not, the fire-engines are expected; and if they don't come, blame is cast on the brigade. Yet, what is the brigade, and what oblige us to let the brigademen under to attend at all? Moreover, what is the strength of the brigade, and does it grow as fast as London grows? These questions were suggested most seriously by the promotions of some of the fire-engines, at Cotton's Wharf, in June 1861, involving the loss of a million and a half sterling; and they led to the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee, by whom
information has been collected on these subjects, more full than was before obtainable.

The origin of the London Fire-Brigade establishment was simply as follows: Until the year 1822, each fire-insurance company had its own engines and staff of firemen; and each set of fires were attended without the assistance of any other. But after the thirty years, many may perhaps remember that painted metal plates were affixed to the fronts of many houses, denoting the offices in which the property was insured. To those plates the firemen looked in the first instance; and in too many cases the men shewed indifference in aiding to put out fires in such houses as their directors were not interested in. Very frequently, too, the men fought for precedence, on account of a fee usually given; and instances were known of conflagrations continuing to blaze while the men settled their disputes. The want of co-operation and the inadequacy of this plan induced the directors of many of the principal offices to club together, and maintain a fire-brigade in common. The late able and intrepid Mr James Bradwood, who had well managed the fire-engines of Edinburgh, was selected to organise the new brigade; and the selection proved a happy one. For nearly thirty years did he proceed in his career of usefulness, until the flames at the tremendous fire in the summer of 1861; since which time the brigade has been managed by Captain Shaw, who had been superintendent of the engines stationed at Islington. The companies or offices one by one came into the partnership, until the number became, as at present, twenty-eight — some in the country, but nearly all in London. The expenses are supported mainly by a payment made according to the amount of fire-insurance effected by each office. Thus, the famous Sun Office has one fifth of the fire-engines business, and consequently pays one-fifth of the brigade expenses. The management is in the hands of a committee, consisting of delegates from all the offices. There is a code of instructions printed for the guidance of the men; but much is left to their discretionary power. There are fourteen permanent stations in the metropolis, at which men, engines, and horses are always ready for service at night and day; besides a half dozen of minor character, and two floating-engines on the Thames. The fire-engines are about forty in number, the horses about three hundred and thirty. The smaller stations have only one engine each, the larger two or more. The number of stations has very little varied during the thirty years; but they have gradually been reinforced in men, horses, and engines. The expenses, in round numbers, amount to about £25,000 a year; averaging about twopenny per cent. on the value of the property insured.

The insurance offices, however, are getting tired of the brigade. It is avowedly insufficient for the wants of the metropolis; and as they have voluntarily entered into the engagement, they are not bound by any principle of law or justice to extend it at their own cost. It is certainly an anomaly, like many other of our public and social arrangements. If the brigade men assist in saving houses or property which are not insured, the offices obtain neither thanks nor payment for the service; and yet for the interests of common humanity and of general safety, the men are directed to attend to all alike, the insured and the uninsured. When it was known, early in the present year, that the House of Commons intended to investigate the whole subject, the committees of the brigade establishment met with the representatives of the insurance companies on the subject of the matter. The establishment has neither charter, deed of partnership, nor act of parliament. It attends to all fires in London, in spite of the shadow of obligation so to do. It may be said, in the eye of the law, to have neither rights nor duties. In its first year, 1833, it sent its engines to 458 fires; in its last, 1861, to 1183. The government have now, however, been officially informed — 'That the Associated Companies feel the necessity of relinquishing at an early date the maintenance of a London Fire Brigade; and 'That the Associated Companies are prepared, through the Fire-Brigade Committee, to furnish the government with every information concerning the power respecting the existing Fire-Brigade, and to transfer the entire establishment, on liberal terms, to any authority, the constitution of which shall be approved by the government and the companies.' But, although the chief, the brigade is not the only organisation for extinguishing fires. There are the parish engines; there are the engines belonging to the several dock companies; and there are certain engines belonging to private firms, available for attendance at all neighbouring fires. Besides these, all of which are to a certain extent public safeguards, many large establishments contain fire-engines without horses, for the immediate protection of those establishments themselves.

Mr Hedges, whose 'cordial gin' has made his name so well known in London, is quite a hero in fire-engine matters. Near his distillery at Lambeth are tallow-factories, lucifer-factories, blackening-factories, and other places where fires are probable; and their dangerous proximity has directed his thoughts strongly to the subject. He has formed a fire-brigade of his own, consisting of a lieutenant and six firemen, besides Mr Hedges himself — who seems to work as hard as any of them; and he has two fire-engines, not only for the protection of his own premises, but to aid in the extinguishing of fires anywhere in the neighbourhood. If a fire breaks out, and he thinks he can reach the spot before the regular brigade engines, he does so; if not, he leaves them to grapple with the difficulties, unless the call for aid is very urgent indeed. His engines are larger than any possessed by the London brigade; and in the eleven years from 1861 to 1862, they have attended no less than four hundred and seventy fires — entirely a voluntary act on the part of this liberal man. He has a fire-bell at the distillery, and another at his private residence; and if a fire breaks out in the neighbourhood at night, up he jumps, and in a minute is on the spot with his two engines himself. Everything is kept in such perfect readiness, that the engines can be sent off in three minutes after the alarm-bell has been rung. He has an observatory, where a watchman is stationed all night, and if this watchman sees indications of fire within a mile or so, the fire-bell is rung, whereupon men, horses, and engines are soon ready.

The firm of Messrs Brown and Lenox, the chain and anchor makers of Mill Wall, have a fire-brigade of their own. They have one engine, double the size of any possessed by the London Brigade, and two of smaller size; and there are a dozen men who act as volunteer firemen whenever their services are needed, by day or by night, in any part of the Isle of Dogs. The work is gallantly and liberally done by all concerned, though the principals do not engage in it personally, after the manner of the great distiller.

There are dock-brigades also, formed on account of the immense value of the ships and merchandise contained in the several docks. The St Katherine's Dock has watchmen and constables who are regularly trained to the work; they have four land-engines, and one floating-engine; they have constant-pressure mains laid round all the quays; and they will soon have hydrants in every warehouse; a service that they have been unable to do without, and they will soon have hydrants in every warehouse; a service that they have been unable to do without.
the land-engines may possibly render assistance; but the
brigade is maintained specially for the use of the
docks. The East India and the West India
Docks, both of which now belong to one company, have a very
extensive brigade establishment, on account of the large area over which the docks
extend. They have fifteen land-engines, two steam-
tugs fitted up as floating-engines, and twelve hydraulic
jets connected with the hydraulic-crane machinery, so
there are no brigademen regularly organised, but
the dock labourers generally attend to the engines.
As a last example, the Victoria Docks—the youngest
member of this great coal-burning class—have ten
fire-engines and twenty-three stand-pipes, so arranged
that they can be charged with water at high pressure
in a few minutes. All these arrangements, it will be
perceived, relate wholly or nearly so, to the safety of
the property belonging or intrusted to the dock com-
panies—amounting to many millions sterling; but
they affect very little the safety of the metropolis
generally.

As to the parish engines, we can really do little
more than pass them by with contempt. The sobri-
quet 'half-pint engines' is an off-spring of the public
opinion concerning them. They were established
under the provisions of an act of parliament passed in
1774, which required that each parish should procure and maintain fire-engines, but without
any provision for the payment of persons to work
them. The beadle and the 'muffin-caps' generally did the work, and were more laughed at than admired
for their pains. The number of these petty, rickety,
asthmatic machines is not exactly known; but the
expense connected with them is about £5000 a year
—a sum for which very little real service is rendered.
Hackney is one of the parishes exempted from this
censure; the fire-engines belonging to that parish are
so well served, as to show what can be done when the
pumps are not obstructed by the best attention to the
matter. This exception, however, only makes the
rule more glaring.

The same states, thus, that—Two or three trades-
men apply their own fire-engines towards the protec-
tion of their neighbours' property; four or five dock
companies give a little protection to the houses near
them; various parishes possess many engines which
are of very little use; and the London Fire Brigade
Establishment, supported by those who are not obliged
to support any, works hard with insufficient means to
such fire-props of an engine too large for it.

The recommendations of the Parliamentary
Committee may be summed up in a few words. The area
over which the Metropolitan Board of Works rules
extends to about six miles from Charing Cross in
every direction; it includes 79 parishes outside the
city, and 97 inside; and covers 170 square miles.
There are the enormous number of 360,000 houses in
this limit, for which the rated rental (always lower
than the real rental) is £12,450,000 per annum. Mr
Newmarch, a great authority on all these matters,
estimates that the total value of all the insurable pro-


terty within the above-named limits, buildings, furni-
ture, and merchandise, and all, is not less than
£30,000,000—a stupendous sum to be at the mercy of
sparks of fire. Of this value, he believes that only
one-third is insured. Now the committee recom-
mend that the protection of this immense property
from fire be transferred to the government, instead of
being left to the unwilling but not unkind services of
the insurance companies. They recommend: 'That a fire-
brigade be formed, under the superintendence of the
commissioners of police, and, if approved by the
Secretary of State for the Home Department,
to form part of the general establishment of the
metropolitan police; and that the acts requiring
parishes to maintain engines be repealed. That an
account of the expenditure of the new Police Fire
Brigade be annually laid before parliament, together
with the general police accounts; in such a manner
that the special cost of the brigade may be ascertained,
and that the area of the new Fire Brigade arrange-
ments be confined within the limits of the jurisdiction
of the Metropolitan Board of Works, with the option
to other parishes to be included, if within the area
of the metropolitan police.' The enlarged area here
mentioned is no less than 700 square miles; a monster
fire in a district with metropolis indeed, all the
expenses would be defrayed by a small addition to
the police rate—too insignificant to be felt by any
one. The extension of the brigade, in engines and in
men, would be made to correspond with the wants of the
metropolis. Although not expressed in the
resolutions, it was implied by the evidence that the
present excellently managed fire-brigade establish-
ment should be purchased on equitable terms from
the companies; and that the experienced brigademen,
if willing, should be transferred from the one
authority to the other. Matters, in the end, come
to some such definite arrangement as this; for,
as they stand at present, it may be truly said to be
'nobody's business' to put out fires in the metropolis.

It is impossible here to pass over in silence the
admirable services rendered by the Fire-escape Society,
or (to give it its full name) the Society for the
Protection of Life from Fire in London. Here the
work is still more voluntary than that of the offices in
relating to the fire-brigade; for the object held in
view is that of saving human life, without fee or
reward of any kind was the incentive, when it was
formed in 1836, but its present system was commenced in 1843. The
staff of men employed is somewhat under a hundred, who have the management of fire-escapes, which have
gradually increased in number from six to seventy-
five. What these fire-escapes are, almost every one
in London knows. They are long ladders mounted
on wheels, with an apparatus of canvas troughs down
which persons can descend through the windows of
a burning house, and other appendages of ingenious
construction. These seventy-five fire-escapes are
placed at as many different stations in London—
from Bow and Poplar in the east, to Paddington and
Brompton in the west; from Holloway and Dalston in the
north, to Camberwell and Peckham in the south—
and pretty evenly distributed. The escapes are not
usually brought out in the day, but are kept quite
ready for instant action all night, with vigilant
men to attend them. The city corporation and nearly
all the parishes contribute to the running of the sub-
scription; and as the police and the firemen are
always ready to work in harmony with the escape-
men, a large amount of success attends the humane
exertions of the Society. It stands upon record that
the escape-men have brought down in safety seven
hundred and fifty persons who would else have prob-
bly perished in the flames; and the secretary of
the Society states that if the hurried cry, 'Run for the
engines!' were more frequently accompanied, 'at the
same moment, by the cry of 'Run for the Escape!'
many more lives might be saved.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART FIRST.

INTRODUCTION.

The following legends are the result of a reading
extending over years, but as they claim only a
poetic value, it would be superfluous to quote all
the works which have given rise to them. Suffice it
then to say that the great old Hebrew poet was
scrupulously maintained, whilst the form is often new.
As they now appear, they are in many instances a
recasting; in some, an old idea serves only as the basis
for a new tale.
About forty years ago, some Hebraic legends, col-
glected by Mr Horwitz, were published in English.
but the collection has but a few lines in common
with the following.

I.

RAABE MEIR’S WIFE.

The renowned teacher and expounder of the law,
Rabbi Meir, who was seated in the synagogue
ingstructing the people. In the meanwhile his
two sons, both of unusual beauty, and deeply versed
in the law, died in his house. His wife took them
to her bedroom, laid them on her nuptial bed, and
covered them with a white cloth. Towards evening,
Rabbi Meir, on returning home, asked her: ‘Where
are my sons, that I may give them the blessing?’

‘They have gone to God’s house,’ answered she.

‘I looked round for them several times, but did
not see them,’ said the rabbi.

Meanwhile the wife had brought the light of the
sibroth with wine; he blessed the light and the wine,
and drank from the goblet. Then he asked again:
‘Where are my sons, that they may drink from
the consecrated cup?’

‘They cannot be far off,’ answered his wife, and she
brought up his supper.

When he had finished the meal and cheerfully said:
‘May be well with you and your household!’ he
said: ‘Rabbi, with your permission, I will put a
question to you.’

‘Do, my dear wife,’ said he.

‘Some time since one of our neighbours gave me
some jewels to take care of; now he claims them
back—shall I give them up?’

‘How can you put such a question to me!’ exclaimed
the rabbi. ‘And do you think that you can make
prophets of your coppers? Not only must you give the property
back, but you must give it willingly and cheerfully.’

‘I thought so too,’ she said; and opening the door
to the door, she said: ‘Dear friend, have we not
complained to us two jewels, and now he has demanded
them back.’ Then she took off the cloth that hid the
two dead bodies.

‘My sons! my sons!’ cried the rabbi; he wept and
wailed. She, turning her face away, cried bitterly too.
But, then, taking the hand of her husband, she said:
‘Rabbi, did you not tell me that property confided to
us must be returned willingly, nay, cheerfully.
Cheerfully, we cannot—and the owner will forgive us—but
willingly, rabbi. Let us both say: Blessed be the
name of the Lord! blessed be He who giveth and
taketh away!’

‘Blessed be the name of the Lord!’ repeated the
rabbi; ‘blessed be He who giveth and taketh away!’
But blessed be He also for having given thee to me.
O merciful Lord! without that gift of Thine to me,
without this blessed woman, I should at this hour feel
myself alone on earth, and doubting even Heaven.
But she with one hand pressed mine, and with the
other opens the gate that leads into Thy realm, so
that I behold Thee and my lost sons. May she be
blessed for ever and anon!’ And blessed and praised
be Thou, my Father, my King, ruler of the universe!
Amen.’ Rabbi Meir and his wife, when soon after-
wards sailing from Africa to Spain, were taken
prisoners by pirates, and the rabbi’s wife, although
not young, was still so handsome that she excited the
illicit desires of the corsair chief.

She said to her husband: ‘Rabbi, is a woman permitted
to die by her own act to save her honour?’

‘It is,’ replied the rabbi, and he hid his face.

Upon this she leaped into the sea.

II.

ALEXANDER AND THE SKULL.

Alexander the Great was a singular man. Instead of
remaining at home, and taking care of his people, he
set out to fight his neighbours, and when, by his great
strength and skill, he had overcome one king, he
immediately sought for another to conquer. Some
kings perceiving that resistance was of no avail, gave
up their realms without a struggle; but this did not
please Alexander, and to the first king who now
showed fight, he gave double the land he had possessed
before. In fact, Alexander was insatiable, not of land
and dominion, but of something unknown: he felt a
hunger and a thirst for which he could not satisfy
but which he tried to satisfy by styling himself the
son of Zeus, the chief heathen god, and then he
marched on again, spurred by unquenched desire.

One day, having marched with his army through a
desert, he reached a river. The waters of this river
were so pure and limpid, that they excited general
admiration, and in them swam fish of marvellous
beauty. Some of the fish were red as gold from Ophir,
others white as the snow on Lebanon, others blue as
the sapphire, flaming as the opal, or green as the
emerald. Although exhausted and hungry, Alexander
long remained in silent rapture at this sight, but at
length he ordered some of the fish to be caught and
prepared for his supper.

The fish were unaccustomed with deceit, and as soon
as the line was thrown out, they all rushed headlong
to the insidious hook; but their very eagerness
prevented them from reaching it, and it remained
untouched in the midst of the throng. Suddenly, they
all retired, as if to keep council, and after a while
the biggest and handsomest of the fish quietly
approached the hook, bit, and was caught.

At first, Alexander, feeling very hungry, did not
reflect much on this, but ordered the fish to be boiled;
on tasting it, however, he was so delighted with its
equisite flavour, that he ordered what was left to be
reserved for his breakfast, and then began to ruminate
upon the significance of what he had seen. Being
unable to solve the riddle, he assembled his seven
sages, and asked them: ‘What is the name of this
river? Why are its waters so clear? Why are its fish
so beautiful, so clever, or so stupid? and why did
their king offer himself to me for supper?’

Quoth Thales, one of the sages: ‘Great Alexander,
in order to solve these problems, it is necessary
that we should taste the fish.’

‘Well,’ said Alexander smiling, ‘you are clever for a
sage; you may taste it, but let me then have a wise
answer.’

The sages, after making a good supper, remained as
ignorant as before, upon which Alexander, indignant,
wrote a letter to his friend the great Aristotle,
explaining to him what had occurred.

After some time, he received this answer: ‘Great
Alexander, the river flows from Paradise, and the
conduct of the fish may be a token which you should
not leave unheeded.’

Having perused the letter, Alexander rose and
declared he had made up his mind to follow the
course of the river, and see Paradise itself; mean-
while, the army was to encamp, and await his return.

After a walk of seven days, he stood at the gates
of Paradise, and saw Abraham within gazing earnestly
on him. He told Abraham what had happened and
had brought him hither. Abraham did not answer;
he only handed him a skull.

‘This is no answer to my questions,’ exclaimed
Alexander.

Abraham silently shrugged his shoulders, and
withdrew from the gates.

‘Well,’ said Alexander angrily, ‘I take the skull
only to shew the nations that the most valueless spoil
from my world-wide conquests came from what is
called Paradise!’

On returning, the nearer he approached the camp
of his army, the heavier became the skull; and when
he stood among his warriors, and would shew them
his miserable trophy from Paradise, its weight had
increased so much that he was unable to hold it
longer in his hands. He ordered one of his strongest
officers to lift it; but the officer did not succeed in his efforts; nor did a legion; nor even the whole army. Alexander again wrote to Aristotle, telling him these facts, and asking him for an explanation.

The answer ran thus: 'Great Alexander, a handful of earth upon the skull, and a child will be able to lift it.'

The experiment was made, and lo! it turned out as Aristotle had written.

'But how is this to be explained?' said Alexander impatiently.

'Great Alexander,' said the reader of the letter, 'Aristotle has added these words: A handful of earth on the greatest skull, and it becomes but an ordinary skull.'

III.

RABBI JOSCHUAH AND THE PRINCESS.

Rabbi Joschua, son of Rabbi Chavanya, was one of those men whose mind is handsomer than their body. He was of so swarthy a complexion that people often called him the Blacksmith, and mothers used to intimidate their children by saying: 'If you are not good, I will call in the swarthy Rabbi Joschua.' But at the same time he was beloved by all who knew him, and the Emperor Trajan held him in high esteem for his learning and honourable character.

One day, when at the palace, the daughter of the emperor ridiculed him for his ugliness. 'Rabbi,' she said, 'how is it possible that so much costly wisdom is kept in such an ugly vessel?' Joschua answering her with a question, requested her to tell him in what kind of vessel her father's wine was kept. 'Oh,' replied she, 'in what else should it be kept but in earthen vessels.'

'Oh,' said he, 'so the most vulgar people do; the wine of the emperor ought to be kept in finer vessels.'

Believing that he had spoken in earnest, and that he had given her a good advice, she ordered a large quantity of wine to be poured into gold and silver vessels; but on tasting the wine shortly afterwards, she found it had turned sour.

'Joschua,' said she, when again meeting the rabbi, 'it was clever advice, indeed, you gave me! The wine which was poured into gold and silver vessels is spoiled.'

'Then,' answered the rabbi, 'you have learned that it is best kept in unseemly vessels. Thus it is likewise with wisdom.'

But,' exclaimed the princess, 'I am sure, men have been wise and handsome too.'

'Ay, but they would probably have been wiser if less handsome,' said the rabbi; meaning, no doubt, that beauty generally is accompanied by vanity, and this, as is well known, leads not to wisdom.

IV.

A GREEK PHILOSOPHER AND A RABBI.

'Your God calls himself a jealous God, who will not suffer other gods beside him, and on all occasions He expresses his abhorrence of polytheism. How can it be that He threatens the worshippers of the "false gods" more, and appears to hate them more than the "false gods" themselves?' Thus spoke an Atlalic philosopher to a Jewish rabbi.

The rabbi answered: 'A king had a disobedient son, who, among other tricks, gave his dogs his father's name and titles. Should the father, then, punish the son or the dogs?'

At this sounds well enough, but is only an evasive answer; for if your God destroyed, or were able to destroy, his rivals, the false gods, He would at once take away the root of polytheism. 'Should He, because there are fools worshipping the sun as god, destroy the sun? Or should He extinguish the fire, empty the sea, take away the air, and everything else in nature on which they contrive to set themselves up as a god? Should He, for the sake of the blind, repeal the law according to which the effects of light and colours are regulated? Our God is a God of freedom. If a man chooses to steal his neighbour's corn, our Lord does not make the corn unproductive, but permits it to grow when sown, according to general laws. But at the same time the thief is sown in the house of the thief, and is grown, and with its secret poison weakens the shafts upon which rests the roof of the thief.'

'Who sowed the thief in the thief's house?' asked the philosopher sarcastically.

The rabbi answered: 'The thief himself. Go and inquire. Behold the fate of those houses where mischief has been done.'

'That we call Nemesis, one of our goddesses.'

'And we call it justice, one of the qualities of our God.'

V.

Rabbi Jochanan told his pupils: When the Egyptians were drowned in the Red Sea, the angels would sing a triumphal hymn. But the Lord said to them: 'What! creatures are destroyed, and you sing?'

VI.

RABBI RASCHI.

Rabbi Jarchi, commonly called Rabbi Raschi, lived in the 11th and 12th centuries (1040-1105 a.d.), and was born at Troyes, in France. His name is still mentioned with reverence next to that of Maimonides. He wrote a commentary on some of the prophets, and likewise an explanation of the Talmud, in his own work, without which that obscure book would be almost unintelligible. He was, besides, a great mathematician, and a very religious man.

It is said of Rabbi Raschi, that, on reaching his sixtieth year, and feeling himself approach the pale of life, he was desirous of knowing who was to be his companion in Paradise. Ha, of course, did not entertain the least doubt that such a pious and learned man as he, who had never transgressed any ceremonial law, would be ushered into the Garden of Eden, and be seated on a golden chair at a golden table, with a wreath of pearls round his head, and would be allowed to feast eternally on the glory of God. But he wished to know who the pious man was that should be placed opposite to him at the same table, for the righteous sit two and two in Paradise. When he had fasted and prayed a long time, God deigned to reveal himself in a dream, and to tell him that his future companion was Abraham-ben-Gerson, called the Zadik, at Barcelona.

Having learned thus much, Rabbi Raschi became anxious to make acquaintance on earth with his future companion, and to this end undertook a journey to Barcelona. To his imagination, the form of his Paradise-friend presented itself with a thin pale face, sunken eyes, long beard, a bent figure, a man who had studied the law night and day, had fasted and prayed; for such a man only deserved the surname of Zadik, the Righteous.

Great was therefore the surprise of Rabbi Raschi when, on arriving at Barcelona, he could find no Abraham Zadik. Several persons, certainly, had been honoured with such a surname, but among them there was no Abraham-ben-Gerson. At length, on asking if there were not in the town a man called Abraham Gerson, he was answered: 'What! do you mean Don Abraham the Wealthy? How can a man like you descend even to ask for such a heathen, who is never seen at synagogue the whole year round, nay, who eats meat prepared by Christians? We all wonder why he does not at once become baptised,
and his name would thus be struck out from the book of life! Surely, Rabbi Raschi, you can have no business with him.'

'A fine fellow is my future companion,' thought Rabbi Raschi, and he threw back a rapid glance on his own life, in order to discover any sin of omission or commission by which he might have incurred such a reproach.

'Surely, you will not visit that man,' repeated the learned rabbi to whom Rabbi Raschi had addressed his questions.

'Why, I may perhaps bring him back to the right path.'

'Do not flatter yourself with that—on him all endeavours are lost. But do as you like.'

When standing before the residence of Don Abraham, Rabbi Raschi was highly astonished, for it was a real palace, splendid, replete with beauty and taste, so that it even moved the heart of the old rabbi, who could only find this fault with it, that it did not behave a son of Israel to live in such splendours, whilst so many of his brethren were doomed to be in poverty and filth. On entering the gate, he found himself in an open court, where servants in gilt liveries were seen moving to and fro receiving visitors, who had come in splendid carriages. The rabbi wished to return, and he addressed himself to a servant in the hope of being dismissed, and thus having an excuse before God; but the domestic received him with the greatest respect, and ushered him up a broad marble staircase into a richly ornamented anteroom, where he requested him to wait a few moments.

When left alone, the rabbi said to himself: 'There must be some mistake. This man is a bad Jew, a man of no religion at all; he has obtained here on earth his golden chair and golden table—his Paradise; how can such a blessing be in store for him in the future? He is too rich to become converted into the right path of resignation and self-denial. But I will do my best; I am perhaps the instrument of God.'

The door opened, and Don Abraham, a tall, handsome man, of about thirty, made his appearance. With a friendly greeting, he bade the rabbi welcome, and added: 'Let me hope that my humble roof may be honoured during a long period by the presence of such an excellent, learned, and pious guest.'

'Pious!' exclaimed Rabbi Raschi; 'how do you dare to say pious—to talk of piety, you, a sojourner of the land! I announce to you I have come in the name of God our Lord!'

'I am sure you have,' interrupted Don Abraham smiling, 'and therefore I repeat that you are most welcome; but for your reproaches, you may as well reserve them, as I have once for all chosen my manner of life. Come, be friendly; let us become better acquainted; and, first of all, do favour me with your company to-morrow at the celebration of my nuptials—'

'Ah, you are going to be married!—and perhaps to a heathen girl!'

'No, to a daughter of Israel, a lovely, amiable, kind-hearted girl. Come to-morrow and see her.'

'Is she rich?'

'No.'

'Well; if only she were led into a good Jewish house, it would be an agreeable sight in the eyes of God. Meanwhile, who knows?—it may be a miracle.'

I will come.'

The conversation was interrupted by a servant announcing a poor woman.

'Let her in at once,' said Don Abraham. 'A poor woman!' exclaimed the rabbi. 'Your marriage is to take place to-morrow, and you have not yet thought of the poor, but you allow them to come to you to remind you of your duty! For shame!'

'My dear Rabbi Raschi,' said Don Abraham, 'you are too severe. That you may judge for yourself, I beg you to accompany me to the woman, and ask her any questions you please.'

They went into the room where she was waiting, and on being questioned by the rabbi, she answered:

'Alms have been given, as far as I know, to all the poor; but I do not come here for alms.'

Rabbi Raschi was pleased to hear that his future companion was at least charitable; he was therefore silent, while Don Abraham asked the woman: 'What is it you want? What can I do for you?'

'I want your advice,' said the woman.

'Speak, and be sure you shall have friendly advice.'

The woman said: 'I am a poor widow with four children, three of whom are quite young. My eldest son, a youth of eighteen, worked for us, and by his honesty and industry has made us a comfortable though modest home; but now he is ill, dangerously ill.'

'Then, my good woman, you must have a physician; I will send you my own doctor.'

'No, Don Abraham, a physician is of no avail; my son is ill through love, disappointed love. There is a young girl, poor and honest like himself, whom he had hoped to marry; but now the poor girl is forced by her parents to marry another, a rich man.'

'Woman, why do you tell this to me?' said Don Abraham.

'Because you are the man, Don Abraham; and now, having spoken, I leave you to God and your conscience.'

'What is your son's name?' asked Don Abraham faintly.

'Abraham—Ben—Manuel.'

'When they were left alone, Rabbi Raschi, seeing Don Abraham deadly pale, with large drops of sweat on his brow, said consoling: 'After all, it is nothing. I have never in my life heard of a man dying for love.'

'Have you not?' said Don Abraham.

'No, indeed not. You may be quite sure that young fellow is not going to die. Young folks sometimes make a great noise about their love. After some time, he will find another woman quite as handsome—'

'There is no other beneath the sun,' Don Abraham exclaimed passionately: 'there is but one sun in the heavens. Take it away, and all is dark—the air is chilly, the heavens has no verdure, the garden no flower! Take it away, and you take life away! Life without love is nothing! Oh, the woman was right!'

'Well, well, Don Abraham, I only wished to comfort you. It is the bounden duty of a guest to share the grief of his host. It may be0 disagreeable, nay, painful to her lover, but I honestly think and say that there is no danger of death. Such sorrows may be overcome; but, of course, something must be done for the family, something of consequence even.'

'You are right, Rabbi Raschi; I hope I shall have something arranged by to-morrow. Do not forget to come to mincha.'

Next day, the rabbi was punctual at the palace of Don Abraham, round which an immense crowd had gathered, whilst through the gate flowed a magnificent stream of guests, who eagerly brought their congratulations to the rich owner of the palace. The harp or baladiya, under which the wedding-ceremony was to be performed, was erected in the court, the marble pavement of which was strewn with flowers. The prayer having been said, the bride, preceded by a band of music and by torches, was led into the court, when the noray read the marriage-
contract, upon which Don Abraham said: "There is but one little thing to be corrected: the name of the bridegroom is not Abraham-ben-Gerson, but Abraham-
ben-Manuel; I have only seen the schachtan." In all other respects, the stipulations are unaltered, and I leave Abraham-ben-Manuel to conduct my business, whilst I travel abroad. Hollo! let the musicians and the torch-bearers rise and their families are disclosed. Abraham-ben-Manuel and his relatives into the court.'

'Oh,' cried Rabbi Bashi, 'thou art worthy, indeed, to be my companion in Paradise!'

At first, the rabbi's exclamation was unheeded; but he afterwards related his dream to Don Abraham, who replied good-humouredly: 'I am glad to hear it; it is so pleasant to have a good neighbour; and, besides,' he added with quivering lips, 'I shall come single.'

Since then, eight hundred years have elapsed. We may all see, in a short time, if they are seated together.

'HELP A POOR MAN, SIR!' There are social problems moral thistles, so to speak—questions so beset with thorns, that we can scarcely handle them without pricking our fingers; and yet we must handle them. In my way or another, they call for a settlement. They are ugly flaws in our civilisation, and we cannot in honesty ignore them or pass by them. Mendicity is one of these. In the midst of our stately streets, in the midst of our haunts of pleasure, the beggar appears, an unceasing blot upon the scene. His rag and squalor spoil the brilliant show. Beauty and splendour, and the pomp of royalty itself, gallant military displays, great triumphs of art and science, all meet with a silent reproach in the squalid, bowing wretch that looks so disorderly on such grand occasions. The beggar's eye seems to say: 'Ah, nineteenth century, nineteenth century, you are no better than the dead ages of your bygone ancestors! You can build, and fight, and feast; you can colonise the earth, build towns, and put a girdle of electric wire around its zone, but you cannot feed and clothe me. Here am I, naked and hungry, just as your eighteenth predecessor left me.' And the nineteenth century really does not know what to answer to the suppliant; so it ostensibly bids him, by the mouth of an official in blue, with a bracelet on his arm, and a brass-headed staff in his pocket, to 'move on'—whither, it does not deign to inform him; and feeling ashamed of its harshness, and not quite comfortable about the results of its bounty, the hand of charity is put into the outstretched hand, and scuttles away with an awkward sense of having cheated its own conscience.

Yes, Society is hopelessly puzzled as to her duties on this particular point. She has her Mentors on this head, as on most others, but they disagree shockingly, and poor bewildered Mrs Grundy knows not what to do. Society goes to church, and there hears, in the sublime words of poet, and prophet, and lawgiver, and apostle, ay, and from loftier authority still, the bidding. Give, give! Society leaves the sacred building with tingling cars and a softened heart. She drops a liberal contribution into the plate that Mr Churchwarden Trumfie holds in the doorway; she 'remembers' the following Lazarus who sweeps one crossing, and the decent widow in clean weeds and an obtrusive bonnet cap who holds the bom at a second. The man who carries, stitched upon his breast, a placard which ensigns that he is a pure heart, receives compassion in a practical form; even the Hindu with tracts, or the sly-eyed Chinaman, or the saucy chatterer, who sings and carols to the tune of the bell, but who was most unaccountably excluded from Greenwich Hospital, and bears his years very well considering, comes in for a share of her bounty. But once at home, and at lunch, Society is subjected to other and sternier influences.

'Do you know, Sophonisba, what mischief you have done this day?' says Mr S. didactically. 'I say nothing of your contribution to the mission at Ootakertonga, because I take it for granted that the missionaries are the torch-bearers of the natives and are sure to eat them, as usual, before another charity sermon comes round; but I speak of your reckless encouragement of idleness and vice, seeing small coin to reap a harvest of imposture; that woman to whom you would give a shilling—'

'It was all for the sake of the child, the poor child in her arms. Thomas, dear, with its poor little innocent face quite blue with the cold,' pleads Mrs S., thus arraigned. But Mr S. informs her that such children are hired in Seven Dials and on Saffron Hill at fourscore a day, with a large allowance where a whole family is taken, and that the unnatural parents who are proprietors of the poor little shivers, barter the health and lives of their offspring for boil-steaks and gin.

'I remember that woman's face these seven years,' persists Mr S.—a regular Moloch. She has expended in her charity, at a guess, I think, a half dozen of hired child, as often in the deep streets. You noticed what a cough the poor child had got already?'

'Do you mean to say, Mr S.' cries his wife, with horror in her voice and terror in her eyes; for all women have a tenderness, almost a reverence, for little children. Her husband nods gloomily, and stirs the fire. 'The wretches! I would hang them all,' cries Mrs Society, thoroughly exasperated. And next day the well-meaning lady meets poor Will Delve, the sick hedger, out of work, with his thin wife and hungry boys, the beggar who began the song, in search of unattainable employment, and she discords Bill's wife's unavailing tale, and won't give the family a penny.

So we oscillate—wade to side and are usually in extremes on one hand or the other. Indeed, there is a wide difference between the practice and principles, especially the latter, of the elder generation and the new one. My grandfather and grandmother—all honour to their white hair and simple hearts—have never ceased their benefactions to what they call, in old-fashioned parlance, 'the poor beggars.' To question the truth of a suppliant's story appears a kind of minor blasphemy to old Mr and Mrs Grundy. They believe and give; they shake their heads at the audacity of the beggar; and mendicancy is now against the law. 'What are the poor rogues to do?' asks my grand sire. 'Work? Ah, but suppose they can't get work to do! On the other hand, my cousin, Philip Grundy, of the Upper Temple, is a hardened political economist. He is always quoting that statement of Archbishop Whately, which shocks ladies so much, to the effect that his Grace has committed many sins, but never that particular sin of giving to a street-beggar. I once caught Philip giving sixpence to a wretched mass of rags and disease, and he coloured and frowned as if I had detected him in cheating at Whist or picking pockets. He acts up to his principles, hands over beggars to the grip of a reluctant policeman, appears as evidence before magistrates, and is tremendously bullied by the prisoner's lawyer, and hissed by the women in court. 'I don't care,' Philip says, 'though I've been twice pilloried in Puosh, and gibbed repeatedly by the penman papers. It is the duty of the poor him; he receives compassion in a practical form; even the Hindu with tracts, or the sly-eyed Chinaman, or the saucy chatterer, who sings and carols to the tune of the bell, but who was most unaccountably excluded from Greenwich Hospital, and bears his years very well considering, he who demands the bride from her parents for another.
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

bring forward a stringent bill on his favourite subject.
He has the hottest arguments possible with old Mr Grundy, our grandfather. Tears dim Mrs O.'s silver-rimmed spectacles as she listens to his heresies. He is constantly being irritated by having a patient scratched out of the old gentleman's will for his hardness of heart. But the old man, when he cools down, cannot but respect Mr Grundy’s honesty, single-mindedness, and good intentions.

' A moral leprosy,' says Philip; 'I wish we must have that courage to cure it. You needn't shake your head; you needn't quote texts for my confusion. Yes, sir, I know we shall have the poor always in the land, ever with us—scripture tells us that—the poor, mark the distinction, but not the beggar. Don't begin again about Dives and Lazarus. The Jews had no poor-law, no organised relief; Lazarus would have been taken care of, ay, and healed, in our own time. And what we want is to help, and tenderly care for, the ailing, the imbible, and the worn-out, who have no friends able to cherish them, but not to foster impos- ture, and laziness, and lies, sir.'

I believe Philip has some utopia in his head, with which, I confess, I have some sympathy. He wishes to see some radical change in our poor-law, whereby every one who can and will shall work shall find employ- ment readily provided by government agency, at work rates not below the market rate, so as to tempt away labour from private employers. There is to be work devised for all calibres of adult and adolescent strength, but children are to be left to the schoolmaster, and beggary in all its branches is to be driven from the market, and totally exterminated.

'No need of very severe laws, sir,' says Cousin Grundy, 'mendicancy is penal already, and we only want public opinion and feeling to endorse the act of parliament. But we shall never manage until everybody has reason to know that a beggar must be a rogue; that he could get work, or, at any rate, warmth, shelter, food, and clothing in the next street, if he chose, and that to give a wily mendicant the means of dissipation would be a folly and a wrong. It is not so now. I want that, myself, when I refuse alms to the woman whimpering at my elbow. I feel an inward pang as I send that slouching, tattered fellow empty away. The whimpering of that importunate child haunts me, and utterly a parrot cry for half-pence, will ring in my ears for hours. Poor little thing! it's not her fault that she was born of beggar parents, in a beggar's court in St Giles's. But I don't expect her to get up to beg, and she should not be reared as a begging family of children to whine at the heels of unborn generations. Did you think it was a pleasure to me to give Mrs Anne Cadgers in charge of L 75? But you did, you did; I went in at school to take a dose of birch-rod. I shall appear to-morrow before the magistrate, and the lawyers and the cheap papers will worry me as of old.'

I have not the cruel courage of my cousin. My head pulls me one way, and my heart another. Yes, poor child, it would be a thousand times better you were in a reformatory; but I do not like to place you in the custody of L 75. I daresay you are telling me a pack of falsehoods about your sick mother, and your numerous brothers and sisters, and the length of time since you tasted food, but your poor pinched face and chillblained hands tell no lies; you are cold, wet, and hungry. Hang it all, there is such truth among all these lies—there is something for you; and off runs the child, and I see her skirmishing around some ladies in the distance, and I look out of the window. Let Cousin Philip should have observed his backsliding.

I believe that I am but a type of a great many Britons of my own sex and station. We have not the heart to the charity of a beggar, but we are an applicant with 'Go to the workhouse.' We have visions of a gloomy bastile, thin gruel, a stone-breaking yard, and a system severe and niggardly. Besides, if we did say the harsh words, the beggar would be sure to reply that he or she had tried, and could not get admission; and we know by the newspaper reports that Czercerus is constantly beaten and jeered at by some who guard Union doors. It is too true. The poor cannot always burst the gudgeon barrier between them and the food and shelter which Britain and every European nation provides for them. Some workhouses are pandemonium of discomfort, tyranny, and hunger; some are admirably managed, and contain none but well-fed and contented inmates. It is a lottery. It ought not to be one. We should all, I think, like to do what is kind, and just, and prudent in this matter. We have no Bishop Hattes now, who would exterminate the miserable as vermin; all wish well to the poor, and would lighten their burden, could the manner but be agreed upon. There is the rub. We are only at present beginning to consider the subject from a rational point of view. Our ancestors left us this Gordian-knot along with others. They were most illogical folks where the beggar was concerned. In general, they petted him, fostered him, and regarded him as an integral part of society. If he grew outrageously impudent, they whipped him, and set him in the stocks; if he swelled too thickly over the land, and frightened the householders, the branding irons were put in the fire, and the smith was busy in making manacles, and the beadle in plaiting scorpions.

The Church of Rome has been, we may almost say, the Frankenstein to whose care we owe this monster. There were beggars in Pagan days; there were beggars in old Judaea; but it was in feudal Europe that mendicancy attained its utmost development. Bishop and abbot encouraged beggary by gift and sermon; princes annually washed, before the eyes of multitudes, the feet of twelve selected beggars. Poverty was proclaimed the apotheosis of humanity. The Franciscans—begging monks—carried their coal-scorches and gray frocks into every village in Europe.

The abbeys and convents supplied myriads with a dole of food. Up to the time of the French Revolution, the religious house absorbed the support of hundreds of thousands. In England, down to the day on which every monastery surrendered to Henry VIII., vast numbers were fed at the gates. We know what happened then; how all the whole armies of the maimed, the sick, and the idiotic, mixed with more dangerous hosts of sturdy beggars and bedlamities, poured over the country; how they beset the roads, crowded the streets, and ever and anon got charity from the frightened dwellers in lonely farms; how nation and government took the alarm, and with how stern a hand the burly Tudor king put down the nuisance. Yet, in spite of Henry's ever-ready galloways, that fatal tree on which he is said to have hanged seventy thousand thieves, out of a small population—in spite of scourge and hot iron, and the doom of slavery for every convicted mendicant, the institution survived.

Elizabeth was a thrifty princess; her House of Commons had its Puritan majority, not over-prone to sentimentual indulgence, yet the misery that existed forced queen and parliament to enact the first of English poor-laws. This, in England, was the great matter of the needy, and is always quoted as such. Then, first of all, did a Christian legislature avow the great principle, that every human being has a right to claim relief in the evil hour from his rich brother, not as a boon, but as a debt. The strand of events that was spun from this wool had dark threads in it, and did mischief as well as good, but on the whole the law has been a corner-stone to English liberties and prosperity.

It is worthy of note that no continental nation has
ever thus proclaimed the state the nursing-mother of the needy. The beggar—and his name is legion—has been fed at church doors and at abbey gates, has been begged for by friar and priest, and has never been the direct patroness of the lay community. The church has done kindnesses of a kind, as it had given great alms, so have nobles and burghers, but at the church’s bidding, and not from secular notions. Men gave as they went to mass, not as citizens or rulers, but in their private capacity as believers. It is so, even now. The Société de Bienfaisance are mere clubs for administering voluntary relief; the state may lend a little timid aid to these and other bodies, but it always shrinks from full responsibility. Foreigners probably give away a greater proportion of small coin than we do. On the steps of most churches crouch the blind, the halt, and the distorted, rattling their tin money-boxes, or counting their beads.

My friend, M. Anatole Frudhomme, or Mnynkeer Vandemarck, has one of those scruples which beset us heretics. He is a man of large faith, except in a bargain. He has no unpleasant qualms on the subject of cherishing impostors or encouraging laziness and deceit. He has a copper for every white-bearded mendicant, a copper for every female in rags, and he never asks impertinent questions. With him, a beggar is a pauper. If he were not poor, M. Frudhomme says triumphantly, he would not beg. As for a trade in whining, as for sham infirmities, and an artistic drapery of tatters, good Anatole leaves such suspicions to head-shaved and heart hardened Protestants. So he sows his small-change broadcast, and never recks whether his gifts sow dragons’ teeth or not. When he dies, if he be a dweller in some far-off corner of the province of M., it is even possible that in his will he is to be attended to his long home by forty poor persons. The procession is formed, and not the least remarkable of the mourners are the paupers, the forty beggars, male and female, chanting shrill litanies, and bearing in their hands an equal number of flaring, guttering tapers, the remains of which, with tenpence in money, form the need of their services. M. Frudhomme knows no more of our poor-law than he does of the jurisprudence of Japan. He has read in his newspaper that Englishmen are rank highwaymen, who make a game of giving a guinea to some charity, merely to get a banquet and an advertisement in the journals. Indeed, the French are never weary of sneering at our charity dinners, spaghetti, toasts, and election lists, etc. They cannot or will not see that John Bull is a dining animal, and that his purse-strings are always more easily loosened when his palate has been tickled. They really believe that people who eat are not destined to be streetwalkers of London, a gloomy city, which they delight to picture as the scene of unheard-of crimes and cynical stoneheartedness. And M. Frudhomme continues to distribute his sous with an easy conscience, as becomes one of the faithful.

After this brief bird’s-eye view of beggars as they are abroad, let us come back to the beggars at home. Two lines of demarcation exist, with more or less precision, in all our minds, dividing the professional mendicant from him or her whom imperative distress forces to ask alms. If a family or individual be tramping on foot to some place where there is hope of work or friends—if a sick parent or child lie starving and pinching on a wretched bed, fretting for broth and warmth, and lacking in all things, surely succour may be demanded and given without blame. A hundred cases may be imagined, in which there seems no reason at all to cut off the outstretched hand and the pleading voice. Yes, one resource; that which suggested itself to Mr Scrooge—the workhouse. But the workhouse involves a disruption of family ties, involves the breach of the tender link of husband and wife, of parent and child, of sick and well. The Board of Guardians, too, cannot spare the poor the neediest, and his name is legion, he be a needy pauper, en route for his own parish. Many of the decent poor feel a deep-rooted horror of the Union, its capricious officials, its hard discipline, its shameful slavery, and its soul-annihilating parochialism. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that workhouses should not be too tempting abodes; they ought not to allure the able-bodied to use them as gratuitous boarding-houses, but they rather overdo the necessary repulsiveness. There are many who would sooner die in a ditch than live in a workhouse; and for those of a different nature, or of a spirit more broken, the gates do not always move on too well-oiled a hinge. Bumbleton snaps and roars at the applicants, even when backed by a magistrate’s order and escorted by a policeman. ‘Be off!’ says Bumble; ‘casual ward full. No room. Orders of the Board very particular. No admittance, I tell you. Go to your own parish.’ And if the coweering guest are let in, for a crust and a rug in a dormitory, ten to one they are thrust out at day-dawn of the morrow. What is a poor wretch to do, on whom the porter of St Gruffangrim’s Union shuts the door persistently? Break a lamp, and go to jail; steal; or beg. The third is the most common choice; it seems so natural in the midst of abundance, of cheerful fires, lighted windows, plentiful meals, and the sound of happy children. Since even Philip Grundy, my Quixotic cousin, would scarcely give in charge such petitioners as these. And the frail cripple, or the dark of vision, or the poor creature bowed and distempered with its own birth, and never yet fit to earn wages by toil—what are they to do? The workhouse! True, they have that resource, and also that of some special asylums, and in their case the need is far greater and probably leaves in M. Frudhomme’s heart open his grudging gates to take them in. Yes, but a perpetual prison, with, perhaps, unfeeling attendants and a dull cheerless routine, these are hard destinies for any afflicted one. Even the blind man can enjoy the warmth and glow of the blessed sun, even the cripple can love fresh air, and the deformed have sometimes a passionate attachment to the beauty of nature, to the stir and bustle of the great world around them. So, failing better arrangements for their comfort, perhaps they live by begging, and it is hard to be very severe with them, in the show of giving a guinea to some charity, merely to get a banquet and an advertisement in the journals. Indeed, the French are never weary of sneering at our charity dinners, spaghetti, toasts, and election lists, etc. They cannot or will not see that John Bull is a dining animal, and that his purse-strings are always more easily loosened when his palate has been tickled. They really believe that people who eat are not destined to be streetwalkers of London, a gloomy city, which they delight to picture as the scene of unheard-of crimes and cynical stoneheartedness. And M. Frudhomme continues to distribute his sous with an easy conscience, as becomes one of the faithful.

Fifty that we cannot tell the white sheep from the black, that we cannot discriminate certainly between the rogue and the honest poor. There are multitudes who beg because they are poor, and many more who make begging their sole craft. It is not tyrannical in sentiment to object to this; it is not, to my fancy, unchristian either. Birds that can sing, and won’t sing, must be meant to be the songbirds of the earth, and not the crows. We must work, all but a few drowses, each in our allotted station. Nature, like a kindly but imperious mother, drives us forth to our tasks. We must eat, we must be sheltered, clothed, warmed, amused, and much more. Our wants insure our labour with brain and muscles. Cold and hunger are stimulants necessary to force us to exertion; and out of our needs, our desires, our discontent, has grown up all the mighty fabric of Progress, a fairy palace statelier than Aladdin’s, and with deeper foundations.

Do we ever envy the Neapolitan lazaronne, basking away his life in the sunshine, that serves him as a substitute for lodging, washing, and decent attire? Do we think idleness the summum bonum? If so, we err. Work is good for us all, braces us morally, mentally, and in the flesh as well. Why is the beggar to be exempt from this wholesome rule? Why is he to be kept from the warmth and food of the outstretched hand and the pleading voice? Yes, one resource; that which suggested itself to Mr Scrooge—the workhouse. But the workhouse involves the disruption of family ties, involves the breach of the tender link of husband and wife, of parent and child, of sick and well. The
work to do. To substantiate the first plea, needs elaborate stratagem. Pulls, limbs artfully bent, a sponge suitably contorted, mock wounds, sham sore bandages that hide nothing, pretended lameness; these were even more common in elder times than now. Luther has catalogued the false cripples of his age, the many hideous deceptions by which the hearts of simple Germans were moved. This art of "making up an object of pity was no new one, even then; it is almost as old as human sympathy, human credulity, human cunning. In England, such counterfeits were known as ‘Abraham men,’ perhaps from the old phrase of "shaming Abraham," which in its turn grew out of the beggars’ frequent reference to Lazarus lying in Abraham’s bosom. But a clever doctor, at any rate, can unmask the frauds of such as these, though mendicants have been known artificially to produce real deformity and disease in their own persons, rather than work. Generally, medical science is competent to overrule this first demurrer, when false. Duke Humphry de Mudford who made the book of his lives, by very simple means, as Shakespeare tells us in one of his most humorous scenes.

But the second plea is not so easily upset. ‘A poor fellow out of work’ is rather a puzzling custo-mer to dispose of; so is the sturdy tramp who trudges vigorously by your side, far along the muddy road or grass-grown lane, and who tells you not how hopeless since Tuesday morning at seven o’clock. ‘Why don’t you work?’ Perhaps the person applied to ventures on that per- tinent query. ‘You ought to be ashamed of begging — a grand strong fellow like you.’ New gawd, how ready is the answer! Of course the applicant is eager for work, is fully imbued with a sense of the dignity of labour, only no well-to-do brother will give him leave to toil. He can get nothing to do, nothing. It’s hard lines, indeed it is! Would you, you, kind sir or madam, or perhaps miss, have the great kindness to send the stout man with work? Ah, if you only would. There’s a pox for any person of sensibility or justice. The beggar has you on the hook. We are not, all of us, employers of unskilled labour. The man may be a sailor, mechanic, artisan, navvy, any-thing. He knows well enough, whether he honestly desires employment or not, that the odds are enor-mous against our accepting the challenge. Am I, in one case, to take this unknown supplicant home with me, and say to Sniggs my butler: ‘Sniggs, here’s a poor fellow in want of work; set him to clean the spacious house, let him have a free hand in kitchen and pantry?’ Must I, in another case, conduct him to my haberdashery establishment, and bid my overlooker convert the stranger into a light porter or warehouse watchman, or a supernumerary shopman? Or, by a third hypothesis, shall I, being an elderly maiden lady with a taste for flowers, convey this volunteer to Fuchsia Lodge, dub him a gardener, and turn him loose among my dahlias and chrysanthemums? Impossible! ten to one, I don’t want him; I haven’t a vacancy for even a shoeblack, and I’m not a dockyard superintendent or head of a foundry or factory, and I prefer to have a character, even with a knob. So I give him a trifling pecuniary compensation, and I go on my way, trusting that he will not spend it in gin or beer at the next public.

The difficulty is, that the plea may be true. Com-petition runs so high, that many a strong fellow, many a tolerably skilled craftsman, has to wander in search of work. All this is as if. It has to go far and fare worse before a gap appears. It is a game of ‘Puss in the Corner,’ no joking matter to the player. The tramp, the real incorrigible, lazy prowler of the roads, knows this as well as we do. He has to go far in false colours and a borrowed character. Perhaps he never did, except in hop-picking or the like, a real day’s work in his shifty life. He may be a sort of tinker, and patch a samovar now and then, or a birdcatcher, or a cobbler, a seller of Dolging’s correct cards on race-days, or a vendor of brimstone matches that nobody wants. To beg of a poor dressed person, is as natural to him as it is to a poacher to bring down a pheasant. He is a vicious animal, abusive, even dangerous at times; ready to rob on occasion; to fire a risk, or pillage a tipper farmer now and then; to pilfer unconsidered trifles often enough. I am afraid he drinks all the alcohol and beer he can get; that his morals and manners are on a par; and that he is a brutal master to that poor slatternly drudge, with the bruised face, and the baby and the bundle, who plods after him so patiently as he slouches on half a mile ahead. His is a peculiar caste of evil-eyed folks, which might be ‘improved’ off earth’s face with great advantage; but when you have found him out, I fear you may often confound honest poor people with him, and be unjust and unkind to them because you rank them as members of the trampang clan. Will Delves, who never took a half-penny more of any man’s property, never beat his wife, nor ever got drunk but at a harvest supper, suffers unaided, because Joe Cadgers stole your linen hanging out to dry. It is hard to know who seeks work in honest truth, and who makes it a stalking-horse and screen. Hop-pickers, harvesters, reapers, mowers, these have a practice of ‘begging their way’ to the scene of their work, and back again. Hops, indeed, are mostly picked by a class of mendicants and the like, who hardly ever labour except during that brief saturnalia of well-paid employment among the flowering bines of Kent and Sussex. The Irish who visit us to the city and reap, often make it a point of honour to spend no part of their earnings, destined as they are to pay the rent of some small holding in Monister or Connaught. They depend for travelling expenses on a Celtic volatile of tongue, and talent for acting. Thus, they are able to carry back their savings, all but intact, to the most trifling pockets of their garments. The ‘broken soldier’ is a less common sight than in Goldsmith’s time. When we see him now a days, it is usually a real ex-warrior, possibly a deserter, perhaps discharged from the service. Before the Crimean revival in matters military, he was generally a sham. We Britons had understood the trade of arms, and any pretender from foreign parts was a rare bird indeed. The Spanish Legionaries, the mercenary army who did such good service to Queen Isabella, swarmed over the land, singly, and reaped a harvest of small change such as beggars and all others realised, and the whole island melted into pity at the sight of their bronzed faces, shabby uniforms, jaunty gait, and powder medals. They sold their old coats to aspirants as crossing-sweepers (in a novel) sell their brooms and good-will.

Sailors, in England, have enjoyed a more last-ing popularity than soldiers. Counterfeit mariners have always thriven fairly, especially at a distance from the sea. These may be divided into two classes —the ‘poor old sailor, poor old Jack, your honour,’ who calls himself a worn-out man-of-war’s man, and the shipwrecked seaman. The former is the most ambitious line; the latter elicits most of the milk of human kindness. The man-of-war’s-man is apt to trip himself up with dates; he may claim to have served under Nelson, very likely, being obviously but half a century old, and he never knows where the Nile was, nor where St Vincent was fought, nor the Adriatic. ‘I’m a get up’ theatrical taste: glazed hat, jacket and trousers of blue Guernsey cloth, changed for white ducks in summer, pumps, black neck-ribbon, anchor buttons, lanyard, rogish eye, careless cap, and drooping square-cut collar—T. P. Cooke in reduced circum-stances, and advanced age. He is very jocular and obscure, ‘shivers his timbers,’ and swears a good deal, but does not know the molucca-tomato from the
Chamber's Journal

Cook's galley, and could not describe the commonest naval operation, to save his life. The shipwrecked mariner has a briefer tale to tell. He was saved, on a rock, by miracle, and lost his little all. Somehow, he never heard that sailors really wrecked are hosed and helped by certain charitable institutions on the coast, and his inland auditors do not know it either.

Since begging became illegal, wonderful means of procuring charity have been resorted to. There are the women who torment all and sundry to buy a pin, or a bunch of violets, the men with matches, ballads, buttons, needles, and so forth, sometimes announced as of their own make. There are girls with combs or half-pound lace, children with lucifers, all evading the law. Besides the turbaned Hind—selling tracts, the yellow Chinese, and other foreigners, we have very curious native practitioners in the art of magnetising forth coppers without incurring legal penalties. There used to be an old man who swept a crossing in Oxford Street, whose head was always wrapped in flannel, and who was wont to place his hand to his ear, and lean it on the handle of his broom, evidently suffering the tortures of an acute earache. Summer, winter, all the revolving seasons found him at his post, like a devotee in India, still leaning on his broom, whose earache was chronic, if never begged. I never saw anybody give him anything, but I suppose if that uncomfortable attitude had not been profitable, he would have given it up. There still exists an old woman who goes about London with a troop of dogs; she has done so for years. The dogs have been often changed in breed, size, and colour; their mistress is the same—a thin, wizened hag, in dingy garments, with a whip in her hand, of which, to do her justice, the well-fed brutes stand in little awe. This is the manner of procedure. And when at a crossing in a populous thoroughfare, the old woman stops, and utters mystic commands to her four-footed allies, waving her whip, and gesticulating like one possessed. A crowd naturally gathers—for anything will attract a congregation of Londoners—to witness the feats of the performing-dogs. The whip waves like the wand of a wicked fairy; the old woman shrieks and beckons one of Macbeth’s witches. The dogs, not being in the least up in their parts, yawn and saunter to and fro, a poolle going up the street, a spaniel down, a Newfoundland across, and the whole Sidestreet of the canine actors scattered. Thicker grows the crowd, more frantically gyrates the whip, the furies that chased Orestes could not mouth and gibber more fiercely than the proprietor, and the dogs do nothing; and so, da capo. What Baker Street has beheld, Holborn shall presently see—the same whip, the same energetic female, the same performing-dogs, that perform nothing at all. I never saw anybody fee this old woman either, but she can hardly keep up the entertainment gratis. I pass over the limping men who frequent parks, and always sigh heavily when a well-dressed person approaches; also the women whose stock in trade is a bad cough; and the people who ask you, if in Paddington, the distance to Mile End, and are so dreadfully depressed at discovering how great is the space between. These are small fish that slip through legal meshes. But the singers—their performances are noteworthy enough. When we see, stealthily advancing, a tall, red-nosed man, in paper cap and clean shirt-sleeves, with a woman in a laced gown, and five small children in snowy pinadores, we know, pretty well, what light quavering notes, what hymns sung through the nose, and what prose appeal to the chief warder’s ‘kynd brethren’ we shall have to undergo. Curiously enough, such family groups, surrounding of the go-between; for in ‘property’ times, are more familiar to dingy neighbourhoods than to the squares of gentility. The poor give as frequently, more frequently even, than the rich. They, who have so little to spare, who know by bitter experience how sharp is the tooth of Poverty, are yet the readiest dupes and most certain resource of the professional beggar.

Byron at Newstead Abbey.

In a far-off time during the middle ages, when the old Forest of Sherwood still spread as wild and wide as it did before the coming of the Normans or even of Julius Caesar, when its thickets were still the home of the red deer, and seldom knew the foot of man, when the Norman castle had not long risen at Newark by the flowing Trent, or the noble minister of St Mary at Southwell, a little colony of black canons, who followed the rule of St Augustine, came to raise, amidst the wild solitudes of the forest, that holy and beautiful house which, under the name of Newstead Priory, flourished until the general dissolution of monasteries. Newstead, however, owes its celebrity not to its ecclesiastical associations, nor to the high place it held in English history while it stood as a religious house, but to the splendour of a recent owner’s name; for it was the inheritance, and, during part of his short life, the home of Byron—a modern scene of a long and long farewell. It was Henry II. for its founder. Newstead, from a very early time, owned almost a principality, and was often one not to be forced from the abode of the hereditary huntsmen who came to enjoy the chase in Sherwood; and their regard for the good ale and larder of the monks seems to have extended to the pious recluses themselves. But although Newstead was architecturally admirable for the beauty of many of its features, especially the graceful western front of the church, that portion is now the only relic of the edifice—a fragment which is still the most striking and picturesque of all the buildings, and has perhaps no rival save in St Mary’s Abbey at York. How transitory does Newstead, in its whole duration as a religious house, appear, when compared with the steadfast and enduring oaks amid which it rose, and which were still vigorous when it fell! And still more transitory was its ownership by the ancestors of the poet, since whose succession to this property it has twice passed to strangers!

On the dissolution in 1540, the priory, and all its possessions in lands and tithes, were bestowed by the Crown on Sir John Shelton, the tenant of the Forest, great-nephew of the knightly ‘Byron with the Long Beard’ who fought beside Richmond at Bosworth. The anecdote relating to the sons of the first lay-owner of Newstead, which is given by Burke on the faith of its tradition in the Byron family, affords an example of the strange fatality supposed, even by the noble poet in his time, to attend the Byrons. Each of the sons married, and their wives are described as models of female excellence; but the elder son having married beneath his own rank, John, the younger son, became the object of his father’s preference. The elder, when going out to hunt one day, fell from his horse in a fit, and died immediately. The younger son, ultimately succeeded to the inheritance, but only to experience a life of sorrow. His beautiful and beloved wife lost her reason at the birth of her daughter—Margaret, who became the wife of Colonel Hutchinson the regicide—and within a few minutes of her death, Sir John, her husband—who is said to have become conscious of the event by some mysterious spiritual sympathy—also expired.

Although the new owner of Newstead had suffered much from the brutality of the Roundheads, during the Great Rebellion, the domestic buildings of the monastery were not in ruin a century afterwards; and, for possession of the property, there were more familiar to dingy neighbourhoods than to the squares of gentility. The poor give as frequently, more frequently even, than the rich. They, who
which is still charming, has not been (he adds) so much unprofan'd: the present lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oats; five thousand pounds' worth of which have been cut near the house. . . .

The rectorly, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byron; and the vaulted roof remains. The room here referred to appears to have been the dormitory of the monks when their refectory having been used as a hay-loft until Colonel Wildman acquired the property, and converted it into the dining-hall. The fine roof of what was the dormitory is not vaulted, but is of oak, in which Stuart ornaments, in a seventeenth-century style, have been inserted between the timbers. The Byron's have vanished.

But the owner mentioned by Walpole as 'the present lord'—namely, William, fifth baron, who had succeeded in 1736, and was the grand-uncle and immediate predecessor of the noble poet—suffered the buildings as well as the estate to fall into deplorable decay. The refectory was, as already mentioned, full of hay, and there was hardly a chamber of which the roof did not admit the rain. He not only cut down the oak—insomuch that the noble and spreading tree which stands alone before the entrance to the park from the Nottingham and Mansfield road, is almost a solitary relic—but sold all the deer of the park, which is said to have been two thousand seven hundred head. It has been suggested that this was probably the topic on which his memorable duel with Mr. Chaworth, in January 1755, arose. A club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen dined at the Star and Garter Tavern in Pall Mall, and a dispute arose whether Lord Byron, who took no care of his game, or Mr. Chaworth, who was a strict preserver of it, had most gain on his manner. Lord Byron being mortally wounded, Lord Byron was tried by his peers, and found guilty of manslaughter; and he passed the latter part of the strange life in austerities and almost savage seclusion, dreaded and unpopular, but surrounded by a colony of crickets, which, it is said, were seen on the day of his death to leave the house in such numbers that a person could not cross the hall without treading on them.

On the death of this old lord of Newstead without issue, George Noel Gordon Byron, then in Scotland, succeeded to the title and estates. This was in May 1798, when the 'young heir of fame' was in the eleventh year of his age; and it was in the following autumn, when his mother brought him from Aberdeen to take possession of Newstead, that he for, the first time beheld, as he has said, 'its woods stretching out to receive him.' Its state of ruin might well have called forth the lament he penned at a later period:

Through thy battlements, Newstead, the hollow winds whistle; Tho', the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay.

His college-friend, Mr Charles Skinner Mathews, in describing (in 1860) his recent visit, gives some notion of the state in which Byron found the mansion: 'Newstead,' he says, 'though sadly fallen to decay, is still completely an abbey, and most part of it is still standing in the same state as when it was first built. There are two tiers of cloisters, with a variety of cells and rooms about them, which, though not inhabited, nor in an inhabitable state, might easily be made so; and many of the sleeping rooms, amongst which is a fine stone hall, are still in use. Of the abbey-church, only one end remains; and the old kitchen, with a long range of apartments, is reduced to a barn. The east window, Leading from the abby to the modern part of the habitable is a noble room, seven feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth; but most part of the house displays neglect and decay, save those which the present lord (the poet) has recently fitted up.'

Such of the buildings of the monastery as were still standing in Byron's time, remained, probably, much in the state in which the monks had left them; and in the days of the poet they seem to have been still so little altered that the whole aspect of the priory spake less of the bane than the monk.

The church, however, had been almost destroyed, and only the buildings that were suitable for residence had been at all preserved; but the domestic architecture of the monks was so far retained, and a monastic style has been so far adopted in the additions of modern times, that the feature of Newstead which to a stranger seems the most characteristic, is the transformation of a monastery into an inhabited and elegant mansion of the present day. The picturesque cloisters, with the vaulted chapter-house of transition architecture, now the domestic chapel; the low, arched dining-room, formerly the prior's chamber; and the fine crypt, now the servants' hall, are the most antique portions of the old buildings that have been incorporated with the house. The crypt is as entire as when it was the eleemosenary of the charitable monks.

While the buildings of Newstead have been thus altered, Sherwood Forest itself has undergone great change. Washington Irving represents the house as standing in 'a legendary neighbourhood,' and amidst the forest-haunts which the exploits of Robin Hood have for ever associated with ballad poetry; but around the park, few portions of the forest remain uncleared, and 'the greenwood' is not what it was when inhabited by the red deer, and haunted by the outlaw. Yet patriarchal oaks stand like sentinels on the ancient domain of forest, and waving woods form a sylvan framework round the old historic walls, and seem to keep the spot with all its memories isolated from the turmoil of the world.

Of the situation of Newstead Abbey, the noble poet has himself drawn the best picture we can have in verse; it was composed in Italy, some years after he first saw Newstead, and when the ancestral seat was his own no more.

It stood embosomed in a happy valley, Crowned by high woodlands, where the Druid oak Stood like Caractacus, in act to rally—
And from beneath the boughs were seen to rally
The dappled foresters: as day awoke,

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake, Broad as transparent, deep andfreshly fed By a river, which its softened way did take In currents through the calmer water spread Around: the wild fowl rest ed in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downward to its brink, and stood With their green faces fixed upon the flood.

Its outlet dashed into a deep cascade Sparkling with foam.

*The adjacent lake, known as 'the Eagle Pond,' shares the romance which surrounds everything at Newstead. When it was drained in the time of the noble poet's immediate predecessor, the workmen fished up a fine brass eagle, mounted, as a reading-desk, on a pedestal (and as Colonel Wildman always said, two candlesticks also), formerly, doubtless, used in the priory church, and thrown into the lake for concealment from Henry VIII.'s plundering visitors. After remaining submerged for two centuries and a half, the eagle has found its way to the choir of the noble old collegiate church of Southwell. The hollow globe on which the figure of the bird stands was found to contain writings of the monastery. Two coats are said to have been seen when the lake was drained, but they were not raised, nor were they recovered (if they exist at all) when the water was again drained off after Colonel Wildman's purchase of Newstead.
And he thus describes the appearance of the buildings:

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
In a grand arch, which once screened many an aisle;
These last had disappeared—a loss to art.

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than had been
Elsewhere preserved; the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween.

An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpaired, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reformed, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the Baron than the monk.

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious chambers joined
By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,
Might shock a connoisseur.

Yet left a grand impression on the mind.

It was not Lord Byron's fate to see the domestic buildings of the monastery restored and preserved, as they have since been, or to leave many visible traces of his ownership at Newstead; but his genius has forever surrounded the spot with poetic associations that will be more enduring than its walls. At Newstead, when

The boy was sprang to manhood,
Lord Byron lived; here he wrote many of his lesser poems; near Newstead is the 'gentle hill' on which, in his pathetic "Dreams," he
 Saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing;
and it was while living at Newstead that he beheld the face
Which made
The starlight of his boyhood;
for in the vicinity lived Mary Chaworth, the granddaughter of his predecessor's antagonist and victim. Even the grave of his favourite dog receives the honours of a place of pilgrimage, and "Boatswain," is quite one of the "dogs of history." The character of his monument among the ornamental trees that decorate the grassy site of the priory church, and its unitness of such a spot, do not diminish the touching force of the epitaph written by Byron at Newstead on the 30th November 1808, and engraved on the tablet in commemoration of his gentle and affectionate follower—

The poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend.

One memorial of his boyhood's home at Newstead is still green and flourishing, namely, the oak which he planted near the house soon after his arrival. His name, too, has been attached to a spring that rises near a group of yews which were probably old before his ancestors had a name in history.

Byron, after long absence, took up his residence at Newstead in September 1808, and there celebrated his coming of age (on the 22d of the following January) by such festivities as his narrow means and limited society could furnish. Besides "the ritual roasting" of an ox, a ball was given in honour of the day. Nor were these the only revels of his "hours of idleness" at Newstead that startled the owls and woke the long silent echoes of the cloister. In the same year (1809), when contemplating a long absence from England, he assembled round him a party of young college-friends for a sort of festive farewell, and in a letter (written many years afterwards), in speaking of his friendship for Mr Mathews, Byron himself describes their unawarded doings:

"We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cell, and monks' dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some

seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so for visitors, and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking Burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the skull-cup* and all sorts of glasses, and bawling and roaring all round the house in our conventional garments. Mathews always denominated me the abbot."* 

After returning in July 1811 from his eastern tour, Byron wrote thus in a letter to Moore: "The place is worth seeing as a ruin, and I can assure you there was some fun there even in my time, but that is past. The ghosts, however, and the gothic, and the waters, and the desolation, make it very lively still!"

He peopled the gloomy and romantic pile with shadowy and substantial inhabitants, and it seems to have been during his visit to Newstead in 1814 that he actually fancied he saw the ghost of the Black Friar, which was said to have haunted the priory from the time of the dissolution:

A monk arrayed
In owl, and beads, and dusky garb, appeared,
Now in the moonlight, and now laped in shade,
With steps that tread as heavy, yet unheard.

He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,
But slowly.

This is the apparition that seems to have been regarded as a kind of evil genius of the Byrons:

By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said
He sits on the bridal eve;
And—'tis held as faith—to their bed of death
He comes—but not to grieve:

When an heir is born, he is heard to mourn;
And when aught is to befall
That ancient line, in the pale moonshine
He walks from hall to hall.

The life and the brief dominion of the noble poet himself seem hardly less shadowy. He had not long attained twenty-one, when, writing to his mother, he said:

'Newstead and I stand or fall together. I have now lived on the spot; I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure, present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain, in exchange for Newstead Abbey, the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition.' This was written in 1809. In three years afterwards, Newstead was nevertheless put up for sale; but only L90,000 being offered, a private contract for its sale at L140,000 was afterwards made. The contract, however, was not completed, and in September 1814, Lord Byron wrote: 'I have got back Newstead;' but in 1815 (on the 2d January) his ill-fated marriage took place; and on the 25th April 1816, at the age of twenty-eight, he left his native country for ever. In 1818, Newstead was purchased by Colonel Wildman; and his noble schoolfellow expressed to him his satisfaction that the place which had cost him 'more than words to part with,' had fallen into the hands of one who was likely to raise the venerable building to something like its former splendour. The purchase-money in 1818 is understood to have been about L100,000, and the much larger amount for which it was sold last year (1861), marks the improvement which everything at Newstead underwent in the hands of the late owner, who not only planted largely, and increased the beauty of the estate generally, but evinced his good taste by care and improvement of the domestic buildings of

* The skull found in digging within the priory, which had been polished and mounted in silver for a drinking-cup, and is now among the few Byron relics preserved at Newstead. It is of a dark colour, mottled, and resembling tortoise-shell.
this romantic old pile. In little more than eight
years from his finally leaving Newstead, the remains
of Byron were brought from Venice to this last resting
place in the little village church of Hucknall, near
Newstead, and deposited beside the remains of his
mother. This was in July 1824.

The rooms that the poet inhabited, and the fur-
titure he used, were, at the time of Colonel Wildman's
death, preserved as Byron left them—plain and
simple, but more attractive to the visitor who goes
in retrospective mood, than the new and luxurious
halls of Newstead in their modern splendour. The
panelled room, now or lately the breakfast-room, is
a chamber of great interest, not only from its sev-
enteenth-century character, but because it was used as
the dining-room by Lord Byron. His bedroom, too,
was carefully preserved, furnished as he left it. His
life-like portrait by Phillips adorns the drawing-
room, and a few less important objects—personal
relics, such as the little bronze candlesticks of his
writing-table, and the collar of 'Boatswain,' his
favourite dog, are also preserved for the sight of. The
library is perhaps more in keeping with the historical
shadows of Newstead Priory than any other room;
and the books, which, after Colonel Wildman's death,
were sold in bulk to the new owner of the estate,
remain as they were in the colonel's time; but in
the collection none that appear to have belonged to
Byron are known. As far as regards pictures, Byron's
description, in Don Juan, of the

Gallery of a sombre hue,
Long, furnished with old pictures of great worth
Of knights and dances,

where
The pale smile of beauties in the grave,
The charms of other days, in starlight gleams,
Glimmer on high—

has ceased to be applicable to Newstead. Heavy
tapestries, old cabinets, and quaint portraits, collected
from various sources and countries by Colonel Wild-
man, and carved ceilings of seventeenth-century date,
give a very antique aspect to most of the bedrooms
in the abbey, the names given to some of which—as
'King Edward the Third's Room,' 'King Henry the
Seventh's Lodgings,' 'King Charles the Second's
Room,' 'Prince Rupert's Room,' &c.—are at least
in keeping with the historical traditions of the spot,
though it must not be supposed that the chambers
themselves are of Gothic character, or their furni-
ture of medieval date. The private apartments, as
lately used by Colonel and Mrs Wildman, enriched
as they are by historical portraits and recent works
of art, are of a more cheerful character; and in the
stately and noble drawing-room, and equally fine
dining-hall, into which the old refectory and dormitory
have been respectively converted, one forgets the
former destination of their walls amidst objects that
certainly speak more of the baron than the monk.

The western front of the church, already mentioned,
is the only fragment of ecclesiastical architecture
that has been combined with the picturesque façade
of the mansion; but it is a fragment remarkable for
the elegance of its character and for its architectural
value as a graceful work of the period when the
Early English passed into that Decorated style which
began to prevail late in the reign of Edward I. The
enclosure, once beneath the vaulted roof of the church,
is now an open lawn and shrubbery; but in the
highest niche of the gable or western front, 'alone
and crowned,'

Spared by some chance, when all beside was spoiled,
the statue of the Blessed Virgin and infant Saviour
holds its titular place.

And makes the earth below seem holy ground.

The pensive beauty of the scene is greatly enhanced
when the moonbeams throw their calm and softening
lustre on the wrecks of human art, and fill with pale
light the garden that lies round the shadow of the
walls, where all is so tranquil round the forgotten
graves; and when, as Byron himself has pictured the
scene,

The rising moon begins to climb
The topmost arch, and gently paves there;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air.

The 'sum of Newstead' is not likely again to shine,
nor can it be supposed that 'hours splendid as the
past' will again be known there; but it is a place
that must ever be irradiated by the pale lustre of
historic memories, as a medieval shrine of worship,
and a modern home of genius.

OLD NAMES OF OLD FLOWERS.

Traditional names are among the most interesting
relics of bygone times. There are many that still
dring to our language though their original meaning
has been long since lost sight of, and failing to under-
stand them, when we employ them, we do it with
out a certain misgivings as to the length and cohesive
Some of them appear to us even silly, suitable only
for the prattle of childhood, but it may be pretty
safely assumed of a very old name that it is not a
mere empty sound—nox et putresco misil. The very
fact of its having survived the vicissitudes of ages
affords presumptive evidence of some inherent though
latent virtue; and careful inquiry into the structure
of words often brings to light the significance and
appropriateness of names which previously appeared
to be, at the best, unmeaning.

Many of the familiar names of wild and garden
flowers would repay the trouble of a thorough sitting.
We may instance the Herb Robert (Geranium Robert-
ianum). This is in appearance a silly name. Various
conjectures have been made as to its origin; the most
current is, that it was given in honour of some
unknown person of the name of Robert, who first
discovered the plant; but a conspicuous flower dis-
playing itself abundantly on hedge-banks, old walls,
and by roadsides, almost everywhere, needs no dis-
cover. The name is probably a corruption from
Rolwort, the red plant, for this plant presents a
remarkable appearance answering particularly to
such a description. At an advanced stage of its
growth, especially when found in a dry sunny situa-
tion, all the stems, the leaves, and their footstalks
assume a deep rich red colour—a phenomenon not
manifested to an equal degree by any other wild
flower, excepting, perhaps, the kindred Geranium
Lucidum, which also is occasionally deeply tinged.
The addition of 'herb' may be supposed to have been
made when, in course of time, the original Rolwort
was forgotten, to put a difference between the plant
and the man or boy Robert.

Borage (Borago officinalis) is a plant formerly held
in repute for certain virtues it was supposed to pos-
sess. Dodonaeus, Gerarde, and others asert its pow-
ter to cheer the heart and inspire courage. Its specific
name, officinalis, proves it to have been at one time so
much in use that it was an article of commerce kept
in the herb-shops. Undoubtedly, the preparation in
which it was an innocent ingredient was a potent one,
for good generous wine was ordered as the vehicle of
its imaginary essence. No wonder, then, if the heart
was made glad and the courage rose. But for these
results the subject of them was in no degree indebted
to the plant in question, which it may safely be said
has no such properties as were once attributed to it.
The superstition appears to have originated in the
similarity that exists between the name borage and
the verb boire, to drink, which may have led to the
idea that borage was good for a borage (breusega), a
potation. But the true explanation of the name may be found in the old words bor or mor, black, and eg or ego (Italian), a sting, cusp, or sharp point; and in this flower one may see a black projection of a conical form, much resembling the sting of some animal; it consists of an assemblage of anthers and certain valves, and standing out as it does in strong relief against the gay light blue petal, is a very remarkable feature. A momentary glance at the flower will serve to convince one of the propriety of calling it the flower with the black sting.

Belladonna (Atropa belladonna).—This name is commonly explained as signifying Fair Lady, because of its use formerly as a cosmetic—the juice of the berry to give a tinge to the cheek, and the extract of the plant to produce an unnatural enlargement of the pupil of the eye. It cannot be denied that the plant has a very remarkable specific action on the visual nerves, and that, though highly dangerous, it is at this day much employed, especially by quacks and travellers, for temporarily strengthening the sight. But a simple and more probable explanation of the name may be given; namely, that it is formed of the old words bella, and donna, signifying brown, for the flower is tubular or bell-shaped, not unlike a campanula, but of a dusky purple or brownish colour. Belladonna, then, represents the brown bell, as distinguished from the commoner blue-bell.

Among the names of plants, there are some which appear to have reference to certain characters or incidents of sacred history. St James’s Wort (Seneio Jacobea) is a kind of groundsel or ragwort, called by the latter name because of the singularly ragged or incised character of the leaves. Now, it is well known that rag finds a synonym in jag, hence jagwort; this glides smoothly enough into jackwort, thence to Jacob’s Wort, and Jacob’s and St James’s wort.

St Peter’s Wort (Hypericum perforatum).—This plant presents a singular appearance when held between the eye and a strong light: it seems to be dotted over with minute holes, hence the Latin name perforatum, full of holes; and the old English name in all probability was Pierced wort or Pierce wort, easily corrupted to Pierce’s wort or St Peter’s wort. It may be remarked that Hypericum also appears to have a barbarous origin; y = prickled, or the prickled or punctured plant.

Lady’s Thistle, or Our Lady’s Thistle (Carduus marianus, and Carduus Marianus).—All these names are apparently corruptions of milk-thistle, the old and suitable Saxon title of this plant, which is remarkable for numerous white streaks on its leaves, the cause of which is the presence of an opaque film which overlies the principal veins in all their windings. The old French name, Chardon laitex, also points to this peculiarity; and this French name appears to have been the original cause of the corruption. The laitex-thistle, or lettuce-thistle (for lettuce has also the same meaning—laucus, the milky plant), was translated into Lady’s Thistle, then Our Lady’s Thistle, and ultimately the error was confirmed by those scientific men who embodied it in the Latin name by which we now recognize the plant. A very rich heraldic tradition was current formerly, which accounted for the white streaks on this plant by saying that the milk of the Virgin Mary was spilt upon it.

Dane-wort, or Dwarf-elder (Sambucus etula).—To account for this name, some old writers have averred that the plant sprang from the blood of the Danes who were slain in battle; others more modestly suggest that the Danes first introduced it into this country. It differs from our common elder-tree in the style of its growth, being strictly an herbaceous perennial, seldom attaining a greater height than six or seven feet. The old British language throws light upon this name, Dan in that language signifying inferior; and it appears reasonable to conclude that this is the Dan-elder, or Dwarf-elder.

TWO AUTUMN PICTURES.

I. EVENING.

The grass is dank with twilight dew; The sky is throbbing thick with stars— I see the never-parted Twins, And, guarding them, the warrior Mars; High, too, above the dark elm-trees, Glitter the sister Pleiades.

No foot upon the quiet road— No foot upon the quiet bridge— Only the watchman is abroad. From distant gate, the mastiff’s bark Comes sounding cheerily through the dark.

The hazel leaves, black velvet now, Rise patterned against the twilight sky; The restless swallow sleeps at last. The owl uncovers its luminous eye; From out its covering of vines, From us its covering of vines.

I know above my lamp-lit room The kindly angel-stars are watching, O'er the long line of dark-ridged roof, Over the gable-end and thatching; And now I blow the light out—pray, Dear wife, for him who's far away.

II. MORNING.

With Hope renewed, with fresher love, With heart’s return and brighter eyes, Now Morning glitters in the grass. With gladsome thought, I 'gin to rise. The lawn is blooming dewy gray, Flower-like expands the golden day.

The robin on the mountain ash His morning-hymn sings sweet to me; High on the topmost twig alone He sings, calm, clear, and joyously. The yellow leaves around him fall; From distant fields the black-birds call.

One rose, on this gray autumn day, Blooms with a steadfast fame, Like other flowers in slow decay, Going to whence they came: As swarms of golden butterflies, The dead leaves fill October skies.

Through ceaseless golden rain of leaves, The market-carts jog by, While morning clouds, go, fraught with light, In order through the sky. The trees, with hushed and bated breath, Are waiting silently for death.

The bees are on the ivy bloom, Blythe as in April-time; The gathering swallows on the roofs Look toward another clime; Teaching us all that, proud or meek, We too another home must seek.

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NEWs.

We all like news. That person over whose nerves curiosity has no power, must be indeed in a bad way; but such indifferent monsters are rare. The strong but viewless chain of human sympathy goes round the world, and knits all hearts and minds into a common bond of union. The appetite for news, however, though natural as hunger and thirst, grows by what it feeds on, and differs mightily in different epochs. A very small measure of intelligence, served out at intervals, like the wine-glassful of water to the famishing crew of a becalmed boat, will satisfy some of us. There are minds that become saturated, so to speak, with the veriest minim of information, and which ruminate over their mental nourishment with the slow enjoyment of a cow in clover. Others have a greedy longing for fresh tidings, fret and chafe for the ‘last word’ of the dispute, the finis at the story’s end, and must have their news hot and hot, with scarcely a pause between the relays of novel facts.

News has its history, and the art of communicating it has not proved the least progressive of sciences. The elder brotherhood of nations, the Assyrians and Egyptians, recorded it in a tardy and pompous fashion quite their own. Their victories and pageants glimmer before us still, painted on wall and enamelled in pavement; here embodied in a hieroglyph, there moulded in a bas-relief. When a battle was gained or a province conquered, they gravely set to work with their pictorial illustrations of the triumph, and they have left us what are very valuable portraits of the captives, the auxiliaries, the king and warriors, and even the engines employed; but this was a tardy process, more fitted to instruct future generations than contemporaries. Imagine the British public patiently awaiting for full particulars regarding Trafalgar and the Nile until Sir Edwin should have finished the lions of the Nelson monument. Obelisks and friezes are but a sorry method of imparting news.

St Paul tells, in one lucid sentence, how rapid and restless was the Athenian love of news. The tongues of that fiery race were seldom idle, and their ears were thirsty for winged words. To them, a new idea was as welcome as to the modern Parisians, while it was their nature to be extravagantly elated or depressed by what they heard. The man who, by spreading the false tidings of a victory, had given his countrymen ‘one happy day,’ only saved himself from death by the epigrammatic promptness of his apology; and when the commanders of the beaten fleet forbade the evil news to be told, an unlucky mariner must needs drop into a barber's shop at the Firenza, and before the customer's chin was clean shaved, the Agora of Athens knew the worst. But perhaps no bulletin ever equalled in breathless interest that living gazette, the dying messenger who rushed into Athens on the day of the great triumph of Marathon, dusty, ghastly pale, dripping blood from twenty wounds, but proudly bearing aloft the captured standard of the Great King, as something worth the price paid for it in patriotic lives. We can fancy the excited throng gathering fast in the marketplace, the cries, the tears, the outstretched arms, the faces transfixed with joy, pity, hope, terror, as the exhausted hero sobs out in broken words the tidings of the day.

The Romans invented the post, which with them meant merely the providing of an adequate number of chariots, horses, and riders, at recognised stations on the great road, to transport magistrate and general, messengers of state, ambassadors, and sometimes persons who were in favour with the chiefs of the commonwealth. But this post was never designed to accommodate the public, and it was so slenderly fitted for any extraordinary pressure on its resources, that it was said to be ruined by the obligation to convey the swarming bishops, Arian and orthodox, who hurried to dispute on church affairs before the Emperor Julian.

The transmission of news during the dark ages was miserably imperfect. On the great roads leading to places of peculiar sanctity or wealth, pilgrims and pedlars no doubt disseminated a sufficiency of rumours and assertions, more or less based on fact; but the inhabitants of remote districts were often left for years in ignorance of the most important public events, and even the decease of a reigning sovereign was but slowly recognised in the more distant parts of his dominions. Monarchs and great nobles, however, though indifferent to the accommodation of the nation at large, set a high value on early intelligence when their own welfare was at stake. On this account, the herald and pursuivant were held sacred in any feud or war; the pope's nuncio, then a real bearer of news, was to be seen on every European highway, and no reward was thought too high for good tidings swiftly carried. Messengers varied. Sometimes the courier
was a knight, spurring fiercely over weary leagues of road; sometimes a sleek ecclesiast with ambling mule; and anon a barefooted monk, with rope-girdle and wallet, or a palmer with scallop shell and staff, as speed or security might be desired. Without going back to half-fabulous days, as when the portentous blast of Roland's horn told Charlemagne what wild work was thinning his paladins at Roncesvalles,there are instances of great rapidity in the delivery of news. That startling sentence in which the king of France told our English John of King Richard's release from prison—Take heed to yourself, for the devil is unkind!—was borne in, very few hours from Nantes to Nottingham. The news of A Becket's death, and that of William Rufus, flew as if carried by the birds of the air.

When a feudal nobleman of England or Scotland desired to send a letter to some dear friend and fellow-plotter—for letters were rarely written save on state matters—there was none of our modern flippancy in the process, no hasty penmanship, no half mechanical affixing of a stamp, no trusting committal of the missive to a branch post-office. No. Some cunning clerk—probably the castle-chaplain—laborediously inscribed the contents upon a fair white sheet of vellum or paper; my lord made certain inkly marks upon the page, meant for a signature; then followed the folding, the binding with silk, the knotting and tying, and the addition of the broad blotches of red, green, or yellow wax. Thump comes down my lord's signet-ring, or the seal in the handle of his great sword, upon the plastic wax; and the courier, armed, and with his master's badge in silver on his liv'ry coat, leaps into his saddle. He has many a mile to go, and it is a matter of some struggle through, enemies to elude, before the letter is safe at its destination. To stimulate him to active fidelity, the chaplain has written on the envelope these magic words:—Haste, post in, for thy few, for thy life, for thy life, run and ride!—and beneath figures the next portraiture of a gallows, artistically executed in pen and ink, by the same thoughtful person. Let us hope that the errand will be punctually done, for, in matters of this sort, my lord is a man of his word.

The relays of hackneys on the Dover road allowed news from abroad to reach London quickly, and it was of a nature welcome to his majesty, the couriers were bidden to noise the same abroad; but till the days of the Long Parliament, there was no protection for the forwarding of private missives. It is curious to reflect what innate vigour there must have been in the infant post to overcome, as it did, so many dangers from official dry-nursing, public ignorance, or carelessness, floods, bad roads, and footpads; yet it threw in spite of all, and by the time of the Restoration had become so gainful a source of profit, that even the repressive Stuart's perceived the utility of encouraging it.

A great change had come over the world, and intelligence was already thought necessary for others than the magnates of a nation. That was the palmy time of news-letters. Newspapers, the true printed journals, were fast locked in the strait-waistcoat of a censorship; the Mercures and Gazettes told what the authorities wished to be known, and nothing more, and thus left most eloquent gaps in the current history they afforded. But the news-letter writer was under no restriction. Even Argus-eyed Sir Roger Penelope could not be forever over the shoulder of every penman in the metropolis, and scores of quick-earred ready writers haunted coffee-house and Mali, haunted the Old Bailey and the pursuivants of the palace, and picked up the news. How there pens flash over the paper as they penned what would be read a few days hence in Bristol, York, Dorsetshire; the epigrams that lashed a hated treasurer or bishop; the reports of war and conspiracy, of court-scamander, town-talk, speeches in parliament, intrigues of Louis or the Jesuits. Some of these men had hundreds of correspondents, thousands of readers; they spiced their stories according to the political or religious taste of the recipients. One writer well knew how to delight the Somersets. The writer who had the ear of the Norwich clothiers, or was the Magnus Apollo of Leeds or Hull. All this stir, this eager demand for tidings, this intellectual activity, was better than the dull stagnation of old days, when men were content to chat now and then with a parsoner or a huckster who had come from the great city. But one of the benefits we owe our benefactors the free press, is the putting an end to the news-letters. To tell the truth, they were seldom very delicate or honest productions. Subject to no wholesome test of criticism, and exempt from the shackles of public opinion, they were written in a coarse, unscrupulous style, and rode roughshod over veracity and good taste. The Cottonport Argus, the Stockholmer Hotel, have London correspondents, whose racier letters may now and then give us a faint idea of the freedom with which the news-writers of the seventeenth century commented on the private affairs, characters, and personal appearance of those whom their clients disliked; but these are playful sketches to the dark portraits drawn in older days.

The idea of a postal service is almost an innate one. The Hindu dawk, the relays of runners and bearers established in China and Japan, the booted Tartars, who for centuries have borne the dispatches of Ottoman royalty, are all much more ancient than our European post, but they were wholly for the convenience of rulers and princes. In Peru, also, the Spaniards, by means of lines of high-road, paved with masonry superior to anything Castile could show, and numerous stations filled with swift runners, trained to perform extraordinary feats, transported by these runners the capital of the Incas. At Quito, in the centre of the continent, the Peruvian emperor was accustomed to see fish laid on his table which a day before had been swimming in the Pacific, and all this wondrous rapidity was attained by mere human toil. But the benefit of the post was a royal monopoly; and running runners were sent like meteors over the land for the Incas' use alone. The stern tribes of North America communicated by means of artfully knotted wampum strings, where writing was unknown—white—had a recognised meaning; also by peeled wands, stained of various hues, and scraps of bleached hide, on which rude emblems were daubed in ochre and charcoal-dust. Fleet runners bore these for almost fabulous distances through the primeval forests, and the Pilgrim Fathers often suspected that their enemy, King Philip, received his prompt warnings by agency absolutely of the devil, so quickly were they conveyed.

We can easily understand how the bale-fires, flashing red and bright on mountain-peak and high moor, warned the borderers of England or Scotland of invasion at hand; how the cliff-beacons on the coast spread tidings of the coming of a hostile fleet, or the glare from a castle watch-tower told Salop and Hereford that the Welshman was over the march. But the borderers had fashions of their own for quick communication; and with a promptitude little short of magical, boys on lean active legs, galloping from glen to glen and peal to peal, were soon in communication.

Another summons, common to all Christendom, but chiefly used in France, was the tocsin. The bells of one village answered to the summons of another. Men, in many a square league, filled the country with waves of impatient and menacing sound; and the invader or
fugitive found himself best as, by angry wasps, wherever he might turn. Roland, the great bell of the city of Ghent, which only tolled for a conflagration, and only rang for victory, could be heard over vast distances of the flat Flemish landscape, and was prized as a palladium by Charles V.'s townsmen. In the Scotch Highlanders, the fiery-cross, with its charred ends steeped in blood, assembled an army mass by mass, than any monarchy of Europe could have raised one at his utmost need; and in Arabia, a scrap of some emir's tent will do as much when borne on a spears-point.

Ill news, says the proverb, doth fly space. Indeed, it would seem to do. The loss of a great battle is generally announced by a host of vague, formless rumours, that pass on from lip to lip, that are revealed by a sad look, a broken word, almost by an electric thrill of popular sympathy. It has often been observed that before the details of any great public disaster could be known, the truth has made its way to the minds and hearts of all. The speed with which a report can make its way from one corner of India to another, excite the wonder of India's rulers. A shudder passes through the dense mass of human life, and all the might of authority can not restrain it. The death of a sovereign has usually been known more quickly than almost any other disaster of the field. We know what a prodigious feat of hard riding Sir Francis Carey performed, that from his mouth James might learn that the great queen was dead, and Britain under one sceptre. We make the tidings of Queen Anne's death a jest now, a synonym for stale news, but it was buzzed abroad so incessantly a hundred and forty-seven years ago, that it became a byword. The Jacobites kept to overturn the dynasty when they hired a mock lifeguardsman to gallop through the city bawling out that William was slain before Namur; and when Charles XII. was killed, his heir actually garrisoned the passes between Sweden and Norway, to cut off the news from his subjects, until strong precautions had been adopted.

False news has played no unimportent part in the world. Malet's conspiracy, which for a day left a handful of bold plotters the masters of Paris and Franche-Comté on the death of Napoleon. So did that stock-jobbing coup de main for which Lord Castlereagh suffered so much, in most men's belief, unmerited punishment and oblivion, and was executed with much dexterity, if not poorly executed. In our own day, the fall of forresses, the rout or surrender of armies, and other mighty events, have thrown their shadows before them for so far, that that substance has not always overtaken the image. The rapid transmission of news has perhaps been more studied than the accuracy of the news itself. Human invention has been busy on this score, and it is certain that for centuries the electric telegraph has been over and over again suggested in theory, and sometimes feebly essayed in practice. The Duke of Queensberry, the veritable 'Old Q.' once the best abused of British noblemen, devised a telegraph of his own. He laid a wager that he would cause a letter to be conveyed a certain measured distance in a time so brief that no horse, not even Chilterns or Eclipse, could have covered the ground in the minutes allotted. But the letter was enclosed in a cricket-ball, tossed from hand to hand along a line of picked cricketers expert at catching, and the bet was easily won.

The Admiralty plan of a code of signal-flags, and the telegraph, whose long tongue reached to vibrate on one or two special lines in England and France, were steps in the right direction. It was this sort of telegraph that hobby and duckedel to Louis XIV.'s minister. More than the first band of Esquisses had landed at Cannes with a few score of his old soldiers, and that the wonderful eagle-flight from Elba to Waterloo had begun. But a fog was fatal to the utility of the old semaphore, and the system was clumsy at the best. Steam, of course, by land and sea, did very much to appease the hunger for news. Couriers no longer rode on horseback from Naples or Vienna to Calais, and then on from Dover to London without rest, as in the old days when dispatches of moment had to be sent to Mr Canning or my Lord Castlereagh. The newspapers never could be powerful to the land, their dividend of profits depended much on their early acquirement of intelligence, and their agents would race frantically to London, with all the speed attainable by bribing postboys and 'nicking' foreign packets, to carry the first-fruit of the news. Carrier-pigeons, too, a very old resource, but a very excellent one, often proved worth their weight in rubies. When a cabinet went out, or when a 'dark horse' beat the favourite at Newmarket or Doncaster, the white-winged birds went cleaving through the air, seeking their distance, not in the unmerring certainty of their mysterious instinct.

At last mankind succeeded in commanding the services of a genius scarcely less potent than the slave of Aladdin. The little unquiet needle, throbbing like a pulse at every wave of the electric current along the far-stretching wire, gradually began to contract spaces early distant. Coming from the desert and mountain, from beyond seas and wide lands, men spoke to men whose faces they had never seen, and frozen Petersburg chatted with parched Algiers. News then developed into its present phase, and telegrams began to blossom on the broadsheets of the journals.

Those 'sensation paragraphs' to which nine-tenths of us turn as naturally as the compass points to the north, are not of very ancient pedigree. They made a feeble beginning in the days of the Irish famine and the Anti-corn Law meetings, but the year 1846 forced them into tropical luxuriances. Then we first began to think a paper tame and dull unless it could announce in huge letters the toppling of thrones, the flight of kings, here a massacre, there a bloodless revolt, elsewhere a desperate strife across barricades. When revolutions were replaced by wars, we came to enjoy our battles, carefully seasoned for our taste by the purveyors of telegrams, and in the present day these headings in big staring letters form the main attraction of a newspaper in most eyes. There is a peculiar knack in the construction of these startling paragraphs. They are generally short and adapted to rivet the attention, but will not always bear analysis. They do not invariably convey news, but sometimes merely the counterfeits of news. Such paragraphs are wooden untruths, not genuine literatures; and yet even they serve to illustrate the depth and breadth of the almost universal craving for news.

RAILWAY ADVENTURES

'Possession,' says the proverb, if it be a proverb—for it may be a legal dictum laid down since the celebrated case of Orange v. Stuart, for all that I know—is nine parts of the law.' It is probable that this expression was originally intended only to apply to property, landed or funded, but it has since obtained a much more general signification. It has especially become the motto of those who travel in public conveyances. If A be the first to enter an omnibus calculated (or at least licensed) to carry the entire alphabet, he looks upon the entrance of B as an infringement upon his rights; but if B, on his part, is well aware of that, he enters fawningly, and takes his seat in a deprecatory manner, or sticks his hat away, and looks as reckless of all consequences as a pirate boarding a gentleman's coach. His conscience tells him that he is intruding, and he behaves with humility or insouciance as his nature is mild or bold.
But as soon as C is seen gesticulating to the conductor, and the machine begins to slacken speed, A and B tacitly conclude a treaty, and gaze upon the new arrival with a common astonishment at his excessive impertinence. They push him from his hat to his boots with the loveliest superciliousness, and exchange glances of contemptuous pity at the state of his umbrella. You would suppose they would never enquire his companionship, far less enter into any alliance with that interloper, no matter how many revolving ages should elapse; nor would they, perhaps, if it was not for D, who takes his seat in the presence of a triumvirate of brothers, who seem upon him as though they were the Council of Three in judgment upon a conspirator.

This, too, is always more or less the case with railway passengers. There is an insane conviction in the minds of most men who get into an empty railway carriage, that that carriage is theirs, and if anybody attempts to sit down with them, their countenance and manner express abundantly enough their sense of the intrusion.* This is certainly independent of any desire to be alone for the purpose of indulging in the vice of smoking. Clergymen (who, of course, never touch tobacco) are as taciturn of their solitary dignity as guardsmen; lawyers look as if they carried the deed in their pocket which transferred the vehicle from the company to themselves for their sole use; the cardsharp alone is anxious to secure a travelling companion, and smiles blandly out of window at all apparently eligible persons. To walk on a railway platform in a line of carriages with a Bradshaw in your hand, and a travelling-cap on your head, is to receive a broadside of indignant and repelling glances. The truth of this will, I am sure, be admitted by everybody: my own personal appearance is engaging in a very exceptional degree, and therefore what I have experienced myself must have been undergone in more or less aggravated form by most people. For this reason, among others, I prefer to arrive early at a railway station, so that I may establish myself in the post of vantage, as first-comer, and survey my fellow-creatures with the air, I do not say of an enemy well intrenched, but of a superior, and with an expression, if not of hatred, of condescension. I was therefore annoyed enough to find myself rather late last Saturday at London Bridge, and the train without a single empty carriage. Receiving, therefore (and, if flatter myself, returning), looks of balderdash and defiance, I rushed hastily along the platform, glancing into all the windows for the least crowded compartment, and presently selected one which had only two passengers, neither of whom, strangely to say, surveyed me with the customary scorn.

The one was a young divine, with an expression that would have been eminently 'gentlemanlike' if it had not been so effeminate as to be almost ladylike; the other looked like a military man (as, indeed, he turned out to be), but had rather a peculiar air of oppression and melancholy. These two did not seem to be acquainted with one another, nor, as I have said, had they even made the usual league together against the invaders of their privacy. While I had myself been looking out for a seat, I had observed another man employed in the same search, who seemed to be less easily satisfied: not till the bell rang and the train began to move, did this gentleman make up his mind as to what carriagé he would travel in, when he evinced a tardy discernment in making choice of ours.

Even then he threw such a suspicious glance around him, as one escaping from his creditors might cast at three possible bailiffs, and covered into a corner of the carriage, as though he had only purchased the right to half a seat.

My journey did not promise very pleasantly, for, like the Great Lexicograph, I am fond of talk, and it did not seem probable that I should get it. The officer was silent, the divine was shy, and the last comer gave a terrified start whenever he was addressed. A trifling circumstance, however, gave an impetus to our conversation. At the station we stopped at, the officer bought a sixpenny newspaper, and having no silver, gave the boy half a sovereign, who hurried away to procure change. A considerable time elapsed, the whistle sounded, and we began slowly to move away. Just as we cleared the very end of the platform, however, the lad appeared panting at the window with the nine-and-sixpence. 'You have been fortunate, sir,' remarked I smiling; 'I had begun to fear that you would lose your money. Your patience under the circumstances testified to your better opinion of human nature.'

'Human nature is much vilified,' returned the officer gravely; 'if we knew it better we should live more happily with our fellow-creatures. As it is, however, we are in reality less sufferers from them, than we pretend to be. Not only is Honesty the rule, and Roguery the exception in the world, but there is a much greater amount of confidence between man and man than is practicable.'

'I have heard the same sentiment corroborated,' observed I, 'from the lips of a great philosopher.'

'I have had it confirmed in my own person,' replied the officer, 'in various ways. I was not, for example, the last time I start, with a box of trifles in my hand, a trustful kindliness from a stranger which will embitter my life to my dying day.'

This curious statement was delivered in a tone of such melancholy depth that even the shy young clergyman ventured to glance with astonishment at the speaker, and the gentleman in the corner entrenched his head cautiously from his collar, but a tortoise from its shell, in order to listen for more.

'Sir,' said I, 'if the matter to which you allude demands no secrecy, the narration—I think I may speak for these two gentlemen—would interest us very much. Pray tell us it.'

'It is but a short story,' said the officer, 'and I will gladly narrate it, not only to oblige you, but because the more people hear it, the less improbable is the chance of getting my misfortune remedied. You must know, then, that until the last four years I was engaged in business by no means the least established, and I had even appeared. I was sprightly and vivacious, and even in the company of strangers accustomed to converse without the least reserve. A morbid desire to establish myself in the good opinion of everybody impelled me perhaps too much to sociality, and my having given way to this may go far, alas! to convince a certain individual that I am indeed the villain which he would otherwise have only suspected me to be. If I find my pocket picked on leaving a railway carriage,' observed the officer with energy, 'my suspicions naturally fix themselves on the stranger who has manifested the greatest desire to be my friend.'

The young divine here flushed all over, like a western cloud at sunset, and cast down his eyes as though he had been himself accused of petty larceny; while the man in the cloak fumbled at the window, with the intention, as it really seemed, of getting at the door-handle by hook or by crook. By this time we were amongst the passengers who had taken their seats and closed the carriage door, and the conversation of any fellow-passengers turned, as it has done to-day, upon mutual confidence between man and man. It commenced, I think, with some observations of two mercantile gentlemen upon the credit system, but eventually resolved itself into: What should be done or not done
in the case of a stranger asking to borrow money of any one of us. We laughed a good deal at various circumstances and contingencies which the question suggested, and got to be very friendly. My companions all alighted at various stations, except myself and the gentleman with whom I had been chiefly conversing. As we were nearing the Terminus, observing me, I suppose, to search my pockets and suddenly change colour, he inquired: What was the matter, and if I had lost my railway ticket.

"No," said I, "I have got my ticket, nor have I actually lost anything; but I just find out that I have left my purse locked up in the desk in my quarters, and have therefore come away with only a few shillings in my pocket."

"Can I be of any service to you?" inquired my companion, drawing out his own porte-monnaie.

"Thank you very much," returned I, laughing, "for the proof of that confidence we were speaking about; but although I am going to a hotel, and it might have been so far inconvenient, I have a banker in London.

"But the bank will be closed by this time," urged the gentleman; "you had better take a sovereign or two?"

"Nay," said I, "in that case, I will take a five-pound note at once, which can be easily transmitted by post. This is, however, a practical test of your benevolent principles, which you could scarcely have anticipated to occur so soon. A total stranger."

"My dear sir," interrupted he, with warmth, "pray do not mention it. There is no credit to me in the matter, for it is easy to see that you are an officer and a gentleman."

Then he purposely changed the conversation with a delicacy which I have since never ceased to regret; for while talking and laughing, I forgot all about the hotel train stopped, and we went together to look for our luggage, and in the crowd we were separated without ever wishing each other good-by, or remembering to exchange our names and addresses. I don't know whether to send the money, or by how I shall ever repay him; while he, I have no doubt, concludes that he has met with a clever scoundrel, who did him out of a five-pound note. Since that unfortunate hour, I have never passed a happy day, and a journey by railway always makes me especially melancholy. I feel that my honour is tarnished, and that in the eyes of an honest man I am become a swindler. I have advertised again and again, to three times the value of the loan, without result, and while I trust you will make the circumstance known to as many people as possible, I have very little hope that the man I have unwittingly wronged will ever be put in possession of the truth."

"My dear sir," exclaimed the clergyman with unexpected boldness, "I feel for you deeply. I remember that in the famous novel Oliver Twist, there is no situation more painful than when he is carried away by Sikes with Mr. Brownlow's books in his possession, so that that benevolent gentleman's faith in him is shaken, and the honest lad lies under the imputation of being a thief."

"At the same time," said I, "your innocence, sir, should at least protect you from the stings of conscience; you have nothing to reproach yourself with but forgetfulness in not having revealed your name. The philosopher of whom I have already spoken, could have made more money and comforted himself on lighter grounds; but then he had philosophy to console him, for the possession of which indeed he had a European reputation.

"I should very much like to hear his opinion on the matter," observed the officer eagerly.

"At a certain dinner-party, then," said I, "at which this philosopher may be present, the conversation turned (as it was very apt to do under his guidance) upon the perfectedness of the human species. Human nature, he contended, was not only capable of perfection, but was already much nearer to it than clergymen and others imagined. There was a suggested, I believe existing in our common nature. Suspicion was only for attorneys and police detectives. He had had the most satisfactory experience of this throughout a protracted existence, but more especially in his youth. He then proceeded to communicate to a particular example. "In my early manhood I ran away from my stay-at-home friends in Yorkshire, who were ignorant of, and inattentive to, the yearnings of the passionate soul, and despised myself as long as my slender purse permitted in the wilds of Devonshire. When my money was exhausted, I left off that vagaabond life, and put up at a respectable hotel. Although I must have looked dirty and travel-stained enough, and had only a knapsack for luggage, no question was put to me as to myolvency, which itself was a charming proof of natural confidence. After passing a week or so in these very comfortable quarters, I sent for the landlord, and expounded to him the circumstances of the case. I told him that I already owed him a considerable sum, but that was by no means the worst of it (from my point of view), for that in addition to this, I had not got a shilling to take me northwards. This good and trustful person, who always seemed to me the incarnation of tender faith—not only credited me for the eight pounds or so for which I was already indebted to him, but furnished me with eight more for the expenses of my journey. Now, considering that the man I had given him might have been assumed, or, if genuine, might have been totally worthless, I consider this to have been a convincing proof of that benevolent confidence, which, I contend, prevails among the large majority of those whom I am pleased to call my fellow-creatures. I was then seventeen, and now I am seventy-one, and the man has not failed me yet."

"What an infamous scoundrel," exclaimed the officer with indignation.

"Nay, certainly not," said I; "he would himself have acted precisely as did the hotel-keeper if he had had the chance to have been placed in his position. He was one of the most generous and kindly hearted of mankind. Pecuniary obligation was, however, a matter beneath the consideration of his philosophy, which was stupendous and far reaching, but not comprehensive of details."

"The innkeeper, however," observed the officer, "was not aware of that."

"True," said I; "and yet, you see, how lightly the great man bore that innkeeper's probable opinion of him. In the wilds of Devonshire he was doubtless mistaken for little better than a swindler."

"It is a dreadful thing to be mistaken for somebody else," observed the young clergyman with a sigh.

"I was wondering whether the speaker could ever have been by possibility mistaken for anybody but his own sister, when he proceeded as follows: "I was once placed in a very uncomfortable position myself, through an error in judgment on the part of a most respectable female. When I was a young man at Cambridge, and even up to the time that I took my degree, I had absolutely no whiskers. [Here he fingered a little mole upon his right cheek, as though he would have said: "Nothing of this leonine appearance that you see in me now." ] I was indeed almost effeminate-looking, and some of my foolish college friends nicknamed me "Bella," and "Bellissima," which was even more ridiculous still. It was the long vacation, but certain business calling me to the university, I took the train thither from town. At the station, I met some Cambridge friends, who were making a shorter journey than I, but of course we got into the same carriage. A rather severe-looking lady, with spectacles, very grave, and very solemn, had made up our company. She looked a little alarmed at the somewhat fast appearance of my friends when
she first entered; but upon her earnest assurance that they would not, nor compel her to take a hand at cards, she grew reassured so far as they were concerned. I shall never forget, however, the look of intense suspicion with which she regarded me as I was not unhappy self. My face had at first been concealed by the newspaper I was reading, as soon as she caught sight of it, she gave a sort of virtuous shudder. What had I done, thought I, to deserve this! I had a trick of colouring at that time (the speaker’s face was purple, and had been so throughout the narration); and I dare say I became a little flushed. “Now, Bella, don’t blush,” exclaimed one of my friends, in allusion to this intimacy; whereupon they both burst out laughing.

I never before saw anybody look so shocked, and at the same time so dignified, as did the old lady at this. She then precisely the expression that the great Scotch reformer would have worn, under the circumstances imagined by the poet:

As thou hast taken poor John Knox
To the play-house at Paris, Vienna, or Munich,
Fastened him into a front-row box,
And danced off the ballet in trousers and tunic.

I shall never forget her. My companions, I believe, were not entirely aware of the hideous notion that had taken possession of her mind, but I knew very well. Their calling me “Bella” had changed her suspicion to certainty. She thought I was a female in man’s attire. When they got out at their station with a “Good-bye, Bella,” “By bye, Bellissima, till we meet again at the Lager” (I used to go to races in those days), I fell in a cold perspiration at being left alone with that old woman. I pretended, however, to be deeply interested in the matter, and made some remark which sounded like “a pretty paper for a young woman to be reading,” but I affected not to listen. The situation was dreadful. If she began to question me, what measures should I take to convince her of her scandalous error? Presently, however, she commenced collecting the baskets and packages, of which she had an immense number, and I felt in my great relief that she was going to get out at the next station. When she had all her goods about her, and the train was slackening speed, she took up her umbrella, and shaking it in my terrified countenance, exclaimed: “Oh, ain’t you ashamed of yourself, you impudent husky?”

“Madam,” I replied, with all gentleness, “I assure you

“Don’t speak to me,” interrupted she; “don’t attempt to deceive me: girl! I knew you from the moment I saw you.”

“After getting down from the carriage with some difficulty, she took the trouble to climb up the step again, and put her head into the window with these words: “I tell you what it is, Miss Bella; you’re a disgrace to your sex.”

“That was a more distressing railway adventure than even yours,” observed I to the officer.

“It is the most awful incident that ever occurred to anybody on any railway,” said the young clergyman, wiping from his alabaster forehead the perspiration which had been evoked by these distressing details.

“It is nothing of the kind, sir,” observed the man in the corner, emerging suddenly from his retirement; “it is but as a catapaw of wind to a tornado when compared with the experience that I have met with as a traveller. My nerves are shattered, my spirits are broken, I have become the wreck you now behold, in consequence of a single railway adventure.

“If you could call yourself so far as to tell it us, observed I delicately, ‘t would afford us much gratification.’

“I have a bottle of smelling-salts in my carpet-bag, in case you should feel overcome,” said the young clergyman.

“And I never travel without this flask of brandy and water,” added the officer, ‘which is very much at your service.’

‘Under these circumstances, I will endeavour to gratify you,’ resumed the person addressed, ‘although the recital of this can always unnerve me. You doubtless observed that I looked in at the window once or twice before I took my seat in this carriage, and that even when I had done so, I regarded you three gentlemen with considerable distrust. Moreover, you may have seen me shudder occasionally at sentiments and actions of yours which may have seemed to you innocent enough. The reason of this is, that I am morbidly apprehensive of finding myself in the company of any person not of sane mind. Once in my life—an occasion I can never forget—I was the fellow-voyeller in a railway carriage with a maniac.’ The narrator here took a prolonged sniff at the vinaigrette. ‘He was a powerful man, and even if he had not been mad, I should have had no chance with him. We were alone together. It was the express train, and of course there were no means of communicating with the guard. Mr Edgar Poe himself could hardly have imagined a set of circumstances more appalling. Previous to the outbreak, I am bound to say the gentleman conducted himself with propriety. He refused, but with the utmost courtesy, my offer of a Punch and the Times, and applied himself harmlessly enough, as it seemed, to the study of Bradshaw. Whether excessive application to that abstruse volume had bee the original cause of his unaccountable malady, I do not know, but the particular frenzy of which I was the miserable victim was certainly excited by that work.

“Sir,” observed the clergyman, with an air of intellectual languor, “can you assist an unhappy scholar to discover the hour at which this train arrives at Madagascar? I am aware that we change carriages at the Equator at 2.48, but beyond that I cannot trace our route.”

“Then I knew, of course, at once that the man had lost his senses. There was a cold malicious glitter in his eye, notwithstanding his soft speech, which made my hand shake as I took the proffered volume, and pretended to look out for Madagascar. To humour him, and to gain time, were my only objects. At what a snail’s pace we seemed to travel! How I envied the country lads that wavered their ragged hats in the fields as the train passed by; how gladly would I have changed places with the milkman at the meadow, or the carter with his team, or the policeman standing by the rail-side, with his “All Right” flag up. All right, indeed, and a first-class passenger about to be torn limb from limb perhaps by a madman!

“Have you discovered Madagascar?” asked the maniac presently, with great irritation.

“I was obliged to confess that I had not as yet been so fortunate; I had, however, still to explore the Scotch railways, and perhaps (said I) it might be somewhere among them.

“I don’t think it likely,” observed my companion dryly. “Do you not observe those thick black lines which cut the way-bill”—he here drew his fingers with frightful energy across his throat—“just as one thinks one is coming to one’s journey’s end? That is the North Pole. The late lamented Dr Scoresby chopped it into small pieces for greater convenience. We can never be too thankful for its introduction. Let us drink the health of the North Pole; let us compose an ode to its Low Thermometer. Come, you begin.”

“At this point, the narrator almost drained the brandy flask in his nervous trepidation. His excitement was communicated to ourselves, and I believe if the train had stopped anywhere during the concluding portion of the story, that each of us would rather
have been carried beyond his mark than missed the
dénoûement.

"Come, you begin," repeated the madman with a
look of extreme ferocity: "'Roll, roll, North Pole,' or
something of that kind; but not with your clothes
on. How dare you address his Low Thermometrisch in
that unseemly path."

In a quarter of a minute my companion had divested
himself of every article of raiment except his shirt,
and I was doing my best to follow his example.

"Harriet," cried he, "insolent minx, for Mad, Mademoiselle,
Madagascar is drawing nigh."

"No human beings, I suppose, ever presented a more
astounding spectacle than did we two in our airy
garments, kneeling upon the floor of that railway
carriage, and apostrophising the North Pole. I felt
my senses were fast deserting me through excess of
terror, and that if the plan which now suggested
itself should fail, it would indeed be all over with
me.

"What!" exclaimed I, "is it possible that you
venture to speak to the N. P. without previously
putting your head through the carriage window?"

In an instant he had leaped up, and darted his
head and neck through the pane as though it had
not been there. The same instant he released the
lamp retained him, so that he could not draw his head
back without great pain and difficulty, and in the meantime
I had opened the other door, and, at the hazard of my
life, pulled in the aforesaid lamp, which I found was a
stout gentleman asleep, who was almost frightened
into fits by my unexpected and horrible appearance.

He gave me, however, his railway-rug to wrap around
me, and I was narrating to him the dreadful events
which had just happened, when, lo! there was a
scrabbling at the open window, and then we beheld the
man bleeding from his wounded throat, his
hair streaming like a meteor, his shirt in a thousand
ribbons, his whole appearance calculated to strike
terror into the strongest mind. It was evidently his
intention to get off the train; a stout gentleman, speechless
with terror, pointed to his umbrella, suspended in the
brace above the seat in which I had placed myself.

I seized this weapon, and with the assistance of my
new companion, managed to push the intruder with
such violence, that, after a tremendous struggle, he
was obliged to lose his hold of the door-handle, and
seize the umbrella instead. Then we instantly let
go of it, and the wretched man tumbled backwards
off the train."

Here the narrator finished his story and the brandy
and water.

"Then the poor madman must I, fear, have met his
death?" said I.

"It is impossible to say for certain," replied the
nervous passenger with a shudder, "a skeleton,
grasping the wires of an umbrella, seas discovered
years afterwards in a peat-bog at the exact spot
where the accident happened; but I never feel
quite safe from meeting him again."

HOW SHALL WE TREAT OUR SOLDIERS?

It is astonishing how slowly the English government,
as managers and paymasters for the nation generally,
have arrived at an appreciation of the fact, that a
soldier is an expensive commodity—deserving on that
account, even without reference to higher considera-
tions, of careful preservation. Costly as the army
estimates confessedly are, they do not even yet con-
tain throngs of the classes where the public has ever
spent in many directions than is justifiable, but not
enough in others; more for the soldier as a fighter,
less for him as a man. Who could believe, after all the
efforts of the last thirty years, that the men there stationed are almost compelled to be
mindless and debauched, from the sheer absence of the
means for rational amusements! Yet such is now
known to be very nearly the case. A standing army is
maintained to be ready for any hostile contingencies;
but so long as the soldier remains in England, there
is happily little or no fighting for him to do. He
must attend drill and parade, must take his turn to
mount guard, and to garrison forts and towns, and
must keep his regimentals in order; the nation pro-
vides him with food, clothing, quarters, and a little
of pocket-money. For centuries past, there has
seemed to be a sort of tacit agreement that if the
soldier fulfills the one set of these conditions, and the
nation the other, the bargain is completed. The
leisure hours of the soldier were considered to be
something with which he alone was concerned. The
improved state of public rail煜ng, however, will no
longer permit this theory to remain unchallenged.

What Aldershot Camp is, most persons are to
some degree aware. It is a home for fifteen or twenty
thousand British troops, where all the regiments in
turn may go through military evolutions, and prac-
tise military duties, impossible in an ordinary barrack
or town. At first it was simply a collection of wooden
huts; but by degrees magnificent brick barracks have
been built, more complete than any others in the
country. It must not be inferred that these barracks
are wholly wanting in the moral and social well-being
of the troops; for there is a little schooling for the soldiers' children, under arrange-
ments which allow the soldiers themselves to obtain
a little occasional schooling. Donnington Hall is to a small extent permitted to the soldiers; for
the service allows six men out of every hundred to have
their wives and children with them in barracks. The
new barracks at Aldershot, improving on all that
preceded them, have comfortable quarters for the
married couples, wholly apart from the rest of the
buildings; they have good wash-houses, where these
wives of the married soldiers may earn a little money
by washing for the regiment generally; they have
good laundries, with all that is necessary for the
ablation of the men; they have a children's hospital;
the children, just mentioned; and they have play-grounds
and five-courts for the men.

It might seem that the advantages just enumerated
contradict the statements with which this article
commenced. But unfortunately it is not so. When
the duties of the day have been fulfilled, and all the
matters of washing and so forth attended to, what
do the men do with themselves? Especially is this
be asked in reference to the ninety-four men out
of every hundred, who, whether married or not, must
not have their wives to live with them in barracks. Very
few soldiers are married, comparatively, except
those to whom this special concession is made—a
concession depending on their own good conduct.

Heaven knows, the soldier has little enough inducement
to marry, with only three or four pence per day
as a support for his wife; this is all that can possibly
be set aside out of his daily pay, after purchasing the
trifling but numerous articles which are necessary
for himself. Soldiers' wives, poor things, have a hard
life of it.

The late Lord Herbert, knowing that very little
had been done for the intellectual improvement and
rational amusement of soldiers, but not knowing fully
the extent of practical evil resulting from the neglect,
resolved to have the matter ascertained at the greatest
military rendezvous in this country, Aldershot. In
the summer of 1861, he commissioned Captain Pil-
kington Jackson, of the Royal Artillery, to make a
searching investigation into what may be called the
social economy of Aldershot, the camp, and the vil-
lage; with a view of determining how far it would be
desirable to establish soldiers' homes, places where
soldiers might sit and read, or converse, or listen to
lectures, or in any way pass their leisure hours without
the contamination of degrading associates. Captain
Jackson's Report was not ready until after the death
of the estimable nobleman who had initiated the inquiry; but it was presented in the usual form to the present Secretary of State for War, Sir G. Cornewallis Lewis, and by him to parliament.

We have this Report now before us, and it doubtless presents a true picture of the state of affairs. But details proper to be given in a parliamentary paper, may not be proper to be read; and such is the case in the present instance.

Unfortunately, the barracks at Aldershott are built at one extreme edge of the government property, and such a road only separates them from ground over which the military authorities have no control. On this ground, speculators have established places of amusement and dissipation, purposely intended to tempt and invite the soldiers. Most of them are called public-houses or beer-shops, but vice in hidden shapes is hidden behind. It is true there are numerous shops in the village where useful purchases may be made, to the soldier's comfort; but there are nearly fifty public-houses and beer-shops, in the greater number of which every immoral inducement is used to make the tailor spend them; he found means in intoxicating drinks. Owing to the close proximity of the new village to the camp, 'the men have the minimum taxation of time and trouble upon frequenting the villages of the maximino, and the means to vice.' So far as there is any corporate or municipal power in the place, the inhabitants generally seem disinclined to exercise it in putting down the disrespectful houses; indeed, it is generally considered that as they regard the village as being dependent on the soldiers' money, they wink at many of the modes in which that money is drawn forth. The ill-educated or wholly uneducated soldiers are more to be pitied than blamed for the life they lead. Where can they go, what can they do, when their daily camp-duties and business are over? Must they not seek a return in mind that the men at Aldershott are cut off from all respectable society, and are necessarily exposed to the temptations referred to. Even the good-conduct men, who obtain leave of absence until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, have no resort, he adds, but to demoralised and demoralising associates. 'I have calculated that about two-thirds of the troops quartered at Aldershott have, on an average, five hours of leisure daily, which calculation would give nearly fifty thousand hours daily of time to be occupied for good or evil.' There are small reading-rooms in some of the barracks, but Captain Jackson, in commenting on the state of affairs at Portsmouth, makes the following judicious remark: 'The reading-rooms in barracks are not a sufficient check to the strong desire most of the men have for a change of scene; they like to go out for a walk to see the shops by day, and the streets lighted up by night, and to escape from an atmosphere of force and restraint to one of greater freedom; and in seeking for some kind of amusement, they fall naturally into bad company, and involuntarily acquire bad habits.

What is the cure for these evils? Captain Jackson has sketched the plan of a kind of soldiers' club or institute, out of barracks, which he thinks will be largely beneficial. He went intimately among the soldiers, and talked with them; he found that numbers of them deplored the necessity they were under of indulging in vicious enjoyments from the absence of anything more refined; and they were ready to heartily welcome an improved state of things. Captain Jackson's plan is peculiar and interesting. The 'Home,' as he calls the establishment, should be a large, light, cheerful building, occupying a plot of green-award between the barracks and the village. It would comprise a library with book-shelves, and a reading-room with comfortable benches, the two together to accommodate three or four hundred men; a writing-room, large enough for twenty men; a billiard-room, with six tables; two bagatelle-rooms, with sixteen tables; a museum, with glass cases round the walls; two work-shops, fitted up with carpenters' benches; three rooms for playing chess, draughts, backgammon, &c.; a refreshment room, and a kitchen connected with it; together with store-rooms, lavatories, officers' rooms, &c. Then, 'in order to compete successfully with the public-houses —where a round of amusement is provided —and as a source of attraction to the Home, it is very important that a large hall, with raised platform, should be erected apart from, but in connection with, the principal Home, to hold two thousand men.' In this hall, quite a medley of amusements would be provided, according to the means at the disposal of the committee of management—lectures, readings from the popular authors, musical entertainments, choral singing, assurances of arms, conjuring, dissolving views, magic lantern, &c. There would also be an enclosed piece of ground for athletic sports, such as bowls, skittles, and quoits; and perhaps a fives-court.

The property would be protected by trustees appointed by the government. The trustees, and one officer for every regiment or corps quartered at Aldershott, would form the managers; and under these would be an executive committee of non-commissioned officers and privates—each regiment having a share in the committee according to the number of men it furnished to the subscription list. Captain Jackson sees no reason to doubt that two-pence per month from each subscriber would suffice to pay all the present expenses, so large would be the number of men willing to enter it—the preliminary expenses of the building, being borne by the government. No intoxicating drinks to be admitted, but coffee, tea, and other light beverages to be sold. No gambling; and in discussion classes, no party politics or religious controversies. Library to be supplied with books from the garrison library, exchangeable at stated intervals.

Captain Jackson believes that two-thirds of the men at Aldershott would gladly pay two-pence per month for membership of such institutions as he has here sketched. It is every way to be wished that the trial were made. The health of many a soldier is ruined by the debaucheries of the camp and its neighbouring village; and the nation would save money in the end, besides raising its troops in the scale of moral beings.

HEBREW LEGENDS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

THE KAMAN.

There was once a model * who was very avaricious. He had inherited some money, and his sole pleasure was to augment his wealth, and count his gold and silver coin. In his own opinion, he was a religious man too, for he observed all the ceremonies prescribed by the law, and believed himself especially pleasing to God in performing the office of model, without asking any remuneration from the poor. His love of money increased with age, and he would sit for many hours before his coffer, gazing at his heaps of gold, riveted to the metal by a singular fascination, whilst he felt acute pain, whenever he was obliged to part even with a farthing. People observing how difficult it was to get any money from him, called him the kaman (the togs), because, like a pair of togs, he kept fast hold of what he grasped.

One day, a stranger came and asked him to perform the office of model to a son that had been born to him. As the carriage and horses of the stranger indicated him as a man not only well off, but wealthy, the model had a special pleasure in accepting the invitation, thus at the same time serving God and himself. They drove

* One who performs the ceremony prescribed in Genesis, chapter xvin. verse 12.
on until dusk, when the stranger, suddenly turning into a wild country, hurried madly on over the trackless heath. In vain the moebel cried ‘Stop!’ and entreated the stranger to set him down; the more he cried and the more he entreated, the more furiously the stranger whipped his horses, so that the moebel at last was more dead than alive, and completely unable to pay any attention to the direction in which he was carried. Suddenly, the carriage stopped at the gate of a park leading to a mansion, the beauty and illumination of which formed a singular contrast to the surrounding desolate landscape.

The moebel was led to the chamber of the mother and infant, and when he for a moment was left alone with her, she said: ‘For God’s sake—do not eat or drink anything he has here, nor accept any gift; my husband is a spirit, and all here are spirits excepting me.’ Her husband now returned, and they talked of other matters.

Next morning, when the ceremony was to be performed, a large and merry party gathered round a plentiful breakfast-table. The moebel was led to the seat of honour, and the most delicate of the dishes were offered him; but under the pretext that he always fasted on such a day, he declined to eat, although it cost him great pain, accustomed as he was to satisfy his appetite at other people’s tables. His pain was very long, for the party procrastinated their breakfast to a late hour, during which the host never seemed to resign the hope of seeing his guest, the moebel, break his fast.

At length, the religious ceremony was proceeded with; and when performed to general satisfaction, the host took the moebel aside, and said to him: ‘I am very much indebted to you for the great service you have shown me, and I beg you will accept a little token of my gratitude.’ Whilst so speaking, he opened a door leading into a large room, the walls of which were silver, and where immense piles of silver coin reached from the floor to the ceiling.

‘Please, take as much as you like,’ said the host.

‘I think it would have saved us time and trouble if you had involuntarily stretched out both hands towards the glittering, tempting piles, but remembering what the mother had said, he as quickly let them drop, and said: ‘You owe me nothing.’

‘I beg your pardon for having offered you a gift unworthy your acceptance,’ said the host, opening the door into another room, the walls of which were of gold, whilst piles of gold coin reached from the floor to the ceiling in the enchanted atmosphere, and it was only with the greatest effort that he could repeat to himself the caution given him by the mother. He faintly uttered: ‘You owe me nothing; only let me get away.’

‘Oh, I see,’ said his host; ‘you spurn anything like payment, and again I ask your pardon. This, perhaps, will be more to your taste.’

So saying, he opened the door of a third room, where precious stones in large heaps, fancifully arranged, received the visitor with a sudden tempting sparkle—like an awakening maiden’s eyes—with a promise of that unspeakable pleasure of which the moebel had only faintly dreamed when in rapture at his own coffin. But on his passage through the silver and gold rooms, he was, so to speak, broken in, and it cost him comparatively little effort to shake off the spell, and to repeat: ‘You owe me nothing; only let me get home.’

‘Well, then, this way, if you please,’ said the host, leading him through an empty room, where only a number of keys were seen hanging on the walls. Instinctively the moebel felt attracted by these keys, and instinctively, too, he fancied he recognised the key of his own coffin. He turned to his host, who, smiling, said: ‘Yes, most likely it is so; it is here.’

The moebel became pale as death, and said: ‘How does it come here?’

‘Why, moebel,’ said his host, ‘this is easily explained. Thou art present among spirits, servants of the Lord. When a man orders a coffin, there are always two keys made: one is the man’s, the other is God’s. If God’s key is not made it is over to us, and then the man is not himself, master of his money, nor of his coffin. He can put in, but cannot take out; and at last his soul is locked up therein. Mind this: and since thou hast gone through the trial here, take God’s key with you, and try to make use of it, that thou mayst thyself be master of thy money.’

THE BIRD THAT SANG TO A BRIDEGROOM.

A strong, strange happiness is imparted to the young and pure. The soul, the divine spark, feels itself at home in the body, created in God’s image, and as long as the brain and the blood remain unsullied by sinful thoughts or deeds, cannot conceive the idea of parting from it; hence, youth often believes itself immortal, and although not finding this belief to any one—because the children of Adam and Eve are never able to trust in it entirely—hugs it in its bosom as a sweet, charming secret.

A youth in the bright East, cherishing this enthusiastic idea, was about to be married, and although loving his bride, felt sad at the thought that he must give up a costly privilege.

‘I can understand,’ said he to himself, ‘that so long as we conquer the passions, even the noblest passions of our race, we are immortal, but that on descending to the usual level, and indulging in the enjoyments common to mortals, we cease to be immortal as individuals, and but contribute to the immortality of our kind.’

On the nuptial-day, this sadness came over him with more power than ever, and as soon as the ceremony was over, leaving his bride and the bridal-party, he went to a wood near his garden, and in fervent prayer thus addressed himself to God: ‘O God, before I leave paradise, and take my wife to my heart, let me be favoured with but one glimpse, or one sound from eternity. Almighty God! thou who quenchest the thirst of the beast, send, I beseech thee, a drop from heaven to refresh my burning soul, even at the risk of my needing it when I come to dwell with thee.’

Hark! a bird begins to sing so sweetly, in such charming, enrapturing strains as were never heard before. The sound descends to the bridegroom’s room, exulting, calming, hailing, satisfying; he is lifted up, as on the strong arm of the mountain ascending sea-breeze; he is caressed as, when a child, at the bosom of his mother; he is refreshed as, is the wanderer in the desert, at the newly found spring; nay, he is happy beyond all this, every drop of his blood sharing the ineffable sweet emotion, every nerve and fibre vibrating as the chords of anolian harp moved by the breath of angels.

The bird flies away, and the bridegroom returns to his house. On approaching, he is surprised at seeing no light, and hearing no sound from the merry party he had just left, and fancying it a trick played on him by his friends, he knocks gently at the window of his bride’s room. Receiving no answer, he knocks louder and still louder, till the window opens, and the voice of a stranger is heard saying: ‘Who is there?’

‘I am! Let me in to my bride!’

‘There is no bride in this house, stranger: be good enough to leave us undisturbed.’

He now sees that it is not his house; and puzzled and alarmed at his mistake, he knows not what to do in the march of time during the whole night; but failing, bewildered, and in despair he goes to the synagogue at dawn, and seeing none but strangers, and moved to tears, he cries aloud the names of the father of his father-in-law. No one answers, but presently a tottering aged man advances, asking in a faint voice:
Who is it that calls the names of the friends of my youth? But it is I! Do you not know me? I was married yesterday! Where is my bride? Where are my parents, my friends, my home?

The name of your bride? asks the old man, and on hearing the answer: 'God has given to me the bridegroom who so mysteriously disappeared forty years ago!' Forty years ago! exclaimed the bridegroom—impossible! Impossible! you are mocking me. In the name of Almighty God, I beseech you, tell me where is my bride!

The old man, taking his hand, and leading him to the 'good place' (the cemetery), shews him the graves of his father and mother, and also that of his bride, with an inscription alluding to the mysterious disappearance of his bridegroom.

He sat down upon the mouldering tombstone, half covered with bleak grass, and wept bitter, when the angel of death gently approaching him said: 'Thou didst extend thy wishes beyond the pale assigned to mankind. Mislaid by an egotistical pride and curiosity, concealed beneath noble aspirations, thou wouldst separate love from holiness, thus making the self unvilit for the sake of Almighty God, in His mercy, has willed that thy suffering and atonement shall be short, and sent me, brother, to lead thee home.'

**DAVID'S DEATH.**

On David the son of Jesse, our poet-king, a great favour was bestowed. He prayed Almighty God to let him know beforehand when he was to die; but God said: 'Such knowledge is denied to mortals, for their own benefit, and I will only tell thee that thou shalt die on a Sabbath.'

'O Lord!' said David, 'I would prefer the first day of the week, when my agony may not interrupt thy holy day.'

'David, my servant,' answered the Lord, 'shew thyself a man, and worthy of the grace thou hast obtained. Do not ask for a day more, nor cling to life with common fear, but let the angel of death meet thee, as if thou wert on a battle-field fighting in my cause.'

From that time, David on every Sabbath kept assiduously reading the holy book, knowing that the angel of death would not dare to close his eyes when they were fixed on God's words. For no mortal can escape the fear of death; his soul feels terror at the thought of change, even if it knows that it is only returns to God.

But David's time was come, it was the fatal Sabbath, a Sabbath in spring. As usual, he was reading the holy word, and the angel of death, lurking behind him, was unable to execute its task.

Suddenly Bathsheba, his beloved wife, entered the room with some of his favourite flowers, and whilst David with delight looked up at Bathsheba, and inhaled the fragrance of the flowers, the angel of death touched his heart. May all good sons of Israel die as sweetly!

**THE WITNESSES.**

Chajjim Eliezer had a daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who once, on taking a walk at some distance from her father's tent, fell into a cistern. Having called for assistance for hours in vain, not even an echo answering her, she gave up all hope, and prayed to God only for a gentle death and for blessings on her father, when a stranger, the young Nathanael, happening to pass, by the sound of his steps awoke her from despair. On hearing her cries, and looking down and seeing in the cistern the beautiful girl, Nathanael was quite dazzled, and at the first moment did not know whether he should think her an angel revealing itself to him, or a demon trying to ensnare him; but a few words from Rebecca soon dispelled the shadowy creations of his fancy, and vigorously setting himself to work, he set her free and brought her up in safety. Her warm thanks and blessings he declined to accept, answering her with a passionate admiring glance: 'I am thankful to Heaven, that has graciously vouchsafed me the privilege of beholding you, and assisting you in your need, by performing a service anybody could have done. I am only the instrument of the power above, that loves you, and I feel that from this day my fate is sealed; I shall only live for you, my future life shall be devoted to you.'—The setting sun—the setting eastern sun—shone upon them, and in its rays a light that filled Rebecca's heart quickly ripened into love. They were yet on the brink of the cistern, when they had exchanged vows of eternal love and fidelity; and Nathanael, after telling her that he must go home to his parents, but would return to her as soon as possible, added: 'I betroth myself to thee; and as no human being is present to bear me witness, I call as witnesses this cistern and that beautiful little weasel, which at this moment is slipping down its sides.'

They parted; but Nathanael, on returning home and seeing another handsome woman, became her husband, and forgot Rebecca. He had one child, a girl, which, when only six months old, was beaten on the throat by a weasel, and died. He then had another child, a boy, but before his second year, he fell into a cistern, and perished. The mother, when her second babe was lying dead in the tent, said to her husband: 'This is very strange, Nathanael, and my heart tells me that one of us must have offended God, either knowingly or unknowingly. Listen to me, my husband, and I will confess to thee all my thoughts, feelings, and actions, as far as I remember them, that thou mayst judge me, and tell me what atonement to make.'

'No,' cried Nathanael, casting himself to the ground, 'I am the transgressor, the of God and man: the weasel that has bitten our girl, and the cistern that has swallowed our boy, were once witnesses of my oath, and they have become the avengers of my perjury.'

He then confessed all to his wife; and she said: 'I see, Nathanael, that although before man I have been thy lawful wife, I have not been so before God. You must divorce—repudiate me, and go and alone for thy sin.'

Meanwhile Rebecca sat in her father's tent, and old Chajjim Eliezer often begged her to accept one of her numerous suitors, and to gladden his old age by the sight of her nuptials; but she always replied that her faith was pledged to the man who had saved her life, and who, under God's heaven, in the presence of the weasel and the cistern, had betrothed himself to her. Thus she waited patiently, although years went on and began to tell her that youth was departing.

She was seated, one day, with her father in his tent. It was near sunset, thus adding another day of disappointment to the many that had gone before, when the footsteps of a stranger were heard, and Nathanael appeared at the opening of the tent. 'Blessed be God!' said Chajjim Eliezer, 'I shall live to see my daughter a bride.'

Rebecca, without a word, had thrown herself into Nathanael's arms, and then looking up into his eyes, and perceiving a shade of sadness or dissatisfaction, which she ascribed to the wrongs he had inflicted on her, she, weeping silently, hid her face on his bosom.

But gently lifting her head, he told her the whole story of his life since he had rescued her, said: 'Heaven, that witnessed Nathanael's promise to me, hearken and bear witness before God.
and man, that I give back Nathanael his word, and release him from his oath, so that his marriage is lawful. Weasel and cistern, be friendly to him and to the children which Almighty God will bestow upon him in the future.

THE DRUNKARD AND HIS SONS.

There lived once at Damascus a Jew with his four sons, whom he had reared by his drunken habits. Not daring to scold him, but being at the same time afraid that he should waste all their property, they concocted a scheme for his conversion. The next time he became insensible from drink, they carried him out of the town to the cemetery, and left him there among the graves, so that on awakening he might feel frightened, and begin to reflect on the disgrace and danger to which he exposed himself and his family.

The same night, towards dawn, a caravan approached the town, and as there happened to be at the time a great noise at the gate, the merchants, fearing to be attacked and robbed by the inhabitants, resolved to hide their wares, parts of which were of skins of wine, in the cemetery.

The man, whom his sons had brought thither, on awakening found himself surrounded by wine-skins, and at once opening one, he began to drink, and drank with a joyful heart, paying little or no attention to his surroundings, so that before long he was as drunk as he ever had been before.

His sons returned to him, and finding him in this position, said: ‘Surely, if the wine comes to him even in such a place, it is the will of Heaven that we shall leave him undisturbed; and in order not to commit sin again, and behave as Ham, we, each of us, will work alternately for one week in the month, to earn as much wine as our father will drink.’

OUR PLEDGES.

The Lord, before giving the law from Sinai, asked the people for some guarantee that they would keep the law, and the people named their ancestors, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. But the Lord answered: ‘How can I accept these as guarantees? Did not Abraham do wrong when he took Isaac out of his vineyard? Did not Isaac love his son Esau, in spite of his misconduct towards me? Did not Jacob despairing once say, my way is dark before God?’

The people then pledged their children, those that were born as well as the unborn; and having accepted them, our Lord, when Jewish parents are faithless to the compact, looks to their pledges, the children.

THE RAM.

Our Lord God, when he had demanded from Abraham the sacrifice of his son Isaac, sent a ram to take his place; but by the cunning of Samael, the evil spirit, the ram’s horns were entangled in the thicket. The animal, however, knowing what pious duty it had to perform, and how much depended upon its speed, struggled with all its power, and stretching out its fore-feet, contrived to touch Abraham’s garments, and thereby call forth his attention. For the sake of this devotion, the ram is blessed for ever. Its entrails became the strings to David’s harp; its skin girded the loins of the prophet Elijah; its left horn was the trumpet that was sounded on Mount Sinai; its right horn is the trumpet that will be sounded on the day of judgment.

ISAAC.

When Isaac lay bound on the altar, and his father raised the knife, the angels wept, and some of their tears dropping on Isaac’s face, made his eyes drier, and this divine belief of Isaac’s innocence, that he might not behold the misconduct of his son Esau.

AMBITION.

When Jeroboam prepared himself for revolt and for usurping the throne of David, God strove, at the last moment, to retain him in the path of duty, saying: ‘Thou shalt one day be with me in Paradise; and, together with David, thou shalt walk with me through the garden of Eden.’ Jeroboam inquired: ‘Who is to take the precedence, David or I?’ The Lord answered: ‘My servant David assuredly.’ And Jeroboam replied: ‘Then I prefer to give up Paradise.’

REWARD—CHASTITY.

Because he would not kiss the wife of Potiphar, Joseph received the brotherly kiss of the king of Egypt.

Because he withdrew his neck from her embrace, his neck was wrapped in a royal chain of gold.

Because he did not touch her with his hand, the royal seal was given into his hand.

Because his foot carried him away from temptation, it ascended the steps of the throne.

Because his heart had remained pure, and had allowed no baseless to enter, it was filled with delight caused by acclamations of millions.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The celebrated legend about Ahasuerus, the shoemaker, who was cursed for his conduct towards Christ—and whose wanderings have by some authors been made a symbol of the fate of the Jewish nation—has, of course, no currency among the Jews themselves, nor are the two following stories in any way connected with that idea. They are of recent origin, and one, of which the scene is laid in London, may be taken as a specimen of the satire with which the Jews often persecute stupidity among themselves, especially among the Polish Jews.

A Polish Jew, one Abraham Kalisch, having come to London to gain his livelihood as a pedlar, and by begging from his wealthier brethren, was once assailed, on passing London Bridge, by a Christian, whom his long reddish beard seemed to displease, and who, after some abuse in words, violently pulled the said beard. The crowd that quickly gathered, pitying the poor indefensive Jew, laid hold of the assailant, and delivered him over to the police; he was prosecuted in due course, and sentenced to pay to Abraham Kalisch the sum of thirty pounds damages. As soon as Abraham Kalisch had the thirty pounds in his pocket, with some ten pounds besides, previously earned by ‘trade,’ he returned to Poland, and made his reappearance in his native town as a wealthy man, the owner of forty pounds—more than six hundred florins! Scouring the wretched life of a pedlar, he now opened a shop with a glass front, and stocked it well with old clothes, and even with some new ones, besides boots and ribbons. He thus became the envy and pride of the community. All people were at a loss to understand how Abraham Kalisch in so short a time had become so rich in London; nor did Abraham Kalisch ever by word or hint betray his secret, until one evening when Leib Chaisl, an old friend of his, and with a reddish beard like his own, seated with him at the fireside, said: ‘Abraham Kalisch, may you live long! Have you any idea of returning to London?’

‘Leib Chaisl, I have not,’ replied Abraham Kalisch.

‘As true as God lives!’

‘As true as God lives.’

‘Well, then, Abraham, why will you withhold from a brother the secret by which you made your fortune in that city? You left this country a poor, ragged youth, and God Almighty sent you back as the wealthy Abraham Kalisch! Do you think the Lord performs such things for the benefit of a single individual alone, and not for your starving brethren?’
May you live long; but would you appear before His throne with the responsibility of having left in misery a brother, whom a word from your lips could have made happy? Would you? May envy be far from your soul; but by your silence you will incur the suspicion of envying a brother the chance of becoming as happy and wealthy as yourself. Now, in His holy name, I conjure thee, brother, to intrust me with thy secret, and I promise never to return to this town, and never to set up shop in competition with thee.'

Abraham Kaisich replied: 'Who can see the ways of God? They are mysterious, and it is a mystery how I became rich; but, as true as God lives, I will tell you all about it.'

'Well, I am listening, brother; my heart stands still from anxiety.'

'Now, Leib Chaisid, suppose you go to London, and when there, you ask for a bridge called London Bridge. You walk on that bridge, when there will come a man who will curse you and pull your beard, upon which, this man will pay you thirty pieces of gold. This is all.'

The same evening Leib Chaisid left for London. Although many, many years have elapsed since then, he still walks up and down London Bridge, and if at midnight, passing along the bridge, you meet a man in a black robe and with a long red beard, who whispers to you: 'Zupf mer' (Pull my beard), it is Leib Chaisid.

The other story runs thus. There lived once, at Nurnberg in Bavaria, two Jews of a very different character—one, a skilful mechanician, and a gentle, pious man; the other, a wealthy merchant, proud, harsh, ill-tempered, and irreligious. It was observed, and afterwards much commented on, that the merchant, although imperious towards everybody else, always seemed to avoid, in some sort of awe or respect, his neighbour the mechanician, and he once was heard to say: 'I know I am given into that fellow's hand, but I cannot help him.'

One Friday afternoon, the mechanic stood on the top of the broad steps before his house, smoking his meerschaum pipe, and angrily scolding his men, who were busy bringing hales and bars into his house, when a poor woman with an infant in her arms came up to him, begging in the name of God, as she had lost her husband during her confinement. 'Do not bother me, he off!' replied he harshly. 'I will bear hard words, for the sake of my poor baby,' said she: 'God Almighty, who has given you the means, must have given you a heart too.'

'I have no heart for such lazy beggars as you!' exclaimed he. 'I cannot alter the law, that permits beggars to marry, but they shall not feed their young upon my earnings—get away!'

'O sir, beware of your own children,' said she, crying bitterly, and turning away from him. 'Do you threaten, do you curse, you lazy hag?' cried he; and lifting his foot to kick her, he lost his balance, and falling down the steps, broke his leg.

It was soon found necessary to amputate the leg; but on his recovery, being obliged to wear a wooden leg, he felt it a humiliation that he, the wealthy merchant, should appear before the world in such a state, and always remind people of the accident that had befallen him, because he had attempted to kick a poor woman. He therefore applied to several mechanics of the town for an artificial leg that might be made to move like a natural one; but they all avowed their inability to construct such a one, and advised him to try the skill of his neighbour. He submitted at last; and really got a leg so ingeniously contrived with springs and wheels, and fitting him so admirably, that not only to all appearance, but often even to his own sensations, he had two sound natural legs. 'Now,' he said to his neighbour—'now, I am not afraid of you any more. I will confide to you that I once had a strange dream, in which I heard a voice say that I was given into your hand; but now I see that your hand has the power to help and not to hurt me.'

'Be thankful for it,' said his neighbour. 'Well, I think I have paid you handsomely, so I owe you nothing more.'

'I did not mean that you should be grateful to me, but to God.'

'Oh, humbug! If God meddles with such matters, I have first to settle accounts with Him for the loss of my old leg; and the new one, I am sure I should never have got had I been poor. Or would you, for God's sake, have made me a present of it—Nonsense!'

Thus he went on in his old manner; nay, even with more ill-temper, for he felt a deep revengeful hatred to the poor woman whom he had tried to kick; and he ruminated on a scheme of gratifying this hatred, or, at least, of getting her away from the town, and sending her to the parish to which her late husband had belonged, and where she would be treated as a pauper. The woman, striving hard to maintain herself and her child, could not he removed so long as she did not accept of alms; and therefore, one Saturday morning, he went to her house, accompanied by a witness, and, speaking in a friendly manner to her, induced her to accept of something that justified him in giving her money. On returning triumphant, he was not quite satisfied with his artificial leg, that hindered him in the quickness of his pace, and meeting his neighbour just coming from synagogue, he complained of this fault with the leg. The mechanic said: 'Some wheel may be out of order. I will see to it to-morrow.'

'Oh, to-morrow! why not to-day, immediately? Step with me into this gateway, and see what is the matter.'

'Not to-day,' replied the mechanician; 'it is Sabbath.'

'Do not bother me with your hypocrisy! Which is better, to observe the Sabbath, or to do your duty as an honest workman? Besides, it is no work; it is only to look after the machinery, just as to wind up your watch.'

'Well, I will look to it,' said the mechanician; and going up the gateway with the merchant, requested him to rest his leg upon a stone. In so doing, the merchant, in his impatience, knocked the leg against the stone in such a manner that the wheels, receiving a sudden impulse, pushed him on at a terribly quick rate. Against his will, he now ran off along the street, out of the town, into the mountains, where he wandered to this day, and where he is sometimes met with, and is heard to cry, 'Stop my leg!' But whether he means the artificial leg, or that which was lifted against the poor woman, is uncertain.

TOLERANCE.

One day Abraham, seated before his tent at Manree, saw a traveller, an old man, passing on the sunny, dusty road, and on going to his encounter, said: 'Stranger, mayest thou live long, and may thy entrance under my roof be blessed.'

The traveller accepted his invitation, and when the shadows fell long, and the rising breeze passed over the land, refreshing man and herbs, they sat down to supper, the guest on Abraham's right hand, and three hundred men on each side.

After the meal, Abraham said to his guest: 'We will now thank our God. Thou mayest thank thine, stranger, whoever he be.'

'I do not believe in any god made of stone, clay, or wood,' answered the stranger.

'I rejoice to hear that, also, Abraham. 'Thou wilt, then, offer thy thanksgiving and prayer to my God, the creator of heaven and earth.'

'I never saw him,' replied the traveller; 'I have
lived ninety years without beholding a trace of such a god as thou speakest of.'

'What god, then, is thine? Whom dost thou revere?' Abraham asked impatiently.

'I revere none other save such aged, noble men as thou. I am myself much revered at home, because I am old.'

Upon which Abraham rose indignant, and said: 'Be off, unbeliever! do not sully the air of my house with thy breath!'

And the old man arose and withdrew, whilst Abraham and his three hundred men sat silent.

But at night God appeared unto Abraham, and said: 'Why didst thou eject from thy tent a fellow-man, a guest whom thou hadst invited? Why wouldst thou not allow the roof of thy tent to cover him during the night, when lions and beasts of prey are abroad?'

'Because he did not know or revere thee!'

'But did not I for ninety years permit him to remain under the tent of heaven? Did I ever forbid my dew or rain to refresh him, or did I make barren his soil, or cause his dates or olive-trees to wither? Hearken; because thou hast done this; because thou hast thrust forth a guest into darkness, thy descendants shall become strangers among an inhospitable people, and the darkness of fear and anguish shall be over them and until I, their God, deem it time to shew my power.'

SOLIDARITY OF SIN.

Our sages of old always held and taught the doctrine, that there is no individual sin, but that society at large is endangered by the sins, vices, and crimes perpetrated even in secret; and in order to illustrate this proposition they told the following:

'A ship left Joppa, and on board was a man, who beneath his berth dug a hole through the ship's side. The crew and passengers rushing towards him, upbraided him with this foul action; but he said: 'What matters to you? I dig the hole under my own berth alone!''

MYSTERIES.

During the cruel persecutions following the great Jewish struggle and defeat under Bar Cohiba, a widow and her five sons were brought before the Roman emperor, who, pointing to a statue, said to them: 'This is my god; kneel down, and worship him.' As they refused to do so, the emperor ordered the eldest son to be beheaded, and then repeated his command to the next, but with the like result. He went on in this way until the youngest son alone was left, a beautiful, innocent-looking boy of fourteen. 'Save thy life, boy, and kneel down,' said the emperor; but the youth, gazing at him with disdain, only repeated the last words of his dying brothers: 'Schema Yarrell, Adoniol Echonon Adoniol Echold.' 'Come, boy,' said the emperor, 'let me save thy life. I will throw this ring of mine on the ground; pick it up, that the people may see thee bowing down, and believe that thou hast worshipped.' The boy answered: 'So much fear hast thou of those mortals below, because their eyes are upon thee, and should I have less fear of my God above, whose eyes are upon me!' Upon which he was doomed to share the fate of his brothers.

SOMETHING OF ITALY.

THE RETURN; LOMBARDY, VENETIA.

We left Naples with regret; for we felt that in turning our face homeward we were quitting balmy air and sunshine for a clime which knows no settled summer, and where the only warmth to be reckoned on is at the table. It did not escape us to be aware, that in taking places in the Atusis, one of the steamers of the French Messageries Impériales, for Genoa, we had no assurance of being in bed for three nights, and would have to sleep on the floor, or anywhere that chance might assign. Already I have adverted to the excellent sea-equipment and management of these vessels, but now we had to suffer from what is their conspicuous defect—a want of accommodation for their excessive numbers of passengers, along with little regard for the comfort of those who happen to be unprovided with cabins. In common with a hundred others, we had to pass the night on deck, and with them also had, in the morning, to encounter a scramble for the single basin vouchsafed as a favour by the steward. Unwilling to complain of this and other petty annoyances, I have less hesitation in pointing to the extreme injustice towards the couriers, ladies' maids, and other servants of a respectable class on board. Though paying second-class fare, they were not allowed to mess with the second-class passengers, and were otherwise treated in a manner so cruel and unworthy, as to remind one of nothing so much as the misusage of people of colour on board American river steamers. This is a condition of things not at all creditable to the Messageries Impériales, and it is to be trusted they will revise their rules on the subject. Fortunately, the weather was cloudy and hazy. It was no great hardship to recline on a mattress on deck, with face turned upward to the vast blue sky, set with diamond-like stars, and with an atmosphere playing about you as dry and soft as that of an ordinary summer day at noon. The sea was as calm as a lake, and to add to the atmosphere cleanliness, we were scarcely sensible of the motion of the vessel. In circumstances of this kind, who would not delight in a voyage on the Mediterranean, even with the troubles incidental to a greatly overcrowded vessel? The plan pursued by the French steamer is to depart in the afternoon, arrive next morning in a port, then stay six or eight hours, and go on again. On the first morning after quitting Naples, we arrived at Civita Vecchia; there some left us, but many more came on board on their way northward from Rome, and the second night the overcrowding was much greater; deck, poop, saloon, and passages below being all strewed with sleepers, wrapped in plaid, or whatever they could find, for coverlet. As the vessel lay at anchor nearly all day in the harbour of Civita Vecchia, many would have gone on shore for a ramble, but for the difficulty concerning passports. A visit of three hours, or even three minutes, to the pope's dominions requires the same formalities on landing and departure as a visit for three months, and these few like to undergo.

The good policy of liberal dealing was next morning visible at Leghorn. There, no passports being required, many landed to see the town, and some managed to go by railway to Florence, to visit the famous Museum and Pitti Palace, and return in time for the departure of the steamer. Doubtless, a considerable sum was spent. Leghorn, which is in the course of being much improved in various ways, is a free port without a vestige of custom-house duty, and consequently is a favourite spot for making purchases of articles in request by travellers. As many of the passengers left us here, the number on board the third night was reduced to the capabilities of the vessel. With a reasonable degree of comfort, we reached our destination at Genoa, leaving the Atusis used on its way to Marseille. In the manner I have detailed, these French vessels go regularly from Palermo to Marseille, and vice versa, stopping at ports by the way to take up and land passengers; and with the drawbacks referred to, they are worthy of all
commendation. The truth is, they are at certain seasons choked with an excess of traffic, drawn towards them by their reputation for good management and punctuality.

When a line of railway now constructing between Florence and Bologna is opened, many passengers who, like ourselves, came round by Genoa to reach Lombardy and Venetia, will take the land-route; but such is the increasing trade between the Italian ports, that the opening of neither this railway nor that from Naples to Rome, may do any damage to the maritime traffic. Already the whole north of Italy has been so effectually opened up by railways, that one may travel with ease from Susa to Ancona, and from Genoa to Milan and Venice. By this last-mentioned line we now pursed our journey, proceeding through Alessandria, and passing over some of the recent battle-grounds of Piedmont. Advancing eastwards, along the level region at the southern base of the Apes, the country gradually improves in fertility and richness, till vineyards, orchards, and arable lands are all harmoniously blended into a picture of universal beauty. In the absence of this exuberance of natural productivity, we arrive at Milan, a city differing in some respects from what we see in the south—its staid inhabitants, and general orderliness of manners, conferring on it a dignity distinctly different from the levity which meets one in Naples. In Milan, one finds himself, so to speak, in a kind of England, but environed with houses on the bulky French models, and with much to see in its grand old ecclesiastical structures.

The first building to which all visitors proceed is the cathedral, and as it stands in the centre of the town, a mile and a half from the hotel, it is reached without guide or direction. Of this wonderfully elaborate edifice, in white but weather-stained marble, which within the dome, pinnacles and figures, has what has not been written? A great curiosity, no doubt, is the vast structure, in the florid Gothic style of art, and it does not lessen our interest to know that, beginning about five hundred years ago, it received its finishing touches only within the present century, by order of Napoleon. With so much to admire, one regrets to whisper a word in disparagement; I believe, however, that we may unite with me in thinking that the building loses dignity by being too broad for its height; and that the interior, grand as it is in many respects, unfortunately possesses the gloom of a funereal vault. Not disputing the elegance of details, Milan cathedral was, to my thinking, neither impressive nor convenient; for though it may be a heresy to say so, I can see no merit in contrivances which shut out the light of day from a place devoted to the worship of the Supreme Being. St Ambrose is the saint specially invoked, and in a crypt beneath, his shrine and relics are shewn on application. The relics consist of the body of the saint embalmed, laid out in full canopials, and enclosed in a glass-case, through the panes of which are seen the shrivelled features. That Ambrose must have been a man beyond the ordinary stamp, and worthy of being held in remembrance, is signified by the fact, that a certain form of ritual which he introduced still continues in use within the diocese of Milan. To see the nature of these Ambrosian rites, as they are called, I attended the service in the cathedral. They seemed to consist mainly in a method of chanting the mass, more monotonous than that of the Gregorian chant generally in use.

Days may be spent in visiting that extensive old city, the Bibliotheca Marciana, rich in manuscripts; the Brera Gallery of Paintings; and several churches remarkable for their ancient architecture. We visited, of course, the painting of the 'Last Supper' by Leonardo da Vinci, in the refectory of an old convent, now appropriated as barracks for soldiers. The room, which has a dismal, deserted aspect, is under the charge of a keeper. The painting is on the wall at one end, and is greatly damaged by damp, and repainting of various kinds. So frequently has it been repaired, that little or nothing of the original remains; and with all its patching, it is in course of rapid decay. A sight of this celebrated work, and of the still more famous but also far better preserved frescoes of Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, conveys the salutary impression that the execution of paintings on walls, no matter under what precautions, is an irreparable blunder.

Quitting Milan for a week, we proceeded on an excursion to Venice. The route conducted us through the heart of Lombardy, which at this season was in all its beauty. The rich level fields, waving with cereal crops, were intersected with mulberry-trees, from which men were stripping the leaves, and carrying them away in bags as food for the silk-worms. But the most picturesque feature in the landscape was the abundance of vines, which hung in graceful festoons between the trees, or, where exuberant, were resembling the garlands of vineyards. Though we proceeded, a country yielding three crops at once—corn, wine, and silk—along with an abundance of fruits, and the milk for which the dairymen of the Lombardy peasants are famous, men's faces were colder. Farther on to the north, we had the range of lofty and jagged Alps, here and there shewing patches of still unmelting snow. At the modern frontier of the kingdom of Italy, this Alpine scenery was enriched with a view of the Lago di Garda, a lake of great beauty. Immediately beyond this point, at Peschiera, the train is pulled up, and detained for an hour, during which there is a scrupulous inspection of all the baggage of the Italian ports by Austrian officials. It presents a very odd scene that dingy passage in the semi-custard-house, semi-restaurant, where an impatient crowd wait the opening of the wicket to receive authority to proceed on their journey. One of the peculiarities of the ordeal is, that the official, before delivering the passport, addresses the person designated in his own language, so as to evoke an answer, by way of test, that there is no imposition. Any Italian trying to get admission to Venetia under an English name and passport, would be detected. One person who had been attempting some irregularity of this nature was requested to step inside, and we saw no more of him. Even when everything is en règle, tourists entertain a reasonable horror of an Austrian frontier.

In the evening, the train stopped at Verona, where we chose to remain a day to see a place, the name of which is so familiar to English ears. I shall however, go into an account of this venerable but very dull town, which has the usual number of fine old churches, a Roman amphitheatre in good preservation, and some other objects of antiquarian interest, including several palimpsests of great rarity in the Biblioteca Capitolare. The only things we cared much about seeing were these literary curiosities. By the politeness of a priest who acted as librarian, we had the gratification to see two remarkably fine palimpsests; one of them a copy of Virgil of the third century, under a theological disposition, the original having been partially revived and rendered legible by means of a chemical preparation. It should be mentioned, that the practicability of revival is furthered by the medieval writing being between the lines of the original work. The exceeding scarcity of a vehicle for literature before the invention of printing, of course the cause of these incongruous combinations.

With a sight of these curiosities, we left Verona as

* Palimpsest is the name given to an ancient Roman classic on velum, the writing of which has been obliterated to make way for the inscription of some medieval treatise.
quickly as possible. Its situation on the Adige is pretty, and there seem to be pleasant environs; but being walled and strongly garrisoned by Austrians, the general aspect of the place is hateful, and its dull, intransigent character of a fortress. And so, we sped to Venice, that ‘glorious city in the sea,’ as Byron calls it, with canals for streets, and gondolas for hackney-coaches. Formerly, there were some trouble in being rowed across the broad lagoon from the mainland to this strange insular city; but here, as elsewhere, the railway has worked wonders. By means of a costly stone viaduct of more than two miles in length, the arches of which, 222 in number, are raised little above the level of the water, the train suffers no interruption, and we are speedily and conveniently landed in a spacious terminus.

Now begins the novelty incident to a town stuck about in detachments in the sea. Instead of a cluster of cafes, we find a row of gondolas drawn up for hire at a quay outside the station. Stepping into one of these long-shaped, black, funereal-looking barges, and taking our seats under a canopy not unlike that of a barge, we are rowed off towards a hotel. Usually these gondolas are rowed by two men, one in front, the other behind, and invariably in a standing attitude, with much archness. There is no helm; the vessel can be moved either way; and the dexterity in guiding it with the oars round corners, or in bringing it suddenly to a stand, is as remarkable as the perfect smoothness of the motion. It is observed that all the gondolas have a high beak in front of polished iron, resembling an ancient halberd, which, when seen advancing, has a certain grotesque effect. Rowed by two men, we glided at a good speed along the Grand Canal, which pursues a serpentine course through the town. Twice or thrice, the rowers took a short-cut by darting up a lane, but always returned to the main channel, and gave us an opportunity at the outset of seeing a variety of the finer buildings in the town, including the Rialto, beneath which we passed. At length we arrived at our hotel, the Barbest; the gondola glided up to the steps of the front door, at which the landlady stood ready to hand his guests ashore.

The canal is a regular business street. I have mentioned in another detail, for until my visit to Venice, I did not from any general account understand its singularities. Our hotel, fronting the Grand Canal at a point where it is as wide as any of the other canals, is a large mansion, once the palazzo of a local dignitary; it rises sheer from the water in front, but communicates by a back-entrance with an open court surrounded by buildings, and from hence there is no view of the canal. The city has many buildings leading in different directions. Pursuing these avenues, we occasionally cross bridges of a single arch over the narrower channels, and find that they are invariably shaped as broad steps, obtrusive of wheeled vehicles if there were any; but there is none of any description in the whole city. There is no carriage, cart, horse, donkey, or mule in the place; no animal larger than a dog or cat. The consequence is an extraordinary and very startling degree of silence. Throughout the complicated net-work of canals, all traffic in goods is necessarily conducted by means of boats, and for the transit of passengers there are public and private gondolas. Gentlemen keep gondolas as they would keep carriages, with gondoliers, and pay for a passage from place to place. As the tides of the Adriatic rise only about eighteen inches, the water is always up to the flight of steps in front of the dwellings. Access has therefore in all cases been provided by the lesser channels; and it was by those that the barges of old, acting as lighters from shipping, delivered the merchandise at the doors of warehouses, whence packages were transmitted by Northern Italy and Germany.

The Grand Canal, by which we had made our entrance, may be called the chief street in the city, and corresponding to a Boulevard, is bordered by the most magnificent of the palaces of the old aristocracy. These buildings are of marble, dingy from age, but offering some of the loveliest examples of classic architecture. The most elegant are the palazzi Giustiniani, Foscari, and Pesaro, all near each other, but others at a distance are scarcely less worthy of note. These superb edifices, described by old travellers as rich in paintings of the great masters, are no longer occupied by the families from whom they derive their names. The Venetian noblesse has greatly degenerated before the overthrow of the republic, and begun to desert the mansions which they were no longer able or willing to maintain. Those who inherited the palaces have either sold them or abandoned them in the course of political vicissitudes, and now find them either occupied as hotels, or quite as frequently degraded into barracks for soldiers, in which case their interior decorations have been remorselessly destroyed. In any case, the change that has come over these sumptuous dwellings is most distressing, nor is one less affected with the comparative desolation of the watery highway in unity of them; where the gondola of a stranger and some common barge, are nearly all that represent the retinues and argoses of ancient Venetian noblesse.

Although Venice is plenteously intersected by water-channels for general traffic, we are not to entertain the idea that there is little or no thoroughfare on foot. Standing at the entrance of the two islands, united by upwards of three hundred bridges, the town may be visited in all quarters without recourse to a gondola. Along the sides of the paved ways are seen the dwellings of the humbler and trading classes. In those thoroughfares leading to St Mark's are the principal shops; but the best of these business streets, is only a smooth-flagged lane about the width of the Burlington Arcade. Towards the Rialto, the thoroughfare is of a more common kind, and here we find the fish, vegetable, and other markets. The Rialto itself is a bridge so broad as to admit of an avenue between a double row of small shops, with a passage behind the shops on each side.

Impatient to see this very curious town, I immediately, on arrival, pushed out by the back streets and connecting bridges towards the great centre of attraction, the piazza in front of St Mark's. The first glance reminded me of the Palais Royal, for the square is similarly environed with all that are usual in a great city, arcades, with shops and cafes, about as elegant as those we see in Paris; but the central space is entirely paved, and the further end is filled with the antique and peculiarly striking feature, the large building of the twelfth century; on its left, is the ancient palace of the doges, like its ecclesiastical neighbour so eastern in type, that we feel we are all already taking a glimpse of those oriental regions with which the old Venetians carried on their trading operations. Who, from the thousands of pictures illustrative of Venice, does not know the look of St Mark's, the doge's palace, the two granite columns facing the sea—one bearing St Theodore standing on a crocodile, the other a lion? or who does not know to a nicety the appearance of the Bridge of Sighs, with 'a palace and a prison on each hand,' or, more correctly, a palace on one side and a prison on the other? Alas, it is a proud picture of the picturesque covered passage from the doge's palace to the adjacent prison, we are not to forget that with all that grandeur a character worse than that of a common prison is attached to the palace of the doges. In the dark dungeons beneath it, prisoners were immured previous to torture or execution, while in the upper apartments under the leads, known as the fatal Piazzetta, Silvio Pellico, and others suspected of being inimical to Austria, languished for years in solitary confinement.
Churches, galleries of pictures, monuments, and other subjects of interest were seen once for all; but time after time, we returned to St Mark’s, the palace of the dukes, the old piazza with its flocks of pigeons, that are always hovering about to be fed by any one who is willing to scatter a few cents. In the decayed state of the town, the chief resort to the piazza is in the evening, when a military band adds its attractions to those of the cafes; but even then, on the seats scattered about, there is a meager assemblage, as if nothing could inspire the inhabitants with feelings of hilarity. Here, as elsewhere in Italy, we saw little peculiarity of costume; for modern times have seen an end of nearly all singularities either in manners or dress. The custom of offering small bouquets of flowers gratuitously (though a donation is not rejected) is practised here as we had seen it at Naples. The Venetian flower-girls, however, seemed to be of a superior order, and presented their bouquets with an air which bore a remarkable contrast to the boisterous gaiety of the Neapolitans.

Stepping into a gondola, we devoted a day to an excursion southwards, to have a glimpse of the Adriatic; but a squall springing up, we were fain to return and take a stretch in an opposite direction towards several islands detached at one to two miles’ distance. In this last cruise, we had an opportunity of seeing an island in process of being formed by banks of sand, dredged from the canals of the city, and emptied in accumulating masses in the sea. Beyond this gradually increasing islet, on which, by and by, buildings may be erected on piles, we arrived at Isole Murano, a populous island, on which are the celebrated glass manufactories of Venice. Landing at a quay in front of these establishments, we were permitted, or rather invited, to see them; for the sight of strangers is hailed in the light of a windfall of petty donations. Conducted over the various processes, we found several hundred of men employed in the different departments of bead and coloured glass-making. A small species of beads of different colours, made from long fine-drawn tubes of glass not thicker than an ordinary wire, were the chief manufacture. All are made by hand; no machinery of any kind being employed to economise the labour. The quantity produced is immense—as far as I could learn, about a ton a day—and the marvel is where it all goes. There is a considerable export to eastern countries, and the general consumption is increased by the quantity of ladies’ fancy work with beads and bobbins. The manufacture of coloured glass cups, and similar articles, appeared to be very inferior to that of the well-known Bohemian glass. In passing through the works, we had a succession of demands on us for money more abject and shameless than we had elsewhere encountered in Italy.

In returning, we passed an island of lesser dimensions, appropriated as a cemetery by the Venetians, and environed by a wall, over which the tops of a few trees were alone visible—a dismal, and, I should think, rather humid place of sepulture; but for this and other inconveniences there is no help. Before arriving in the city, we overtook a large barge laden with butts of fresh water for the public cisterns. The common method of storing water for domestic use is in vats, in the centre of courtyards, to which it is run in wooden spouts from the barges; and from these underground cisterns it is drawn by the surrounding inhabitants. In the inner court of the doges’ palace, in two large wells or puteoli of this kind, the part raised above the pavement being of bronze, and so elegant in design, as to enrich the effect of the quadangle.

We spent about a week in Venice, inquiring into its strange social arrangements, and loitering about that grand old piazza of St Mark’s, in which the parade of merchant-kings is a tradition of the past, and the hum of commerce no longer audible. What city has undergone so rapid a change for the worse?—and who affects ignorance of the cause of the calamity? Granting that the Venetian republic was no republic at all, but an unscrupulous oligarchy, as those dismal prison-cells and the Bridge of Sighs too truly demonstrate, one does not the less feel the deepest commiseration for Venetia, placed under the iron rule of Austria, for which great crime England must bear her own share of blame. As it now stands, what is Venice but the corpse of its former self—its higher classes fled, and their magnificent palaces converted into barracks; its theatres shut up, for nobody will go to them; its general trade reduced to a petty retail trade; a sepulchral gloom hanging over everything, and no prospect of any species of revival as long as the country remains in its present political posture. Such were our sorrowful reflections on quitting this once grand but now forlorn city.

W. C.

A CASTLE RUIN.

Old Ruin, that surmounts you brow,
Where, far below thy rocky base,
The river rolls its music now,
As it has done in earlier days,
Surrounded by a guard of trees,
And all deserted save these;
Except the traveller, perchance,
Who comes, with note-book crowed full
Of all thy history and romance,
To measure thee with tape and rule,
And sketch thy strength and warlike plan,
When fighting was the fate of man:
And save the poet, to recall
A shadow of thy greater days,
And make it pass before us all
In ringing rhyme and copious praise;
Oh better far I love to see
Thy unadorned antiquity.

No mention make of dungeon black;
Or baron fierce, in heavy mail,
His ways are ended ages back,
And why recall a savage tale,
When all that’s worthy to revere
Is his old castle standing here.
See, high above the roofless walls
The sun is streaming down his light,
Which fills with beauty, as it falls,
This ivied wreck of lordly might;
The moon to-night will pierce it through
With softer light and shadow too.
And, as in each succeeding year
New beauties grow around its stones,
So shall its lesson, waxing clear,
Be read, perhaps, in clearer tones;
Though built for battle and for crime,
Ah! how it has outstretched its time.

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A NIGHT OF TERROR.

The first object that caught my eye as I sat up in my bed was James; he was staring at me in the same confused state in which I looked at him, and both of us listened intently for some sound or cry which could tell us what was the matter. Screams we could hear plainly enough, but nothing intelligible. There was a sound as of barefooted people running with all their might along the passage outside our door, and the idea suggested itself simultaneously to our minds that the place was on fire. Without waiting to dress ourselves, we got out of our beds, and I had my hand on the gimlet with which we secured the latch of our door, when I felt a shock that caused me to reel across the room, till I fell against the wall on the opposite side; the bed followed me, and falling against James, seriously bruised his legs, and pinned him against the walls.

For a moment we remained in this position, and then the house began to settle back on its foundations, and I was able to drag the bed a little way from the wall, and set him at liberty. We got to the door, and removed the gimlet; but the house was still so far from being level, that we had to break the door down before we could get out of the room. Many of the boards in the passage were torn apart and split to pieces; and between the passage and the staircase there was a gap into which I slipped, but, fortunately, though the fall hurt me very much, the opening was not wide enough to allow of my body passing through. Dragging my legs out as quickly as I could, I followed my husband downstairs into the street, no longer at a loss to understand the cause of the commotion which had roused us from our sleep; it was the first shock of an earthquake.

By the light of the moon, we could perceive that the two shocks had reduced several houses in the street to dust and broken timber, and from among these ruins rose cries, moans, and prayers, which chilled my blood, and almost paralyzed the power of movement. From the houses that still remained standing, the people were bringing out what they considered of most value, some their children, others boxes or furniture. With our arms linked together, we pushed our way as well as we could through the crowd of fugitives that filled the street, now stumbling into holes so deep, that the sudden shock was painfully felt through the whole frame, and a moment afterwards scrambling over heaps of rubbish. With great difficulty we had got as far as Montada's store, when we felt a movement of the earth, which made me feel as though my heart were rising into my throat, followed instantly after by a motion which made it appear to me that the ground was falling away beneath my feet, and leaving me suspended in the air. This was repeated several times. Houses were falling on our right hand and on our left, pieces of timber and stones were driven about us with a force as great as though shot from a gun; many were struck dead, and others were beaten down and sunk to the ground, where they were trampled to death. Just before us was a woman with one side of her face torn in a most frightful manner, whom I recognised, on seeing the other side, as the keeper of a shop where James and I had spent nearly an hour the previous evening in buying some gold-embroidered leather. I spoke to her, but she did not heed me; and so great was her terror, that she did not appear conscious of the horrible injuries she had received, notwithstanding that the blood was streaming down her neck, and dyeing the front of her night-dress a vivid crimson. With rolling gait and uncertain steps, we staggered forward, as it seemed to us, but in reality we did not advance a yard; Montada's store was still in front of us, and rocking frightfully. By great exertion in a sidelong direction, we put a little more space between us and it; when down it came with a tremendous crash, throwing a volley of stones over the very spot where we had been standing, and burying many persons beneath its ruins. One poor man, carrying two children in his arms, was crushed almost at our feet by the end of one of the beams, and lay screaming with agony, without its being possible for us to help him. The fall of this house was succeeded by a cessation of the motion of the earth, and a rush was made over the ruins, regardless of the wretched creatures below. The merciful Providence which had protected us hitherto, enabled us to reach the open space in front of the civic hall without injury, and here we halted, feeling that we should be safer than in the narrow streets.

For the space of half an hour or thereabouts, there was no renewal of the earthquakes, and we had begun to hope that the evil was over. Hundreds of people, most of them with little beside their night-dresses on them, were huddled about us, when suddenly,
without a sound to give notice of what was coming, the earth opened in a zigzag line right across the Plaza, a crowd of persons dropping into the chasm, which closed, opened, and closed again, and all in an instant. We were so close as to see this distinctly, and thought it was over so quickly that comparatively few of those on the Plaza knew what had happened, the cries of mortal terror which were uttered by those who had been on the brink of the grave, told those at a distance of some new disaster, and the air was so filled with shrieks and prayers for mercy that I grew sick with terror, and some cried aloud that it was the Day of Judgment, and sank grovelling to the earth; a desperate-looking man beside us, who gave no cry nor breathed a prayer, was violently beating his own head with a large stone; and another was savagely attacking every person within his reach like a wild beast.

All this time the moon was shining brilliantly in a cloudless firmament, and when we looked upwards in our terror, it caused hope to spring up in our hearts to see how serene everything was above; but when our attention was again directed to what was passing about us, it added an indescribable horror to the scene, and for a moment shook our faith in the existence of a merciful Creator at the very time when we most needed its support. Our great desire was to escape to the hills, the mind associating stability with these masses of earth; but it was impossible to get through the crowd which hemmed us in on every side, and seemed afraid to venture again in the narrow street. Instead of half an hour elapsing before the next shock was felt, there could not have been half that time, and this shock was far more violent than the previous one, and lasted longer. There was the same sickening motion, not altogether unlike what is experienced on shipboard; but the motion itself was not so neat, nor so abrupt as what had been before. The terror it caused to feel the earth rocking beneath us, and this too, heightened by the spectacle of houses crumbling to dust, bleeding bodies, shrieks, and every species of woful utterance by which human organs are capable of forming. From constant travel, I was physically almost as strong as my husband, but with the most earnest desire not to add to his alarm and distress, I was obliged to cling to him for support while this horrid din was raging about us. The dull roaring sound which accompanied the movements of the earth gradually died away, and at the same time the opening of the chasms in the Place were renewed. Wherever these gaps occurred, a number of individuals disappeared, and until it closed again, there was a long dark line, from which persons made frantic efforts to recoil. Sometimes these persons were strung along, like a rope; at other times, they were as crooked as forked lightning. To try to change our position while this was going on, was useless, for there was nothing to indicate what direction the next opening might take, and motion on the part of such a multitude could only increase the loss of life. Once, indeed, we found ourselves on a small triangularly shaped piece of ground, with a chasm on both sides of us of about a yard in width. Persons fell into this gap all round us, but several were drawn out again alive; James drew out three himself, and very few were crushed in when it closed. This sudden closing of the earth caused some of the most hideous sights which it is possible to conceive. The ground did not always open wide enough to admit the human body, or it opened into chasms of several feet, but not of a greater depth than four or five feet; and the inconceivable rapidity with which they opened and closed, caused many persons to be caught in them by their legs, in the case of the narrow chasms; and in the case of the broad but shallow gaps, men, women, and children were crushed together in one mass, as regarded the bodies, leaving the heads separate, and the upper part of the bodies blended together as closely as though they were one body with many heads.

As soon as there was a longer pause than usual between these gapings, we were able to make our way off the Plaza, in consequence of the great thinning of the crowd; and taking the broadest of two openings which presented themselves before us, we proceeded down it, keeping as near the middle as possible, for every moment then a house fell to the ground without the slightest warning, though, while the earth was steady, with little danger except to those immediately opposite to it. We might have advanced about a quarter of a mile, when James stopped to knock at a door. I did not at first see where we were, but on looking more attentively, I discovered that we were at the house of a man of whom we had frequently hired horses during our stay in Nauhuaisalo. Nobody answered his call, though he beat at the gate with a stone with all his might. I urged him not to wait for horses, which might be unable to make their way with so much ease as ourselves, when he pointed to his foot, and told me he could walk no further; and I then saw that a vein against the ankle had burst; the flesh had been torn open, for he was standing in quite a pool of blood. I hastened back as fast as my own wounded feet would allow me to a place where I had seen a dead body lying, and from this I tore some strips of linen sufficient to bind up my husband's feet and my own. Greatly relieved by the protection this gave us from the sharp stones, and the accidental kicks and treads of those other fugitives who sought shelter of the gateway, and joined those who, like ourselves, were making for the open country, not on the supposition that we should be safe there, but that we should have, at all events, one danger less to encounter.

I have omitted to say that for some time we had perceived that it was becoming sensibly darker. The clouds of dust which rose from the falling houses, combined with that raised by the trampling of feet, concealed the moon from us, and made it difficult for us to avoid running against the houses, and impossible to prevent falling over heaps of rubbish. We could just distinguish a large, square, white house, with a flat roof, which we knew to belong to Luis Torellas, a friend of ours, when a gentle rise of the ground, accompanied by a low moaning sound, told us of what was coming. We stood still, and the ground had hardly subsided, when there came another and louder roar, and with it an upheaval of which we had not preceded it were insignificant. We were forced to drop on the ground from actual inability to remain upright; and here we sat tossed up and down in a frightful manner, as an arrow at other times, they were as crooked as forked lightning. To try to change our position while this was going on, was useless, for there was nothing to indicate what direction the next opening might take, and motion on the part of such a multitude could only increase the loss of life. Once, indeed, we found ourselves on a small triangularly shaped piece of ground, with a chasm on both sides of us of about a yard in width. Persons fell into this gap all round us, but several were drawn out again alive; James drew out three himself, and very few were crushed in when it closed. This sudden closing of the earth caused some of the most hideous sights which it is possible to conceive. The ground did not always open wide enough to admit the human body, or it opened into chasms of several feet, but not of a greater depth than four or five feet; and the inconceivable rapidity with which they opened and closed, caused many persons to be caught in them by their legs, in the case of the narrow chasms; and in the case of the broad but shallow gaps, men, women, and children were crushed together in one mass, as regarded the bodies, leaving the heads separate, and the upper part of the bodies blended together as closely as though they were one body with many heads.

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can realise who has not been in a position of imminent danger in the midst of total darkness. If I had been able to see what was passing in those houses and in the street between, I should have felt far otherwise.

The undulations of the earth, though fainter, still continuing, James proposed we should take refuge with Torellas for a time, seeing that the house had withstood the recent shocks, and not thinking it likely we should have anything but a slight fire. We rose, holding each other tightly, and making our way to the door as direct as we could, groped about till we had found the fastening, when we pushed it open, and felt our way along the passage to the staircase. We knew our way to the principal apartments from having visited at the house so frequently, and we made our way from one to the other of these, notwithstanding the dead silence which followed my husband's calls for Torellas. We had opened the doors of several rooms, and had found them all in total darkness; and our only hope was in leaving the house, supposing that Torellas with his family had abandoned it, when we remembered a room which gave a fine view of the city and of the environs. In the intense darkness which prevailed, we had to grope a long time before we could find the door, but when we had found it and pushed it open, the glare which rushed into our eyes was terrible. The light fell in flashes, but so horrible was the pain in my eyes, and so great the bewilderment caused by the brilliant light after being so long in such pitchy darkness, that I could not have stood if I had found my fingers held of me. I covered my face with my hands, and as the pain diminished, I parted my fingers little by little, and let in the light gradually, till I was able to open my eyes to the light, without perception. Madame Torellas was most kind in her attentions to me, even at such a moment, and her daughters were willing assistants. They brought us water to drink from our wounded feet; but my husband would not suffer the bandages to be removed, for fear of causing inflammation of the wounds, by exposing them to the air in such a hot climate, and especially as we might within a minute have to rush out of the house. We were glad enough, however, to avail ourselves of their offered kindness in the matter of clothing, and when these arrangements were completed, we went to the window, and looked out.

The sight was grand and horrible. The flames which lit up the two sides of the street lit up the tower of the convent, which had hitherto resisted the shocks of the earthquake, with a bright-red glow, and showed us every projection and crevice, even to the bird sitting in her nest, either kept there by her maternal instinct, or too bewildered to fly away. A little below this convent, the road widened several feet beyond what it was just below us, and at the bottom it narrowed again, and was shut in by a tailor's yard. This factory or store was blazing fiercely, and Torellas told us that one part of the building was used to store a large quantity of powder, and that the inhabitants had probably made their escape; but there were still many in the street who might have delayed their flight to save something from the general wreck, but were more likely plunderers who were taking advantage of the confusion and terror to help themselves to the property of others. If this were so, they paid dearly for it. A riotous crowd, so violent, that the broad, solid building in which we were shook and trembled, brought down the convent tower, which crushed the opposite houses on the two sides of the street, so that the roof fell as a fluid mass, and the lower half of the building was buried in the debris, and the higher half thrown down on the street.

It was a dreadful sight to see the poor creatures running to and fro, seeking with frantic gestures, and feverish steps, their loved ones, and the remnant of their property. Those in the middle of the street, insensible or dead; a few leaped among the burning ruins, and were either consumed or made their escape, for they returned no more; but the greater part of them huddled together in the broadest part of the street, the stronger struggling savagely to force themselves into the centre of the group. The intense heat soon reduced strong and weak to one level, and for some minutes before motion ceased altogether, we could distinguish nothing but a writhing mass of flame. The flame seemed to be hovering over it, like a bird of prey over a dying camel in the desert, sucking lower and lower, till it suddenly seized upon it and wrapped it in a shroud of fire. Faint with horror, yet with something like a feeling of thankfulness in my heart that we had not wandered into this street in the obscurity, I turned away from the window, and sat down on a couch. James intended to try and get out of the town as soon as it was daylight, but Torellas declared that his confidence in the stability of the building was not great enough for that nothing would induce him to abandon it, but that his wife and family were free to go with us if they chose. At the first appearance of daylight, we all ascended to the roof of the house, to get a more perfect view of the extent of the damage that had been done. The shocks were still frequent, but less violent, and we comforted ourselves with the thought that the worst was over. In every direction there were gaps where a heap of rubbish alone remained to indicate the place wherein a building had formerly stood; and while we were looking, the air at a particular spot would be filled with dust, showing that another house had been added to the list of the fallen. Our host brought us some food and wine, and had gone down to get some cigar for himself and James, when a prolonged dull roar told us that another shock was approaching. The house trembled with a vibratory motion which made me stretch out my hands to lay hold of something fixed, but without success, my husband would not suffer the bandages to be removed, for fear of causing inflammation of the wounds, by exposing them to the air in such a hot climate, and especially as we might within a minute have to rush out of the house. We were glad enough, however, to avail ourselves of their offered kindness in the matter of clothing, and when these arrangements were completed, we went to the window, and looked out.

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husband appealed to several who passed to assist him in removing me to a place of shelter, but they all refused or pretended not to hear him; probably they had lost relatives the previous night, and were too anxious to discover anything respecting them to pay attention to the words of a stranger. It was impossible to carry me himself in the condition in which I was in, on account of the pain it gave me to move, and we were obliged, though with great reluctance, to consent to a separation while he went to Batalia, the horse-dealer, to get a mule to carry me, a vehicle of any kind being useless in such encumbered streets. Every minute seemed an hour while I was waiting his return, and yet minute after minute passed, and he did not make his appearance. I knew the distance was not great, and making every allowance, as I thought, for the difficulties he might have to overcome, he ought to have been back long since, when a darkening of the air, accompanied this time by a strong sulphureous smell, gave notice that another calamity was about to burst on the devoted city. The openings of the ground were more frequent and far more terrible to see, now that the daylight illuminated them, and showed their unfathomable depth. One of these split open so close to the ruins on which I was lying, that a portion rolled in. The sun's rays fell directly into it, and I shuddered as I gazed into the gulf, which was deeper than the deepest abyss I had ever imagined myself falling into in the wildest nightmare. I drew back trembling with horror and fright, and buried my face in my arms to shut out the dreadful spectacle. I prayed for my husband's return, but he came not. I would have done myself harm in the direction in which he had gone, if I had been able, but I was entirely powerless; and to add to the horrors of my position, I now discovered that a circular stone building (used, I believe, for the temporary confinement of prisoners), trembled with every shock, and, cracked as it was in different directions, threatened every instant to bury me beneath its ruins.

It will not be easy for anybody to realise my feelings as I lay on this heap of rubbish, watching the quivering blocks of stone and the powdered mortar which was grated out from between them, and fell upon me in a shower of dust. I entreated several who passed to come and remove me, if only for a few yards, so that I might be out of reach of the building; and some were about to help me, but when they saw the imminence of the danger, they, like the Levite of old, turned away, and passed by on the other side. The good Samaritan came at last, however, in the form of a poor woman, carrying a baby in her arms. In answer to my appeal, she laid her babe tenderly on the ground, lifted me up, and carried me beyond the reach of this last danger; after which she offered to get me some water, an offer I accepted with a grateful heart, for the pain I was enduring, and the anxiety I had undergone, had parched my throat to that degree that every breath I drew caused me the most acute pain, heightened, perhaps, by the sulphureous exhalations which now filled the air. She was going to carry her babe with her, but I took it from her as she was stooping to pick it up, and told her I would take care of it. Poor little innocent, it wanted no further care. It seemed asleep, but it was a sleep from which it would never wake again; probably it had been suffocated by the pressure of the crowd on the preceding night. The kind woman soon returned with some water, and I raised it to my lips eagerly, anticipating the most delicious sensations from the refreshing coolness it sent through me the instant it touched my lips. I found, to my disappointment, that contact between it and my throat caused me so much pain that I could only swallow a few mouthfuls, and I was obliged to content myself with the relief it afforded me to hold it in my mouth.

I questioned the charitable creature who had so opportunistly come to my assistance as to where she was going, and found she had no fixed idea beyond getting into the country, to which I proposed that if she would remain with me till my husband returned, we would take her with us. She accepted my offer, and to my great joy she had not long to wait before he was returned, with two mules upon which he had found in a stable in the suburbs, the house to which he first went having been shaken down. He seated me on the mule, and though we had still great difficulties to contend against, in the form of clouds of dust, heaps of ruins, and occasional gaps in the ground, we gradually approached the outskirts of the town, which we ultimately succeeded in passing through, and finally found a place of refuge in a shepherd's hut, which an earthquake might swallow up, but could not shake down, from its being built, except a few stones heaped up round the lower part, of stakes, wicker-work, and dried sheep-skins with the wool on them.

We did not return to Naunisalaco till April 1860, some months after the catastrophe, when we found that traces of the city had entirely disappeared, and in its place a form of deep chasms, which gaped in a way that forcibly recalled the horrors we had seen on that occasion.

FOSSIL PLANTS, AND THE LESSONS WHICH THEY TEACH.

The study of vegetable fossils," says Professor Huxley, "is far less satisfactory than that of animal remains, since, in the great majority of cases, the structures most distinctive of the subordinate groups of plants are preserved. Genera, and even species, of animals may be recognised by bones and shells, which are of a very persistent nature, and are found abundantly in stratified rocks. The vegetable bodies which can resist the long-continued action of water are few, and these mostly afford only characters of large sections of the vegetable kingdom, without furnishing generic, far less specific distinctions.

It is probable, for the above reasons, that the fossil plants which have hitherto been found, only partially represent the former plant-creations which preceded the present one, and there is no denying that ideas obtained from fossil plants must necessarily be superficial and very speculative; but there is a sufficient amount of evidence furnished by them, to show satisfactorily that the first plants did not originate from seed, but from spores. They were undoubtedly vascular cryptogams, and these formed, for a long succession of ages, a leading feature in the form of forests which covered the earth's surface. It is true that the cellular cryptogams, such as mosses, liverworts, and lichens, have not been found, but these doubtless existed. Ferns and mosses usually grow together, and lichens prepare the way for both. It is not surprising that the remains of the cellular cryptogams should have disappeared, when we remember that the preservation of plants as fossils necessarily depends on their structure, and that these lower cryptogams are totally devoid of woody and vascular tissue, the most enduring parts of the organisation of plants. The vascular cryptogams have, however, been preserved in the greatest abundance. These consisted of gigantic trees with the most simple foliage, and of cylindrical stems without leaves—the tall columnar leafless form of the calamite, the lepidodendron, which appears to have been only a gigantic lycopodium or club-moss, and tree-ferns, with an undergrowth of herbaceous plants having neither flowers nor fruit, but carrying in their place simple spores. There can be no doubt, too, from the specimens and fragments of plant stems, leaves, and branches, that the oldest sedimentary rocks, that the first land-plants were swamp-plants. Dr Tuckerman, a distinguished American lichenologist, defines lichens to be 'perennial aerial algae,' and these
would be the first to seize upon the land as soon as it became dry land. But some of these plants, or at least the most simple forms of them, were in reality the first vegetable inhabitants of our globe. These would be the first to form in the shallowing waters, before the land and were separated from each other. The vegetative remains would seem to indicate for ages a swampy vegetation. The tree-forming members of our common equinocium or horse-tail, which is found in marshes, although now of a very diminutive size.

Ever since land has existed, there have been plants of tree-like proportions and bulk. It is not necessary that there should be a rich and varied flora for this result to be produced. Were there no other plants in existence now but those belonging to the natural order Roscaceae, we should still have herbs, shrubs, and trees covering the landscape. The yellow cinquefoil (Potentilla Centauraea) and the wild strawberry (Fragaria vesca) are lovely herbaceous plants; the common blackberry (Rubus villosus) and the sweet-fruit (Rosæ rubiginosæ) are shrubs; and the apple, pear, plum, and chestnut—yet they are all members of Roscaceae. These all preceded rosaceous plants in the plan of creation. Trees bearing edible fruits, as well as beautiful blossoms—such as the peach, apricot, apple, pear, plum, and cherry—were introduced when the earth was fitted for the reception of man; their remains are only found in the geological formations now in progress, and therefore, like him, they must be regarded as among the most recent creations.

The most important fact taught by fossil plants is, that the organic and inorganic strata slowly assumed their present appearance, and the evidence would seem to lead us irresistibly to the conclusion, that changes have taken place in the organisation of plants, by which their forms have been gradually and contemporaneously adapted to the ever-changing landscape. Hence the history of the development of plants is intimately associated with the history of those physical changes which the earth’s surface has undergone. Just as the present form of a grand and venerable tree which appears to us to be fixed, but in reality is as fleeting as all the other forms through which that tree has passed from its first life-motion in the seed, is the final result of a long series of antecedent changes, so it is with the globe which we inhabit. The present appearance, or, more truthfully speaking, phase of creation, is the necessary result of a long succession of antecedent changes of which the earth’s crust has preserved the memorial. This world is but a great and ancient theatre of events, and the insects are also frequently met with enclosed in the same substance. The trees of a low order of organisation, such as the birch, beech, oak, poplar, chestnut, and hornbeam, were the pioneers of the forests of the Eocene period as they are now in our present woods. But there is no proof of the creation of rosaceous plants; these seem to be coeval with the first appearance of man.

Our forest trees were therefore not all created at the same time, but are the product of different geological eras; and the plant-covering with which the surface of our world was overgrown, is only a fragment of many antecedent plant-creations, all of which have helped to fertilise and prepare the earth for the present one. To anticipate the evidence on which these conclusions are founded, it is necessary for the reader to be a thoroughly practical botanist, and to be acquainted with the vegetation of different climates and localities. Thus prepared, he can understand and feel the force of the botanical evidence from fossil plants. They prove irresistibly that the present globe and its vegetation was preceded by many others, is continuous with them, and the product of their labours. Those plants and species of organisation are the oldest inhabitants of the globe; the higher plants have been introduced in succession, and the most highly organised at a comparatively speaking modern geological epoch.

Coniferous trees with needle-shaped leaves—such as the pine, fir, and larch, also ferns, horse-tails, and club-mosses—are among the most ancient and persistent types. They have descended to us from the earliest periods of the creation. This remark applies especially to the natural order Conifera, which from the most ancient times until now, in new varieties and splendours, has continued to be developed. The first flowers among herbaceous plants appear to have been brought out of the ground and water lilies, and only the natural order Ericaceae, or the heath tribe, such as the whortleberry (Vaccinium) and the alpine rose (Rhododendron). Among trees bearing true leaves and conspicuous flowers, the tulip poplar (Liriodendron tulipifera), now abundant in Pennsylvania, North America, appears to be an ancient forest form; so also trees belonging to the natural order Leguminosae, or pea tribe, such as the false acacia (Robinia pseudoacacia) and the honey-locust (Gleditschia triacanthos). These trees all preceded rosaceous plants in the plan of creation. Trees bearing edible fruits, as well as beautiful blossoms—such as the peach, apricot, apple, pear, plum, and cherry—were introduced when the earth was fitted for the reception of man; their remains are only found in the geological formations now in progress, and therefore, like him, they must be regarded as among the most recent creations.

Our ideas of a Divine Providence are certainly enlarged by these views of nature. To think that through the all but eternal ages during which our planet has gone on rolling round the sun, its plant-covering should have been continually improving in beauty, variety, and grandeur, and this, too, notwithstanding all the convulsions to which its crust has been subjected, visible everywhere in its shattered and uplifted strata; fossil plants may be considered as the remains of a system of vegetable life, developed under external conditions which are no longer the same in any part of the world. The calamine, lepidodendron, and other extinct forms of vegetation, on which our sun once shone, have disappeared for ever as living agents from the surface of our planet, because they never had the Providence assured them. They probably could not now exist in the present world, but they helped to carry on the work of creation whilst they did. The same remarks apply to the present living plants. There have been sea or mountain floweret or forest trees at present in existence, which is not now contributing its part to the advancement of nature; and all are just as beautifully adapted to the present stage of the world’s progress.
Reader, if you cultivate a garden, as I hope you do, you can see the beginning and end of the lowly plants growing around your dwelling, and you know that they put forth a regular cycle of appendages of leaves, flowers, and fruit. It is the same with the forest trees, whose life-history covers a longer space of time. Now, if the cycle of life-changes which follow collectively the life of a flower or a tree, are conducted on plan and system, why not those of the series of plant-creations which have preceded and prepared the way for the present one? I cannot help feeling that there is order and prearrangement in all these onward movements; and the wonder is that, despite the convulsions that have repeatedly shattered the planetary surface, the vegetation should have been ever improving. And now the most beautiful day of the creation has at last dawned; the air is pure and healthy; the empoisoned gases which escaped from the interior of the earth have disappeared. Our planet is now stable, and no more destructive revolutions menace its tranquil surface. Peace is at length established among the opposing forces of nature, which appear to have been reconciled only to achieve in man the tragic act of creation. The germ of his being existed from the first origin of things; to his introduction, all the changes of the past clearly point. The destiny of man, although through storm and revolution, will still be onward. Or at least the onward progress of nature should inspire that confidence.

HOME FROM THE COLONIES.

IN A RATHER WICKED MANNERS AND MR JOHN LEICHH.

In a rather wicked book published some forty years ago, called Real Life in London, we learn how our immediate ancestors used to amuse themselves in the Great Metropolis. The letterpress of the volume was happily unintelligible to my youthful mind, but I remember being delighted, when a little boy, with its highly-coloured illustrations. It was not a work to lie about the drawing-room table at Trevarton even at that date, but I knew exactly the shelf in the library which it occupied, and could have placed the miniature scaling-ladder which was necessary for me to attain it, precisely underneath it in the dark. Tom and Bob (the heroes of the book), exceedingly in the mode, in their queer green and blue coats, were my very good friends, and I was not in the least aware of what bad company I was keeping. I took them for "a stroll down Drury Lane at five in the morning," among the early breakfast-eaters, and the gentlemen returning from their suppers, and enjoyed it immensely. My sympathies, I am afraid, were with them in 'Catching the Charley napping,' where the one trips up the miserable old guardian of the peace as he emerges from his box, and the other runs off with his lantern and rattle. I wondered what pleasure all that gay company could find in sitting round a board of green cloth, and playing with dice, without the backgammon-board, which was indispensable, as I imagined, to their use; but I snatched a fearful joy from the spectacle represented at 'The theatre, Westminster,' where the performances (it was written beneath the plate) were 'of the old school.' A bear was depicted being tortured by a number of savage dogs and men in the presence of many members of what the book delighted to call the best box. Such an entertainment was in disrepute, it seems, even in those evil days, but still extant, just as prize-fighting is in our own time. With Tom and Bob this last was 'the noble science,' and patronised, they said, by the 'Corinthians'—which always struck me, although I never ventured to express the suspicion, as being a very gross anachronism.

The picture of 'a private turn-up in the drawing-room of a noble marquis,' will never fade from my retina: the time is midnight; the hostess occupies the highest rank, and in coats of every hue (except the two noble seconds, who are in their shirt-sleeves), are standing round the combatants in attitudes of enthusiastic admiration; the Prince Regent (or somebody excessively like him) drunk, is feebly cheering them; the chaplain of the marquis regards them from his chair with an expression of consternation that certainly does not condemn their heroic exertions; the prize-fighters themselves, stripped to the waist, make a hideous contrast with the exaggerated splendour of the drawing-room—I see it all at this moment exactly as I did when I was a little lad just in jackets, standing on the top-rail of the library ladder, delighted with my occupation, but apprehensively lest my father, or my brother Tom (who would have been sure to tell of me), should suddenly open the door.

Such were doubtless the town amusements of our ancestors, and nothing different, perhaps, from those of our own youth than are the now-a-day dissipations of our sons. It is evident to every middle-aged observer, although he may be too much laudator temporis acti to confess it, that coarseness and brutality are growing rare, and if vice be not actually upon the decline (as I believe it to be), she pays a tribute to virtue in the adoption of a veil which she formerly took no pains to wear. How idle is it to talk of the Good Old Times when, fix them at what date we will, and make ourselves honestly acquainted with the manners, the laws, the opinions then prevalent, we find them abhorrent, not only to our daintier modern senses, but to natural morality and good feeling! That amiable class of persons which always insists upon the increasing wickedness of the world is totally ignorant of how bad it used to be, and judges mankind in general by comparison with its one exceptional purity. The want of acquaintance of these good people with what is really going on among their fellow-creatures, deprives their influence of half its value. Their morality is often legendary, and its rules directed against what Mr Carlyle calls 'extinct Satans,' amusements that have no longer the sting of vice in them. It was but yesterday that I took up an Exhibition-visitor's Guide-book to London, intended for this exclusive but by no means insignificant body. The Colosseum, the Polytechnic, and the Thames Tunnel were the only places therein licensed for amusement, with the exception of Bazaars, in the enumeration of which the editor seemed to take a morbid pleasure as being the nearest approach to vicious dissipation permissible. I can myself remember when Theatres were really haunts of iniquity, and when every drawing-room in London rang with ribald strains. All this, however, is now changed, and honest gentlemen take their daughters to listen, unseen—in latticed cages, such as those in which the House of Lords immures its fair spectators—to innocent glee-singing in the very place whence Colonel Newcome took away his son in righteous wrath, because of infamous songs. Since acting and singing must exist, it is surely a matter of congratulation that they can now be beheld and listened to without a blush! There are doubtless

* How strange and capricious a thing is memory! I am unable to call up again, with any distinctness, the face of my dear father, who died years after those childish days of mine, while the stupid figures of this vulgar picture, which I have never set eyes on since, I remember perfectly, so as to place each in the position it occupied.
plenty of places of amusement in London, vicious enough for the most profligate, but they no longer thrust themselves upon the well disposed. It is, after all, neither the virtuous nor the vicious that we should be principally concerned about in these matters, but the ordinary run of mortals—that is to say, four-fifths of a population. When the public amusement which they patronise is upon the whole decorous and respectable, it is evident that a genuine civilisation prevails among the inhabitants. A colony, though it exhibits in its outlying districts some of the primitive virtues which do not flourish in the parent country, imports into its towns all the vices of civilisation, and is slow indeed to reform them. I am a colonist, and stand by my adopted country, but I do not believe the inhabitants of Melbourne to be more virtuous than those of modern London.

Again, there are few better evidences of national good feeling than is afforded by the conduct of a crowd. When I left this country, it was the reproach of our neighbours across the channel, and the sneer of those among our own countrymen who affected to despise the manners badly,' as Englishmen would say, of this crowd. Never could it be conceived that such a crowd would never behave itself: that it was impossible to open parks and gardens to the public, because they would trample on the fences and pluck every flower they could find. No doubt many of this behaviour in the sculpture gallery was represented as combining the worst characteristics of the Vandal and the Iconoclast. Even large-hearted kindley Leigh Hunt could only put forth in the face of their fanatism a cutting their names on everything that was softer than a clay knife, by contending that this was, after all, a natural yearning for immortality, and as such as could possibly be got by persons who did not write poems and essays. In the few pleasure-grounds that were at that time open to the public, the masses throve happily. The law was in course of time to be replaced by the common decency of the public. If they plucked a daisy; denunciatory placards warned them off the law; and the only notice that did not breathe fire and slaughter against transgressors, was that very commendable one in Hampton Court Gardens (I think), 'It is expected that the public will protect what is intended for the public to enjoy.' I find those matters changed indeed. A thin wire, or a single piece of string, is sufficient to keep the most hungry 'nanny' from forbidden ground, even if his children (who are comparatively speaking 'scollars') are not beseeching him to afford them some writing on the little board yonder is. 'Please to keep to the pathoata.' The beautiful gardens at Sydenham, which are roamed over by tens of thousands, six days a week, present no more trace of ravinage than the grounds of the most exclusive noblemen; the delicate paths are as untrodden, the stately trees as undecayed. The fragile statues within the Fairy Palace run no danger of becoming Tires; and its pictures, not withstanding that the visitors are not disarmed before admission, are never 'pimped' by the too expatiative umbrellas. It is remarkable, also, that this improvement has occurred notwithstanding a decided rise in the national high spirits—in our demonstrativeness upon holiday occasions. The English, so far as all but the aristocratic classes are concerned, no longer 'take their pleasures sadily,' as they were wont to do. The masses were never so en rapport with one another. They applaud, they dissent, they laugh far more readily and boisterously than of old. If M. Assanteau and his brother-scribes would go down to Sydenham upon a people's fête-day—like that of 'the Foresters'—and station themselves opposite the Merry-go-round, they could scarcely issue any stereotyped notions about the dull and impassioned character of the English being greatly modified. The patent 'Innovators'—which are simply scientific 'seculars,' bring all of these with the exception of some female, perhaps, who may not be a good sailor, poor thing—are generally in hysteric of laughter. If one or two sight-seers have taken a little more to drink than is good for them (which must needs happen when the million enjoys itself), their first impulse is always to embrace the policeman. If the proverb in vino veritas holds good in beer, the lower orders of this country have a very genuine, though latent, affection for those who used to be considered their natural enemies by the law. I have seen intoxicated men at a French fête—and how inordinately they must have drunk of their national liquors to make such a thing possible!—but their sympathies did not prompt them to shake hands with any of those individuals who always with swords, and sometimes with fixed bayonets, direct and control the public festivities of that highly civilised land. When the citizen and the Gendarmerie sympathise in France, it is for revolution.

I confess that I am indignant at the calumnies recently cast upon my country which are not the result of observation, but of tradition. There was a time, it is true, for I can remember it, when we were savage and stupid; when our recreations were coarse, and our capacity was not good enough to be reproached for such matters at the present day by a people whose government permits vivisection and prohibits political caricatures, is a little too bad. One very tolerable way of aggravating the impression of our vileness is to cut out everything that they can recollect what sort of pictures came down, long after his time, to country-houses to amuse folks in wet weather, and the class of humorous prints (so-called) that filled the shop-windows: exaggerated foolish sketches of hunting, shooting, fishing; allegorical presentations of political parties with highly necessary explanations of the characters which they represented. The sheets which paved the way for Punch were (with one exception that all my contemporaries will recognise) ill conceived and clumsily executed. The young fellows who purchase that popular paper at the railway station on Wednesday afternoons to enliven them on their way down into the country before it reaches the eager hands of their sisters, have no idea of the treat which it affords, for they have never been without it. A quarter of a century ago, such combinations of head, and hand, and heart—of conception and skill, and good feeling—were afforded to the public, and what is more, the sheets which paved the way for Punch were not to be purchased for threepence, nor indeed for any money. There have been not a few of them able to touch honest eyes with tears more tender than those of mirth. The social sketches of Mr John Leech, again, are the actual chronicles of English life in the upper and middle ranks during the last twenty years. I open the back volumes of Punch, and become possessed at once of all that my equals and contemporaries have been doing in my absence. I learn how they have passed their summers and winters; I see not only the sort of seaside places they have visited, with the various classes of marine persons they have discovered there, but how they made love, and when, and even why, with the most accurate representations of every member of their families and households; not only what specimens of humanity, mounted upon all kinds of horses, from the three-hundred-guinea hunter down to the little ha'shelt, compose a field, but how folks lived and moved in country-houses, and how they lived when it was a frost and they couldn't move, or, at least, hunt.

This admirable artist, therefore, methinks almost as much as he delights me; but he does still more. He convinces me (notwithstanding Sir Crosswell Crosswell's court) of the stability of the pillars of English domestic peace, of the victory of Mate family, and the fidelity of his husband. We have to thank Mr Leech that that vulgar type of our countrymen, much
too coarsely executed to admit of any but the broadest
characteristics—Mr John Bull—has been superseded by
Paterfamilias. The sternness and dogmatism are
indeed retained, but the senseless pedagogical which no
longer belongs to him (of his father did), is erased, and in
its stead we have a hundred genuine traits which often
excite our laughter, but not less often arouse our
affectionate respect. In the 'Rising Generation' we recog-
nise a progeny worthy of a parent, but with a
greater tendency to refinement. Their precocity, with
all its ludicrous assumption and cool impertinence, has
nothing to do with vice. When we were their age, we
were not permitted to leave our schools, eleven at a
time, to play a cricket match in another county, or
by nines, to row a race upon a distant river, with the
crew of a rival seminary; we did not win public
prizes with the Minie rifle; we had not books written
about us, exhibiting all the system of our school-
world, and recommending and effecting reforms in it.
We were not public instances at twelve, and celebri-
ties at fourteen; and if we had attempted to be so,
we should have been quenched with the remark, that
little boys should be seen and not heard.' Making
allowance, therefore, for the differences in our social
position, the Rising Generation of youths appears to
be as good as we were, and (between ourselves) a
triple better. The brutality of boy towards boy at
school, which was our youth's terror, is now the notice
of a master, and a matter to be winked at by
a parent, is now the exception, instead of the rule.
The opening chapters of our lives are no longer a
tale of petty tyranny (illustrated with cute), with
its necessary train of lies and subterfuges. The boy's
eleventh commandment—'Tell a lie, tell a good
un, and stick to it,' is instilled in the youthful mind no
more. The happiness even of a lad, is now held to
be worthy of some consideration, and the inculcation
of morality and good principle is not postponed until
he has defaced Juvenal.

It is possible that masterfamilias (who is extraordi-
narily sensitive about 'your dear papa') may feel some
irritation at times, at the innocent fun which Mr
Lecch makes out of her delightful husband, but in
reality, both she and the 'girls' owe him a large debt
of gratitude. It is true that he found the family
as good and honest as he describes them, but it is not
ever popular artist who is aware of the responsibilities
of his profession. He cannot, it is true, make people
to vicious or vicious, by delineating them as one or
the other, but he can do a great deal towards it.
Mr Lecch's pictures are all in some sort moral lessons;
for the young cannot fail to learn from them not only
that their fathers and mothers lived upon the whole
very happy lives, but that they were happy because
they were good.

If M. Assiant and his fellow-scribes will permit me to
dictate a second time what they should do to ascertain
the manners and customs of our country, and the char-
acteristics of our social and domestic life, I would ask
them to stop a few hundred yards from their beloved
Leicester Square to the spot which I have heard of one
of their representatives, the Saloon of Egypt,
Peckadaley', in other words, Egyptian Hall, and he
will receive the fullest information from Mr
John Leech's Sketches in Oil. The hunting-pictures
will indeed be 'cavare' to him. He will not under-
stand how a medical practitioner—a man of education
and science—can be so extravagantly fond of fox-
hunting as to change his professional garments for
those of the chase as he drives along in his carriage;
'Not be in time, oh, nonsense; send my horse on; see
my patients early: dress in the brougham, and there
I arrive.' He will not be able to conceive the
swiftness of that flushed, dishevelled beauty emerging
lands from her bathing-machine, and steering herself
with difficulty on the narrow plank? Who has not
been moved to admiration at the sight of the
Round Hat laden with novels in a storm? or at
the balloons into which the young ladies are involuntarily

know what your pa said! You was to take the greatest
care of Joey,' that is nothing but tender sympathy
which prompts her to reply, 'So I will, Robert, and
that's why I am taking him off the nasty hard road,
poor thing.' Whi, composure and disrespect of the
church will he conceive to be exhibited in the two
fockhunters who leave the unhappy 'spilt' parson in
the ditch, with the remark, that it doesn't matter,
because he will no more. Is this the boy of the hunting-field, however, who will
probably excite our foreigner's most unmitigated
astonishment. He will wonder why one duodecimo
sportsman (aged ten), galloping to cover on any back
is so curious to inquire the weight of another young
gentleman (aged seven), his companion, and be sorely
perplexed with the reply, that he is sorry to say he is
over four pounds, exclusive of saddle and bridle. He
will doubt the probability of Master George upon the
Shetland setting that diminutive quadruped at so
awful a brook, in spite of the 'Hold fast, Master
Georgey, it's too wide and uncommon deep' for
what French boy of the same tender years would
have persisted in so wild a feat with an 'All right,
Ruggles, we can both swim.' He will not recognise
the wisdom of that paternal advice which the red-
headed old gentleman on the tall bay is giving to his
miniture companion: 'I say, my little man, you
should always how to behave yourself; and nourish
and over ploughed land; and he will miss the charm
of the young Nimrod's impertinent reply, 'All right,
old cock! don't you teach your grandmother to suck
eggs. There's my man by the halstake with my
second horse.'

On the other hand, from almost all the pictures in
Mr Leech's collection which are not illustrative of the
hunting-field, the foreign visitor will not fail to learn
more of England and the English in half an hour, than
can be obtained by any other means in half a year.
There are hints of scenery by sea and land, and hints
of upland and valley so characteristic, that the be-
holder may well consider himself possessed of the chief
features of our land; while there are specimens, male
and female, so typical of their different classes, that
he who looks on them has seen more of English people
than are to be observed during a lifetime passed in
Leicester Square.

How beautiful, and yet how unanealed are the
young ladies! not too bright and good, indeed, for
human nature's daily food, but honest, kind, and fair.
Who knows how the grand old ladies of our
country's resorts can fail to recog-
nise the frequenters of that 'Mermaid's Haunt,' or
the charming frequenters of it, with their long hair
drying in the breeze,' all engaged in marine idlenesses
—sketching in water-colours, pretending to geologise
with little hammers, or looking for those sticky curio-
sities to which Messrs Gosse and Kingsley have recom-
ended their best attention. The 'Common Objects of
the Sea-side generally found at Low Water' is one of
the most humorous pictures in the collection—a
back-view of an infinite number of crinolined young
ladies, who are engaged in looking for algae for their
trousseaux.

Next to the hunting-field, Mr Leech delights in
depicting the sea-side. It is there that he picks up
his genuine mermaids, those Sireys, groups of the sea,
the bathing-women, with their 'Master Frankney
wouldn't cry—no, not he [the child is screaming].
He'll come to his Marta, and bathe like a man, I
know.' Who, agat, actual photographic, that
flushed, dishevelled beauty emerging landed
lands from her bathing-machine, and steering herself
with difficulty on the narrow plank? Who has not
been moved to admiration at the sight of the
Round Hat laden with novels in a storm? or at
the balloons into which the young ladies are involuntarily

4, * Yes, my dear; I know it is beneficial for it, but consider
the heart of your too susceptible Punch.*
metamorphised at the 'Nice Bracing Day at the Sea-side,' when the umbrellas are blown inside out, and the head of the Skyey terrier becomes for once their beloved companion. Finally, who does not perceive the photographic truthfulness of 'The Bathing Hour,' with all its accomplishments of health and happiness and innocence? The little children who are being their laughing companion in the sand are alone a study for a morning. No artist has ever entered into the glee of childhood with such exuberant perception, from the miniature belles and beaux of the Juvenile Party in Belgravia, down to the dirty, ragged, happy children of Whitechapel, who, with an old go-cart, in front of a dilapidated house, are playing, by help of an imaginary footman, at 'fashionable calls.' A very slight explanation is necessary for even a Frenchman to enjoy all this innocent fun. At Ramsgate, which is perhaps the best known sea-side place in Great Britain, there are two effigies of soldiers placed as targets on the sand for visitors to shoot at with bows and arrows. Ellen and Aunt Fidget are bathing within sight of these objects, and the former, who delights in a harmless joke at the expense of her relative, exclaims: 'Good gracious, aunt, there are two officers!' 'Aunt Fidget, who has short-sighted, replies: 'Bless me, so there are! Well, they may be sporting and darting among the men, but I'm sure, or they wouldn't stand looking at us in that impudent manner.' As, indeed, there is scarcely a single incident illustrated with which the English visitor is not familiar, so there is hardly a spot which he does not seem to recognise at the first glance.

The sign and seal of the popularity of any new diversion is its delineation by Mr. Leech; and while was the day, doubtless, for the proprietors of this game of Croquet, when 'a nice game for two or three' came out in Punched, and blessed the hour for the manufacturers of Aunt Sally, when they knew that that lady was acknowledged as our common relation; 'Oh, Gosh, isn't it fun!' exclaims a fair-player, stick in hand, to her lover; 'I've beaten Arthur and Julia, and I've broken Aunt Sally's nose seven times.' It was my original intention to have selected for comment from Mr. Leech's collection such sketches as seemed more especially admirable, but upon referring to the catalogue with which I had furnished myself for that purpose, I found I have marked them all. This is very natural, nay, it is so many that no man, is evident by the observations one hears on all sides in the exhibition itself. 'Oh do come here, Agustus, isn't this perfection! ' Then a duet of male and female, 'Yes, it is better than that,' and another of 'This, Arabella, that I have just been looking at.' In another part of the room, 'Oh, mamma, isn't this like dear little Betty, when Miss Almack's bill comes in?' Well, but it really is, you know. And isn't this the image of dearest Julia?' In another, 'Don't you remember when we crossed to Dieppe last July, that poor young couple who were so ill—why these are the very people!' Angelina (to Edwin, whose only chance is perfect tranquility). 'Edwin, dear, if you love me, go down into the cabin and fetch me my scent-bottle, and another shawl to put on my feet.'

There can be no more gratifying tribute to the genius of an artist than such unstudied criticisms as these; but the purity of Mr. Leech's pencil deserves even a higher eulogium from all who are acquainted with what popular pictures of a similar description are abroad, and what they were wont to be at home. It would have been easy for an artist who need not you to those heaped upon the table, or upon the shore, would have been impossible, perhaps, for a French Leech to have overcome the temptation—to have flavoured his picture with just the taste and scents, with just the atmosphere of imprudence, while the harm that would have resulted from every so slight a dereliction would have been incalculable. Authors of very moderate circulation, and Heaven on their death-beds that they have never written a sentiment which they wished were blotted out; but it is a matter of thankfulness not only to himself but to his country, that John Leech—our national artist—has never drawn a single line which needs erasure.

FISHERIES OF THE PACIFIC.

It was long ago observed by a great philosopher, that if the inhabitants of the earth made the most of their powers and opportunities, they might subsist almost entirely upon the inhabitants of the sea. He may have been oversanguine in his estimate, but it is certain that the ocean is far more prolific of food, both for men and animals, than, in spite of the advances of science, is even now generally credited. That huge basin which extends from the shores of Australia to those of America, and from Bering Strait to the Arctic Circle, abounds with all kinds and varieties of fish, from the whale of a hundred feet in length to the delicate eastern representative of our whitebait, which, from its diminutiveness and tenacity, shoots almost invisibly through the water. On the shores of the continents and islands which fringe this mighty ocean, man finds an abundance of fish—in some places, he can hardly avoid the féte of the immense shoals, so as to make it almost doubtful whether they belong to land or water—while, as he proceeds seaward into greater depths, he encounters all the stupendous varieties of the cetacea which court the solitudes of the ocean, and roam as far as possible from the haunts of the human race. All the watery portion of our planet's surface is the whale's field. The fixing from the icy precincts of one pole, he shoots with incalculable rapidity through all the intervening zones, and alight the equator to the other, attracting, as he proceeds over this immense track, myriads of creatures furiously bent on his destruction; so that, in all likeliness, the day is not far distant when the whale, like the mammoth and the mastodon, will be reckoned among the things that were. Before man had declared war against the Leviathan, it must have been a grand spectacle to behold the watery wastes of the Pacific thickly dotted with these many Sorous animals, sporting together, snatching their young, throwing up jets into the air, compared with which the waterworks of St. Cloud and Versailles are mere toys; or lashing the waves into foam, then rolled, pelted, and revealed on the surface of the deep. They were then to be met with in incredible multitudes, and it is probable that many hundreds of thousands still maintain possession of their old haunts; though they are gradually disappearing from certain portions of the sea, and have to be sought for in new waters.

By degrees, no doubt, every square league of the Pacific will be traversed, and all its groups, islands, reefs, shoals, and rocks laid down in charts; but up to this time, the whalers, in search of their prey, fall constantly with new lands, robed in vegetable beauty, encompassed with coral reefs and circles of foam, or rendered inaccessible by incessant breakers. Occasionally, small islands burst upon the view in the midst of shining seas, with whose translucent surface, their eminences, tufted with emerald, strikingly contrast. Sometimes the groups and islands observed are nothing but level green plains, interspersed with clumps of coco-nut trees, which wave and bend in the wind, and annually drop their fruit, which there is none to gather. Whole clusters of islands have no inhabitants but the ocean-birds, which make them their prey, and roll away against the shores in concert with the dismal surge. Here and there, as the whaler pursues his track, he joyfully perceives smoke ascending among the palm-trees, or wreathing the crests of the jungle. Here he notes down in his log-book refreshments are to be procured, such as hogs, fowls, yams,
plantains, and cocoa-nuts. Sometimes the inhabitants are at home, and in a happy, and simple way, barter their goods with the strangers, by whom they are nearly always imposed upon, robbed of their women, or otherwise maltreated. Occasionally, however, the savages, whether familiar with the white man or not, are truly deserving of the appellation by which they are distinguished; and flourishing their spears, or whirling their war-hatchets about their heads, rush fiercely into conflict with the invaders of their homes, and not unfrequently make them pay dearly for their contempt of hospitable laws.

No kind of life, however, can be in general more wild and solitary than that of the whaler. When he encounters the object of his search in the open ocean, he lowers three pinnaces from the deck of his ship, and putting into each six men, including a harpooner, despatches them against the prey. The service now becomes exciting and perilous. Approaching the whale silently with muffled oars, the harpooner, taking aim at the root of one of the lateral fins, where the animal is most vulnerable, lets fly his weapon; upon which, finding himself wounded, the whale plunges down into the depths of the sea, sometimes even lower than two hundred fathoms, the length of line usually attached to the harpoon. This line is carefully coiled in a tub; and lest it should become entangled in running out, and thus drag the pinnace to the bottom, a man is posted on the gunwales with a sharp axe, to chop it off instantly in case of danger. To prevent its taking fire also, the sailors constantly throw water on it, as it runs and smokes from the rapidity of the motion. In a short time, the whale returns to the surface of the ocean to breathe, when he is again wounded, and a second time seeks safety in the depths of the sea. After a while, he emerges the third time, and maddened by pain, spouts aloft, with great noise through his spiracles, vast quantities of blood and water, beating the ocean around him into a red foam, till his strength gradually failing, he turns on his side and dies.

When this takes place in the open sea, the blubber is cut off, and sacked on board; but if near an island, the whale is towed towards the shore, where preparations are made along the beach for kindling fires, and melting the fat into oil. The men put on shoes furnished with long spines to enable them to maintain their footing, and descend upon the carcass spade in hand. They then plunge their implements into the blubber, which they throw as they would so much soft wood, into tubes or casks, to be conveyed on shore for melting. When the island is entirely uninhabited, they fell the wood, and encamp peaceably on the beach; but as most of the larger islands of the Pacific swarm with natives, it is generally found necessary to plant pickets, and keep watch night and day, to prevent surprises. A group thus engaged presents a highly picturesque appearance; long reaches of fine sand or pebbles extending to the green-sward, and overhung by woods, with the flames ascending here and there from immense fires, and numbers of men, some filling casks, others putting in the heads, or lifting them into boats to be conveyed on board, while others are fishing, cooking, or eating their meals upon the shore.

The destruction of the whale species now proceeds rapidly, since it takes from ninety to a hundred of these enormous fishes to supply the cargo of one ship; and it has been calculated that from ten to twelve thousand are either killed or wounded in one year by the American whalers alone. The achievements of other nations have not been so accurately calculated; but if we estimate the whole amount of these animals slaughtered from eighteen to twenty thousand annually, we shall probably be considerably within the mark. Where the water is clear, as in some parts on the coast of New Zealand, you may generally, near the old moltings, grounds, see the whole bottom of the sea strewn with the skulls and bones of three or four, and each other, or broken into fragments, and scattered by the waves. But the mighty hunters of the deep are not always victorious; sometimes the whale, goaded to madness with the white man not, are truly deserving of the appellation by which they are distinguished; and flourishing their spears, or whirling their war-hatchets about their heads, rush fiercely into conflict with the invaders of their homes, and not unfrequently make them pay dearly for their contempt of hospitable laws.

Of no kind of life, however, can be in general more wild and solitary than that of the whaler. When he encounters the object of his search in the open ocean, he lowers three pinnaces from the deck of his ship, and putting into each six men, including a harpooner, despatches them against the prey. The service now becomes exciting and perilous. Approaching the whale silently with muffled oars, the harpooner, taking aim at the root of one of the lateral fins, where the animal is most vulnerable, lets fly his weapon; upon which, finding himself wounded, the whale plunges down into the depths of the sea, sometimes even lower than two hundred fathoms, the length of line usually attached to the harpoon. This line is carefully coiled in a tub; and lest it should become entangled in running out, and thus drag the pinnace to the bottom, a man is posted on the gunwales with a sharp axe, to chop it off instantly in case of danger. To prevent its taking fire also, the sailors constantly throw water on it, as it runs and smokes from the rapidity of the motion. In a short time, the whale returns to the surface of the ocean to breathe, when he is again wounded, and a second time seeks safety in the depths of the sea. After a while, he emerges the third time, and maddened by pain, spouts aloft, with great noise through his spiracles, vast quantities of blood and water, beating the ocean around him into a red foam, till his strength gradually failing, he turns on his side and dies.

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acquire the greater impetus; and then, with head erect, and fins displayed, darting seaward, they plough up sand and water, till they find themselves at least in their native element. In this enterprise there is no crowding, no confusion, no hastening of one to get before the other. The larger go first, as requiring more water to float them, and the younger and smaller proceeding to that of the elephants, who, when they have to cross a muddy river, send the most diminutive of the tribe first, because, if the larger and heavier preceded them, they would stick fast in their footmarks, and never be able to get out. Of course, the poor natives engaged in the mullet-fishery think of nothing but the amount of food obtained. To the stranger, however, who looks on, the scene is highly animated and picturesque; with green promontories running out into the sea on both sides, a brilliant sky overhead, huge breakers crested with foam and dashing in before the breeze from the vast Pacific, aquatic birds wheeling and screaming aloft, and hosts of black fishermen, net or spear in hand, scattered among the porpoises.

Even this form of industry is less exciting, as well as less profitable, than the fishing for turtle, carried on throughout a considerable portion of the year. Almost everywhere on the Australian coast, the heads of turtles, or nests of turtle eggs, appear either as offerings to the fetiches of the different tribes, or like the heads of the Bornean Dyaks, as trophies of victory. In the Arabian Desert, you constantly observe, in the gorges of the mountains, heaps of turtle's carcases, taken by Bedouins to conceal them as they lie in wait for the gazelles. So in the neighbourhood of Torres Strait, the turtle-hunters have made themselves carcases, though not for concealment, but only to mark the stations whence the best looks-out may be obtained. Here the clumsy fisher plants himself, and as soon as a green turtle is perceived drifting past, notice is given to the tribe, and a canoe is pushed off, containing several of the boldest fishermen. Frequently, this branch of fishing is carried on during the night, when the bright moon, silvery over the calm surface of the sea, discovers every speck to the keen eye of the natives. Generally, the turtles traverse the ocean in pairs, male and female, which are often therefore captured together. When the prey is discerned in the moonlight, the canoe in chase advances stealthily. The canoe must come within touch of the turtle, when lies one of the boldest and strongest fishers, taking a rope in his hand, leaping on the turtle's back, and slipping the cord about his neck, endeavours to turn him. The native, beside this most exciting, but with little danger, for the edge of the turtle's carcase is often armed with sharp and jagged points which deeply wound the thighs, or rip up the belly, of the swimmer. But as man must eat, so he must run all risks to obtain wherewith to satisfy his appetite. Foiled once and again, the savage still returns to the charge, now swimming round the turtle, now springing on his back, and at length, in spite of his huge bulk and vast weight—averaging between three and four hundred pounds—turns him on his back, after which he is towed helplessly towards the beach.

If the natives are bold and enterprising in the capture of turtles, they are in most cases equally absurd and improvident in the use of what they have taken. Large numbers flock together, and prepare for a feast, which never ceases until every atom of the provision is consumed—the fat, skimmed off while the flesh is boiling, they sometimes drink in a fluid state, from a bladder, or occasionally, in the joints of a bamboo. On some parts of the coast, the necessity of providing for the future has forced its way into the native's mind, and he accordingly stows away the turtle's flesh, hides it in a melon shell, hangs it up on skewers to dry, and thus preserves it for several weeks. Far out at sea, among the coral reefs, innumerable species of fish, many of them as yet unknown to science, are discovered darting hither and thither in the clear water, now diving and discharging the air cavities of the subterranean forest, now floating upwards almost to the surface, clothed in colours so brilliant as to eclipse the brightest flowers of the earth. Here also, along the fringes of the shore, are shows of rare splendour and beauty, glowing unheeded in the tropical sun, and beheld perhaps by man not above once or twice in a thousand years. In the Northern Pacific, the taking of the trepang or sea-urchin is an employment of much profit, though of no great interest, apart from the character of the countries near which it is carried on. Formerly, on the eastern extremity of the Indian Archipelago, where it may be said to abut upon the Pacific, the sea-gipesia added themselves, as was natural, to all kinds of fishing. They lived entirely in their prahus, and avoiding the storms of the monsoons, sailed north or south in search of calm seas and agreeable warmth. Their migrations were regulated by the same principles as those of the birds: and they might now be seen anchored in the well-wooded creeks and bays of Magindanao; and presently, as you pursued your way towards the south, you would descry them in their picturesque barks, on trees, staking their nets, on the rank and gorgeous coasts of New Guinea. For reasons difficult to be understood, these people have at length almost entirely deserted the sea, and taken to agriculture and gardening, in some of those spacious islands, which, in case of necessity, might afford a retreat to half the inhabitants of Asia.

Everybody is of course familiar with the shark, which in so many parts of the world renders bathing dangerous, performing the office of scavenger of the ocean, devouring everything, following ships afar off in the ocean when there are sick on board, in the hope of being able to feast on a corpse, and lying off native villages to feed on every abomination that is cast into the sea. Once, in the Calvados group, a contest was witnessed between the sea-lawyer, as the sailors term him, and a sucking-fish, to whose tail a large piece of wood had been fastened by a fathom or so of spun-yarn. This villainous amusemeat is on board ship denominated sparsail-yarding. The contest is thus described by an eyewitness: 'An immense striped shark, apparently about fourteen feet in length, which had been cruising about the ship all the morning, sailed slowly up, and turning slightly on one side, attempted to seize the apparently helpless fish, but the sucker, with great dexterity, made a movement towards the shark's back: off dashed the monster at full speed, the sucker holding on fast as a limpet to a rock, and the billet towing astern. He then rolled over and over, tumbling about, when, wearied with his efforts, he lay quiet for a little. Seeing the float, the shark got it into his mouth, and disgorging the sucker by the tug on the line, made a bolt at the fish; but his puny antagonist was again too quick, and fixing himself close behind the dorsal fin, defied the efforts of the shark to disengage him, although he rolled over and over, lashing the water with his tail until it foamed all around. When the final result was, we could not clearly make out.'

Another fishery carried on by the natives, though on a small scale, is that of the dugong, whose peculiar structure has given rise to innumerable fables. This is supposed to have been the Triton of the mythology, the Siren of the poets, and the mermaid of modern times. Fondness for the flesh of the dugong is not a native trait, especially to such as are thrown by circumstances to a great distance from the majority of their own race, and where in comparative solitude the imagination is left to follow its own caprice, or in the Dutch of Java, when they behold by accident a dugong among the rocks, snatching its young upon
the sunny waters, but diving out of sight as soon as discovered, persuade themselves they have seen the mermaid, and the natives of Batavia are filled for weeks with controversial paragraphs on the existence or non-existence of the maiden of the sea. Several species of dugong are known to naturalists: one in the Gulf of Mexico, another on the coast of Chili, a third among the Indian islands, a fourth in the Red Sea, and a fifth on the western edge of the Pacific, which is the Australian variety. This is sought by the natives exclusively for its oil. Upon the shore of the new colony of Queensland, there is a long narrow island, consisting of a series of sand-hills, some of which approach a thousand feet in height, interspersed with morasses and lagoons, and sprinkled with woods of the cypress-pine, greatly prized for ornamental work. The sand on the beach is kept compact and solid by the agency of several grasses which creep along its surface, and spreading like a net on all sides, prevent its being blown away by the winds, and at length, with the aid of moisture, convert it into solid ground. In all the great deserts of Asia and Africa, a similar phenomenon is in many places observable, the sand-hills of all shapes being kept together by something like our bent grass, though the sand-hills are much brighter and more beautiful. The wild-flowers often disclose themselves to the eye. The same is the case on Moreton Island, where you find a convolvulus with bright pink flowers, and a stem which sometimes measures sixteen yards in length. Alternating with this, is another plant with clustering yellow flowers, which spangle the sandy slope down almost to the water's edge. The dugong is the smallest, perhaps of the cetaceas, feeds along-shore on a pale, green-coloured sea-weed, and, during the rainy season, frequents the coast from Endeavour Strait to Cape York, in the midst of their establishments for rearing its young. An author unaccompanied, apparently, with any but the Australian variety, thus describes the native mode of taking the dugong: 'When one is observed feeding close near the shore, chase is made after it in a canoe. One of the men, standing up in the bow, is provided with a peculiar instrument used solely for the capture of the animal in question. It consists of a slender peg of bone four inches long, barred all round, and loosely slipped into the heavy, rounded, and flattened head of a pole fifteen or sixteen feet in length; a long rope an inch in thickness, made by some creeping plant, is made fast to the peg at one end, while the other is secured to the canoe. When within distance, the bow-man leaps out, strikes the peg, and returning to the canoe with the shaft in his hand.' Like the whale, the dugong then plunges down into the sea, but returning to the surface in a few minutes, dies, without requiring a second wound. It is from six to eight feet in length, and affords the captors a plentiful feast, its flesh being baked in the Polynesian stone-oven. Occasionally, instead of being eaten, the blubber is converted into an oil, which is highly valued by the natives.

Little, unfortunately, is known of the seal-fishery of the Southern Pacific, which is sometimes carried on within the Antarctic Circle. The Americans, who may almost be said to monopolise this business, regard secrecy as the most important part of their capital; and in order the more completely to preserve it, when any new island abounding with seals is discovered, the captain enters the longitude and latitude in his private journal, and the crew are never allowed to know exactly where they are, so that on returning to Nantucket, or New Bedford, they are unable to give information to any who might interfere with the enterprises of their former employer. It is known, however, that the sealers are far more venturesome and daring than others, run greater risks, and encounter more awful storms. With the seal of northern seas the world has long been familiar, but it is only of late years that the chase of the southern variety has been carried on systematically, and on a large scale. Still, little advantage has been derived to science from the results of the operations; for they purposely involve their undertakings in darkness, and refuse to disclose even to their own government the geography of their field of operations; but from other voyagers we learn that the coasts of the north-west portion of the globe—rocky, ice-bound, tempestuous, and fiercely cold, where nature produces so little to sustain animal life, that it is surprising what the seals can discover to feed upon; yet they do find abundant pasture, and accordingly multiply and cover the wild shores and islands in the precincts of the polar circle, whether they are pursued and captured by man, to whom the very poles of the world, scarcely any spot is inaccessible.

MY WEDDING.

BY AN OLD RACHEL.

It wasn't my wedding exactly, because I've never been married, and never mean to be.—No, they are not, my snearing friend; I wouldn't have them if they were ever so sweet; I don't care for grapes of any kind, English, French, or otherwise large or small. I don't think I should have the least difficulty, notwithstanding your insinuations, in getting accepted, for women are such fools in love I mean, have so much twist in them. I am thankful to say that I am not altogether without common sense. I hope I may say without conceit that I profit by the warnings which are vouchsafed to me—that I am not unmindful of what I owe to the acquaintance of several married couples—that the glimpses I have had of the internal economy of their establishments for rearing their children have been admitted, have not been without a beneficial effect upon my mind. Moreover, I believe I have a benevolent and sympathising heart, and were my determination not what it is, I should from the very bottom of my soul pity any young woman who should be induced to take me to husband; for, notwithstanding that it may seem to involve a slight discrepancy with what I have already stated as to the penetration of women, I should have the least possible idea of that young woman's sense; the very short distance that she would appear to me to be removed from an idiot, would excite my profound commiseration. I flatter myself I should make the very worst husband that ever was known. I don't allude to Bluebeards and wife-beaters, at all; I don't think a thing worse than that; for I believe any woman worthy of the name who would sooner be murdered than be treated with inattention, and I feel convinced I should treat my wife with inattention; I mean under certain circumstances—when an angry retort, for instance, was expected of me—when a passion of tears followed the disappointment of that expectation—when hysteric supervenes—when articles of furniture were handled in a manner which showed no regard for their symmetrical appearance or original cost—when bones were more than darkly hinted at—when shaws were introduced as a topic of conversation—when the shabby appearance of my children was contrasted querulously with the smartness of my neighbour's—when many another cause for a 'few words' arose, such as my confidences assure me do arise; at all these times, I am sure I should treat my wife with inattention. I have a wonderful gift of the tisereux; I think I could have slept under the stormings of Xantippe, and smiled with indifference under the alipper of Omphale. Oh, I should be such a brute!

Well, then, I say it wasn't exactly my wedding; but I call it mine because others do, and it was ever present, and I think I can safely promise never to be present at another. Don't talk to me of the duties you owe to relations, and the attentions
inclination to be lowered in spirits by the merri-
ment of my fellow-creatures, there were two
causes, as will appear. I was an ‘old’ man—one
who made up an uneven number, and I was to fill
no office at the wedding; but my relative who was
going to be married particularly requested my
presence at the church, for no other reason I can
think of except a desire, which seems to possess
of my relatives, to have me do what I don’t like. So
I was not to go with either bride’s or bridegroom’s
party, but was to meet what they called ‘the
procession’ at the church; and ‘the ceremony,’ my
note assured me, would ‘take place at half-past ten
o’clock precisely.’ I thought it was rather early,
but determined to be punctual, and therefore, exac-
as the fourth beat of the half hour resounded from
the clock, there stopped at the church doors a Hansom
cab, in which was the gorgeous array (described
above), and in it was a melancholy man. The melan-
choly man looked more melancholy still as he gazed
at the doors of the church, for those doors were
closed; no bell was ringing, no mob was collected,
and no symptom was there of the celebration of an immem-
oration, whereby two persons were to become one.
Had I mistaken the day, or peradventure the hour,
or more probably, the month? for if I had, I didn’t
very well be married earlier than half-past ten.
Had either the lady or the gentleman repented
even at the eleventh, or rather half-past tenth
hour? Had the ghost of a former lover appeared
either in the night, and solemnly protested against
a violation of plighted troth? In any case, had I
gone to an expense of a pounds, b shillings, and c
pence—to say nothing of a useless cab, a hurried
breakfast, a flushed face, and aching feet—for
nothing? The thought was madness; and to add to
my sufferings, boys and women began to collect—
as they always do—not less mysteriously than the
earth-sprung Sparti of Cadmus, in a spot which
a moment before was deserted. They discerned
the state of things, as they imagined, and one and ‘O
my! ‘ere’s a swell come to be married, and the gal
won’t come,’ said one with a titter. ‘You’d better
go ‘ome, and change yer clo’er,’ said a second—‘she’s
got another mate.’ ‘Shall I fetch the parson? I’akted
a third. ‘Keep a good art,’ recommended a fourth;
dessay she’ll come when she’s cleaned ’erself.’ And
‘clean yer boots, sir!’ chorused three boys, offering
the usual panaceas; but, in that sort of a circum-
station, I managed to find out from them, by a judicious
use of copper and questions, where the clerk of
the church lived; and from him I discovered, a little to my
relief, that the hour had only changed to half-past
eleven. Only a very little, for what was I to do in
the meanwhile? To descend and walk about the streets,
to expose oneself to certain insult and possible
petting, which would interfere with the effect of
the gorgeous array; to enter a place of public entertain-
ment, to court the stare of loafers and others, and
staring is a torture of which I have as great a dread
as had Hazael the Syrian; to drive about in the cab,
was to ruin oneself completely. But what is com-
plete ruin to insult, pelting, or staring? So, having
ruined myself, as the most prudent course, I appeared
at the right time at the church, and had the satisfac-
tion of at once perceiving that I was regarded as of
no earthly consequence, and that, had I stayed away
altogether, my absence would have been remarked
by no one—yes, I beg pardon, by one person alone—
my relative, who was going to be joined in holy
matrimony. My relish, I believe, the candid
world to allow, gave me a smile, a pressure of the hand, a
whispered word of thanks, and a brief apology for not
informing me that the hour for the ceremony had
been changed; and the passenger then departed.
The beadle told me to stand back, but perceiving
that I had the typical silver spigot in my button-hole,
rubbed so as far as to permit me to lean against a pew-

You ought to pay to friends; isn’t the obligation
reciprocal? I’m quite sure my absence wouldn’t
cause them half the pain that my presence would
cause me, and this is something in that regard, for
I think I may say with truth, that at my wedding I
had the satisfaction of helping to throw a partial
gloss over the whole affair; indeed, I overheard
a wedding-guest remark, that ‘that sour-looking brute
of a fellow with a big nose’ (meaning me) ‘looked as
if he was at a funeral.’ And that is just what it is;
my line is funerals; if anybody wants anybody to
attend a funeral, he has only to apply to me—I’m
quite at home at them. I think I could fill any part,
give exactly the proper expression of face, say
exactly the proper number of words, and drink
exactly the proper quantity of wine (or spirits—I
have seen some people take spirits) for any ‘follower’
from the ‘near relative’ down to the ‘compliment-
ary.’ But as to weddings—path!

First of all, my wedding cost me too much money.
I was obliged to have a new suit of clothes, which
cost me a pounds, b shillings, and c pence; or leaving
out the shillings and pence as (comparatively) of no
account, it stood me in exactly a pounds. Now, that
is a large sum of money—an incalculable sum, one
might say, a very large sum—a very large hole in an
income of x pounds per annum, paid as you can get
it, and sometimes not at all; so that on that account
I objected strongly to the wedding. That the clothes
were gorgeous, I don’t deny. The frock-coat was
blue—too blue a great deal, it seemed to me. Then
there was the waistcoat, double-breasted, of a delicate
straw-coloured tint, exquisite texture, and with two
rows of Maltese buttons. Moreover, trousers there
were, cut a marvel of fashionable precision, of the
softest woollen cloth, too soft almost for mortal leg,
hanging with a studied negligence from the knee to
just over the instep, light of colour, and with a won-
drous violet piping at the seam: socks of silk, and
striped withal: boots of patent leather, the patent
being grated. I rejoice, for elegance combined with
agony: a pocket-handkerchief of white—the very
whitest—silk, with a purple border: a shirt—but it
is beyond me to describe that prodigy of needle-
work; I must refer the curious to the hoster from
whose workshop it came, and whose address I will
forward on receipt of two postage-stamps; suffice it
to say, that it might have been made by Minerva
herself, and that I got my best dress clothes were
fastened by curious studs fashioned out of the
flashing yellow gold: a blue zephyr tie: a new hat
from Lincoln and Bennett’s; and lavender-coloured
gloves, the hands of fashionable Paris, but the real
three-and-ninepenny article, manufactured out of skins
striped—for so the quality is improved—I understand—from
the living body of the midnight cat.

The outfit, therefore, I think I may say was
gorgeous; but it had many disadvantages besides that
of expense, for, with the exception of one or two
articles, I haven’t the courage to wear the apparel out.
On the few occasions upon which I have come abroad
in it, my appearance has been the cause of much
scoffing and jeering. I have not traversed a single
street before one horrid boy raises a shout of ‘Ooray!’
and a responsive boy takes up the cry with: ‘Oiler,
boy; ‘ere’s another guy!’ so that my costly suit has
been laid by in a drawer, wherein it may be seen by
the public every Greek kalends at one shaking a
head. But at my wedding it was different; it was
considered quite appropriate; and much surprise was
expressed at seeing the aisles of the church that a
‘eavy swell like that should look so sorrowful-like.’

‘Fancy lookin’ miserable in thens clo’s!’ said an old
woman, who was trying to pass; ‘P'raps his hat
boots pinches him, poor gen’lman; he walk as if
they dew; and they certainly did; but that was
not the only reason. Besides that, and a natural
door in the rear of the party, and humour my miserable condition. Everybody else had something to do. The bride and bridegroom of course had to be married, which would serve to occupy their thoughts at any rate for so long as the ceremony lasted. The bridesmaids had to shew themselves off, and simper, and look as pretty as they could (which wasn’t very), and ogle the groomsmen, and express to them, by the eye, how very little object they would have to take the place of the female principal. The groomsmen had to pass their fingers through their hair, twirl their mustaches (if they had any), pull their whiskers (if they hadn’t), or rub their chins (if they had neither). The old gentleman with the gray hair had to give the bride away, which, though not, as it appeared to me, an arduous task, was as much as he could manage, with copious perspiration, mental anguish, and shifting of the legs, to accomplish within the time. The clergyman had his work cut out for him. The clerical to me in response, and keep his eye sternly fixed upon the couple, whilst his mind was filled with a vision of fees. The male friends had each a female friend to keep in order, and wary against the improvidence of giving way too much to the feelings which (I don’t know why) are said to be natural to the occasion. The spectators had to make their remarks upon the dress, looks, and behaviour of every one of those who had been present at the marriage. The venders had to tell the spectators—with the least effect, by the way—to keep perfectly quiet; and even the organist had to sit with his fingers upon the keys, ready in a moment’s notice to burst forth with the glorious music of the Wedding March. I alone had nothing whatever to do but to lean against my pew-door, and get redder and ever redder in the face, for that with me is a necessary consequence of any uncomfortable position. I would have been thankful for any—the lowest—occupation; I would willingly have held the inmates’ hands outside the church doors (if I had been allowed to change my clothes); and I would have performed the duties of clerk gratefully (and the more fees the more gratefully). As it was, I had to content myself with saying ‘Amen’ as often as I could, and as loudly as I might, without getting into difficulties with the authorities, which was only a very slight, and withal intermittent relief.

It did not seem to me quite right that I should join in the remarks of the spectators, and draw their attention to the bride’s nose, which was as steep as the nose of a woman who had been a cold, and to the ghastly paleness of the happy bridegroom, who, to judge from his appearance, felt that he was being publicly denounced from the altar as an example to his fellow-men; or even to inform them that I knew both the lady and the gentleman quite well, and could assure them that it was only at seasons of great excitement, or emotion of any kind, that the rednessomeness of the former, and the palesomeness of the latter came on—that under ordinary circumstances the lady’s nose was perfection, and the gentleman’s complexion fresh-coloured and jovial—that the lady scarcely ever took more than one glass of wine at a time, and the gentleman scarcely over less than six glasses. Nor were my spirits improved by certain words which fell from the clergyman’s lips, whereby he implicated me in a wish for a contingency which I think I should have been more inclined to regard with resignation than desire with vehemence, for I had heard many worthy persons complain of the over-population of the country, and the peculiarly strange thing to pray that it might be added to. More especially strange did it seem to me in this case, for, though the gentleman generously declared that he enjoyed the lady with all his worldly goods, it occurred to me, who knew his means, that he should have said he would have done so had he had any, and the somewhat limited amount of ‘goods’ which would go to the sustenance of the perspective addition to the over-population of the country belonged to the lady alone. However, I determined to drop occasional hints, when opportunity offered, as to the misery which was likely to ensue from the granting of the prayer in question, for it is undoubtedly the duty of everybody (who is capable of thinking) to check such a symptom of taking too cheerful a view of life, and thus to relieve his conscience. Other matters there were which caused me much affliction. I was grieved to see the levity with which the bridesmaids treated the affair; they positively giggled at the sacrifice of two human beings, each promising to take the other for better or worse before they could have the least idea how bad that worse might be; they seemed to think that the end and object of life was obtained when a woman could no more be called spinster (though shrew to me is as unpleasant a term); and they twisted themselves about, and fanned themselves, and whispered to one another, and cast defiant glances at the spectators in anything but a seemly manner. My affections was indicated when, at the signing of the names, I saw how completely the good education which I knew had been bestowed upon both bride and bridegroom had been thrown away: it was perhaps the only time in their lives that they would have an opportunity of inserting specimens of their handwriting in any public record, and the specimens they did insert were by no means creditable. I shuddered at the thought of the poor little expense school to which the bride had been sent would have felt, had she seen the miserable result of all her pains; and as for the bridegroom, he had been at school with me, and I can only say that had old Barker seen his signature, he would have caused him on the spot, in the sacred precincts of the vestry, as he stood in his wedding-garments, the conduct of the spectators, too, as we passed down the aisle, was very saddening; they seemed to share in a manner what they innocently supposed to be the happiness of the bride. The expression of the females appeared to take pleasure in touching the bride’s clothes, as if they expected that it was lucky, or that a sort of marriage-infection would emanate from them. Here and there, a mother directed the attention of a she-infant to the extravagant dresses, distended petticoats, poisonous wreaths, and useless bouquets of the bridesmaids, and with admiring cries of ‘Oh! pretty, pretty!’ did her best to inculcate her offspring with a love of finery, which, I had no doubt (such is my confidence in maternal training) would have time, and complete the detriment of both; and some persons had even learned so ill their lesson of life as to ‘wish’ the bride and bridegroom ‘joy’. It is astonishing how difficult it is to make some people thoroughly selfish; in the midst of their troubles, you have only to let them hear your piping, and they will dance the dance of sympathy. Or can it be a flattering spirit whose natural inclination is to worship seeming prosperity?

There was one of the party who had more sense; this was the elderly gentleman who had given the bride away. He was by no means indeed, that was impossible; and upon proposing the toast of the day at breakfast, he made a speech which quite met my views. He evidently thought highly of the practice in vogue amongst the ancient Egyptians, who at their entertainments had a dead man’s skull placed in a conspicuous part of the table, as a toast to. Indeed, in the country I am staying, He commenced by informing us that ‘in the midst of life we are in death,’ and then held a consultation with his pocket-handkerchief. The result of this consultation on the subject of which I shall not speak of presently, the question I laid down at the outset, that is, whether we are to do, or whether we are to be; and whether we are to do, he concluded, on the score of the latter, that it was better to do, for to-morrow we die.

* Our contributor supposes wrongly. The Egyptians instituted the skull custom for hilarity’s sake. ‘Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.’
being constantly on your guard against enjoying yourself, and against ever supposing that happiness to-day would not be followed by inevitable misery to-morrow. He then told us a little of the biography of the bride's father. That father, he remarked, with an air of satisfaction, was now in his grave, and would not behold his daughter's union—happy union, he hoped—though he evidently thought otherwise—with the man of her choice. He then described to us that father as he had last seen him—worn with toil, underdone to procure his children a competency—pale, emaciated, sinking into an early tomb; and he led us to believe that the bride reminded him forcibly of his departed friend. Hereupon, of course, the bride and bridesmaids, who had hitherto borne his remarks with tolerable equanimity, were overcome with emotion, and wept until the end of his speech. Matters were now, I thought, assuming a proper aspect; for such was the effect of the old gentleman's speech, that we drank the health of bride and bridegroom very much as though we were drinking to the memory of her deceased father; but so soon as the tears began to fall, very much to the thankfulness, I saw that everything would go wrong again: the bridegroom returned thanks in what he and others no doubt considered a very dapper speech; the bride was all smiles again; the bridesmaids were all vivacity and inveiglement; the men were all playfulness; and by the time the travelling-carriage arrived, and the slipper had been flung, to such a pitch had the hilarity reached, that I was glad to hurry home, and read Zadie in search of a Wife.

IN CANTONMENTS.

The barracks of our soldiers at home are generally formidable-looking, not to say jail-like structures of stone and mortar, arranged in squares girt round by lofty walls, and guarded as to their nail-studded gates by sentinels in the brightest of scarlet or the darkest of blue. With some such idea of a garrison firmly impressed upon my mind, the British citizen, were he suddenly deported to Hindustan, would by no means recognize the dwellings provided by a paternal government (under climatic pressure) for his pipe-clayed brethren in India. Seeing that there are just now so many thousands of them, sappers and gunners, mounted and foot fighting-men—to say nothing of a six percentage of wives, and a due proportion of children—scattered widely over the three presidencies, and lodged under regulation roofs of some kind, it may not be amiss to endeavour to convey to home-folk some notion of the soldier's dwelling and mode of life in the 'glorious East.*

No one needs to be told that we English occupy our vast possessions in India by means of stations all now well stocked with military, dotted over the country within distances of each other varying from thirty to a hundred miles; and that, the presidency cities excepted, the number of pure and mixed blood Europeans in the largest of these stations, civilians and soldiers, falls very much below that of the inhabitants of the smallest country town in England. It is well understood, also, that, save in Bengal Proper, where the indigo frankins rule iron-handed over their factories, there are few English residents to be found throughout the country, except at the stations. Our predecessors had a by no means desppicable eye for a valuable military or commercial position, and so, indeed, had the indigenous sovereigns who reigned before the Musulman conquest; in most of the desirable situations, desirable, that is, in all but sanitary respects, cities had been founded, and fortresses built, by one or other of the dominant races, long before the first humble chapman from Britain dropped anchor in the Hooghly; witness Peshawur, at the north-west corner of the Punjab, which long watched over, though not always vigilantly, the formidable Khyber, the gateway through the never-tranquil Cabul frontier, and guards it for us still; Ferzoopore, on the hither bank of the Sutlej, the great south-eastern boundary river of the Punjab, valuable to us as our frontier garrison while the Sikhs were independent, more so when they became our deadly foes, sixteen years ago, and by no means worthless now that they have become the most loyal, as they are the bravest, of our eastern subjects; Agra and Delhi, admirably situated both for commercial and military purposes, on the banks of the Jumna; Cawnpore on the Ganges, a most unrivalled site to think of five years since, but our most useful base for Lord Clyde's Oude operations a little later; and Allahabad at the confluence of both rivers. No better testimony to the value of the position of the last-mentioned city can be given than the fact, that it has been selected to be the grand meeting-point of the great Indian railways. Half-a-dozen years hence it will be, let us hope, the Crewe or Swindon of Hindustan.

We have almost invariably adopted the important places of our predecessors, settling down, however, at a comfortable distance of three or four miles from the large native cities, and building, on the best sites at our command, our dwelling-houses, our barracks, our shops, our churches, and even our theatre and assembly-rooms, if we happen to be sufficiently public-spirited. A certain portion of the place, varying in extent according to the strength of the troops, is measured off, and rigidly defined with boundary pillars; this is placed under the exclusive control of the 'officer commanding the station,' generally styled a brigadier, a title unknown in the army at home during peace; and it is called cantonments, a term also unfamiliar to the English ear. Here are the barracks of the military, called after the different branches of the service occupying them, the artillery, the cavalry, or the infantry—by 'lines'; here also are the houses occupied by the officers and the station staff; in addition, ranges of mud structures, like indifferent cart-sheds, are to be seen, tenanted by a multitude of natives, each typical of grain, vegetables, milk, butter, poultry, goods, and pedlar's wares of different kinds; boot-makers, barbers, money-changers, blacksmiths, carpenters, all permitted to live there, for the convenience of the soldiers, under the title of the 'regimental bazaar establishments.' For the convenience of the officers, there is also a European or Parsee merchant's shop, at which all varieties of articles may readily be procured.

The quarters of the common soldier are what now chiefly concern us, the subject being brought forward in the hope of a remedy being found for some obvious defects of arrangement. In the plains of India, the ground is almost invariably a dead and eye-wearing level, with a surface, in general during the hot season, of a dull brown colour, from patches of burned-up grass, or gravelly and white with sand and dust, and without the least pleasant site for habitable edifices, but better can rarely be found. On this, to accommodate a single regiment of the line, are constructed, in two rows—one called the front, the other the rear—seven or eight separate buildings, long and narrow, each about the height of an ordinary house, and ten or more yards apart from one another. The roof is lean-to, covered
with tile, or, in too many cases, with a leaky and highly combustible layer of grass, which answers to thatch in the Anglo-Indian mind. The walls are of brick, either kiln-dried, or the cheaper burnt kind, the barrack is permanent or temporary, scrupulously and glaringly white-washed, and a verandah of thatch or tile, supported on pillars of wood or brick, runs along the whole length of the building on both sides.

If it were not for this latter, the barrack would very closely resemble a one-story factory for the manufacture of cordage. Except in Fort William, and one or two of the other older stations, like Chinsurah and Dinapore, barrack of more than one story are to be seen nowhere. Each of the above buildings is intended to accommodate one company of a regiment of infantry—that is, about one hundred men—and there must be ten of them to house the unmarried privates alone. Within convenient distances are the cook-houses and wash-houses, &c., for every company. In addition to the company's barracks, and built very much on the same plan, must be enumerated the hospitals, one for the men, and a second for the women and children—spacious, alas! they must be—and the hospital out-buildings, the married men's quarters, the canteen, the non-commissioned officers' mess-room, the guard-house, the ordnance stores, the regimental prison and cells, the school, the tailor's, and gunsmith or armorier's workshops, the majority of them distinct buildings, and all together covering nearly half a mile of ground in length. After all, it is the spaces between each and all this contrasts very remarkably with the compactness of the barrack at home; but the climate, as well as the necessity for housing wives and children, makes allowance of room the chief thing to be thought of in quartering troops in the East.

Ascending a step or two to enter one of the company's barracks, you find yourself in the long veranda, whence numerous broad and lofty doorways lead into the barrack. This is open to the roof, an obviously good arrangement in such a climate, provided the roof itself is water-proof, and one can see clear through the building from end-wall to end-wall. The principal furniture is the sleeping-cots of the men; a bed covered to the ground (which latter is never wood-floorcd), but tiled or flagged, or, better still, covered with a hard compound of lime, known as 'chumm' *, at the foot of each bed, to contain the kit, &c., belonging to the occupant. Desks and the middle of the barrack are tables and benches for the men's use at meals; and in the walls, at each bed-head, are racks and pegs for the soldier's rifle and belts. This is all, unless one notices the many screens hung over each door, to deaden the glare, and exclude the flies—the punkahs, suspended from the roof, and kept in motion during the hot weather all night, and the greater part of the day, by coolies; and, where the hot winds blow fiercely, the tatties, the screens made of the fragrant kus-kus, a grass root well known to the perfume-maker, through which, kept perpetually moist, the furnac-ebot from without passes cool and odorous. These last, however, are comparatively recent luxuries for the private: time was, not at all distant, when his barrack knew neither punkah or tattie; for it has been only lately discovered, even in England, that the more comfortable, contented, and cleaner you keep your soldier, the healthier he is, the better able to meet the calls of service, and the less he costs in the end. Such is the unmarried soldier's dwelling-place in India North, and here he passes the greater part of his time; he cannot be allowed to roam abroad under a murderous sun, and during seven months of the year he must not leave his quarters between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. without special permission. He is an uninviting life, though he has many apparent advantages over the soldier at Plymouth or Aldershott; he has, for example, much less monotonous duty, and very much less drill; he has his daily rations gratis, liberally supplied, of meat, vegetables, bread, rice, tea, or coffee, sugar, salt, spices, and firewood; he is consequently so much better off in the pecuniary line, that he can buy little luxuries for his mess-table, and afford to pay native servants to cook for him, to shave him, to polish his arms, to blacken his boots, and to whiten his belts. (The writer is long a bed, with one native fanning him, and another tugging off his boots and overalls after parade.) He has a regimental canteen supplied by government, and managed by a committee of his officers, where he can purchase at a cheap rate a fair allowance per diem of sound English beer or porter, and, I am sorry to add, a large dram of potent Indian rum. But all these benefits are counterbalanced by the misery of the long dreary hours within doors the unlettered warrior has to get through, and which he consumes either in excessive sleep, or lounging on his bed, pipe in mouth, exchanging slangs, or worse colloquial currency, with his neighbours. A few may be seen turning over the pages of a cheap novel, or one of the London penny illustrated journals; but the most refined reader amongst them rarely seeks a higher class of literature than this, although each regiment has its well-stocked soldiers' library.

Seeing how much has been done by the government to alleviate the soldier's condition in India, one wonders that no proper provision has yet been made for his amusement; regimental workshops have, it is true, been recently instituted; but we have comfortable reading-rooms and soldiers' institutes been established in some stations; but the first presupposes the soldier industrious, the second requires a certain amount of intellectual refinement on his part. Now, the majority of the men seek to pass time in amusement and nothing else; gardening in the cold season is a great recreation, so is cricket; but for the tolerable hot season the men have nothing to entertain them. One want that suggests itself to the writer as capable of being easily supplied, is a covered-in court, where the soldier might play racket, five, ninepins, and other such games. These are what, in his present scantily educated condition, the Saxon and Celtic private most delights in. Sheltered from the sun, he could take exercise without detriment, and he would forget his prison-life in the harmless excitement attendant upon sports of mingled skill and activity. Until some remedy of this kind is provided, the unmarried soldier's life in India may be said to be very unenjoyable. The soldier has many friends; but his needs and his tastes are very much misunderstood, so that the efforts made in his behalf are too often in the wrong direction.

TRIFLES.

THE MASSIVE GATES OF CIRCUMSTANCE

Are turned upon the smallest hinge,
And thus some seeming petty chance
Often gives our life its after-taste.

The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives,
These are the main springs after all.

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PROFESSOR SANDSTONE AND HIS YOUNG FRIENDS.

There is nothing more calculated to administer an intellectual filip—a mental ‘pick-me-up’—to one’s system, than the occasional society of those with whose pursuits we have nothing in common. A butterfly-fancier, or a fern-collector, is probably not only dull himself, but the cause of dulness in other people when placed among purely entomological or botanical persons; the Skipper of a vessel may lose all individuality in the company of sailors, a master of hounds may do so among fox-hunters; but if the butterfly-fancier meet the skipper, or the fern-collector the Son of Nimrod, it is almost certain that all will receive and impart some interesting information. Each will take care to divest himself of his technicalities as much as possible, in order to make himself intelligible to his companions; and since there can be no temptation to argue about details, will delineate for him, broadly and strikingly, the most noticeable features of his peculiar study.

A man who wraps himself up wholly in one profession, whether it be law or leather-making, billiards or pure mathematics, philosophy or dog-fancying, does himself no benefit by so doing, even as respects that one pursuit. It was not unwise remarked of William Wordsworth, that if he had been a faster man he would have been a better poet. He never got intoxicated, it seems, but once, and even that was in the celebration of Milton’s birthday in a half-professional sort of way; and his views of human life were defective in consequence. For my own part (to speak truth without novelty), *Homo sum et nihil humani a me alienum puto*, I feel equally at home in the society of a diver or an astronaut; and would just as soon sit on the same coach-box (if he didn’t drive) with a Jumper as with a Quietist—which I suppose is the opposite end of the theological scale.

When, therefore, Professor Sandstone offered to take me to the Barton cliffs the other day (some twelve miles from where we are both temporarily residing), and to lend me a geological hammer, I accepted his invitation with avidity, although I know nothing of that science of which he is so distinguished an ornament; and when he said we should find the Nummulesites there, ‘a most interesting family,’ I imagined he referred to some people with whom he expected we should lunch. At the same time, I was not without an idea that there had better be some relief from Sandstone in case he got too deep in the strata, so I persuaded Tootawun (who keeps race-horses) to accompany us on our excursion, and impart that lively tone for which he is so justly celebrated to what might otherwise be too improving conversation.

Even outwardly my two companions afforded an extraordinary contrast. Tootawun was attired as usual, notwithstanding the (for him) unprecedentedly early hour at which we started, within half an inch of his life, and carried an umbrella like a fairy’s wand. The professor, on the other hand, clothed in somewhat seedy black, with his hammers and canvas wallet for specimens, looked like an undertaker’s man reduced to stone-breaking. This indifference to appearance has been the cause of innumerable humiliations to him, all which he has borne with an admirable philosophy. Upon one occasion, when seated on a heap of stones by the wayside, engaged in his professional avocations, a benevolent female gave him a shilling, which he accepted with much gratitude and politeness. Later in the day, she met the professor at a dinner-party which was given in his honour, and confided to him that she was certain that she had somewhere seen his face before, but in what sparkling throng, or under what circumstances of social splendour, she was unable to recollect. ‘You saw me this very morning, madam, and gave me a shilling, and here it is.’ On another occasion, when weary with manual labour, and heavy with deposits of the Wealden Formation, here he entered a humble village inn, and called for refreshment, the landlady—good creature—refused to take his money, because, she said, it was easy to perceive that the poor old wayfarer had seen better days.

There was not above forty years in reality between the ages of the professor and Tootawun, but so different were they to look at, that the one might have been dug out of the lowest Palaeozoic, and the other taken from the upper crust of New Bond Street. Tootawun, as I believe, had never been up so early before (it being not yet nine o’clock), but so far from grumbling at the inconvenience, he seemed to enjoy the novelty of the situation, making many eulogistic remarks upon the aspect and temperature of nature, and patronising the works of Providence in a manner that drew smiles to the face of the Sage. Having dismissed our conveyance at a certain spot where it was to await our
I shall never forget the look of withering scorn with which Sandstone received this courteous suggestion. He could not have treated a friendly offer to go snacking with him in the process of a felony with greater contempt; and I am quite sure that his opinion of me fell several degrees lower than it would have done had the shell been a little baby, and I had proposed instead we ourselves out on the sheets, and reported our observations to our chief. The professor would have been perfectly at home three or four thousand feet beneath where we were standing; he could have led us anywhere in a vertical direction, with the most unerring instinct; from the most Recent stratification down to the lower Cambrian, he could have found his way as easily as down stairs; but the surface of the earth, or at least the direction of its roads, was just the thing he knew nothing whatever about. Now the maps were geologic maps, where the superficial information essential to our horizontal movement was wanting, and we all disagreed about which was the proper road to take. Tootawun volunteered to back his own opinion, if we would give him, you understand, and I humbly suggested that his umbrella should be made use of in digging down to the Barton clay, whose ‘dip’ having been discovered by Sandstone, our bearing could be regularized accordingly. That, however, demanded both offers; his capacious mind had already grappled with the difficulty, and conquered it. ‘I see a boy in golden field,’ said he, ‘let us ask him.’

This boy informed us that the nearest way to the sea-shore was about a mile and a quarter, by which (although it was totally false) I do not believe that he intended to deceive us. In this part of Hampshire it is usual to describe all localities as being about a mile and quarter distant, without reference to the actual amount of space that may intervene. After we had walked about twice this distance, we came upon the edge of a perpendicular cliff, down which, I suppose, was the ‘nearest way,’ about which our informant spoke. Immediately below this were a number of ladies bathing.

‘My dear professor,’ inquired I, ‘is that the Nummulite family?’ Having adjusted his field-glasses with great care, Professor Sandstone took a prolonged view at the ocean, and regretting that we were unable to descend at that particular spot, where, said he, there were several very interesting objects, he led the way down a jaggard path, bordered by gorse and heath-suckle, to the sparkling but lonely sands. Before us, across the scarcely moving sea, unspotted by a single tardy sail, stood up the Needles and the dazzling cliffs of the Island. Headlands to left and right shut us out from all other land. There was not a sound to be heard save the languid lap of the wave, and the ‘peck, peck, peck’ of the philosopher’s hammer, who was already hard at work on the crumbling cliff.

‘He goes at it like a navvy at a barrow, don’t he?’ said Tootawun, lighting his third cigar, ‘except that he doesn’t moisten his hands first.’

‘Nay, if it was a barrow,’ said I, ‘he would be ten times as enthusiastic; for wherever old bones are concerned, he is a perfect ghoul.’

‘Come, here are my young fellows,’ cried the subject of this panegyric, while I yet spoke; ‘what think you of this, my friends, for a first find!’ He held aloft a something which regarded reverently, while maintaining the discreetest silence.

‘Why, it’s only an oyster-shell with lumps upon it, professor,’ said Tootawun audaciously; ‘we often get them for supper in the Hoxne market.’

‘Oyster-shell!’ cried Sandstone with indignation—‘oyster fiddick! It is a most exquisite specimen of the Cretaceous fauna, sir, quite perfect.’

‘Exquisite indeed!’ cried I. ‘Let me wash it carefully in the sea, and give it a polish up for you with my pocket-handkerchief.’
with reason, worse than far more depressing information would have done in another county. We started in a melancholy string, the professor leading, whose curiously decorated appearance, and the mason in whose bed we had left him, had led the Preventive public to conceive him to be a professional acrobat. A performance of an athletic character was evidently expected from us as soon as we should arrive at the village, and in that hope we were accompanied by several infantine members of the coast-guard.

To those who are acquainted with Professor Sandstone, it is unnecessary to remark that he soon distanced us, and only by the juvenile crowd around the entrance did we learn to which of the two humble acres the place afforded he had given his patronage. We found him contentedly examining his treasures in a small back-room, where the landlord had left him to attend upon some more important peddler-forests. The appearance of the magnificent though toil-worn Tootawun instantly changed matters for the better, and with profuse apologies we were ushered into a more convenient apartment. The cheese and onions which had been presented to Sandstone were exchanged for poached-eggs and apple-pie, and some of the very hardest beer which I ever drank in my life, announced that our exalted condition was reestablished.

Tootawun's boots, however, so pinched him (a small price indeed to pay for such social superiority), that the thought of walking further became an element of discomfort to his repast, in addition to the two-pronged steel fork which imparted such a lively tonic to his eggs. He inquired, therefore, not without anxiety, of our hostess, how far distant was the spot where we had arranged that our vehicle should meet us.

'Well, sir, it is about a mile and a quarter,' said the woman; at which reply I thought that Tootawun and I would have lost a delightful companion, and geology a pillar. If it had not been for putting on the back, I believe the professor would have verily expired with laughter. It was so very strange to the man of science to find himself among a people with a mile and a quarter was the unit of measure.

'Is there any sort of trap to be got about here, my dear good woman?' inquired Tootawun with a groan.

'No,' answered the professor stoutly; 'there is nothing of that description. All is aqueous and fos-siliferous.'

'I buy your pardon, sir,' observed the landlord, with a look of quiet scorn at the mad old gentleman; 'there is nothing that you be a stranger here, and that I have lived in this village, girl and woman, for these fifty years, I will make bold to say that you are wrong. Fossiules and silex we may not possess, neither lord-mayors' coaches [this last with intense bitterness], but traps we have, both butchers' and likewise bakers', and the butcher is a drinking in the kitchen at this present speaking.'

I shall never forget the sensation that I had upon hearing this. He was not only oily, but one of the most uninteresting persons I ever saw; if he had lived anywhere else—in a less out-of-the-way and inaccessible locality—his talents could not fail to have been appreciated. He would probably have been made a bishop. Tootawun justly remarked, that he reminded one immensely of what Colonel W. was before the war. He had comprehended us and the situation at a glance. 'She don't know nothing,' observed he of the landlord, with evident reference to his misconception of the people he was in. 'She never has none of the pretensions that are very much at your service, such as it is; but he'll jot yer, bless yer. He ain't used to carrying gentlefolk, only joints and such like.'

'Anyway, sir,' exclaimed Tootawun, 'it will be charming.'

'Well, sir, it ain't springy, you see, and that's a fact; and you must sit well back in him. But if the— the Doctor—will come for'ard with me, upon the shafts, and you two other gents—but there you shall see for yourselves.'

We did see for ourselves, and it was a very curious sight. The butcher was seated on the extreme northeastern edge of the vehicle, whereby the whole thing seemed to be balanced precariously; but when we entered it after that became a disturbing force. I took my seat upon a very narrow board, which had been inserted for our accommodation in the extreme rear, and the cart immediately tilted up (it was not a tilt cart), so that I thought the little pony would have been carried clean off his legs backwards. The professor, with his load of stones, took the north-west corner, and restored the balance then came Tootawun, who is six-feet-four, and sat down by me, with the following results: The cart flew up, till the front was an angle of about four degrees, and we were within six inches of the ground; the pony disappeared from view altogether, but the shafts came into fine relief, so that it was impossible to avoid perceiving that one was cracked, and no other had received a compound comminuted fracture, very insecurely held together by a piece of twine; and under these circumstances, the butcher exclaimed it was All Right, and off we dashed at a handgallop.

For a few moments, nobody broke silence; the professor (who is a clergyman) was, I hope, engaged in serious reflection. Tootawun's lips moved, and I heard him mutter, 'Lambert Street to a China orange,' which is his customary phrase for very long odds, and was evidently expressive of his opinion of what little chance there was of our coming out that cart alive. As for myself, terror froze my utterance. In addition to the perils already mentioned, I perceived, as I bent forward with my forehead touching the butcher's blue back (he vainly attempted to restore an equilibrium), that the bottom of the cart was in fissures; here a plank and here a space alternately; there was also a grinding noise in connection with the axle, which made it not improbable that the wheel-work would very soon come to pieces, and even perhaps burst out into a flame.

'Bump, whirl, rattle—bump, bump, bump, whir! and whenever that dreadful whip was smashed, a combination of shocks such as the rack itself could not have produced without the assistance of an electrifying-machine. When we were going downhill, it was rather better for us behind, for though both the professor and the butcher joined us, leaning back as far as they could, with their heads in our laps, and the professor was irritable about the safety of the precious fossils in his hat, and the butcher's head was greasy, still we could sit up, and see where we were going to; but when ascending an elevation, our miseries were greatly intensified, our destruction (by means of the pony coming over upon us the wrong way up) being much more imminent, and nothing to distract our attention except the starless sky. It was no use taking hold of the sides of the cart, for they were slippery beyond description, with the fat of ten thousand animals, dead and alive, which had travelled in that fatal vehicle; and as for taking a grip of the butcher, you might as well have tried to steady yourself by a pillar of quicksilver, or a bundle of eels. He shone from the collar of his coat to as far as I could see, like Warren's blacking—only he was blue. I am a tender-hearted man, and have always pitied calves in a cart; but until I had ridden after their fashion myself, I had no idea what they really suffered. The torture is, however, taken for their security which was omitted in our case. 'I wish,' grunted Tootawun, on an occasion when we were both jerked up a foot or two from our narrow board, 'I wish that we had a net over us, like the calves.'
At last it happened.

We were 'making play,' as our driver, by a frightful minstrel, chose to term it, down a short but sharp descent, when with a shock that was not much more terrible than many which have preceded it, the whole concern came to a piece. The shaft snapped, the spoke flew out, the bottom fell through, and the wonderful trap lay scattered about like a box of Lucifer-matches with the top off. Only the buckets still sat on the north-eastern angle of his late vehicle, like a shipwrecked captain clinging to a solitary spar of his beloved vessel.

'Never mind,' said he, soliloquising cheerfully, 'I was aged to have a new un before Christmas. I trust, sir,' said he, turning to Sandstone, who was semi-prostrate, as we all were in the road, 'that there is nothing broke!'  

'My Typhlis pungens is slightly fractured,' replied the professor, examining that previously perfect shell with much concern; 'but I am thankful to say that I have got another at home.'  

'Well, there is no more riding in that cart, at all events,' exclaimed Tootswen with a malicious triumph, that proclaimed him unjured.

As for myself, I was slightly bruised, but had suffered already far more seriously from the excessively narrow board I had been sitting on, which was also joggled—like a sawing—by the cart.  

'And how much do you charge, butcher, for the ride and the—the curricule?'"  

We were not cast in exorbitant damages, and we paid them cheerfully, parting with our late driver on the best of terms. The last thing he did was to show us the road, which we once more pursued as pedestrarians, the offer of the pony 'to ride and tie' being declined with thanks; and the last thing he said was to tell us how far we had yet to go.

'Well,' said he, smoothing his smooth hair, and with the air of a man who is about to make an original and thoughtful observation, 'I should think it might be a mile and a quarter.'

HEALTH.

We all love life; even the most inveterate of grumblers will give ample proof, on occasion, that the instinct of self-preservation is still active within them. There is a profound truth embodied in the Greek fable of that poor wretch who called for Death to end his woe, and only reconciled to life by the sudden apparition of the King of Terrors. It is not every one who invokes the aid of the grisly consoler, to whom it is allowed to draw back and renounce the connection; for rash and desperate mortals, in their impatience of earthly trouble, sometimes summon Death by such potent talismans of poison, drowning waves, or gash-inflicting steel, that no change of mind can be permitted. And yet how often must some self-murderer, as life ebbed, and the fatal drug took firmer hold of the heart's citadel, as the last drops trickled from the exhausted veins, or as the black waters closed overhead, have felt a yearning to undo the foolish deed, and to live on. Life is valuable for its own sake; it has been clung to with unsurpassed tenacity by those whose existence was joyless enough—the slave at the galleys, the prisoner in the dungeon, the captive among barbarians. Even in the bare fact of living, there is a charm: the most vegetable form of life is fondly clung to by every sentient being. Under these circumstances, it might have been supposed that Health, which is but a comprehensive term for the normal conditions under which alone life can be fully enjoyed, would have been valued as it deserves. Surely, it might be thought, mankind must have learned the natural laws which concern the body, old, or new, a long time ago; bygone generations must have handed down golden precepts for the preservation of health: the accumulated wisdom of ages must have heaped up a treasury of precise facts, and a sound mind in a sound body must be the most familiar of blessings.

Such an idea, however, is Utopian in the highest degree. Great and indisputable as is the sum of the world's progress has been, the study of health, as a science, is one of the fire-new features of our own century. There have always been a few men wiser than their fellows, who aimed at great reforms in the physical as in the moral world, and imminent peril or great annoyance has sometimes forced improvement upon the rulers of a nation. Thus, the Plague was of old time a great teacher; to its stern biddings we owe the gigantic drainage-system of Rome, which served as a model to all who took pattern by the imperial city, the precaution of quarantine, and such other sanitary laws as have striven from age to age to curb the neglect and selfishness of short-sighted man. It is an old story now how the Greeks lay before Troy in their huge slovenly camp, and how the sun shone upon the leaguer, and bred a pestilence there. The same thing happens now where masses of human beings congregate without wholesome discipline to guide them. Our Boards do not tell the tale so gracefully as Homer told it: their reports are dry and dull compared with his glowing account of the crowds that fell beneath the arrowyomboes from Apollo's quiver, of the wrath of Smitheus, and the superstitious reasons for that wrath; but the phenomena are the same. This liability to wholesale and sudden death—a death which no valour could avert, and which smote the hero as the slave as fast as the slave that waited on him—was the peculiar scourge of armies.

But even civil life was no guarantee against the punishments that attend all violations of natural law. First in the order of the great plagues of which any historical record is preserved comes the Plague of Egypt, which slew its tens of thousands no less than fifteen centuries after the Christian era. This was not so destructive as some of its hideous successors, as the Black Death of 1345 A.D., or as some of the plagues of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. But the grim guests that came at irregular intervals to decimate mankind had certain remarkable traits in common, and were usually preceded by portents from which wise observers might have deduced a warning. We find that almost all countries about to be swept by the besom of the Plague have experienced some at least of those visitations and pestilences that are the first-born of Egypt. Famine is the true nurse and precursor of epidemics, but not famine alone. When the cattle are sickly, and the blight is on the corn and fruit trees—which in myriads of insects fill the air with the buzzing life that bodes no good to the higher races in creation—when birds are dead or silent, and the air is heavy and thick with unwholesome haze—when food is scarce and springs fail, there is much reason to fear that some formidable epidemic is at hand. Extraordinarily hot summers and very cold winters have been generally the heralds of pestilence, especially in ancient times, when the slightest severity of temperature tended to produce death, and thus to pave the way for Plague. Usually, too, the Destroyer does not come without sending forward a gaunt vanguard of fevers and other ailments, whose usual virulence bears token that evil influences are abroad, and should call on us to be up and doing, ere the storm bursts. The old Plague—by some the Swedish Plague—which appeared in various forms and at brief intervals, appears now to be worn out. If it lingers at all, it hides among the rags and squallors of some of those towns that were made useful, would that ancient and venerable name, the ruins of the ancient Pentapolis. In honour of the Plague, we still maintain our quarantine rules and restrictions, but the old dreaduil is toothless, and almost a fossil. Whence Plague came, was merely matter of conjecture and assertion;
it did not admit of positive proof. Egypt long lay under the stigma of having warped this fell snake in her bosom; but Egypt paces on the blane, up the Nile, to Edfu, the land of Mehu. Nature, alas! Ayse-
ninia, or the Libyan Desert, or the unknown lands of
equatorial Africa, or even Syria itself. The parentage
is handed to and fro, and none will claim the ugly
offspring as their own. It was a reign of terror over
some of the fairest regions in the world.
It swept Europe and Asia with fearful impartial-
ity, sometimes cutting a few victims here and
there, sometimes cutting down the human harvest
like an impassible river, and now and then emptying
city, as in the case of Naples and Brussels, of three-
fourths of its inhabitants. Its visits were most irregu-
lar; in the annals of its coming, a great gap occurs.
From 590 A.D. to 1345 A.D., the pest seemed to sleep.
Other fevers and epidemics appeared, and did much
harm, but not Plague, which, like a dead and
cold volcano bursting into fiery vigour, after
slumbering for seven hundred and fifty years. The
physicians of King Edward III. were at their wits'
end when called upon to battle with a disease which
had last appeared when England was a heathen and
barbarous land, and of whose symptoms no proper
register had been preserved.
It was not until the Printing Press and the Reforma-
tion, throwing as they did the minds of all thought-
ful men into a ferment of intellectual activity, that
physic did much for mankind. Even then, the Plague,
which severed the fontest ties of blood and affection,
was only too apt to drive the doctors to ignominious
flight. So late as the Great Plague of London—not yet
two hundred years ago—most of the grave and digni-
fied men of healing, with their gold-headed canes,
pounce and pomander boxes, black velvet coats, and
prodigious periwigs, turned their backs to the enemy,
and headed the emigration to green meadows and
pure air. By this time, however, a doctor had become
more of a physician, and less of a would-be conjurer
or mouthpiece for professional jargon. There were
some tolerable surgeons in the latter half of the sev-
teenth century, horribly as the medical attendants
of Charles II. chose to torment the poor failing king
in his last hour. Leprosy, for instance, once endemic
in the most civilised countries, was rooted out by
improved treatment, mightily aided by better food
and increased comfort and cleanliness. We have
never known an epidemic in England since the last
dreadful holocaust of 1665, when the metropolis had to
bury what Defoe, with excusable exaggeration, described
as a hundred thousand victims. Fifty-five years later,
a small pestilence visited the city of Florence,
and once more made its way into the doomed city of
Marseille the last pest of this kind which France has known. The ebbing
wave still ravaged the Levant for a time, but with
freshener force, and gradually became a tradition. Small-pox was
nearly as fatal, and spread almost as much alarm
during the last two centuries, as the true Plague had
done. Not only death in this case, but disfigurement,
had to be feared; and in all England, the aged,
the young with especial selection: it took the
petted heir from his lace-festooned cradle; it fastened on
the child at the cottage door; it blighted the village
beauty; and it broke the hopes and marred the life of the
high-born lady as she gazed upon her mirror. Many
old novels told how the heroine, the bride-elect, per-
haps, sickened of this complaint when on the very
threshold of matrimony. Minuets, which were never
had been at work, perhaps; the lawyers had drawn
the settlements, the feast was prepared, and even the
wedding of the lady of the fair brow of the
bridge, when in stalked this hateful intruder to
forbid the bane. Poor Clerinda! Poor Sacharissa!
what is to befall thee, now thou art once stricken,
and down on that couch of pain, in the darkened
room, with thy sobbing mother sitting patient at the
bedside, and thy frightened sisters huddling away!
Better die, so thou dearest, than to live, so thou
girl of the seventeenth century—better die, and be
wrapped in thy maiden shroud, and so laid under
the turf, than live to be jilted, to see Eugenio's look of
scorn, and to make a life-long and unending story
as an ugly, unloved creature! Many did die, the
doctors and nurses aiding the disorder, as far as
mountainous bedclothes, blazing fires, and sealing
drinks could do so, until a new and better system
prevailed, and vaccination conjured away the spectre
from our hearths and homes.
Other epidemics, such as the falling sickness, had
come in, in elder times, rioted for awhile, and then
subside like a fire that burns out for lack
of fuel; and when small-pox was fairly conquered, and
Europe breathed in peace. His pedigree we know perfectly well; we trace his
birthplace in the swamps of Upper Ganges, we are
aware how he flamed his first fury among the millions of Hindus, in that stronghold of India
which he never leaves, and where, when all the rest
of the world is at rest, he still simulates native
and foreigner. But great was the terror of Christen-
dom, when, less than thirty years back, the deadly
march of the Asiatic Cholera began for the first time
to press upon the western world. We may be very
thankful that the advance of this new destroyer took
place in an age when science was bold and active, and
when society was rich, enlightenment comparatively
general, and material comfort widely diffused. Had the
Cholera swooped down upon the equalised cities, the
famine-struck and superstitious populations, and
the ignorant and incapable doctors of the dark
ages, few indeed would have escaped to tell the
tale.
We live better and, as we clearly see, the people of older days; our food is wholesome, our
clothing is better, our dwellings are better; we have
neither the dears nor the panics of the middle ages.
Not only are our physicians a hundredfold better
than the old prattlers about Galen and Hermes, but
there is a courageous devoted spirit among us which
insures due nursing to the sick. This was first shown
at Marseille, in 1720, when the 'good bishop' that
Pope sings of, with brave Chevalier Rose, and a
generous little band of martyrs, stayed to fight the
plague, and save lives at the cost of their own. It
was an ugly foe they had to contend with. The
gangs of galley-slaves who buried the dead perished
so fast, that even they refused to be driven at the
sword's point to the cart and the pits. 'Kill us!' they
cried in their reckless despair; 'we will not do
that work any more.' But the little troop of volun-
teers bore the dead to the grave, tended the living,
and kept up such stout hearts that few, if any of
them, succumbed to the assaults of the viewless foe.
Compare this Marseille plague with the plague of
Florence in the fourteenth century, when mothers
abandoned their children, husbands their wives,
children their parents; when selfish fear overcame
gratitude, attachment, duty, even instinct itself. But
the peaceful heroes of 1720 were doubly in the right;
the true way to battle disease is not to quail before it;
it is seldom that a person utterly fearless, and active
in ministering to others, drops the touch of plague or cholera; the venomed arrows glancing off
harmless from the stout heart and the good conscience.
But fear attracts the destroyer as with an electric
sympathy, and the taunt has been known to fix itself
upon those who manifested only the slightest tremors, even
when no contagion seemed imminent.
There is one more disease, and perhaps one only,
which merits the name of pestilence, the yellow
fever. This complaint is more local than the other
members of its class. It is peculiar to the New World,
and to certain latitudes and localities. So well is
this known, and so completely is the partial distribution of the disorder ascertained, that a ship on the West Indian station can often check the ravages of the fever by standing out to sea. Some islands are wholly free from yellow fever, while others, such as Jamaica, Antigua, and Tobago, are more or less affected without its presence. There is one well-known village in Mexico, situated among the marshes of the Atlantic coast, where newly arrived strangers—French, English, or Yankee clerks in the mercantile houses of Vera Cruz—are in the habit of repairing, that they may obtain a touch of the 'seasoning fever.' This is, in fact, a rude process of inoculation, akin to that which Lady Mary Wortley Montagu introduced in cases of small-pox. The patient is careful to make the experiment in spring, when the 'vomitio prieto' is comparatively weak and gentle, medical skill and a youthful constitution soon conquer the poison, and henceforth the new-comer is looked on as a man fever-proof, and fit to reside on that pestiferous coast during the deadly heats of summer, and the sickening sultriness of autumn.

When the fever strikes hard and home, it is no easy task to save a patient; strong measures quickly taken, answer best; but in this case, as in most others, prevention is better than cure. The considerable elevations, as of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica, or the sierra templada of Mexico, are exempt from yellow fever. Even in wall often bars out the pest, which can more easily crawl up a slope than overlap a perpendicular barrier. This proves that the miasma is of the same type as the malaria of the Roman plains, which is almost always checked by a wall, and which abounds in an inverse ratio to population and comfort. It matters little whether we incline to the zymotic or the sporadic theory; be the fever a cloud of mortal, or of fungicide, a slight thread of it is sometimes palpable to the eye, but only settles where its seeds can find a soil prepared for them. This is only too easy to find, in the quarters where poverty dwells, amid evil smells and sights, with impure air and water, crowded dwellings, and gaunt want. All plagues are most destructive among the poor.

After all, much as pestilence excites the fears and impresses the imagination, it does not make a great show in modern bills of mortality, when compared with the constant and habitual action of insanitary maladies which frighten no one. Pulmonary complaints, in one shape or other, thin the world's census more than the rest of the dire sisterhood of illa. Consumption, heart disease, bronchitis and diphtheria, carry death into a hundred thousand households, for every case of Asiatic cholera. In the North, in Volgograd and frigid Russia, sharp and sudden inflamations do the work which in more temperate regions belongs to phthisis. Absolute health is the rarest of blessings; we may prove this by turning any week to the instructive columns of the Registrar-general's returns. How few are the cases there recorded in which the cause of death is 'natural decay;' and yet we ought all to die of natural decay. Every fatal termination to a disease is abnormal and out of the proper course of things, just as the disease itself is a misfortune; and yet how few of us have hope to see out fourscore years, like Gaffer Grey there, and end, as he will do, by the painless wearing out of the whole machine. No; we are not for the most part destined to attain so patriarchal a term, continuing to succumb so gently and calmly, like a tired child falling asleep after the long, long sports of the summer holiday. The preservation of health is not an easy thing. We are not all, to be sure, members of wholesome trades—water-gilders, whose veins are surcharged with mercury; painters, sickening under the poison of white-lead and arsenic; tailors, steel-grinders, or men who go down in diving-bells. But neither are we so many Coromars, to devote life to the art of living; to weigh out our rations of food and drink like a miser weighing gold; and to tremble at the mere thought of a casual motion makes the scales incline unduly. We cannot all reside in a bracing air, or inhale the sea-breeze at will, or pick and choose with reference to the occupation we will pursue, the place of our abode, or even our bed. It is wonderful how little choice most persons, nominally free, possess with respect to their particular calling or dwelling-place. When poor little Griggles, fresh from Elon, teased his affectionate parents into procuring his commission in her Majesty's Hundred and Ninth, how little did he know what was in store for him? He was bewitched by the scarlet and gold lace, the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war, or rather of peace and garrison-life, and thought the profession of arms a perpetual round of enjoyment. Three voyages in crowded transports, two dreary banishments to far-away and half-fledged colonies, and an inglorious campaign against sun and savages, have taught Griggles a lesson. He does his duty like a man, but the bloom has been roughly rubbed from his gay hopes, and he regrets his selection.

As with Griggles, so with others. Why must young Bruissett become a house-painter, of all trades preventable in the world, with his unlucky, crippled father before his eyes—his father, who was a painter before him, and dabbled in poisonous minerals till he almost came to require a man with the lungs of a St Bernard, to lean on, and his pale, hectic-checked Mr Darlingboy, why, in the name of common sense, did he get ordained, and take that dreadful curacy of St Serfaveling, where the work would require a man with the lungs of a St Bernard, the legs of a Barclay, and the patience of Job? We cannot always pick our walk in life; but we can, for the most part, adhere to some plain rules, take some simple precautions, and guard against the fatality of an ignis fatuus. When we are young and healthy, let us consider that life is a temple, and let all its superfluities suffer. Downright health, 'rude' health, as medical authorities somewhat disparagingly call it, cannot, under existing circumstances, be the lot of all, but most of us might be greatly the better for exercise, prudence, and regimen.

The work of improvement has gone on from age to age not always consciously, but with tolerable certainty. We cannot tell with accuracy what was the term of average human life in the dark ages; but the mortality of the British nation at large has from the middle of the eighteenth century onward diminished to levels as low as they were when the Stuarts reigned over us. Population has increased as wealth has doubled and quadrupled; and every decade has seen fewer funerals, in proportion to the consumption of the numbers of the population, and more bells ring out for wedding and christening. Britain is now the healthiest country—to judge by tabular statements—in all Europe, and it bids fair to make further wholesome progress in the same direction. Not only have we less death among us than of old, but we have less of unrelieved sickness, deformity, and lifelong pain, than the island used to contain within its bounds. There is a sentimental belief that the human race has been constantly degenerating, and that we are puny dimitives of our tremendous progenitors. There is so little proof of this extant, that the old suits of armour which are preserved are, for the most part, too tight a fit for our life-guardsmen, and even for persons of much better than slimmer thaws. The old weapons are not too heavy for our hands. As for the big bones of those long-buried champions which we sometimes dig from the earth, at the surface, beneath the green burrow on the downs, those huge remains by no means prove that the ordinary stature of the race was so Titanic. There lies the giant, the mighty champion, the large-limbed king of men, and all the wholesome trades—water-gilders, whose veins are surcharged with mercury; painters, sickening under the poison of white-lead and arsenic; tailors, steel-grinders, or men who go down in diving-bells. But neither are we so many Coromars,
away of horses, the upsetting of boats, and the falling over precipices; it would even seem he is found available in the case of railway accidents, a circumstance which is gratifying, in these days, to feel. Some of the sketches referred to recently occurred. One represented a person with the wheel of a wagon about to crush him to death; but St Anthony is seen looking down benignantly from the clouds, and may be presumed to have averted the calamity, for the picture bears the inscription, ‘Per Grazio Ricevuto, 3 Oct. 1838.’ In the treasury of the church, a highly decorated apartment behind the choir, certain relics of St Santo are carefully preserved. The most precious is his tongue, which, enshrined in a case of gold and jewels, is shown publicly at his annual feast, when immense crowds attend from the country around.

Outside the church we found several stalls for the sale of pewter medals, pictures, and histories of the life and miracles of the saint. I could not but look with some degree of curiosity on a species of chapbooks such as constituted the popular literature in England three hundred and odd years ago. I bought several of these pamphlets, which are not amusing as narratives than for their coarse and grotesque prints, illustrative of the miracles wrought by the grand Thaumaturgist—as, for example, his preaching to the fishes, which he called to the surfaces of the sea to listen to his discourse; his causing a mule to kneel down in the street in adoration of the host; and his drawing an answer from a new-born infant as to who was his father! These and other stories of the miracles effected by St Anthony of Padua are told with perfect gravity; and the fact of such being in popular request, affords one a by no means pleasing insight into the intelligence among the humbler classes in this part of Italy.

The university of Padua, which we had the satisfaction of seeing, derives some celebrity from the circumstance of Galileo having been one of its professors; and though greatly fallen off in point of attendance, is said to have still a high reputation. Entertaining no doubt as to its ancient and modern renown, we may be excuses for lamenting that it should have done so little to irrigate the popular mind with some rills of general knowledge. As just seen, numbers of people within a hundred yards of its venerable class-rooms, are in the lowest depths of ignorance. Another incongruity fell unexpectedly under notice. In the course of a ramble, we entered the church of Santa Giustina, a large and handsome basilica with side aisles, and to our surprise found it full of military stores. Sacks of flour, billets of wood, and other materials were piled high on the floor from end to end of the building. In effect, a contrast with the fine paintings and sculptures at the several altars. The use of the church for religious purposes was for the time at an end, and that under Austrian authority! The French incurred abuse for having converted the adjoining monastery into a barracks, a mild form of outrage in comparison with this odious act of desecration.

There was nothing to invite a protracted stay in this in all respects antiquated town. The old buildings along its narrow streets, supported by pillars and arches to form arcades for foot-passengers, form the leading feature of its architecture, and impart a gloomy aspect to the place. Resuming the train, we proceeded to conclude our excursion by a visit to those lakes in the north of Italy—Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, which few tourists return across the Alps without seeing. As the lakes are separated only by necks of land a few miles wide, for which carriage can be obtained on the spot, they may be taken conveniently in a group, and it rests with excursionists

"Fin di Gran Tumultiro Santo安东尼奥 di Padova, estratta dall' Ab. de Ascanio da Vincenzo Felicioni. Venezia, 1831."
whether to begin with Como or Maggiore; their choice being probably governed by the
purpose for which they proceeded. We preferred to commence with Maggiore, as we intended to
cross the Alps by the Splügen, the grandest pass into Switzerland in points of rugged scenery; but compara-
atively few adopt this somewhat circuitous route, and prefer beginning with Como, in order to
cross the mountains by St Gothard or the Simplon from Maggiore. There is now a railway from Milan
to Como, and also to Arona on Maggiore, so that there is no difficulty whatever in getting to the
scenery of these beautiful sub-alpine lakes. In various
quarters there are first-rate hotels, more particularly
at Arona, Lugano, and Bellagio; and to complete the
amenities of travelling, on each lake there are good
steamers, which touch at a considerable number of
places in their voyages to and fro.

Passing through Milan, we had the rail to Arona, a
small but thriving town commanding a fine view of the
northeast shore of lake Maggiore, and of the island
of Angera. But the views are fine on all sides; the
green hills being well clothed with woods—hazel,
olive, and mulberry—and studded with picturesque
villas. Handsome villas are springing up in the
neighbourhood of this place, and in all quarters there
is an air of activity which is in striking contrast to
what we had lately seen in Venetia. Formerly, the
northern side of the lake belonged to Austria, and
tourists in passing from place to place had some trouble
about luggage and passports, but now all that portion of
Maggiore which does not pertain to Switzerland is
included in the kingdom of Italy, and consequently
there is no interruption. Thanks to Napoleon, the
road across the Simplon was carried along the western
shore of the lake in communication with Milan.
Along this road, we took a conveyance from Arona
to a village about eight miles distant, with the design
of visiting Isola Bella, one of the Borromean islands,
whence the train would be carried forward by the
steamer which would pass a few hours afterwards.
The Borromean Isles, taking their name from a
family of local distinction, are three in number—Isola
Bella, Isola Pescatore, and Isola Madre, all of small
extent. The only one of any note is Isola Bella—the
Beautiful Island—so called from no natural beauty,
but from the manner in which it is artificially deco-
rated and rendered attractive. Crowds of tourists
visit it on their passage up or down the lake, or
when en route to the Simplon. Having finished our
short but pleasant journey, we seated ourselves in a
boat under a white awning, we were speedily rowed
to Isola Bella, which is about a mile from the
western shore. On approaching the islet, we see the
most extraordinary piling up of garden terraces,
sustained by walls and surmounted with figures in
stone, reminding us of nothing so much as a fantastic
piece of confectionary. Such is its southern ex-
tremity. Behind the terrace-gardens is a large mu-
sion; and to fill up a nook on the west there is an
irregular cluster of buildings, in which are com-
prised a village, a church, a hotel, and harbour
—gardens, museum, and village covering every inch
of the island, and yet the whole measuring only a few
acres in extent. Any one who desires to know how
to make the most of a barren islet should visit Isola
Bell.

Originally, the island was little else than a mass
of rock projecting irregularly from the surface of the
water. It was made a perfect garden, at a immense
cost, by Count Borromeo about 1671; the tradition
being, that all the earth composing the terrace-
gardens was brought from the mainland. The palace,
which was never finished, occupies the northern
extremity of the islet, and is a heavy but not inole-
gant building. It is a show-place, with seemingly
no permanent resident; and we were conducted by its
keepers through the extensive suites of apartments,
metres above the level of the sea. Ever toiling their way upward, the horses made so little progress that I got out and walked, gaining more fully to enjoy the singularity of the scene, and collect a small species of ferns and other Alpine plants as a souvenir for a valued friend at home. After passing Campo Dolino, the gorge becomes more precipitous, and we find the road at various places covered in with arches of solid masonry as a protection from the avalanches of snow that at certain seasons sweep down from the higher parts of the mountain. These arches passages, one of which is 1530 feet long, are lit by apertures on one side, resembling embrasures for cannon.

The height of the snow-line on the Splügen depends of course on the season. We began to find snow patches on the side of the road at the height of about 4500 feet. Advancing beyond this point, the wreaths of melting snow increased in quantity, and continued here and there in large patches to the summit. The more elevated peaks were entirely covered with a white mantle. Strangely, as we thought, the atmosphere was not cold, only a little chilly, in this snowy region. A thermometer suspended outside the carriage for half an hour, and occasionally held for a few minutes near the snow, did not indicate a lower temperature than 60°. Near Bellagio, we group of small buildings which a few years ago were the dread of travellers entering Italy. They formed the Austrian custom-house, where passports were examined with such scrupulous jealousy, that for a considerable period, the most beautiful of all the Italian lakes, blending as it does the wild grandeur of the West Highlands with the softer features of Italian scenery—cliffs high among mountain recesses, and vines on trellised enriching the lower slopes on the margin of the lake; nor should we omit the many splendid mansions of the Milanesi and others, which adorn this lovely coast; or the olives, myrtle, orange, and citron. Let no one with time to spare hurry over this charming piece of lake scenery. As a convenient central point for residence, none is better than Bellagio, situated on the promontory which divides the southern part of the lake into two branches. The two Plinys resided some time on the lake, and have left an account of its more remarkable phenomena.

From Colico, at the upper part of the lake, we made our way to Chiavenna, a town situated in a scene as varied as the district at the head of the range of mountains which divides Italy from Switzerland. The ride to it was through a wild piece of country, with the rugged hills gradually closing in upon a magnificent valley; at intervals partly covered by temporary wooden bridges crossed impetuous torrents, which had carried away the regular means of communications, and brought down enormous masses of gravel and boulders from the ravines above. Chiavenna is the last Italian town in the route, and having remained here a night, we set out the following morning in an open carriage to make the passage of the Splugen. The ascent which immediately commences is striking and beautiful throughout. The road first winding its way amidst vineyards, gradually leaves the fertile enclosures of the villagers behind. After the region of vineyards that of fir and other trees; to that succeeds pasturages for goats and a small variety of cows, and the tinkle of bells hangs round the necks of these animals falls pleasantly on the ear. By a series of ingeniously constructed zigzags, we were ascending a great gorge in the mountains, from which dashed roaring torrents and cascades, forming a turbulent little river in the narrow rocky valley. Far up in seemingly inaccessible spots were cottages with churches, but excepting very small fields of potatoes, in cleared patches among the rocks, all cultivation seems to be neglected. Unfortunately we passed hamlets consisting of a poor order of dwellings, with usually a post-house, on the front of which is an inscription on a marble tablet, denoting the height in
Chamber's Journal

sympathy in the fate of Italy, now so critical, let us hope that nothing will occur to permanently arrest it in the career of national consolidation and prosperity.

W. C.

The Old House at Brocklehurst.

We were together in the parlour—my wife and I. It was not much past nine, but people kept early hours in those days, and supper had long been over; the children were in bed, and the house was quiet.

I was leaning back in my easy-chair, wearied with my long day's work, and half asleep, when I was rousted by my wife's voice asking, as she laid down her sewing: 'Have you thought or done anything yet, Alfred, about going to the country?' 'Now, to tell the truth, I had thought a great deal, and had done—nothing, I knew.' Dr Elwyn had said that little Philip would never grow up a healthy boy in our close London house, and I was as anxious as any father need be about my child, but I knew too, by sad experience, how little a poor drawing-master with seven children has to spare for country trips. All this I said now to the wife, who always bore her full share of my heavy cares; but in her the mother's love conquered all else, and as I looked into her eyes, I saw, though she spoke little, that she would never rest until our boy was breathing the fresh country air he needed.

But the weeks passed away, and her worn face, and the few words she dropped from time to time, told me how constantly and vainly she watched for any chance of this. They had grown to months, when one evening she met me at the door radiant with gladness, and drawing me into the parlour, put into my hand a letter, exclaiming: 'Only read that, Alf, and tell me if it will not do.' It ran thus: 'Not three miles from here is a large house, Brocklehurst Grange, which having been empty many years, is now to be let at a very low rent. I could hardly persuade Mr. Saulkyn to take much trouble about it, for it looks so dreary and comfortless, that you would never like to live there. Still, in case my description does not alarm you, and you wish to hear more, I send the address of the agent in whose hands it is.' My wife hardly waited for me to read to the end. 'My aunt does not know,' she said. 'Think! it is large and cheap, and it must be near a coach-road, and near London, since it is close to Leekford, and that is such a healthy place. O Alfred, dear, we don't care for fine houses, and we could make it cheerful soon, I know, if only you think that it will do.' That was too much to say; but in pity for her imploring face, I promised at least to see the agent. I called at the office the next day, and found him in, and evidently glad I was to hear of a possible tenant. The house, he said, had belonged to a Mr. Abbott, who had lived and died abroad. The nephew, who had just inherited his property, preferred receiving a rent, however small, to spending money on the place. The agent could not help discussing a little on the short-sighted economy of this proceeding, since the building was in fair repair, and only needed the outlay of a few hundred to make it comfortable; but it was, he added, no affair of his, and he had only to obey orders. In conclusion, he pressed me to inspect it for myself. I felt inclined to do so, but as I could not well spare a whole day, there was a difficulty. The agent himself resolved it by proposing that I should go down by the evening train, and on the day of which he mentioned, and return the following morning. There were, he said, living in charge of the house, two old servants of Mr. Abbott's, with their son, who had been there now for many years. 'I cannot suppose,' he added smiling; 'at least if they treat you as they did me. They evidently fear to be turned out of their domain, and regarded me so gently, that my survey was of the briefest. Still, if you don't mind sour looks, they can, I know, provide you with a bed, any as the village is only two miles off, with supper also.'

It seemed my wisest plan, since I could trust the guide of the daily journey I might have to make, and see the house under its morning and its evening aspect; so, mindful of my wife's anxiety, I determined to lose no time, and obtained from the agent a letter to the old man in charge. With this letter, I made my way to the coach-office the following afternoon; but when there, found, much to my vexation, that the agent had mistaken the time of the coach's starting, and that we should not be off for two hours. There was nothing for it, but to wait patiently; but through this delay, it was nearly six o'clock instead of four when I was set down at a village inn two miles from Brocklehurst. I was just about to inquire my way of some of the boys lounging about the inn door, when it occurred to me that it might be wiser to hire one of them as guide. The short February afternoon was closing in, and I might miss my road alone and so lose time, and besides, from these country lads I might learn something of the house and neighbourhood; so I chose out a bright-faced active youth, who readily closed with my offer, and started off with me at once along the village street, and down a lane, and then over a stile into the fields, his tongue going incessantly all the while. He could tell little, as it seemed, about the Grange; only that when he was a boy in his memory, no one had ever lived there but the Pearces, 'a queer crusty set,' he said. The son got work sometimes with the farmers near, but the old people rarely left the house, and even when they went abroad, exchanged few words with any they might meet. But if his information on this one point was small, on all others it was more considerable, and he gave me the names and histories of the neighbouring squires, and who preserved and who did not; the land owned by each farmer, and the character he bore among his men; this, and much more, he told me as we trudged onwards.

There, he said, as we came out of a thick fir plantation, and stood on the edge of a dreary broken bit of common covered with gorse and heath—do you see the red brick house yonder by the gravel-pit? I looked the way his finger pointed, and through the gathering twilight just discerned a long low building. 'I'll tell you what, sir,' he said in a low tone, and coming closer to my side, 'there's not a lad in all the village would venture round there after nightfall, for there was murder done at that house not two years ago.'

'Murder!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, and the cruellest murder it was too. An old gentleman used to live there—not so very old either, not much past sixty, I say; but the house there was small that might be, he lived there quite alone, except for one young servant-woman, who kept his house. A pleasant-spoken young Ann Forrest was, and many's the kind word she's said to me when she's been to mother's shop. She always seemed to take great care of her old master, and no wonder, for he was the best old man that ever lived, and a good master to her; but he had money laid by, and that must have tempted her, for one morning some labourers going past found the front-door open, the house deserted, and the poor old gentleman lying covered with blood, and quite dead, at the bottom of the garden. They say he used to go down there to smoke his pipe at night, and he chose that time, when she knew he could lay hold of nothing to deceive him; and the house is not too large in which the old man kept his money, and which only she knew where to find, was lying, turned bottom uppermost and empty, in the passage; and there were clothes and various things scattered over the floor of her room, and in one of her drawers they found a long knife that she had hidden there. But they never found her; and from that day to this no one has heard of her.'
It was a terrible story to listen to, with the black darkness closing round us, and the lonely house close by. We hastened on in silence across the common, down the steep road, and over some meadows until, as we passed from the free air into the shadow of a wood, the boy said, in his former cheerful tone: "There, sir, now you can see the old warren through the trees." About dark outlines—that was all I could make out, as my companion unfastened a gate, pointed the way up a neglected drive, and saying that he should run across the fields, and so home by the high-road. I did not feel well. The old gate swung to with a dismal creak, and I was left to grope my way alone.

On I went, brushing past shrubs, whose long boughs swept the ground, and stumbling over roots and stones, until I reached an open space that had once been gravel, but now was overgrown with moss and weeds, and crossing this, stood in front of the old house itself. The walls, as I could see, even by the dim light, were weather-stained and darkened to a dull brown; three sharp gables high above cut into the gray sky; and higher still there rose a sort of dome from the centre of the building. The rising noon cast a faint gleam on the latticed oriel windows, and the quaint stone carvings round the entrance-door, and gave a strange weird aspect to the solitary dwelling. The clang of the bell, when struck through the snow-drifts, was the only sound. The silence settled down once more. I waited long, then rang again, and at length there was a sound of steps and voices, first far away, then nearer. A key grated in the rusty lock, and the door was partly opened by an old man, whose short thick-set figure at once filled up the way, as though to prevent a hasty entrance. Behind him stood a woman, somewhat bent by age, and holding in her hand a lantern. Both stared at me in silent wonderment, as, addressing myself to the old man, I told my errand. It was well I looked about for suitable, cultured words, for the old man was darkened as, still standing in the doorway, he spelled out the agent's letter.

"A strange thing," he muttered. "We might have had some chance, I should think; we want no gentle-folks here." His spirit rose at this insolence, but remembering his age and surly temper, I restrained myself, and said that I had meant to arrive sooner, but need give little trouble, as some bread and cheese, and a bed for the night were all I should require. The man stood doubtful, as though half inclined to startcn his journey in my charge, but a change came over him without a word; he took the lantern from his wife's hand, and, signing to me to follow, led the way across a bare and lofty hall, and along two stone passages, to a large kitchen, where a fire was blazing. I sat down a quarter of an hour, and without waiting for a reply, he walked away. I turned to the woman, who had followed us, and now stood by the fire, and asked some question carelessly; but she answered me briefly, with a hurried glance at her husband; and, weary of attempting to conciliate, I said abruptly, that as my time was short, I would see the house at once.

"There's very little you'll be able to see at this time of night," old Pearce said gruffly from the window where he stood.

At last, I answered, "I can go through the rooms, and get some notion of their size;" and I made a move.

For a moment, it seemed as though they meant to leave me; then Pearce stopped suddenly forward, and hastily calling to his wife to bring the keys, caught up the light. Preceded by my unwilling guides, I traversed long passages, on which the footsteps sounded like the tramp of a horse; the doors and carriage, the staircases, and caved landings. We stopped from time to time while the woman unlocked the doors of empty and unsuita-

ered rooms, where dust lay thick, and the feeble glimmer of the lantern only served to make the gloom and desolation more apparent. No word was spoken by either of us in answer to the many questions, until we reached a large chamber, once a drawing-room, as I could guess by the gilt mouldings and two tall mirrors let into the wall. As I entered and looked round, the old man and his wife outside the door, and when they had exchanged some whispered words, sent her down stairs, and, coming to my side, began to tell me how, thirty years before, in Mrs. Abbott's day, grand balls were often given in this very room, and how a portrait of her dressed for one of them still hung in the library beyond; and then he led me in to look at the pale faded face in cold and crimson turban, gazing fixedly upon us from the wall. As I turned from it, the woman again joined us, resumed her keys, and the man's sullen humour coming over him once more, we went into the old silence until we reached the foot of a narrow winding staircase. My conductors had begun to mount it, when I touched a door upon my right, and said: "Surely we have not been in here?" The man halted and turned, and looked down at me. "No," he said; "it is only a lumber-room; the key has been lost this long while; if you wish to get in, you must have a fresh key made within; then you'll find the place you went on. It was a large rambling house, where you came suddenly upon cupboards and corners, and bits of winding stairs, or a step up here and down there, and passages with such queer twistings that one wondered whither they would lead; still there was something quaint about it that took my fancy greatly. When at last we got back to the kitchen, a man sat by the fire unlacing his boots, and with his back towards the door. He turned as I entered, and displayed a muscular form and heavy face, like enough to old Lew; and so he was, in fact, his son. He returned my greeting with a silent stare, resumed his seat, and pulling at his father's sleeve, muttered angrily: "And who on earth may you be? I did not catch the answer, but the gruff sort that followed was sufficiently expressive.

The woman set about preparing supper, and presently a repast of bacon, eggs, and bread was put before me; and while I was engaged upon it, she and her husband went away together. The son sat on watching me in silence for a while, then followed me as I left the room, leaving me alone for the first time since I had come into the house. He and his father soon came back, but a change had come upon them; their sullenness was gone, and they seemed most eager to hear my intentions about the place. It was evident how much they feared that I might take it, and so deprive them of their home; and in this fear, they caught at every doubt of mine, and tried to foster it. From their account, the place was hot in summer, cold in winter; it was even tumbling to pieces; and it almost touched me, when, turning to the son, I said: "And yet you seem to like to live in it;" to hear his curt answer: "I've been bred here, and that makes a deal of difference." When the woman at last returned, I saw that she had been crying very bitterly, and with a half-remorseful feeling, I took a candle from her trembling hand, and followed her upstairs. They had chosen for me one of the old state-bedrooms, on the first floor, and a long way from the kitchen and the hall, at the end of a wide gallery. She paused at the door to say that she hoped I might find all I wanted, but that if not, there was a bell, and giving me no time to answer, hurried off. The room was large and lofty, and must have once been richly furnished, for there were cushions of faded blue silk in the window-seats, and blue silk drapery about the door; but all its other furniture had disappeared, and it was bare and cold, less like the rest. At one end, a trundle bedstead had just been put up, and near it stood a wash-hand stand.
and glass, and a couple of rickety chairs. That was all; and very meagre and comforted it looked; till I could expect nothing else, and cared little. I sat long, noting down in my pocket-book all I had observed, and pondering on various things, until the dull tones of the far-off stable-clock striking twelve aroused me, and I began to prepare for bed. Before lying down, I went instinctively across the room to secure the door, and found, to my surprise, that I was without the means of doing so, for there was no belt, and the key was not in the lock.

For a moment, I was startled; then I remembered that the keys of all the rooms had been on one large bunch, and no doubt the woman had forgotten this one off. Should I ring for it? I paused undecided; but the hour was late, the people must long since have been in bed, and I was strangely unwilling to encounter these eyes so long again to night. After all, it mattered little. Travelling as I did without luggage or money, and in simple, almost shabby dress, I had nothing to lose, and with health and strength in my favour, some would choose lightly to encounter me; and so, without disquietude, I blew out my light, and lay down in bed. Still I was not in darkness, for the moon shone full into the room, only obscured from time to time by a heavy cloud swept across, and passing, seemed to leave it more clear and beautiful than ever. I lay long gazing, through one of the two large windows on my right, with the soft radiance of its face, the hurrying clouds, and the bright stars that studded the dark sky, and thinking, as husbands and fathers are wont to think, of the wife and children at home, dreaming of the little feet that might one day go dancing over these uncared-for floors, of my wife and myself sitting together in that grand dessert, and planning busily how far our homely London furniture could fit it up. Gradually my plans turned into dreamy fancies, my fancies faded, and I slept soundly—for how long, whether for an hour or two, I cannot tell, but I woke in an instant, and with a sudden start and thrill.

All was quiet—a cloud had veiled the moon, and the room was dark and still as death. No, not so still; what was that which, as I held my breath, came faintly on my ear? A rustling—so slight that I could scarcely catch it, yet surely a rustling in the far corner of the room. I was a man of strong nerves. In my youth, I had been in peril both by sea and land, and I had ever kept my courage and composure. I did not lose them now. These men believed, no doubt, despising me, were purposing to rob me; they might even, in their anger and revenge at my mission here, meditate worse things; but if the absence of the key had been no accident, and they were now in my room, they should find harder work than they had looked for. I had no firearms; but a loaded stick, which went with me in all my journeys, was by my bed's head now. Slowly and cautiously, my hand stole out in the darkness, and grasped it tight. Then I waited. For a while there was perfect silence; then the sound began afresh, and there—by the door, I could just see a moving form! On it came, then stopped, as though listening, and hearing nothing but my steady breathing, came on again, nearer and nearer, until, as it reached the foot of my bed, I sprang up. My stick was raised, was ready to descend, when the moon shone out again, and my hand dropped to my side, for a woman stood before me—not the old woman I had seen, but a younger, clad in dark garments, with pale, haggard face and wild eyes.

What was it? A spirit, an escaped madwoman, or some plot to frighten me? As that last thought came into my mind, the sound of breath to ask:

'Who, in Heaven's name, are you?'

'O hush, hush!' moaned out a voice feeble and piteous as a crying child's. 'Don't speak, don't let them hear!'
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

anything but her misery. She gazed into my face: 'I know you would not,' she said in quite another voice, and again turned away, I following her. Her fingers softly turned the handle; she crept into the passage, and I watched her as she dark form fitting along the gallery, her bare feet moving noiselessly upon the boards. I listened breathlessly, but there was neither sound nor movement in the house. The old couple slept at the foot of the back-staircase and near the kitchen, the son in a small room close to the hall, never dreaming that the prisoner they had kept securely all these months would find means to force her prison on this very night—only the woman even knowing that she had heard of my presence in the house. If any chance noise awoke them into watchers, then it might be a struggle of life and death. No; all was still as yet. The moonlight flooded the room, as, closing the door, I softly woman to the window-seat, and sat down there to listen and to think. Think—think of what? A horrible crime, a secret prison-house not twenty miles from London, the work that must be done to-morrow; all these things seemed crowded together wildly in my brain. By degrees, I grew calmer. I must release her, but how? Many ways flashed across me, and were cast aside again; so I sat motionless, gazing into the sky, my car strained for any cry, until the first faint streak of dawn came into the east. No sound had broken the still silence of the house, and now at last my plan was made, and might be tried. I dressed quietly, then waited for a while, and as the red rim of the rising sun shewed through the trees, tramped noiselessly down stairs. I meant that they should hear and see me, but I stopped, feeling that something was wrong in the room. I looked in. The old man was there cutting up wood; he did not hear my step till I was close upon him, then turned sharply round: 'You rise early,' he said in the old surly tone. With all the blood in my veins curdling in sight of that wicked, murderous face, I forced my lips to speak naturally. 'Why, yes,' I said: 'I want to see something of the ground before I breakfast. Can you tell me the best way to take?' I knew not what, he answered; 'there's nothing worth seeing anywhere near here.' Where does the garden lie?' I asked. The instant I had spoken, I felt that my question, meant to divert suspicion, had been a rash one. He looked up, a new expression coming in his eyes, and he turned suddenly to the door. 'There is no garden now,' he said hastily; 'it's a wilderness; and breakfast will be ready directly, if only that old idiot; and he shouted his wife's name, 'was right to suspect us.'

The precious minutes were slipping away fast, and yet I dared not seem in haste. The old man had returned to his chopping, and the monotonous thud of the hatchet alone sounded through the room. I sat down, my brain in a whirl, trying to think of something to say. 'I said carelessly: 'Well, I'm just going for a turn in the wood now, and presently I shall get you to go round with me.' I had not spoken when the old man's door opened, and I heard her foot beginning slowly to ascend the stairs. Was she going there? All might, perchance, be safe; but if that broken key still be in the lock, the secret was betrayed. In desperation, I racked my brains for some device to bring her back: 'Stay,' I exclaimed to the old man; 'isn't that your wife? I want her to get me, if she can, some eggs and vegetables to take to town; I will pay well.' His eyes brightened, and absorbed in that promise, he never saw the agitation of my manner; he stopped to look at me. 'They wanted,' 'the gentleman wants ye. Come down, will ye?' A pause—then she said from above: 'I shan't be long.' I breathed hard.

'Come now,' he called again; 'the gentleman's waiting;' and then the foot came slowly down. A few minutes later, I saw her, with relief no words can tell, go off with a basket on her arm to the hen-house and garden. Now was my time, and there was not a moment to lose. I dressed. Followed her down to the hall. As I stood waiting while he unfastened the door, the lad's words about the son came to my mind. He might be away; if so, there were but this one man to face, I would battle it out alone, and not leave her for an hour in their hands.

'I don't know,' I said, carelessly; whether your son's at home; if so, would he direct me, by and by, to Leekford, and carry my bag and basket?'

'Yes, he can go,' was the reply.

That course, then, was hopeless, and I must try the other way. Slowly I turned towards the place—had come fresh to my mind in my night-watch, and I was going there to ask his aid. On, on; and now my labouring breath was failing, and my feet seemed fastened to the ground; but still I struggled forward, and at last, thank Heaven for it! I had gained the door. A gentleman was riding from it. I stopped before him, panting out 'Mr Archer,' and then everything reeled before me. I staggered, and against a pillar. With my dizzy eyes, I saw Mr Archer—for he it was—turn his horse, and diamont; but he had stood before me for some minutes asking my name and errand before he could express his astonishment in a more distinct speech alone with him. He looked surprised; then led the way indoors to a small study. In a few hurried words, I told him all; but as I went on, I saw the wonder in his face turn to disbelief, and the kind, thoughtful eyes involuntarily glancing now at my disordered dress, now at my flushed and agitated face. He thought me mad. With a great effort, I composed myself, steadied my voice, and said:

'You think this a wild story, but I swear solemnly that every word is true, and I call on you as a magistrate to give me help.'

He was silent for a moment; then replied: 'As a magistrate and as a man, I should be bound to help, if this were so; but pardon me, it does seem a wild story; and I should hardly like, without strong proof, to enter a man's house with such a charge.'

I laid my hand upon his arm: 'Listen,' I said; 'I can give you this proof only, that on the truth of what I say hangs my own character. If you go with me, and find it false, you have only been deluded by a madman or a rogue; if you refuse to go, after my words, her blood and mine may be upon your head, for, I, at any rate, shall instantly return.'

He hesitated, then said: 'You speak strongly; and at least, as you say my going can do little harm, I am ready.' I stopped him again. 'Not alone. Let some of your servants go with us. Not for my own sake,' I
added, as a half-smile curled his lip; "I only ask one man's aid; but I would not draw you into danger and they are both strong men, and may have to be secured."

"And if not?" he said.

"If not, you have been deluded," I repeated.

"Very well, so be it," he answered.

Half an hour later, Mr Archer and I, with two servants, stood before the door of Brookhillhurst Grange. All was dark. As I descended from the carriage, I was alarmed by the silence, and as I reached the door, I was terrified by the formal look of the house. In the broad daylight! You here till an hour ago, and no cart or horse about the place—that at least is impossible. Besides, the man is here.'

I said nothing in reply. What could I say? The old man was still alone, and sitting by the fire as we passed through the kitchen to the back-door. He raised his head, and, pointing to a basket on the table, said: 'My wife got those ready before she went to market. I don't ask if you have found anything upstairs, because there was nothing to find; but I hope you are satisfied.'

I was silent, but Mr Archer paused to say a few words before following me out upon my fruitless quest. Everywhere, in lofts and sheds, summer-houses and stables, round the gardens and yards—on all sides I hunted, and hunted in vain. The fowls in the chicken-yard, the old dog in his kennel, were the only living beings that met my eyes; and turning to Mr Archer, I said at last: 'I give it up.'

"And withdraw your accusations if I am asked to accept them."

"It is useless pressing them," I answered bitterly; "but how can I disbelieve my own senses?"

"Even our senses may deceive us," he said quietly. I knew what he meant very well. His first step, when we returned again to the kitchen, was to go up to old Pearce alone, and apologise gravely and formally for the disturbance he had caused. His next was to turn to me saying: 'There can be no further reason for my remaining; I will wish you good-morning, hoping that your painful impressions may wear off.'

His words came in strangely with the thoughts in my own mind. Was it, after all, a dream, a delusion of my own, created by the lad's story and the desolate house? Had that midnight visit existed in my own fancy alone? Was Mr Archer right, and was I going mad? With that horrible idea now first striking me, I stood silent until Mr Archer again repeated his farewell. Then I rose myself. 'Good-bye,' I said. 'After all, you may be right, and I wrong. Stop!' And my voice in a new tone echoed through the room. I was standing by the window, and close to my right hand was a large chest, with a key which I knew to be the key to the old chest. While I was opening it, I felt at that very instant I had heard a moan come from it. I never could have heard it had I not been so near; I could hardly hear it now; but I turned, and laid my hand upon the key, and as I did so, the old man with an oath sprang up and rushed upon me. There was a confused struggle, a loud outcry, and he was on the ground, and I was wrenching open the door. It yielded to my strength, and there, on the floor of that narrow closet, bound hand and foot, and gagged, lay the poor woman for whom I had been seeking, powerless to move or cry out, though with helpless despair and only able, by her desperate efforts, to utter that one faint moan which had just reached my ears. We lifted her up, and unbound her, but she spoke no word, only her wild eyes seemed incoherently about, and looking to me with a grasp that seemed as though it never would unloose. I and Mr Archer led her away, leaving the two men to bring the other houses, for he made no resistance, and only glared savagely round upon us all.

It was many hours before Ann Forrest could speak of what had happened. Her horse having left the door, he said, in Mr Archer's study, her hand still clapping mine, she told her dreadful tale—how in old times she had known the Pearces well, and once had even helped to nurse the woman; how they had asked her carelessly..."
one day about her master’s money-box, and had told them, not thinking any harm, and had never dreamed of any until the cruel deed was done. That evening she had been busy in the house till after nightfall, and then went down the garden to call her master in to supper of but as she neared the spot where he was wont to sit, she saw two figures bending over something on the ground, and as she stood to watch, saw, too, that it was her master who lay there transfixed in horror. The and in sudden horror, had fallen the next moment, stunned by a blow upon the head. She knew no more until she woke to find herself in the lonely room at Brocklehurst, and learned that they had brought her there, to ward suspicion from themselves; that her life had for the time been spared, because the woman, bearing grateful memory of that old kind nursing, had vowed to tell all if they harmed her, and might have kept her vow; and so for all those terrible months one weak woman alone had stood between her and a frightful death. Of her husband she had kept nothing, nothing when the old man, coming up alone, had found the key, despite the frantic efforts she had made, still in the lock, and guessing the secret from that and from her terror, had been in her innocence approaching deliverers, and arranging all things in her prison, had sent his wife and son away, and stayed himself on guard—of all this she could not even now speak without conjuring shudders, and would not even press her.

My story is well-nigh told. The father and son suffered for their crimes, the woman was mercifully dealt with. We did not take Brocklehurst Grange, for we could not destroy, by conflagration, all that was human, and leave the innocent children who should live in scenes darkened by such deeds; but we did go elsewhere. Years afterwards, there might be seen moving about our house a pale, tall woman, darkly dressed, gentle in manner, and very, very quiet. To her my wife turned for sympathy in every trouble; in her arms the children loved to lie when sick or at play. From her I had the most faithful and devoted service; and she died at last, holding my hand, and thanking me with her eyes, even when her voice was silenced for ever. Her name was Ann Forrest.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

By the time these lines appear in print, we shall know the results of the science exhibitions at the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, and even newspaper readers will have gathered from the various addresses some notion of what savants, travellers, statisticians, and naturalists have been doing within the past twelve months. By the same period, the International Exhibition will be near its close: many a collection of art and industry will be on the eve of dispersion to the four quarters of the globe; and we may hope that henceforth many an ingenious mind and many a cunning hand, profiting by the rich lesson, will conceive the more clearly, and work the more faithfully. Such a lesson—such an opportunity of witnessing concentrated skill and experience, are not likely to be seen again in England for many a year to come.

After all this excitement, there seems an unusual sobriety in the preparations which the various scientific societies are making for the commencement of this new session. Scientific papers may be expected in the Royal Society; the Linneans and Geographicals have interesting news from abroad, among which, alas! is announced the death of Mrs Livingston, wife of the man who, many years ago, discovered the Tweed will sympathise with him in his sorrow. The last experiments at Shoeburyness have only confirmed the anticipations of sagacious thinkers who have all along maintained that invaluable iron ships are an impossibility, and that the days of wooden ships are not yet over. Mr Whitworth with his invention of a hard-headed iron shell which, fired from a 12-pounder, completely riddles the iron sides of an ordinary gun-boat. With a 70-pounder shell, a double target representing a section of a double-sided gun-boat, was as effectually shattered; and it was demonstrated that even the Warrior could be sunk by one shot from the great 300-pounder gun. These are instructive facts, suggestive of many conclusions, of which one is, that to spend millions of money on iron ships before experiments are exhausted, is unwise; another, that the folly and wickedness of war are likely to become more and more costly.

A new kind of gunpowder has been tried at Frankfort. Its colour is yellow-brown, and in general appearance it resembles saw-dust. The inventor is Mr Schultz, captain of artillery in the Prussian service, and he is bowing by experiment that this new powder is cheaper, lighter, more powerful than the ordinary sort; moreover, that even after thirty rounds, the gun remains as clean as at the commencement. The national shooting-matches afforded a good opportunity for trial of this new compound, of which the ingredients are not yet made public, and further experiments are making at Spandau by order of the Prussian government. It appears, too, that the Austrian authorities have been making experiments with gun-cotton, by cannonading one of their forts at Verona. The success at 600 and 1000 metres is said to have been incontrovertible; and the impulsive force of the cotton as compared with powder is as nine to four.

We may form some notion of scientific movements abroad from the questions proposed by different academies. The Batavian Society of Experimental Philosophy at Rotterdam desires a series of observations on the temperature of the ocean at great depths, considering that the question is one of very great importance in studying the physical constitution of the globe. Another subject it proposes is, a crystallographic examination of certain inorganic matters in which the crystalline form is sufficiently developed to allow of a determination of the cleavage. This subject is to be discussed in all its bearings; it is one which, as is well known to chemists and geologists, has an essential bearing on the chemical and geological structure of the globe. Another question is—What is the origin of the actinian vessels (sea anemones) in the vegetable kingdom? Another is the experimental and phyletological examination of the diseases of one of the most important cultivated plants, accompanied by a criticism of the principal theories concerning those diseases and the indications of the means by which they are to be prevented or opposed. The next question is one which will be regarded with interest wherever manufacturing operations are carried on: the society require an exact consideration of this point—When steam-boilers burst (other causes apart) is there reason to suppose a development of hydrogen gas or a transition of the water to the pheriodal state? the investigation to be confirmed by a collection of exact reports concerning the cases of burst boilers, and, if possible, by special experiments.

The Dutch Society of Sciences at Haarlem, among questions in chemistry, natural history, and hydraulics, call for an answer to the following: Everywhere in Europe the diluvium contains the bones of mammifers; requires a comparative examination of the position of these bones in different places, leading, if not with certainty, at least with strong probability, to a knowledge of the causes of their submergence, and the manner in which it took place. The next is astronomical: Mr Airy has expressed doubts concerning the means by which the movement of the sun with the planetary system through space has hitherto been deduced from
apparent movements of the fixed stars, and he proposes a new method for the same end: required new and exact researches upon the whole of the phenomena involved in the question. — Another subject is to investigate the nature of the substances contained in the vapour of water, produced by the respiration of man and animals in a state of health; the investigation to be extended, if possible, to the substances exhaled in certain maladies, contagious especially, with a view to ascertain their hurtful effects on different animals.

The prizes offered by this Haarlem Society are a gold medal worth 150 florins, and money to the same amount. Lastly, the Royal Academy of Medicine at Brussels offer a prize of 500 francs to the author of the best paper containing an elucidation of the causes, or suggestions for the treatment, of the diseases to which miners working in the coal-mines of Belgium are particularly exposed. A good answer to this question will doubtless be found useful in England.

Astronomy is making progress in Switzerland: hitherto there has been but one observatory in that country, at Geneva; but ere long there will be four in active operation. One has just commenced work at Neuchâtel; another is in preparation at Zürich, which will be under the direction of Mr Rodolphe Wolf, whose labours as an observer of sun-spots have been more than once noticed in this Journal. The fourth is to be established at Basel, where the necessary funds have already been set apart for the purpose. Neuchâtel, as is well known, is the centre of a large trade in clocks and watches, and it was from a desire on the part of the best makers to produce movements of the greatest precision, that the observatory originated. By means of astronomical observations, they can now always get the true time; and they have taken care to furnish the observatory with the most improved instruments, and to adopt the chronograph for recording the observations. The electric clock of the observatory will regulate the clocks of the town, and signals may be sent to a distance by means of the telegraph. Chronometers manufactured at Neuchâtel are in good repute: specimens were sent to the International Exhibition, and being tested on arrival at Greenwich, they showed a difference of longitude between the two places which confounded the experts. A late and dilapidated appearance of Pompey's Pillar, has offered to pay the cost of restoration on one condition, which is so simple that we cannot doubt of its acceptance — namely, that the monument, when restored, shall be surrounded by a railing, to preserve it from further mutilation. The same publication informs us that an Arab poet has composed a poem in which he sings the 'future benefits which the Suez canal is to produce in his country;' and that a skull, perfectly bleached, has been found in a hypogeum, near Cape Lofias, which presents the negro characteristics in so remarkable a degree as to leave no room to doubt its being the skull of a negro. We mention the fact, as it may be of some importance in ethnological inquiry; and it gives us pleasure to be able to state further, that excavations long suspended at Nineveh are about to be resumed under direction of the British consul. Apropos of skulls, we take the opportunity to remark, that among the short papers published in the last number of the Royal Society's Proceedings, there is one 'On the Distorted Skulls found at Wroxeter (Salop), with a Mechanico-chemical Explanation of the Distortion,' by Dr H. Johnson of Shrewsbury.

Among the beneficial results of the International Exhibition, there is one which perhaps will not attract much of popular attention, but which, nevertheless, has a permanent practical value, namely, the publication of descriptive catalogues of particular collections. One of these is the Catalogue of the Exhibition from India, compiled under the authority of the government of India: a large quarto of about 300 pages. It contains the returns from Bengal, the North-west Provinces, Oudh, the Rajputana States, Central India, the Maratab and Tenasserim Provinces, and of British Burmah. Madras and Bombay not having been ready in time with their returns, are omitted. It is not a mere list, but gives copious information concerning many of the articles. Thus, under Rice, Materials we find valuable particulars concerning various kinds of iron ore, the places where they are found, and how they are worked by the natives. The Vhyndiya Hills, in the neighbourhood of Mirzapore, are described as rich in mineral wealth, producing iron which, when rolled into bars, is more flexible than English iron, and superior in strength and tenacity; and only requiring a canal or railway for the conveyance of fuel to become the Wolverhampton of India. Accounts are given of six places in which gold is found; and of twenty-seven places which contain coal; of clays and earths, and of building-stones; of various kinds of oil-seeds, the place of their growth, and process of extracting the oil. Concerning Rum or Sotul Grass Oil, we read: 'It has been used, pure and unadulterated, by any European officers with most wonderful effect in cases of severe rheumatism; and indeed such appears to have been the effect of its application, that two good rubbings of the pure oil on the part affected, produced such severe burning as to render a third application almost impracticable. In the cases brought to notice, the second application was found sufficient to insure a perfect cure. Cotton figures largely in the catalogue, and much space is given to Indian arts and manufactures, so that it may be very advantageously consulted by persons seeking information.

The scarcity of cotton is likely soon to be attended with an unexpected depreciation in the character and value of certain kinds of calico. We allude to the discovery of a plan for cutting down a certain class of rags into a species of shoddy, or, as it is sometimes called, devil's dust, to mix in the manufacture of cotton. Already, the finer kinds of rags have risen in value materially for this purpose. All who feel any interest in sustaining the integrity of British manufacturers must regret this process of adulteration, which, we trust, will not be permitted. The public will be much encouraged. It is proper, at all events, that the public should be on their guard against the deception.

TRIBUTE

Shall woman's worth be held disgraced,
If beauty fail the lip or cheek?
Shall stainless merit stoop abased
To those that will not deeper seek?
Each look of thine is worth the gems
Bound many royal diadems.
Of simple manners, nobly sad,
Love-winning eyes for sick or poor,
Intent to succour, making glad
The poor man by his cottage-door,
I see thee move, I see thee go,
A light amid the gloom below.

The Editors of Chamber's Journal have to request that all communications be addressed to 47 Portmerion Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by post-stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.
AN EXPERIMENT IN THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION.

If my American uncle set me to study the positive sciences, my English one ordered me off to the belles-lettres. If the one allowed pocket-money, and permitted playgoing, a tight screw and strict discipline became the other's favourite method of government. To crown the variety of my experiences, the physician was a stanch Roman Catholic, the merchant a Protestant of the first orthodoxy, and I had their respective errors to recant every time I crossed the salt water.

I have said they never agreed on anything, but I forgot there was one point on which both were equally determined, and that was the making a gentleman of me. I am not sure that they perfectly succeeded in that great attempt; perhaps the requisite material was not there. Neither can I certify that my rapidly varied studies were pursued to much profit; but I learned to please each governor while under his immediate jurisdiction, which was no easy task, and to expect and expend a good deal, which was less difficult. What more knowledge does a youth with two rich uncles require? Of course, I was early on the look-out for their decease; not that I wished the old gentlemen out of the way, but that I wanted my rightful legacy; and scudding across the ocean every half year, not to speak of the alterations at the end of my voyage, became less tolerable as I grew up to man's estate. The most mischievous of the Fates heard, and granted my desire. The successful merchant was suddenly cut off by apoplexy, brought on, as his four physicians agreed, by over-attention to business and my education. He left his affairs in a very satisfactory state, and willed his entire gatherings to me; but they and I had to remain for two more years of minority under the doctor's sway. He did not illuminate his house; but I think the honest man was glad at heart to see his rival guardian removed, and find himself sole manager; and he signalled the happy event by sending me off to make the grand tour of Europe, in the charge of a steady tutor, highly recommended, from Cambridge, Massachusetts, and one of the largest consumers of brandy and tobacco within my acquaintance.

I am not going to inflict my travels, their incidents and reflections, on any ill-starred reader. Suffice it to say, I made the grand tour, with the aforesaid stock of accomplishments and highly recommended tutor; got some additional knowledge of the world, and particularly of the slippery parts of it; made
sundry acquaintances, mostly of the dropping kind; but there were two we met at Havre, and with whom we travelled through France and Italy, who took special hold on my memory, as undoubtedly pleasant fellows. The one was a young gentleman like myself, making the grand tour, and with brilliant expectations, but he was a Creole from Louisiana, of French descent, with an African inflection which did not appear to be very strong. The other was his tutor, doubtless highly recommended. I never saw the man that could look more sober and reliable; but his account of himself over brandy and water and cigars was, that he had descended in a straight line from the ancient kings of Leinster; should have owned the whole of the county Dublin, if his great-grandfather had not run through it; had done so good at Trinity College, except taking his degree, and left Ireland on account of a little dulling business. His name was Dargan; that of his pupil, Chemalle. They gave each other the highest character for conduct, family, and prospects, lived on the best of understandings, had seen a great deal more life, and could boast of a good deal more scholarship, than my own travelling Mentor and myself. We were both sorry to part with them; nevertheless, at Paris, where a jorum of uncommon magnitude was consumed between the four, it terminated with the thanks of the Leinster kings taking his rest under the table, and the highly recommended tutor making a bolster of him, Chemalle and myself singing Hail, Columbia, till the French waiter, in the middle of the street, got so much asleep of the best of the old French type, still to be met with, too frequently for man's peace, in their ancient colony on the Mississippi, with fine classical features, a clear olive complexion, lustrous black hair, and eyes so soft, and yet so bright, that one cannot forget them. She thanked me as man was never thanked before, or at least I thought there was in that woman's voice; and may the weeds helped, they always do in that kind of business; but when I had seen her safe across the street—for she would accept no further civilities—when I had looked after her as far as my eye could reach, and got back to the coffee-house veranda, I felt that the days of my liberty were over, and there was the woman at whose feet I could cheerfully lay them down.

No doubt it was foolish for a young man with all the world before him to be so smitten at first sight; but I was young, and I was in love; and if there is nothing of herself; but by diligent inquiries, I made out that her name was Madame Chaserau, the widow of a noted speculator in stocks. He had come from old France, did wonders in the stock-jobbing line—nobody ever was so successful, or spent his gains with a more liberal hand; the magnificence of his establishment, his entertainments, his subscriptions, was the admiration of New Orleans for some five or six years. His widow was thought the most fortunate woman within its bounds, because having no fortune, and being an orphan, living with a stingy uncle, and a family of plain cousins, whose of course hated her, she had captivated and caught this old gentleman, supposed to be a millionaire.

Madame Chaserau was admired, and Madame Chaserau was envied, till the old gentleman dropped off rather suddenly one day, when it was found that he had no million or anything like it, but maintained his magnificence by the skillful management of scrip and shares; had a number of interested colleagues and more interested creditors, who pounced on house, furniture, and carriage, with loud lamentations over their own irreparable loss, and the left Messrs. Chaserau, but a small cottage situated where the last outskirt of the town met the country, and in the days of her grandeur bestowed as pension or settlement on her nurse, who now lamented it as if it were her misfortune to have had a widowed mistress with the millionaire’s orphan child. Some people said they were pinched enough;
it was even whispered that Madame did fine sewing. Though she kept up a respectable appearance, and asked no help from Chaseraun’s select circle, who, like the rest of good society, were in no hurry to offer it. Her cottage was a pretty one, standing in the midst of a garden, with large orange-trees, surrounded by an open veranda, all twined with climbing rose and jasmine, and looking out on a lovely prospect of plantation, town, and river. There Madame and her old nurse lived as mistress and maid, talking French to one another, making the two ends meet, and bringing up the handsome, wayward, never-resting boy; but it was generally believed they couldn’t live there long, for a certain wine-merchant, formerly cut out by the millionaire, since married, but still spiteful, had a claim on it in the shape of debt, of which he was making the most; and nobody knew how Madame was to pay it, except that there might be some negroes belonging to her in a certain sugar-plantation which the creditors of Chaseraun had seized.

I made myself acquainted with these particulars, found out the cottage, lurked about it in hopes of hearing out and meeting me accidentally; but as she did not come, and I was not for ever, there was nothing for it but to knock at the garden-gate, and send in my card and compliments, with the information that I was the gentleman who had the honour and pleasure of saving her little boy. I’ll allow it was rather forward, but I had made the grand tour, and lived in Fifth Avenue, and Madame could not do less than receive me in her little parlour opening on the veranda, and ornamented only with muslin curtains and fresh flowers. She was a gentlewoman in mind and manner, though her mourning costume would not have been admissible in the boarding-house. I don’t think it cost much, but the two hundred dollars’ worth never took such an effect on my eye or memory. She thanked me once more, brought the boy in from the garden, let me see how well he looked, and told him who I was, and what I had done for him and her. My pockets had been stuffed with toys for the fortunate occasion. They made young Master Chaseraun and me the best friends. He sat on my knee, pulled the buttons off my waistcoat, and told me what to bring him next time in very small whispers; while with his mother I got into conversation frank and friendly— that was her way—but of course on general subjects. I contrived, nevertheless, to let her know that I was right in my opinion that New York had no particular charms for me; that I had been brought up at New Orleans, and should probably settle there. The intelligence did not interest him, I perceived, but concerned me on the most agreeable terms: she would be happy to see me any time I had leisure or inclination to call at her little house; she was sure Alphonse would be happy too. The child said: ‘O oui!’ and I went home to my hotel wondering there was no more made of so great a catch, but determined to follow up my opportunities.

I was sitting in my private room that same evening, when I heard myself inquired for, and somebody directed to me as the gentleman in one hundred and eighteen. The next minute, without knock or ceremony, in stepped a tall thin man, with green spectacles, gray whiskers, gray hair—which, by the by, looked very like a wig—a suit of black, uncommonly rusty, a wonderful stoop in his high shoulders, and a nasal twang, mighty as ever came out of the New England States, with which he said: ‘You, the first person I have met when I came up to New York, in the genteel line, and I called to offer you a first-rate bargain. You want a valet of course,’ said he, taking the first chair he saw, and tilting his feet upon another, and, I am afraid, my mouth opened with astonishment. ‘Every gentle-
When he was gone, it struck me that the man seemed to naturally have a desire to be sold; perhaps the commons were short on the sugar-plantation. He looked young, too, for one who had gone through so much under old Chasenan's administration; and would such a clever fellow be likely to stay with me in the emancipated state of New York? Might not he and my two thousand dollars run away to some abolition society? I went with all those considerations in my mind to the cottage parlour; but, like snow before the sun, they melted away in the light of the widow's eyes, when she assured me that Julius Caesar Augustus was a treasure; that gold uncounted, and wine uncooled, might be left in his way; that no earthly consideration would induce her to part with him to any but a good master; and that she hoped her man of business had informed me that one special clause in the bargain was her right to repurchase the negro as soon as she could raise the money, which might not be for some years. How sad the lady looked as she spoke! At last I decided to pay the two thousand dollars as soon as Clutcher came.

He was punctual to his appointment; the negro was not with him, but I might depend on his being sent within an hour or two. The task was paid down—Madame Chasenan wanted it to foil the spitful wine-merchant, and keep her old nurse's cottage. She and the lawyer would warrant Julius Caesar remaining in my service, till such time as the new sitting-room, and all the newly-stained wood-work, should be finished. She liked the style of the old German pipe, with a dog-eared novel or newspaper, far away from the full dresses and pianoforte of the drawing-room. To that choice retreat I had been invited one evening by my old acquaintance Dargan. I had run against the descendant of the Leinster kings by mere chance in Broadway; he was rather used-up in clothes and person, and gave me a lamentable account of his being out of a situation because somebody I couldn't exactly make out who—had got drunk in a primary school at Brooklynde—where he had been employed as first usher; but the poor fellow's tears actually began to flow when I inquired after his former friend and pupil young Chesmalle. 'He is dead and gone,' said the Irishman; 'and the more the pity, when there are so many knives and fools left living.' We had to part, sir, three weeks after you left us in Paris, for the old man that brought him up, and was his guardian, though not much of a relation, I understand—just a kind of far-out cousin to his mother—died suddenly, and all his affairs went upside down. The poor boy went home to Louisiana, to his estate planter, but couldn't get there to heir to; but he took the yellow fever on the very day he reached New Orleans—bad-luck to it!—and made a most edifying end. I got the whole account from a lawyer who was man of business to the family; they were real gentry, you see; the letter is in a queer cramped handwriting; but I keep it in the bottom of my trunk—that is, when I have one, which is not the case at present—and read it on Sundays and holidays, to do me good.'

I was shocked to hear of the death of poor Chesmalle. He had lost a younger twin in her private parlour. We all groaned under the weight of their government. They dictated what ribbons the ladies should wear in their morning-caps, and what studs must be worn within, in their eyes, and thought we men felt their yoke most heavy. For myself, having the ingrained nature of an Englishman whose house is his castle, I chose to retire to my private old servant's old cleaning and apartments, and long German pipe, with a dog-eared novel or newspaper, far away from the full dresses and pianoforte of the drawing-room. To that choice retreat I had been invited one evening by my old acquaintance Dargan. I had run against the descendant of the Leinster kings by mere chance in Broadway; he was rather used-up in clothes and person, and gave me a lamentable account of his being out of a situation because somebody—had got drunk in a primary school at Brooklynde—where he had been employed as first usher; but the poor fellow's tears actually began to flow when I inquired after his former friend and pupil young Chesmalle. 'He is dead and gone,' said the Irishman; 'and the more the pity, when there are so many knives and fools left living.' We had to part, sir, three weeks after you left us in Paris, for the old man that brought him up, and was his guardian, though not much of a relation, I understand—just a kind of far-out cousin to his mother—died suddenly, and all his affairs went upside down. The poor boy went home to Louisiana, to his estate planter, but couldn't get there to heir to; but he took the yellow fever on the very day he reached New Orleans—bad-luck to it!—and made a most edifying end. I got the whole account from a lawyer who was man of business to the family; they were real gentry, you see; the letter is in a queer cramped handwriting; but I keep it in the bottom of my trunk—that is, when I have one, which is not the case at present—and read it on Sundays and holidays, to do me good.'

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particular, there is no coming up to him. Chemalle used to stand by me, rest his soul, and we got through
many a difficulty with the old one; bad luck to him, it was his dropping off that brought back the boy in
the bad season to take the yellow fever and die. His
affairs are all gone to smash, I am told; and his wife
is dreadfully loathsome. I am fortunate, Mr. Whiteman, I
wonder she took the old fellow with all his money—ja here in a millinery emerging for herself and child. If I
were the owner of thousands, and Dargan looked
down at his seedy garments, 't would be my pride
and glory to say to that woman, come and share my
heart and home.

'Did you see much of her in Chaseral's time, and
how do you know she is here?' said I—the little
discretion I had, and my knowledge of the man,
keeping me from letting out all the wonder and
interest with which his discourse inspired me.

The widow, who had appeared so insensible to my
addresses, and whose disposable negro I had bought at
such a price, had not left her cottage to visit up
country relations, but crept away from the scene of
her former grandeur to work and hide poverty in
a strange northern town, after paying off the spiteful
wife and daughter on her old nurse's place, her
house and home. Noble-minded woman! Could not I
make out her whereabouts, and shew the full extent
of my disinterested affection? it would be an awful
sacrifice, no doubt; but I was getting tired of the
Hobson and Dabs' government; boarding-houses were
all the same; there was nothing like domestic life for
keeping a man steady. But what a disappointment
came with Dargan's reply.

'I did not see much of her: the old fellow was
particularly—jealous, may be; old crusts always are. As
for her being here, I know it by seeing her at chapel
last Sunday. I shouldn't have mentioned it, but you
are a gentleman, and will understand that it's a
secret. She didn't want to be known at first, poor
lady; but when I came up, and would speak to her
for old times' sake, she asked me not to recognise her
in future, nor mention her being in town to any
old acquaintances I might happen to meet; which was
natural, considering her great down-comer. I pledged
my honour not to say a word about it, where she
worked or where she lived, and you are too much of a
gentleman to ask me to do it now.'

I did expect it, nevertheless, and I took Dargan
home with me, in hopes that the facts would come
out in course of conversation; but though he enjoyed
the exhibition of old officers, and the roughness and
water—the latter in a decreasing ratio—and wound up
the evening by singing The Boys of Kildevay, interspersed with renewed lamentations for
Chemalle, I could extract no further intelligence
regarding the fair widow. On that point,
Dargan was determined to keep his pledge of
honour. I was equally resolute to keep my interest
in the subject from him; he was not the confidential
one could have desired. There had been many a
threat and many a parry between us; every stiff glass
he mixed gave me renewed hopes of coming at the
secret. In my eagerness, I forgot the extreme
gentility of the house, the terror of Hobson and
Dabs, and the landlady's principles. We were for
lunately at a considerable distance from the scenes of
the evening grandeur; the house was large. I knew my
valet in the dressing-room, and had been warned
to give notice if the noise rose above high-water mark.
Dargan hurried me along, and was pausing to recollect the next verse; there was conse-
quentlly a momentary silence, through which we could
hear a low human hum from Julius Cesar, entertaining
himself on his watch.

'What's that, Whiteman?' said my companion
with a frightened look.

'It's only my valet in the dressing-room.'
whatever the ex-tutor knew, he had reasons for keeping it close, and evidently stood in something very like fear of my vext. As for Julius himself, he went on his way, not rejoicing, but taking no more notice of the descendant of the Leinster kings than if he had never seen or heard of him before in all his life, and mind the general disorganization of the boarders.

I was speculating on this curious subject one idle afternoon, when somebody knocked at my sitting-room door, and in swept the landlady in her best silk, already dressed for dinner, and bent on some deed of duty or principle.

"Mr Whiteman," said she, after responding to my astonished greeting, and taking the best seat in the room, "I have to request, that is, I think it would be well if you could provide yourself with another remote.

"That can be easily done, Mrs Peggs" (I spoke as calmly as surprise would allow me); "but let me inquire why you make such a request. Is there anything in my conduct unbecoming a gentleman and a boarder?"

"No, not exactly that; but I and my friends have observed (the lady evidently found some difficulty in putting her case)—have observed that there is something strange—something peculiar of late. You don't come to our dancing-parties, Mr Whiteman, and young men are requisite at dancing-parties; it always helps a house."

"I am occupied with my own friends and amusements, madame, and I was not aware that a boarder might not absent himself when he thought proper."

"Well, it is not that either, Mr Whiteman."

"What is it then, madame? Speak plainly, if you please."

"You have got a valet."

"Does my servant give any offence in the house?"

"No, not exactly; but he is a strange man. Of course, I should not speak about such people, if I were not obliged. It's a hard necessity for a lady, Mr Whiteman, but the laundress tells me there is no use in washing his bed-linens; she cannot get the black off of his skin out of them. It is unnatural, I must say, even for a negro."

"I'll pay for the linens, madame."

"But you will, madame, and without my landlady. But some of our servants have talked to the man about it. He has admitted that his mother was an African born, and a fetish woman; no good ever comes of such people, for they always harbour them. I know enough about negroes to be sure of that; and if you take my advice, Mr Whiteman, you'll send him down South before he gets a hold of you. Depend on it, they never give up the fetish, for all the chapels they go to, Catholic or Protestant. I don't accuse your servant of anything, but it is contrary to my principles that he should be in this house."

"He shall not be so long, madame; I will find another residence for myself and servant, and leave this day-week;" and I politely bowed out her ladyship, who looked rather disconcerted at her warning, and not her advice being taken.

A less genteel establishment was now more to my mind; I knew many such, and took my quarters on trial in Washington Street; but for the days I must remain in Fifth Avenue, having nothing better to do, and only the undiscoverable widow to think of, I took to watching Julius Cesar. There was nothing remarkable that I could find out in his doings, except that he spent a considerable time in his own room—a kind of large closet in the back-attic, and at a distance from my superior apartments. A white valet would have accommodation, but colour being the chief if not the only rule of rank in the United States, a man of his extreme blackness could expect no better. He always dressed well, though not with the negro love of flashy decorations; yet I could not help wondering and wishing to know if all his time in that very small looking-glass allowed him for the study of his sable charms. I had been always curious on the subject, but Dargan's fright, and the landlady's warning, made me give up the idea of bringing up in America had sufficed to acquaint me with the deep and wide-spread fear of that peculiar institution of the African race, the fetish. I knew not how much of real evil might be connected with the barbarous superstition; but the dread of it filled the southern plantations, was scarcely less powerful in the northern towns, notwithstanding all their schools and churches, and early impressed on my own mind by many an awful tale from the late physician's housekeeper. Those recollections armed me, not with courage, but meanness, sufficient to listen and peep into the transactions of my valet in his attic chamber; but the only discovery I made was, that he kept the door rigidly closed, and was up and busy after the rest of the house had retired, and sometimes long before they thought of rising.

Julius Cesar had private business on hand, whether with the fetish or not; and one Sunday morning I observed him to be very busy. Most of us were church or meeting-goers, but we never got up early on Sundays, partly because Saturday evenings were generally selected for the soirées and dancing-parties, my neglect of which was too solemnly rebuked. The beaux of Fifth Avenue had all something to do, however unemploying the belles might be; warehouses and offices could spare them only on the half-holiday, so the dancing came off on Saturday evening, and the whole house was consequently late on Sunday. It was my last under the genteel and hospitable roof. To shew my contempt for the establishment and all it contained, I had retired early, slept in spite of the soirée, and got up next morning some three hours before there was any possibility of breakfast. The morning was wet, I had nothing to do, and the whole house was silent. I opened my sitting-room door, looked out into the long empty passage and up the longer stair that wound away through floor after floor to the attic. Was Julius Cesar doing anything particular there? It was a charming time for prying, and nobody to look after me; so I took up my slippers, flight after flight, till the attic was gained, then the passage, then the outside of his room door. There was something going on within, a peculiar kind of noise like soft scrubbing. Who was the fellow? One of the house spells? I caught something like a groan, and my curiosity overcame every other feeling. I seized the handle of the door, turned it with a jerk; both lock and latch were old, and it flew open, and, there before the little glass, in the midst of the littered closet, stood a man with one side of his face as black as jet, the other nearly as white as my own; it was turned to me, and I knew it not as belonging to my valet, but a face I had seen before, and remembered to my horror, as that of the dead Chemalle. The other side was Julius Cesar himself, as black as ebony, and in his nearest hand a brush full of unmistakable paint. We stood and looked at each other for fully a minute without speaking, and I am not sure which of us looked the most horrified. 'What are you?' said I, my very hair getting upon end at the thought of a dead man coming back to paint himself and be my valet.

'We were good friends once at Paris,' said he, as if in desperation, as he dropped the brush. 'Nothing but absolute necessity would have made me do it; but you won't lose your dollars, and nobody need be the wiser.'

'Didn't you die of the yellow fever?' said I.

'Not a bit of it.' The fellow was positively smiling.

'I only wrote that to Dargan, in a feigned hand, to
keep him off Madame Chaserau and myself in our troubles. Come in, and let me tell you all about it.'

I stepped in and shut the door, relieved of all ghastly terrors, and ready to laugh, at the story.

'Well, you see,' said Chemmals, merrily proceeding with his colouring process, 'old Chaserau brought me up to be a gentleman—that is to say, fit for nothing at all but spending money. If ever I had to provide for me; I am sure he always treated me as a son, and might have left me a fortune, if his latter speculations had been successful; but he and they went together, and you know the poverty to which Madame was brought. She had been kind to me too—the brush in his hand went quicker—that old grub of a wine-merchant had got his claws on the cottage, and I knew it would break her heart to see the poor old nurse turn out. There was no other honest way of getting two thousand dollars; I knew the disguising power of colour; so having duly informed Dargan of my death, I sold myself to you.'

'Sold yourself?' said I.

'Yes. Who else could do it with safety? I was free born, the mother of three of them twice over. My emigrated with her family to New Orleans—would have had Chaserau, I believe—he was young then, but too poor; so she married my father, a free man, and a cotton-planter of the name. He first ran away through his plantation, and then died; my mother had gone before him, and Chaserau took me. I did all I could, as in duty bound, for his widow. A wig, a pair of spectacles, a little whining, and talking through the nose, enabled me to act her man of business, and conclude the bargain. It was hard work to get her consent, but anything to save the poor old nurse and the three of them. I was pretty black by this time. 'You needn't know anything about it; or we'll have the abolitionists upon us, till I am brought back and turned white again. At any rate, you won't lose by the business.'

'If I am not afraid of that, and I don't want to gain,' said I: 'the adventure is worth two thousand dollars to any man who can spare them. But tell me, like a good fellow, where is Madame Chaserau?'

'At Roullet's, in Broadway.' The very first shop I had searched for.

'Could I see her this evening?'

'Possibly you might. But it is not her fault that I am here, remember.'

'I am not going to find fault with the lady, but only just to tell her what I tell yourself, Mr Chemmals, that you are free to turn your talents to better account than serving me; to pay back the two thousand dollars when you can, and if you never get the money, why, I’ll do without it. But keep black, and don’t say a word till we leave this confounded house.'

I ran out of the room to avoid his thanks, and also the observation of the waking establishment. That same evening found me at Roullet’s private door, requesting to see Madame Chaserau. They showed me into a little back parlour, and she came overwhelmed with gratitude for my generosity. Chemmals having spoken out to let her know how the land lay, I prepared to astonish and delight her still more, and I don’t remember exactly in what words, but the alarming sad truth of my heart and hand was offered. Madame was surprised, but not out of her propriety or sound sense. She sat silent for a minute, looking at the ground, and then said, 'You are too generous, too good for me, sir; but you would not have painted and sold yourself to keep a home for my poor nurse and children.'

'I understood her, and I said no more; there was a true love and a tried one between the young widow and her old husband’s ward. It made her refuse my splendid offer, and it made her marry him six months after. She could work at the millinery, and he found something to do in the way of clerkship. They got on as active people can do in the New World; and they paid me back my two thousand dollars within ten years, and my years of plenty were over with me, and the money became acceptable, which, I regret to say, it has been ever since my unique experiment in the Peculiar Institution.'

A VERY MODEST CLUB.

There were nine of us altogether: a painter, an engraver, two pawnbroker’s assistants, three clerks, a watchmaker, and a young innkeeper; and we met in a little office about twelve feet square, which we hired from a sympathetic law-stationer, who, when a favourite play of Shakespeare’s was to be read, would ask, and be permitted, to make a tenth. Once a week in winter, once a fortnight in summer, we gathered ourselves together on a Friday night, rain or fair, for three years. We read all the plays of the ‘immortal bard’ once, and the more modern stuff of the other twice over. Our officers were a chairman and a secretary, and we had a biggish book labelled, in all the dignity of gold-lettering. Minutes of the Proceedings of the Oldminister Shakespeare Club. And towards the close of each meeting, we elected the chairman who was to preside the following week; his duty was to read a short paper introducing the play, and to maintain due decorum at the meeting. He might be the individual presiding, and whatever his attainments, he was deferred to with implicit obedience. It was amusing to see the consideration which we paid to this functionary; there was a touch of burlesque and exaggeration about it which I cannot recall without laughing.

Our chairman, then, presumed to be well acquainted with the play, was expected in his paper to set forth its main feature, as well as the merit or the moral of it. It often happened, however, that he had not previously read the play selected for that special evening. Be that as it might; we always had a paper from the chairman. To be sure, some latitude was allowed on the score of originality; whether his remarks were derived from study, books, or hearsay, was not considered material; what we wanted was his ‘view’ as a peg for the debate. After the reading was concluded, we generally divided ourselves into parties for and against the chairman’s dictum, and argued the matter out.

The office of ‘secretary to the Oldminister Shakspere Club’ was no sinecure. Each member naturally desired to see his speeches reported, and his valuable remarks noted in the biggish book with the gold-lettering, and to do this week by week was no slight undertaking. We had one secretary—he was a lawyer’s clerk—who gave great satisfaction; he registered all the proceedings, as he phrased it, ‘at length,’ correctly enough, but with a strange legal mannerism. But finding the employment, I suppose, less profitable than improving, after two or three months of it he retired. Then we had a pawnbroker for our secretary, but he was an unprincipled partisan, who reported only the speeches upon the side he espoused; and this led to a public movement of dissatisfaction, which caused his removal. Afterwards, the duties of the office fell to an individual who did not distress himself with very long reports, but who managed to satisfy us, or, at all events, to silence criticism, and he held the post till our society dissolved.

Our meetings had not the formality, and did not present the same features as the ordinary debating society. The uncomfortable attitudes of the shy members, the suppressed tendency to grille when on their legs, of the bolder ones, the break-down, the bad speaking, the wild logic, the generally non-
natural condition of all the parties concerned, which characterise such societies in general, were not to be found with us. A jovial, friendly, fireside-sort-of spirit pervaded our Shakespearean meetings; we each had something to do every five minutes or so, and could have our quiet joke at the end of a scene; it was even not absolutely unprecedented to laugh when a mannerism made a mistake in pronunciation, or glaringly missed the sense of the passage he was reading. I also attribute the completeness of our success, in no little degree, to the circumstance that smoking (in moderation) was coincident.

This was our mode of procedure. The play was, say, Coriolanus. Mr Chairman would open with reading a few notes, pencilled, perhaps, half an hour before the meeting, in the following style. 'In this drama, Juvenile criticism generally commences with 'in this drama,' 'in this poem,' or 'in this composition.' 'I is delineated the Roman character in its two extremes, the haughty patricians and the turbulent populace. While the two sets of figures are drawn in strongly contrasting colours, there are skilfully preserved in both the broad family characteristics which belonged to the race. There is (to use the phraseology of the painters) more freedom of handling than delicacy of touch in the play; there is also more violence than real passion, and the characters are in the highest degree lifelike; they exhibit Shakespeare's faculty of projecting himself into forms of humanity far removed from his own times, experience, and sympathy, in full force. Especially is this the case in his portraiture of the mob. A mob is Shakespeare's delight, his playing. He loves to show the machinery of rude prose. He works, to wind it up, to let it down, to ring its changes and alarms. Yet, though contemptuous, he is not misanthropic. The character of Coriolanus is harsh and unlovable, but, within the limits of the play, his part represents a man, a statesman, a general, who has long been held up to our admiration and veneration. In our studies, we have been taught that the character of Coriolanus is one of the most important in the play. He is the hero of the piece, and his death is the turning point of the drama.'

The story of Calixus of Coriolis, his triumph and his wrongs, his vengances and his mercy, is also the story of other stormy minds in that era and in later days. The vice of aristocratic scorn is brought out in the play with great bitterness, though the vices of the populace are not spared. It will be a point of discussion with us whether any amount of public injustice, or private wrong, can palliate the crime of a citizen conspiring against his country, and bringing it to the brink of ruin. And thereupon, when the reading was finished, a hot debate would arise; some, from the love of argument, or the desire to see what could be said for a bad cause, taking the side of Coriolanus in his traitorous attempt.

There was plenty of scope in the great dramas for discussing rules of action, principles of government, and the like. On these we declaimed and generalised to our hearts' content. I am not going to say that we made any new discoveries in these matters, but I am convinced that our discussions were not devoid of benefit to ourselves. Admitted that we aimed rather high, that our more immediate duties were not served in what took place, that vanity and love of talk were conspicuous therein, there was still a smack of conflict and real intellectual effort about the affair, which were good preparations for the serious business of life.

The circumstance that so many thought it worth while to assemble merely to read the plays, gave the readings themselves an importance, and our impressions of virulence which I find it most difficult to realise. We were all young men from about twenty to twenty-five years of age. There was a fair amount of scholarship in our ranks; there was a great deal of ambition, and the smallest admixture of vanity and conceit, all of which were exhibited in due course, and admired or laughed at as the case might require.

No single member, however, possessed such decided superiority of mental endowment over the rest, or was so much below an average, as to be the object of any remark. One or two must needs have been more fluent than the others, but we each held our ground manfully; there was a quiet self-assertion amongst us, a desire to understand our author, and to reason out problems and main points of his method of composition, or, at any rate, to make as much sense of the passages as we could. A speech or paragraph was read by each member in succession, sitting round the fire book in hand. We were all anxious to get possession of a famous passage or an eloquent burst, and great was our indignation if, after such had fallen to a lucky member's share, he failed to do justice to it. It was no unusual thing, after some utterance of world-wide fame had been rolled forth, for our enthusiasm to get the better of our regulations, and signalise itself in a cheer. I would I could bring back the frame of mind in which I took part in the reading of Merchant of Venice. Several of us had never read it before or seen it acted, and the interest mounted high at the fourth act. I will venture to say, that at no theatre in the kingdom on that night was there more genuine appreciation or more hearty enjoyment of the great wizard's creations, than among the knot of young men assembled in that little room, which had just a suspicion of very old-fashioned furniture in it.

The persons who thus met together were on closer terms of intimacy than common. Many had been schoolfellows together, and the rest were well known to each other prior to the formation of the society. There was consequently more heartiness and less solemnity at our meetings than was perhaps quite proper. But we prospered amiss. We got no new members, I think, after the enterprise was fairly entered upon, and we wanted none, for in the course of a few readings the bond of literary companionship was forged. A new club has been formed, and I hope that in our researches, would not have united with us kindly, and might even have proved a wet-blanket to our enthusiasm. They were jolly, hearty, uproarious meetings on the whole; but when the readings were of a serious cast, we permitted no levity during their progress, or at all events, none of a character to mar the effect of the glorious composition. We were of an age when the sensibilities are allowed free play. An observer might have seen cheeks flush and eyes sparkle when the pathos was at its height, and changes of feeling passure each other in the countenance of the reader as visibly as the gleams and shadows racing across an April landscape. In the course of these readings we realised for ourselves how much more forcible is the effect of imaginative literature when read aloud to a sympathising circle, than in private perusal. Both the comedy and the tragedy were heightened; the deathless words had their full measure of power. Though we laughed long and loud over Falstaff, Beatrice, and Benedick and Mercutio, I am bound to say the tragedies pleased us best. Shakespeare's jokes and puns seemed rather of a quaint old world cast; we could not quite understand or relish them, but Lear, and Macbeth, and Othello, went straight to our hearts. We smarted with the griefs of the shadowy sufferers, and gave prompt response to each touch of nature 'which makes the whole world kin.'

For sound criticism or discriminating analysis, we were doubtless too inexperienced. There was plenty of commentary, but when not the expression of a passionate admiration, it was mostly speculative as to the causes and effects of human action. We were awed by the power, the difficulty of realising the method of the dramas, and afraid of lifting up our voices in question of aught they contained. Faults were doubted to exist, such were looked upon as part of the plan. Faults were not impossible in the genius we so idolised. After-life has no doubt enabled most of us to form a juster estimate of what
These entertainments took place every half year so long as our society continued to exist. A bachelor's party in winter, a mixed party in summer. Goodness knows how many weddings ensued from the latter; there were a good many, I know.

So, after midsummer and a very pleasant night of literary amusement, our Shakespeare Club came to an end. It was a combination possible only with very young men, doubtless, but it was the most enjoyable thing of its kind I have ever taken part in. No society of which I have had experience, select, literary, debating, or convivial, has been at all comparable to that little coterie. No duties were neglected for it, no labours stilled over next day in consequence. We awoke on the morrow of the meeting without headache or lassitude. It applied a healthy stimulus to the imagination, and, let overpractical men say what they will, a ripening of the judgment was one of its results. We dissolved reluctantly. Two or three of the elder members saw clearly enough that it had accomplished the end proposed. We had gone through the long-drawn list of names faithfully and lovingly, with an enthusiasm that seldom flagged, acquiring in the process thorough familiarity with these richest of the productions of genius. What else was there to do? Our meetings had been so pleasant, that we could not allow them to continue with the certainty that their interest would after a while begin to diminish, and the affair finally stop of itself. We preferred to go off with felicit, like the well-quoted actor, in full possession of his powers, and we did so. The younger members were somewhat astonished at the proposal; but when it was shown how the thing must inevitably deteriorate if continued much longer, all cheerfully acquiesced. As social and friendly a little company as ever the world saw then separated from each other without dissension to go their several ways.

'Some are married, and some are dead,' at this present writing, the survivors being middle-aged prosperous citizens. It is worthy of remark, that of the individuals who constituted our little society, not one turned out ill; all have succeeded in some degree or less degree, and have taken responsible positions in the world. I do not pretend to set up the conclusion that this was due to the society; it had its influences, and I believe they were for good; but the tendency and stability of each was tested in some extent in associating together for such an object, and continuing the connection so long. A love of literature of this kind is not usually found in individuals destined to ascend in the social scale.

The Home of the Gazelle.

No portion of the earth's surface is so remarkable as that vast sandy desert, which, commencing near the Atlantic Ocean, stretches across the whole continent of Africa, and intersected by the Nile, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf, extends eastward to the brink of the valley of the Indus. Around this immense basin, which has not unaptly been called an ocean of sand, and which in remote ages inundated the bed of a sea, countries rich in vegetation display every variety of terrestrial beauty. But is this waste itself necessarily condemned to eternal barrenness? Has it always been sterile? Even now, is it not customary for geographers and travellers to assume a degree of aridity in this wilderness which, in point of fact does not exist? Here and there, though at wide intervals, patches of emerald, more or less extensive, diversify the surface, affording sustenance to man and beast, and suggesting the idea that nothing but ingenuity is wanting to reclaim the plains of the Sahara, and convert them...
into dwellings for new and populous nations. Volney long ago suggested that the empire of vegetation might be extended by planting certain species of pine-trees in the sands, and gradually enlarging the plantations till they should cover the whole desert. This, however, without discovering fresh sources of moisture, would be impossible, for not only does it never rain in that part of Africa, but no dew falls, so that the most polished Damascus blade may be exposed there naked for weeks without contracting the slightest rust. Yet far below, in the hidden veins of the earth, water is always running and sparkling, ready to bubble up at the bidding of science to become the drink of man, diffuse itself far and near, and transform wide expanses of sterility into so many paradises. Once far in the Sahara, we came upon a slight depression, not more than three-quarters of a mile in length by about a quarter of a mile in breadth, green as a rice-field, or an English meadow in May, dotted with mimosa copse, thickets of bamboo, and clumps of palm-trees, and sown with corn up to the very edge of the sand, which formed a golden frame about this beautiful picture. The creator of this diminutive oasis was a spring, which threw up its waters spontaneously at the head of the little valley.

The French government of Algeria has for some time been engaged in carrying a line of stations from the Atlas towards Lalla M'haj, striking at each an artesian well. The Moghrabins Arabs, when they saw the Franks boring in the dry sand, were unable to restrain their laughter, but observing them perseverely, should have inferred that Allah had smitten them with madness. At length, the borer was drawn out, and up spouted the water to the height of forty or fifty feet into the air. The scorn of the wanders was now converted into profound admiration; they stroked their beards, they again and again exclaimed ‘Wallah Bismillah,’ inwardly convinced that the people of the West were possessed of more knowledge than could be imparted by the Koran. Around the wells thus created, palm-groves will be planted, houses built, and fortifications thrown up; while the surplus water, employed judiciously in irrigation, will create gardens filled with melons and cucumbers, whose roots will bind together the fine particles of soil, enriched by the manure of horses, camels, cows, asses, and sheep.

When in speaking of the Sahara we use the word plains, we are guilty of some impropriety, since the Great Desert is very far from presenting to the eye a level surface. On the contrary, it is broken up into an endless succession of ravines, valleys, chasms, alternating with rocky ridges, mountains of sand, jagged peaks, and vast stony steps, over which artillery might be dragged as easily as over the pavement of a city. Yet even here there is life, so that somewhere in concealed hollows there must exist wherewith to support life. When you pitch your tent on some eminence at night, imagining probably that you and your companions are the only living creatures within the circle of the horizon, it is not long before you become sensible of your error; for sooner or later the firmament, blazing with the sun’s rays, exchanged for the dusky vault, sparkling with planets and constellations, on which shaded by the stars, the secret life of the desert makes itself felt. Booming like low thunder among the rocks, the roar of the lion is perhaps heard, or the long lugubrious howl of the jackal, or the howl unmeant length of a coyote, or the scream of some night-birds, or the hum of insects, or the snort of the startled antelope, or the passing footsteps of the fleet gazelle. Once when encamped without tents on a rocky height, we slept the night in the open air; being less wise, we were more watchful than my companions, I moved off to a little distance from the fire, and sat, rifle in hand, on a detached crag. Below me, the sand descended in golden waves towards a dark rift in the waste, which I could not but fancy contained water. The moon was at the full, and rendered the whole landscape resplendent with its light. Presently, over the edge of the rift, I beheld numerous animals ascend, and advancing up the slope, begin to sport and frolic on the soft sand. These were troopers of gazelles, of the fleet, graceful, and so diminutive, that one which we afterwards caught and tamed, used, by bringing its hind and fore feet together, to perch easily on the palm of my hand. All animals have their May games and morris-dances. The gazelles having, it is to be presumed, fed and drunk to their satisfaction, now gave themselves up to frisking and amusing themselves by moonlight. Not perceiving me, they chased each other up to the foot of the rock on which I sat, then scoured away to the edge of the rift, then bounded off to the right, to the left, leaping and springing over each other, their tails wagging, and their black annulated horns occasionally reflecting the moonlight from their polished surfaces. Not a sound was heard but that of their light steps in the sand, which became little louder when they traversed some patch of rock. Presently a large dark head was thrust up above the edge of the rift—it was that of the ibex or African wild goat, which, watching their opportunity, crept up as a column of the harmless creatures was sweeping unsuspectingly near his lair. But he sprang in vain. Flying rather than running up the slope, they distanced him in a second and carried away with them another precious load of provisions. So ended the chase, though fruitlessly, a ball from my rifle brought him to the earth. But though their enemy was slain, the gazelles appeared no more. Like a cloud driven before a hurricane, they swept down the desert and vanished too rapidly to be followed by the eye. While I was regretting their departure, and reloading my piece, a new arabian sight greeted my pensive eye among the pinnacles of the neighbouring cliffs, several huge birds emerged, and alighting on the sand, at once, with fierce screams, plunged their beaks and talons into the body of the dhi, which they tore piecemeal, and devoured in a few minutes.

Our track from west to east crossed the route of the caravans to and from the interior, and, just as morning broke upon the wilderness, we beheld approaching us from the south a string of more than a thousand camels, toiling through the craggy defiles, with a troop of horsemen in the van, and droves of negroes, big and little, trudging behind the camels. One little boy, not quite five years old, had, we were assured, walked barefoot more than two thousand miles, and yet looked plum and strong. The slave-caravans usually perform their journeys by night, and encamp during the day, when the heat is far too intense to allow pedestrians to make much way, the sand being scorched by the sun till it resembles the ashes of a furnace. We are apt to figure to ourselves the Jellabis, or slave-merchants, as so many ghouls or effectors, harsh, cruel, savage, with the whip for ever in hand, and menaces and imprecations on their lips. We found them quite otherwise—a crew of jolly, good-natured vagabonds, sleek and merry, who lived on the best possible terms with their captives, whom they treated with as much kindness as if they had been their children. The horsemen were Turks, who had, properly speaking, no connection with the Jellabis, but having married their women, and they being the children of the borders of Sennar, had consented to accompany them for a consideration, and protect their property from the ferocious Sheigias. We witnessed with no little interest the masts and spars of their galleys, and children pitched their camp. The camels were all ranged in a circle, which was so large as to encompass the whole caravan; the water-skins were taken off their backs and emptied forth the precious fluid doted forth to each; food was then put into bags, which were slung on their noses, when they
were assumed to be provided for. While this process was going on, we noticed another still more curious. A number of iron-shod poles were stuck deep in the sand, so as to form a spacious quadrangle, and to these were suspended curtains of white calico, about five feet in height. This enclosure was for the women, many of whom, raising themselves on tiptoe, showed their laughing faces over it, to gaze at us. To the children it was a playground. As they went where they pleased, some sitting down upon the sand within the enclosure, and some without. Cooking then commenced, and of whatever the dishes may have consisted, the smell was savoury. Though, this technically, was a slave-caravan, the merchants by no means confined their speculations to human creatures; there were piles of elephants' teeth, large bales of ostrich-feathers, boxes of gold-dust, dried fruits, and other articles of use or luxury. Among the slaves, a great difference was observable. The genuine negroes having learned what they were to expect in Egypt—husbands, fine clothes, trinkets, abundant food, and a good deal of idleness—were as happy and merry as Greeks; while the Gallas and Abyssinian girls were sullen, dejected, moody, often refusing their food, and exhibiting, it was said, an inclination to commit suicide. The latter statement, however, seems to be altogether apocryphal, since, though they possessed daggers, they never used them. Apart from weariness, the children have the best time of it, since on the road they are put into the camels' panniers when they chance to be empty, together with their peculiar favorite wares, to the number of a couple of pounds. If you remark to the Jellabas upon the wretched nature of their dealings, they will reply: 'What! is it not a meritorious action to match these wretches from the depths of ignorance and idolatry, to make known to them the truths of El Islam!'

A comparison has often instituted between the negroes of the great Sahara, and those of the steppe of Central Asia, and the llanos of South America, though in reality they totally differ from each other. The South American desert, if it can be so called, is barren only during a portion of the year, while, except the waste of Kobi, the Asiatic steppe is never barren at all. The African wilderness, on the other hand, constitutes a huge barren, dotted with spots of fertility, which, however, though far more numerous than is generally supposed, can hardly be said to interfere with its general wildness. In this particular, the African wilds—we mean those pillars of sand, which resembling the water-spouts of the ocean, march athwart the desert commonly from north to south, and present perhaps the most sublime spectacle that can be beheld on the globe's surface. The causes and configuration of these columns seem to be explicable by no ordinary laws of nature, unless we suppose the particles of sand to attain so great a density and tightness, by incessant motion and friction, as to resemble those of water, and to be acted upon equally by heat. Whatever opinion we may form upon this point, the sand-pillars are produced in the following manner: On a vast unsheltered island, immediately before or about noon, when the sun's rays pouring down perpendicularly seem to occasion an agitation in the surface of the desert, which is lifted up like vapour, and fluctuating, quivering, glowing, congealing, presents the aspect of a tremendous sea. Greatly excited by the heat, the sand is at first attracted by the sun, begin to whirl round, assume a circular form, and rise visibly into the air, gyrating like a screw, until the column, forty or fifty feet in height, attains sometimes to the height of more than a quarter of a mile. But a solitary pillar is never perhaps formed. The causes which produce this sandy exhalation, acting at once upon a large circumference, call up at the same instant a mighty columnade, which in motion by the north wind, moves swiftly along the desert, the columns, forty or fifty in number, preserving the same distance from each other, till they are lost in the hazy glare of the south. Nothing is so much dreaded by the caravans as these gigantic phenomena, for should they collapse and fall, they would bury a whole army beneath their ruins. The moment, therefore, they are seen in motion, every living creature flies at its utmost speed out of their track, so as if possible to keep to the windward, for the children is their velocity that nothing moving in the same direction could escape them. Though most frequently visible far west in the Sahara, they can only be beheld in their full grandeur in the vicinity of the Ubangi River by some rare chance they spring up in the morning or evening, at which time the moisture supplied by the river mingling with the sun's slanting rays, creates a stupendous rainbow to span these Tital spouts as they move before the north wind. At such times reflecting the light from their sides, which glitter like polished brass in the sun, they look like so many huge towers of fire, thrown up into the air by magic. Screened behind a rock, we behold the denizens of the waste, especially the antelopes and the gazelles, holding up their heads, and gazing in terror, as if they snuffed destruction in the distance. Then wheeling about in elohelum, they dart away, and seem to bury themselves in the sand, so instantaneously do they vanish.

One of the prettiest features of gazelle-life is to be enjoyed on the banks of the great African river between midnight and morning. Concealing yourself carefully behind a block of stones, you soon hear the tramp of numerous light feet advancing across the sand towards the water. If the moon be favourable, you may behold thousands of gazelles and antelopes, their white tails and bellies glancing in the light, crowding the river's margin, and gently pushing each other aside, in their eagerness to plunge their noses in the stream. Six or seven lions have placid waters, and impelled by the influence of the glowing atmosphere, some adventurous male plunges in, and is followed by the whole herd, which frolics and splashes about, till a sudden moan of the wind, the fall of a stone from the bank, or some similar sound, alarms the timid creatures, upon which they swiftly regain their own element, and retire feet as arrows towards their grazing-grounds. Moving across the desert from west to east, you sometimes come suddenly upon an extensive valley, clothed thickly with acacia-woods, pastures, and perhaps an occasional gymany or Egyptian sycamore, towering above all the vegetation around, with cornfields, hamlets, chapels, and tombs. The Bedouins who inhabit these cases, which are very extensive, addict themselves to a branch of industry, the existence of which could hardly be imagined by those who entertain the prevalent idea of the desert—that is, they are charcoal-burners, and carry on a large and profitable trade with Nubia and Egypt. It is accordingly obvious that the woods must be immense, since you frequently meet long strings of camels laden with acacia charcoal, making their way towards the cities and villages, under the guidance of sooty Arabs, who leave purposely upon their hands and faces the marks of their calling.

To enjoy the delights of desert-life, a man must have a taste for all the changes effected by nature in those latitudes, among which few are so magnificent as the dawn. In the south of this phenomenon which, not being observable among us, has no name in our language—we mean the alba of the Romans, and the ume of the French. We never say the white of the dawn, because, whatever the morning does not assume that colour; but in the desert a milky resplendence resting on the line of the eastern horizon, is the first forerunner of the sun's approach. For a few moments, it plays and quivers like a narrow zone of the aura borealis, and is then
penetrated by transverse lines of saffron and crimson, which, enlarging every instant, overpower the alba, and convert the orient into a low luminous arch, perpetually rising and expanding. The appearance of the earth during these moments is singularly lovely. First it appears to be wrapped in a veil of pearly gray, which, as you gaze, becomes lighter, richer, more transparent, disclosing the gold of the sand, the metallic veins of the rocks, the deep green of the trees, the blue enamel of the river, and enabling you to perceive the flanks and herd for the most part buried in slumber, scattered over the landscape. Then, as the glow of the east becomes more intense, vast bars of lapis lazuli extend above the bright incandescence, till the blood-red rim of the sun, thrusting itself up behind the distant mountains, clothes all nature with an investiture of many coloured light. The western ridges, as they receive their first rays, are for the moment converted into piles of precious stones, amethysts, rubies, beryls, chaledonies, sapphires, which, sparkling, glittering, and intermingling their varied hues, delight the eye, till, as the orb rises higher in the firmament, they are stripped of their glories, and exhibit themselves in their habitual sober gray. There were nations, we are told, in Africa that dark cursed the mesh that enwrapped the earth beneath them, and seethed the brains in their woolly heads, till it rendered them blaspheamous. There are times, no doubt, in which the sun looks very terrible to some in the desert, as he heaves above the horizon, but we ourselves never beheld him in his brightness without keen sensations of joy. We seemed to acquire double vitality while imbuing his glowing heat, as with scourching splendour he rolled through the blue vault over our head. The camel, too, on which we were mounted, looked lovingly on the great sun, rearing its long snout like neck, and turning its eyes proudly to the illuminator of the earth. Neither have we ever known an Arab who did not experience a deep pleasure in receiving the sun’s kisses on his cheek while journeying through the burning waste.

The gazelle, pursued, small as it was, often on a descent cleared from eight to ten feet, and touched the grass and sand so lightly that its footprints were scarcely visible.

MAN-HUNTING.

The doctrine of Nemesis was not a more favourite one with the ancients than it is with us, and the ‘sensation’ novel and the ‘situation’ play, if they would hope to become popular, must each bring about its own vengeance. More enthralling, however, even than those are found to be the histories of actual retribution, the narrations of those slow but certain steps by which Justice, not undeviatingly, but with relentless perseverance, pursues the robber or the murderer. The chase of something—from the pursuit of the king of beasts to following the trail of a red hering—is attractive to almost every one; but a Manhunt, the tracking of a blood-stained wretch who imagines that he has silenced his victim because he has killed him—who trusts in the fallacies saying that Dead men tell no tales—this, indeed, rivets the attention of all mankind. Society, which the offender has outraged, is threatened so long as he is at large, and persists the desire, not merely to avenge him, but not only to fictitious, but personal. Hence it is that there are no narratives more eagerly devoured than those which profess to chronicle the doings of the Detective Police.

These professional gentlemen are supposed by the vulgar to play the part of the Deus ex Machina—to be necessary to the disentanglement of a difficulty when the sagacity of ordinary mortals fails. They have, however, enormous advantages to start with in comparison with the rest of the world. Nature, in the first instance, has made a substantial aide-mémoire in their own subtestine snares to track Suggestion to her immost cell,” and they have been chosen for this particular line on account of that aptitude; their time is entirely given up to the pursuit in question; and they have sufficient money supplied for the prosecution of their researches. Under such circumstances, the wonder should be, not that so many murderers have been brought to Justice, but that there have been any murderers—and there have been several, even of late years—the perpetrators of which have remained undiscovered. The sagacity of the detective is to be seen in the detection of the honesty is unquestionable, but it concerns itself only with one class of offenders, although it is true with by very far the largest class. The judgment by which his conclusions are arrived at is based on the assumption that a crime committed under exceptional circumstances and without the usual concomitants, is too much for him. He is baffled by a Road Murder. A case like that should have been confided to more delicate hands. It is probable that his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin would not have undertaken the job, but if he had, we believe his assistance would have been most valuable, and so would that of Whewell or of Mr John Stuart Mill. In connection with the ordinary and highly useful detective force, we believe that some gentleman of more sensitive mental organisation ought to be employed. A highly trained intellect occupying itself exclusively with matters of this kind, might effect much—and especially in tracing ‘motives’—where the cleverest man of action would fail.

It cannot, however, be said that our present detectives do not perform all the duties that can be expected of them. They are energetic and trust-worthily persons, and often take the murderer of ordinary type has very little chance of escaping the clutches of that respectable body of men in scrupulously unobtrusive garments, whom his favourite periodic is called Bloodhounds of the Law. When he is ‘wanted,’ it is pretty certain that he will be fetched. In Paris, in spite of the infinitely greater facilities for detection which are afforded by
the system of passports, the regulations of lodging-houses, workmen’s tickets, and the like, the detectives are neither so certain nor so speedy in their action as in England. It is indeed to read the autobiography of M. Canler, head of the detective police of France for the last ten years, and compare it with the records of our own detective force during the same time, that is to pronounce the satisfactory conclusion. The publication of the book has been suppressed by the Count de Persigny, though not until after the first fortnight, during which no less than three editions were exhausted; and we are not surprised that the French government is unwilling that the working of its police system should be disclosed. An institution which consternates criminals in order to make them betray their companions, is not likely to court the observation of the public. At one time— and there is no evidence in the work before us of the practice being discontinued—felons were set at liberty on condition that they should act professionally as denouncers, and each month supply the prefecture with a settled minimum of criminals—often entrapped into crime by their denouncers, or even not guilty at all—under pain of being sent back to prison. The notorious Vidoqco gained his pardon under these conditions, and began honest (?) life with a fixed salary of 1,000 francs and an odd, by taking a walk in the city or the suburbs, and sending in a report in writing on Monday, in which he informed them of any meetings with their old companions, and of the plans of the same. No wonder that these widespread nets caught many fish, and that M. Canler became the acknowledged chief of a calling in which emulation plays a great part. His personal sagacity, too, was very real, remarkable. Upon examining the traces of any burglary more dexterously executed than usual, he would not hesitate to pronounce who did it, so well he knew the "style" of his various burglars, just as a connoisseur detects at a glance the peculiar characteristics of this or that engraver or painter. French felons, however, have certainly an originality to which our own crooksman for the most part cannot pretend. French assassins are actuated by motives more sublime than those which impel our vulgar cut-throats. One unambitious villain murders an entire stranger, a working-man, without a sous in his pockets. He explains that he had really no intention of murdering him at all. He had made up his mind to kill a certain journeyman hairdresser, without any ill-feeling even in that case; only No. 1 was late for his appointment, and No. 2 having come that way by chance, why, he killed him. It did not matter which, unless it be the sentiment of the thing (for he had taken a fancy for the hairdresser), the homicide’s sole object being to gain possession of the police-book of a working-man, his own credentials having become unsatisfactory, and therefore inconvenient. One Gaillard, again, a wretch whose only thoughts would seem to have been on blood and vengeance, employs the days previous to the execution of his sentence in making chaplets, which he sends porters to lay on the tomb of his sweetheart at Père la Chaise—being for her murder that he is about to suffer.

To die, is the great object of the English ruffian; but with the Frenchman it is a point of honour to die affably, and with a politeness that is by no means his characteristic on other occasions. Lacave (a murderer) embraces Avril (another) on the scaffold, and proceeds to salute our author in this manner: "There you are! I good morning. Monsieur Canler: It is very kind of you to let me have a last word with you. Is Moreau Allard here?" I replied in the affirmative. During this colloquy, his face was smiling, and did not evince the slightest anxiety. Avril boldly ascended the
scaffold steps, and when he was fastened to the fatal
planks, he threw his head back and cried, in a power-
ful voice: "Good-bye! good-bye!"
To which Lacenaire replied energetically: "Good-bye,
good-bye!" Demarest, the executioner of Beaupuis,
who had come to help in this double execution, then
went up to Lacenaire, and, taking him by the
shoulders, forced him to turn, so that he should not
see the instrument of punishment. Lacenaire yielded
to the impulse, but turning again directly, he raised
his head to contemplate the frightful scene that was
taking place behind him; he contemplated the knife
suspended over the head of his accomplice, and looked
at it twice, defiantly saying: "I am not afraid; no, I
am not afraid;" and it was only by main force that he
could be made to turn away. Ere long, he himself
mounted the steps calmly, and a moment after ceased
to exist.

M. Canler proceeds to explain the contradiction between his own account of
this execution and the report of it in the public papers. The authorities have opinion that the facts
should not be made public. They determined to shew
that Lacenaire, the great criminal, the great assassin,
the man who made a sport of the life of his fellow-
men, and had worked with cold cruelty, broke down in his last moments, and did not "die
game."
The system of the French police, indeed, whose
mission is, one would think, to teach that "honesty
is the best policy," seems to be founded about as
equally on misrepresentation and treachery. It is
permitted to intermeddle in domestic life in a man-
ner that would never be tolerated in this country.
Married ladies, whose impudence has led them to
difficulties, appeal to M. Canler with the most touch-
ings eloquence, and the vigilant detective hastens
to save their reputations by the strong though
secret arm of the law. There is, on the other
hand, little doubt that this misuse of the Detect-
ie Power fits it for dealing with the exceptional
cases of which we spoke at the commencement of
this paper; and the same may be said of its
constant employment against political criminals, of
whom we have happily next to none in England.
In ordinary matters, M. Canler seems to have been
somewhat less successful than our own detectives,
although he is not troubled with their modesty.
Analysis and induction are the smallest words he
makes use of in describing the operations of his
sagacious mind. Without being blinded by this sort of
thinking, however, we may see that he is a very
clever fellow, and it is only just that an example
should be given of his astuteness.

A burglary was committed at night in the shop of
a certain watchmaker in the Rue St Denis. The
robbers seized a number of gold and silver watches
hanging in the window, and then went off, leaving
behind them a wooden-handled chisel, which they
had employed in bursting the lock, and a candle-end,
wrapped in a piece of paper about half the size of a
hand. M. S.— did not discover the robbery till he
came down to his shop in the morning; and I was not
informed of the daring burglary till ten o'clock. I at
once proceeded with an agent to the shop, in order
to collect any indications that might help me to discover
the robbers; but there was not the slightest clue.
No one had seen them, and, excepting the two articles
to which I have referred, no object of a nature to
facilitate a search was left in the shop. Under these
circumstances, I made my calls on the police commis-
sioner of the quarter, who might perhaps possess
more precise data; but this magistrate told me that
nothing could be done for the present, and that it
would be wise to keep quiet for a while, as any steps
could only lead to loss of time and useless labour.
Then the conversation changed, and while talking
of one thing and the other, I mechanically took up the
piece of paper, which was three inches long at the
most, that surrounded the candle-end. All at once,
my eyes were opened by a sudden thought. I read
beneath the finger-marks, the four words,
"Two pounds of butter," written in an illegible
manner, and with an ink whose paleness rendered
them even more difficult to decipher. "By Jove!"
I exclaimed, "that is a prodigious accident. I must
find out the person who wrote those words, and then,
perhaps, I shall get a clue to my thieves."
The commissioner does not think much of this
piece of paper; he warns M. Canler that he intends
to close the report at four o'clock, and send all the
articles to the prefecture. "Very good," replies our
author; and off he starts, accompanied by an agent,
and holding the little piece of paper.

I jumped into a cab, and visited unsuccessfully all
the markets in town. Disappointed, I was returning
to the commissioner's office, when I noticed, in the
Rue Aubrey le Boucher, a butter-dealer, to whom I
handed my bit of paper, while repeating my usual
formula. After hearing it I, and ever, the dealer
said: "Why, I wrote those words; but I don't know
to whom they were addressed. It is a ticket which I
stuck on two pounds of butter, sold to some passer-by
or customer." I followed the dealer back from the
seventh heaven to earth, and went off.

As I walked along, I said to myself that the
robbery was performed either at the beginning of
the night—that is, at one in the morning—or the
burglars waited till a later hour. But the latter
theory was inadmissible, because at a later hour the
Rue St Denis is filled with carts going to market
and artisans presenting their wares. Hence it was
committed at about one in the morning. If this
was the case, the robbers, in order not to arouse the
suspicion of persons living in the same house as
themselves, did not go home to bed; they probably
spent the night in some low wine-vaults—the Cour-
telle, for instance—and that would explain how, in
going down the Rue Au Faubourg du Temple, they purchased
the candle in that quarter. While discussing the
circumstances which must have preceded the robbery,
I turned into the Rue du Faubourg du Temple, where
I went from chandler's shop to chandler's shop, asking
whether any one recognised my bit of paper—it was
the lantern with which Diogenes sought a man. At
length I came to No. 62, near the barracks, and to
my great satisfaction the following answer was
returned to my question:

"Yes, sir; at about half after eleven last night I
sold a halfpenny candle wrapped in the paper you
now shew me, to two young men who live in the next
house."

"What is their trade?"

"Ah, sir, they are as quiet as lambs! They are
commercial travellers, and both out of work just at
present. They smuggle lace from Belgium, but they
are as well behaved as girls; they see nobody; they
frequent no bad company; they do not drink or
quarrel."

"I thanked my chandler for his information, and
said that it was not with these young men that I
had anything to do; but I feared lest he might
warn the robbers, or give them the alarm by his
chattering. I sent my agent to fetch one of his
comrades. During the interval, I made the neigh-
bours talk, and obtained a description of the male-
factors. On the arrival of the inspector, I set them
to watch, with orders to arrest the robbers if they
were caught, and, above all, not to lose sight of
them. I went up and arrested them. I could see
nothing of a suspicious nature in their room. I sent
for the commissioner; but a search led to no result, and
I must confess that I began to fear, not that the
steps had arrived too late, but that the watches had
died. There was in the room a large window looking
into the yard, which I opened to let in some fresh
air, and as I leaned out I perceived a blacksmith's shop.

"By Jove!" I said to myself, "it would not be very extraordinary if the smith made the chez, without knowing to what use it would be turned." So, taking the instrument, which I had brought, I went down to the forge, and asked the master whether the tool was of any particular value. The smith assured me it was.

"No, sir," he answered me; "but I put it in a handle for one of the young men with whom you now share. He said he wanted to use it for opening cases."

There was no further doubt, and these were the burglars; hence I hurried up again, and the search began more strictly than before. The mattresses were ripped open, the paillasse gutted, the walls sound, the boards taken up, and every hole and corner inspected. We were in despair, for we could find nothing, and after three-quarters of an hour of useless searching, we resolved to go away. But the next morning I commenced a fresh search in their room; and on examining the ceiling, I noticed an almost imperceptible difference of colour over the bed. I jumped on to a chair, and a vigorous blow of my fist on the spot produced a hole, from which I pulled out the bed, and to the bed, and to the silver watches, all stolen from M. S. — Our two rogues, in order to hide the stolen articles, had made a hole in the ceiling, which they covered again with thick paper, and whitewashed over, and it only appeared of a darker colour because it was not quite dry yet.

Some time after, the two burglars were tried at the assizes, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. And on in what did the success of this affair depend? Upon a piece of paper, to which no one had paid any attention!

That the smallest indications are of consequence in a man-hunt, is a very true observation, but without much novelty to recommend it. Mr Edgar Poe, for one, has long exhausted all that is to be said upon that subject. Considering the advantages enjoyed by the French police in the prosecution of their calling, they ought never to fail. If M. Canler ever did, there is no record of it in his autobiography. Perhaps it would have 'a bad effect on the public mind,' if it were known that the chief detective was not infallible. A book more thoroughly French than this little volume, it is impossible to conceive. In the narratives of our detectives, the incidents are described in a professional manner, and without many adjectives. M. Canler, on the contrary, is often almost moved to tears — now at the punishment which is his sad duty to inflict, and now at the fate of the victims he avenges. He writes with sentiment, and makes use of the word 'sublime' whenever it can be introduced. We conclude with one of his assassin-stories, written in his very best style.

Mademoiselle Ribault, drawer of designs, sixty-one years of age, engaged on the Petit Courrier des Dames, residing with her companion, Mademoiselle Lebel, who was seventy-two years of age, in a modest suite of rooms at No. 1 Rue Bourbon le Château. Their peaceful existence seemed as if it would be prolonged for a lengthened period; but contrary to all human foresight, it was destined to have a deplorable end. On December 31, 1850, they were both murdered at about two in the afternoon; and the assassin, before escaping, seized a sum of five hundred and fifty francs in gold. The circumstances were as follows: For some months back, a clerk of the newspaper came to pay Mademoiselle Ribault a sum of two hundred francs for her monthly work. After the clerk's visit, there was no sign of life in the house. Ordered by the devil of the house rang the bell several times, but obtained no answer; and alarmed by the unusual silence, she resolved, at eleven in the evening, on having the door broken open by a locksmith. Then, a frightful spectacle was visible; at each end of the room lay a victim bathed in her blood. Mademoiselle Lebel had turned her last sigh before, but her mistress still gave signs of life. The latter unfortunate lady had fainted through the severe loss of blood entailed by her numerous wounds; and her limbs, already weakened by age, were at some point paralysed. On regaining her senses, she dragged herself to the manil-piece, and by a final sublime effort traced on the fender, with a finger dipped in her own blood, these few denunciatory words, which survived her, and insured the punishment of the murderer: "The assassin is M. Thiry's clerk!"

TELEGRAPHIC COMMUNICATION WITH CHINA.

Although the nearest port of China is several thousand miles distant from Great Britain, our commercial interests require a constant communication with that enormous empire. Some idea may be formed of the amount of business transacted, when we state that of Shanghai alone, the imports and exports last year amount to £200,000,000. It is only comparatively of late years that British relations with China have assumed a commercial value. Our trade with that country commenced, indeed, more than two centuries ago, but it was not until 1842, when the island of Hong-Kong was ceded to Great Britain, and the ports of Amoy, Foo-Chow, Ningpo, and Shanghai were opened to foreign trade, that the vast traffic commenced which promises are long to be increased a thousandfold by the opening of the Yang-tse-kiang. There are, however, at present only two great obstacles to the rapid development of our trade with China. One of these, and, we need scarcely say, the more prominent, is that great rebellion, which has already proved so serious an obstruction to us that we have been compelled to take active measures against the Taipings. The other obstacle is the want of telegraphic communication between England and China. If we address a letter to the nearest British settlement in China, three months must elapse before an answer can be received. There is only one means of diminishing the ten thousand miles which separate London from Hong-Kong, and that is the Electric Wire.

There are three or four lines of route by which it is proposed to bring Great Britain and China within speaking-distance. At present, our earliest intelli-

gence from China reaches us through Russia; and Reuter has lately despatched an agent sid Russia to Peking to make arrangements for a more rapid transmission of intelligence by this road than we now possess. Omsk, a town in Siberia, situated on the river Irtisch, is the extreme eastern limit of Russian telegraphic wires, and it is considered that it will be practicable to send messages to that place from Lon
don in one night, and to convey the news by courier the remainder of the distance. By this means, telegraph news will reach London or Peking about twelve days after it is despatched from either capital. But it would not be wise to depend solely upon Russia for the transmission of news despite our present amicable relations with that country; and among other proposals, it has been suggested that one or other of the lines already laid down in India should be extended to our settlements in the Far East. For instance, the wires now being laid by the Government in India might be extended overland to Hong-Kong, an enterprise warmly advocated by Captain Sprye, who has himself been over the ground, and vouchs for the practicability of the undertaking. When our daily steamer arrives at Calcutta, a distance of 1380 miles. This occupies nearly three hours. From Calcutta, news
can be conveyed by electric telegraph eight hundred miles further to Shoie-Gyen, in Eastern Yuen. From this point to Hong-Kong, fourteen hundred miles have to be traversed; and supposing this telegraph feat accomplished, the telegram from Galle to Hong-Kong would anticipate the arrival of the steamer by seventeen days, and we in England should of course gain a corresponding advantage in receiving news from China.

But we need scarcely remind our readers, that every plan for the extension of the wires to China is dependent for its full success on the completion of our telegraphic communication with India. Already, by the aid of the Malta and Alexandria cable, we have had messages from the shores of the Red Sea delivered in London in twelve hours. The station at Jubal Island was opened in the month of March, and the line of telegraph will soon be carried beyond the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb. Or looking in another direction, we find that there is already uninterrupted telegraphic communication between England and Bagdad, and a line is now proposed from that ancient city through Persia and all the coast of Mekran to Kurrachee. Some time ago, three officers were dispatched from Bombay to examine the physical character of the country, and to ascertain the feeling of the chieftains through whose territory the wires would pass. At the same time, Lieutenant-colonel Stewart was sent to Teheran, to negotiate with the Shah. The result of the interview was unsatisfactory. The demands of Persia were considered too exorbitant, and another survey was made. From the most recent accounts, we learn that it is proposed to carry the line from Bagdad to Graines, and thence by small islands and promontories to Ras-el-Khyma, and along the Ballinah coast to Muscat. By this route, Mr. Andrew tells us, we should have our telegraph to India either in our own hands or in those of friendly populations; and he adds, that whatever may be the pecuniary result of the ultimately adopted, there appears to be no longer any doubt that England and India will soon be in daily telegraphic communication by the Euphrates and Persian Gulf.

There is one other point in connection with this subject which requires a few remarks. If we are to carry the wires through China, it is necessary that the natives should be able to employ the telegraph themselves. Dr. Macgowan, an American missionary, was the first to draw the attention of the Chinese to this subject, and to invent a system of signals adapted to the Chinese characters. The Comte d’Escayrac de Lacoste, a gentleman well known in Paris for his Chinese erudition, and known also to Englishmen as having been a fellow-prisoner with Sir Harry Parkes, has within the last few weeks brought forward another system, which he represents as of the simplest description. The merits of these rival inventions can be estimated only by men of science; enough for us, that these gentlemen agree in stating not only that the Chinese characters offer no impediment to telegraphic transmission, but that of all known languages the Chinese is the easiest that can be employed for the purpose.

Let no one consider this merely a dry project to be discussed by merchants who are personally interested in its success. The truth is, there are few topics of the day which, to Englishmen at least, are of greater importance. From the mighty empire of China we receive some of the most precious of our imports; to gain free commercial intercourse with that empire, we have expended enormous sums of money and many valuable lives. Every day adds to the commercial value of our intercourse with China, and by every mail numbers of Englishmen, some of them high in position, and almost all men of character and education, leave England to spend the best years of life in that far-distant country. Would it not be a precious boon to these exiles, and to their friends at home, to bridge over the space which divides them from their native land, so that swift as thought friendly greetings may be interchanged, and valuable intelligence conveyed? Moreover, when we consider the vast interests at stake, how important is it that our British minister at Peking should be able, in the event of any sudden emergency, to communicate with the Foreign Office in twelve or fourteen days. It has been often said, that the chief horrors of the Indian mutiny would have been avoided if Calcutta and London had been united by telegraph wires; and there can be no question, that many of the difficulties which have arisen in China, have been caused by the impossibility of communicating with the home-government.

A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use what’er I have aught;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne, and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A path of safety for my feet;

But pray that when the tempest’s breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith,
In the unbottomed sea of doubt;

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go
On the bright ladder of my dreams.

I do not ask for love, below,
That friends shall never be estranged,
But for the power of loving, so
My soul may keep its youth unchanged.

And though wide lands or cruel seas
Hold me from dearest ones apart,
Still may all sweet capacities
Be fountains, open in my heart.

Youth, Joy, Wealth—Fate, I give thee these
Leave Faith and Hope till life is past;
And leave my heart’s best impulses
Fresh and unfailing to the last.

For these, I think, of all good things,
Most precious, out of heaven above;
And that the power of loving brings
The fullest recompense of love.

The Editors of Chamber’s Journal have requested that all communications be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, and that they further be accompanied by postages stamps, as the return of rejected Contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

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O P I N I O N S  I N  T H E  B U D.

There was once a certain class of English politicians who professed to place all their political hopes in the youth of Britain. As this class, however, themselves got to be middle-aged, they postponed the period for the maturity of the human intellect, so that now there is no 'Young England' party at all. Still, as the child is father to the man, what the boys think must be a matter of interest to their elders, and especially what those boys think who will have the greatest influence upon the future of their country. It will not be disputed that the youth of the Universities is the body among which we mainly look for our future governors; not at all by reason of any specialty for government which their education bestows, but simply because they will succeed thereto by social position. They will form the majority of the new Houses of Lords and Commons, they will principally compose the new regiments of the 'Devil's Own,' and they will entirely monopolise the ranks of the church; and these form our governing classes. What these young persons now think, then, may be fairly taken as an index of what the national opinions, so far as they are represented by the executive, will be in the time to come, supposing our political constitution to remain as at present.

It is urged by some persons, and especially by those who were once for 'Young England,' that young men have no opinions of their own at all; and this is certainly true in the great majority of cases. It is the minority, however—who will be the leaders in after-life—with whom we have now to do. The vast mass of lads of good position and competent fortune at our Universities are unthinking and instinctive Conservatives; they support 'the gentlemanly interest,' as their fathers have always done before them, but without being either able or willing to give much explanation of the faith that is in them. They do not care for politics: they like Poel, and Boating and 'the Drag' (if they can't get Hunting), and cannot imagine how people can say that Macaulay's History is 'just like a novel;' they would much rather have the novel. The 'reading-men,' again, have not time, even if they have inclination, to concern themselves with politics; they know a great deal more about Cleon than about Mr Bright. Only a small proportion of university youth pays attention to the science of government at all, and that in a manner which would not perhaps exact the respect of Mr Mill or Mr Carlyle. A Juvenile Debating Society is not an institution calculated to inspire either of those gentlemen with confidence. There was a time, however, when even they probably felt themselves unripe for the direction of the universe by means of pamphlets, and adopted some less ambitious channel. If they had been at college, that channel would probably have been the Union. There are other debating societies at Oxford and Cambridge, but the Union at both universities is the place in which young gentlemen mainly delight to air their political opinions, amid considerable audiences, and in an apartment convenient for oratory. Of course, there is much that may be turned into ridicule about this miniature St Stephen's, but all the great politicians who have been to college at all have made it their political nursery, and sometimes filled it with an eloquence that has had at least enthusiasm to make up for its immaturity. It is observable, also, and may be seen by consulting the Unionic records, that the opinions that these lads then held were maintained and amplified in after-life. It is true that extreme views are sometimes professed in youth from conceit, and a certain morbid craving for originality, but these are exceptions; the principles which a young man has once chosen for himself—no matter from what cause—he rarely abandons. The orator of the Union will not, indeed, in after-life, be of necessity an orator of parliament, but if he fail in attaining that elevation, he will yet be a political leader of some sort, and carry more or less of his fellow-creatures with him; while his audiences, sown everywhere in society, and taking an interest above the common in political matters, will have a weight greater by many times than the same number of persons who

Never care one pin
Who is out of office or in,
Till they've lived a few years in their parish,
And it makes them its overseers.

Under these circumstances, a consideration of the results of the more recent debates of the Union societies at the Universities may not be without profit. The Conservative may gain from it some notion of what stand will be made in the next generation for all that in his eyes is 'great and venerable;' and the Democrat may learn what hope there is of doing away with
certain institutions which he designates as 'corrupt andpernicious.'

From the records of the Debating Society of Cambridge, we learn that the Union there was instituted nearly half a century ago; Lord Langdale, Baron Pollock, Baron Alderson, and Martin Foulke, among its original founders. Its annual contributing members amount to several hundreds, and its honorary members to nearly four thousand persons. The amount of its funds on any occasion is not easy to calculate, since it fluctuates throughout the debate, and the result of the divisions does not express it; but a 'house' is seldom composed of less than fifty, or more than two hundred. The rules of the House of Commons are minutely imitated by the U.S., with the improvement that honourable members keep their caps off whether they be 'on their legs' or not. It is needless to remark that the youthful officials are martinetts on the score of 'order.' Many a time has an eloquent harangue been ruthlessly interrupted by a vigilant presiding officer, who must trouble that honourable member in the gallery to remove his cap—and interruption is no joke, let me observe, when a gentleman has got his speech by heart, and can only trust himself to pause at certain points, where he has persuaded himself that there will be 'cheers.' The best method of delivering a speech for the first time is to keep the eyes firmly fixed upon some immovable object such as a pillar—the Secretary—and to repeat your lesson in a fine sonorous voice, beginning with: 'Sir—I come down to this house to-night with no intention of addressing it,' or any other mendacious preface which may impair impromptu. Upon the second occasion you need not have the entire philippic in your pocket, but may content yourself with notes, which you may also appear to be writing down, while your adversary is speaking, as though he had struck you for the first time. Tables and pens and ink are provided for this purpose, as well as water-bottles and glasses, in case your eloquent exertions should produce thirst or faintness. Nor need we smile at these precautions, when we reflect that there are not twenty members in the House of Commons who can really speak ex tempore, while (to use Unionic language) 'I have yet to learn' that the drinking of water by an undergraduate is a more ridiculous or even uncommon spectacle than the sucking of oranges by the present minister for Foreign Affairs.

I am afraid, it will distress that statesman to learn that in the opinion of Young Oxford, 'considering the amputated state of Lord John Russell's career, he is not entitled to those confidence of the country in the present crisis.' I don't know what the crisis was at the time alluded to—1859—but it carried that resolution, my lord, by more than two to one. As for Lord Macaulay, although his literary style is worthy of the highest admiration, 'the principles of which he is the exponent are dangerous and pernicious.' Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that the statement of the political, social, and literary influence of Mr Carlyle having been 'most important and beneficial,' should have been negatived, as by a large majority; while as for Mr Bright, that impassioned Tribune of the People could only command a couple of votes in his favour, with I dare not write down how many against him, and this in 1856, when he was comparatively a suking dove. 'No radical alteration of our representative system' will be permitted by Young Oxford, and not to be done out of the country; the experiment to be made upon some vile foreign body. Thus, though Lord Palmerston's general policy by no means deserves that censure of the country, that it 'is the duty of England (if need be, at the point of the sword) to demand the removal of the Austrian power from Italy' (1858). Garibaldi's first expedition is even approved of with enthusiasm. Upon the whole, therefore, it seems that the Conservative opinions of Young Oxford are rather new than old—not only become obstructive upon questions on which it is notorious that the governor always voted 'blue.'" It has an immense deal of esprit de corps, however, and will back and stick with which it has been personally connected, whether of school or college, by very large majorities. 'The system of fagging, as practised at our public schools, is productive of the best results;' the University Commission was not 'greatly wanted,' has not 'conferred many benefits on Oxford,' and may by no means profitably extend its functions. The ardour of youth does not even induce Young Oxford to consent to the marriage of the marriage of Fellows. As for the Secularisation of the revenues gained by the suppression of the monasteries under Henry VIII., it was 'a wanton violation of the rights of property, from the evil consequences of which we are suffering at the present time.' This is carried without a division. Our old friend Charles L, whose fate has been the object of much discussion, was societies that has yet been conferred upon them, did not 'subvert the liberties of his country,' nor was the execution of his majesty a 'necessary step for the preservation of that liberty.' No thousand times no; or at least 47 noes to 3 afirmatives. It is astonishing how men can be found reckless enough to place such assertions upon the motion-board; but it appears that some men will publish the Secretary—and to repeat your lesson in a fine sonorous voice, beginning with: 'Sir—I come down to this house to-night with no intention of addressing it,' or any other mendacious preface which may impair impromptu. Upon the second occasion you need not have the entire philippic in your pocket, but may content yourself with notes, which you may also appear to be writing down, while your adversary is speaking, as though he had struck you for the first time. Tables and pens and ink are provided for this purpose, as well as water-bottles and glasses, in case your eloquent exertions should produce thirst or faintness. Nor need we smile at these precautions, when we reflect that there are not twenty members in the House of Commons who can really speak ex tempore, while (to use Unionic language) 'I have yet to learn' that the drinking of water by an undergraduate is a more ridiculous or even uncommon spectacle than the sucking of oranges by the present minister for Foreign Affairs.

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Archbishop Laud to death!" and with rather characteristic results. Our protectorate of the Ionian Islands is pronounced to be "unjustifiable;" trade- unions "tend to elevate the working-classes;" and the secession of the southern states from American union is, 'viewed with dissatisfaction.' That the 'Total Abstinence movement should not receive 'the warmest sympathy and support,' or anything like it, from Young Dublin, Young Oxford, or Young Cambridge, is only what might reasonably be expected; but it is rather remarkable that Opinions in the Bud at all three Universities should have agreed upon two such questions as the following: 'That the repeal of the paper-duty is an unwise measure;' and 'That the accession of Napoleon III. has been a bond-fide benefit to Europe.'

The Geographical Distribution of Plants and Animals.

Some plants appear to be capable of adapting themselves to almost any climate; thus, many ferns and mosses are common to both Europe and America. The numerous European weeds infest the fields and woods throughout the United States, to the exclusion, in some instances, even of the native denizens of the soil. The spores of cryptogamous plants, too, are so light, that they are easily borne on atmospheric currents across mountains and oceans, and this accounts for the wide distribution of the same species over the European and American continents; but the European weeds which everywhere present themselves to the eye in America are certainly the result of commercial intercourse, as there is nothing in their organisation to convey them to such vast distances from their native localities.

Some species of animals have also a very extensive geographical range. The musk-rat is found from the mouth of Mackenzie River to Florida. The field-mouse has an equal range in Europe. Commerce has mingled together the animals as well as the plants of the Old and New Worlds. The horse, originally from Asia, was introduced into America by the Spaniards, where it was allowed to run wild, and has thriven so well, that immense herds are now seen scattered over the Pampas of South America and the prairies of the West; and in the same manner the domestic ox has become wild in South America. Many animals, such as the dog, the different kinds of poultry, and several singing birds, seem to be capable of living in almost any climate, and are fostered and encouraged to associate with man, on account of the pleasure and service which they afford him. Many less welcome creatures have followed him; as, for instance, the rat and the mouse, as well as a multitude of insects, including the house-fly, the cockroach, and those which live on the vegetables which he cultivates, as the white butterfly, and the Hessian fly.

The generality of animals and plants are not, however, so flexible in their constitutions. Each geographical and climatal region is occupied by some species not found elsewhere; and each animal flourishes best within certain limits, beyond which it does not range. It is the same with plants. Comparatively speaking, vegetable cosmopolites are few in number. The greater number of plants are very exacting as to the conditions of their development. The southern states of America, was presided over by the Lord Justice of Appeal (who, I suppose, cannot possibly have been an undergraduate), and listened to by a whole galaxy of local lawyers. I only put forth my opinion, after having heard the Lord Mayor. Perhaps some restraint of this sort is necessary to moderate Young Dublin in its hour of eloquence. The political opinions of the day are generally chosen, nevertheless, in preference to such a subject as, 'Was the Long Parliament justified in putting...'
and the negro living in the burning climate of Western Africa, are varieties of the human race, differing widely from each other in organisation and outward appearance. They appear to be indigenous to the countries in which they are found, and are confided to them by the operation of the same laws which have restricted to the polar landscape dwarf birches and willows, and to the tropical, the tall and graceful forms of the cocoa-nut palm and the treefern.

Tropical countries may be truly regarded as the paradise of trees and flowers. The intense heat and light of the sun, combined with the humidity of the atmosphere, cause the rapid development of a rich and varied flora. There are no wintry winds, falling snows, or hard frosts to blight the magnificent vegetable beauty with which these regions are overspread. The forests of the tropics, instead of being composed, as in temperate climates, of a small number of trees with deciduous leaves, presenting the same wearisome monotonous aspect, exhibit a much greater variety of arborescent forms, which, clothed with perpetual verdure, are covered throughout the year with fruits and flowers in different stages of growth. The grasses are lichenous and gigantic, some of them equal in height to the trees of temperate climates; immense woody vines of fantastic and ever-varied form elevate themselves to the top of the tallest trees, with the leaves and blossoms of their foliage and flowers often beautifully intermingled. In place of mosses and lichens, which grow on the stems of the trees in the temperate zones, the colossal trunks of these tropical trees are covered with the most gorgeous epiphytes or air-plants, which perfume the warm atmosphere with their powerful fragrance, presenting such a dense mass of vegetation as to be almost impenetrable even to the explorer with axe in hand. The tall and elegant palms and tree-forms, with their magnificent bouquets of gigantic and penulous fronds, tower above the rest of the trees, and are seen afar off on the ocean, generally the first objects which present themselves as the traveller approaches the shores of tropical countries.

The development of animal life is equally luxuriant. The principal types of it are represented on the most magnificent scale. An astonishing variety of birds, with the most brilliant plumage, make the forests vocal with their melody. We need only refer to the tribe of humming birds, which numbers no less than three hundred species. Here reside the noble line, the beautiful avocet, the graceful ibis, the largest of the cat tribe. This is the home of the great pachydermata, or thick-skinned animals, the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the tapir. The reptilia assume their largest and most dangerous forms. The crocodiles, turtles, and serpents frequent the rivers, marshes, and moist woods. The seas teem with crustaceans and every order of mollusces animals. The shores are covered with their shells, which, in these sunny regions, acquire the most rich and variegated hues. The insects are as brilliant as they are numerous. There can be no doubt whatever that all the rich colouring which is spread over animal life, as well as vegetation, in tropical countries, is to be attributed to the brightness of the sun’s rays. Tropical birds, for example, reared under an artificial temperature in cold countries, never acquire that brilliancy of plumage which distinguishes them in their native haunts.

As we pass from tropical into temperate climates, the heat decreases, the rays of the sun become more oblique, and consequently less vivid; in a word, all the excitation caused by vegetation is gradually diminished in intensity. The tall and graceful palm-tree, the banana and plantain, the cotton-tree and sugar-cane, are no longer visible. Vegetation is despised of its magnificence and variety, and takes a humbler and simpler form. Accordingly, we find that plants with lichenous and persistent stems are fewer in number, and that there is a greater predominance of such as are herbaceous, and which therefore perish annually.

Plants with herbaceous stems have precisely the same growth, _as far as it goes_, as those which are lichenes and persistent. Any one can specify convinced of this himself. There is visible on the cross section the same concentrical disposition of the matter of the stem into pith, wood, and bark, and the same development of branches and the treefern of the leaves. But the heat is not spread through a sufficient number of months, and the period is too short for the plant to run through all the phases of its development. The whole process is therefore stopped in its first stages, and the stem with its branches and flowers dies down to the ground, and disappears from the earth’s surface on the approach of winter. In other instances, where woody matter is deposited in greater abundance, the leaves and flowers perish, but life remains passive in the stem. The cold has arrested the vegetable machinery, but produced no disarrangement of its parts; on the contrary, a section of the annual bud shows beautifully the young embryo leaves and the undeveloped internodes of the next year’s growth, already formed in them, but awaiting the return of the warmth and brightness of the sun, to come forth out of their hybernaculum, and again exhibit the same vital movements.

There is this difference between the branches of herb and lichenes plants: the former develop from open buds, one or two generations of them being formed during the first season, and perishing, thus exposed, before the first frosts of autumn; but the branches of lichenes plants advance no further than the embryonic condition of the first season, and remain thus, protected through winter in closed buds, developing the second season into life and verdure with the first breath of spring.

The seed and ovum in vegetables, and in the lower forms of animals, is but a retreat into which exhausted vitality retires for a season, in order to recover its wasted energies; it also affords a shelter for the young embryo during the prevalence of those conditions which are unfavourable for its development. Accordingly, we find that the seeds of many early flowering annuals in the south, as light and heat of the sun are much the same as in early spring. A little family of plants is thus seen growing around their aged and dying parent. In some instances of this kind, the buds may arrive again at an adult state, and flowers as well as leaves appear; generally, however, the germinating seeds can only produce leaves, the approach of cold weather arresting their growth. Immense divergencies in nature are deserving of a greater share of attention than has hitherto been allotted to them. All practical gardeners and botanists are acquainted with many plants which flower in spring and again develop in autumn, on a return of similar conditions of light, temperature, and moisture.

That the vegetable machinery would still continue in motion, and simply stops in consequence of the decreasing heat and light of the sun, is evident from the fact, that plants which are annual and herbaceous in temperate climates become lichenes perennials in the tropics. The castor-oil plant (Ricinus communis), for example, in Pennsylvania, puts forth large peltate-palmate leaves, and grows from three to eight feet in height, flowering and perfecting its seeds, but is destroyed by the first frosts of autumn. In the happy regions within the tropics, its stem is lichenes and persistent, and a powerful and indigenous oil tree. It is the same with plants belonging to the natural orders Euphorbiaceae, Labiatae, Leguminosae, Hypericaceae, Boraginaceae, Rubiaceae, Polygonaecae, Cucurbitaceae, and Compositae, and many others, under our feet in England, with us so herbaceous and perishable, in tropical countries take a
ligneous and persistent form, and elevate themselves majestically into the air. Excepting on the mountain summit, snow never falls on any part of the tropical landscape, and the traveller wanders amid the arborescent forms of Leguminose, Euphorbiaceae, Labia, and Boraginae; or, if he be in the island of St. Helena, reposes beneath the shade of forests of Sodilago, Sonchis, and Echium. The herbaceous and perishable annual has become incrustation into the ligneous and enduring perennial. The plant whose humble growth and delicate beauty drew our admiration, as it grew at the foot of some tall oak or wide-spreading beech-tree, is now itself one of the noblest trees of the forest. Development has gone on, and we see the result of the influence of a continuity of warmth and brightness in the majestic form which now stands before our eyes.

The fauna of temperate climates, like its flora, presents the same picture of arrested development and temporary suspension of the powers of life during the winter months. We have a considerable number of animals of graceful form, animated appearance, and varied colours, though they are less brilliant than those found in tropical countries. There is a much greater amount of uniformity among them. The reptilia are much reduced in size. The lizard and vipers take the place of the gigantic crocodile and boa constrictor; the tortoise, the thrall of medium size; all classes of mollusces are represented, but their shells are devoid of that beauty which characterises the shells of tropical climates; the patient camel and dromedary, the self-reasoning elephant, the beautiful zebra and tiger, are replaced in temperate climates by the horse and ass, the dog, the wolf, and wild-cat. All creatures which store up provisions—such as the squirrel, marmot, beaver, and bee—are peculiar to the temperate regions. It is obvious that such instincts would be out of place in tropical countries, where vegetation is perpetual, herds of quadrupeds and insects with an abundant supply of food at all times.

On the approach of cold weather, the trees drop their leaves, with the exception of the pine, fir, and other conifers, and a few dwarf evergreens; the insects retire, and the animals which live on them either migrate to other countries, or pass the winter in a state of torpor, from which they only awake in spring. This is especially the case with the birds, which are nearly all migratory in their habits. The most beautiful species come to us from the sunny south, and disappear as the cold sets in.

In proportion as we approach the polar regions, the trees become stunted and dwarfed in their growth, the number of genera and species is still further diminished, the oak, walnut, chestnut, and elm are replaced by dark and sombre forests of coniferous trees, amongst which pines and firs are the most prominent. Still further north, these plants disappear, and are succeeded by dwarf birches, willows, and the polar dwarf blackberry (*Rubus arcticus*); finally, the last lingering remnants of vegetable life are seen in the form of mosses and lichens, the excessive rigours of the climate preventing any higher indications of vegetable life.

The animals in the arctic regions are few in number, and their tints are as dusky as the northern heavens. There is not a single bird with brilliant plumage, nor a fish with various hues. The most conspicuous animals are the reindeer, white bear, white fox, polar hare, walrus, and various seals, and immense flocks of predaceous and aquatic birds, gulls, cormorants, ducks, and geese, all belonging to the lowest orders. Reptiles are altogether wanting. The aquatic are represented by numerous small lampreys and minute crustacea. Insects are rare and of inferior types. Mollusces are sparingly scattered in the adjacent seas, among very few star-fish and echinids. We must not omit the whales, which are, however, the lowest of all the mammalia. This assemblage of animals is decidedly inferior to the temperate and tropical faunas.

The geographical distribution of animals is intimately associated with that of the plants, for herbivorous animals can exist only where there is an adequate supply of vegetables suitable for food, and the carnivorous prey upon the herbivorous races. Hence it is that the fauna of the earth presents the same ever-varying aspect as its flora.

There is a remarkable similarity between the plants and animals which cover a hemisphere from the equator to the poles, and those which clothe the sides of a tropical mountain from its warm and sunny base to its cold, snowy, ever-frozen summit. The species, genera, and even families of both plants and animals growing in the country surrounding its base, may be entirely different from the vegetable productions of Europe; but here elevation acts in the same manner as increase of distance from the equator. In proportion as we ascend the mountain, the climate becomes cooler, the fauna and flora lose their tropical character, and European genera, and even species analogous, if not absolutely identical with those of the temperate climates of Europe, present themselves to the eyes of the astonished observer. As we approach the limits of perpetual snow, the top of the mountain may be said to reach a polar climate, and accordingly, the vegetation is wholly cryptogamous, and similar to that within the arctic regions.

M. Mirbel has therefore very properly compared the terrestrial globe to two immense mountains, whose bases are united at the equator, and whose summits are the arctic regions around its northern and southern poles.

**LOVE AND DUTY.**

Daylight was fading, and Martha took her embroidery to the window. She walked silently, her gaze fixed across the room, continued her work as though she did not care for its completion, and from time to time looked out on the street in a way which showed that she was weary of it, and uninterested in its passengers.

Martha was, at first sight, an unprepossessing woman; a careless observer would have expected to find her an indifferent friend and a dull companion. She certainly could not have been called pretty, graceful, or even tidy; and yet hers was a face at which few could have looked long without feeling curiosity, interest, and still fewer could have understood without some knowledge of her past life. At the time of which I am speaking, Martha was twenty-five. Ever since she could remember, she had lived alone with her mother in the Rue du Colosee. She had come there after a dangerous fever, which had obliterated the past from her mind.

Mrs White could not live in England, but in Paris her health was all that her best friends could wish. It was a strange residence for her to have chosen, for she could not speak one word of French; she never shared in any of the gaieties of the natives, or mixed with any of her fellow-exiles. Martha had been educated according to her mother’s peculiar notions; she had not been allowed to learn any accomplishments: dancing, music, drawing were all considered by Mrs White to be merely other words for waste of time; languages, science, history were only a shade better. The two grand requirements in a girl’s education were cheapness and morality.

With neither amusements nor friends, the girl might, with a good supply of books, have been her own instructress; but the mother passed her days in working, walking, and eating, and why should not the daughter do the same? She did; whilst her fingers lightly drew the needle in and out, her fancy built castles in the air, which her reason as ruthlessly destroyed. There were times when she
persuaded herself that she ought to be grateful for the state of life in which she was placed—that with a good mother to love, and every necessary of life, she had all that was requisite to happiness. There were times when many a wicked man would have been terrified at the girl’s rebellious thoughts, when her sermons and her mother’s morality had no other effect than to provoke contempt. There were times, more and more frequent, when she longed over her work with a wistful vacance as even her fond parent could desire. And day after day, month after month, mother and child sat in the same room, slept in the same bed, and neither ever guessed what was passing in the other’s mind. ‘How are you getting on with your collar, Martha?’ ‘Oh, very well, mamma; but it is too dark to see any longer.’ ‘Yes, you will put away our work, love, and look out of window.’ Martha rose to carry her mother’s chair across the room, and then placed her own opposite to it.

The Rue de l’Olycee is noisy without being gay; it is narrow; its pavement is still muddy when other streets are dry; and it is never free from a green-grocer’s bag of smell. As the Whites sat at the window, they talked about their servant, their weekly bills, the passers-by, Galigani, and the weather.

When Annette brought in the tea and lamp, Martha moved her mother’s chair back to the table, placed fresh wood on the fire, and then proceeded to make tea, waiting upon the old lady, and always taking care that she had everything she wished for, before attending to her own wants. The mother always spoke with much politeness to her daughter, calling her love, darling, and similar terms of endearment, but she was not the lovable old lady; she sat bolt upright in her chair, as though she wore a secret backboard under her dress; and there was a hardness in all she said and did, which quite prevented any one fancying that she had ever been lovingly over her child’s cradle, ever forgotten her dignity in a romp, or even condescended to do menial work by a sick coach.

The Whites attended the English chapel, which is situated near to the Champs Elysées. One Sunday, when Martha was in a rebellious mood, she observed that the gentleman who chanced to sit next to her mother was taking more of his neighbour than of his prayer-book, and that her mother perceived that he did so, and was not pleased. Apparently, the old lady never took her eyes off her book, and was absorbed in her prayers; but Martha had studied her mother for many years, and, when in her present mood, watched her with the eye rather of a satirist than a daughter. She knew very well that her parent could, whilst humbly confessing herself a miserable sinner, peep out of the corners of her eyes at the sins of her neighbours; and on this particular day Martha saw, that though Mrs White never raised her eyes from her book, they were staring at the wrong page, and that though she moved her lips at the responses, the usual distinct sound did not come from them. Martha’s curiosity, rather than her sympathy, was aroused; she looked at the stranger, but did not remember to have seen him before. He was a tall, dark, thin man, a man who might easily have been forgotten, had it not been for his nose, but that feature once seen, would be always remembered. It was both the blemish and redeeming point of his face; it was like the portico of a mansion joined to a twenty-pounds-a-year cottage, disfiguring, but causing the beholder to expect more wealth inside than he would otherwise have done. The man’s face might have been called pretty or effeminate, and he himself might have been supposed to be vain or foppish, had it not been for his nose. That nose must have got him into many a fight at school, and being still straight, it was but fair to suppose that he had been victorious; that nose must have prevented him fancying every woman he met in love with him; in short, if his nose had not been so prominent, his man, full half the credit was due to that nose. When service was over, Mrs White was for bustling out of church, whilst the stranger was still engaged in his prayers, but Martha, who sat at the end of the seat, was in an unamiable mood, and curious to know what would be the stranger’s next move, kept the old lady standing with a mind as vacant as even her fond parent could desire. And thus the time she had risen, the stranger rose also, and followed them out. ‘How do you do, Mrs White? You have not forgotten John Reece, I hope; we lived next door but one to you. I went out to India. Surely you must remember me. Ah! I suppose a warm climate has aged me, and, by jove, now I think of it, it’s eighteen years ago; but I’ll soon recall myself to your memory.’ Mrs White, who seemed at first inclined to deny all knowledge of the gentleman, suddenly remembered him, and asked coldly after himself and his friends; he answered all inquiries cordially, and looked several times at Martha, as if wishing who she was. Mrs White did not satisfy his curiosity until she reached the end of the street where she lived; then she somewhat rudely bade him good-morning, saying, ‘Good morning!’ and turned back to the table. The Whites went into the house during the whole week, always making some excuse for not doing so: on Monday, it was going to rain; on Tuesday, she was afraid of the wind. On Friday she found some reason for staying at home. Martha, who was accustomed to a daily walk, felt unwell under this constant confinement to the house, and proposed to go out with Annette. Her mother objected at first, but having no good reason to give for refusing permission, yielded at last an ungracious consent.

The young lady and her maid walked side by side up the Champs Elysées. It was early spring; showy carriages, with high-actioned horses, were rushing to the Bois de Boulogne; gentlemen smoking, and ladies gaily dressed, were slowly parading up and down; numbers of both sexes and of all classes were sitting before cafés and estaminets; at one end, the blue sky was peeping through the Arc de Triomphe; at the other, the trees were verdant, and the trees overhead were robing themselves in their brightest green, to be the crowning ornament of one of the most beautiful streets in the whole world.

The gay scene was not wasted upon Martha. A week indoors, with a more than usually dull old woman, made the fresh air, exercise, and life as great a treat to her as they were to Annette. The simply dressed, healthy-looking English girl contrasted well with the French crowd, as with bright eyes and red cheeks she laughed at her attendant’s enthusiastic admiration of the ladies’ magnificient dresses.

Martha staring at the carriages, John Reece at everything but the road before him, struck against one another, and turning at the same instant to apologise, recognised each other, smiled, and shook hands.

Mr. or rather Major Reece was not a shy man; he turned round to walk with Martha, who in the first instance was too curious and excited, and—though it seems a strange thing to say—had lived too much alone not to feel a little petty or effeminate, and his fellow-creatures had been too entirely of a business nature to produce shyness; she and they had said what was needful, and then parted. She had never been to an evening-party, never read a novel,
never talked or been talked to, because silence was not the correct thing. She was badly educated; alike ignorant of much that is taught in the school-room and of passing events; unaccustomed to think clearly, or to express her thoughts either fluently or elegantly; but she was clever, truthful, and affectionate.

Major Reece was in many respects the complete opposite to Martha; he had been very carefully educated, sent to India at eighteen, placed in his father's regiment, introduced into good society, and well supplied with books. He was a brave, honest, kind-hearted man. He was neither clever nor learned, but he understood the everyday duties of a soldier and a gentleman, and could talk fluently on the surface of every subject of the day. They were to one another as the discovery of a new world; wonder, rather than admiration, preceded love; the woman was the superior, but neither he nor she divined it; he found himself a different man than he had ever been before. He was not the first whose energies had been aroused by love; he never guessed that he only polished Martha's rough ideas, that he did not think that out of his own brain. She, on her side, was more impressed by his knowledge than she would have been by that of a more learned man; it covered a great space, and she was too ignorant to perceive that it was not deep. They were not boy and girl to be ready to go to the altar after a week's acquaintance. Major Reece took up his residence in Paris: they were first acquaintances, then friends, then lovers. The first connection glided almost imperceptibly into the second, the second into the third, and an offer of marriage was scarcely necessary. Mrs White was not pleased with the major's visit; the news increased as he became more intimate; he, however, felt more and more anxious to continue the acquaintance; and as Martha was always delighted to see him, and was of an age to judge for herself, he persisted in treating the old lady's hints with the most provoking good temper, and in seeming always to think that he was welcome. Martha was too much absorbed in a new sensation to take much notice of her mother. Major Reece was not only the first man, but the first fellow-creature she had ever loved.

One evening, after the major's departure, she was startled out of a happy day-dream by her mother's calling to her in a strangely unnatural voice, and when she reached her chair, she found the shadow smiling in every limb, and as first unable to speak. Martha was stupefied with terror; she did nothing; but after a few minutes, the old woman became somewhat better.

'Martha,' she said in a low piteous voice, so different from her usual decisive tone, that it went to the girl's very heart. 'I cannot bear the suspense any longer; it will kill me. Tell me, are you going to leave me, Martha?'

'To leave you, mother!'

'Ay, child,' she retorted with increased excitement, 'are you going to marry him? Will you leave me in my old age, all alone, all alone!' Hysterical sobs stopped further speech. Martha threw herself on her knees by her mother's side, kissed her hand, and tried to soothe her without speaking. But the old woman continued to plead her cause with ever-increasing vehemence.

'Martha, you have broken the story I taught you when a child: 'And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. I will be with my people, and thy God my God.' Now Naomi was only—'

But here the old woman's emotion was too great to allow her to proceed.

But she had no wish to live beyond her mother's arms. Both were now equally overborne. Mrs White was the first to recover her composure.

'Martha, do not mind what I have said to you; I am a selfish, dull old woman. Don't mind me; go to India with your lover; a servant can do all for me that I require. I have not long to live.'

'O mother, dear mother!'

'Dear mother!' exclaimed the other bitterly. 'No, I am not dear; you do not care for me; you never think of me; all your heart belongs to your new friend. Martha, take heed lest there come a day when you may learn how sharper than an adder's tooth is an ungrateful child.'

The daughter, left alone, tried to think calmly, and to decide what ought to be done. How much truth was there in all that her mother had said! What an ungrateful child she had been; and yet, thought she, 'I have had such a dreary life, and now I might be so happy.' She tried to find a way by which both her own and her mother's happiness might be attained. If Major Reece could only stay in Europe—but she knew that could not be—he had many depending on him: she could not ask him to sacrifice his own family for the sake of hers—and, besides, her mother disliked him so much—she could not imagine why. At first she had fancied Mrs White was afraid of him, but that was nonsense. He had told Martha her mother's history; there was much in it to excite compassion, but not shame. And then it occurred to Martha that she had lived twenty-five years with an only parent; that she had never judged her fairly: she had mistaken her patient sorrow for want of feeling; her friend, then, she had felt only joy at the thought of leaving her. Then her conscience spoke plainly, and told her that there was but one compensation for such injustice; but she would not listen to it. Hitherto, her love had been happy, because held within bounds; but now it was a raging passion, which would break down every barrier, which would listen to neither law nor reason. Martha's sound sleep was gone. By day, by night, she argued first on one side, then on the other; inclination always urged her to go, conscience to stay.

The mother did not again allude to the marriage, but she watched her daughter anxiously, as though longing to know her decision.

Martha avoided her mother's eyes— they pleaded too piteously. The major did not always find his visits so pleasant now. Mrs White had indeed discontinued her rude remarks, but Martha no longer talked so frankly as before. If the mother left the room, the daughter was sure to make some excuse to follow. He resolved to have an explanation. As soon as Martha had made up her mind, she gave him an opportunity of asking for it, and in her answer told him how much she loved him; asked his pardon if, through her thoughtlessness, she had caused him any pain, but said that now she saw plainly what it was her duty to do—she must stay with her mother.

At first, the major was angry: he had been trifled with; he was worth more than that selfish, stupid old creature; but when he looked at poor Martha's pale face, his anger softened into pity; he reasoned with her: there were some mothers worthy of such a sacrifice, but not hers. He had a cousin who would gladly take charge of the old lady, and make her as comfortable as Martha could do.

'It's no use,' she said sadly, 'you cannot desire our marriage so much as I do; but if I could act contrary to my conscience, I should not be worthy to be your wife. Good-bye. Give me your hand, John. Let us part friends.'

Now that the matter was decided, Martha was not so miserable as before. Her mother's gratitude surprised her. 'How fond the poor old lady must be of me,' she thought. 'Who knows but my marriage may have caused her death, and there would then have been little happiness for either John or me.' Her
greatest dread was lest she should meet her lover, and in a weak moment consent to go with him; and when Mrs White advised that they should leave Paris for a while, Martha gladly agreed to do so. Neither ever alluded to the major, but both tacitly avoided any place where they would be likely to meet him, and as they knew that he did not intend retur

1. I will ask Mr Wilson to recommend us one; he will be here soon.'
2. The invalid could no more until she heard the doctor's step, then starting hastily up, she exclaimed:
   1. 'Mr Wilson is coming; don't forget the nurse; tell him how anxious I am about you, my darling.'
   2. 'Mr Wilson was not coming; I have no need of a nurse; but I have not been to Linton, as there were no very clever ones at Linton, none who would watch the patient so attentively, or carry out his orders so carefully, as Martha did.'
   3. But Mrs White insisted that Martha was killing herself, that every day made a difference in her.
   4. The doctor said that he could not see it.
   5. 'Perhaps not, but a mother's eyes are sharper than a doctor's.'

As soon as the nurse was hired, Mrs White pro

1. 'Yes, mamma; but you have often been so before.'
2. 'Have I? And what did I say?'
3. 'Indeed, I hardly know.'
4. 'Ah! that is right. People talk such nonsense when they are that way; it's better not to attend to them.'
5. Martha made no answer. Her mother seemed to be lost in thought; at last she said that a nurse must be hired.
6. 'Indeed, mamma, I am quite strong; and no nurse can take so much care of you as I do.'
7. 'My dear, it would be easier; I would be so anxious about you, dear; and besides, a professional nurse would understand the surgeon's directions better than you can do.'
8. 'Mr Wilson says that he would not wish a better nurse than I am.'
9. 'Bah! bah! You nearly killed me with your bad dancing, and now you want to try what bad nursing will do.'
10. 'You shall have a nurse, mamma.'
11. 'Ah! dear Martha, you are always good, and you must not mind what I suffer in my pain.'
12. 'O no, mamma; I am sure that I should be ten times as cross, if I were as ill as you are.'
13. 'But when can you find me a nurse, Martha?'
"O mamma, I know you do not like to speak of that sad time. Forgive me, but I often think of it; it makes me a better daughter."

The old woman watched her silently for a while, and then said quietly: "Never speak of that again, either to me or to any one else. And now, give me my drink; I think I can sleep."

The patient had battled through the fever, but it seemed doubtful whether she would rally from its effects. Her constitution had apparently exhausted its last strength in fighting with the disease. Mr Wilson was afraid that he had been too hasty in promising life. "Has Mrs White anything on her mind?" he asked.

"She suffered a sad loss, but it is now eighteen years ago."

"Oh, my dear Miss White, this would be a miserable world indeed if eighteen years' old sorrow could affect the health."

Martha made no answer.

"It appears to me that your mother dreads something. Your lawyer or your doctor has not a fair chance unless he knows all.

"Poor mamma is very much afraid of dying."

"Hem; that's bad. We must talk cheerfully to her."

The jolly little round man had never talked any other way to anybody in all his life. Martha did her best to imitate him, but the sick woman still continued to gaze listlessly and low-spirited.

One night Mrs White was tossing on her bed, Martha lying quietly on an couch unable to sleep, when her mother called her. She was instantly by the bedside, and, even by the dim light of the night-lamp, was scared at the expression of the sick woman's countenance.

"Turn the light away, Martha; I have something to say to you, and I want to be alone."

"Yes, that's true. You are the cause of all my illness. If I have done you a little wrong, you have repaid me a hundred-fold; and you don't reproach yourself one bit for what you have done. And—"

"I have always taken such care of you; your own—that is, no woman could have taken more care of you than I have done."

"Oh, dear mamma, pray, do not talk so; you will make yourself worse; see how excited you are becoming. Forgive me if I have ever seemed to blame you."

"Blame me! you are always blaming me. You don't speak, but you look. Do you think I can't see as well as hear? As if I hadn't always taken the greatest care of you; as if many a woman wouldn't have let you die in that fever, but I—I saved you—the doctor said that I did. I nursed you night and day, and only—" The sufferer paused; her excitement increased.

Martha gazed earnestly at her, then taking her hand, and still looking intently on her face, said: "You have done me some wrong; you yourself have told me now; be frank with me. You shall never hear, see, feel one single reproach from me. Your life, my forgiveness, perhaps God's, depend upon your confession. Oh, why should you conceal anything from a child? Can a daughter be a hard judge of a widowed mother?"

"Ah! but if I am, not your mother—if I am only your aunt—if your mother's money went first to you, and then to me—if it was my child, not Nelly's, who died in that fever—if I hadn't a penny in the whole world—if Nelly made me promise to be a mother to you—and if I couldn't stay with you unless I had money to live on—and—and—and what I have suffered has been enough for ten such little sins. There was that major—what I endured when he came charging into you—I felt sure he would have found it out, and that you would be much better without him. Oh, it's not all honey being married. I shouldn't have shot you up as I did, if I hadn't known I was able to provide for you—for I should have left you everything when I died—you can see the will—I made it years ago—the money is just as much as when I first had it—it's not one penny less—not one penny." Mrs White sank back exhausted.

Martha hardly comprehended what she had heard; she stared stupidly at the bed. A low moaning groan from the invalid first recalled her to consciousness. Almost mechanically, guided by instinct rather than reason, she smoothed the sufferer's pillow, forced herself to think of the doctor's directions, administered a strong sleeping-draught, and darkened the room.

Mrs White was soon asleep, and Martha lay down on her couch to reflect on what had occurred. It was only by degrees that she comprehended how much she had been injured; it was not she alone who had been sacrificed, but her lover also. But now—and how her heart bounded with joy at the thought—now there was no just reason why he and she should not marry. She would go out to India—she would surprise him; how amazed, how delighted he would be to see her, and she laughed as she fancied first his astonishment, and then his joy. It never occurred to Martha that the major might be disappointed, instead of pleased at her unexpected appearance. Then she turned her thoughts to the poor wretch on the bed by her side, and her heart, made yet more generous by its great happiness, felt more pity for the sinner, than hatred of the sin. No need to expose the crime; the aunt might still pass as the mother, and still enjoy the money she had so dearly purchased. Only John should know the whole truth, and how her conscience had been deceived into giving the wrong verdict.

So, when the sick woman awoke, Martha seated herself by the side of the bed, and spoke words of pardon and hope; promised that the wrong would never be alluded to; that no disgrace should follow the confession; that all should be as though the sin had never been acknowledged, except that both would be so much happier, the one living married in India, the other in plenty and with an easy mind in England.

When the doctor called in the evening, he found his patient considerably better, but Martha looking a care-worn old woman, for the Times of that morning had contained a paragraph stating to whom Major Reece had been married.

Martha buried herself in the sick-room; her nature was too noble to take revenge on a suffering wretch. She never spoke of her faithless lover; her woman's pride taught her how to bear his desertion with dignity. But she knew that henceforth her life must be passed in seeking the happiness of others; there could no longer be any hope of her own.

An agent having sold their furniture, and let their apartment in Paris, they bought the little cottage at Linton, where the bracing air kept the invalid alive for some years. She was often cross, but sometimes penitent, and even kind and grateful to her niece. Martha's attention was ever on her, and her nature affectionate and benevolent, that she not only forgave, but at last even learned to love her helpless enemy. When Mrs White died, her only mourner was the woman she had so deeply injured. At Martha's request she was alone by the fire after the funeral, and thought of the desolate old age which would so surely be hers, tears
rolled down her cheeks, more bitter than are often shed by a death-bed. But though hope was gone, courage still remained. Martha resolved to pass the remaining years of her life in work, not useless regret. The old people of Linton liked to speak of their sorrows to sympathising Martha; the little children declared she had a story-teller they had ever listened to; the parents were sure that her tales did more good than either school or punishment; the young folks felt no bashfulness in confiding their love-secrets to her; and the doctor and clergyman believed her to be the best nurse and peacemaker they had ever known.

Year after year passed on, and her most eventful days were over, in which she read how her former lover had gained or lost a child, or how he had obtained promotion and honour. Her life seemed less dreary when she knew of his happiness; she felt their separation most keenly when she read of his sorrow.

One wet winter evening, she returned home, and found an old gentleman waiting in her parlour, whom—though it pained her to confess as much—she did not at first recognise.

'Fifteen years ago we parted as friends, may we not meet again as such?'

'O John!'

'Go and take off your bonnet, and we will have a cup of tea together as we talk over old and long-since.

When Martha was alone in her room, she buried her face in her hands, and cried. The young man she had loved so well was a knave! The man whom she had been so very fond of, worshiped, who had been ever invincibly present with her, as a god, came to call on her as he would on an ordinary acquaintance, and alluded to their parting in a neat speech. But her good sense and strong love were not to be conquered by mortified vanity, and she had regained her composure before she returned to her visitor.

He sat some time, asking questions and listening to her account of what had occurred since they parted. Martha told him everything except Mrs White's confession; on that she was silent, rather out of consideration for him than the dead. She longed, but did not dare to ask how life had passed with him; she looked earnestly at his face, and tried to guess from its lines how his marriage had been happy, and if his children were well.

I came as if to go, but when she gave her hand, held it tight. 'Martha,' he said, 'when, fifteen years ago, I asked you to be my wife, I was neither so great nor so good a man as you fancied; but we loved each other and trusted each other. I should have made you a kind husband, you would have been a happy woman. You were a heroine when you refused to marry me; but I—was a very ordinary, everyday man. Don't deceived yourself; don't fancy me better than I am, Martha. Perhaps you bonyou yourself up with the hope, that duty being done, happiness would still remain; that was silly; we cannot give up and keep. When I first went to India, I meant to wait for you, but I was ordered to a very lonely station; I scarcely ever saw a European. I am no hero; I don't take my country's money and run away on the day of battle, but if I think the fight has been unnecessary, I grumble at a scratched finger. When I met Annie, I began to think that I might be waiting to no purpose; that the old lady might outlive me; or you, Martha, might grow into such a plain old woman as I could not love. I never felt afraid that you would not have me, do not be angry with me for my confidence; I rejoice your confidence, not on my merit. Annie and I were very happy. During the thirteen years of my marriage, though I always respected, I never regretted you. I see you have a Times on the table, somebody you know of my poor children's deaths, but you do not of my wife's. She died at the birth of her last child, and the newspaper printed the baby's death instead of its mother's.

When I discovered the mistake, it was no longer of any consequence; all my friends knew my real loss. Only one of my children was the old lady's, the other two since her death. When I lost little Tommy, our doctor, who is an old friend, said to me: "My poor Reece, your children are too delicate to be reared by a man; they are as a baby without a mother's care." My wife had then been dead twelve months, and it was then that I first thought of you, Martha. I inquired how and where you are living, and when I heard, wondered if you would not be happier with an old friend, than all alone in the world. I came to see you—someone who knows you so well as I do, can easily read your thoughts. You still love me; but are you sure that you do not think too highly of me to be happy as my wife? Would it not pain you to be daily reminded that your idol of gold is only brass? Could you bear to see half your love given to children who are not yours, and to feel that sometimes when your husband is present, his thoughts are by his first wife's grave? If you can bear all this, Martha—but not unless—then come, and save my children.'

They were married a month after the above meeting.

As a part of three took their places at a table d'hôte, a shrewd observer remarked to the lady by his side: 'I never saw those people before, but I am sure that the old couple made a love-marriage in their teens, that they might claim the Fifth of bacon; that the young man was a fool, the other a fool; and has had a delicate childhood.'

'Your last guess,' replied the lady, 'is the only lucky one. I chance to be present at their marriage. Colonel Reece was a grey-haired widower; the bride was an old maid of about forty; and the young man, on whom she looks so fondly, is by the colonel's first wife, and considered to be very like his mother.'

MR CRUICKSHANK'S 'WORSHIP OF BACCHUS.'

Puns of ripe age are very unwilling to change their ways, unless they be politicians. Repentance is as common as morning headaches, but to lead a new life is as difficult as to persuade one of Mr Train's omnibuses to desert its tramway and use the ordinary road. A break of gauge from broad to narrow is nothing to it. We read in history of very few cases of a gentleman's end not being more or less in accordance with his beginning. The fiery Rupert did indeed take to the Tooting bus, but it was at a time when the war-trade is understood to have been exceedingly slack. A certain monarch, too, became a monk, but there is a report that he was very soon sorry for it, and consulted the best authorities concerning the revoking of abdications. Garibaldi was a candlemaker, but I believe his firm got into the Gazette, wherein the great man had often appeared before, although with more honourable mention.

But these revolutions are trifle to that of a Comic Artist becoming a teetotaller. Artists are sober people, but they like cakes and ale, and comic artists are supposed to be particularly fond of the latter refreshment. I never heard that they take too much of it—it is indeed exceedingly difficult to do so— but they take a good deal. Any one of them might join the Temperance Society without any great inconsistency, but when he becomes a Teetotaller!—well, it is as though a Ticket-of-leave man should not only take to honest courses, but spend all his gains on the Society for the Prosecution of Felons.

At a late temperance soiree given to Mr George

* Exceedingly difficult; we have the dictum of a very decisive authority, that nobody gets drunk on beer for

† I mean a recent notice, for it is not to be supposed that temperance people 'keep it up' to the small-hours.
Cruikshank (who is the anomaly I have in my mind’s eye), the chairman observed: “In maintaining the position of toastsman, as he has done for so many years, in despite of an opposition which some of us have not felt in the circles in which we move, he has acted a brave and noble part.” I cordially echo the “Heard, heard” that echoed from the table, which clearly points to the ticket-of-leave man and his novel connection with the anti-felon society. There is no greater trait to the true toastsman, than the jeers of his unconverted companions. It must be difficult for one who is fond of punch to see other people drinking it, with numerous sarcastic remarks upon their ridiculous abstinence, and perhaps a comic sketch or two of a gentleman debarred by principle from liquor. Upon a steaming day in June after a “spurt” on the river, to behold a “punter” of iced Alkoven delivered to all the crew but one’s self, to hear the music of its prolonged descent down each individual throat, to mark the air of calm content, and the gape of gratitude when it has been partaken of, to see the back of the hand, in disregard of what is due to the conventions of society, passed slowly across the dewy lips, to be among all this, I say, and not to be of it—must be hard indeed. It would in no case be improper. Cold water does not agree with me after very strong exertion; and even under the most favourable circumstances, it reminds me of pills. If I had taken beer after pills in early life, I might have conceived a dislike for that, but I was brought up injudiciously. All honour, however, to the man in the boat who does take water. It is possible that he may be as good an ear as any of us; as any among those university crews that dart beneath Hammon’s bridge once every summer, like a couple of eight-winged dragon-flies. It is possible, although it has not yet been absolutely established, that the crews in question having never yet comprised a total abstainer, may more than they have included a drunkard. That scene in your admirable Worship of Bacchus, Mr Cruikshank, that represents university men carousing, is a little out of the moral perspective. It is an Exaggeration, or rather a pious misrepresentation. Drunkenness at college, except at boating supper-parties, wherein professional enthusiasts—water, in fact—gets into the lad’s head as much as the wine, can scarcely be said to be an existing vice. A pot* is shunned at with loathing; although, perhaps, every large college contains one or two, just as every village has its idiot. Even the entertainments called ‘Wines’ at the universities, which are held twice a term, and after dinner, are becoming less and less frequent, voted dullest and dullest by each generation of Freshmen. I mention this last libel of Mr Cruikshank’s, because it is one of the few blaberies of what is really a great moral picture, and one which can well afford to be found a little in fault. As a general rule, too, exaggeration has been studiously avoided.

The Worship of Bacchus, now exhibiting in Wel-lington Street, Strand, is a very large oil painting, the intention of which is to shew the universal favour in which that god is held. The health of the little Christian, when the baby is named, is drunk, in something or other which is not water. The XXX ale, ‘to be tapped when Master Tommy comes of age,’ is tapped according, and Many Happy Returns of the Day are wished to him. The health of the bride and bridgegroom, when he marries, is drunk with all the honours, or what are considered so in intimate society. And when Tommy comes of age, we keep up our spirits at his funeral by drinking still.

Now, so far as the upper classes are concerned, Mr Cruikshank admits that there is no harm done. But while the gentry take sufficient only to make them of a cheerful countenance, the folks below stairs and without doors drink to excess. The mother of Tommy is represented as receiving a pot* of porter (for lacteal purposes) from the wicked doctor’s hands; and she and the baby thrive upon it; but the monthly nurse has her ‘pot,’ also her refreshing liquor, which is much more deleterious; while in humble life the baby itself gets gin. At the birthday and the wedding-feast the guests are merry and wise, the servants merry but not wise, and the outer world of hangers-on and village-dependants are drunk. At the funeral, Tommy’s personal friends take a glass of their old friend’s justly celebrated port, and it comforts them; but the undertaker’s men, the mutes, the followers, and all who should be under the influence only of sympathetic feeling, are affected by ardent spirits. In a lower rank of life it often happens that almost everybody but the corpse is drunk. We are most of us familiar with those long processions in Oxford Street, tending to the north-west, and consisting of one or two hours and fourteen cabs; in the first two cabs or so are sorrowing relatives; in the next four are persons in decent gait; but in the rest, and on the roofs of them, are a set of people whose affliction is so greatly mitigated by strong liquors, that they seem to be going to the Derby rather than Kensal Green. Mr Cruikshank has put the case with force but fairness. The clergy, notwithstanding that ‘horrible abyss’ (looking like the Adelphi Arches) which yawns beneath them, are not represented as intoxicating themselves, but only taking as much as is good for them, and that (doubtless) for their stomachs’ sakes. Only the Mohammedan, pointing to ‘the Koran’ with one hand, holds up the other in horror at their proceedings, and the mild Hindu cannot conceive how a Christian missionary should have a weakness for ‘bouncy pawnnee.’ Nothing escapes the stern apostle of teetotalism. The negroes at evening-parties (which, goodness knows! is innocent enough) are doing its evil in the shape of example, while drunken coachmen are upsetting their carriages outside the gilded drawing-room. Children in farmhouses are partaking of home-brewed beer in the most guileless manner; a flite-chametre (with plenty of champagne) is being held ‘for the benefit of those whom gin has made desolate,’ and the benevolent party seems to be enjoying itself within due bounds. But in the background of this Mediation of the upper classes is Excess in the lower—men and women grovelling in the kennel; suicides with poison, pistol, and razor; brutal cruelty; poverty in rage; and all the annals of the police-court.

In one picture, the lord-mayor is dining at the Mansion House, and pressing his guests to drink their wine, and in the next he is a poor man. This is a powerful denouncing the victims of an inferior description of liquor. The judge is giving his bar-dinner, and passing the bottle with geniality; but in the next picture, he is listening to counsel for the prosecution, who is holding up a bottle to his view, and pointing to the murderer in the dock before them. The officers of a regiment are enjoying themselves at mess; but a private is being flogged by court-martial, for not knowing where to stop at the canteen. The gun-room is jolly; but the forecastle is more than half-seas over. The dinner-party of Gentlemen is all that can be desired; but the Sons of Harmony conclude their upbraiding entertainment by the massacre of a policeman.

The ‘brewery,’ the ‘distillery,’ the ‘Angel’—to be drunk on the premises,’ exhibit their results in the ‘hospital,’ the ‘Magdalen Institution,’ the ‘cemetery,’ the ‘lunatic asylum,’ the ‘jail,’ and the ‘galley.’ Fires upon sea and shore, shipwrecks, riffs, and the being garrotted—all are represented as being the result of strong liquors. Hogarth, in Gin Lane, did

* The delineation of this pot,” says Mr Cruikshank, “has been objected to; but the usual prescription is, I believe, two pints per idea, and two pints, you know, make one gallon, so there is no other way, in ‘the language of Art,’ to represent this fact.”
but represent a leaf from the history of Human Depravity produced by Drink; but Mr Cruikshank has given us the whole volume. It is the most unmis-
takable allegory that ever has been painted: Man, as a whole, Music, Poetry, are all personified in their pro-
fessors, who, are to say the least of it, elevated by something else than their Art. In the foreground of the picture is a tomb, on which is written: 'Sacre-
fied at the shrine of Bacchus—father, mother, sister, brother, wife and children, body and mind; and upon this tomb, Mad Tom is dancing in his strait-
wasted, delighted—wretched creature—that he has committed all this mischief. The publicans are of course depicted as the principal sinners; they have, it seems, actually introduced a new disease among their fellow-creatures, which is called after their name; they ruin a man, and then make an advertising sand-
wich of him, which compels him to ruin others; he perambulates the streets between two boards, on each of which is written: 'The Fox and the Goose Music Hall,' or, as Mr Cruikshank would put it, 'The Rogue and th' Thief.'

I am told there are nearly a thousand distinct figures in this A Worship of Bacchus, which is not so much a picture as a collection of pictures illustrating the subject. It is no wonder that it has employed Mr Cruikshank for a period of eighteen months. He himself speaks of it modestly as merely the mapping out of certain ideas for an especial purpose, so that a lover may use it, or an engraver from it, as so many diagrams, and the mind be operated upon both through the eye and ear. At all events, it is a very interesting and striking work, and especially characteristic of its author. Whether it will have the effect of making a moderate drinker understand why he should leave off such intoxication because there are others that have a large quantity, is a matter, however, of the gravest doubt. That three-fourths of the vice and crime committed by the lower orders in this country is attributable to strong liquors, I do believe; but will good example cure this? The upper classes have their vices in plenty, doubtless, but they have given up drunkenness this twenty years, with no corresponding improvement in those who are said to be their imitators. The Pledge is a most admirable institution for those who, having once fallen into the mire, feel a constant tendency to slip off the path of Sobriety; but, like the rails on Helvellyn, that are recommended every year by the lake tourists, it is only useful to persons of the weakest head. Totalism, as has been said, is the salvation of a class of people greatly exposed to the temptation against which it is aimed; but for the majority of respect-
able folks it is no more necessary than bullets to one who is not a cripple. They would as soon think of carrying about with them a pocket fire-
escape, or a patent telescopic life-boat, or a lightning-
conductor at the side of their hats. They are no more liable to be overtaken by liquor than by the Simoom. It is not easy to persuade them that, 'by abstaining themselves, they will help to save millions of their fellow-creatures from destruction,' for if Mad Tom sacrifices father, mother, sister, brother, wife and children, body and mind, in the A Worship of Bac-
chus, is it likely that the example of Belgraves Square itself, if it should destroy its cellars to-morrow, would deter him from his vile propensity? Whether the strong arm of the law should not be empowered to take Mad Tom in an early stage of his lunacy, and lock him up in a hospital is indeed another matter worthy of grave attention; but to impose total absti-
nence upon sane folks in order to shame him by the contemplation of the best Society, would be as abortive as to take a pig for the long vacation into immaculate Holland, to teach him habits of clean-
liness.

In the lecture which Mr George Cruikshank delivered upon the subject of this interesting picture, he expressed himself less moderately than with his brush. In speaking of that unhappy university "diagram," he said, young men were ruined for life by the strong ales sold at the colleges. It would really be worth the while of the Temperance League to send a commission into our benighted universi-
ties, for its own sake, in order to gain some little information concerning them; but what affected me more than this ludicrous accusation, was the con-
temptuous manner in which he spoke of Trinity Ale. What wicked things even a good man will say when he becomes an enthusiast! Nothing is sacred from his angry flash: the ale that has gladdened our New-
town, and sobered our Forset, and still supports our Whewell, was classed in the same category as publi-
can's gin! The ale that was sung by Barry Cornwall was spoken of in the same breath with the puri sar-
castically alluded to by Hood.* I had a few dozen in my cellar at home, and I own I felt irritated for the moment. One does not like one's little property to be depreciated.

I called to mind the many admirable treats this same George Cruikshank has afforded to me and my father before me—for although vigorous, the great artist is not young—these have been associated with the most moving-books of the present century? Has he not redeemed a whole library of fiction, which but for him would have been dull? Has he not been an engraver, and been an endeavouring to benefit his fellow-creatures, and to win the worst of them back from vice to virtue, and is not this great work of his—the A Worship of Bacchus—the culmination of his noble labours? Then I betook myself to what I believe I may call my virtu-
ous home—albeit, I am not a Total Abstainer—and dined; and during cheese-time, there was brought unto me, reverently, from the cell, a bottle probably sealing-waxed—a pint bottle, Mr George Cruikshank, upon my honour! Then I remembered what you had been saying about the evils of ladies partaking of malt liquor, and I did not give my wife a drop, but drank it all myself, to your very good health, and with the utmost satisfaction—for it was Trinity audit ale.

**PAY-DAY AT THE WORKS.**

In the annals of the poor, pay-day is the greatest of periodical events. Coming, as it generally does, on a Saturday, it is a pleasant winding-up of their week's or fortnight's labour to go to the office and receive the equivalent of the work they have been performing. It is interesting to stand at the office-door, or inside, where the pay-clerk is surrounded with books and papers, and has rolls of bank-notes, and multitudinous piles of gold, silver, and copper counted out ready to hand, and watch the various characters who come to be paid.

If the reader be not already well acquainted with collieries and ironworks, and the different kinds of men employed in them, let him stand by with us and have a look at the motley crew who come forward to receive their wages. Among those who are already gathered round the door, we can per-
ceive miners, furnace-men, forge-men, mill-men, pud-
diers, labourers, and other nomeclature hands, whose duties cannot well be made out from their external appearance. Colliers, on the other hand, are easily recognised; and those who are labouring underground can readily be singled out by a peculiar damp, earthy odour which clings to their garments. This is so strong, that I have known a horse frequently snort and turn aside when catching a whiff of them, as

* And some within the purling brook
Did take their early walk.

Epping Hunt.
a knot of these sturdy fellows shoulder each other along, all in a cluster.

It is a ‘butty’ collier, or charter-master, who first makes his appearance in the office, when the door-keeper has signified that they may come in, one at a time. He is a big, burly fellow, and looks as though superintending the work of a hundred colliers was anything but an unprofitable occupation. He clasps his dingy ‘Jim Crow’ on the floor, and, going up to the desk, looks over the money placed ready for him; then with a stolid air of independence, crumples up the roll of bank-bills, shows them away in his breast coat-pocket, and shows a handful of sovereigns into another receptacle under his flannel shirt, in a matter-of-fact business way, that shows he is not at all accustomed to heavy monetary transactions. By and by, you would find him at his own pit-cabin, sitting with an air of great importance amidst a quantity of gold, silver, and copper into which he has converted the bills and other money he brought away from the office. He has almost as many individuals to pay as they have at the general depot, and each party takes his own view of the matter. Young men are wanting their wages raised, and boys are suing for more ‘pocket-money.’ Some he has to pay off and discharge, others to give notice to; deductions have to be made from the wages of those to whom he has been generous enough to lend money, and all sorts of grievances and complaints are to be listened to and redressed, so that his place is no sinecure.

The next person that comes into the office is of a very different stamp, a furnace-man fresh from his engine, who is in a hurry and in a hurry, and, moreover, all wet with perspiration, let him come out of his turn, that he may get back to his furnace the more quickly. He is stripped to his shirt, and as he steps into the office he wipes the sweat from his face with an apron that is twisted round his waist. His brawny chest is bare, and looks very red from the glare of the fire before which he has been so long, while drops of perspiration are yet trickling down among the hairs, as his broad breast heaves from the recent exertion. He proudly works with his hand to the working of his furnace, and how heavy it ‘throws off;’ and then, gathering up the money for himself and some fellow-workers into his hands—the colour of which sets off the gold and silver to great advantage—away he hurries back again into the fire and smoke.

Shinglers from the forge follow; and it is strange to see such rough-looking fellows pocket their share of the gold, which is much more than we should have thought they earned, with quite a look of contempt at the bright Californian metal, all of which they take care to scrape together and carry away nevertheless. What some of these forge-men earn in a week would seem quite a little fortune to the Norfolk farm-labourer, who must often be content with his eight or nine shilings. But the work is correspondingly hot and heavy; and any one who has watched these men during the hot months of summer, as they twist about the huge balls of puddled iron, to bring them properly under the anvil on the mighty hammer which drops continually upon them with such thundering blows, will see at once that good wages must be paid for such broiling and laborious employment, which the man who does not do it would not think of doing for strong men. If you were to follow the shingler who has just been paid into the forge, you would see him metamorphosed into one of Vulcan’s warriors, with iron tears upon his face and tears of sweat streaming over his eyes, to protect him from the splashing of refuse and iron which the heavy hammer will make fly out of that big red-hot ball, which he swings beneath it.

A puddler is the next who makes his appearance, and he does not seem at all satisfied with the larger heap of money he pockets for himself and his helper, though he will retain the lion’s share for himself, and transfer but a fractional part of the wages to his ‘under-hand,’ who has tried under his orders, but the work notwithstanding. These men are notable for being a dissatisfied set, and many are the troubles which arise between them and their masters, for they think nothing of ‘dropping their tools,’ and letting the work stand, on the smallest ground of complaint. Had Bessemer’s plan, of blowing the iron instead of puddling it, answered satisfactorily, it would have saved the manufacturers much anxiety, for puddling is a slow process, and involves much hard labour, which few workmen will give to it unless they are very closely watched. A good set of puddlers, who would do justice in every ‘heat’ to the pig-iron given them, would almost be invaluable in an ironworks. As it is, two old and steady workmen, of the same class, are appointed to look over them, one by night, and one by day, and they are in some measure responsible that the work is not neglected by any of the men. A little girl next comes in for ‘father’s money,’ for that relative having been at work the previous night, is not inclined to get up out of bed and come himself. He knows, too, that none of the rough fellows, however bad they may be in his other respects, will take a farthing from his little daughter, though she will have to pass, on her way from their cottage to the office, through groups of young men ready for almost any mischief that may turn up. She looks very proud of the trust reposed in her, and ties the money carefully in a corner of a cotton handkerchief before she leaves the office.

There are also several others hanging about, who, as soon as their husbands have reckoned, coax or demand, as the case may be, a little of the loose cash from them, that they may go early to market, and have the pick of the best joints and the choicest vegetables. Who is this who comes hobbling up to the office-door by the aid of a crutch and a stick, and is welcomed so heartily by the other workmen standing about? Some of them even go so far as to shake hands with him, which means more than the ordinary salutation, for men in his condition would never think of shaking hands, except to greet an old acquaintance returned, or welcome one who had been ill or absent for some time. ‘Tim,’ we ascertain, is a collier who, not so very long ago, met with a severe accident in one of the pits, having fallen for a distance of more than twenty yards into the bottom, or ‘sump,’ and been taken up for dead. When the doctor examined him, he found two bad fractures, one in the lower part of the leg, and one in the other thigh, so that, in fact, both his legs were broken; and besides these, a fearful gash on one side of his skull, which seemed wide enough itself to let the life out of any living thing except a collier. The case was given up as hopeless; and though the medical man, as a matter of form, and for his own satisfaction, did contrive, somehow or other, to set the poor fellow’s legs, it was not done with the care he would have taken had he considered there was the slightest hope of the man’s recovery. Strange to say, after Tim had lain insensible for a long while, he at last began to shew signs of returning animation, and to evince by unmistakable tokens that all his brains had not gone out through the big rent in his head. Recovery, under such difficult circumstances, was necessarily very slow; but the natural forces of his constitution were peculiarly strong; and Tim, with all the wisdom of those who have thought it possible, has left his bed, and is making plausible efforts to get out of doors with
the help of straps and crutches. This is the first time he has travelled as far as the colliery-office, to fetch the pay due to him out of the Field Club, and that is the reason there is such a demonstration of kindly feeling towards him from all the other men, for he comes almost as one risen from the dead.

It is really wonderful the amount of vitality there is in a coal miner. It is more than in a man who has spent his greater part of his life underground. The frequent recurrence of trilling accidents, which, though not perhaps endangering life, would be considered by other men as grievous bodily hurts, make a collier, in time, rather callous to pain. Danger, too, from its constant imminence, becomes familiar with, and there is much trouble in persuading him to take the most ordinary and necessary precautions. I myself have seen a man, who but a few weeks before had been most severely crushed, and all but killed, by the falling upon him of several tons of coal, working in precisely a similar position to the one he occupied before—that is, squattting, or almost lying, fairly under a large bench of coal he had been undermining with his pick—and yet, while in this dangerous position, he was joking with his companions, and seemed utterly careless about putting one additional prop, as a precaution against the measure falling on him a second time.

Another collier who has now come in for his club-pay, and looks as if he was thriving upon it, does not meet with so good a reception. The master asks him, rather pointedly. He 'M's' a knuckle of his is a bit better, and when he is coming to work. Sometimes a man of loose principle, liking to live for a time on the pay he receives from the regular Field Club, and perhaps another charity club besides, complains that he has 'knuckled,' or inwardly scraped himself; and as sometimes such a thing really does occur, he may think it necessary upon the whole, for a length of time, for a change in his head rather artistically, and the trim moustache of his cultivates, give him a slightly fast air, as though he well knew his position among his fellow-workmen, and had no mean opinion of himself. There are some few whose sojourn among the iron-works of the black country does not seem to have robbed of their rustic simplicity. That old waggoner, who still sticks to his rural snuff-box, elaborately ornamented with needle-work, and the breeches and gaiters of other generations, would appear more in character driving his trolley through the coal lanes of Merry England, or whistling jovially from between the handles of a plough, than trudging, as he does, along roads blackened with coal-dust, or beside iron tramways bearing their heavy carriageloads of minerals.

I have known such men, who, after staying in the works for a good many years, for the advantage of the better wages they have received, return again to their farming-life in the evening of their days; and we can fancy how welcome must have been the song of the blackbird, the call of the waterfowl, the chittering of the wood-pigeon, after the thumping din of the forge-hammer, the rattling of chains, and wheels, and pulleys, and the many-voiced clamour of inharmonious sounds, where men bring metals into servitude. You may note among the men that have been brought up in the country that there is a more respectful deference to their superiors than among those who have lived from childhood in a manufacturing district. It is remarkable in the manner in which the countryman enters the office; he does not doff his cap, and step forward with a jaunty air, like some of them, as though he felt scarce the slightest inferiority to his master, and would be happy to take the manager's place to-morrow if it was offered to him. On the contrary, he seems rather averse on entering that inner sanctum, lays his hat carefully down at the door, and treads softly, as stroking down the hairs on his forehead, he advances towards the desk where his money is awaiting him, and gives a wondering sidelong glance at the piles of gold and silver, ready counted in glistening pillars.

It is amusing to watch how carefully some of the workmen come to understand how they take it up; how others, not equal to such ready reckoning, will turn it over, piece by piece, as they leave the door behind, and you can see that they have summed it up by their slow process of mental arithmetic, while they remain in sight; while a good many, taking for granted that it is all right, hurriedly sweep to the continent with the Duke of York, and that he got that ugly scar which seems his forehead, not in the thick of the fight during any great action, but while he was on a foraging expedition, when he was very near being left behind for dead. His regiment, he owns, was one of those which were too late to take a part in the great battle of Waterloo, or he thinks, if he had saved his life he would have been allowed his pension, and not have had to labour in his old age. Being eighty years of age, it is not much that he can do in the way of work; and the pay he receives from his indulgent master, for ruddling oven-sand, or other light employment, is more like a second pension than anything else. Note well, though, how, as he walks away after getting his money, his broad back and still sturdy step show that, though short of stature, he was once 'a mighty man of valour,' who would have considered himself a match for three frog-eating Frenchmen at the least.

There is a great contrast, between this old warrior and the young craftsman who next steps forward. He is typical of the 'young England' workmen; and his smart, elastic step and intelligent face bespeak one who works a little with his head as well as his hands. His employment as engine-fitter gives scope to his mental as well as physical energies, and the amiable-looking skull-cap he wears on one side of his head rather artistically, and the trim moustache of his cultivates, give him a slightly fast air, as though he well knew his position among his fellow-workmen, and had no mean opinion of himself. There are some few whose sojourn among the iron-works of the black country does not seem to have robbed of their rustic simplicity. That old waggoner, who still sticks to his rural snuff-box, elaborately ornamented with needle-work, and the breeches and gaiters of other generations, would appear more in character driving his trolley through the coal lanes of Merry England, or whistling jovially from between the handles of a plough, than trudging, as he does, along roads blackened with coal-dust, or beside iron tramways bearing their heavy carriageloads of minerals.

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it up from the desk into their hand or hat, and leave such difficult monetary calculation to be performed, by the aid of their spectacles, in a quiet corner at their leisure.

There has been during all pay-time a sound of money chinking near the outer door of the office; so let us now go and see what it is about, and whether there is any secondary reckoning coming off outside their premises. On a chump of wood, near to the entrance, there is a man sitting, looking too clean to have been working lately. On going nearer to him, we see that his face is very pale, and his cheeks gone in, and that there are dark lines round his deep-set and haggard eyes. His fingers are wrinkled, and very white, and the yellow, parchment-like skin is peeling off the inside of his once hard and horny hands. A staff lying near shows that he can walk but feebly; and the way his clothes hang about him, speak for the emaciated state of his once sturdy limbs. Long illness has shrivelled him up; but he tries bravely, not to succumb, and hopes, in a day or two, to be able to make his first attempt again to work, beginning with some light employment that will not too severely overtax his slowly returning strength.

It having been many weeks since he earned anything for his family, and the club-pay being too little to live on long together, his fellow-workmen have persuaded him to have joined him in the reckoning men work, and to help him support his wife and children. Beside him is a common iron bucket, and there are a few of the men who pass by, after being paid, who do not drop into it a piece of silver or some loose money. Some men address a few words to him, heering him up a bit in their way; but he does not seem anxious to be talked to, and when he hears the money chink in the bucket, he looks rather than speaks his thanks; and when, with averted face, he pokes the ground with his stick as some old butty labourer advances, fumbling in his pocket with charitable intent, there is a look of ingenuous shame about him, as though his spirit withered under the humiliation he is subjected to in being thus compelled to ask his fellow-man for aid. There is, before they have done reckoning, a tolerable amount of small-change in the bottom of the bucket, for which his wife and weans at home will be very grateful, and which amply evidences the true benevolence existing among the poor, and their cordial sympathy for real distress.

If we were to look round the works soon after pay-time, we should find many a workman struggling hard by the aid of his ‘messes,’ to make an equitable division of the cash among the several men for whom he has been reckoning. Here and there, a foreman has got a little band of artisans round him, whom he pays one by one, and checks off the amount in his memorandum-book, with the air of one who has been used to it, and who knows to the fraction of an hour what each of his hands has done for him in daily labour since last pay-day. These foremen are rather apt to grind the men down to the lowest penny, and consequently the ‘hands’ in general would much rather be employed by the master direct, than be placed under the miseries by which they can hardly be dispensed with in large undertakings, where an extended supervision indeed would be required, if foremen were not allowed to contract for the work. Hence will the paper and metal money paid away by the cashier early to-day be distributed all over the neighbourhood! It will radiate from the office to the country, and the longer from the distant village, away from the smoke, will take some of it back in return for the basket of fruit or vegetables she finds a good market for in the black country.

Cleann John, no doubt, has his share, for the collier delights in the gaudy coloured veasts which are to be had at such seemingly fabulous prices; and the vendors of quack medicines will have their muddles.

Big loaves. Our chump and heavy joints from the butcher, bring down the working-man’s exchequer considerably, and by the time the huckster’s score is wiped off, the funds are really getting low. It is well if the old dame can get her good-man to turn towards home without entering the ‘public,’ for she wants, badly enough, all that is left in his pockets, towards paying the rent and liquidating that long-standing doctor’s bill.

COURT OF EQUITY AT THE ALLOA COLLIERIES.

PREVIOUS TO THE YEAR 1775, all miners in Scotland were in law denominated actriscripta glione—that is, serfs or slaves—‘they were attached to the property where they were born, and could not be removed, nor change their employment. If the property on which they were born was sold, they, with their wives and children, were sold with it. This slavery existed until the year 1775, or eighty-seven years ago, when by act of parliament it was most properly abolished.

While under this state of slavery, the miners were in a most degraded state in society. They were very much looked down upon; their moods, manners, and actions marked them out as a race different from the common labourer; but since their emancipation, these peculiarities have vanished; the marked line of distinction is no longer to be traced; they are found in the scale of society, and form now a respectable class.

After the miners obtained their freedom by act of parliament, as before mentioned, they were at liberty to go where they chose, which gave them a habit of going from one work to another. To obviate this, their employers engaged them and their families for a period extending from seven to fourteen years, for which they received bounty-money proportional to the years of the engagement. This system did not answer, for they were constantly running off, and this was followed by warrants for their apprehension and imprisonment. At last all engagements whatever were put an end to, and from that time to the present, they have settled quietly at their work. This is one of the many instances which shows how repugnant the human mind is to all manner of enslavement or oppressive restraint.

The Alloa Colliery Bailie Court, or Court of Equity, is a most singular and useful institution, and it is questionable if anything like it is in existence in Great Britain. About one hundred years ago, Lord Thomas Erskine was proprietor of the Mar estates and the collieries of Alloa. At that period, the miners were slaves, or rather, bound to them, mentioned, and were ignorant, rude, and lawless; they were degraded, and very low in the scale of society. Quarrels were common amongst them, and then the law of nature was restored to; blows were freely given, often to the effusion of blood; and as there were but few surnames amongst them, they had a clumsy feeling, and extensive bruises were the consequence. The hand of the strong bore down and oppressed the weak, who were obliged to apply to the bailie of the barony of Alloa for redress, who had ample powers, by the commission which he held, to punish offenders by fine or imprisonment. But these quarrels were so frequent, and the bailie having to proceed in a legal and systematic manner by examining witnesses, and taking down in writing their depositions, there was no end to his labours, and the miners in attending day after day at the bailie-court lost much of their work. It occurred to Lord Thomas Erskine, who was very benevolent, and the best of masters, to introduce an untried and novel system, which would supersede the necessity of resorting to the court of the bailie of the barony of Alloa, so far as regarded his miners, by instituting the Alloa Colliery Bailie Court, or Court of Equity, which still exists, at the present time, in vigour and usefulness.

Lord Erskine selected five of the most intelligent and decent of the miners, and nominated them bailies; one of the five he made president of the court; a workman who could write was appointed clerk; and a miner in the decline
LIFE IN THE STREAM.

Upon a rough old wooden bridge I leant,
That spanned a deep and smoothly flowing stream;
The slender minnow swiftly came and went,
Turning to silver in the sun's bright beam.
Close by the bank, within the alder's shade,
Above the brambles, trailing in the stream,
The king-fisher his dazzling flight had made,
With flashing plumes; a stolen rainbow's gleam.
The dragon-fly, with thin micaceous wings,
Hovered and flitted in the heated air,
Over the water, dappled in small rings.
By the light touch of insects sporting there.
Music of murmurs from the winged thorax—
The soft faint rustling of the soothing breeze—
The quiet happiness of nature's song,
Filled my soul full of pleasing harmonies.

The water-hen with outstretched neck appears,
From bank to bank, with warning croak, she glides,
Where flags and rushes wave their thousand spears,
Or dives beneath the surface, where she hides,
Until, beneath the willow's pale grey shade,
She, unobserved, bursts from her seeming grave,
In some dark hole the waterwash has made,
And quite secure, moves with the mimic wave.

As swift as thought before a musling mind
Will come, and pause, then frightened, flit away,
Scared by some daily noise, borne on the wind,
Of distant voices, loud in work or play.
The grim, rough water-rat upon the shore
Wears a broad groove in the soft yielding mud,
Forms in the earth his winding corridor,
A safe retreat when gorged with rind or bud:
There, in the deepest silence, he withdraws;
No more is heard the clipping sound of teeth,
As when he nipped, with his rapid jaws,
The juicy bark that forms the reed's young sheath.
The joyous bird that warbles in the sedge—
The pulsed motif that falls from willow-leaves—
The flowers growing by the water's edge—
The spider, who his net with cunning weaves—
Have each a separate beauty and a place;
And, to the mind reflective, they recall
The almighty power and the boundless grace
God scatters through this fair world for us all.

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THE PROFITS.

Will it pay? is a sound, sensible question. It furnishes a practical standard wherewith to gauge the merits of those rose-tinted schemes with which projectors are so fond of dazzling us. A coarse test, no doubt, but amply sufficient for common use, and one that has toppled down the card-castle of many a full-grown child. This curt inquiry is forced upon us by the very necessities of our position in the world. We, the race of Adam, must work ere we can eat, and if our labour be thrown away on idle tasks, there will be scarcity to-morrow. And what is true of the mass is true of the units that compose it. Humanly speaking, our toil must be of a profitable nature, or it is worthless.

It is all very well for the political economists to build up their broad theories, and to declare that each individual makes the best bargain possible with society for his services; they mistake the will for the deed. What sort of bargain has stout Ronald there, digging potatoes in Uist or Egg for a shilling a day at best, partly nourished on shell-fish and sea-weed, made for his services? Or Dick, the Dorsetshire shepherd, who has been wet to the skin, and chilled to the marrow hundreds of times during the forty years that he has tended sheep on the bleak and misty downs, and who has an old age of rheumatism before him, and the Union looming in the distance?

No; ignorance, prejudice, the pressure of immediate want, the necessary grasping at the bird in the hand, though a whole covey may lie hidden in the bush, have decided most men and women of their employment, since the world was a world. It is so still, but in a modified degree. Education and the stir of the century are breaking up the old system of vegetative industry; and the theory of the economists will one day blossom into fact.

But leaving such extreme cases as those of Ronald and Dick, let us see how it fares with those who have—what the isleman and the South Saxon lack—schooling and leisure to think and read, and whose minds are not wholly absorbed in the need of providing for the morrow's sustenance. The great middle class, that elastic body which comprises in itself so many grades and ranks, is not at ease with respect to its social bargain. Mr Jones lies awake in the night-watches, anxiously pondering over the start in life that he can afford his sons. Thomas can go into the office, perhaps, and John be articled to Vellum and Pounce, and wild Ned be shipped to Australia, but Alfred, his mother's darling, what is to be done with him? Mrs Jones wishes to see him a clergyman, but the father feels dubious on the subject, and flinches from the notion of college expenses and a prospective curacy.

What Mr Jones feels is experienced by many and many fathers anxious for their sons' sake, and by many thoughtful youths, gazing with wistful hope on the impenetrable curtain of the future. Mothers, it is true, are usually more sanguine. It is an absurd but a touching sight, that of Mrs Robinson, in the midst of her curly-headed darlings, weaving the web of their future destiny like an amiable Valkyr.

Arthur shall be a bishop, nay, archbishop of Canterbury; James, wiser than his brethren—she sees the Lord Chancellor's wig already crowning his baby head; sprightly Harry shall wear scarlet and gold, and be a general one day; and as for little Edwin, who already shews a precocious genius for healing, evinced by his administering bread-pills to the cat, he shall be a great physician. Heigho! how many such fond mothers are there even now busy in bespeaking the chief prizes of life for their offspring, and how few of these air-built ships will ever come safe to land?

Some men find their career as ready made to hand as those of the poorest and least instructed workers, only that their path is smooth and rose-bestrewed. Lord Adolphus yonder was born a statesman—of a certain sort. Before he left the nursery, he knew what bright destiny awaited him. His revered tutor never forgot to impress upon him that he was one day to govern his countrymen; and when he left Oxford, and returned from the grand tour, he budded into parliamentary and official life as naturally as Barney the Irish labourer took to hod and ladder. So young Mr Midas, even in his teens, was quite at home in the bank parlour, and has steadily addressed himself through life to fill the square-toed shoes of his gold-compelling father.

Most of us, however, must choose, not freely, perhaps, but warped and biased by circumstances and early notions, what line we will adopt. In former days, almost every family possessed one boy, at least, self-devoted to Neptune. Tom would go to sea, in spite of all that his sisters could urge, in spite of
papa’s reluctance and his mother’s tears. Salt-water literature, Marryat’s novels, Nelson’s Life, Cook’s Voyages, and certain wild legends of piratical rovers, were, generally speaking, part of this sea-going mania, coupled with the natural longing of a lively lad to see the world and seek adventure. But in this selection there was small hankering after profit. The naval officer does not, like Drake or Raleigh, laden with spoil. A little prize-money is yet picked up on the coast of Africa, where luck and skill combine to help the cruising captain, but the value of a taken slave-ship is slight when compared with the booty won in elder days.

The oldest of employments, agriculture, is by no means the easiest, at least, in our crowded Europe. Any hardworking, sober person can conjure a livelihood out of the virgin soil of Australia, where successive crops of giant wheat reward the tillage of the deep black mould; and in America there has hitherto been no lack of good corn-land to bring under the plough or hoe. But to farm in England or France at a profit is not quite so simple; and we are in a transition state, with the rare advantage of seeing the old-fashioned agriculturist, soon to be as extinct as the mammoths, side by side with the educated capitalist who is repulsively rich and has no responsibility.

Look at Farmer Turnip-top, a man for whom I confess a sort of friendly regret, though I know that his doom is registered, and that he must go where many a defunct British institution has gone. Sturdy, slow, and rather obstinate, is Mr Turnip-top, a hater of innovations, whatsoever they be. He does not like machinery, nor steam-power, nor improved breeds of cattle, nor the theories of bookish men. His aspirations are all for the good old times of the French war, when bread was a shilling a quarter, and ale a shilling a quart, and wheat and barley sold at fancy prices. Somehow, though corn and cattle sell well, Mr Turnip-top has a distressing consciousness that his nose is being put out of joint, so to speak, by his wealthy neighbours, at least, in our crowded Europe.

A shrewd man and a scientific is Newcome, one who has steadily brought capital to bear upon the land, who knows all about the rotation of crops, all about deep drainage, composts, dressings, drilling, short-horns, and Italian rye-grass. He can modify and transmute sheep, pigs, and oxen with a skill that savours of jugglery, analyses the soil as daintily as if it were a sauce and not mud, and can count turnips and mangel-wurzel by their Latin names. He has the best machinery, the best horses that money can buy, never grudges an outlay that promises a return, and adheres to all Arcadia with the roar of the steam-engines that do his winnowing and threshing, his haymaking and haypressing, like ugly iron brownies more potent than men.

Newcome, rich from the first, grows rapidly richer, and merits his success. He is rather a contradiction to the received rural theories. To be sure, his men are better paid and more contented than Turnip-top’s, his by-roads better kept, his rent paid as punctually as Bank of England dividends. But his landlord is a little afraid of the well-to-do tenant, whose farm is as big as a small estate, who will insist on a long lease before he buries his money in the land, who must have a reserve of shooting, and whose bargain is a purely commercial one, with no question of feudal attachment or sympathy. As for coercing Mr Newcome’s vote when election-time comes round, the squire can no more do it than the lord of a London manor can put the screw on his tenantry. There is no obligation of courtment, nothing but a fair pennyworth for a ready penny.

We cannot all be Newcomes. A whole library of works on tillage, from Mr Coke’s or Mr Richard to Mr Horsky’s wise and clever little volume, Talpa; or Chronicles of a Clay Farm, cannot teach practical farming, and even Turnip-top’s rough traditions are better than the dreams of Professor Flightig, Newcome has both practice and theory to help him, being usually the educated son of some farmer of more sense and forethought than himself. But how fares it in general with the townswoman, the retired naval officer, the captain who sells his commission in the Royal Flungers, marries Miss Jane, and takes a farm? Poor man, like Drake or Raleigh, laden with spoil. A little prize-money is yet picked up on the coast of Africa, where luck and skill combine to help the cruising captain, but the value of a taken slave-ship is slight when compared with the booty won in elder days.

Even if you were sensible, active, and able to govern, your men will not work as well for you as for Turnip-top, to the benefit of the tenant and his landlord. Yet enough, you really do not know how much work can be fairly expected from horse or man, and make woful blunders about fodder and seed-corn, until the yeoman farmer, poor man, is master of his own house.

The most profitable crops are of a comparatively eccentric character, such as mulberries and poppies, lavender, canary-seed, rose-berries, and so forth, all of which only answer in particular localities. So with wool, turnip-seed, and other harvests liable to peculiar risks, but capable of yielding great profits. Hops and flax, again, are most valuable crops, although the growth of the first is a lottery, and that of the second exhaustive and difficult. Market-gardening, near a great city, is a well-paid investment of trouble and cost, in spite of the havoc which a hailstorm or blight sometimes occasions: and few properties can vie with an easter-bed, fast-rooted on the ashes or banks of some friendly river, and bringing in a safe rental that fills upland proprietors with wonder and envy.

Well-managed woods should prove a steady source of revenue, fir-timber in especial, where the soil serves and watered land, the best method of planting with six per cent. on the outlay; whereas pasture and arable land are estimated, on a fair average of the United Kingdom, to yield but three per cent. in the way of gross profit. Where the south of Europe possesses over the north, in climates favouring the vegetation which cannot endure our keen air and darker sky. The vine, olive, and mulberry, banked up, terrace over terrace, bestow on Provence and Italy their bounteous harvests of silk, oil, and wine. In these countries, a vein of wealth seems to pervade the land, and the gains of the husbandman, in good years, contrast forcibly with the yield of the same amount of acreage elsewhere.

The sensible Dutchman has found out how to turn a marsh into a gold mine. Thanks to his unwearied toil, the emerald meadows of the Netherlands pasture the best milch kine in Europe. No cows like Dutch cows, no grazing like theirs, no butter so good as that which is distinctly made in Dutch churns, in the spickish, speckless dairies of Holland. They supply Germany, England, and Northern France. The Ostend butter of the sea-coast, the London butter which fetches so high a price in country towns, is the fairest and most wholesome in all markets, comes originally from Damme or Flushing, and the value of a Dutch dairy-farm is counted by hoards of gold. Mining is a dubious investment. It has always had great temptations. Men point to Creuse, suddenly enriched by coal or iron, and now buying up estates.
as a school-boy buys tarts, and their mouths water for similar success. But the gnomes that reign below are not equally kind to all explorers, as mining captains and surveyors know but too well. For one man who has discovered a quartz mine, a quantity of gold estimated by these means, twenty have lost all. Lead, tin, copper, have ruined more fair fortunes, certainly, than coal or iron, but they must yield the palm to silver, and who but he who has the secret to stop the run of luck is adverse, but that Wheat Poldyddymum share makes but a haphazard investment for a poor man’s slender fortune.

The liberal professions, so called, leave the widest margin between actual starvation and a plethora of wealth. The bar, for example, gives a competence to comparatively few, and entitles to wear forensic horsehair, and riches to only a select band. To be sure, there are great prizes in the career, and we may, if we choose, shut our eyes altogether to those who lose full as much as men who have the self-command to stop when the run of luck is adverse, but that Wheat Poldyddymum share makes but a haphazard investment for a poor man’s slender fortune.

It is a popular belief that lawyers—the solicitor, the attorney, the legal agent—are very rich. They are supposed to absorb the oyster for which angry litigants are fighting, and they certainly have a finger in every pie that comes within the bakeshop of Themis. Yet, for one wealthy lawyer there are ten poor ones; and the classic attorney, the bloodsucker of fiction, is seldom seen out of the pages of a novel.

A great deal of money-market, those who make their business in life to speculate on the rise and fall of public and private securities, and who are familiarly called stock-jobbers. This is a profession in itself, and needs its special training, aptitude, and practice. Amateurs always burn their fingers when they meddle with it. Even the oldest gambler of this speculative class may be ruined often enough, in spite of all his care. The rise or fall of an eighth or a cent sometimes crushes the wretch who has staked everything on a time-bargain; and as for the great panics, each of them does more mischief than the care of Juggernaut.

Money-lenders are not hold in high esteem, and do not always earn enough solid pudding to indemnify them for so much disarray. Their profits and risks are both very considerable, and they lose heavily if they gain much. Perhaps the greatest embarrassments of usurers fatten better than the levies on who deal with Sir Harry and my lord. This is certainly the case among the French. Considerable fortunes are amassed in Paris by the system of loans established at the Hallos. The market-women and basket-men who vend fish, fruit, vegetables, and flowers in the great city, are not a frivoli race, and Paris is a costly place of residence, full of secrets, and scene of many extravagances. It follows that Madeleine, and Jacques, and Mère Margot are au sec when the early morning dawns, and the salesmen are ready to supply the retailers.

Ah, but here comes a friend in need, a flat-capped, brown-jacketed man, a finished scholar in Parian slang, learned in gossip and scandal, and knowing the characters of his customers to perfection. There stand Madeleine, Jacques, and Mère Margot, fasting and anxious, basket in hand, but with empty pockets. Jacques is a Fort de la Balle, a stout porter, the two women are recendances, the fish, one of fruit. Jacques is a bon enfant, a little noisy in his cups, rather quarrelsome, but honest, and Madeleine is a well-meaning visage of the fish-market. As for Mère Margot, she may be a little slippery of disposition, what Flatcap calls bouche, but he knows her, and can manage her by means of allusions to a certain financial transaction of last year, which she would not like to reach the ears of the correctional police. Flatcap lends the three retailers a glittering five-franc piece each of them, but not for long. They rush to the salesmen, purchase their stock-in-trade, fish, fruit, haricots, what you will; and all day long they wrangle and scold, wheedle, bully, and argue, until the goods are sold. Madeleine comes back at evening with ten francs, Mère Margot with eight francs fifteen sous, Jacques with eleven francs, to the pillar in the market where Flatcap gives them rendezvous. There, they settle their accounts.

Flatcap’s finance is beautiful in its simplicity. He receives back his principal, his five-franc piece, and half a franc for interest. The rest serves to nourish and reward the fish and the fountain turn to golden drops for him. It is curious to watch the good man as his well-appointed carriage whirs him from one stately door to another, and to compute the value of his business. He has but one habit of toasting, his paper-wrapped fees on to the soft white rug at the bottom of his trim brougham, and sitting, so to speak, with his feet in a bath of guineas. But there are few who look so fortunate as Flatcap, and the majority of the men of healing live by their art, and no more.
Probably a half of the business which in London supplies literature to a craving public, is carried on upon a system of usury. Twelvemoes has little or no capital, but he has contrived to bring out a few small popular books, and to get one or two periodicals into existence, and seems likely to make them profitable, and a stationer supplies him with paper on credit, and even gives him discounts for him an occasional bill. Sufficiently embarrased with the speculations on hand, he yet rushes on to others, in the hope of some one of them proving such a splendid and suddenly immense as to relieve him from all difficulties. His difficulties only go on increasing. To obtain credit and keep his trade going, he has to mortgage such of his publications as are considered worth anything, always to the last pound that can be raised upon them. His paper-merchant acquires a greater and greater hold upon him. A great deal of ingenuity, industry, and even it may be self-denial, are exercised by the victim in the conducting of his business; but the difference between paper (his cardinal material) at fair ready-money prices, and at the prices necessarily charged to so risky a customer as he, is ruinous, and after a few years of his life, utterly misapplied as far as his own true interests are concerned, he closes with obligations to a startling amount, against which there stand but a few copy rights, the speculative value of which is probably more than fully absorbed by the mortgages. Poor Twelvemoes has probably meant well all along, and perhaps, if he had not had to look to others for his capital, he might have realised tolerable gains. But, in reality, all gain was drained off by those to whom he was indebted. 'Vos non-vobis' might have been inscribed over his door as justly as it might be over the cow-house, the bee-house, or the bird's nest.

It is a melancholy fact that some of the most reprehensible of those who are also the most profitable. The African slave-trade, for instance, still is what smuggling was, a mine of ill-gotten gain. But for its profits, for the value of human flesh when landed alive in Cuba, none could be found to face danger, a deadly climate, and the loathing of honest men. But one day the market will be shut, and the trade will stop, and the accrued gain stop with it.

If an examination into profit and loss proves anything, it is that the race is not to the swift, but to the steady. Your great banker, your mighty manufacturer, is not often a person of brilliant qualities, but he has that most generally the weighty qualifications of prudence, firmness, and patient industry. The hare is conquered by the tortoise everywhere over the broad race-course of the commercial world.

CONCERNING BEARDS.

Young men of the present day are for ever fondling and caressing that soft downy substance, which they one day hope to designate by the name of beard and whiskers. There was a time, however, not merely in our own country (where beards have only become general since the Crimean campaign), but even amongst the refined nations of the continent, when a smooth chin was the fashion, as in the reign of Louis XIII. of France. Endless, indeed, have been the changes in the manly growth that fringes the human chin, not only among different nations, but even among the same people at different eras: at one time it has been trimmed so as to be diagnostic of an individual creed or class, and at others it has been enlarged, shorn, or docked entirely, at the caprice of an emperor.

Pictures of the priests and fathers of the early days of the Christian era, delineate the face as furnished with a long flowing uncut beard, an appendage considered to add much to the gravity and sanctity of the wearer. There were not wanting, however, exceptions to this rule; men who conceived that it was wrong to wear such flowing beards, since beneath the grey hairs might lurk the contemptuous curl of the lip, and who consequently shaven clean.

This difference as to being or not beard eventually became a matter of dispute between the Roman and Greek churches, the former of whom have a set of statutes regulating the size of the tonsure, and the shaving of the face, and with whom it was customary to consecrate to God the first shavings from the chin. On the other hand, the Greeks looked with abhorrence on the images of Roman saints without beards, regarding the latter ornament as indicative of extreme sanctity.

If such a trivial difference as the wearing or shaving of the beard bred so much strife and jealousy between the two great churches of the early ages, can we wonder that the uncivilised hordes of Tartary waged a long and deadly war with the Persians, on no other grounds than that the latter would not trim their whiskers after the Tartar fashion; and though one on every other article of faith, esteemed them as heretics and infidels solely for this breach of ecclesiastical observance? The Turk, too, who preserves his beard with the utmost scrupulousness, so much so as carefully to gather up every hair that is combed or falls out during his lifetime, for the purpose of having them interred along with his body, looks upon the Persian who shaves his upper lip, and clips his beard, as a dog of an unbeliever; and the Arab who believes in his Koran, and the promises of the Prophet, would shrink from the idea of allowing a razor to touch his face, for, says he, Mohammed never shaved.

Plutarch mentions an old Laconian who suffered his white beard to grow most luxuriously, and being asked the reason, replied: 'In order that having my white beard continually in view, I may do nothing unworthy of its whiteness.' This reminds us of a regard for the same object manifested by another day by the famous chancellor, Sir Thomas More. Being on the scaffold about to suffer death for his implication in some court intrigue, he, as he placed his neck upon the block, carefully lifted his beard out of the way of the executioner's axe, saying: 'My beard, at least, has committed no treason, and should not suffer punishment.'

Few can fail to recall the praise with which Homer dwells on the white snowy beard of Nestor, which doubtless added weight to the opinions given by this aged sage to the Grecian chiefs. This noble ornament of the human face, which certainly adds much to the classic beauty of the Grecian statues, continued as an institution among those people till the time of Alexander the Great, who, considering that a Greek's beard, like a Chinaman's tail, might prove only too available a handle for his foe in the day of battle, ordered all these appendages to be docked, exactly on the same principle that a terrier or bull-dog has its ears cut short.

In the early days of the Roman empire, the use of the razor was unknown; nor was it till the example was set by the emperors that the custom became general. We read that Nero conspired the first shavings of his chin to Jupiter Capitolinus, and as in the presentation of the freedom of a city, enclosed it in a gold box set with pearls. It was common, too, among this people, to make the day when first a youngster was shaved one of ceremony and feasting, and to further enhance its occasion by having it followed by some one higher in rank than themselves, who became afterwards the adopted father of the individual
whose chin he had lathered and scraped. Can there be a more striking illustration of the difference produced in the physiognomy of a people by the cultivation of beards, or of the change of style of the beard, than by a glance at the Ninevite excavations, and the Egyptian paintings? The former are represented with magnificent flowing beards, sometimes plaited, or curled, or interwoven with gold thread; the latter have only a miserable tuft hanging from the end of the chin. The Jewish Lawgiver forbade the Israelites to cultivate their beards after the Egyptian fashion; and though, like many other Eastern nations, they wore no hair on the upper lip, still they allowed their whiskers to grow in a narrow strip from the ear to the chin, hanging down from which, the beard assumed that forked pendant form represented in some of the old pictures of the rabbis.

Who ever heard a Chinaman with a beard or whiskers? Of so many myriads of Celestials we have met with, we cannot recall one who boasted even the vestige of a sprout. Nature, indeed, seems to have denied the Chinaman a hairy covering, and he, on his part, instead of cultivating what little he has of it in front as the outer barbarians do, devotes all his attention to the crop behind, till it grows into a shaggy long tail.

Like many less civilised races, as those of the west coast of Africa, the Chinaman often measures the abilities of a European by the length of his beard; and we can remember of the advice we were sometimes given by a friend of ours about to sail for the Floryand, 'Let your beard grow; otherwise they will think nothing of you.'

He denied that a certain superiority has always been conveyed by the presence of the beard. Among the Turks, slaves are generally shaved, in order to lower their inferior position; nor can you subject a Turk to a greater indignity than to cut off his beard. In like manner, the attendants in the harem, who are in servitude at the will of the sultan, are usually shaved; nor are they permitted to grow their beard till the royal mandate sets them at liberty.

A similar value seems to have been placed upon this appendage by the kings and nobility of the first dynasties in France, many of whom were in the habit of cultivating their beard after the Ninevite fashion, and interweaving it with gold threads. Only men of rank were allowed to cultivate so distinguishing a badge of honour; and as the possession of it was esteemed an indication of nobility and freedom, so the loss of it was imposed as a mark of inferiority on all bondsmen.

The public press has amused itself lately at the expense of Mr Chase, who, in his endeavour to raise a revenue sufficient to meet the enormous expenditure of the Federal government of America, has taxed almost every article of food, clothing, &c.; but no where do we read of a tax on beards. Yet Peter the Great—that despotic autocrat of all the Russians—once issued a decree ordering all men to be shaved, when those who could afford it, rather than be deprived of their beards, paid largely for the retention of them, whilst those who could not, treasured up the shorn remnants, and had them buried with them in their coffin.

When moustaches and beard became the rage in England a few years ago, and young men who could not grow the genuine articles mounted false ones, it was jokingly said that government had issued an order that officials should put off their moustaches themselves. But the sentimental conqueror went further than that, and to spite his Angle-Saxon subjects, ordered them all to shave their faces—a decree so repugnant that, rather than execute it, many of the sufferers bought false ones.

Most of our Gothic ancestors shaved, or wore hair merely on the upper lip; but the Lombards, who invaded Italy wore remarkably long beards, and hence derived their name of Longobards, or Long Beards.

It was the custom in the middle ages for the sovereign to add greater sanction to sealing his mandates, by embedding three hairs from his beard in the wax; and there is still extant a charter of 1121 containing the following sentence: 'Quod aut ratum et stabile perseveret in posterum, praeerit scripto sigillii mei robor appositi cum tribus pilis barbe meae.' But the most remarkable use to which we have ever read of the beard being put, occurs in Portuguese history, where John de Castro, being short of provisions for his fleet, pledges one of his whiskers to the people of Goa as a security for the repayment of a sum of money, a sacrifice which the gallantry of the ladies of Goa would not permit; but relying on his known honour, they raised the amount, and without demanding so valuable a hostage, begged him to keep both it and the required sum.

The beard continued to be the fashion in France till the days of Henry IV., on whose death the accession of a youthful and harmless sovereign was his silent hint to the courtiers around the throne to shave their faces, and assimilate their appearance to his majesty's. One nobleman, however, the Duke de Sully, who had been high in favour with the former, retained the ancient beard even at the court of his son Louis XIII.; and when made a jest of by the obsequious and smooth-faced courtiers, used to remark to his sovereign, 'Sir, when we carry the badge of honour memory did me the favour to consult my opinion, he usually sent away first the court buffoons.' A similar instance of the fickleness of human fashion occurred in the days of Philip V. of Spain, whose ancestors, like all true Spaniards, had devoted much attention to the trimming and cultivation of their beards. This monarch ascending the throne with a shaved chin, his ministers and courtiers immediately followed suit, and the people in turn imitated their example. This fashion, however, was so little congenial to their minds, that it gave rise to the proverb, 'Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls.'

In times of mourning, the beard was made to signify the intensity of sorrow of the wearer, either by being allowed to grow neglected, or by being plucked off. This was the custom among the ancient Jews, and is so now among the modern Japanese, who go unshorn forty days.

The more we read upon the subject, the more do we feel that a certain idea of superiority and respect have always been attached to the beard and whiskers.

In the early days of France, the suppliants suing for protection and mercy deemed themselves secure of success if they could touch or cut off a portion of the beard of the individual to whom they appealed; so in later days, in the times of the Grand Monarque, a lady knew no surer road to the heart of her lover than by praising the beauty of his whiskers.

Among certain nations in the East, friends salute each other, not by shaking hands as we do, but by kissing each other's beards; and wives tender their devotion, children their affection, by kissing their husbands' and fathers' beards. The Turk, whose beard seems always associated in our mind with that of Bluebeard, considers it one of the first acts of courtesy due from himself to his guests, to throw sweet scents upon their beards.

We can most of us recall to mind how, after the present Emperor of the French ascended the throne, and cultivated that very peculiar long-drawn-out moustache, he ordered his beards, and after Victor Emmanuel, in 1851, and displayed his equally characteristic wavy broad band on the upper lip, innumerable imitations followed among the fast young men of our own cities; but the ladies of the present day will probably be surprised to hear that the fair sex too were once emulous of these bristly ornaments. The Lombard women cultivated their hair to resemble a beard, in order that
they might accompany their husbands to battle; and
French ladies a century back dressed their hair in such a manner, that curls hung down their cheeks
as far as their bosoms, and went by the name of
whiskers.

FEMALE FELONS.

There is no human being in this country so promi-
nently brought before his fellow-creatures as the
criminal, from the moment that his heinous offence
against society is committed, so that wherein the
justice pronounces his sentence of penal servitude.
There is no newspaper that can afford to refuse the
publication of his exploits, and there are not a few
who are almost hourly in the dock itself, with a steep ladder
leading downwards, I know not whither; but as soon
as the last words of penal doom have been uttered,
that trap is lifted, and the felon descends, to be no
more seen of men for years to come. Not more
suddenly is he thus withdrawn from our physical
eyes than from our mental vision. Another wretch
at once monopolizes his place in our minds as in the
dock he has just quitted. We know not, and we do
not care to inquire, whither he is gone. Even the
ombre pilies which receive such men—the very
prisons themselves—have a faculty of getting out of
sight. For every hundred of us who has seen the
Houses of Parliament, there are not five who have set
eyes upon Millbank, not a mile to southward of them,
and certainly not wanting in magnitude. Many
prisons, too, are purposely erected as far as possible
from the abodes of free men, on peninsulas jutting
out to sea, or on deserted moors. Of the daily
lives of the men immured in these places, we hear
nothing, save when some terrible outrage takes place
within them, and the devil shakes his chain with
hideous clavoure. Of felon men, I say, we know but
little; and of felon women, nothing. The philan-
thropist, the statistician, and the magazine-writer,
could obtain permission without much difficulty
to visit their brethren in affliction, whenever they were
so minded; but to be admitted into the precincts
devoted to the fair sex, it was necessary to get
an order from the secretary of state. To have
female life in prison described by a prison matron
is, therefore, to have quite a new door opened
in the social fabric.

Let us enter. We shall see sights and
and strange, and even what some people (who are
more fond of holding up their hands in horror than in
helping folks in difficulties) call 'shocking'; but
the experience may be beneficial, nevertheless.
The prison matron has given us a photograph,
and not a pretty picture, of penal life; a lady who
is worked fourteen hours a day—and such work!'
as she remarks with more truth than elegance of
style—has not much time for sentimentality. She
is given to be rather hard upon tender murderesses,
and impressive kleptomaniacs, and even to consider
them (as one of her charges used to express it)
'rabbits.' A romantic prison matron would indeed
be absurd as much out of place as a flower in a
dog-kennel. She could not exist in it a day, and
certainly not a night—'pacing the dimly-lighted
wards, and listening for a breath or murmur that may
be significant of one's ease within the cells; checking
at times artful signals on the wall between
one prisoner and another; or pausing, perhaps for
company's sake, to whisper a "good-night" to some
one

"Female Life in Prison." By a Prison Matron. Hurst and
Blackett.

as sleepless as herself; passing in due course to the
"dark cells," away from the general prison, and
looking in to make sure that the woman who has
been carried there for breaking her windows, or
tearing her blankets, or assaulting her officer, is quite
safe; listening perhaps to the wild snatches of song
that well thence, and may personify the screeching
of some demon, vindictive and defiant, and with no
claim upon humanity—stirring, perhaps, to reason
with her, and being sworn at for her pains; or,
possibly, just possibly, if she be a favourite of the
woman's, persuading her to be silent, and to try to
sleep. And so, from night till morning, to and fro, to
and fro, like a restless spirit, rendered restless by the
shadows of crime that may haunt such places at such
hours, wanders the matron, till the daylight filters
through the windows.'

So terrible, indeed, is our matron's occupation,
that she becomes in a manner unsensed, and enter-
tains a certain grim humour, by way of comfort,
just after the fashion of a man. Wherever good-
feeling permits her to do so, she suffers her narrative
to take a tinge of drollery, which greatly relieves its
horror.

The very first sacrifice that a female prisoner
has to make at the shrine of justice is that of her
hair, and this she objects to very much. Women
whose hearts have not quailed, perhaps, at the
murder of their infants, or the poisoning of their
husbands, clasp their hands in horror at this sacri-
fice of their natural adornment—weep, beg, pray,
occasionally assume a defiant attitude, resist to
the last, and are finally overcome only by force. It
is one of the most painful tasks of the prison this
hairstyling operation—wresting it, in my own opinion
at least, a test of character. One woman will be
resolved to sign her fate on the instant, and, with a
Socratic sternness, will compress her lips, submit
herself to the scissors, and march away to her
bath afterwards in a business-like manner. A second
will have a shivering fit over it, a third will weep
passionately, and a fourth will pray to be spared the
indignity, and implore the matron, on her knees, to
go to the lady-superintendent, and state her case for
her. Some women are impressed with the idea that
coaxing will go towards softening the matron's heart, or at least obtain some relaxation of the
rule, and permission to retain a greater length of
hair on their heads; consequently they bestow
many "my dears" and "God bless you's" on the
operator.

'The greatest trouble in my experience of prison-life
was with an old woman of sixty years of age, and
with about the same number of gray hairs on her
head. She was an old prison-bird—had spent two-
thirds of her life in confinement, and was as vain of
her personal appearance as any girl of seventeen.'

"No, Miss B.," she said to the operator, after
catching sight of the scissors, and drawing herself
up with the haughtiness of a duchess; "not this time,
if you please, Miss B., it can't be done."

"But Miss B. replied it could be done, and was
absolutely necessary to be done before the prisoner
left the room.

"Things have altered a little, Miss B., since I saw
you last, I can assure you. You've no power to
touch a hair of your head, mum."

"How's that?"

"If you please, mum, I'm married," and the old
woman regarded the matron with significant triumph.

"And what's that to do with it? sit down—you
really must sit down."

"What's that to do with it?" I shrieked the old
woman indignantly; "why, it's my husband's hair now,
and you didn't touch it, according to law. It
belongs to my husband, not to me, and you don't
right to touch it—Lord bless you, the Queen of
England don't lay a finger on it now!"
These mistaken views—which are precisely the same sort of errors which, according to the Saturday Review, pervade all legal novels—are very prevalent among female criminals. They are constantly invoking the aid of that Justice which they have outraged, upon the most frivolous pretences. They demand to see the governor; he knows the law of England, of course; they will make a full statement to the directors of Penitentiary, if they will only let them on the next board meeting, and please put their names down with that object in view, at once. Such an infamous violation of the laws of their native land they have never yet been witness to. They consider that the ceremony of marriage (about which they have less orthodox views in other respects) has something of the power of absolution in it; and when a lady is brought back to her old quarters at Millbank or Brixton, she is anxious to inform everybody of her having married since her last incarceration, while the husband, more often than otherwise, is alleged to be in the army—probably out of compliment to the military character of the governor and his deputy. Many of these ladies are physically competent to enter the profession thereby opened to them; but they will give battle to the hair-cutter. Here is a picture of such an Amazon: ‘She was a tall, powerful woman, with the face of a tigeress and the limbs of an athlete, and one glance was sufficient to convince the matrons in attendance that it was beyond their power to master her. On such occasions, the guards on duty in the outer yards, or in the men’s prison, are summoned to put the handcuffs on while the necessary ceremony of a figure in her night-dress—a poor, delicate woman who had turned from her bed to exchange a few words with me. I had a candle-stick in my hand at the time, and was passing to my own room, at the end of the ward. ‘Lord bless you, miss!’ whined the woman; ‘I’m so glad to see you to-night; I’ve something on my mind.’ ‘You must not talk; you’ll disturb the other women.’ ‘I’ll only whisper it—if you won’t mind just a word, miss.’ ‘Just a word’ is a great boon—an everlasting favour conferred—with the more grateful of this class, and I went nearer the grating to hear her statement. Beginning in a low, lachrymose vein, intended to arouse my sympathy and interest in her coming relation, she suddenly darted a long, naked arm through the grating, and hoisted some of the melted tallow from the candle in my hand. ‘It’s only just a scrap of tallow for my hair, miss,’ said she, applying it to that treasured ornament very rapidly with both hands; ‘it do get awful rough without fat, to be sure! and I’m very much obliged to you, miss. Good bless you!’ And with a triumphant laugh at her own adroitness, she darted from the grating into her bed. These little ebullitions, which, in society without, would be considered almost indecorous, form the apostrophes of life at Brixton or Millbank—the incidents of good-humour and of favourable calm. The monotony of prison is so hideously irksome, that it produces in a vast number of female cases what are called ‘breakings out’—not escapes, but escape-attempts. Even the quietest natures desire some sorts of relief from the invariable routine. ‘I assure you, miss,’ observed one somewhat impulsive matron to our authoress, ‘that when I hear the glass shattering here and the women screaming, my temples throb, my ears tingle, and I want to break something—dreadfully.’ There is the fun of the outbreak, and there is the laudable notion of retaliation only detracts from the arm of the law. ‘I’ll serve ’em out for putting me in here,’ is often the remark with which an act of wholesale damage is accompanied. The prison blankets used to be torn in such infinitesimal strips that the stiched with string were substituted. ‘The demolition of these being a trying ordeal for the finger-nails,
they answered well for a time, until one woman, more crafty than her fellow-prisoners, made a feint of destroying her dinner-pan, and concealing one strip of the metal, which she sharpened during the night; with this murderous instrument she cut up the sacks with great exultation, and called attention to her success in the morning. Some of the boldest women even make attempts to set their cells on fire when the lamps are lighted, and have so far succeeded as to have conceived great fear of being roasted alive before help arrived, and have therefore startled the whole prison with their clamours for release.

The strength of some of these women during their fits of frenzy is greatly in excess of the men's. It always requires two, very often three, of the guards to force one fighting, plunging woman from her cell to the “dark”; tables and bedside tables snapping under their hands like splints of firewood. One woman, named M'Williams—a woman of small stature, but of extraordinary strength—succeeded one night at Brixton in wrenching the inner door of a dark cell completely off its hinges. The lady's progress from her chamber to the place of punishment can be sometimes traced by absurd and patches of her own garments, by tufts of hair from the men's heads and whiskers, and by the buttons of their official uniform. One young person, who, besides great personal attraction possessed the misfortune to have the advantage (for a female Millbank) of being an excellent boxer, was partial to ‘climbing to her window-sill, sitting thereon, and passing her head, arms, and legs through the exterior iron bars. In this extraordinary and ridiculous position, Lennan would remain for a considerable time, refusing to change it, and expressing her satisfaction at the state of affairs in general. 

“Don't trouble yourself about me, Miss—” she would say impatiently in reply to the matron's remonstrance; “it's very comfortable up here, and on the contrary, takes fresh air, which the Lord knows is wanted. I ain't a-comin' down those eight-and-forty hours.”

“Johannah Lennan kept her to position until it became necessary to send for the male officers. “Oh, here's the lads!” she would remark on their arrival, “as if I couldn't have been allowed up here first!”

“Are you coming down, Lennan?” was the gruff demand.

“Not if I can help it,” was the response; “I mean to dicker here as long as I can, my fine fellows! stay as long as you can. And when she came away, it was with the frame of the window in her hands.”

Another of our matron's young charges was very considerate upon the subject of ‘breakings out.' She must have been there, but she was ready to put them off to a convenient season. “If you say it will put you out—your head can't stand it—I'll wait a little while, Miss.”

“It is sure to put me out.”

“Then I'll put it off. Just for a little while, you know.”

“Very well.”

“You'll tell me when your head can stand it a little better?” she would ask quite childishy, and, like a child, be appeased by a promise to that effect. Sometimes, but not often, sheer wantonness than evil temper is the incentive to these extraordinary fits of energy. Our authoress gives us types of every class, and this pleasantest type of all is a dreadfully boisterous one of the name of Tih. She is not much worse than several school-boys of our acquaintance; but then if she only were a school-boy, poor girl.

Her favourite amusement when proceeding to chapel was to tread on the heels of the woman preceding her, pull her hair or the back of her bonnet, thrust playfully a pin into any part of her person that might be handy for the purpose, and almost choke herself with suppressed laughter at the indignation aroused. In chapel, it was a matter of impossibility to keep her decorous; she would shift uneasily in her seat, fidget with her feet, drop her hymn-book, whisper frequently to her neighbour, stand up at unseasonable periods, or struggle hard with the next woman, who, perhaps, had sought to bring her back to her seat by jerking at the skirt of her dress. Her power of grimace was something remarkable. Her facial contortions would convulse a whole ward with laughter.

When monotonous with, she would be pentent for several minutes, and then have a good ‘break out' to indemnify herself for the unsatisfactory calm. "It's such a jolly breeze, miss," she would say, exultingly, as she danced about her cell after breaking all her windows, smashing her table, strewing the floor with fragments of sheets, blankets, and rug, and winding up with an onslaught on her own personal apparel: "Have the men been sent for yet?" This lady once took a ‘leader' into the snow-like that urged the exercise-ground at Millbank, and disappeared for a moment altogether.

Poor Tib! It is pleasant to linger over her rough horse-play, than to think or write of matters entangled with which these things are innocent. As a class, says our authoress, mournfully but quite decisively, these women are 'desperately wicked—deceitful, crafty, malicious, lewd, and void of common feeling.' A very literal description is this. Literally, she fears neither God nor man. Let a single type of this terrible class suffice. One woman, named Rose Matthews, the most desperate and abandoned of a desperate class, once refused to leave the "dark" when her time had expired, flung herself on the floor, and announced her intention to remain there. The "dark" suited her; she should ’break out’ only she was put into her old cell, or attempt some one's life, threats which she swore to execute as soon as a favourable opportunity for committing either of these acts occurred. She would sit in the dark cell closed upon her again, and day after day passed—even week after week—without any sign of her altering her determination. The usual prison food was given her each day—I am not so certain that even extra food was not allowed—and every incumbrance urged to prevail upon her to return to her customary duties. The matron in attendance had a favourite little kitten, which was used to follow her about the wards; and it chanced that, in opening the door to attend to this woman, the kitten concealed itself in the cell, and was locked up with the prisoner. This feline intruder would have been hailed as a welcome guest by most women under the same circumstances; but this prisoner had never shown any affectation of affection within the prison walls. The kitten was missed, and search made for it. The woman in the dark cell maintained she had seen nothing of it. "What made any one think she knew about the kitten?" The cell was opened, the kitten and the little animal found suffocated. "That's how I should like to serve the whole of you!" growled the heartless wretch.

Cruelty to animals is, however, not a common feature even with the worst women. Mice and
sparrows are eagerly lured into the cells, to be made much of, and to be fed by their hosts, so excellent is the exercise of kindness. Nor is even tender poetical feeling banished from the breasts of these unhappy women in all cases. Our author was once looking on the course of her duty, through the ‘inspection’ hole of a cell, and perceived the inmate ‘with her elbows on the table, gazing on a common dairy, which she had plucked from the patch of grass during her absence from those rude, repulsive, yet not wholly bad prisoners, from whom no display of sentiment was anticipated. Yet the dainty look of that woman at her stolen prize was a gleam of true affection as ever breathed in a poet’s lines. A painter might have made much of her position, and a philosopher might have moralised concerning it, for the woman wept at last, dropped her head down on the table between her hands, and shed her bitter tears silently and noiselessly. The prison dairy must have spoken of the old innocent times of the fields she crossed once with old friends—perhaps of dairies like unto that before her, which were growing on her mother’s grave. Six months afterwards, I saw that flower pressed between the leaves of her Bible—a little treasure I should not have had the heart to take away, had there been any laws of confiscation concerning dairies in ‘the books.’

‘The art of forming companionship is to some slight extent gratified among these poor creatures by the adoption of a prison ‘pet,’ but they can have no communication with her without getting into trouble, and the smuggling of a folded scrap into her hand as they pass her in the passage, or the execution of a concerted piece with their fingers on the walls of their respective cells, is the exercise of uneasy communions in the prison inferno, however, besides better diet and lacier discipline, there is society to be got, as well as that blessed thing we call a change:—and therefore to the glory of Millbank Prison, the inmates are never again, to the comparative comfort of Fulham Refuge. Now and then, too, on medical grounds, a sufferer receives a pardon for her past offences, and is allowed to go free, that she may die in the arms of the friends or the parents from whom she had fled in early days.

There are a vast number of various characters, of whose crimes the public are not the cognizant enough portrayed in these two volumes, from the murders of the children to the fashionable lady-swindler. But no general deduction can be drawn from them, by reason not only of their variety but of their incon sistencies. Those persons who have committed the worst crimes, who have only just escaped the gallows, are commonly the best behaved in prison. They are often sluggish and mechanical, like beasts of burden, and they are as destitute, as beasts, of feeling. A mother and daughter are described under the name of Garnett, who present a picture of brutality such as would be terrible even if it were unparalleled; and it is not even uncommon—at Millbank. These two had murdered a second daughter of the elder prisoner by cruelty and starvation. The case was the worst the present writer ever remembers, and he remembers it well in spite of the assumed name. They were found ‘Guilty,’ and the whole country demanded their death. Nevertheless, by some mistaken lenity (as I still believe it to have been) this abominable pair were spared, and have now even attained their liberty after a long penal servitude. After they had quietly worked their way through Naptownishion (or the Naptownishions), they were considerably allowed to occupy the same cell, instead of each being placed with a stranger. Their first meeting was marked by this outbreak of affection: ‘Well, Elizabeth.’ ‘Well, mother.’ Then they sat down opposite one another to work. After a week’s ‘association,’ a matron asked the daughter whether she was not glad to have her mother as her companion. Yea, lady,’ was her hesitating answer; ‘it’s
kind of change, but—'with a little impulsive dash—' she do make a great mess and litter, to be sure!'

This apathy was the combined result of brutal ignorance and excessive penury. Our prison matron is not inclined to believe in the innocence of prisoners, but in this case she is of opinion that this hideous unimpassionability was more the cause of the younger child's death than any studied attempt to starve her. As to what is the chief cause of all the wickedness which she describes, our authoress is not in the least doubt whatever. It is Besotted Ignorance. Out of three hundred Millbank women, ninety-six can neither read nor write, and only twenty-two are able to do so with ease. 'Freedom with these was the liberty of the wild beast—free to roam anywhere, uncared for and unchecked—left to wander in the darkness, without one helping-hand stretched forth to lead them to a brighter life; no honest example ever before them; but the path of evil they were to follow, clearly indicated by all with whom they came in contact.'

The poor creatures themselves know this. They absolutely taunt the lady-prisoners with their superior education. 'You were lar'n better than us,' say they, 'and shouldn't ha' come here.' When we have done, splitting hairs about sectarian dogmas, we shall perhaps some day think of Compulsory Education, and until then do so the pupil will not be allowed to be. Education within the walls is found to be almost futile. With such incoalesce and stupendously ignorant pupils, the prison-school is a mere burlesque of teaching.

Let us conclude our notice of this wise but melancholy book with at least one cheerful statement. When the term of a woman's punishment is over, there is one 'helping-hand stretched forth to lead her to a brighter life,' in the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. It is called, and justly, by these unhappy creatures, 'the Home.' Twice we have advocated in these columns its claims to the pecuniary assistance of our readers. The authors of Female Life in Prison corroborates all that we have said of it. Over her volume lay a tear—'she is dropped from sympathising eyes, but would it not be better for some of us to drop a subscription?

THE CHEAP CASTLE

IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER I.

To be sold, with immediate possession, a Castle, on the sea-coast of Blanbihire, with ample accommodation for a family of distinction. Noblemen or gentlemen treating for the same without the intervention of an agent, will meet with liberal terms. For particulars and view, apply to Messrs Nockendon, Auctioners and Estate Agents, London; or to Mr Nathaniel Graces, Cinqueport, Blankshire.

The above is an advertisement which occupied a place in the Mansion column of the Times last March, and had done so pretty often before, I have no doubt. You remember it, reader, I dare say, who have passed more than one autumn yachting off that coast, and as you read it, have wondered whether it referred to Eyrie Towers, that stands so majestically to the east of Cinqueport, above the foam and roar of the Atlantic. And you, reader, who peruse the Times (for cheapness sake) in your Institute, you have read it too, and remembering that steam-boat excursion of which you formed a unit, in August last, and which was erroneously termed a pleasure-trip, you also call to mind Eyrie Towers, for the good-natured skipper touched you on the back—you were leaning over the side—as the vessel passed it, and exclaimed: 'There, mate, would you not like to live in a house like that?' To which you replied faintly: 'I don't care where it is, so long as it's on the blessed dry lands more than this.'

You are both right my friend; Eyrie Towers is the very place alluded to by that advertisement, albeit when I had learned as much from Messrs Nockendon it afforded no information to me. I am not a sea-going man myself, never having personally explored what is very properly termed 'the waste of waters'—for what has been the well-ordered garden, with its trim borders, and painfully distinct paths, and the white gate, and that dusty high-road on the other side which I should presently be carried away into the teeming city. Then these things faded away from my retina, and in place of them arose a castle in the air, yet by the sea, surrounded with spacious but insipid pleasure-gounds; a place far removed from the pursuit which had made a prisoner of me for two score of years, and whither the voice of the bus- card, with his Bank, Bank, City Bank, had never penetrated, nor even the shrill whistle of the locomotive. Only the mighty roar of ocean should break in upon me, instead was to be seen the sky-blue flower, and the snowy form of the storm-stirred deep, instead of 'black.' As for air, I dare say that it is fresh enough at Wimbledon—when the Volunteers don't make it half gunpowder—but fresh air, different from beef in this respect, is nothing when one compares it with salt. The smell of the sea, that mysterious unparalled odour, without which a sea-side place is as nothing to one; except when the evening flower, and the dog-violet, was what I pined for. Instead of going to Margate or Ramsgate, as was my usual custom for many months in the year, I had come to Wimbledon; and for all the good that the change had at present effected, I might just as well have remained in Baker Street. Our butcher, Muggles—who never forgot, that his late master was a bankrupt—and declined to put up with Margate accommodation any more; we had come to our present house for the spring months on trial, and it was understood that the residence was giving him satisfaction; and still, I made no doubt that a Castle would meet with Muggles's more entire approbation, having been always accustomed, as he was wont to observe, to 'high-life and its environs'—by which I believe he meant to signify its accessories.

We ourselves were not, strictly speaking, aristocrats (although, let me tell you, Stockbroking is far from a vulgar trade), we gratified the wants of those who were. Though we did have a house in Baker Street, we were not merely 'gentle' people; and besides, as I have already said, we only lived there half the year. There was no absolute incongruity in our residing in a castle—writing one's letters on note-paper with engravings of the stately pile in its N., S., E., and W. aspects, and having its title printed with elaborate diminutiveness on one's card—but it was unquestionably a great step (in the right direction), and the contemplation of it caused a certain flutter of the spirits. If I had confided the idea to my wife, it would certainly have astonished her; and retrogression would have become exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, should Louise Adelaides, our daughter, once recognise the practicability of such a design. 'Yes,' thought I, as I let the newspaper repose upon my knee, and gazed upon the young lady as she helped herself for the third time to apricot jam, 'that girl would adorn any sphere. It is positively a waste of power to keep her in a villa. It is the duty of a father to provide for his offspring—the very birds of the air perform what is right in that respect; her appetite, too, is failing;
she wants sea-sir: to reside in some elevated spot—
say the tower in the east wing. Louisa Adelaide shall
have her Castle.

There was another reason, too (which there is
now no necessity for concealment, connected
with my daughter, which urged me to this step.
It would place us at once at a social elevation to
which young Theodosius Chane, the civil engineer
(who used to call Theodosus before I found
myself obliged to keep him at a distance), would
scarcely venture to aspire. It was impertinent
enough of him to emerge from lodgings in Camden
Town to hang about Louisa Adelaide at a villa with
a double coach-house; but to pay his addresses to
her at a Castle, would, I thought, be a little too
presumptuous even for him.

So when I went into town, instead of driving
straight to the city, I called at Mesars Nockendom
for inquiries. The clerk in the glass case, who
had stood less than the high steps, beguiles that
brought me, was not in the least astonished at
my coming after the Castle, and he introduced me at
once to his principal, who was not astonished either. If I
only liked the place half as well as Sir Ranagan
Flanagan and family, to whom he had last let it, I
should never repent the purchase.

'Then it can be rented, can it,' said I, 'instead of
bought?' Well—no—it could not be rented. He did
not quite understand the circumstances of the case,
but he supposed that the proprietor was now anxious
to realise. Mr Graves of Cinqueporte, through whom
to I was referred, to get to Eyrie Tower, was
in possession of all the requisite information; but the
Mesars Nockendom had merely instructions as to
price. From the photographs just taken of the man-
sion in question, he might say, with respect to this
matter, that the place was dirt cheap. 'Quite a
show-place, sir, I give you my honour.'

Here the photographs were exhibited. Eyrie
Towers, from every point of view, might have
been the hereditary habitation of a line of Irish
peers at the very least. There was not no, however,
the least tinge of decay or neglect about it, to remind
one of Ireland. The garden, although not extensive,
was well kept; and the shrubberies upon the land-
side trimmed with tasteful care. Towards the
sea, the castle was unprotected; a stone terrace, a
little lawn, and a light iron fence alone intervened
between it and the boundless ocean. Louisa Adelaide
would certainly get as much as enough ground about
it anywhere; a field or two; an avenue; and
what was locally termed 'a bunney,' a
ravine or chine running down into the sea, compre-
hended all the territory. Beside the bunney (but
having no connection with it), there was a 'right of
free warren' over a certain sandy tract, and upon this
Mr Nockendom was vaguely eulogistic, although I
don't believe he knew what it meant any more than
I did. The external advantages of the property also
included a sort of marine lordship; a third of all
that came on shore in the way of wreck, between two
hours from low water and high, and of the Castle and
the property of its lord. This valuable privilege had been
ceded to the founder of the ancient race, who had
once inhabited Eyrie Towers, by King Stephen, on
account of his having burnt a village in the vicinity,
inhabitants and all, because, upon being pricked with
lance-heads, they had given provisions to some troops
of the enemy. Only one tenant, Mr Nockendom,
and one or two nobles in the United Kingdom, I was informed,
had preserved this feudal right; and the possession of
it, in point of social position, was inestimably valuable.

In Mr Nockendom's opinion, it was a blessing to add.
that, in consequence of the mistaken benevolence of the
time, the power of life and death formerly enjoyed
by the lord of Eyrie Towers over the people of
Cinqueporte was abrogated. Still, he would doubtless
find the trades-people devoted to me.

But after all, the gem of the property was the
Castle itself. This was none of your modern castel-
lated erections, with pepper-box towers, and slits
for loophole, such as those through which one drops
half-crowns (or pennies, which sound as well into
missionary-boxes; but a two-winged mansion, with
courtyard and clock tower (the latter picturequesly
ively), a drawbridge spanning what had formerly
been a moat, but which was now a sunk garden,
and even several bomb-tide dungeons. The dining-room
was adapted for the entertainment of thirty retainers
(and some of them, if necessary, upon horseback), in
addition to the family circle; while in the deep
projecting oriel of the drawing-room, four or five
flirtations might be carried on without any one happy
pair interfering with the seclusion of another.

'I am afraid,' said I, sighing, 'that this beautiful
place is a little beyond my figure.'

'O dear, no, sir,' smiled Mr Nockendom, as
though my banker's book were lying before him;
'you will find the price the only insignificant thing
about it. It is, indeed, in five figures, but they are
five excessively small ones;' and he told me what
they were.

'And does that include the fixtures?' inquired I,
as calmly as I could, for I was really astounded at
the lowness of the price.

'The whole of them,' returned the agent; 'and
whatever furniture you wish to retain, may be bought
at a valuation. I may tell you, however, that the
less you have to do with a professional broker the
cheaper you are likely to get it. The proprietor, Mr
Graves informs me, has a great objection to business-
men of all kinds. I trust that you are not yourself
a lawyer, sir—that is well—for I doubt whether
the proprietor would ever part with Eyrie Towers
to a person of that profession.'

I turned a little pale at this, for I had set my
heart on the Castle, and began to doubt whether the here-
ditary possessor would soil his fingers with the
purchase-money of one who had passed his life in
Bulling or Bearing.

'I sympathise deeply,' said I, 'with the peculiar
feelings of the nobleman or gentleman in question—
please let him know that—do, please. I shall be
happy to run down to the Castle, and talk the matter
over with him as man with man.'

'My dear sir,' exclaimed the house-agent, smiling
compassionately, 'it is quite impossible that the
proprietor of Eyrie Towers would entertain any
pecuniary propositions from a stranger, no matter
how distinguished his social position. It could
not be done. Mr Graves has the fullest authority to
treat; he will shew you over the property, and into
every room of the mansion, which is at present
tenanted, except for a domestic or two, who keep
the place in order, and exhibit it to strangers upon
presentation of their address cards. On Mondays and
Fridays, the apartments of the Castle are at present
shewn to visitors; but of course it will lie in your
power to take away that privilege, if you prefer
seclusion.'

This statement, carelessly uttered as it was,
perhaps, was really a most seductive one. I am not
an ostentations person, but still—I put it to any
gentleman of Throgmorton Street—was it not an
elevating thought that people should come to look not
only at one's drawbridge and ivied clock tower, but at
one's sitting-rooms and sleeping apartments; although,
of course, in case of illness upon a Monday or Friday,
this would be attended with some inconvenience.

A request to take the photographs of Eyrie Towers
was made at home to my wife, and she regretted to add
that, in consequence of the mistaken benevolence of
the time, the power of life and death formerly enjoyed
by the lord of Eyrie Towers over the people of
Cinqueporte was abrogated. Still, they should doubtless
find the trades-people devoted to me.
even in five figures—to see the faces of my wife and daughter kindle with glad wonder, as I told them, after all their admiration of these pictures, that they represented only the superficial style of their own. Even Muggles, who was somehow made a confidant of this coming grandeur, concocted to express his opinion that Eyrie Towers would do. It was just such a ‘soothing’ of itself that had been accustomed to from the first hour he had drawn a cork. Wimbledon looked small, although doubtless excellently adapted for the wants of the middle classes, as I started the next morning for Cinqueport.

CHAPTER II.

The one thing which rather mitigated my high spirits, as I lay back in the railway carriage with a ‘landed,’ though not, I trust, an overweening air, was the suspicion suggested by Louise Adelaide, that the photographs of Eyrie Towers might have been taken from pictures (which are apt to flatter places as well as people), instead of from the noble pile itself. If so, it was not merely the device of the house-agent to enhance the place, for all the stationers’ shops in Cinqueport had specimens of the same views. An excursion to Eyrie Towers, ‘by kind permission of Nathaniel Graves, Esq.’, was advertised upon the walls to take place in the ensuing month. Tickets to admit parties of not less than nine to view the apartments of Eyrie Towers on the days it was not open to the public, were to be procured of Nathaniel Graves, Esq., for half a crown!

I wondered what the exclusive proprietor thought of a proceeding of that nature. Of course, it was no business of mine at present; but I confess that, even to me, there was a smack of something particularly inconsistent with the feudal system in that reduction on taking a quantity. However, upon the whole, I was gratified. Eyrie Towers was, as Mr Nockendon had averred, without doubt, ‘quite a show-place;’ and if it had been about to be pulled down, and its historical fragments disposed of for building purposes, the arrangements for giving the public a last look at it could not have been more energetic and complete suggested by Louise Adelaide, exactly as that animal grins at ‘varmint,’ and his clothes were black and his complexion tan. His notion of conversation seemed to be a series of snaps, from which, however, I had no difficulty in gathering that I had come down to Cinqueport upon an almost hopeless errand. There was a gentleman already in the market who had seen the place but yesterday, and whose final offer (which included all the furniture as it stood) he was expecting hourly. Still there might be some hitch; and at all events, he, Mr Graves, was instructed to sell the demesne to the first bond-fide bidder. He was inundated by letters about it by every post, although the advertisement was only just inserted, and should be heartily glad to get the matter off his hands. It was one that ought never to have been intrusted to him.

‘Why so?’ asked I.

‘Because the price which my employer has chosen to put upon the place is simply preposterous,’ jerked out the little man; ‘because it is like setting one to sell so many sovereigns for pennies within a stipulated time for a stupid bet. "Let me have done with it at once, and pocket the money, although it be not half price," is what my employer says. It is not business at all—he says he hates business—but sheer folly. Did you happen to hear from Mr Nockendon, Esq., what is the amount at which my employer fixes the purchase-money of Eyrie Towers, with its pleasure-gardens and pasture-lands, with its avenues of stately trees, with its right of fowring and valuable feudal privileges in connection with jetsam and flotsam?’

‘Yes,’ said I; ‘and if the place comes up to the photographs, I think the Castle is cheap.

‘Cheap!’ snapped Mr Nathaniel Graves as though he would have snapped my nose off; ‘it’s preposterous. Come and look at the place. If I had only the money to spare, myself, I would not have troubled you, to come down here, you may be sure.’

He lent me a saddle-horse, and accompanied me himself on a black pony to the spot in question. The air of sarcastic depreciation with which he treated the property which I had come down as a purchaser to view, was a thing quite unique in bargaining, and might, I should think, be advantageously adopted. As we rode across that desolate sandy tract over which the proprietor of Eyrie Towers had such mysterious rights, I observed that it did not look very valuable.

‘No,’ snapped the agent viciously, ‘it’s worth nothing, absolutely nothing. The rabbits are not innumerable, and do not sell for fourpence apiece in Cinqueport without their skins. The sand is valueless in the extensive glass manufactories yonder. These long grasses are not of incalculable use for basker-weaving. It is not even a pleasant gallipotting-ground, with the finest air in England, whether from sea or land; and Eyrie Towers is not a picturesque object when beheld from this rising-ground. O no, not at all.’

He drew rein as he finished the sentence, and pointed scoffingly to seaward with a bitter laugh. A fine natural landscape never met my eye than was afforded by that long reach of undulating sand-hills, tufted with heather, and margined with those forests of pine, blown backward by the aggregate force of a thousand sea-winds. Nor had the hand of man been backward in completing the picture, for before us, half girdled by woods of livelier green, stood up a stone-gray castle, ivied yet not decrepit, but proudly holding defiance to the ocean that foamed beneath its feet. Instead of swallows, the sea-gulls circled around its towers, and tossed and tumbled like the foam itself in the unclouded blue. Immediately beneath us lay a counter-horizon, even while we looked, speck after speck arose and grew, as if by magic, until the sun shone on a glittering squadron.
"How glorious!—how magnificent!" cried I enthusiastically. "What can those ships be, Mr Graves? They seem to be very large ones." "It is only the Channel fleet," replied the agent carelessly. "A person who lives in a place like Eyre Towers cannot expect to see such sights as a London gentleman. There is nothing to excite you people about, sir. Take care, or your horse will be in the quarry!"

"Oh, there's a quarry, too, is there?" said I, for I felt quite ashamed of not seeing everything couleur de rose by this time. "You never mentioned that." "Not I," returned the other with irritation; "it was not worth mentioning. If I was to tell you all that my employer is giving away for next to nothing, I should never be free for a time. Yet some people consider a quarry of Portland stone to be rather valuable. The whole subject is painful to me. Come, let us see the castle, and have done with it."

With that, Mr Nathaniel Graves set spurs to his black pony, and put it to a speed of which I should not have conceived it capable.

"I am very uncommonly fast, sir," expostulated I, "considering how excessively near this roadway is to the cliff."

"Why, yes," returned the agent hastily, "it is peculiar here, for the soil grows more productive inland, and therefore, from motives of economy, I suppose, Sir Ranagan Flanagan has made the road, as it were, to skirt the Eyre Property. It certainly did not use to run so near the sea as it does now."

"Sir Ranagan Flanagan!" exclaimed I; "why, I understood he was only a tenant! Mr Nockemdon told me." "Mr Nockemdon knows nothing about it," interrupted the agent. "Sir Ranagan is the proprietor, although he bought the domain—for a much larger sum than he now offers it for—only a few years back. He is an Irishman, or else I should say he was a madman, to wish to part with a place like this."

Certainly, with every stride of our horses the castle seemed to grow, more imposing, as well as more habitable. It was evidently not only feudal, but convenient—which is quite another thing.

At this moment, a dreadful suspicion struck me, which set my heart beating, and sunk my spirits to zero.

"What is the matter?" inquired the agent, almost as agitated as myself, and unquestionably turning a little pale. "Nothing," said I—"nothing." Then, as carelessly as I could: "Are there any old servants, retainers of the ancient family, still remaining at Eyre Towers?"

"Yes," replied Mr Graves; "there are both the housekeeper and the gardener. It is the latter who will open for us the lodge gates. This was a venerable man with silver hair, and an expression in his countenance not only of sadness, but, as I imagined, of pity for myself, which corroborated my worst apprehensions.

"He can never get over the departure of his old masters," explained Mr Graves in a low tone; "but he has a great sense of duty, and makes an excellent servant. Sir Ranagan gives him the highest character.

Mrs Mortmain, the housekeeper, had a still more lugubrious appearance, and she also cast upon me a glance, which, without being exactly one of love, was certainly akin to pity.

"Well, madam, and how do you do?" observed the agent; and young Thomas seemed in high feather. I want you to shew this gentleman the Castle to its best advantage, and if he takes it, I am sure that you and your lord will be free, he added.

"Well, sir, you know we must all go in a very little time, for—" She blushed and stammered, but did not finish her sentence.

"Never you mind that, Mrs Mortmain," replied the agent hastily; "let us enjoy ourselves while we can. She is a victim to religious despondency," added he in a whisper.

But I was not to be hoodwinked so. As I walked through the sombre, oak-panelled corridors, and visited library and drawing-room, hall and bowwour, there was one question always trembling on my lip, and only waiting the absence of Mr Nathaniel Graves to be expressed in words. That astute gentleman, however, never left us alone for an instant, and I had to trust to the woman's evident natural honesty, at last, to answer me with the house-agent by her side.

"Now, look here," said I, as we stood in the ancient armoury among the veritable garrotes of those who had perished in tourney and fight, and underneath the torn and blood-stained banners which had been borne before them perhaps to their last fields, "please to answer what I shall ask you, Mrs Mortmain, with all truth. This Castle is cheap, and yet it seems very valuable; this Castle is comfortable, yet its last tenant tired of it in less than two years, and you mind Mr Graves, but look at me. Here, among these mouldering relics of the past, and within hearing, it may be, of the spirits of the bygone owners of this stately place, I urge you to answer this—Is Eyre Towers haunted?"

"Lor' bless you, no, sir," ejaculated the housekeeper, with a simple heartiness of negation, about the grimminess of which there could be no doubt.

"Really, you do astonish me, Mr Tompkins," observed the agent; "I should have taken you for a person wholly beyond the reach of any such ridiculous superstition."

There was an air of relief about him when I had once given utterance to this apprehension, which I still thought a little suspicious, but beyond that I saw nothing—and I saw everything with the exception of the beach, to which Mr Graves humorously observed it was unnecessary to descend, unless after a storm, to secure my flotilla and jeannez to make me pause in the resolution I had formed to anticipate the offer of the gentleman who was already in the market, and to give Sir Ranagan Flanagan his price.

In twenty-four hours, the land about the place had been surveyed and valued by a person in whom I could trust; and within a week, the title-deeds of Eyre Towers were lodged at my bank's, and I found myself the proprietor of the Cheap Castle.

Why it was cheap, remains to be told.

[To be continued]
principal topic which leads to the institution of comparisons so unfavourable to our national character; but there are other points in which we are disadvantageously compared with Frenchmen. As I have lived in Paris, and not merely spent a holiday there, I will, with the permission of the editor of this Journal, give some information touching wine-shops and eating-houses which may be of interest to English readers.

First, I cannot pretend to give an estimate of the number of wine-shops in Paris of my own knowledge; but Mr Hardy stated in the House of Commons that they were not less than 600,000; and though this number does appear so enormous, that, considering the size of Paris, I am inclined to think there must have been an error in printing the figures, yet I can say that they abound to such an extent, that, in comparison, London drinking-houses are exceedingly few and far between. In the more populous parts of Paris especially, there is a wine-shop at the corner of almost every street, and before you get a hundred yards further, you may count five or six others. These wine-shops are for the most part of mean appearance, and utterly unworthy in this respect of comparison with the gin-shops of the English metropolis. Their interiors are obscure, in consequence of the windows being filled with rows of bottles, and covered with in MB, and the narrow pewter counter is loaded with little glasses, shewing that the greater number of customers are mere passers-by, who enter without having the trouble of pushing a door open, take their glass of brandy or alembicke, or whatever liqueur they prefer, and go their way.

In most of these wine-shops, food is sold, though the demand is not extensive, and the supply is user daily confined to a little bit of spiced beef, a German sausage, cheese, and perhaps a small piece of boiled bacon. The major portion of the customers of these shops workmen, porters; but there are a good number of men who cannot be included in either of these categories.

Near the markets, and in the poor outskirts, are numerous wine-shops of inferior, and often disreputable appearance, which, in slang phrase, are termed debites de consolations. These do not sell much wine, but a great deal of brandy, and a variety of liqueurs. A large part of the frontage, which is not extensive, is absorbed by the opening, made as broad as possible, to admit of the easy incoming and outgoing of customers, and especially theless so ax without consideration for the condition in which they may be on their departure. Along the walls are ranged the different consolations; and early in the morning, and late in the evening, you see the consumers thereof seated on benches playing at dominoes, or silently smoking, probably meditating on schemes they would not like to confide to their neighbours, for they are usually representatives of the lowest element of Parisian life. I am pretty conversant with the French language, but I have heard these men use a dialect in conversing with their own associates which is quite unintelligible to me; and even when intelligible, so filled with idioms and phrases, which made it something quite different to the feeble language used by the respectable classes.

The entrance of a known monsieur or spy into one of these places, late at night, causes a very perceptible sensation among a good many of these genty, and the foreigner of inquiring mind who chooses to remain within at the same period, had better look well to his pockets. Such houses as these abounded in those narrow streets of the quarter which have been within the last four or five years to make way for the improvements.

I once visited one of the worst of the dens in this quarter, known as the Lapin Blanc, referred to by Sue in the Mysteries of Paris. A Scotch friend might have his curiosity gratified respecting Paris ruffians; and no doubt he has since horrified many respectable friends by his description of those he met, though he probably omits to mention that he did not get out till we had paid for as many consolations as would have made a score of Englishmen utterly insensible all in an instant.

The keepers of those wine-shops which have been pulled down have mostly migrated outside the barriers; and here it is you see the Frenchman going in for steady drinking much as his countryman does at a cheaper rate, in consequence of its not having paid the octroi or duty levied at the barriers on all such commodities as are sent into the city. It is the French custom of resorting to these places which has led Englishmen, who commonly never go outside the barriers, except in a railway-carrige, to imagine that Frenchmen never get drunk. Outside more than one of these shops, where wretched brandy is sold at two sous the glass, I have seen several individuals at one time stretched on the ground, quite oblivious of existence. On Sundays, crowds of workmen, their wives, and gressettes, pass through the barriers to these places, and sit there for hours; and it is curious to remark how contrary to the received notions respecting the sobriety of Frenchmen is the conduct of the men you see here towards each other. Hardy a man speaks to his neighbour, or interferes with him in any way. If two half-drunken individuals quarrel, and resort to the knife, or even a worse suit, it is regarded by the passengers with the same complacency as though it were a gratuitous spectacle got up for their amusement. If anyone takes place at all, it is for the purpose of keeping the waiters from checking the armour of the combatants.

After Sunday, the customers of many of these gressettes are mostly thieves or egg-sellers, and men of similar occupations. Some are very largely patronised. I remember one house near the Barriere Boucheonart which offered a singular spectacle at night. The narrow, wretched, ill-lit room was crowded by the women, who formed a room for only two rows of tables, and at these tables sat men and women as closely as they could pack. Judging them by their dress, they belonged to very different grades of society; but the faces of both men and women revealed the equality which in reality existed among them. They were all thieves or the associates of thieves. Some of the men had faces which were actually fascinating from their villainous expression. Some, who probably had just made a successful lift, were drinking and singing, as customers were wont to do in earnest conversation, most likely planning an operation of a similar kind, or settling accounts in regard to past transactions. While we were quietly smoking our cigars, and drinking lemonade, two policemen entered. Their presence seemed to become known from one end of the room to the other in an instant, and almost perfect silence succeeded to the hum of the moment before. Some of the men looked suddenly at the table before them, and feigned unconsciousness of the enemy's presence; others, on the contrary, locked up with an affectedly cheerful aspect, and saluted the officers as they passed. Whether this visit was made with the view of finding any particular offender, or merely for the purpose of refreshing their memories by a sight of the faces of these outcasts of society, I cannot say, but I hoped, as we followed them out, that after the attention with which they had honoured us, we might not fall into their hands under suspicious circumstances.

As I had no thought of writing this little paper when in Paris, I did not attempt to ascertain from police statistics how many were affected by the abundance of these wine-shops, but quoting from the same authority as with respect to their number, there are 1100 homicides annually in Paris, and of these, 400 are perpetrated in these establishments.

As regards eating-houses, these are far more numerous in proportion than in any other city I know of.
There are enormous establishments of this kind where hundreds dine every day, and at a cost which, variety considered, is much less than would have to be disbursed if the dinner eater chose to dine at home. At one of these places, Saltzer-water is laid on almost as liberally and cheaply as a London water-company supplies its customers; and at another the soup is poured out with such abundance, that the fountains in Trafalgar Square are mere driblets in comparison. Of course, at the large hotels and restaurants you may spend any sum you please on a dinner; but the charge at the different" table d'hote ranges from five francs down to one franc; and at no place I visited was the food so good and plentiful as I could get at a London ordinary for the same amount.

Beside these eating-houses, there are men and women who call themselves fried-potato merchants, who confine their dealings to that esculent, the rich brown of which has a not un tempting aspect. Others style themselves arlequins, the arlequins being fragments of cooked meat, the piquetises of cooks. There used to be an establishment of this humble kind over which was written l'abbé de la fourchette, and they may be common now, for I sought to know the contrary. The speculative person who preferred the chance of getting a dinner cheap or going without it altogether would be the more provident of a huge enormous soup-kettle, in which the soup was kept close upon boiling-point; a two-pronged fork was then given him, and he was entitled to plunge this once to the bottom of the kettle. If he struck it into one of the pieces of meat floating about in the soup, he was lucky; but if, as was most frequently the case, he drew the fork out bare, the only consolation he had was that which is said to be practised by the polar bear for his maintenance in winter-time.

GOLD IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Some attention has of late been drawn to the goldfields recently discovered in Nova Scotia. The reports from the colony are not now so encouraging or highly coloured as those from British Columbia; but men with capital to invest, who will be content with moderate returns, may find that Nova Scotia possesses superior properties. The latter colony. The country is settled, and a large portion well cultivated, the necessaries of life are plentiful and cheap, while admission to the possession of land is easy. Halifax being within ten or eleven days' sail of Liverpool by the Cunard line. In the summer of 1861, a man stooping to drink at a brook, discovered something glittering in the water; this on examination proved to be gold, and the Old Tanger diggings attracted many people. Since then, however, gold has been discovered at New Tanger, eleven miles distant from the former, and within three-quarters of a mile of the sea. Other gold-fields were soon added to the above, so that at the present time a large body of men are engaged at different parts of the province in quartz-mining and washing. Within a few miles of Halifax lies two gold-fields, Laidlaw's and Lawrencetown. The former lies within ten miles of the capital. You cross the harbour in the ferry to Dartmouth, and take the road winding round the chain of lakes. With everything looking fresh and green, trees in full leaf, the lakes themselves varied in appearance, now a narrow strip of water gleaming through the foliage, and now a broad lake spreading out from the very edge of the road, the drive is a real source of pleasure. At the head of one of the longest lakes are situated the Laidlaw diggings. A few years ago, and hardly a house was in the neighbourhood; now two quartz-crushers have been erected, one of which is in operation; and numerous shops and shanties have been built. Since the quartz formation there is the most singular in the province; it is not found in veins, varying in width from a few inches to one or two feet, but is spread over the hill in broad masses, looking when uncovered like trunks of trees laid side by side. These 'barrels,' as they are called from their rounded appearance, are met at various depths beneath the surface, varying from one or two to many feet, and through every one of them gold is distributed. The whole of the hill is taken up in three-quarter-acre claims, and some very fine specimens of auriferous quartz have been obtained. In many pieces of quartz gold is visible in small nuggets, in others in specks distributed over them, and in others it is only obtained by crushing. At the foot of the hill is situated the crusher of the Nova Scotia Gold Company. The quartz is first roasted by a moderate heat, to drive off sulphur and other impurities; and from the kilns it is taken on a tramway to the mill. On entering the building, one is almost deafened by the noise. Twelve large stampers are rising and falling on the quartz fed in under them, which, fast as it is crushed to a fine powder, is washed off by a stream of water flowing under the stampers to a box or trough nearly full of mercury; from thence the quartz-powder passes over another box; then over copper-plates coated with mercury; and finally over blankets, spread to catch the fine gold, if any has escaped. The mercury vanishes upon and amalgamates with the gold; and in order to obtain it the amalgam is poured into an iron retort, under which a good but not too strong a fire is made. The retort has a pipe leading over to a bucket of water, and immersed slightly only at the end. The vapour which comes over from the mercury is condensed, and after it is all driven off, the gold is found in the retort, looking very like 'Durham Mustard.' Care must be taken in retorting to prevent the escape of any of the fumes from the mercury, as, if inhaled, they would be most injurious. The process is patented and inventions are for extracting the gold from quartz. Our inventive cousins, of course, have their ideas on the subject, and are attempting to introduce untried and expensive machines. The price of crushing at the Nova Scotia Gold Company's works is sixteen shillings per ton. The yield of gold is very uncertain. Some quartz has yielded sixty-four shillings per ton, and some only forty-eight; but this last will pay very fairly. During this present summer, the whole of the hill will be opened, and there is every reason to believe that a large portion of the owners of claims will make money. At Lawrencetown, which is twelve miles to the east of Dartmouth, Laidlaw's being to the north, the diggings are of two kinds—the 'placer' or washings, and the mining for quartz veins. They were discovered in July 1861, and claims were taken up by several people on a hill overlooking the Lawrencetown River. In one or two of these, the washings were rich, and the bed-rock showed an auriferous quartz vein. The claims, however, being only 50 feet by 20, were too small to be profitably worked, and in the autumn of 1861, the ground on which these claims were laid off was purchased by the Nova Scotia Gold Company. To the west and north of this ground, several claims were taken up, and worked throughout last winter. In some instances, the perseverance of the miners has been rewarded by the discovery of valuable veins. One of two partners sold his share for £44, after maintaining himself for a whole winter by the sale of gold taken from their quartz.

The Nova Scotia Gold Company commenced operations this last spring. On their ground, there are rich washings and quartz veins. In the business of searching for gold, the miner generally uses a tin or iron pan, circular, about fifteen inches in diameter, with sides two and a half inches deep, sloping from the bottom outwards. When earth is taken from the presence of small pieces of quartz and other signs, to contain gold, this is filled, and carried to the nearest
pool of water. The pan is sunk just under water, and the dirt well stirred; all large stones, after being carefully cleaned, being removed by hand. The gold-seeker then commences giving the pan a rotatory and oscillating motion in the water, allowing it to wash and beat over the dirt stirred up to the top surface of the dirt. This motion is kept up till perhaps three-fourths of the panful is washed away, then the remainder is shaken well over the bottom of the pan, and brought gradually forward to the edge of the pan, inclined to the water, the shaking of course keeping the gold at the bottom. Water is allowed to flow in over the surface of the earth, and then the pan is quickly lifted, it flows out, carrying with it a small portion of the dirt. This is repeated several times, until only a very small quantity is left. This shaken well over the pan, will shew the gold, generally in dust or small specks. When, however, a steady stream of water can be obtained, sluicing is resorted to. Long narrow boxes are set up, each fitting into the other, in lengths of from one to several hundred feet; through these a stream of water flows, and the dirt is shovelled in as fast as the water will carry it away. The bottoms of these sluice-boxes are fitted with 'false bottoms,' boards full of auger-holes, 'ripples or riffles,' narrow ledges of wood set across the sluice, and 'slats,' long strips of wood with a bevelled edge underneath, fitted together in rows. In these, the gold, as it sinks and is caught and retained, and the sluices are washed down every few days to collect it. A box with mercury in it is also employed in the sluices, sometimes to catch the fine or light gold, which is then obtained from it in the manner described above. To find a lead of auriferous ground, the pan is always employed, and the veins of quartz are then discovered by tracing up this lead. It is astonishing how accurately the pan will shew, in skilful hands, any alteration, however slight, in the richness of the ground.

The quartz veins hitherto found in Nova Scotia vary much in width. They are generally cased with slate, enclosed on both sides by whin rock; sometimes, however, slate may overlie them, and at others a body of slate may lie between two veins embedded on their outer sides by whin. Not only does each vein differ from another in width and appearance, but the veins themselves are often thick in one part and thin in another; rich with gold at one point, and without a speck to be obtained at another. The general bearing of the veins is north, from 78 degrees to 83 degrees west. Up to the present time, by far the larger portion of the gold-diggers have been living on hope. They have taken out large quantities of quartz, which still remains uncrushed; and therefore all reports published in the papers as to the general productiveness of the diggings must be received with great caution. Instances are not wanting of a large amount of gold being taken from one ton of quartz, but there are others where not a grain has been obtained. At the Sherbrooke diggings, still further to the eastward of Halifax than Tangier, there was a great rush in consequence of some fine leads being struck. Claims were taken up over supposed veins for a length of several miles, nearly the whole of which remain yet to be proved. There is perhaps less gold fever in Nova Scotia than in Great Britain, as at present everything is so uncertain. It would be well for those who are inclined to rush to the gold-fields to think well over the step. In Nova Scotia, labourers' wages are generally about 4s. per day, and there has not been, as in other countries where gold-discoveries were made, any rise in the prices of food or clothing. The country opens a wide field for the investment of capital. There are large, and up to the present time, almost unworked coal-fields; iron is also to be obtained in considerable quantities. The climate is a fine one; the winter cold, but dry and bracing; and the summer hotter, but of more equable temperature than those of England. There is very little real poverty in the country, and crimes at the diggings are almost unknown, a fact alike creditable to the people and the laws. Emigrants are arriving in small numbers from England, Scotland, and Wales. By the end of this summer, the diggings will have been thoroughly tested, and reliable information will then be obtained. The reports in the local papers must be received with great caution, as they are often written by interested parties; and it must be recollected that the press in America does not take the same trouble to obtain true reports from the different diggings as it would under similar circumstances in England.

"'His Name.'" FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

The perfume of a lily pure, the lustre of a crown,
The latest breath of dying day,
A friend's complaint who curst our griefs in making them his own,
The wing of Time's mysterious adieu ere it hath flown,
The murmur of sweet lips at play,
The mantle of the seven hues the storm leaves in the sky,
That trophy of the sun doth stream,
The unexpected tones of a dear voice long passed by,
The secret, innocently kept, of a young maiden's sigh,
An infant's first and fairest dream,
The chant of choirs heard from far, the mourn Memnon bids
In fabled accents to the nor, the music of a mystic sound that trembles nor abides,
All that thought entertains of things more fair and sweet besides,
Less sweetly than 'his name' is borne.

Pronounce it lowly, 'neath the breath, as though it was a prayer,
But in each chant let it be plain,
As of some solemn temple's gloom the secret light but clear,
Or as the sacred word from the depths of the shrine we hear,
Returned by the same voice again
Believe me, oh my friends, before my Muse, in words of flame,
Shall I mistake her proper flight,
That she shall dare to mingle title own'd of pride or fame,
With that most perfect one for whom love in my soul doth claim,
As holy treasure, place right,
It may come to pass that these, my faithful hymns, she sings,
Shall be as those we kneel to hear,
And that the air shall vibrate while her solemn anthem rings,
As if 'twere shaken by invisible ambrosial wings
The while an angel passed near.

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LITERATURE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

The political condition of a people bears so close a relation to their arts, letters, and philosophy, that a change of dynasty generally marks an epoch in thought, manner, and character. It may almost be said that he who leads a rebellion or subjugates a realm is, in some sort, a patron of art and a father of letters: he gives themes to authors and orators, and awakens the spirit that develops into speech, song, and marble.

Every war has its ballads, and we may trace our own from the time of the Vikings to the date of the siege in the Crimea. As revolutions are more or less radical, so are the changes in the keys and measures of their ballads. Compare the hymns of the Roundheads with the trollops of the Cavaliers, and we have indices to the characters of the combatants and the combats.

If the battles of the American war have been numerous beyond precedent, its songs have been equally many. The feverish restless energy of Jonathan was never so manifest as now: he is not only writing the story of his revolution as he goes along, but, like the Ancient Mariner, is rhyming his own sins and sorrows. The military events of the war have so engrossed our attention in England, that we have overlooked the scarcely less remarkable social and civil events that are taking place. That the sections will emerge from the contest changed in laws, customs, sentiments, and ambitions, the Americans admit; but their literature in particular will have taken a new military complexion.

The newspaper in America is the avenue for all communication. Every second man may be said to have published something, and the proportion is almost as great if we include the women. The latter, indeed, have had their full share in bringing on the war. They were the original anti-slavery agitators, and by novel, poem, essay, and philippic, have in great part aroused the sectional feeling that has finally arrayed the South against the North. The anti-slavery poems of Whittier, Bryant, Longfellow, and Lowell, are pretty well known abroad; but since the agitation has developed into hostilities, every cross-road's newspaper has been brimming with verse. To these the mad of John Brown was a special provocation, and the life of that mingled saint and Moloch has been written in epic, drama, and doggerel.

We recall incidentally a stanza, thereabout, from one of Whittier's ballads:

Parish with him the faulty
That seeks through evil, good;
Long live the generous purpose,
Unstain'd by human blood!
Not the raid of midnight terror,
But the thought which underlies;
Not the outlaw's pride of daring,
But the Christian's sacrifice!

Oh, never may yon blue-rig'd hills
The Northern ri-fie hear;
Nor see the light of blazing homes
Flash on the negro's spear;
But may the free-wing'd angel, truth,
Their guarded passes scale,
To teach that right is more than might,
And justice more than mail!

Beyond these anti-slavery effusions, there were few poems written in the pause before the war. The South has had at no time any considerable lyrist, and the avenues for publication have been generally in the North. With a single exception—that of the Southern Literary Messenger—the South has never maintained a popular magazine; and if the feeling and talent for poesy prevailed in that section, it sought recognition in New York, Philadelphia, or Boston. The North, on the contrary, teemed with weekly and monthly journals, many of them with a circulation of a hundred thousand copies. The New York Ledger, a sensational weekly, had at one time a quarter of a million circulation, and Harper's and the Atlantic mouthes have enormous sales. The demand for the illustrated papers has increased with the progress of the war, and the dailies have advanced threefold. The Herald (N. Y.) circulates about one hundred and fifteen thousand copies per diem, and has issued, after important battles, as many as one hundred and fifty thousand. The World, Sun, Evening Post, and Express follow close behind. The Sunday newspapers have prodigious circulations, led by the Mercury with one hundred and twenty thousand, and the provincial press is by no means insignificant in respect either to circulation or to enterprise in obtaining news. The Inquirer and the Ledger, Philadelphia, circulate each sixty thousand; the Press, thirty thousand; and the Chicago, Cincinnati, and St Louis papers are scarcely less profitable.
If the South has had no war-literature, the fact may be ascribed less to the capacity than the opportunity. Strange as it may appear, the first published articles upon the right of secession fell from Northern presses; and after the war had fairly opened, two-thirds of the Southern newspapers were obliged to suspend, owing to the failure of supply in the articles of printers’ ink and paper—and perhaps of printers. Recent Richmond, Charleston, and Petersburg prints that the writer has secured, are almost illegible. The type appears to have been smeared with shoe-blacking, and the paper is coarse in quality and dark in colour.

Whatever the South has done, therefore, in poetical composition—and it has many gifted people—has not been given to the world. Mr Albert Pike of Arkansas appears to have been the leading balladist; but he is a general as well, and his battles have been more numerous than his songs. The North, with better opportunities for publicity, has been prompt to employ them from the first. As secession developed from a despair into a detested idea, the refrain to leader, poem, and oration was Union. The magic character of this word is understood by those only who have seen and studied the American character. The preamble to their constitution states, that ‘the people of the United States’ resolve upon certain general laws, ‘in order to form a more perfect Union;’ and there has been no national document or inaugural harangue, since the date of American independence, that has not teemed with the same sentiment of fraternity.

In proportion to the territorial ambition of the Americans was their horror for dissolution, and the speeches of their most famous orators have enforced the argument of union, whether good, wicked, free, or despotic, but at all events, and through all time. Union! Any sentiment was tolerated in the States but that of ‘disunion.’ Mr Wigfall might descend upon the blessings of universal slavery, and receive respectful attention, or Mr Hooper, from Utah, urge the expediency of polygamy as developed among his Mormon constituents, and be complimented thereupon; but two classes of people were always abhorred, North and South—the Disunionists and the Abolitionists.

A party, having no other platform or leading principle but that of unconditional union, nominated Mr. John Bell against Mr Lincoln for the presidency, and, curiously enough, carried the states of Virginia, Kentucky, and Maryland. It was natural that the ballads of the North should turn, from the beginning, upon this idea; for the Federal government, until lately, has not ceased to proclaim that its only object, in the prosecution of the war, is the restoration of the Union, which is, in fact, the Government. Thus, Vanity Fair, sometimes called the American Punch, rang out six months ago in, America to the World:

Tell them this Union so great, cannot sever,
Though it may tremble beneath the rude shock;
As it hath lived, so it shall live for ever,
Strong as the mountain oak, firm as the rock.

Ever and ever our flag shall be streaming,
Adding new glories of stripes and of stars;
Though the sword glancing and bayonet gleaming,
Tell us of treasons, corruptions, and wars.

Stanzas similar in spirit were published in every country journal; roared by ballad-singers in the highways, repeated at hustings and from pulpits, and this as well by foreign born as by native citizens. We have extracted a stanza from God Preserve the Union, by Mr John Savage, one of the participants in the Irish rebellion, and associated with John Mitchell, Smith O’Brien, and Thomas F. Meagher. The poem, which is very long and very awkward, was suggested, according to Mr Savage, by a paragraph in the London Morning Chronicle, that ‘there is no safety for European monarchical governments, if the progressive spirit of the democracy of the United States is allowed to succeed.’

Brothers, here are times when nations,
Must, like battle-worn men,
Leave their proud, self-built quiet,
To do service once again.

When the banners, blessed by fortune,
And by blood and brain enthralled,
Must retrob the soul with feelings
That long happiness hath calmed;
Thus the democratic faith that won
The nation, now hath need,
To raise its ever-stalwart arm,
And save what twice it freed!

So, friends, fill up
The brimming cup,
In brotherly communion;
Here’s blood and blow
For a foreign foe,
And God preserve the Union!

The German-Americans have doubtless had their war-literature. The fact that forty regiments of Teutons have volunteered in the Federal service, implies distinctive ballads, wherein Fядerland and adopted land have been named incongruously, in adaptations of Korner and Schiller. The Germans, however, are thoroughly Americanized, while the Irish have preserved their national individuality amidst all mutations.

When the news came that war had actually been commenced by the intervention and bombardment of Fort Sumpter, every element of northern society was convulsed. Poets became more numerous than soldiers, and the poems were as various as the characters of the sections from which volunteers were summoned. Regiments had their separate songs, and states sang in concert of their past prowess and present patriotism. The Tribune published, early in 1861, the war-song of Massachusetts, of which the following is a specimen:

’Tis the old Bay State a-coming,
With the pine-tree waving high;
Foremost, where the fight is thickest,
Freedom still her battle-cry!
From the rocky shores of Plymouth,
From the plains of Lexington,
From beneath the shaft of Bunker,
Every hero sends a son.

CHORUS.
To the fray comes the Bay State!
Clear the way for the Bay State!
Trust you may in the Bay State;
She will do or die!

The song of the Twenty-fifth New York Regiment, by Surgeon Reynolds, To Arms! To Arms! has the ring of steel in the opening stanza:

To arms! To arms! Columbia’s foe!
Their banners flaunt on high;
To arms! To arms! and overthrow
The rebel ostler, or do so!
For more than life, we freemen prize
The blessings freedom gives;
Each hour the trembling coward dies,
’Tis only courage lives!

The clergy, particularly in New England, have given a religious guise to the war, and the stern, angular Yankee soldier has become as remarkable for psalm-singing and praying as had been his forefather Round-head two centuries before. The Yankee is naturally
grave, sombre, and attentive to the forms of worship. A twang of godliness pervades even his war-ballads, and the New England populace—that is, the sinew of the Northern arm—has been aroused to a pitch of zeal, curiously inflamed with ambition, vindictiveness, and a thirst for adventure. The clergyman has been, in many towns, the virtual recruiting-officer, teaching that every good Christian and citizen should be prompt to sustain the laws; and with New England already abolished, the appeal was frequently made that the war had for its object the extermination of slavery.

The annexed stanza, terrible in its earnestness, was sung, with others, in one of the New England churches, by a full regiment, whose muskets had been stacked in the grave-yard, and who stood in uniform, uncovered, to receive the benediction:

With banners fluttering forth on high,
And music's stirring breath;
Lord God! we stand beneath thine eye
Arrayed for work of death.

With such ceremonials to inaugurate a warfare, we can wonder at the induration of the war or its frightful destructiveness. The Battle Anthem of Mr John Neal, a poet of some repute, and the editor of a newspaper in Portland, Maine, commences with a similar appeal to the superstitions and creeds of men:

Our great blue sky is overcast,
And stars are dropping out
Through smoke and flame—
Hailstones and coals of fire;
Now comes the battle shout:—
'Jehovah's name!'—

The following, illustrative of the same religious intensity, is from a poetess more widely known—Mrs Harriet Beecher Stowe, authoress of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Mrs Stowe, it may be said incidentally, belongs to an ancient Puritan or Yankee family, of which several members have been famous as divines, orators, and authors. Her brother, Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, New York, is probably the most popular pulpit orator in America.

HYMN FOR A FLAG RISING,
Here, where our fathers came,
Bearing the holy flame
To light our day;
Here, where our faith and prayer,
They roared these walls in air,
Now, to the heavens so fair,
Their flag we raise.

Look ye, where free it waves
Over their hallowed graves,
Blessing their sleep;
Now pledge your heart and hand,
Sons of a noble land,
Round their bright flag to stand,
Till death to keep!

God of our fathers! Now
To thee we raise our vow;
Judge and defend;
Let freedom's banner wave,
Till there be not a slave;
Show thyself strong to save
Unto the end!

*There has been little of humorous verse published during the war. The American is not of genial temperament and his characteristic wit is keen, cruel, and biting. From a medley of satirical pieces upon all sorts of subjects—The Civilians at Bull Run, Beauregard's Dream, The Hoopen Cravat, etc.—we select a pithy fragment relative to the swindling of contractors and army-agents:

From top to toe, from head to foot,
Our poities are rotten;
And those we pay are bribed to boot,
While justice is forgotten;
For every one that gets a chance
To serve the state, is stealing,
And honest men must pay again,
For scoundrels' double-dealing.

In camp and court, it's all the same,
From judge to quarter-master;
The devil takes the one that's lame,
He should have robbed the faster;
For pork or progres [pan], blankets, brief,—
The rogue's defended;
And honest men are told again,
The system can't be mended.

The pathos of the war has been more happily rendered. There have been numerous poems of a high order, descriptive of the sufferings of the volunteers, the distress of the bereaved, the losses of leading generals, and the heroism of common soldiers. We doubt that any revolution has been marked by so many compositions expressed with such rare nerve and felicity.

Among the authors of these are many poets heretofore recognised and applauded in England; but a quantity of amateur talent has been developed, and scarcely an American publication comes to hand that does not contain one or more gems for enshrinement in the future literature of the Americans. After each defeat the poems are multitudinous. Bull Run has probably been commemorated by every amateur in the Republic. The following morsels have emanated from Boston, the seat of Puritan education and literature, and they breathe the general devotional feeling of the North after that celebrated reverse. Apart from their value as illustrations of Northern feeling, they have the poetic merits of intensity and harmony:

We dreaded, yet we longed to know,
What homes had been bereft;
We feared to have the sunbeams shew
The wreck the storms had left.

Oh! not in vain upon us came
Misfortune dark and dire,
If in our breasts, its piercing flame
Shall light a holier fire;
If, gazing on our broken van,
Our blood-besprinkled sod,
We turn from confidence in man,
And put our trust in God.

The following extract attributes the ill success of the North to its lukewarmness upon the question of slavery:

By the great bells, swinging slow
The solemn dirges of our woes,
By the heavy flags, that fall
Trailing, from the bastioned wall,
Miseric, Domine!

By our country's common blame—
By our silent tears of shame—
By our curbed and bated breath,
Under dynasties of death—
Miseric, Domine!

America has produced no great national song since her revolution commenced, and the old standards of Hail Columbia, The Red, White, and Blue, and The Star-Spangled Banner—all of which are new words to European music—are still the popular airs.
The songs that swell up from the border states are
to true exponents of the feelings and fears of those who,
having had little to do with bringing about the war,
have suffered more than any in life, liberty, and proper-
ity. We find in one of the St Louis (Missouri) journals a ballad,
like some of the younger efforts of Tennyson, that we cannot refrain from printing a
verse or two. It is called The Latest War News,
and reflects an anguish that thousands have felt since the
commencement of this fatal feud:

Oh! pale, pale face—oh! helpless hands,
Sweet eyes by fruitless watching wronged,
Yet turning ever toward the lands,
Where war's red hosts are throned.

She shoulders, when they tell the tale
Of some great battle, lost and won;
Her sweet child-face grows old and pale,
Her heart falls like a stone!

She sees no conquering flag unfurled,
She hears no victory's brazen roar,
But a dear face, which was her world,
Perchance she'll kiss no more.

E'er there comes between her sight,
And the glory that they rave about,
A boyish brow, and eyes, whose light
Of splendour hath gone out.

The midnight glory of his hair,
Where late her fingers, like a flood
Of moonlight, wandered, lingering there,
Is stiff and dank with blood.

A number of melodramas have been composed and
produced, having for their subject the intersectional
struggle, and some dozen histories have been pro-
ected. Of the latter, the most pretentious is the
Field-Book of the Rebellion, by Benson J. Lossing, an
author and artist, whose travelling expenses alone, in
connection with the work, have been computed by
his publisher as 2700 dollars, or more than L800.
Mr Lossing travels with the army, provided with
photographic instruments, and all the material requi-
site to perpetuate the battles, signs, and encampments
of the revolution.

A history scarcely less voluminous is the Rebellion
Record of Frank Moore, an illustrated serial that
preserves not merely the biography, narrative, and
diplomacy of the war, but also its literature and
anecdote. The military inspiration has extended to
the artists; and at recent exhibitions of the academies
of design and fine arts, in New York and Philadelphia,
battle-pieces, not unfrequently of high merit, were
among the contributions.

But the most remarkable evidences of enterprise
and assiduity have been connected with the bar-
eaus of the daily press. The Herald has had thirty
correspondents in the several departments of naval
and military operation, each provided with a horse,
field-glass, and camp-equipage. It has launched
three boats to overhaul naval vessels, and has estab-
lished a courier system that defies the interference
of government, or the mutations of steam, wind, and
lizes. These correspondents, and those mainly of
other journals, receive twenty dollars, or four pounds
a week, with all necessary expenses. If forbidden, as
civilians, to enter camp-lines, they enlist as common
soldiers, and are detailed as secretaries, clerks, or
members of staffs. It may safely be presumed that a
higher pay than at every base; and these
gentry have not only kept pace with the Federal
troops, but have entered the domains of the Con-
spirators, and beheld, pilloried, and caves-dropped at
will. The Confederates, early in the struggle, expelled
their own newspaper scribes, and the only detailed
account of the Chickahominy or peninsular battles,
published upon their side of the border, was that of Roger A. Fryor, printed in pamphlet at Richmond. It has been necessary, on the part of the Federal authorities, to imprison several of the members of the press,' for they had, at one time, the effrontery to steal state-papers from the tables of the secretaries, and even to steal the president's message. One of them served a long term at Fort M'Henry, Baltimore, and others in the cool-holes under the Capitol building at Washington. At various times, they have all been ejected from the army for publishing intelligence of anticipated military movements, and General Hallack threatened to put them to work on fortifications if found within camp limits after a specified day. Ubique, quondam, the letter of the law while breaking it in spirit, the reporters have out-generated the generals, and still go about making and unmaking heroes. The greatest of these, Washington, has been triumphed over by his own errors; the chroniclers keep pace with the events. The continent that was, three years ago, boundless, void, and uncommemorated, is now studied with the remarkable, the imposing, and the grand. The Mississippi, that went sluggishly toward the sea, through three thousand miles of unculted territory, margined by no historic plains, pillars, or poplars, is to-day fresh with the reminiscences that make lands known abroad, and nations and deeds renowned. Let the passenger see, as we have seen, the heights of Columbus littered with broken cannon, wheels, and engines; the levee at Cairo, where the waters are black with gun-boats, mortar-barges, and acres of transports; the battle-sites of Belmont, New Madrid, Fort Pillow, and Baton Rouge; the ramparts at Island No. 10, where tons of iron were hurled by day and night, and the Caroulelet dashed by in the darkness, with eight batteries belching close before her; the scene of the naval engagement at Memphis, where the people of the town stood gazing from their streets at the destruction of their steamers; the tide at Vicksburg, where the Arkansas rode like a thing immortal, through the whole Federal fleet; and finally, the shattered forts below New Orleans, where the Northern cruisers, in despite of guns, boats, chains, torpedoes, fire-rafts, rams, and gun-boats, sailed up the river, and took the metropolis of the South. A young Federal bard has not been unmindful of these mutations, and thus breaks out in a poem called

Aceldama:

The rills obscure, that sang the livelong day,
So lonesomely, that none were known to hear;
The millroad, where the weeds choked up the tracks,
And closed the ox-cart, and the path of pikes,
Where never within memory ran the axe,
But ever through the seasons, brays and whines
The gust, that stirs the reed tops in the fens;
The hidden cottages in shady glens,
And the sleepy cross-roads, where the sign-post gleams,
And boards boise the well-trough rein their teams;
The village, only known in county maps,
Where never a murder happened through the ages,
And twice a week the mails come down in stages,
And life is a succession of short saps;
These have been made world-famous; poplars Shall cast their shade above the old hostiles;
The car shall mention them upon his throne,
And seem, that keep watches of cold nights
Conspire them with long marches and great lights;
The antiquary treasure bits of bone,
Picked up at ploughing by some grinning clown,
Who quoth: 'How great a grave-yard to so small a town!'
The affair of Mason and Slidell aroused for a time the rage of the unfeigned bards, and terrible invective were hurled in rhyme at everything transatlantic. To be Given Up, was the title of one of these effusions, and thus said the singer:

Give them up Wilkes, or Du Pont, or McClellan!
What is the right worth? Have they not the power?
Make Fairfax a pirate, a foal, and a felon,
And hang him in chains at the spout of the tower!
If the lion should roar, held the throat of the eagle,
Let our war-ships be hares at the teeth of the beagle!
Nor hoist, as of old, to the scream of the sea-gull
The stars that made tyranny tremble and cower!

Happily, in this case, those who made the laws overruled those who wrote the songs, and the ruffled waters subsided when England demanded, and 'Uncle Abe' spake. We shall conclude this article with a little poem by one of the pleasantest of American female lyrista, Mrs Mary A. Denison. It is entitled

Good-bye, Boys! I'm going!

The battle raged with fiercest heat;
The guns unloosed their thunder:
Shame on the cowardly retreat!
Shame for the cruel blunder!
Along the ground the hissing ball
Ploughed deep, black furrows throwing,
When faintly came the dying call,
Of: 'Good-bye, boys! I'm going!'

Brave volunteer! upon his brow
Death's chilly dews were creeping;
The lagging blood ran slower now,
And many a man was weeping;
Yet, as they kneelt mid bullet rain,
Their eyes with vengeance glowing,
Came up the sobbing cry again,
Of: 'Good-bye, boys! I'm going!'

Great souls! no wish! no coward word!
No vain regret was spoken;
And they who loved him silent heard;
Their very hearts were broken.
Oh! let it be a warrior's cry,
The vilest traitor shewing
How calmly brave our men can die,
With: 'Good-bye, boys! I'm going!'

THE CHEAP CASTLE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS—CHAPTER III.

Among the minor domestic joys, there are few more pleasant than that of introducing those we love to scenes which have already afforded delight to our own eyes. How much more gratifying this is if we can add: 'And all of this is mine and thine!' If ever territorial pride was excusable in a dabbler in scrip and share, it was when my wife and Louisa Adelaide, having exchanged their railway carriage at Cinqueport for a barouche, stood up on the seats thereof and clapped their hands as they first caught sight of the flag that floated over Eyrie Towers. There was no peculiar appropriateness in the banner itself, which was one discovered in the monument-room, and may have been the Oriflamme of France, for all I know; but it certainly set off my marine residence to great advantage.

'May it fly above your heads, my dears, for many, many years,' cried I with enthusiasm.

'Lo, sir,' observed the driver, who was sitting by me on the box-seat, 'you can scarcely expect that, surely.'

I thought his remark, at the time, to be one of the most insolent and uncalled-for interruptions I had ever heard in my life, but I took no notice of it, for fear of calling my wife's attention to the man's impertinence; he was evidently referring to her period of life, as not affording much probability of her residing
many, many years' anywhere; but still I felt a little discomfort, when I耦合ed his rudeness with the housekeeper's remark, upon my previous visit; 'We must all go in a very little time.' Was it possible that there was any legend or weird prophecy extant concerning the duration of existence of the proprietors of Eyrie Towers? If so, we must bear it, as one of the 'environs,' as Muggles termed it, of our ancestral position; and as for its fulfilment, I was prepared rather to put my trust in averages and the ordinary calculations of the insurance offices. By the by, their employer Sir Ranagan Flanagan insured the place. This driver, who seems so disagreeably communicative, may be able to tell me.

'Do you happen to know whether Eyrie Towers is insured?' asked I.

'Surely! Why, what agen, sir?'

'Why, against fire, for instance.'

'O yes, sir, it's insured agen fire. I remember seein' a little tin plate with a Sun upon it stuck upon the side of the entrance tower, and they told me as how that was a sign it couldn't be burned. It's insured safe enough agen.

'Why did he lay such an unnecessary emphasis upon the word fire? What other risk could there possibly be except that? Were the hailstones particularly large in this part of the country? If so, that danger could be easily guarded against at a very small rate per cent. Why, also, did I catch this man surreptitiously gazing at me, with that unmistakable look of pity I had already observed upon the faces of the two retainers? And why at other times did he snigger to himself, like a driver laughing in his sleeve? Was he in possession of the secret of why the castle was so undeveloped and cheap? I protested I was glad to see the fellow's back, as he drove under the Portcullis, and over the Drawbridge, and along the Avenue, and left us in our Barional Home.

Louisa Adelaide was half wild with delight at all she saw, and explored every corner of the mansion like a sunbeam. She chose for her boudoir a chamber in the most seaward tower, and filled it with her knicknacks, so as to make it livable-looking and easy at once, after a manner quite peculiar to herself. Only over the mantel-piece she hung a portrait, which I would rather not have seen there, of a young man with a pair of compasses in one hand, and the map of the Universe (judging by its size) in the other, which, it is needless to say, represented Theodolite Chane employed in the practice of his profession.

'I do hope, my love,' said I, 'that that person will not intrude upon us at Eyrie Towers.'

'Intrude upon us? No, dear papa, certainly not; but mamma has given him leave to come down on any Saturday to stay till Monday, which is all the holiday he can get, poor fellow, for he is getting so much to do.'

'I am glad of it,' said I sardonically; 'I wish he'd get a little more —meaning too much to admit of any holiday. But remember, Louisa Adelaide, as sure as the earth beneath our feet, when that Theodolitus Chane puts his foot within this castle, I'll —'

At this moment, a noise as of thunder reverberated within the room, and finished my sentence for me with a vengeance.

Louisa Adelaide, terrified as she was, seized the opportunity to observe, in appalling tones, that it was evident that what I was about to say was displeasing, and contrary to Nature herself.

Without believing that anything supernatural had declared itself in favour of Mr Chane, C.E., I was really a good deal staggered, for the shock was almost that of an earthquake. I mechanically looked out of window, but all was placid as usual; the sea —which would have been affected, as at Lisbon, in case of an earthquake —was as smooth as a duckpond; the terrace and little strip of lawn beyond that lay between us and the cliff-top evinced no sign of fracture. I did not conclude my remarks concerning Theodosius, however, but left the room, murmuring something about the moving of heavy boulders over our heads, in order to account for the noise, whereas it had really come from beneath us, where, so far as I knew, there were no apartments whatever. My wife, who was busy in the housekeeper's room, asked me whether I had heard that clap of distant thunder, and I said I had. Whereupon Mrs Mortmain, whom I was watching narrowly, stole a look at me, which convinced me she knew more than she chose to tell. It was just possible that she and the gardener might have a plan together to get us out of Eyrie Towers, in order that they might inhabit it themselves, and exact their perquisites from sight-seers and picnic-parties without a resident master; but if so, they little knew Thomas Tompkins. I was not the man to be frightened out of a cheap Castle by stage-thunder.

Days and weeks went on, and nothing further took place to disturb us. I had explored every part of my property again and again, except the sea-beach —but the approach to which was by some very steep stone steps not attractive to a person of my physical formation —and whatever I had seen had satisfied me. The place was as cheap as Mr Nathaniel Graves had asserted it to be, and I was sorry not to see him that I might tell him as much, and apologise for the incredulity I had previously shown upon that subject. But I could never find Mr Graves at home, though I drove over more than once to Cinqueport, mainly for the purpose of calling upon him. I was glad of an object, however insignificant, for a drive or a walk. Eyrie Towers was a charming residence, but it was certainly a little dull. The county families did not call upon us. This rather distressed Mr Tompkins, but Louisa Adelaide bore up against it wonderfully. I more than suspected that this philosophy arose from her devotion to her lover —as she could hardly with consistency have signed for good society with her heart fixed on a civil engineer —but I was glad to see her so contented, at all events. For my own part, I confess I was rather hurt at our social isolation.

Upon a certain day, it being hot over the sandhills, I met my next neighbour, the Honourable Tom Noodell, also on horseback, and he could scarcely help exchanging a few words with me. I was still enough, and of course hoarse from it, which made him indeed so uncomfortable that he began to apologise for himself and his friends.

'You see,' said he, 'considering the circumstances, we scarcely thought it worth our while to call.'

'The dense you didn't!' said I; 'I am obliged to you for your candour, I'm sure.'

'I mean no offence,' added he; 'but since you were only to be amongst us for such a very short time—'

'And how do you know that, pray, Mr Noodell?' interrupted I. 'You and your friends seem to take a great deal for granted. I am not aware that I am likely to remain a less time at Eyrie Towers than you are at Cinqueport Lodge.'

The Honourable Tom Noodell regarded me with a momentary expression of pity, precisely similar to that which had already appeared on the faces of so many of humbler rank, and stammering out that he had been misinformed, and that Mrs Noodell would take the earliest opportunity of repairing her omission by calling upon Mrs Tompkins, he rode away at a canter, although not so fast but that I heard him sniggering as he went, like a country gentleman laughing in his sleeve. It was evident to my mind that the Honourable Thomas Noodell, although he was my intellectual inferior, knew something that I did not know.
This knowledge was not, however, destined to be hid from me long.

CHAPTER IV.

Upon my return from that very Saturday's ride which I have mentioned, I found the Cheap Castle in confusion from battlement to donjon-keep, or, less figuratively, from the drawbridge to the dungeon. Louisa Adelaide was in powerful hysterics. Her mother and the female domestics were of course more or less out of their minds with terror, and I was not a little alarmed myself; for my daughter is as sensible a girl as ever breathed, and does not laugh and cry in the same breath, or scream at the top of her voice, without a good reason. She had been found lying on the floor of the boudoir, groaning in her clenched fingers the portrait of Mr Theodosius Chane.

"I had taken it down," said she, when she came to herself, "for the purpose of cleaning it, and I had it close to my face! (here she blushed, poor thing), 'when a shock similar to the one you remember, papa, almost brought me to the ground, after which there was a real clatter, much worse than what we heard on that occasion.'

"Is it not therefore plain, my dear," said I smiling, "that Nature herself is intimation."

"O pray, papa, do not joke about it. I shall never sit in that room again with any comfort. I shall never be happy in Eyrie Towers any more." And Louisa Adelaide wrung her hands in a manner most distressing for a parent to behold.

At this moment, there was the sound of wheels upon the drawbridge, and the gateway bell gave a tremendous peal. The women put their fingers into their ears at this quite unaccustomed portent, and screamed afresh. It was like some horrid scene out of the Castle of Otranto realised. But instead of a nodding portcullis coming through the hall, it was Theodosius Chane in a one-horse fly, come to stay from the Saturday to the Monday. Louisa Adelaide and the rest of them revived immensely upon this, but, for my part, I was more disturbed by his appearance than by all that had occurred before. If an Englishman's House is his castle, not to be invaded by the King of England, he should much more should his Castle be his castle! I went out rather hastily, and I believe slamming the door after me, and took a rapid turn or two upon the terrace, to dispersing my ill-humour in a less good-natured man might be called ill-humour; presently, I began to walk slow, and at last I took out my cigar-case. All my readers who are smokers will know that that was a good sign. A man in a passion can no more smoke a cigar than he can compose a sonnet. After a whiff or two, I began to take some note of external objects; and, among others, of the gardener who was trimming a little flower-bed that intervened between the terrace and the sea.

"It is a pity that we have not a little more space for flower-beds in that direction," observed I.

"Ah, yes, sir," returned the old man, with an intense melancholy, 'it is indeed. I can remember when there was ten or a dozen beds here, and an arbour, bless yer, in the late Lord Chiselden's time. Ah, he was a grand old gentleman, he was!"

What an extraordinary instance, thought I, of the evil effects of hereditary servitude. This gardener, and his father and grandfather before him, had all in turn been in the employment of the Chiselden family; and now, because the master was gone, the man was losing his.

"Where did you say there used to be ten or a dozen beds?" inquired I.

"There, sir," grumbled the ancient retainer, pointing strongly to sea. "Hope you see them ere breakers used to be the rose-garden."

"Dear me," said I, willing to humour the poor old man; "and where was the arbour?"

"The arbour was yonder, sir—near a hundred-and-twenty foot away, I should say. The young ladies was a-taking tea in it when it caved in." The old man took from his pocket a handkerchief of the description known as 'the blue bird's eye.' He pointed at his eyes one by one. 'I takes an interest in this 'ere little plot, sir,' added he, 'because it's the last.' Then he went on digging in silken.

"What an exceedingly old man you are," thought I. He was obviously mad, but yet so gentle, that he turned the worms away with the flat of his hand, and forbore to cut them through. 'What an exceedingly old man?'

Just then a hand was laid on my shoulder, and I found myself face to face with young Chane. He had not the same thoughtful expression as he usually wore, but one that was grave, and even sorrowful, after another manner. Why, confound him, he was looking at me just as that driver, and the mad gardener, and the housekeeper, and the Honourable Tom Noodell had looked, as much as to say; 'Poor old gentleman, pity you; you have been and put your foot in it, head and all.'

"What is the matter, Mr Chane?" said I sharply.

"Have you seen a ghost?"

"No, sir," returned he gravely; 'but I have heard the subterranean noise that has disturbed your family, and I know what evil it bodes to Eyrie Towers.'

"Well, what?" said I with a short laugh.

"Ruin!" replied he. 'Your castle is built upon a rock indeed, but that rock is sandstone. The eastern tower, which Louisa Adelaide has chosen for her boudoir, will be in the sea in six months. Your land decreases with every tide. If you will but descend yonder steps, you may see for yourself how the waves have honeycombed the cliff, and threaten to engulf it utterly.'

In a shorter time than the best judges would have deemed possible, I descended hand over hand to the sea-shore. M. Leotard indeed might have done it quicker, but few other professional gymnasts, and no amateur. When a man has sunk five figures (even if they be but small ones) in the purchase of a property which somebody has just told him is valueless, he makes haste to see it. It would have been a good deal better for me if I had taken those steps before.

No wonder the castle was cheap. It was not worth eighteen months' purchase. The sea would have the whole of it in a couple of years. What a light was shed at once upon all the sayings which, until now, had so puzzled me!

Well might Miss Walker of Sharp Street, Cinqueport, have observed: 'Well, sir, we may not long have the opportunity of visiting Eyrie Towers at all. I felt a little mitigation of my misfortune in that I had never sent her a ticket of admittance.'

Well might the driver have remarked that I could 'sarcely expect' that the castle-flag would fly over Mrs Tompkins's head 'for many, many years!'

Well might that eloquent Mr Nathanial Graves dissuade me from descending to the shore. His agitation when I asked whether the house was haunted had arisen from the fear of quite another question. No wonder the road ran so close to the cliff-top; once only he had spoken truth when he said that it did not use to do so. There would be no road at all next year.

Well might the Hon. Tom Noodell and his friends think it 'not worth while' to call upon us, since we were 'only to be amongst them for such a very short time.' He had concluded that I was aware of this danger, and had bought the Cheap Castle with my eyes open. When he found out that I was a dupe, he sniggered; and who could have helped it?!

Well might the old retainers cast upon me looks of pity at seeing me in the meshes of the man of law. Eyrie Towers had been bought and sold (and always marvellously cheap) ten times within the last twenty
years. It was getting cheaper and cheaper every year. Everybody about Cinqueport knew the secret, and Mr Nathaniel Graves had received his agent’s percentage ten times over. When the place was first disposed of by its noble proprietor—on the occasion of the harbour caving in while the Hon. Misses Chiselden were taking tea in it—there had been a great space, when looked at from above, between the Cheap Castle and the sea. The sudden thunder caused by the falling of the sand-cliff sounded, as yet, distant. The rose-garden was, I dare say, just where the old gardener had indicated it; I had thought him mad for doing so five minutes ago—but now who was the madman?

‘If I was a rogue like the rest of them,’ muttered I aloud, ‘I should ride over to that house of Graves, and tell him to advertise in the Times as usual. I dare say he would find another fool to take the place. How did you find out all about it, Theodolite?’

I called Chano by the old name, because I began to feel towards him after the old fashion. He was really a good fellow, although not a good match for my daughter; and even in the latter respect there was less priority between our respective social conditions since Eyrie Towers was doomed; I was a poorer man by ten thousand pounds, at least.

‘Well, sir,’ returned the civil engineer, ‘I knew no more about the matter than yourself half an hour ago; but feeling the boulder shake, and hearing a rumble with which my professional ear is well acquainted, I suspected what was wrong, and came down here at once, where I found my worst apprehensions verified.’

‘Well, it’s a great loss, Theodolite,’ said I philosophically; ‘and I confess I shall be grieved to quit our Eyrie-Towers.’

‘Then, if I were you, I would just stop where I was,’ returned Theodolite gravely.

‘What!’ and “cave in,” like the Honourable Misses Chiselden in the harbour! No; not I.

‘My dear Mr Tompkins,’ exclaimed the young man earnestly, ‘listen to me. A set of short-sighted, as well as small-minded men have been selling this place, as quick as they could sell, for I don’t know how long, and each at a considerable pecuniary loss. If they had expended half the money in an honest and unpretending way, they might have lived here as long as they pleased. I know you will never act as they did as to the dishonesty; but as to the sagacity, will you be wise, and stay where you are? For five thousand pounds, I will advance enough for you such a breakwater as shall keep Eyrie Towers for your great-grandchildren; and if there be Portland stone within a reasonable distance—’

‘Then, that’s a bargain,’ quoth Mr Theodolus Chane, C.E.; and we shook hands.

My wife and daughter never knew anything about the matter until there was nothing to know; they never suspected their danger till it was past; we told them that we were building a pier. When it was finished, and Eyrie Towers made secure, we had a wedding there, at which the Honourable Tom Noodoll and half the county were present. As soon as they found out that our stay was not to be for a limited period, they had thought it worth while to come. The rescue of so well known a pile as Eyrie Towers from the devouring ocean, has enhanced my son-in-law’s reputation, and helped to render him by no means so bad a match after all.

Mr Nathaniel Graves alone speaks ill of the achievement, which he complains has deprived him of an annuity; and whenever I meet him, he reminds me with snappish dissatisfaction of how he always told me I had bought the property for an old song. Albeit, it is no thanks to him that Eyrie Towers is really a Cheap Castle after all.

ROYAL COMMISSIONS OF INQUIRY.

There are many curious things in the system of government adopted in England, which, grown up no one knows how, just as they were wanted. We have a sovereign and a royal family; a privy-council, of which the sovereign forms a part, and a cabinet, in whose deliberations the sovereign is not permitted to join; a House of Peers, and a series of committees appointed by it; a House of Commons which votes all the supplies, and committees of inquiry as many and as often as it pleases; and a whole army of executive officials, from the lord chancellor and the prime minister, down to the postman and the excise-man. We might suppose that these would be staff enough for little England. But no; there must be royal commissions in addition—commissions to carry out a regular series of duties; and other commissions to make inquiries into certain special subjects. Sometimes, when a ‘pressure from without’ compels the minister to take up a particular subject before he is ready with any specific measure, he appoints a commission of inquiry, either to gain time or to ascertain the state of other malcontents. On other occasions, however, it may be really desirable to obtain more information than is at present available by means of a royal commission. Very well. But then, how about the ‘little bill’ presented to John Bull for payment? If the commissioners are such distinguished persons, or their inquiry be of such a nature as to render it unnecessary to pay them for their labour, still the expenses are very considerable—especially in printing and publishing monstrous blue-books which scarcely a dozen persons read. John sometimes finds that these expenses are defrayed out of what are called Civil Contingencies; while in other instances, he is asked to grant money through his representatives in the House of Commons. He has a misgiving that, though many of the commissions lead to valuable results, many others are too costly, and many others scarcely worth any of the money they have cost. Nay, even some of them are little more than a cross; he asked for his account—a list of all the special commissions appointed, the work done, and the money paid. The account was sent in; he rubbed his eyes and was not a little surprised at full length what we shall state in brief.

Setting aside the commissions of a permanent character, such as the Enclosure, the Ecclesiastical, and Patent Commissions, and others of like kind, there were nineteen commissions of inquiry appointed in the sessions 1859, 1860, and 1861. Speaking roughly, these commissions were representatives of two questions—What ought we to do? And how are we to do it? ‘How shall we recruit our Army?’ The commissioners were a year and a half considering this question; then they made their Report; and then they ended their labours. ‘How shall we manage the Licensing System and the Sale of Spirits in Scotland?’ This occupied more than a year, and ran away with two thousand pounds of good money, besides the cost of printing. A group of lawyers set about inquiring whether, and how, we should ‘bring together’ all the Superior Courts of Law and Equity, Probate, Divorce, Admiralty, &c.; or, if that were not satisfactory to know that only seven hundred pounds was spent. But then came an expenditure of five thousand pounds for inquiring ‘into the Civil, Municipal, and Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction of the Island of Jersey’—very much money for a very small place. Then, ‘the Mode of taking Evidence in the Court of Chancery;’ the ‘Provisions for the Management of the Funds of the Court of Chanrcery;’ and ‘the Practice of the Superior Courts of Common Law in Ireland’—
were the subjects intrusted to three other commissioners: we not only spend money in law, but we spend money in inquiring how we spend money in law. Eight thousand pounds were got through by the commissions for income into the Defence of the Country; and three thousand by the Salmon Fisheries Commission. But the most vexing of all these commissions is that of tracing Practices at Elections. It really is too bad that we poor taxpayers should be called upon to pay several thousand pounds because the voters at Gloucestor, Wakefield, and Berwick measure their political opinions by a golden standard. Pity we cannot send in the 'little bill' either to the bribers or the bribed.

Besides these nineteen, there were nine other commissions previously appointed, but not until 1839 or later. The most formidable of these was the 'Commission for inquiring whether Advantage might not be taken of the Rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the Fine Arts'—a name almost as involved as Dickens's 'Hot Muffin and Crumpet Baking and Pictorial Drawing Company.' This commission spent sixteen thousand pounds sterling, in providing works of fine art for the new Houses of Parliament, but in deciding whether we shall have such works at all; and we think (though it is hard work) that the money has been well laid out. These gentlemen have been twenty-one years about it, and the 'inquiry' is not finished yet. John Bull has paid the money out of the taxes, but the fact is perhaps concealed from him behind the gentle expression 'Civil Contingencies.' This commission has been one of the most remarkable ever appointed. It was formally created on the 224 of November 1841, with the late Prince Consort as its chairman; and in the subsequent period of twenty-one years, he was the only one. It met about one hundred and forty in twenty-one years—in the sumptuous building to which their labours refer; but most of the other commissions 'sit' where they can. The committee-rooms of the House of Lords or Commons are occasionally placed at their disposal; but there are multitudes of private houses now appropriated in this way. All about Parliament, Whitehall, and Abingdon Streets are houses rented by the government to accommodate 'boards,' 'commissions,' and 'departments,' which have no other home to go to. Earl Russell, for instance, at one time, rented a house, and had out of his hat an out-of-the-way nook between Whitehall and the Thames, because the old Foreign Office was tumbling about his ears, and because the new one is not yet built... Sir Charles Wood has to rent half of a great hotel, because there is no other India Office for him to go to... Sir George Cornewall Lewis is theoretically supposed to be always running to and fro between Pall Mall and Parliament, because the two halves of the War Office are thus severed; and the Duke of Somerset has the same sort of existence between them. Half the Admiralty is at Whitehall and Somerset House. If the big men are thus pushed about, mere temporary commissioners must not, of course, marvel that the accommodation afforded to them is occasionally somewhat of the humblest.

FOOLIO PAGES! Eight hundred guineas paid to three persons for listening to details of rogury told by Berwick people against each other—alas, alas!

These temporary commissions of inquiry the reader will understand are such as are formed every year; some die every year; some live only a few months; whereas one, to which we have adverted, has lived no less than twenty-one years. If, in a somewhat disheartened mood, John Bull were to ask how much these injuries have cost him, and are likely to cost him in future, he would perhaps add up all the money spent, and divide the sum by the number of commissions. He might say: 'I have paid fifty-six thousand pounds in three years for twenty-eights commissions; I have paid nine hundred thousand pounds altogether since 1830; and I calculate that the commissions cost me two thousand pounds apiece, one with another.' He may or may not think them worth the money—what do you say?

One curious feature about these commissions is, that no one except those interested knows where the meetings are held. We do not possess (perhaps we never shall) a grand 'government building' for the accommodation of the ministerial and executive functions. They are joked about in all sorts of corners. The Fine Arts Commissioners have held their meetings—about one hundred and forty in twenty-one years—in the sumptuous building to which their labours refer; but most of the other commissions 'sit' where they can. The committee-rooms of the House of Lords or Commons are occasionally placed at their disposal; but there are multitudes of private houses now appropriated in this way. All about Parliament, Whitehall, and Abingdon Streets are houses rented by the government to accommodate 'boards,' 'commissions,' and 'departments,' which have no other home to go to. Earl Russell, for instance, at one time, rented a house, and had out of his hat an out-of-the-way nook between Whitehall and the Thames, because the old Foreign Office was tumbling about his ears, and because the new one is not yet built... Sir Charles Wood has to rent half of a great hotel, because there is no other India Office for him to go to... Sir George Cornewall Lewis is theoretically supposed to be always running to and fro between Pall Mall and Parliament, because the two halves of the War Office are thus severed; and the Duke of Somerset has the same sort of existence between them. Half the Admiralty is at Whitehall and Somerset House. If the big men are thus pushed about, mere temporary commissioners must not, of course, marvel that the accommodation afforded to them is occasionally somewhat of the humblest.

OUR WINTER PENSIIONERS.

That life in the country is a delightful thing during the sunny summer months, nobody attempts to deny. On its charms, it is not my purpose to expatiating. They may be enjoyed through descriptions, far more vivid than I can hope to give; and as for its amusements, my readers have only to take up any fashionable novel, where the scene is laid in a country-house, to find them strong upon the thread of narrative as thickly—excuse the manner of the simile—as onions on a market-woman's rope.

But, when once the sun has fairly entered Scorpius, just then as the warm bright tones fade out of the landscape, we see the colours fading with them out of country-life. Daylight grows scant, and diversion scattery still. Archery, pictures, ale-trace tea-drinkings—all delights of the sort become things which set one shivering to think of. Croquet is out of the question on a lawn frosted like a twelfth-cake, and skating, though pleasant and picturesque enough, is apt to lose half its zest when practised on some solitary pond without a single admiring spectator.
Of one's neighbours, one sees little when the state both of the atmosphere and the roads makes pedes-
trian and pony-chaise locomotion equally unpleasant; and for the same reason, even if the
weather is very good, there is little to be seen in the way of strawberries on our garden-
beds. No wonder that families of moderate means, fixed in a village the year through, grumble a little over their disadvantages as winter draws on, and fret to find themselves thrown entirely upon their own resources for all those interests and pleasures which enliven daily life. Now, these is certainly wise to
develop through such means as lie open to us; and as the members of our own household experience high gratification all the winter long, through a regular system of outdoor relief to our feathered paupers, and, moreover, as this is an enjoyment which all our country friends might share, as it awakens interests which keep fresh the whole year round, a few minutes will surely not be thrown away in a gossip over the winter activities of those who already practise this charity—which need not inter-
fer with that which our fellow-creatures now demand of us so urgently—will like to compare our observations on our own, and others may be found up as a true pleasure to lighten the dark days that are even now beginning.

First on our list, then, because by far the first in number stands the snow sparrow, familiar both to town
and country folks. Make a close acquaintance with them, and you will be surprised to discover what a curious amusing race they are. Of all birds, these eminently possess what Charles Lamb calls 'that great gift of chit-chat.' They chatter over their loves and their quarrels, over their own affairs and those of their friends, in such a fine fashion, with wit and withal so much of a human air into their discourse, that you may listen, as Gulliver listened to a knot of Liliputians, only wishing that you knew the dialect, and morally certain that you do pick up a word here and there. One of the tribe—our pensioner last winter—in the spring, lined and rearranged a martin's nest under the house-eaves, and therein established his wife. Just as she was hatching, back came the rightful owners with every disposition to outst their

Tenants. A sharp skirmish (the old story) took place. At first, we thought the sparrows would have been beaten, but a handful of neighbours flew to the rescue, and the martins, overpowered by numbers, were driven off. Afterwards, what congratulations poured in upon the victors! how they ran up and down the eaves, and what perching on eaves, and preening of feathers, and flitting of tails, till the whole house-top shewed as lively as a borough in election-time! Composique above all was the successful candidate. If we only had had that

Vizier of the Arabian Nights, who understood all birds-
palaver, at our elbow, then we might have thoroughly enjoyed the eloquent speech in which our cock-
sparrow thanked his constituents. Our own ears could only guess that he was telling them this was the proudest day of his life; that he had a good deal to say about vested rights and interests; and that some note quarters of the 'two arts and focus' quality brought down that chaff of applause at the close. At night, he roosts on the water-pipe close by the nest, and I hear him telling all the neighbouring
scandal to his wife before he drops asleep. Open the window just underneath, he untucks his head from his wing, and, like Mercutio's soldier, 'swears a prayer or two, then turns to shall-o'clock again.' The first larve wakes him; and in turn, he wakes his wife with a

Patron of morning felicitations, and away they fly together to provide a breakfast for the gaping youngsters.

I have often been surprised to find persons who see the birds every day of their lives, really puzzled to distinguish between the house and the hedge sparrow, especially as the latter is not a sparrow at all, though its pale-as and bay markings are certainly like those of the female Passer domesticus. It belongs to the warblers, a genre entirely different; is a soft-tailed bird; and pipes a sweet short plaint of a song very early in

The year. Our east-country cousins call it 'cuckoo's
turn; and write a good treasury that their
her egg more frequently among the turquoise-coloured ova of the hedge-warbler, than in the nests of other birds. One curious instance of the fidelity with which the foster-parents fulfil the duty that lies upon them, came under my own observation. A pair of warblers had hatched out early, the first brood was flown, and the hen-bird had built again in a willow stump. Before she began to lay, however, a

cuckoo popped its egg into the new nest. At one

The 'nurse' began to sit upon this single egg; and when it was hatched, both she and her mate devoted themselves to the task of feeding their monstrous
nursling, whose appearance seemed to drive all thoughts of a second family of their own out of their heads.

House-sparrows and hedge-warblers will come in plenty for bread-criumbs, but if you wish to attract a variety of guests to your table-liste, you must of course offer a many-faceted, lively establishment, my friend, boasts a nesting-place; some room with fittings warm and cozy for the tender human brood. Now, supposing the nursery forms part of your house, and the winter day heavy-winters, which their elders will be pleased to share, is easily created. A small round or oval-

Shaped wire-cage, set up about three feet from the

ground, is all Lamb calls 'thy great gift of chit-chat.' They chatter over their loves and their quarrels, over their own affairs and those of their friends, in such a fine fashion, with wit and withal so much of a human air into their discourse, that you may listen, as Gulliver listened to a knot of Liliputians, only wishing that you knew the dialect, and morally certain that you do pick up a word here and there. One of the tribe—our pensioner last winter—in the spring, lined and rearranged a Martin's nest under the house-eaves, and therein established his wife. Just as she was hatching, back came the rightful owners with every disposition to outst their

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heads.
from winter-quarters, by the fine weather. Our
guest was the lesser field-mouse; the smallest
mouse that creeps, for two of them barely turn the
scale against a half-penny. Its back was squirrel-red, the
feathers black, its body held high and upright; it had the
pintrest tail, almost as long as itself, the pintnest
tiny ears sticking upright out of its short fur; the
pintnest ways and antics imaginable! It came daily
for maize and wheat, till the weather grew quite
warm, when no doubt it joined its companions in the
fields. The creature delighted in climbing up to the
cage, where, laying hold of the wires with long claws
and pricking tail, it would of a wind swing like a
flying acrobat. Never was such a graceful pigmy
seen out of fairy-land as this lesser field-mouse!
Indeed, though White of Sulborne first introduced the
species to naturalists, one feels certain that the
'good people' must have been acquainted with them
ages since, and have set a token upon them. Observe
the distinct line along each delicate side, for all the
world like a mark left by traces. Who could want
clearer proof that these are the very mice which were
put into harness by the fairy god-mother, and whisked
their long tails in Cinderella's glass-coach?
The chaffinch rarely comes to be fed till after
Christmas, when hogs and haws grow scarce along the
hedge. He is then glad of candy-seed. A bird of
spring, when grass grows, has more friends in those
of you who are not contented; you are not contented,
and surprised to find him called 'Colchis' by ornithologists.
As February goes on, he wears his gay coat—a bit of
natural patchwork with curiously blended colours it
is—with increased jauntness; his head grows sheeny;
and he betakes himself to an elm-walk, in company
with the great tit, to whose three joyful notes he adds
a musical reply—'chaff—chaff—chaff!' If we walk
beneath the elm, he suspends his occupation of
picking off their blossom-buds to fly down for seed,
hopping close to one's feet with confident pertness.
Our Colchis now is no more like than a rook;
shutting its wedding-day somewhere about St Valentine's.
The pair have built their elegant nest, stuffed with
lichen, in a hedge close at hand, and we see our
favourite feed his young ones every morning. After
this fashion, our winter pensioners mostly repay
our charity. They become summer friends: they pitch
their tent and rear their young close to the house.
Even the shy black-bird does this; the hen, who
actually allowed herself to be fed on the nest, never
flying off at our approach, but turning to us with all
that frankness and blushing pride, the most a
compliment to man can receive from the animal
creation. The thrust and the blue-cap build within
sight of the same window from which we watched,
last month, the proceedings of a pair of house-sparrows,
who took down an old nest in a Turin poplar, and
rebuilt it almost at the top of the highest tree in the
row, against which the wind has often since
poured a full deep boom, and, we may fancy, well
rocked the procreant cradle.
No doubt, some readers will be ready to ask what
becomes of our summer fruit, if we regularly harbour
the birds. We answer, as we tell persons who put
the question via voce, that most of the feathered
race do more service than harm. We who protect
the birds, certainly enjoy quite as good a supply of
peas and cherries—of summer and autumn fruit—as
our neighbours who persecute them. Nay, only last
year, when the green caterpillars devoured, like locusts,
all the fruit they could find and eat, potato plants, with
them; and allowing, on the other hand, that the
little rogues do indulge in occasional mischief, I say,
what a few flower and leaf buds, or a little fruit,
contaminated with the e to the country, is now
their way? Just think of the thousand fancies, grave
and gay, of the elevating influences, the
knowledge to whom awakened by this bird's
world about us wake up the mind, and especially
the mind of the young. Hereby they gain that lively
practical knowledge which can never be got out of
the best compilations of natural history; for through-
out all her workings, nature lays down the same law.
We must look into them with our own eyes, if we
would have a clear and genuine insight. Every
that the practical naturalist glances through his note-book,
he must have this truth brought home to him. Facts
and observations, highly valuable to the student,
can produce in abundance; but all that make up
the brightness and the freshness to himself, that
warmed his heart and stirred his feeling; these, he can
no more give to others than he could put the sun-
shine and the breeze into his pages.
But while we digress, another pensioner waits
for his dole—hemp and cannabis seed mixed. Look
how he picks out the hemp with his short black
beak, cracking away at it, his head on one side, as
if hemp-seeds were nuts to him; and no doubt
they are. The bullfinch is a winter guest, more
welcome than constant. Only when his own bolder,
the hedgerow, is completely bare, do we see him
'coming, as a friend truly says, 'like a sunbeam
across the garden. Admire the glossy jet of his
crown, which serves as an admirable set off to the
rich tunic he wears; as for the latter, our fauna
might be searched in vain to find its exact match.
Naturalists describe the colour as rose-pink, carmine,
crimson; some make light of those, not nature toned it down with some subtle shade
known only to her palette. Elsewhere, she shows
us the same exquisite hue on a larger scale. In winter
sunsets, when the air is very still, we may sometimes
see it in long stretches and patches underlying masses
of gray cloud. While we look on, it changes, deepen-
ing as soon as the sun has set down into a glossy
leaden crimson. An old shepherd, quite as high
an authority on weather matters within the village
provinces as Admiral Fitzroy himself, first drew my
attention to this 'bullfinch'; so he called it—as a
certain portent of foul weather.
A sharp winter brings a whole set of pensioners,
who contrive to pick up a living for themselves in
seasons of common severity. These are the yellow-
hammer, the finches, the redwing, the fieldfare,
thrushes, both misel and song, and the blackbird—all
birds which do not resort to plantations, but in
open fields and hedges, and consequently, bear the
full brunt of wind and frost. Through the terrible
frosts of 1890-1, this starving population flocked to a
sheltered place, where they had a plentiful plenty
of rape, hemp, and linseed, berries, ant-antelope,
bread-crumbs, and egg. The melancholy silence of
the party, including, as it did, some of our best song-
birds, which, under happier skies, till the air with
music, was very touching. Very touching, too, was
their appearance—drooping, scared, forlorn; the plum-
age rough and staring; and about the head and neck,
where the feathers were very ragged, an expression
which struck the eye at once of that pain and
miserable which accompanies human suffering. Among
his con-
genres, the blackbird seemed the least distressed,
though his plumage looked rusty, and even the deep
orange of his beak dull and faded. We observed that
while the small birds fed on the spot like poultry, the
blackbird pounced down on the largest morsels of
apple or bread, and flew quite off with them. Even
starvation had not conquered his solitary habits.
Across the Channel, small birds meet with a some-
tathing, things rich writers seem to sentimentalise
over them much as Sterne sentimentalises
over the starling, and afterwards dine upon them with
so little mercy, that the tribe is literally in danger of
being eaten off the face of the earth. But our experts
puts the case when he winds up his genial description of
the robin with the very practical direction, 'this
affectionate little songster善 particularly
the bread-crumbs.' Serve the robin by all means with
bread-crumbs, my reader—though not by any means
in Mrs Glass's sense of the phrase—and remember when you do so, that Rob is a dainty feeder, and likes his food smooth and soft. Spread his table upon your window-ledge, and he feeds under your eye with all the nonchalance of a gentlemanly gleaning knife and fork at a tea-dinner, with a full table of ladies looking on. And, the meal over, just as the gentleman aforesaid rewards the patience of the gallery with a speech, so Rob pours forth his flood of cheerful eloquence, no matter how bleak the day; no matter if a bitter north wind blows the feathers of his flaming waistcoat all awry! our robin—he has been four years our client—is free of the house, and walks in as he please. A saucer full of water, left by chance on a painting-table near an open window, first tempted our favourite indoors. On that occasion, to the no small surprise of lookers-on, Rob, after careful inspection of the saucer, hopped down, plunged into it, and gave himself a bath with such evident satisfaction that, taking the hint, we have provided him since with one of his own. Rob never refuses a bit of egg or meat chopped fine as a relish, but the daintiest morsel you can provide him in summer is the meal-worm. He is always flying in for one of these, and then away to his nest, in a door-perch covered with ivy, through the leaves of which his mate, when incubating, watches comers and goers with a bright fearless eye. Last year one of the brood of the previous season settled on the under-oid projection. The young couple interested us, and as they had fixed their quarters in a distant shrubbery, we hoped there would be the usual quarrels among kinsfolk. However, domestic jars arose, and, singularly enough, in this case between mother and daughter-in-law, who were from the first on those quarrelling tendencies, for each kept her station in the same relationship wearing crinoline instead of feathers have been known to be. Bickerings ended at last in a downright fight, when the young birds were completely driven off the premises, and have not ventured upon a return.

Next to the nightingale, the robin is the bird beloved of the poets, in whose pages you may look for some of his more subtle characteristics. This remark, by the way, does not apply to our favourite alone, for many of the best poets display so clear an insight into the life and conversation of birds, that we are tempted to believe in some natural affinity between our feathered songsters and the muse. One instance of this sort of intuition, which refers to the robin, will suffice to establish the point. The poet and may suggest a hundred others. Only yesterday, a man was digging a garden-trench in front of the window; all through his task a robin bore him company, hopping here and there, and fixing a curious persistent gaze on every spadeful of fresh mould as it was flung up. A pretty sight, and one which you and I, my reader, may have watched scores of times. But, then, would it ever have occurred to you and me, to throw the bird's whole action into a few words, using it too as a subtle comparison, like Tennyson, where Geraint, suspicious of his wife, 'looked as keenly at her, as careful robins use the devil's toil'? The amiable way in which the robin ingratiates himself with the juniors, hardly meets with the notice it deserves. Where cottage hospitality is shown him, he will often display a marked preference for one of the children. I call to mind an instance where the baby was Rob's especial favourite, and perched on thighbone, he might be seen watching the rosy sleeper inside with his grave, careful air. At another cottage-door, a blind boy used to sit weaving osiers, with a robin singing on his shoulder. And the story of this sort—his story—is hardly less pathetic than the tenderness of the old ballad. Here the bird had chosen as his special friend a little girl who sank into a hopeless decline. The very day after she had taken to her bed, the shadow of a footfall was heard coming up round after round of the ladder which did duty as a staircase with the family; another minute, and her feathered friend was pouring in his notes of joyful recognition from the head of the bed. Afterwards, he never missed his daily visit to the sick-room, even to the day when his little client breathed her last. That morning, when he began his accustomed song, the child, brightening for a moment, begged earnestly that he might not be disturbed. Her wish was obeyed, and so the bird sang on through the solemn hush of the chamber—sang his little playmate away to her last sleep!

Most heartily do I wish that I could clear Rob of the serious charge brought against him of bestowing all his friendliness on man, while he exhibits himself in a most disengaging light among his fellows. Alas! I am bound to confess that he is the very Ithamnel among small birds. A quarrelsome neighbour, a domestic tyrant, he beats his wife, he beats his children, who, as soon as they grow strong enough, beat him in his turn. For instance, I saw— But, stay, here is the culprit at this moment at the window. I take the lid from a small box at my elbow, and at once here comes Rob to pick out a meal-worm for himself. Observe him, he feels quite at home, so he does not snap it up with vulgar greediness, but takes it delicately and leisurely, as a lady of the old school took her pinch of snuff. The bona bona in his beak, he perches on the shoulders of the Parian Cupid who cunningly holds my wax-matches, pinches the head of the anenome, throws back his own, and, hey presto! it is lodged in a twinkling behind his red waistcoat. No, my bonny bird, that fact I was about to give shall never edify the curious in such matters. I lay down my pen forthwith before it blackens thy character with that 'malignant truth.'

CABS AND CABMEN.

At no time were cabmen a popular class in London. That is an antediluvian sentiment. Since the opening of the railways they have become more unpopular than ever. Their life is a hard one; they constantly incline to take over-liberal views of distance; and when a fare is re- fractory, they are anything but nice about the choices of language in enforcing extortionate demands. We know from the experience of 'strikes,' that mechanics go to great lengths occasionally on a question of wages; but when once the price at which they are to be paid is fixed, and they assent to it, they never think of demanding more so long as the particular rate of payment remains in force. It is not so with the cabman. He has his ostensible strike now and then; but, in point of fact, he indulges in one continual, though covert resistance to his employers—the public. He considers himself an ill-used man if he is paid only his fare. The person is an impostor who tenders it—a cove as ought to walk, and not be driven. This feeling that the scale of payment is an insufficient one for the Jechus themselves admit that in nineteen cases out of twenty they receive more than their legal due. They go further, and tell you that if such were not the case, the occupation would not be worth a follorin on.
As the riding population know little more about the matter than what they gather from the payment of fares, the strong language of those to whom the money is paid, and the reports of cases in the police courts, it may not be out of place to state a few facts connected with the working of the cab-system. Of the thousands of cabs in London there are nearly a thousand in London. Each cab is obliged to have a number, for which the owner pays one shilling a day. Thus, if a cab is licensed to pay on Sundays as well as week-days, seven shillings a week are paid for the licence; but if only a week-day licence is required, six shillings is the amount. The licence-duty is paid at Somerset House. Any person applying for permission to drive a cab plying for hire must get a certain form filled up. On presenting this at Scotland Yard, a badge and a book of fares are given to him. For the former, he pays five shillings; for the latter, half-a-crown. In addition, he is taxed to the amount of five shillings annually, so long as he remains a driver. A driver may not lend his badge to any other person. It is clear that if he were permitted to do so, there would be an end of respectability in the case. A new four-wheel cab costs about forty pounds; a second-hand one may be had for ten or twelve pounds, but on my own part I think it an hundred times as much as a four-wheeler. A well-made cab will run for about twelve months without requiring any repair, except in case of accident. At the end of that time, probably, it will want new tires on the wheels, and a few inches of the hackney cloth on the head of the cab. A set of four tires costs about four-and-twenty shillings. When the London season is over, an aged or stale horse, that will do very well for a four-wheel cab, may be got in London for ten or twelve pounds, but a four or a five-year-old horse cannot be had under eighteen or twenty pounds. Those cab-owners who have a little capital generally purchase young horses in Ireland or at fairs in this country.

For a Hansom, quite a different style of horse is required. If he is a cab-and-action, the whole concern will look worse than the shabbiest of four-wheel cabs. Hence the owners of Hansoms go to a different market. Tattersall’s is their haunt. The days are long, and hunters who have done their work, and who, though still showy, are sold without a warranty. Such animals would not do for four-wheelers. The class of work done by each description of cab is different. The four-wheelers go in for long distances, and more than two passengers; the Hansoms for short fares and one or two riders. There is to some extent an impression—arising, no doubt, from the ‘large’ manner of the men and the mettlesome appearance of their animals—that the drivers of Hansoms receive higher fares than those of their more humble-looking competitors on four wheels. Experienced men in the trade say that this is not the case. For town work, the Hansom has the advantage. In the city and at the west end, they receive three fares for every one picked up by a four-wheeler; but at the railways, and in general family hire, the latter beat them hands down. The relative advantages may be summed up thus: The cabs on four wheels get fewer jobs, but larger fares; the Hansoms do shorter distances, but are hired more frequently. A cab of either kind will make a four-mile run in the middle of a cold and wet winter’s night, when he has not the least chance of a return-fare.

At all the great railway stations, there are what are called ‘privileged cabs.’ The railway companies
admit a certain number of cabs to take up their position on the rank outside the platform, and await the arrival of the trains. For this privilege each cab pays a varying rate, varying from one and sixpence to three shillings a week. The company keep an inspector of cabs, a policeman to take down the number of each privileged vehicle as it leaves the station, a farrier and a book in which the numbers of all the cabs and the names of their owners and drivers are recorded. The number kept in this book is not that in the licence issued by the licensing authority, to which the proprietors of the cabs are subject. The company do not rest content with providing merely for the bodily comfort of the inmates: their mental well-being is the subject of anxious care. It is now well recognized that, in order to make life less disagreeable, the first desideratum is to prevent patients from brooding over their condition, by occupying and interesting them; hence every effort is made to lessen the monotony of asylum life—-a life from the cares of the world, and therefore stupid and slow—by means of suitable employments; and to enliven it by amusements of various kinds. Inmates are allowed to follow their trades, if possible; and if they know no trade, they are instructed, if they wish it, in tailoring, shoe-making, mat and basket making, and upholstering. Many are employed in gardening and farming operations upon the adjacent land belonging to the asylum; and the females are occupied in needle-work, knitting, netting, laundry-work, and so forth. The employment therefore is suitable for them, and not as they please. In the way of amusements, the inmates are liberally supplied with such books, newspapers, and periodicals as may be sanctioned by the medical officers; they also play at various games, the most popular of which are cribbage and bagatelle. The appearance of the wards in the evening, when all the fun is at its height, and the cabman is off, is a sight which is very suggestive. The inmates have, in some cases, been induced to make presents of flowers to the ladies and gentlemen. This is a remarkable fact, for the appearance of strangers within the wards is generally found to cause perplexity and make the condition of the inmates worse. It is explained that, contrary to the general impression, lunatics have considerable powers of self-control, and it will be understood how the knowledge that only those who are quiet and well-behaved will be allowed to go into the building on the day in question, has a marked effect in improving the conduct of the patients for weeks before the event.

The first intimation of the coming fête is afforded by the arrival of two ‘Perseverance’ omnibuses, laden with the amateur band of the 8 division of the Blues; the musical portion of these gallant defenders of metropolitan persons and property being kindly spared from their duties by the chief-commissioner of the force, at the special request of the county magistrates. The striking up of the band is a signal for general preparations indoors. The patients, male and female, who have been selected by the surgeons as fit to take part in the ceremonies of the day, are conducted to the corridors of their respective departments. At four o’clock the doors are thrown open; the band leads the way to the field, followed by the patients, who are free to work or to go into the field on the day in question, has a marked effect in improving the conduct of the patients for weeks before the event.

A LUNATIC PLEASURE-PARTY.

Man people at least have reason to be thankful that we do not live in the good old times. Not many years ago, the dark cell, the chain and staple, insufficient food, and barbarous personal violence, were the lot of many. Those who were already the bravest and saddest. Civilisation, however, has changed all that. Where formerly all was gloomy and cursed with the clemency, which is unknown: the manacle and the blow have disappeared, to be replaced by kind and gentle treatment; and for semi-starvation is substituted wholesome and abundant food. To the honour of the nineteenth century be it said, that these blessings are shared by the very humblest of our unfortunate fellow-creatures; and that the asylums for the care of pauper lunatics stand out as noble monuments of our social progress.
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL.

By another door, the male patients, about three hundred and fifty, emerge and eventually join the procession.

The wisdom of the committee in bringing their umbrellas was very soon made manifest, for the procession was interrupted by a thunder-shower threatened to damp the enjoyment of the day. It was evident, even to persons of the unpretentious, that the ordinary umbrellas were insufficient to protect a thousand people from the inclemency of the weather. Those of the patients who happened to head the procession were magnanimously offered a share of the magisterial gingham, the offer being, for the most part, declined with thanks; not, indeed, from motives of delicacy, but because, to borrow the forcible language of one of the ladies, 'the rain was so heavy.'

As we near the scene, we are joined by other guests of the day, and by friends and relations of the inmates. The weather (perhaps having ascertained that it was not a horticultural fête) holds up. We are gladdened by the joyous faces, we listen to the music, we admire the flags, we march into the tents, we are almost as happy as the lunatics themselves. We fear, however, that the prosperity for rolling in the wet grass, which distinguishes some of our quasi-hosts, may result in colds and rheumatisms; and we mildly suggest to a benevolent-looking attendant, that the propriety of his remonstrating with some of his charges, 'Lor bless you, sir,' replied the man, 'it'd kill you or me, but it don't hurt them.' Not feeling quite comfortable under this sweeping statement, we sought for and obtained a professional opinion, and were assured that the attendant had but stated a physiological fact; that not only would cataracts not prevail for the next few days, but that such disorders were hardly known among the insane; and that lunatics are, as a sort of compensation, singularly exempt from many of the ills that flesh is heir to. By this time, so thoroughly were we impressed with the advantages of lunacy, that we had serious thoughts of qualifying ourselves for admission into the Utopia where 'it's play and no work,' (unless you like), where a humane country gets up balls and fêtes for you, and where, besides, you'll never know want, or have the rheumatism. But this dream was not long to endure. We noticed, although a uniform is provided for the patients, they are not compelled (comfortably to the system of non-restraint) to wear it; and several having clothes of their own were, on the whole, the least obnoxious from visitors. We confess to a slight twinge of nervousness, lest by some accident, some freak, for instance, of mistaken identity, we might be detained at the door, or at the entrance, or, in short, somewhere in the vicinity; and we pictured to ourselves the despair of the fair partner of our joys, who, when she heard we were going to a madhouse fête, hoped we should get home all safe. Our feelings were by no means soothed when we innocently attempted to enter the marquee set apart for the refreshments of the male side. A sturdy janitor, having first carefully scrutinised us, bawled out: 'Hallo! are you a patient?' We shrunk back as though a serpent had stung us. But recovering our self-possession, and being curious to learn the internal arrangements of the tent, we stated as much to the attendant, who at once politely gave us leave to pass. It appeared that the pièce de résistance was plum-cake, but cherries or figs, or tobacco was distributed to such as preferred those luxuries. The principal fluid was beer; but there was another liquid, the name of which we did not learn, that had an enlivening effect. Our janitor informed us that patients desiring to fortify the inward man were required to enter at his end only, and as soon as they were served, to retire at the other end, adding: 'But they're very cunning, sir; and those who are up to the dodge go out at one end, and come in at the other, as often as they can.' The janitor was instructed to see fair-play, and to prevent the too frequent regurgitation of those that had had as much as was good for them.

The refreshment-booth just described had its fellow, devoted to the fair sex, on the opposite side of the field; but, except at the tents, the sexes were permitted to mingle as they chose.

The scene is covered with pleasure-seekers, the band is again in full force, and its music exercises a peculiar effect on the lunatics; some rush wildly about without doing anything particular, others execute original hornpipes. One poor fellow was so powerfully affected, that after many vain attempts to stand on his head, he became excited, perhaps because he couldn't do it, and had to be removed from the ground. On my expressing a hope to another patient, who was executing a pas seul, that he enjoyed the band, he replied: 'Yes, I likes music, I does; specially good music.' Presently a quadrille is announced, and the votaries of Torquishore tread the square. Several of the attendants—male, belonging to the male side, and female, to the female side—join the mazy dance, which is rendered more merry than usual from the occasional interjection of the hornpipes before mentioned. It is a part of the duty of the attendants to mix in the amusements of the patients, and to contribute as much as they can to their general enjoyment. Some of the patients, who are not equal to dancing—that not being considered a necessary accomplishment among the class from which our poor friends are drawn—amuse themselves with that genuine old English pastime, the kites in the ring. To the quadrille succeed other dances, which are more or less successes, and we wander off to see what is going on at the lower end of the field. Here we find some engaged in the opposite, others at times throws a penny—varied only by the pleasing fact, that you could have as many throws as you liked for nothing—and Aunt Sally. These games were in great request. No sooner was a snuff-box, pin-cushion, or cocoa-nut placed in situ—by an attendant who had the control of that particular pole—than a shower of sticks was hurled at it. In a game was kept up, with such vigour, that we sometimes feared lest Mr. Attendant should go home with a broken head; but we believe no accident occurred. Some little squabbles were not unfrequent, but the uncertainty as to the ownership of some of the articles of virtue when knocked off, disputes were amicably settled by the good genius of the pole, who authoritatively awarded the trophies in cases of real doubt, presented a prize to each of the claimants.

This all-prize no-blank system was of course adopted to prevent quarrelling. Insane persons are always impulsive; and when there is nothing within the walls to foreclose the consequences of allowing any ill feeling to be generated between impulsive folks armed with thick heavy sticks. The Aunt Sally was ingeniously managed. Her face was stuck all over with clay-pipes, so that she looked like a tobacco-pipe porcupine, and her pipes were brimful of tobacco. Any blow which dislodged a pipe entitled the thrower to pipe and contents. Some of the female patients were not too proud to 'go in' for baccy. One stout old lady, in particular, could not or would not understand why the pipes were stuck endwise towards her; and she insisted on accomplishing her mission, by tacking to one side, and flinging across, instead of towards, my Aunt.

But pleasure, as Paddy said, was not the only business of the day. Several of our companions, in spite of printed injunctions that money was not to be given to the patients, had given it, to the music dance, and were certainly think they...

* This conduct can be by no means regarded as peculiar to insane persons, for we have known individuals of much sagacity pursue the same system at evening-parties.
manifested an insane tendency; for what on earth could be the use of getting money in a place where everything is to be had for nothing? The most amusing and conspicuous of the business-men, a tailor by trade, established himself at one of the flagstaffs, with a stock of purses, bags, and other effects of satin and silk, and, as befitted the situation, headed Pro Bono Publico, together with some verses of his own composition, the perusal of which led us to conclude that the public good was not his only object. After flattering the dear public with a hearty welcome, and hoping that they would 'never repent the time they had lent' at the fête, the poet artfully went on to describe his wares as 'bargains to the mass,' and then came the all-important statement, 'price one shilling each, first class.' The poem appropriately reached its climax thus:

And now I've told you all I have to barter,
And hope you will applaud my rhyme,
Or, if you don't, let me kiss your wife or daughter;
that being, we imagine, the poet's punishment—and, as some might think, a very vindictive one—for non-appreciation. The poet was a droll, loquacious fellow, and disposed of a good many of his things.

A great disappointment awaited us at one time imminent, owing to the non-appearance of Punch and Judy, who had been specially retained. Whether the proprietor of the doll's thought the invitation was a plan of Mr. Babage's to get him down to the asylum, and keep him there, and therefore repeated at the eleventh hour, or whether he really was taken suddenly ill, as he alleged, we are unable to decide, but he certainly did not arrive. As luck would have it, however, one of the visitors met a peripatetic showman loitering along the road, about a mile or two from the asylum. At seven o'clock, just as Mr. Punch was given up, and the patients were collecting for their return home, the familiar nasal 'Hoi-yoi' of our dear Punch was heard on the hill, and he shortly afterwards exhibited his rather immoral career to an attentive and admiring audience. He caused great merriment and some excitement; in one case so much so, that the patient talked incessantly of Judy all night, and was obliged to be removed to a padded room for his own safety's sake.

'I thought you said there was no restraint in the asylum,' remarks an intelligent reader; and then you go and lock your patients up in a padded room.'

The fact is, a padded room is not restraint; it is no more restraint than it is restraint to have sashes so constructed that no one can jump out of window. Restraint implies strait-jackets, or contrivances for interfering with the movements of the body. These are, to borrow an expressive Gallicism, almost never used. But it would not do to allow violent lunatics to injure themselves or others; they are therefore placed in a room, the floor and walls of which are covered with soft cushions, against which they cannot hurt themselves.

And now Punch squeaks his last squeak, the hand strikes up its last tune, the procession returns, and the fun is all over. We had almost forgotten to say a word for the poor creatures who were not considered fit to join the outdoor amusements. These are provided with cake and negus in the wards, and we hope that by next year they will be so much better as to be able to take part in the outdoor sports. Of those that did come out, the great majority were very well behaved.

THE GEOLOGY OF CANADA.

Sir W. E. Logan has issued another instalment of the Report on the geology of Canada; an important work as regards its scientific details and the commercial advantages which it suggests. The book, a large octavo of more than 460 pages, contains a geological description of all the solid stratified rocks so far as they are yet examined, with their geographical distribution, and will figures of most of their characteristic fossils. To other volumes, which are soon to appear, will include particular descriptions and analyses of the Intrusive and Metamorphic rocks, with chapters on the mineralogy and mineral wealth of Canada, and an atlas, or division, a full catalogue of the organic remains and a map engraved to a scale of 125 miles to the inch. From these particulars, it will be seen that the Report will be alike valuable and interesting, and we hope the Canadians will profit by the knowledge thus imparted of the resources of their own country. Among the illustrations of the present volume, we find one of that remarkable fossil the Climacochitina, out of which we exhibited a few months since at a meeting of the Geological Society, and at one of the corruptions given by the President of the Royal Society. The fossil represents not the animal, but the tracks which it made on the surface of the rock; and from the resemblance of these to a rope-ladder, the peculiar name has been given: Clime. In Greek signifying ladder. Nothing positive is to be inferred concerning the animal; it is, however, supposed to have been a species of mollusc. The track consists of a series of parallel ridges resembling ripple-mark about an inch and three-quarters apart, arranged transversely between two narrow, continuous, parallel-bevelled sinuous ridges, six inches apart, so that the whole impression has very much the appearance of a ladder of rope. In looking through the volume, we have found new information concerning the enormous distribution of lakes in Canada, than in any other book with which we are acquainted.

PASSING AWAY.

All beauty is fairest when passing away,
And gains a new charm in its subile decay,
A radiance of touching fragility given
To all that is fading—to mark it for heaven.

The sun's latest beam is the brightest he throws;
His course is most splendid when nearest its close;  And Day waning fast, of its end gives no sign,
Save the brief and bright hetie that veils its decline.

The forest has no summer charm that compares
With the fervor of glory it afterwards wears,
With the flashes of splendour in which it is dyed
When incendiary Autumn his torch has applied.

But soon smouldering ashes are all that proclaim
Where it then lights to gold, where it kindles to flame;'Tis the fire that consumes it that brightens awhile,
And it stands in the blaze of its funeral poodle.

In perfection of beauty the rose meets its doom,
And dies in the fulnes and flux of its bloom;
The fruit ere the glow of its ripeness is o'er,
When most fair to the eye, has decay at its core.

Alas for the sunset! alas for the trees!
For the flower and the fruit! But no—"sigh not for those;
The stem has more promise, the rose has more hold; There is morn to the sky, there is spring to the wood.
But a beauty more radiant we sadly deplore,
Which passeth like these, and then bloomethe no more—
More dear to our hearts, and more glad to our eyes.
Than the blossoms of spring or the light of the skies.
THE HURT FAMILY.

It would form a peculiarly interesting study for the genealogist or the antiquarian to endeavour to trace back the Hurt family to its commencement. It is probably of very ancient date. There are records both of it and of its junior branch—the Thinksins—in the very earliest chronicles of the world's history. There is only one limit indeed to their excessive antiquity, and that is this: they were not the very first generation of men and women. Adam and Eve, we are perfectly certain, were not a Mr and Mrs Hurt. For it is peculiar to this family that each generation of them is contemporaneous with one's own parents. They are one's father's and one's mother's friends; and they have known ourselves before we were born, or at least possessed certain information about our appearance in the world, 'in anticipation' of the general public.

In ancient times they must have been very terrible. Towns have been doubtless sacked, and districts ravaged on account of fancied slights committed against this powerful race; and even now their enmity is by all means to be avoided—if it be possible. This, however, is a question to be considered. Is it humanly possible to avoid offending the Hurt family? They have generally a comfortable dwelling with spare rooms in it; tolerable wines (which must be praised), and an abundant table; and they have almost always money to leave behind them. At first sight, therefore, it would seem to be the height of madness in needy persons to give umbrage to such useful folks. To quarrel with the Hurt family is to quarrel with their bread and butter. As when war is desired, however, by the stronger of two nations, a cause of rupture is never wanting, so that offence must needs be given by their humble friends, for which the Hurt family are continually upon the watch. It is not—to do them justice—any base flattery nor even humility for which they look, but they are exacting to a pitiless degree. They demand from their fellow-creatures, what they call 'attention,' which means the fulfilment not only of offices of kindness and duty, but of those superficial conventionalities that Society has instituted, but which are always waived among intimates. No man that ever I heard of, and only the fooliest class of women, is fond of making what are termed 'morning calls'—one of the peculiarities of which, by the by, is that they must not be made before 2.30 P.M. The whole proceeding is meaningless, and, to the male sex, absolutely degrading. The solemn inquiry addressed to the footman as to whether his mistress is at home, when the heart is fluttering with secret hope that she is not; the expression of regret that parts our hypocritical lips, when we learn she is gone out for a drive, or a walk, or an aerial trip in the Naseau Balloon—no matter how or whither, so long as she is gone; the resigned air, on the other hand, with which we ascend the stairs to the drawing-room floor, and the galvanic joy with which we exchange How are you? for How d'ye do's, and then subside into sucking the handle of our umbrellas.

'A beautiful day—isn't it!'

'Yes, indeed it is!'—lady looks out of window to make sure though, for in reality she knows nothing about it.

'A great many beautiful days lately.'

'Yes, indeed!'—lady lifts up her eyes as if you had pulled a string in connection with them—'we ought to be very thankful.' The thing that the whole country is yearning for being Much Rain.

'We have had a great deal of beautiful weather upon the whole.'

'Yes—we really have,' replies the lady 'considering'—as though she meant to say considering the malevolence of the laws of nature.

Now these social imbecilities can scarcely afford pleasure to anybody, but if they do not occur at least once in three weeks, the lady, being of the Hurt family, is deeply aggrieved.

'We never see you now, Mr Edward,' she will remark at our next meeting; 'but of course we cannot expect to do so. There is so little attraction to tempt you to Baker Street. Nay, if it were otherwise, you would certainly look in now and then. Pray don't apologise. An old widow woman living by herself in a humdrum fashion cannot expect much attention from young people. Your poor dear father would not have kept away from me so long, but—heigho—times are changed.'

Mrs Hurt has been becoming more and more statuesque with every sentence, and at the close of these remarks her countenance is perfectly rigid. If you would evoke a smile upon it, you must send for a mallet and chisel.

This species of exaction is bad enough even in town, but when you are taking your one month's
holiday at the sea-coast, or in the country, it becomes oppressive indeed. The Hunts live within half-a-dozen miles of the locality we have chosen, a distance which, in their ignorance of the science of geography, they are under the impression is but two-and-twenty. Under such circumstances, is it not rather strange (they hint to a common friend), that Edward and his wife have only been here to see us—once in ten days? They are sure that there can be nothing so very particular to be done at Pierville or Summerton. They are quite unaware that the great charm of those spots consists in their being homes of idleness—places where a gentleman can go about with a clay pipe; and a lady with her back-hair down; they imagine that a drive in a dusty fly over twelve miles of straight white road would be a more agreeable relaxation than making duck-duck-drakes in the sea with flat-topped pebbles. They know some very nice people, and highly connected—at Pierville—residents, my dear, with a house and grounds, and well worth knowing—and they persuade these superior folks to drive to our lodgings, and leave their names upon glazed card-board—Major and the Hen. Mrs Snaphkin, Cliff House.' An afternoon has then to be sacrificed by my wife in a return-visit; for it will never do for her to call at Cliff House in her sea-side hat, or in the dress in which she sits in the sand and plays with the children. In a few days after that act of self-devotion, she gets a letter from the Hunts that makes her cry. Why, in the name of good-manners, they drop out, do not Edward return the Snaphkin's call as well as herself? Was he to put himself, forsooth, above the usages of polite society? Consider the extreme painfulness of the position in which they—the Hunts—had been placed by this uncivilised conduct. The major was a person of the greatest goodness, but it could not but be expected that he would be annoyed. He had been asked to call upon us as a personal favour, although the Snaphkinises never did call upon mere visitors—they were so excessively (and justifiably) exclusive—and now they, the Hunts, had laid themselves under obligation to no purpose. They should positively have to apologise at Cliff House for Edward's queer ways. How different from his dear father, who was all politeness!

If the Hunts live in the same town as yourself, let us trust that it may be London. In that gigantic city, it is possible that they and their domestic acts may escape their cognizance, but in no other place. Liverpool is not extensive enough to hinder this, I know—nor yet Manchester. They will know within twenty-four hours—I do not say of your having had a dinner-party, for they will be in possession of that fact before it comes off, but—of your having asked a friend to stay and take pot-luck. Now that is a thing, they will beg to observe, that you have never yet asked them to drop in in a friendly way. They don't complain of this—far from it; they have been taught to expect too much, perhaps, from the genial hospitality of your poor dear father—only they must say they like a little attention. They would not have easily forgotten a kindness of this sort, as would be the case in all probability with Mr Jones, the guest in question. For who is this Mr Jones? A respectable individual, they hope, although the name of Jones has been mixed up with some very strange transactions, but as the management of yesterday, a creature of the hour. Of course, Edward might ask whom he liked, and not ask others; but it did seem, to say the least of it, Very Strange.

Now, to have asked a member of the Hunt family to take pot-luck, would have been an act of rashness equivalent to that of a ship's captain inviting a party of friends to smoke in the powder-magazine. It would be perfectly certain to bring about a blow-up. The lack of anything at the dinner-table would be ascribed, not to want of preparation, but to a deliberate act of contempt towards him or her.

'No candle's thrown—too callous!' were the last words ever uttered to me by Richard Hurt, M.D., my godfather, who having been invited to our table in the height of his favourite vegetable, that he took himself incontinently in a Hansom, and passed the time which should have been devoted to wine and walnuts in cutting me out of his wither's hope that it will not make his poor dear father in his grave!

The Hunts, who are really excellent people, have a very large circle of friends who are constantly being lost for ever under that obligation I may forgive, my dear, but I can never, never forget the behaviour of those Robinsons—or being received back again with the most affronting ceremony. To keep on good terms with them, and at the same time be intimate, is not, I believe, in the power of man, and certainly not in that of woman. Total and immediate flight from their neighbourly hurry, was so offended by the absence of their heart yearns toward the wretched whom it is its duty from henceforth to forget! If it had only been an enemy that had done this—but Edward, they only most sincerely, forsook their heart yearns, but, on the other hand, how their heart yearns toward the wretched whom it is its duty from henceforth to forget!

Mrs Hurt writes to one's wife, 'Of course you have much to do, my dear, with your fourteen children, and I trust I am not inconsiderate—that is the last thing, I think, I can be accused of—but a letter from you now and then, say once a week, would be a pleasant attention. As for Edward, of course he never condescends to drop me one line; his poor dear father was one of the best correspondents that ever breathed.'

HOW THE COUNTRY-PEOPLE CAME TO THE EXHIBITION.

Now that the International Exhibition, with all its beauties and oddities, its merits and shortcomings, has ended, and its varied contents placed under the management of yesterday, a creature of the hour. Of course, Edward might ask whom he liked, and not ask others; but it did seem, to say the least of it, Very Strange.

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now scarcely a town of any note in England without its connection by rail with the metropolis; and as the companies adopt more than ever the system of \('\)through booking\), the achievements of their lines. Some of the places to place is more easy than at any former period.

We shall perhaps be correct in saying that, so far as London is concerned, the Railway

—though by means as being more benevolent than any of its neighbours—has most benefited the young men from the country, with their faith the north, south, east, and west, that is, this company inaugurated a system which the others were obliged to follow, and which has proved very convenient for visitors to London. Having brought its railway, by successive steps, to a point only about thirty miles from the metropolis, it made a bold grasp at a share of traffic which did not originally belong to the Midland system. The Great Northern, by virtue of an agreement, is bound to accommodate the Midland at King's Cross, and thence to Hitchin; and the Midland has made use of this route in a way which was certainly convenient to country excursionists. Now, let us mark the curious links in a chain, tending to shew how very advantageous it is that some competition—though from a great variety of sources—should exist between railway companies. When the Midland company offered to bring country-folk, at convenient times and very low fares, from Nottingham, Sheffield, Lincoln, Rotherford, King's Lynn, and the Great Northern could not hesitate to do the same, having stations at those very same towns: this was link the first. Link the second was thus formed, as the Great Northern and the North Western companies both run trains between London and Leeds, Huddersfield, Ashton, Manchester, and Liverpool, with other towns in the north; respect, and, as a consequence, the accommodation for excursionists was less expensive. In most cases there was a Monday train, returnable on some one specified day in the week; and it is known that the trains from the west to Paddington Station were something enormous in magnitude.

Londoners knew little about these things until they saw the country-folk after their arrival, or until they had a promised visit to London friends was about to be made; for these exhibition trains (as they were called) were seldom advertised or placed in the papers, and the nature of the plan—\(\text{Mrd} 6\) started, for whichever company chose to fix the lowest rates, the others follow promptly.

Under any circumstances, the several companies would have laid plans for accommodating excursionists to London during the recent season; but we believe that the particular system adopted was due to the Midland in the first instance. Be that as it may, all the four great companies, for a period of more than four months, accommodated the Northern and Midland towns in a way remarkable for its regularity. Three times a week, at convenient hours in the morning, excursion trains started from all, or nearly all, the above-named towns, and from three or four times as many minor places, arriving at King's Cross, Euston Square, or Paddington, in the afternoon or early in the evening, laden with living freight of great amount. The excursionists had the option of returning on the second, fourth, or seventh day afterwards; or, sometimes, the third, fifth, and eleventh days, at the same rate, if so desired. The arrangements were elastic enough to suit the necessities of a wide range of persons, in regard to time; while as to expense, the plan was such that there was no much to complain of in this matter. A Leeds' man would certainly not deem seven shillings too much for a journey to London and back, giving him a choice between three different days for returning.

The untiring efforts of those who determined to do the Exhibition in one day, were such as the persons concerned will remember as among the through booking, achievements of their lives. Some of the companies put on trains at about five in the morning, brought up the excursionists by breakfast-time, to spend eight or nine hours in London as they pleased or as they could, boxied them into their railway carriages again about six or seven in the evening, and deposited them at their city or town at midnight. A Leeds' excursion train, at the extremely low rate of £1, for nearly four hundred miles, beat this, however, altogether. The excursionists started soon after midnight, travelled slowly in the 'sma hours,' got to King's Cross about eight or nine, and then set off for their day's pleasure-hunting; at eight in the evening they took their seats again in the train, and were deposited at Leeds four the next morning. But a school-exursion from Lancaster beat even this.

A large number of teachers, pupil-teachers, and children's friends, started off at nine o'clock one evening, and reached London at six in the morning; after spending fifteen hours in the metropolis, they commenced their return-journey at nine in the evening, and reached Lancaster at six the next morning—thirty-three hours of continuous toil!—for visiting Exhibitions is hard work; and unquestionably so is sitting in a third class carriage at night, with nothing to look at but sleepy companions, and with that constraint of attitude which might lead a neighbour to ask in the benevolent language of our day, 'How's your poor feet?' These excursionists were conveyed at the rate of about eight miles for a penny!

As to the other companies, in the east, south, and west, they did not press each other so closely as to indulge in such watchful competition; and, as a consequence, the accommodation for excursionists was less profuse. In most cases there was a Monday train, returnable on some one specified day in the week; and it is known that the trains from the west to Paddington Station were something enormous in magnitude.

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his quay or wharf, with free ingress and egress. Four bullocks, ten pigs, the materials for a large number of plum-puddings, several hundred of ale, and other provisions, were laid in. The meal-times were strictly defined; the time of return at night to the vessels was also defined; a foreman supervised every moving and every preparation. And daily plans were marked out for visiting other attractive places besides the Great Exhibition.

Another example was furnished by the Duke of Northumberland, who organised a trip for a hundred and fifty of his humble dependants at Alnwick. Where he provided sleeping accommodation for them, we do not at this moment remember; but all the details of plan were laid out with exactness before they left their northern home. The pleasures of each day were denoted in a printed card given to each person. They thus learned all the particulars as to the times and hours on which they were to visit the Great Exhibition, Westminster Abbey, Guildhall, the Tower, the Thames Tunnel, Houses of Parliament, British Museum, Regent's Park, Zoological Gardens, St Paul's, steam-boat trips on the Thames, Northumberland House (one of the duke's mansions), railway to Bletchford, and thence on foot to Sion House (another property of the duke's). One entire week was spent in this way; and we may be certain that that week will live in the memories of the Northumberland men as long as they remember anything.

Concerning the recent Exhibition, there were doubtless similar instances of kindness in considerable number; but there was one particular scheme worth noticing, not for its benevolence, but because it was a self-paying, well-managed commercial speculation. This was the Excursionists Visitor's Home. To understand how this plan was formed, we must advert to the fact that some railway companies have an excursion manager, whose duty it is to organise the sale of excursions, fares, and tickets of excursion trains; while others are willing to manage their excursion traffic, by the same agency as the ordinary traffic. There are entrepreneurs, moreover, who do not belong to the companies at all; middlemen, who hire a train on speculation, and make the best they can out of it. This does not refer to isolated hirings for a school, factory, trade-guild, or such like—where, perhaps, the Secretary of the United Auxiliary Branch of the Central Division of the Grand Fraternity of the Eternal Order of Funny Fellows, organises a trip and a feast for that illustrious brotherhood—but rather to regular systems, well digested, and extensively carried out. Mr Cook, of Leicester, is perhaps the leader among these excursion projectors. What arrangements he makes with the companies, is a question for him and them alone; but his arrangements with the public must require no little thought and care, seeing that they involve contracts with probably half the railway companies in Great Britain. Every summer, for many years past, he has arranged excursions from the midlands districts of England to the pleasure-spots all round—Scarborough and Bridlington, the mountains and lochs of Scotland, the lake district of Westmoreland and Cumberland, North Wales and Snowdon, Monmouthshire and the Wye, and so forth. Packets, or cases of tickets are issued in some of these instances, franking the owner in coaches and steam-boats, as well as railways—one preliminary payment sufficing for all.

The现 'Chamber's Journal,' folk that Mr Cook planned the Visitors' Home in London during the recent Exhibition: a home that was scarcely known to the Londoners, because it was intended for country gentlemen. It was only a cottage, and they were very careful not to lodge them. 'Not many hundred miles,' as storytellers say, from the Exhibition, is a large cluster of modest dwellings, lodging-classes for the working classes, only recently finished. These, or as many of them as might be needed, were hired for the six months of the Exhibition (May to October), and fitted up neatly. The plan comprised nearly two hundred bedrooms, with a large refreshment-hall. There were about seventy tenements, each of two or three rooms, and each with independent cooking and eating. And plans were made that a small party might live in privacy if they chose. The great point for a stranger in London is to get a good night's rest and a good breakfast to follow; when once he settles forth on his day's excursion, he may be safely left to cater for himself. This was the key to the arrangements at the 'Home.' Bed and breakfast for two shillings or half-a-crown, refreshments at other hours of the day as per tariff, and threepence per day for attendance: such were the terms. No one made any lengthened sojourn, seeing that nearly all the visitors were country persons, whose railway excursion-tickets were available for a few days only. Employers of labour, school conductors, clubs, and trade societies, occasionally engaged sets of rooms for a few days at a time; but more frequently the guests comprised small knots of friends and neighbours from country towns. Not unfrequently, however, a Babel of tongues was heard there; for Frenchmen, Germans, and Hibernians were not insensible to the advantages of a quiet, respectable, temporary home, where they knew exactly what they would have to pay, and where they would receive much friendly aid in connection with the purpose of their visit to London.

Commissioners and committees, societies and companies, may rely upon it, that the success of excursions and pleasure-parties greatly depends on a little forethought concerning the housing of the excursionists at the end, or in the course of their journey.

THE GUINEA SMUGGLERS.
A STORY OF THE EAST COAST.

It wanted but a few minutes to seven o'clock on an April evening in the year 1812. The moon, in her second quarter, had just graciously shown herself to the world, gliding into sight from behind a dark rolling bank of cloud, and like a stately dowager presenting herself to her levee, had called round her her waiting-maids, the lesser stars, and proclaimed the opening of the night. A light wind breathing over the sea ruffled from time to time its silvery plumage, while the moonbeams, stealing through the chalk-cliffs in a ghostly manner, and from time to time the thrusses sang their signals to each other from tree-top to tree-top. There was certainly no doubt about the fact that even Lawyer Wedger thought it a gracious and a pleasant night. A mile from Seaforde, and on the chalk-cliffs, was, however, not exactly the place where one would have expected Lawyer Wedger to have been found at such an hour. A clean skin of pavement was a pleasanter sight to him than a field of young corn; and a tin deed-box, labelled in white letters, 'Re Dawson;' or 'The Honourable Fitzcarverd's Mortgage,' a sweeter view than the moonlight ever shone on from Seaforde cliffs. But let us not think evil even of an attorney. Perhaps a successful action at the assizes, then holding at the neighbouring town, had warmed his millstone heart, and sent Wedger out to bless nature, and in his turn to receive her blessing. My Lord Bacon, in the middle of his busy receipts and sales, when he was not being coaxed by some commission from suitors, would often, we are told, go out into his stately garden, and there, taking off his jewelled hat, stand bareheaded in the rain, receiving in his hollow cerbrum what he had prepared for to call 'Heaven's benediction.' Why, then, should not Wedger, imitating that great example, and having, perhaps, that morning gone his good dinner, round some new victim, not have come out to bathe
in the moonshine, and to feel his old wizen heart grow young again in looking at the great gray wall of sea? Surely, even for him, the pale yellow primroses that now lit the dim lamplight, the white-filied daisies starring the grass, the black-bird's song and the infant cry of the lambs, must have had an innocent charm, not without its pleasure—the pleasure as of a child's kindling the fire on an old man's chalk-board, all his white face and his short brown hair streaming back from his forehead, as he wedged it in to keep the cold out. Wedger was a hard, cruel, unjust man, every one round Seaford knew; but he had feelings. He had love for that prodigal scapegrace son of his; he was human at least in that one corner of his heart. Why not, then, in others? His manner as a mere lover of nature, however, was rather calculated just at present to excite suspicions. He skulked about in the shade of trees; he evidently shunned the open path; he peered, he pryed, he stared at particular holes in the cliff; in fact, he had more of the manner of a terrier looking for a wounded rat, than that of a good man taking an evening-walk. A sarcastic person might have said that he looked as if he had dropped a wrat over the cliff somewhere, and was trying to find it. Well, on Lawyer Wedger went along the cliff-path, dogged by that untrusting baliff, his black shadow, for all the world like a blood-hound on the track, scratching here, nosing there, hopping up at that place, looking over at that place, evidently bent on some mischief, and making straight for a little sea-side inn, the Zebec, the tile-roof of which could just be seen far away to the left.

Suddenly, Wedger started—yes, started as if lightning had fallen and plunged up the turf at his very feet, then fell on his knees, and crouched in the shadow of a chalk-cut, as if he were trying to make himself as small as he possibly could; at the same time he ground his yellow teeth, slapped his thigh, and exclaimed in a low breath: 'Thank God, I have it!'

A red light had shewn itself for an instant from a window of the Zebec, and was answered by some boat out at sea. There could be no doubt about the oil-skin which was knotted about the bad goings-on at Seaford and its neighbourhood. It was a smuggler's signal that had been given from the window of that public-house—a signal to land, or a signal warning of danger. Lawyer Wedger did not know which, but it gave him a clue he had long wished for, for he now knew that the Zebec was the rendezvous, as he had suspected. But hush! He rose, and crept towards the edge of the cliff, for just then he heard a faint splash and fall of oars. Suddenly, from out of the dark shadow of a little bay between the cliffs, a long white, ghostly boat, swift as a water-snake, shot out of the darkness into the moonshine; it was pulled by four men, while one, better dressed than a common seaman, stood at the helm, and pointed the boat straight for the French coast. In a moment—and Wedger's eyes received everything with the greediness with which a cat in ambush watches the movements of a nest of young birds—two short masts were raised, and two lugger-sails and a jib were shaken to the wind. The boat, aided by this new power, flew off like a swallow, as the favourable wind caught her sails, and soon passed into the gray dim perspective of the coming night.

In a moment, the dark, wily brain of the lawyer had planned his campaign. It should begin that very moment. He determined at once to steal round the back of the Zebec, get into the road from the assize town, and, by dint of double stepping, to reach a glass of grog on his way home from business. He would watch the landlord's manner, and either coax or threaten, as he found it best.

'So it is true,' he said to himself, as he rose to execute the plan, 'and no mare's nest, and I have seen the guinea-boat, after all, and found out where it harbours. A crown to a bad shilling, young Master Davison, but I stop your courting Polly, and hang you in a wire-basket before April comes round again. Damerham would have it that it was a mere ghost that carried the story, but I stuck to it, and it was not I that I'm right.'

Wedger was a lean, shrunken man, with a yellow puckered face, with little spitful eyes, hair powdered in the old-fashioned way, and with black clothes of a formal and scrupulously respectable cut. Even to his very black gaiters, there was a design in everything he wore. He had once heard of a certain merchant on 'Change who gained a fortune entirely by wearing a frilled shirt, gold seals, and a blue coat and brass buttons; so he determined to dress, too, in character, and assert his special individuality. There was almost a suspicious air of respectability about the guests in the parlour of the Zebec when Wedger entered. Jumper Davison, the landlord, had his arm fondly round the waist of his pretty daughter Polly. Three or four farmers sat gravely at their brandy and water, and looked steadily at the bottle, as if they were watching a tardy chemical experiment. They all rose and bowed, like automaton, through the smoke, as Wedger entered, and called for a glass of hot rum and milk. One amphibious sea-coast farmer was in the midst of a cholul sea-song, something about

It blew great guns that night,
It blew with main and might.
With a fury, and a savage lion's roar;
It blew so hard, ye see, if ye'll credit Ben and me,
It blew away the wig of our brave old commodore.

But even the applause given to this song seemed insincere and mechanical, and there was nothing hearty in it at all.

'Arrum and milk, Mr Wedger, sir; and how do you do? Any news at zizes? Here, Polly, run and heat the milk at the kitchen-fire; it'll do the lawman good. Take a seat, sir. Here; there's room between Muster Johnson and Muster Wilkins.'

'Thank you, friends—thank you, Davison,' said Wedger, bowing coldly and gravely, taking a seat, as if intentionally, not where the landlord bade him, but close to the parlour wall, and laying his loaded stick on the table as he spoke. 'Plenty of sugar, if you please, and not too much rum. I'm a temperate man. Lawyers must keep their heads cool, in order to get other folks to run theirs into hot water, eh, eh? News at the assize has Davison! Well, not much; except that they expect to hang those three smuggling fellows from Eastbourne.'

There was a slight involuntary shudder ran through the room as the lawyer spoke so coolly of hanging smugglers, and one farmer, perhaps unintentionally, crushed a stray piece of coal with his heel.

'Every one, too, is talking of this guinea-boat that has been seen on the coast lately."

'Puck of lies!' said Davison sulkily.

'And where's Robert to-night?' said Wedger, looking round for a smart young farmer-cousin of Polly's, who was generally said to be a formidable rival of the old lawyer's in that quarter.

'Gone to Eastbourne for a load of malt,' said Polly blushing, and speaking with nervous haste. 'Didn't you meet him, Mr Wedger?'

'Not I,' said Wedger, in his turn taken somewhat, ahack, not having been, in fact, near Eastbourne at all that day. 'But lies or no lies,' he added, feeling in his pocket for something, 'the ministers and government believe in it, for the guinea smuggling increases terribly, and here's a parcel of it.'

And, as he said this, he drew a large postling-bill out of his pocket, and moistening four wafers, which had been previously attached to the four corners, he 'So it is true,' he said to himself, as he rose to execute the plan, 'and no mare's nest, and I have seen the guinea-boat, after all, and found out where it harbours. A crown to a bad shilling, young Master Davison, but I stop your courting Polly, and hang you in a wire-basket before April comes round again. Damerham would have it that it was a mere ghost that carried the story, but I stuck to it, and it was not I that I'm right.'

Wedger was a lean, shrunken man, with a yellow puckered face, with little spitful eyes, hair powdered in the old-fashioned way, and with black clothes of a formal and scrupulously respectable cut. Even to his very black gaiters, there was a design in everything he wore. He had once heard of a certain merchant on 'Change who gained a fortune entirely by wearing a frilled shirt, gold seals, and a blue coat and brass buttons; so he determined to dress, too, in character, and assert his special individuality. There was almost a suspicious air of respectability about the guests in the parlour of the Zebec when Wedger entered. Jumper Davison, the landlord, had his arm fondly round the waist of his pretty daughter Polly. Three or four farmers sat gravely at their brandy and water, and looked steadily at the bottle, as if they were watching a tardy chemical experiment. They all rose and bowed, like automaton, through the smoke, as Wedger entered, and called for a glass of hot rum and milk. One amphibious sea-coast farmer was in the midst of a cholul sea-song, something about

It blew great guns that night,
It blew with main and might.
With a fury, and a savage lion's roar;
It blew so hard, ye see, if ye'll credit Ben and me,
It blew away the wig of our brave old commodore.

But even the applause given to this song seemed insincere and mechanical, and there was nothing hearty in it at all.

'Arrum and milk, Mr Wedger, sir; and how do you do? Any news at zizes? Here, Polly, run and heat the milk at the kitchen-fire; it'll do the lawman good. Take a seat, sir. Here; there's room between Muster Johnson and Muster Wilkins.'

'Thank you, friends—thank you, Davison,' said Wedger, bowing coldly and gravely, taking a seat, as if intentionally, not where the landlord bade him, but close to the parlour wall, and laying his loaded stick on the table as he spoke. 'Plenty of sugar, if you please, and not too much rum. I'm a temperate man. Lawyers must keep their heads cool, in order to get other folks to run theirs into hot water, eh, eh? News at the assize has Davison! Well, not much; except that they expect to hang those three smuggling fellows from Eastbourne.'

There was a slight involuntary shudder ran through the room as the lawyer spoke so coolly of hanging smugglers, and one farmer, perhaps unintentionally, crushed a stray piece of coal with his heel.

'Every one, too, is talking of this guinea-boat that has been seen on the coast lately.'

'Puck of lies!' said Davison sulkily.

'And where's Robert to-night?' said Wedger, looking round for a smart young farmer-cousin of Polly's, who was generally said to be a formidable rival of the old lawyer's in that quarter.

'Gone to Eastbourne for a load of malt,' said Polly blushing, and speaking with nervous haste. 'Didn't you meet him, Mr Wedger?'

'Not I,' said Wedger, in his turn taken somewhat, ahack, not having been, in fact, near Eastbourne at all that day. 'But lies or no lies,' he added, feeling in his pocket for something, 'the ministers and government believe in it, for the guinea smuggling increases terribly, and here's a parcel of it.'

And, as he said this, he drew a large postling-bill out of his pocket, and moistening four wafers, which had been previously attached to the four corners, he

GUINEA SMUGGLING.
Chamber's Journal

342

This is to give notice to seafaring men and others, that a reward of £150 is offered to any one who will apprehend or assist in the apprehension of any sailor, boatman, or other on the coast, engaged in smuggling goods to France. 

Whitby, April 1, 1912.

'Look you here, Mr Wedger,' said the landlord, 'down quite right, for I won't have the paper of my inn parlour spoiled by your cock-and-bull posting-bills, not for you or any lawyer in the county.'

As he said this, Davison angrily stepped forward to pull the obnoxious bill from the wall; but Wedger, putting his back to the bill, to keep it on, for several ready hands were now raised to tear it down, drew out a letter from his breast-pocket, and requested silence. The letter was from the chief-magistrate of Eastbourne, and written by the Secretary of the Home Department. It urged him to do his best to put down the guinea smuggling on the coast, and ordered him to have copies of the posting-bill pasted up in every inn parlour in his county. Penalty for tearing down or refusing to put up the same, £20; second offence, L30.

'Now, then,' said Wedger, folding up the letter with a quiet smile, 'I should like to see the man who'll dare to touch that piece of paper.'

No one stepped forward.

'I thought that would damp your courage,' said the lawyer. At that moment Wedger, who was lifting angry Polly's hand to his lips at the doorway, was roughly thrust on one side by a strong, handsome young man, who entered, and asked in a loud voice what all the fuss was about, and who was scaring his Polly. The farmer pointed to the bill on the wall.

Young Robert, for it was Polly's lover who was already presented himself, went up to the bill, and with a saucy air of ridicule, read it through, in mimicry of the lawyer's manner. He had completed his perusal, and was about to tear it in two, when Farmer Wilkins caught his hand.

'S tand by,' he said, 'Master Robert, stand by; it's twenty pounds' penalty, the lawyer says, to tear it!'

The young farmer laughed as he peeled off the bill and stuck it on again, turning its face to the wall.

'The bill's dated the first of April,' he said laughing; 'the day before Easter, I reckon. Launcen have said nothing as to how it is to be stuck up in inn parlours, let me see the lawyer as'll dare to give evidence against us for putting it up as we like. It is all a dream, this guinea-boat. They'll want to hang us next, because we coast-people don't all go and join the men-of-war.'

'Don't, Bob—don't, Robert, dear,' said Polly coaxingly to her lover, laying her hand softly on his arm, and looking up at his angry face with pretty beeching eyes.

'We don't want spies here, Lawyer Wedger,' said the young man, flashing round suddenly on the rather frightened lawyer. 'That I tell you, though it is my uncle's house. If you come here out of your way to get liquor, you may have it like any other tramp; but you shall not speak about an honest man's house to work out mischief; and as for Polly, I'll not have her worried. She don't want to have anything to do with you.'

'No, I don't,' said Polly, half crying, half fretfully. 'Take care, take care, young man,' said Wedger, 'or you'll never die quietly in your bed. You have defamed my character, you have insulted my majesty's government. I tell you, you are suspected. Take care. I warn you, that were I not a merciful man, I could frame two actions out of what has occurred only this very night.'

'Frame none, sir, and give the devil more clients!' said the young farmer. 'You merciful! — Merciful as a weasel sucking at a hare's blood—merciful as the Good'in Sands on a rough night. Ha! ha! I say, friends, a lawyer merciful! Well, that is a better joke than even the fool of a story about the guinea-boat.'

'I warn you,' said Wedger, throwing down the money for the rum and milk, 'there are queer reports at Seaford of this Zebee Inn. And I warn you,' said, Davison Davison, the ex-pilot, and now landlord—'I warn you, for all your nasty threat, that the day you see the guinea-boat, or any one who is in her, will be the worst day in your life.'

'O ho!—So there is a guinea-boat, then,' thought Wedger to himself, as he took up his stick, frowned heavily at one end, and strode out of the room.

'I have them, I have them,' exclaimed he, as he strode rapidly home along the cliff, and closed his hand as he spoke, as if clutching on a living thing. 'I have seen the guinea-boat; I have found its starting-place; I know the signal for its starting. No doubt that young cub of a farmer, too, is one of the lot—and he'll hang. I have them, thank God! I have them in a net; reward and all. O lucky, lucky walk! But—'

This triumphant soliloquy might have lasted till Wedger had reached Seaford, had not a thought of danger suddenly struck a momentary chill through the lawyer's nerves. 'That warning,' he thought, 'what could it mean? Would some friends of the smuggling waylay him?'.

It would be well to shew that he was armed. He instantly drew a pistol from his breast-pocket—for he generally went armed—and fired it into the air. There was a flash of light, a report, and then a deeper silence than before. But, to Wedger's astonishment, he was answered by a shot in the direction of the Zebee Inn. Then a blue-light shone out, and cast a lurid, corpse light over the cliff, sea, and inland fields. It seemed almost like an omen of some evil to ensue from the events of that night.

'Signals again!' said Wedger; 'why, the very air's alive with them to-night; but I'll soon smoke out this hive of firework-makers.'

Twenty minutes' more sharp walking brought the lawyer to Seaford. The country town was already still and hushed, for asleep seizes on such places at an early hour, probably because in the daytime it is never very far away from it. It was not so with the regretful music of the chimes, as they sang the dirge of another hour, and an occasional fitful burst of drunken singing from the Sir Home Popham Inn. Wedger gave a spiteful and suspicious knock at his door—a knock that seemed to say in a staccato way: 'Come, look alive, for I know there is something going on inside that ought not to.' A trembling ait of a servant, black with heedless industry, came shuffling to the door, and opened it with a rattling of chains. Wedger, like most bad men, was a tyrant; he said, in a cold, stern voice: 'I'm, is my son in!'

I'm falterin' out: 'Yes, I think so.'

Wedger stepped back a foot or two, and looked up at the third-floor window. There was no light. He returned. 'Liar!' he said; 'you know he's out drinking and gambling as usual. If you don't tell me when he comes in, I'll discharge you this day forthnight. Mind—d'y' hear? —and look 'ee, call me early, for I have important business with the town-clerk to-morrow.'

There was a crowd of prisoners, smugglers, sailors, watchmen, and sailors, in the outer office of Mr. Shipton, the town-clerk, next morning, when Mr. Wedger, sending in his name and a line written in pencil on a card, was instantly bowed into the inner sanctum of the great man, to the envy and chagrin of a dozen or so of other visitors.

'The ferret and the terrier always work well together, drat 'em both,' grumbled a farmer in top-
boots, flapping the door-mat with his hunting-whip.

But let us follow the lawyer into the great man’s terrible presence, where he was in close consultation with his legal staff, a bespectacled man, a woman, and a young man, all of whom seemed to be engaged in some intricate legal matter.

There sat the great men, opposite each other, at a table crowded with bundles of papers, depositions, and other legal documents. The lawyer, a tall, lean fellow, was scowling as he read a document aloud. The young man, with a quill pen in his hand, took notes on a yellowed sheet.

Good morning, Mr. Wedger," said the lawyer, "I have received your letter and will consider your request."

And what is this—what is this information you have to give us, Mr. Wedger? Smuggling, of course," said the lawyer. "Oh, those depraved people of Seaford—how long will they trouble us? You received, of course, that ill-judged, and, I may say, irrational proclamation about these imaginary guinea smugglers. I am surprised to find our ministers propagating such a slander.

"Not so imaginary, I fear, Mr. Damerham," said the lawyer calmly, "as you will allow, when I tell you what happened to me yesterday evening.

The town clerk looked up in astonishment at the attorney who could actually contradict a live Seaford magistrate.

"To summon guineas, sir," said the magistrate pompously, "putting his two thumbs rhythmically into the two arm-holes of his plum-coloured velvet waistcoat and shaking his large gold seals with indignation at the lawyer’s levity, "is the business of fools. How can Bonaparte hope to drain a country like ours of gold? What are guineas for but to be melted down into bullion? What can the dogs of French pay the misguided men in but worthless assignats? I tell you, sir, the guineas has never been at a premium anywhere. Turn to the 1st Geo. L. cap. 4, or to the Clipping Statute, second Queen Anne—nowhere do I find penalties for this offence, sir. The thing is a rank absurdity. Men do not incur severe penalties without adequate motive. Now, when was I in the Great Lighthouse Vestry?

Could the town clerk believe his ears—Mr. Wedger actually interrupted the magistrate.

"But, Mr. Damerham, I have proof; I never move in legal matters without proof.

The town clerk was petrified. What, the low attorney of the place—the felon’s refuge—dare to have proofs to support a fact contradicted by the high-mighty Seaford? He was astonished—no, more, he was hurt.

Some garbled words of a drunken coastguard’s man, I suppose," said Mr. Damerham, somewhat nettled, and referring as he spoke to a corpus juris as big as a family Bible to hide his annoyance; "some dream of a subdued fisherman, I suppose, again, who swears he has met a great white boat brimming with loose guineas. But, tut, Mr. Wedger, I am surprised at a man of your years and sense!

"As for our years," said Wedger, nettled in his turn, "they’re pretty nearly equal. Could he be mean to imply that their senses were of a very different calibre? Wedger here rose, and laid his old knuckled and gloved hand on the corpus juris: "I do not come here to waste a valuable time with his rumors, dreams, or ghost-stories. I come here, gentlemen, to speak of what I myself have seen not twenty-four hours ago, and not a mile from this very room."

The magistrate and town clerk pricked up their ears, and stared with positively open mouths as the lawyer related the events of the preceding night, confirming the current story of the mysterious white boat that, when pursued, seemed always to melt away into the distance.

Very important evidence, no doubt, very important," said the magistrate, as Wedger finished his story by urging strong and prompt measures. "No doubt you have seen, I may even go so far as to say, a smuggling-boat; but why a guinea-boat, Mr. Wedger? Dear me, why a guinea-boat, of all things? What proof of the guineas, Mr. Wedger? How can we proceed, Mr. Town-clerk, on evidence like this? A gentleman sees a white boat, and observes corresponding signals; that’s the total of his evidence.

"Not quite," said the attorney coldly, between his teeth, as, rising from his chair, he opened the door, and cried with a loud voice to the door-keeper: "Call John Belton."

Before the sound of the name thus called had well died away, a thick-set man, closely muffled, entered; what with comforter, long hair, and hat pulled over his eyes, there was no making out face or feature of the man. His own father could not have recognised him. Wedger pulled out a deposition, and read it; the stranger looked straight in his face as he read:

Deposition of George Wilson, alias John Belton, taken down by me for the use of the Seaford magistrates.—April 16, 1812."

The man nodded assent, as much as to say, "I’m Wilson." "I, George Wilson, depose that I am guard to mail-coach between Eastbourne and London, and that on the 5th of February last, a Jew money-lender, one Ezra Levi of Tabernacle Street, in the Minories, before known to me, came to the coach-office in Lad Lane, and offered me five guineas if I would secretly convey twenty leather sealed bags of guineas from London to Eastbourne, for shipment to Messrs. Delesseaux of Gravelines. I was to deliver them to an old woman in a red cloak, who would be waiting in the inn-yard with a covered tilt-cart when the coach got in. I agreed to take them, and I did so, and have since conveyed ten such loads, one over the other, last Monday."

I have turned king’s evidence on the promise of a free pardon from the crown, and a promise of the place of coachman of the next mail that is vacat.

(Signed) GEORGE WILSON, alias JOHN BELTON.

"George Wilson, are you the person hereon mentioned, and is that your signature?"

"I’m George Wilson, and that’s my signature," said the traitor-guard gruffly, as if rather ashamed of himself.

"Astonishing! astonishing!" gasped the magistrate. "And may I ask, Mr. Wedger, how you became acquainted with this man?"

"That’s my secret," said Wedger, coolly taking snuff, cox as a hangman when the ‘little affair’ is comfortably over—"it is sufficient that here’s the man."

And now, sir—"Damerham called every one ‘sir,’ sometimes as a rebuke, and sometimes as a compliment—turning to Belton, alias Wilson, under whose coat appeared suspicious peeps of scarlet, "can you aid his majesty’s government a little more by just telling us the dépôt of those guinea smugglers?" Wilson scratched his head, and said: "Well, he didn’t know; it was a bad affair. He hoped they wouldn’t go and hang any of the poor fellows; but as the cat was almost out of the bag, he saw no harm in making a clean breast of it, and saying that the guineas were, he had heard, taken to some sea-side inn near Seaford."

"Exactly—the Zeebe!" said Wedger, triumphantly pointing the feather-end of a pen he held at the magistrate, who was astonished at the lawyer’s presumptuous energy. "Wilson, you may go; you shall hear from me."

"I shouldn’t wonder if I have some of these sea-dogs after me for this, gentlemen, but I have got
friends here' (tapping his breast-pocket) 'as have settled many a highwayman, and I see no reason why they shouldn't be just as true on a guinea smuggler. At all events, I've now made clean hands on it, and I wish you a very good-morning, gentlemen. Good-morning, gentlemen all. Good-morning, Mr Wedger. It'll be a pretty stroke as ever you made, netting 'em all; but mind when you try for whiting you don't get a shark in the net in mistake.' With this fisherman's metaphor, Wilson muffled up again, doubled himself up like an old man, and departed.

'We'll catch these miscreants next Tuesday,' said Wedger nodding. 'Have two eight-oared custom-house galleys, Mr Damerham, waiting just round the point, beyond Seaforo, out of sight of the Zebec, at nightfall. Directly the signal I saw goes up again, shall pull for the Zebec jetty, and another shall cut off the guinea-boat as it makes for the French coast.'

The magistrate, puffing himself up, said he knew very well what it became him to do without interference or direction. 'Thank you, Mr Wedger.'

Now was the time to put on the handcuffs. Mr Wedger pulled out a letter from the minister of the Home Department, requesting him to give his (Mr Wedger's) best assistance to the Seaford magistrates on the subject of guinea smuggling. The magistrate was cowed; but he bent his head to the storm, and affecting extreme urbanity, he shook Mr Wedger by the hand, and last and most important, he might say his invaluable information.

'Delighted with your help and advice. And now, my dear sir, that business being settled, and we public men having a moment's breathing-time, try a glass of sherry.'

Wedger said he never touched sherry when there was anything to be done; and, as he supposed, there was a good deal to be done in the case.

'Curious! Well, now, it makes work better, good sherry. And, before we part, let me ask you, my dear sir, how you got on with your son that you once consulted me about; not wild, I hope? Why not send him to sea? No school for wild youths like a man-of-war.'

Wedger shookled at the thought of losing his boy; he was softened for a moment by the very idea.

'No,' he said. 'Mr Damerham, you are kind, but I can't part with him. Sir, I love that boy; he is my only child, my only one, and he reminds me of my dear wife. No; I'll try him again. I think he is sorry for what he does, for only this morning, when he sat on his bed, and warned him of vice, told him how Vice turned to crime and how certainly sooner or later justice overtakes crime—talking of these very guinea smugglers whom we shall soon have on the gallows swinging—he buried his head in the clothes, and seemed struck dumb. No, no, there is grace and innocence in the boy still; he'll do, he'll do, sir. He is my Absalom, but——'

Here the door was thrown open, and a voice shouted in a monotonous way: 'Two smugglers, sir, from Craddock to be examined. Officers took 'em last night, tubs and all, after a tussle.'

'The very thing,' cried Mr Damerham, radiant with an idea at last—the very thing. Call them in, Mr Town-clerk; they'll be sure to know something about the guineas and the extraordinary white boat.'

'Bring in the Craddock smugglers,' cried the town-clerk grandly, through the cautiously opened door.

The door opened, and four custom-house officers entered, leading between them two rough men in torn pilot-coats, with black and cut faces, and with hands coupled together with bright steel handcuffs. The head-officer advanced, and made his statement.

'Was on duty last night, as you was, at Craddock Waste, top of Craddock Cliff, when I see the smugglers' flash-boxes answering along-shore; and presently down a road to the sea-shore cut in the chalk, I sees, five hundred yards off, about two hundred horses, ridden or led by some fifty men, and on every horse two casks as true on a guinea smuggler. At all events, I've now made clean hands on it, and I wish you a very good-morning, gentlemen. Good-morning, gentlemen all. Good-morning, Mr Wedger. It'll be a pretty stroke as ever you made, netting 'em all; but mind when you try for whiting you don't get a shark in the net in mistake.' With this fisherman's metaphor, Wilson muffled up again, doubled himself up like an old man, and departed.

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looking first at the glass-door, next at the keyhole, and then at the town-clerk; ‘between ourselves, what is your real impression of this person Wedger? Now, consider factually, if we are friends!’

‘A low, mischievous, dangerous attorney, Mr Damerham, who fomented quarrels, incites incompetent persons, and preys on the widow and orphan; but with much power most deadly, he has escaped Lord Tranmore at the last Seafood election. Besides, he has, I am told, a strong personal motive in this case, for he has been slighted by the pretty daughter of the landlord of the Zebedee. My advice is, however, don’t check him; do whatever he wishes. If you don’t, he’ll set all the corporation by the ears, and plunge us into endless expenses, sir.’

The magistrate—contrary and a very lion in public, in order to shew he was not led—in private was a very lamb. He followed the town-clerk’s advice to the letter. The attack on the guinea-snugglers was carefully planned by Wedger—planned with all the care with which a gamekeeper draws his nets round the covert in anticipation of the next day’s shooting. Two custom-house galleys, remarkable for their swiftness, were carefully conveyed into a boatshed not far from the Zebedee, and two crews of eight strong, sinewy men, armed to the teeth, hidden in the same place, When they saw the Zebedee’s rocket, to run down to the boats, launch them, and pull off after the guinea snugglers. The men were eager for snugglers as half-starved greyhounds for a hare. Had they heard that the guinea-boat was painted white, so as to be least escape detection at night; but this time, taken by surprise, she would have no chance of escaping. They were all eager for the reward, waved glitteringly before their eyes by Wedger. The sixteen men spent the whole morning of the appointed day in grinding their cutlasses and sharpening their pike-sticks, and when he saw, whether dead or alive, no guinea snuggler should that night escape uncaptured.

The night came. It was dark and heavy, as had been anticipated. Almost at the exact moment that Wedger had seen the signal from the Zebedee window, a rocket rose up with a swift hiss into the air, and scattered its golden sparks in a momentary shower over the Zebedee roof. The next minute, a second rocket rose in answer from some vessel hidden by a point of chalk-cliff. Then there was a sound of muffled oars, and, in the moonlight’s beam, said a grey old officer, peering intently into the darkness through a diamond hole in the planks of the ship, ‘For I hear the cheers at the Zebedee landing every time as the rocket goes up over the cliff. Now, if I know a spanker-boom from a yard-arm, that there boat never sent up that there rocket. Get your pistols ready, boys, and be ready for a start when I cry “Now!”’

Another moment, and a dark boat could be seen dimly, its cargo taken in, steering under the cliff, and passing round the shoulder of land. It is not a white boat, then, after all.

‘Now!’ cried the old boatswain.

The men ran like tigers, with their boats on their shoulders. In a moment they had them in the water, and had leaped into them; in another moment the oars were in the rowlocks, and the men pulled swiftly in the train of the smugglers. Suddenly, they swerved round the point of land: two objects met their eyes—the boatswain was right—a large heavy lugger, painted a light-grey colour, evidently to better escape detection at night; and a long, sharp-nosed, white canvas-hulled barge, part of the same gang for swiftness, and with planks no thicker than crown-pieces. They both lay in the dark shadow of the promontory, as if waiting for some signal. In a moment, however, they had caught sight of their enemy’s oars, ever since he helped Lord Tranmore at the last Seafood election. Besides, he has, I am told, a strong personal motive in this case, for he has been slighted by the pretty daughter of the landlord of the Zebedee. My advice is, however, don’t check him; do whatever he wishes. If you don’t, he’ll set all the corporation by the ears, and plunge us into endless expenses, sir.’

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Another moment, and a dark boat could be seen dimly, its cargo taken in, steering under the cliff, and passing round the shoulder of land. It is not a white boat, then, after all.

‘Now!’ cried the old boatswain.

The men ran like tigers, with their boats on their shoulders. In a moment they had them in the water, and had leaped into them; in another moment the oars were in the rowlocks, and the men pulled swiftly in the train of the smugglers. Suddenly, they swerved round the point of land: two objects met their eyes—the boatswain was right—a large heavy lugger, painted a light-grey colour, evidently to better escape detection at night; and a long, sharp-nosed, white canvas-hulled barge, part of the same gang for swiftness, and with planks no thicker than crown-pieces. They both lay in the dark shadow of the promontory, as if waiting for some signal. In a moment, however, they had caught sight of their enemy’s oars, ever since he helped Lord Tranmore at the last Seafood election. At that moment, the moon shone full upon the smuggler as it left the shadow, and showed its white sides with ghostly distinctness.

At last, then, they were on the trail of the guinea-boat. ‘Put your backs to it, lads!’ roared the boatswain in command: ‘we Cragford men take the guinea-boat; you Seafood lads board the lugger. Pull away with a will, boys—sail a will!’

Off dashed the boats, each after its peculiar prey. Let us follow the more important of the two, the guinea-boat, closely pursued as it was by the boat-swain and his crew, leaving the lugger to its fate. The coast-blockade men were now so near that they could all but see the faces of the smugglers as they beat savagely at their oars, driving their boat on till its white planks quivered at every stroke.

‘Another mile, and we have them between us and the Klocker Sand,’ said the boatswain, who was steering; ‘our fortune’s made if we only get up to them. Give way, then—give way!’

‘I think the beggars are planning some mischief, bosun. I hope they ain’t going to fling grenades in on us,’ said the stroke-oar, and a moment in the guinea-boat was now clearly perceptible.

‘Hand-grenades, be hanged, Jack!’ said the boat-swain; ‘but I’ll be cursed, though, if they ain’t going to fling some of their shiners over, to lighten their craft; and we shall get hold of nothing but an empty purse after all, if we don’t look out; so pull, boys, pull!’

The boatswain was right. In the clear moonlight that now shone full on the chase, still much ahead of the blockade-men, a man could be seen stooping over the side of the boat, with a small bag he had dragged to the gunwale, and slash it twice with a knife; the guineas poured out in a golden stream into the sea. Six times he cut open bags, and six times the gold poured into the sea. The coast-blockade men gave a yell of rage and vexation as the bright spadaces flashed in the moonlight and disappeared for ever. The smugglers answered with a laugh of triumph, as their boat, now so much lightened, shot forth as if a steam-engine had suddenly propelled it. In ten minutes, they had gained considerably on their pursuers; in another five, their boat was out of sight, faded away into the inner brightness of the moonlight.

‘If old Harry hasn’t had a trick as oaken in that craft to-night, I’m a Dutchman!’ growled the boat-swain, as reluctantly he gave orders to pull back to the shore.

‘And the blessed golden guineas,’ said the stroke-oar, ‘gone to make oyster-beds of. It’s a sin and a shame, that’s what I call it. But get home, boys; the cursed boat has witchcraft in it. Master Bosun is right: no one will ever catch it; that’s my opinion.’

A more serious misfortune, in the meantime, happened to the companion-boat is soon told. The revenue-men had already headed it, and were turning to board—cutlasses between their teeth and loaded pistols in their belts—when suddenly, to their horror, the lugger boldly put on all sail, and bore straight down on them. There was no possibility of escape. In a moment, their boat was cut in two, and a few shattered planks were all that were left of it. Three of the mast encumbered with their heavy costs, instantly sank; another clung to the rudder, and for a moment or two floated; four others, crying for mercy, clung to the gunwales of the lugger.

‘Mercy! cried one of the crew, seizing a carpenter’s axe; yes, the same mercy, you devils, as the poor fellows who rot in chains at Cragford got: we’ll have no one to witness against us.’ And as he said,
this, with dreadful curses, the wretch lopped at the hands of one of the revenue-men, who fell bleeding into the sea. The other three relinquished their hold, fell backwards, and were almost instantly drowned. Then, crowing all sail, the lugger steered straight for Gravelines with its crew of murderers and outlaws. The night after this cruel murder, and while all Seaford was shuddering at the news, Wedger's son ran away from his father's house, leaving a short letter behind to say that, sick of the law and the severity and dullness of his father's house, he had enlisted, and hoped no further inquiries would be made for him. Wedger bore the disappointment with deep grief, though he treated the act of a mere young man's caprice, a mere intention. He would soon tire of it, he said; he would return when the freak was over, and all his money was gone.

A few days after, news that could not be gainsaid reached Wedger. The guinea smugglers had been tracked to a fisherman's house in a lonely lane not far beyond Eastbourne. They were going to keep close there all day, and at night to strike into the interior. The murderers of the revenue-galley-men were, it was well known, among them.

Wedger's and the magistrate's plans were soon taken, a crew of revenue-men closed in on the cottage; among them, but not in the van of the attacking-party, were Wedger and pompous, strutting Mr Damerham, neither of them much liking the affair, but determined to personally superintend an arrest that might else be bungled, and prove a failure; not, indeed, that either were cowards, but only that fighting was not their profession.

The whole country was crying for the lives of these guilty men, who so long had evaded detection, and whose crimes had now turned public opinion unchangeable against them. 'The gibber was crying for them,' was the popular saying, and certain popularity awaited the captors.

The attack was so sudden and unexpected, the tired smugglers having set no pièces, and the night being so stormy, that the whole gang were surprised sleeping drinking, or half disarmed. The blockade-men poured in with cutlasses drawn and pistols cocked. For five minutes the fight was hot and obstinate enough, but at the end of that time six of the smugglers were wanted in a dugout, and two lay dead upon the cabin floor under a pile of broken chairs, bottles, and benches. Three or four of the victorious party were put hors de combat.

A long-room still filled with powder and slippery with blood, came Mr Wedger and Mr Damerham. The attorney, rubbing his hands, coolly asked 'how many of the rascals had been killed.'

'Four on 'em are dead chickens,' said the boatswain, pulling his forlock, and scraping with his right foot, as a mark of respect to lawful authority; 'and there they lie, just where we shot 'em. I say, you, Jack Tiller, clear off their top hampers, and let's look at their faces. There was one lad, a sort of caplin, I think, who was very spartile with his cutlass, to be sure, till I caught him over the left eye. Turn 'em over, lads, and let's look at their faces.'

The men, half in the dark, cleared away the broken chairs as the boatswain ordered, and dragged out the dead one by one. The first body drawn out was that of the young man the boatswain had shot. He was quite dead; a bullet had struck him just over the left eye. There was a quiet fixed smile on his lips. 'Here's the young game-cock,' said the boatswain, touching the body in a friendly manner with his foot. 'Give us a letter here, or else of ye; Mr Wedger wants to look at our dead birds.'

The stroke-oar obediently brought his dark lantern with an 'Ay, ay, sir,' and turned it full and suddenly on the face of the dead youth; but Wedger was standing with his back to the body, talking to Mr Damerham at the time, and for a moment did not turn round. The boatswain, addressing the attorney respectfully by the sleeve, asked him if he wouldn't like to see 'the dead rogues who had gone and shirked the gallows.'

Wedger, half petulantly turning round, said: 'Certainly.'

The boatswain pointed down silently to the dead youth, on whose face the stroke-oar's lantern was shedding a strong yellow light.

Wedger turned, and gave one keen look; the next moment, without saying a word, he threw his arms into the air, and fell in a deathlike swoon on the body. It was the attorney's wretched son. The poor scapegrace had long been secretly enrolled in the gang of guinea smugglers.

Wedger never wholly rallied; on recovering from his swoon, paralysis seized him, and he died within the year, a broken-hearted, impotenee man.

Of the guinea smugglers, three were hung, and the rest transported. Jumper Davison, with Polly and her lover, fled to France, and soon after embarked for America, where they eventually did well.

As for Mr Damerham, he told his stories of the guinea smugglers and the City Light-horse Volunteers till he reached a good old age, and finally, like other City Light-horse Volunteers, he died, leaving behind him an epitaph, written by himself, in the character of virtuous church-warden, in large gilt letters, on the front of the organ gallery in Seaford Church.

THE MAMMOTH TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

The Sequoia gigantea, popularly known in the district where it grows as the Mammoth Washington Tree, was first discovered by the English traveller and naturalist Lob, on the Serbia Nevada, at an elevation of five thousand feet, and near the source of the rivers Stanislaus and San Antonio. These trees belong to the natural order Conifera, or the Pine family, and grow two hundred and fifty, and even four hundred feet in height. The bark, which is of a cinnamon colour, is from twelve to eighteen inches thick; the wood reddish, but soft and light; and the stem from ten to twenty-five inches in diameter. The branches grow almost horizontally from the stem; their foliage resembles that of the cypress; yet, notwithstanding the monstrous size of these trees, their cones are only two inches and a half in length, confounding those of the Weymouth Pine (Pinus strobus) whilst the Araucaria, or South American Pine, although far inferior in size to the Sequoia, produces cones of the form and magnitude of a child's head.

The Sequoias stand together in groups on a black, fruitful soil, which is watered by a brook. The miners have given some of them their especial consideration. One has been called 'The Miner's Cabin;' it is a hollow tree about three hundred feet in height, the excavation being seventeen feet in breadth, and nearly fifty feet in circumference. 'The Three Sisters' have all sprung from the same root; 'The Old Bachelor,' worried by storms, leads a solitary life. 'The Family' consists of a group of trees—two large ones, 'The Parents,' and twenty-four small ones, 'The Children.' 'The Riding School' is an immense tree which has been overturned by a storm, in the hollow stem of which a man can ride on horseback for a distance of seventy-five feet.

In standing before these giant forms of the forest, we naturally try to calculate the time which was necessary to bring together such vast masses of vegetable matter, and then think of our own short lives and insignificance. Judging from their rings, these trees are at least from two to three thousand years old. The following description of one of them
recently felled for timber is taken from a work published by the government of the United States.

"As the age, by cones and seeds. It supplied the important link between Sequoia Langsdorfi and Sequoia Sternbergii, the widely distributed representatives of Sequoia sempervirens and Sequoia gigantea (Willingtonii), whose occurrence in the present creation, is confined to California. The lignite beds consist almost entirely of tree stems—probably belonging in a great measure to Sequoia Cottata—which have apparently been floated hither, not only from the circuit of the immediate hills, but doubtless also from greater distances. The 26th bed in the series immediately above the thick bed of sand is a soft clay, with numerous leaves of plants and ripe cones and seeds of Sequoia Cottata. This bed was probably formed in autumn, and the plants it contains were due to the driftings of that season. Higher up, follows the bed 25, with fern rhizomes, and occasionally pinnules of Piceperis lignium; the latter appears in great abundance with branches of Sequoia Cottata still higher."

HOME FROM THE COLONIES.

THE NOBLEMAN'S FÊTE—AND THE WOOLLY WOMAN'S.

There are certain changes taking place in our little household in Half-moon Street, which affect me more perhaps than they should. If I had been told six months ago that I should be having the heartache now in consequence of a coming parting with any friends, I should have smiled, though sadly, at the prophet; and if he had added that these friends were such as X and Y, I should have laughed outright in his face. As marriages are made in heaven, how were so friendships are not manufactured to order upon this planet. Man is not a demi-bivalve, that he should annex himself to one precisely similar to himself; if so, where should I have found the model of a sentimental colonist of middle-age, inclined to prose, but not averse to be convivial? I protest that the young man X has grown as dear to me as a son to his father; while for Y I entertain those kindly emotions which affect forgiving uncles (on the stage) towards their scapegrace nephews. I feel as if, thanks to me, the latter was living merrily upon post-chits.

These young men can be scarcely unaware of my friendly feelings, and indeed reciprocate them, so far as sociality goes, with the pleasantest freedom; and yet their native delicacy forbids them to derive the benefit from any practical advantage. The Trevarons of Trevarton were not more proud than Y; nor was my poor brother Thomas a more obstinate mule than is X in one respect. 'The last thing that a gentleman does,' says some old foolish play, 'is to borrow money of his friend:' and this seems to be an immutable canons with the two advertisers. This sentiment is of course an honourable one, and is deep-seated in most Englishmen of condition. I venture, however, to affirm it to be an error founded upon something like vulgarity—upon an undue and commercial regard for mere current coin. I may receive my friend into my house for as long as he pleases, I may mount him on my hunters a whole winter through, I may get his son appointed to a ship in her Majesty's service, I may do him, in short, any good turn one can conceive, but I may neither give him nor lend him money. Taking how ground, let me ask; What difference is there between money and money's worth? Taking high ground: What, then, is Friendship, that the intervention of a little gold should act as a non-conductor? In Melbourne, there is many a rich man who is not only his prosperity, but his very existence, to the help of a friend in a less prosperous time. I have heard one of these at his own dinner-table relate how that, but for a ten-pound note from a gentleman who had few of his own to spare, he might have stuck
to sign-painting all his life; and, turning to the man seated on his right hand, he added (and very tenderly for a government contractor): 'That was you, Bob, wasn't it?'

This ridiculous delicacy 'overlooks itself, and falls on the other' into what is very like meanness. Do X and Y suppose that, having assisted them in their pecuniary difficulties, I should be so base as hold them debtors rather than friends? I have no doubt whatever that something like this is the case, and it disquiets me. My connection with them as advertisers is coming to an end; I cannot much longer prolong it without exciting some morbid suspicion that I do so for their sake, although, although I would gladly benefit them, it is I who will suffer most at parting. I protest I shudder at the thought of returning to that solemn Caravansary, that magnificent Mausoleum in which I look up my quarters on coming to town; the thought of the patronage of that red-waiter is hateful and oppressive. How I shall miss the merry laugh of X, although, indeed, I fancy that he is not so blithe as when I first knew him. I heard him sigh the other day when he thought himself alone, in a manner that convinced me he has some secret wretchedness; although he declared to me that it was only the first attack of that indisposition, which one must expect at twenty-six.

Last night he left us for some country-house which it seems he has in the west of England; he has gone, as I believe, to eff off sale. Perhaps it is an ancestral place—for Martin is a good name—which distresses him to part with. If he had but been less reserved, I might have hinted that I was willing to help him, and should myself be glad to visit that district, which must be near what was once my own home. I would persuade him that to have the enthrone of a friend's house would be worth much to me; but I dare not. I cannot hope to convey to others my sense of the danger of such a step. It will not be conceived that men about town, spendthrifts on their last loans, advertisers, should be so difficult to deal with, but so it is; there is nothing so proud as a proud man growing poor.

Another weakness of theirs is a repugnance to being suspected of doing things creditable to themselves. This is especially the case with Y; and I am sure I offended him very much this morning by detecting him in a good action. I was awakened at six o'clock by or so by the opening of his window; I heard him say: 'Are you the man for Mr Layton?' and then the answer: 'Yes, sir.' Directly afterwards, I heard a soft but applause extensive body descending the stairs. I opened my door, and, lo, there was Y in his dressing-gown rolling an enormous bundle before him down the stairs. He did not see me, though I watched him all the way, and saw him open the front-door, and having delivered the bundle to the messenger, close it again with great caution, and noiselessly replace the bolts.

At breakfast-time, I exclaimed suddenly: 'And where was the great parcel going to, that you got up so early this morning to dispose of?'

'It was going to Preston, sir, to some people who want clothes more than I do. Have you any other question to ask?'

'I never saw Y angry before; and this was the first time he had ever called me 'sir.'

'I am sorry to have been rude,' said I; 'but surely, my dear Y, there is nothing to be ashamed of. Why on earth did you get up at that hour, and perform your uneventful mission such mystery? Having been a witness to your strange procedure, I could not but be curious.'

'Well,' said Y, 'if you must know the truth, I was afraid of John Thomas. My garments are, as he conceives, his perquisites; and in giving them away, I was committing a robbery. So, you see, I was not so virtuous after all. Whenever you see a man performing what appears to be a good action, conclude at once he has some mean motive for doing so, and employ your sagacity in discovering it; this is not only good fun, but excellent philosophy. How very odd the Lancashire operatives will look in my pegtops!'

It was evident, although he tried to conceal it, that Y was much annoyed. In order to turn the conversation, I began to talk of what should be done in X's absence: 'He is not to return to-day, I think.'

'No, poor fellow,' replied Y; 'and when he does, I am afraid he will be out of spirits.'

'How is that?' asked I with eagerness; for all that I knew of X was from Y, and vice versa; they never spoke about themselves.

'Oh, it's a woman, of course,' observed Y bitterly.

'Well, I'm glad it's no worse, said I: 'the quarrels of lovers are not lasting. I was afraid he had gone on more unpleasant business. From some questions X was putting to me the other day about Australia, I gathered that he was half resolved to emigrate.

'And why not, O Morumbidgee? I am sure you yourself are an excellent specimen of Transportation.'

I smiled sadly, but did not answer, for my very heart ached for poor X. Y, touched by my silence, guessed the cause of my troubled aspect:

'The fact is, our friend X, like myself, is out at elbows; but, unlike me, he is, or was, in love. Perhaps it is over by this time, for the young lady rises so early, and is in possession of his circumstances. While he was the squire, and in possession of the big house, the parish of the parish was willing enough to let him have his Arabella. But now the house is to be sold, it is likely she will be retained for the next squire, if he be eligible—if the man and the mansion be equally unencumbered.'

'But do the young people mutually love one another, think you?'

'To distraction, doubtless,' replied Y sardonically; 'that is to say, they did when X started. He will come home, poor fellow, miserable enough; we must do what we can to cheer him. In the meantime, let us cheer ourselves. The autumn is ending. Morumbidgee; we must take our pleasure while we may.'

'Well,' said I, 'we have been to a good number of places less select than otherwise; I should now like to take a look at more exclusive society. There was once an assembly where a great man for fashion at the time I left England; and I perceive by the papers that it is now resuscitated. I have a great fancy, Y, for going to Almack's.'

'Almack's? Ah!' exclaimed Y, drawing out the word as though it were a telescope; 'my dear Morumbidgee, what do you mean! You compose yourself. Take a glass of cold water, and read the Shipping Intelligence. You know not what you ask.'

'I simply desire,' said I firmly, 'to witness a scene in which the performers are the aristocracy of my native land. If admission cannot be procured—and I have heard that it is difficult—well and good; but I am unaware that my manners are so rude as to make my request riot.'

'Accomplished Morumbidgee,' interrupted Y with warmth, 'your manners are unexceptionable. Dismiss any notions of inferiority from your mind, and adopt precisely opposite ones. If you were a fool, or even a gentleman of ordinary type, I should say, 'Go;'' but I know you better than you know yourself, and I tell you, you wouldn't like it. We have had some little experience of life together, my friend; and we cannot expect our manners to move in the best circles.' You are too fond of fun for that, and I of easy slippers. It is a lamentable fact, but the Best Society is dull, and demands boots of polished leather. You are my antagonist, and in the absence of X, I must do your bidding; only beware. Remember that evil night at Lady de Squashkin's, when we could not emerge from the third drawing-room, and
had nothing to support nature upon for five mortal hours—save a lemon-biscuit and that water-ice which I divided with you, Morumbidgee, with a weak but unaltering hand. What an effort it cost you to keep on your knees on that occasion! You averred that you were dying with the heat, and yet could not perceive that that was the very reason why it was imperative that you should retain those gloves. Think, too, how indisposed you subsequently were to leave your card upon her ladyship, observing that you were not disinclined to lunch with her, but that calling was an absurdity. All this, my friend, exhibits your good sense, but at the same time your unfitness for that scene for which you so indiscreetly pant. What? You behaved very well at the Opera? Nay, excuse me. In the first place, the Opera is a house of public amusement, where you can conduct yourself as you like so long as you don’t sit with your legs over the front of the box; and, secondly, you did not behave so very well at the Opera. You did not see why your great-coat should be taken away upon admission, and (particularly) why you should have to pay for that abdication when you came away. You compared the very expensive box in which we were accommodated to a four-poster, and the curtains thereof to bed-curtains. The magnificent Duchess of X—— (not Arabella), who sat resplendent with feathers immediately opposite to you, looked down at you as you were looking out of a pigeon-hole. Instead of being ravished by the melodious notes of the chief singers, you were making sarcastic observations upon the same. You remarked how very much the trombones assisted their deep passions, and how the flutes helped them out with their lighter emotions; with what an admirable self-restraint they curbed their feelings until the expiration of the proper bars, and how their harmonious rage never overstepped the musical limits.'

"Yes," said I laughing, "I remarked that the spirit and the letter were not the same.

"You should not have remarked it, however," continued Y reprovingly; "for Humour and Music are deadly enemies. Moreover, three-fourths of your time were wasted in the study of the lights. You could never find out the place at which the performance had arrived. You complained because Alice never descends from the mountain, accompanied you.

"And she never did," said I; "they cut it all out.

"That was because it was Saturday night, Morumbidgee. You would not have people be impious, I hope, for this. Do you remember how you wanted supper? You would have eaten Welsh rarebit upon the Grand Tier, if you could have got it. Then, when they brought us ice, recall what happened; how you opened the door too hastily, and upset the whole concern, you terrible bushranger! Ah, what a crash was there! We divided the attention of the audience with the chorus of phantom nouns singing, appositely enough—"

Gìà nelle rete
Caduto è il forte.

For how were you to know, simple antipodean, that the box-door opened outward? I do not recall these things to reproach you, friend; but only to convince you of your inability to enjoy yourself under too conventional restrictions. You are silent, but unconvinced. What say you to a fete champêtre given in a nobleman’s grounds on the riverside. I know of one that takes place to-day, beginning at three o’clock. This will surely be better than Almack’s."

"I shall enjoy it of all things," said I; "but how will you enjoy it, however."

"Leave that to me," replied Y. "Only bring with you a willing mind."

At three o’clock, we found ourselves in Villiers Street. Strand Market, a waste, is The Way to the Steam-boats.

"The tide is low," quoth Y, "which is a pity."

"And how can you possibly know that as yet?" asked I.

"Because there are no boys in the street," answered my companion. "When the water is in, they stand on their heads, or ‘do the wheel,’ for half-pennies on shore; when the water is out—you shall see for yourself what they do."

A few steps brought us to the wretched pier, built up of decaying timbers, and ornamented with advertisement boards: on either side of it, knee-deep in the mud, stood the boys, clamouring for largess, and prepared to dive down in the sluggish ooze, to fight with one another, to exhaust a whole cauldron of abuse, for the smallest copper coin. They were dressed in a uniform suit of darkish but glossy brown, which fitted them more admirably than any they could have procured in Bond Street: this was nothing but mud. When the tide came up, they would presently wash themselves in it, and put on their rags.

"What a sad, sad sight," said I.

"At all events, it is better fun than Almack’s," returned Y laughing. "What are you about, Morumbidgee? There will be a murder, and you will be an accessory before the fact."

Certainly, the tumult among the amphibious throng was something terrible: in a moment of enthusiasm, I had chuckled them half-a-crown. The white coin shimmering for a moment in its recipient’s hand, had been the signal for a simultaneous plunge of the whole army. Somebody clutched it, and instead of putting it instantly in his mouth (as was the invariable custom, since as yet they had no pockets), he indiscernibly announced his good-fortune by a yell. Then, as a duck with a worm in his mouth is pursued by other ducks, until the prize is torn from his reluctant bill; so the too fortunate treasure-finder was set upon, and even as he fled to shore, with competence in his right hand, and visions of endless tripe and beer in his mind’s-eye, was despoiled of his wealth; the robber was in his turn attacked, and with redoubled fury, when suddenly there was a terrible pause—a silence, a solemn closing round of all, as it were round the grave-mouth, and the mud closed over the half-crown, which had escaped their fingers, and lo, there was no tripe and beer for anybody!

"After a short voyage, which not even the mud-banks could render wholly picturesque, under countless bridges, by palace and by assembly hall, by rotting hovels and stately homes of trade, we arrived at our place of disembarkation. From thence we walked to the gardens, still by the river’s side, where the nobleman’s fête was to be held. These were tastefully enough laid out, with gleaming statuary contrasting with flower-beds of blue and scarlet, but containing an amount of arbours exceedingly disproportionate to the area of the place.

"I don’t admire his lordship’s taste," observed I; "what on earth does he want with a Grotto and a Hermits Cave in the heart of London?"

"It’s only his excessive exclusiveness," explained Y. "It is not every person, even of rank, let me tell you, who comes to these gardens."

"But the people that are here don’t seem to be very aristocratic," urged I. "There’s a young lady eating an apple."

"Hush!" said Y; "or she’ll hear you, and very likely throw it at you. People of quality don’t care what they do!"

"Well, I should think not," said I; "why, her mother’s taking beer and ginger-beer mixed!"

And a very aristocratic drink, too," replied Y. "The nobility call it Shan de Gaf—another probability of Norman origin. As for her wiping her mouth with the back of her hand, it is vulgar to remark upon such a circumstance. I am not bound to defend the manners of his lordship’s guests. Perhaps some of them are vulgar; the fête is for a charitable purpose—"
for the benefit of a man of the name of Smith—and our host is therefore not so particular as usual, doubtless. He is, however, liberality itself. Collations are served in under bowers to all who wish to dine of free\footnote{1}

\footnote{1}‘Let us by all means have a collation,’ said I; ‘it is a thing I have often read about, but never seen.’

A collation at his lordship’s fête comprised comprehend all chickens, veal, and ham (pronounced by his retainer ‘ham’) pie, lobster salad, and some custards of a character quite unknown to me. Beneath the bower was a temple in which a military band was stationed, and around the temple was an enormous platform, upon which at first a score or two, but afterwards many hundred couples, waltzed and Schottische’d. It was certainly a pretty sight. The high-born persons of both sexes indulged in an abandon (to use the language of their favourite chroniclers) which convinced the beholder that they felt at home: there was none of that haughtiness so unjustly ascribed to them by those who perhaps have no such opportunity as was now afforded of seeing them chez eux. The men smoked without repro\footnote{2}:

\footnote{2}certainly it is the upper classes that lead our civilisation.

When we had dined, we descended into the gardens, now brilliantly illuminated by thousands of coloured lamps; only the thermometer left us in shadow, where a venerable man foretold our destinies at a shilling a head—for the benefit of the unfortunate Smith. Emerging from this retreat, we came upon a band of music followed by a detachment of the élite, for all the world as Punch and his theatre is pursued by the merest vulgar. To the Giant, was emblazoned on a banner borne before them, and our curiosity being aroused by that device, we joined the procession. After a march somewhat unnecessarily circuitous, we came upon an unpretending edifice, for although we were, however, sixpence a head was demanded for the benefit of the unfortunate Smith. Here a gentleman of no less an altitude than eight feet two inches delighted all eyes by walking up and down an apartment considerably too small for him.

‘Upon my word and honour,’ observed I, ‘this is like the old days, and I am so happy to see that our aristocracy is becoming democratic. I am surprised not to see Aunt Sally.’

‘His lordship has provided a Woolly Woman instead,’ replied Y., ‘let us inspect her, Morumbidgee, before her band strikes up, and while her salon is comparatively uncrowed.’

A winding passage, imperfectly lighted by a few lamps, brought us to a spacious but empty theatre; we had disbursed a shilling—for the benefit of the unfortunate Smith—at the door, but besides the money-taker, there appeared no mortal in connection with the place. We had somehow arrived upon the stage, and were facing the desolate vista of unoccupied benches; all was shadow and silence. We waited for the Woolly Woman to appear surrounded by blue fire, or presenting some other startling contrast to the supernatural gloom. But a voice close to my elbow suddenly ejaculated: ‘Here you see the Woolly Woman; she is genuine; you are at liberty to take hold of this lock of hair, and to pull it—in moderation.’

I was almost frightened into a fit by the unexpectedness of these remarks; but when I perceived a grave man standing within a few inches of me, and holding out a rope of hair, which certainly did not measure less than seven feet, for me to lay hold of, I obeyed him; in a paroxysm of alarm, I say, I clutched it, partly to steady myself, and partly because I thought it would give him pleasure. At the farther end of the stage, however, was an ancient negress, out of whose head it most undoubtedly grew. It was impossible for her to have counterfeited the shrill of agony with which she resisted my conduct.

‘This is the only instance,’ the grave man went on, ‘of the hair of one of the negroes attaining such luxuriance as this, and now I am ready to believe that I had irrevocably injured that unhappy Woolly Woman, and that to affect an interest in her after what had happened, would be an insult. The rest of my evening was embittered by this involuntary misconduct towards one of an oppressed race. Not even in the pages of Mrs Beecher Stowe does one read of ruffians who use the hair of their female slaves with such cruel irreverence. What if I had really possessed so much lock that alone made her attractive, the rest of her head being like that of any ordinary negro lady we had reached the age of about 105.’

After that, I say, I enjoyed myself no more. I took me to all the amusements which his lordship had purveyed for our gratification. I beheld flying an eagle cleave the viewless fields of air, while their fallen mortals quietly partook of sherry-coller benedict them, in the happy confidence that if they fell they would do so on the spring-board. I saw a ballet in action; I gave a ball in a forest, with a rifle and a tempestuous nail; I lost myself irrevocably with Y in the heart of a maze, and had to make a hole through the hedge to get out at the entrance; we avoided a band of music which took toll at the exit, and deprived, I fear, the unfortunate Smith of a couple of sixpences; I watched the Sensation Contortians tie himself in knots, till I thought he would never come undone again. But the charm of that charpôté was gone for me, and I demanded to go home. I had read in works of history of savage tribes, such as Alacar, in whom, however, sixty-six inches a head was demanded for the benefit of the unfortunate Smith. Here a gentleman of no less an altitude than eight feet two inches delighted all eyes by walking up and down an apartment considerably too small for him. ‘Upon my word and honour,’ observed I, ‘this is like the old days, and I am so happy to see that our aristocracy is becoming democratic. I am surprised not to see Aunt Sally.’

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however, that M. Bonelli has succeeded in making a working-model, which has been tried at Manchester, with promising results. By a peculiar combination of coils, and soft iron bars, excited by a Grove's battery, it is proposed to run swiftly along a line of rails. A foreign journal, in commenting on this experiment, remarks that an application of the apparatus in an underground tube would furnish the means for very rapid conveyance of letters.

An important step has just been taken towards the much-desired rectification of our national system of weights, the Medical Council having decided in full session, that for the purposes of the pharmacy, there shall be no other weight than pound, ounce, and grain. The sculp and dram are discarded; and henceforth, any practitioner or druggist may prescribe or reckon in grains, or use the ounce as 480 grains, or apply the decimal system, and count from ten grains up to 1000. Whatever be the course adopted, there can be no confusion, as it will be as easy to reckon in grains as in ounces. The new system is to be at once introduced into a new edition of the pharmacopoeia, and we hope it will go on until the whole of our weights and measures shall be rectified.

Professor Ansted's paper on Artificial Stone, read before the British Association at Cambridge, shews how, in this particular, art may improve upon nature, and is evidently interesting to those engaged in building operations. Professor Ansted defines three sorts of artificial stone: terra cotta, cement, and silicious stone, the last being the best of the three, but the highest in price. The silicious stone does not crack in the kiln or suffer from exposure to the weather. It was discovered, as we have before mentioned, by Mr. Reaumont, of Paris, and he has since then fully succeeded in giving a flint-like character to other blocks of hardened material. He effects a deposit of silicate of lime within the substance which, when subject to the same treatment as before, is applied to this a solution of chloride of calcium, the hardening process is at once completed. There seems something wonderful in the fact, that a mould full of loose sand can in a few minutes be converted into an apparently indestructible solid. This having been patented, is now known commercially as concrete stone. It has been examined and reported on by a committee, and Professor Ansted says of it: 'It is cheap, being made of almost any rubbish on the spot where it is required, by the aid of water. All the collectors find it difficult to convey. It is made with rapidity, and is ready for use without drying or burning. It hardly requires even a temporary shed for the purposes of manufactory, and may be made of any size, and moulded into any form. So far as can be detected, it is subject to no injury from weather, and becomes, in fact, if made with sand, a true sandstone, cemented by silicate of lime, than which there is no better natural material.' The concrete stone has been tried as the bed for a steam-engine, and in the works of the new Underground Railway; and in comparison with Caen and Portland stone, it is immensely stronger: Portland and Caen broke with a strain of 750 and 780 pounds, the concrete stone did not break till it was loaded with a weight of 2122 pounds.

At the beginning of October, M. Mathieu, a French meteorologist, made a communication to the Academy of Sciences at Paris by M. Monier. It comprises two baths, one containing a solution of iodide of potassium in the proportions of 80 grammes to a quart of water, the other bichloride of mercury; the proportion being 25 grammes to the quart. The ivory or wood is plunged in the first bath, where it is to be left for some hours; it is then transferred to the second bath, in which it becomes of a black ivory colour. After drying in the air, the articles can be varnished in the usual way. The baths last a long time without renewal; hence the process is not expensive. It appears to be particularly suitable for the vegetable ivory, for the colour of that substance after the dyeing is remarkably beautiful. M. Monier states further...
that he dyes wood of a fine chestnut colour by the well-known reaction of sulphate of ammonia upon a salt of tin—protochloride, for example. To obtain this dye, two baths, and the former one, must be used, with the liquor cold; and the operation can be completed in a few minutes.

Another communication made to the same Academy calls attention to the conduction of copper pipes for the conveyance of gas, because with that metal there is formed inside the pipe a kind of powder, which is so very explosive that it detonates on being touched with a wire. The dangerous properties of this powder, which were first discovered in New York, where a workman, while blowing into a pipe that was supposed to be choked, was suddenly killed by an explosion. The pipe was examined by Dr Torrey, a competent chemist, and found to contain a black crust and powder which exploded on the slightest touch. Explosion takes place also on exposure to a temperature of 200 degrees centigrade. This dangerous powder is not formed in iron or lead pipes, nor in copper pipes when care has been taken to free the gas entirely from ammonia.

A new kind of paint has been shown in Paris, which, judging from first experiences, has some important advantages over ordinary paint. It is the invention of M. Oudry of Antemil, an electro-metallurgist, who, having observed that the copper deposited by the galvanic process could be reduced to an impalpable powder, conceived the notion of using it as the basis of a new paint. Subsequently, he was led to mix this powdered copper, as he calls it, with a preparation of benzine, and thus produced a metallic paint which can be easily applied to wood, plaster, cement, or iron. The painting, as far as it goes, dries quickly, and is free from the unpleasant smell of ordinary paint, after the lapse of twenty-four hours. It becomes luminous in drying, and may be made to appear as a copper, light brown, black, dark, of verd antique, and other minerals, which hitherto have only been produced on a surface of pure copper. The most delicate iron castings, or mouldings, statues and other works in plaster, retain their finest touches when coated with this new paint, with all the appearance of bronze, and will bear weeks of exposure to rain without injury.

Encouraged by this success, M. Oudry has carried his experiments further, with a view to ascertain whether the mineral oils of Canada or Pennsylvania could be used as a substitute for benzine. The result is, that those rock oils, as they are called, are found to be well suited to the purpose, and the quality of the paint therewith prepared is said to be much improved.

Should this experience be confirmed by other manufacturers, they will find in the cheapness of the American oils an important advantage.

The Society of Acclimation at Paris have received a present of three Chinese sheep, and the animals are now under observation at the establishment in the Bois de Boulogne. M. Legabbe, the donor, of Neufchâteau in the Vosges, states concerning them: 'I have had a flock of this breed for several years, numbering at the present time more than three hundred. Their fecundity is remarkable, confirming all that has been reported on that subject. The ewes bred regularly twice a year, and produce from two to three lambs, and even up to five, at each birth; so that the flock is a real meat-factory of good quality, and easy to fattening. It was at the school-farm of the department of the Vosges that I procured my first ewes. There was at that time on the farm, as the director assure me, an ewe which had produced ten lambs within the year. The wool is at least as good as that of other sheep, but owing to the breeding habits of the females, the quantity is somewhat less. As it strengthens the ewes to suckle more than two lambs at once, I keep twenty goats to serve as nurses. It should be stated, however, that the ewes exhibit no unwillingness to bring up their whole family.'

A present of a very different kind has been sent to the same Society by M. Legrand de Tréport, namely, a hippocampus or sea-horse, which he caught on the shore of that place. This creature, found at times in the Mediterranean, is rare in the Atlantic; it is one of the most curious of fishes, having the head, neck, and mane of a horse, fins placed as if to serve for ears, while the body terminates in the tail of a lizard. It is the same which painters and sculptors have made familiar to us as the horse harnessed to Neptune's car.

We noticed some time ago the adventurous enterprise of Mr Hall of Cincinnati, who, having been to the polar regions with an earnest hope of discovering further traces and relics of the ill-fated expedition under Sir John Franklin. We hear from Mr Hall, of Newfoundland, that Mr Hall has arrived there on his return homewards, having failed in the principal object of his exploration; but it appears that he has found relics of one of the earliest arctic navigators—Frobisher, pieces of coal, wood, and metal; and a trench, or narrow dock, in which certain of Frobisher's crew built a small vessel, hoping to escape therein from captivity among the Esquimaux. Mr Hall heard of two boats containing white men having been seen some years ago by the natives, but whether he can add anything to the information collected by Sir George and Mr Leopold Mc-Clinton, is a question which we may hope will be answered at some coming meeting of the Geographical Society. In addition to the relics mentioned, he has brought home an Esquimaux family.

We hear from Australia that two heretofore unknown rivers have been discovered in Queensland; and that Mr Landseer, from New South Wales, has actually crossed the whole country from one side to the other, and appeared in Melbourne in robust health. He travelled for 400 miles along the valley of the Flinders River, and on leaving that came to a region in which water-holes and grass were abundant, which is not unhealthy, for none of the party suffered from fever or ague. Thus we have another proof that the interior of Australia is not the burning desert which it has long been supposed to be; and many persons will feel pleasure in the fact that so vast a country lies waiting for inhabitants. A few years more, and we shall hear of settlements extending all the way from New South Wales to the Gulf of Carpentaria.

WEDDING WORDS.
A JEWEL for my lady's ear,
A jewel for her finger fine,
A diamond for her bosom dear,
Her bosom that is mine.

Dear glances for my lady's eyes,
Dear looks around her form to twine,
Dear kisses for the lips I prize,
Her dear lips, that are mine.

Dear breathings to her, soft and low,
Of how my lot she's made divine;
Dear silences, my love that shew
For her whose love is mine.

Dear cares lest clouds should shade her way,
That gladness only on her shine,
That she be happy as the May,
Whose lot is one with mine.

Dear wishes hovering round her life,
And tender thoughts, and dreams divine,
To feed with perfect joy the wife
Whose happiness is mine.

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THE TURPINS OF THE ANTIPODES.
A late Australian mail reports 'that a gold escort, on its way from the Lachlan to Sydney, was attacked on the 15th of June by a desperado named Gardiner and twelve of his companions. They fired on the troopers, disabled them, and carried off about fourteen thousand pounds' worth of gold. They were hotly pursued, and one pack-horse with fifteen hundred ounces of the plundered gold captured.' Such an affair as this would doubtless make a great noise in civilized England; but they manage things differently at the antipodes, and long before this, the above-mentioned 'sticking up' of the gold escort has ceased to be talked of. In fact, ever since the Lambing-flat diggings opened in January 1801, highway robberies have been an ordinary incident on the great Southern Road; and perhaps a short account of the most notorious of these 'minions of the moon,' including the gentleman who led the attack on the escort (Gardiner), may not be unacceptable to those who live at home in peace, and can go out for a walk without carrying a revolver in each pocket, and a bowie up the sleeve.

The snow fell heavily, and lodged to the depth of twenty feet on the Snowy River diggings from the end of July 1800. The greater portion of the diggers had left previously, and those who wintered there suffered great hardships from the scarcity of fuel and provisions. In the November of that year, the Lambing-flat was spoken highly of, and thousands flocked to it from all quarters. Great numbers came over from the Victorian side, and amongst these, crowds of old convicts, who had originally been expropriated to Van Diemen's Land, and who, since the term of their original sentences had expired, had been prosecuting their callings, in the various branches of robbery, on the Melbourne gold-fields. These men always herded together; they had their peculiar code of signals, and a dialect by which they could at once recognise one of the initiated, and they actually took possession of many of the back gullies, one of which, in particular, was called Blackguard Gully. They were ostensibly engaged in digging, but in reality they lived by plunder; and in a very short time grog-shops, sparring saloons, and ten-pin alleys were established by them in all directions. At last, in February 1801, the first disturbance with the Chinese took place; and the honest diggers thought that when they had driven off the Chinamen, they might as well make a clean job of it, and drive off the thieves as well. The very morning they started on this expedition, two of the Irish diggers were found lying near the entrance to Blackguard Gully with their skulls fearfully mangled from repeated blows of bludgeons; they, however, still breathed, and ultimately recovered. Of course, this sight excited still greater indignation amongst the diggers, and they rushed at once to a thieves' lodging-tent about half a mile up the gully, and in this they found two men whose clothes were covered with fresh stains of blood. The diggers at once took charge of every one they found in the tent; they then set it on fire, and stood by until everything in it was totally consumed. They then went on to the next shanty, as these haunts were called, and did the same to it, and so on right round the diggings, apprehending the most notorious of the flash characters, warning off the others, and burning down all their tents. The prisoners whom they had taken were delivered over to the police, and were sentenced on the following day by the bench of magistrates to various terms of imprisonment, as rogues and vagabonds. These measures frightened the thieves away from the main diggings, and they spread out over the branch creeks and gullies. From that period commenced the regular highway robberies.

The first notorious band consisted of five men, well mounted and armed; these flourished for about three months, and defied all the efforts of the troopers to capture them. After that space of time, they found the country round the diggings was getting too hot for them, so they shifted the scene of their operations to the Lachlan River, where the gold-field has since been discovered, though at that time no such thing had been thought of there. They opened the campaign in their new district by riding up to the inn at Jemalong, taking possession of it, and securing all the arms, money, and jewellery which they could find in the house. They then sat down to dinner, drank what liquors they chose, and went out to smoke under the veranda. While they were thus employed, a stockman came up driving a mob of horses, and as he passed the front of the inn, one of the robbers levelled his piece, and called out to him to 'haul up.' Instead of obeying this order by reining in his horse, the stockman dug the spurs in rowelled deep, and galloped on; the robber fired both barrels.
of his gun after him, and slightly wounded him in the shoulder; but still he kept his seat, and was out of range in a moment. This man's escape rather startled the gang, and they immediately mounted their horses and rode away. In the meantime, the stockman pushed on for the nearest station, which he reached after a ride of twenty-six miles. There was a general muster for branding, etc., there, at which all the neighbouring bushmen were assembled, and the next morning, at sunrise, fourteen men, mounted and armed, started in pursuit of the gang. These stockmen knew every inch of the country for some hundreds of miles around; and, so they very soon struck the track of the robbers' horses; this they followed for several miles, and then they found, by the hoof-marks, that the robbers had caught and mounted fresh horses that very morning. This circumstance, however, did not discourage the pursuers, for they had got on the track, and they knew they could run it to the end even for a thousand miles, provided it kept clear of populous towns. They camped just before nightfall, and at daylight started on. They soon saw that the robbers did not know the 'lay' of the country; and so, whilst one stuck to the track, the others opened out so as to be just in sight of each other. In this manner they rode on till about two o'clock, when one of the bushmen said there was a telegraph wire in advance, suddenly pulled up, and waved his hat to the others. These closed up at once, and peeping cautiously over a hill-top, they saw the five men they wanted, halted in a group about half a mile away on the plain. The pursuers stopped also for a few minutes to breathe their horses, and then putting in the persanders (phones), they galloped full speed along the gang. The latter-named gentiy hesitated for an instant whether to fight or flee; but the stock-lads came on like lightning, so the robbers turned tail, and fled in disorder. Unfortunately, the police did not follow the pursuit, and the constant descents on all the roads near Bathurst, Pealesey, especially, had a celebrated black blood, spur, the attempts of the troopers to capture him. At length, information was received as to the exact locality of his retreat, and two troopers started from Bathurst to effect his capture. They found out a man of some of them, and they quietly desisted; then, with revolver in their hands, they crept up to the door. It happened that Pealesey was away, and Gardiner was alone in the house. He heard their footsteps, and as they rushed in at the front door, he jumped into a back room. The troopers fired, and Gardiner returned shot for shot from his desk; until his revolvers were emptied; then he sprang, and made for the door, but he was met with two shots, both of which took effect, and down he went. The police then handcuffed both, one being the guard, the other went out and saddled Gardiner's horse. They then lifted him into the saddle, fastened his feet to the stirrups, and placing him between them, started for Bathurst. They were riding comfortably along, when Jack Pealesey galloped up; the troopers fired on him immediately, and the next instant both of their saddles were emptied by two shots from Pealesey's revolver. The reunited bushrangers then rode away. Neither of the troopers were killed, though one of them had a ball lodged in his forehead—he was fortunately an Irishman, and had a pretty thick skin; and after this, nothing was heard of Gardiner for some months. This was not the case with Pealesey, for he shifted his camp to the Abercrombie Mountains, where a sister of his sister's sister lived, and he was frequently seen in that quarter. A letter, purporting to be from him, appeared in one of the Bathurst papers, in which he said that he loved his native hills (he was an Australian), and that he never would be taken alive.' A reward of one hundred and seventy pounds was offered for his apprehension, accompanied with a full description of his person, and a statement that 'he had been seen in Sydney a short time previously.' Of course, all the Southern police and constables Reward had for him; but they could never encounter him, although many bushmen saw him daily. His haunts and habits were well
known to several in the Abercrombie ranges, but as he had injured no one but the police, and never robbed a person, no one in that neighbourhood would betray him.

One day, however, he was drinking with two small farmers (whose brother was in the patrol), and a quarrel ensued between them. The next day, news was sent into Goulburn that Peasley had shot them both. Of course, he was at once denounced as a murderer; but as it was allowed that it was with its own gun, and in a scuffle, the general opinion was that they had attempted some treachery against him. At all events, the entire available police force was sent out in search of him, and for a long time without effect.

At last, however, a telegram was received from Gundagai announcing his capture, which had taken place in the following manner. He had considered it dangerous to remain in the Abercrombie ranges any longer, so he had taken a pack-horse with him, and set out with the intention of going over into Victoria. He passed the Murraybridge river at the Mundarlo Inn; but on his road from thence to the Tarcoola Creek, he was met by one of the mounted troopers, who, after exchanging a few words with him, suddenly challenged him by name. Peasley, always on the alert, at once got up the bridle of the horse which he was leading, and went off at full speed. The trooper pursued him and fired his pistol at him; but it had taken Peasley only a moment to get out his revolver, the other relinquished the chase, and went in search of further assistance. Peasley then rode back by the same road which he and his horse had travelled in the early part of the day; and on arriving at the Mundarlo Inn, he dismounted there. He walked into the bar, and had some liquor; and on some of those who were present among the police, he disarmed by threatening to shoot him if he got out into the yard in the morning. He then rode away, and rode away to the nearest police-station, whence he procured a pair of handcuffs, and where his previous suspicions were changed into certainty by hearing Peasley's morning encounter with the trooper. He then returned to Mundarlo, and communicated his design to the landlord, and they arranged between them the plan of operation to be pursued.

In accordance with this, when supper was placed on the table, Peasley was invited to sit down; he did so, and called for some bottled ale and porter. The landlord came himself to supply these to him, and as he stood behind Peasley's chair, he suddenly seized both his arms; others sprang instantly to his assistance, and in a moment Peasley was securely handcuffed. He struggled desperately at first, but they secured his legs with a heavy bullock-chain, put him into a cart, and drove him once into Gundagai, where he was secured in the jail. From thence, he was forwarded to Bathurst for trial, and—though he made a daring attempt to escape from his escort—most probably before this he has suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

After Peasley's capture, Gardiner was again heard of: he had pitched on the Levels and the Wedding Mountains as his head-quarters, and from them he had robbed several of his unhappy victims of gold-field. Gardiner, like Peasley, never molested the bush or stock men, and for that reason he was able to defy all the efforts which the troopers made to apprehend him. In the evening of 1862, an innkeeper on Laming-flat boasted 'that he by himself could take Gardiner, if he could only meet with him.' Some days after he had said this, he was out in the bush, when suddenly Gardiner came up to him; a revolver was pointed at his head, and he was compelled to surrender his arms and money. Gardiner was about taking his saddle also, but he begged hard to retain it; so Gardiner consented that he should do so on payment of ten pounds; accordingly, they rode side by side to a neighbouring station, where the innkeeper borrowed that amount, and handed it over to Gardiner, who then wished him good-morning, and rode off. About two hours subsequent to this, two of the mounted patrol came up, and on being informed of what they had seen together with the innkeeper, started on Gardiner's track. After riding about twenty miles, they reached another station, and there they saw Gardiner's horse fastened to the two-rail fence which enclosed the home-paddock. One of the troopers remained to watch this, whilst the other, in company with the innkeeper, proceeded in search of his owner. In a short time they perceived Gardiner in the paddock; when he saw them, he turned to run, and they ran after him, firing as fast as they could discharge their weapons. When Gardiner was all emptied, he doubled back, and made a sudden rush to where his horse was fastened. He presented his revolver at the constable who was guarding it, and called out 'that if he (the constable) did not hold up his hands, he would blow his brains out.' The trooper, taken by surprise, did as he was ordered, and Gardiner jumped on his horse, and rode away, laughing. This was the last exploit of Gardiner's which I heard of, previous to my departure from New South Wales; and it is difficult to say whether his next appearance on the stage may be, as now, in the character of a daring freebooter, or as a convicted and doomed felon. However this may be, at least these rough notes may enable some of the good folks here at home to perceive that an Australian adventurer, besides enduring the inevitable hardships of a gold-digger's life, is constantly liable to be deprived of his hard-earned gold by the hand of the Bushrangers.

JOHN WILSON OF ELLERY.

Of the many Wilsons whom fame delights to honour, and whose memory the present generation at least will not willingly let die, Professor John Wilson of Ellery, better known by his nom-de-plume of Christopher North, is by far the most remarkable. A pleasing poet, an agreeable story-teller, a brilliant essayist, an enthusiastic critic, and a most eloquent Priest of Nature, are not often found in the same pair of shoes; and when, in addition, the owner thereof is a noted athlete, has a reputation for game-cocks, and is the best amateur pedestrian, and by no means the worst Moral Philosopher of his day, the wonder is the greater.

It is true that in most of these accomplishments, 'the Professor' was outdone by somebody else, whose spécialité lay in that direction, but this is only so much as must be confessed of the Admirable Crickton. There are some few individuals who are many-sided by nature—polyhedral minded men, who, great in everything, are yet not born to be the fathers of any particular science or art. They make the strongest possible impression, while they live, upon all who come ever so indirectly within their personal influence, or even within hearing of them; but they leave no enduring monument, behind which none, but no single one, nor even from the whole collection of their written works, can their character be gathered. Some persons have a fancy for building their house in the most composite style—Greek, Latin, Italian, Crystal-Palatial, Swiss-cottage, and Alham-
brian, all in one. Plenty of specimens of these are to be found in the neighbourhood of London; and if one was pulled to pieces—for the sake of our metaphor—and its component parts sent to some analytical architect, he would find precisely the same difficulty in pronouncing on the general effect, as a student of literature should be given the Isle of Palms, the Notes, Homer and his Translators, and The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay, as keys to discover Professor Wilson. It is more necessary that the biograpy of a man of this kind should be written, than even of a greater man, whose writings acquaint us with himself, and we welcome therefore the volumes lately published by Mrs Gordon very gladly. It is generally held that a near relative must needs make but a bad biographer, but this cannot be said in the present case.

Mrs Gordon has performed her difficult task with great propriety and judgment. A mere sister and admirer of the subject of this memoir must have written a eulogy, and a political antagonist would have composed something very like a libel. For Professor John Wilson was a man of strife; he trailed his coat behind him for forty years, entreating his enemies to oblige him by putting so much as the tips of their toes would cross, and when he could temper, nobody to a breach of the peace, he plunged into the peaceful crowd, hitting right and left. He was always imagining that people were biting their thumbs at either him or his principles. He delighted in attributing all sorts of wickedness to the most innocent people, whose opinions happened to be antagonistic to his own. 'There was a fish,' and it was a devil of a fish, and it was ill to its young anes,' was his first sermon preached at five years old. He confesses to a love for raids and bloodshed even in his childhood. 'A bag—a bag, with face ten times flushed and pale by turns ere you could count ten, he at last has strength in the agitation of his fear and joy to pull away at the monster. And there he lies in his beauty among the grasses and the green-awn, for he has whipped him right over his head and far away, a fish a quarter of an ounce in weight, and at the very least two inches long. Off he flies on wings of wind to his father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and cousins, and all the neighbourhood, holding the fish aloft in both hands, till fearful of its escape, and like a genuine child of instinct, his eyes brightened at the first blush of cold blood on his small tiny fingers. He carries about with him, up-stairs and down-stairs, his prey upon a plate; he will not wash his hands before dinner, for he exults in the silver scales adhering to the thumb-nail that scooped the pin of the baggy's bow; and at night, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," he is overheard murmuring in his sleep—a thief, a robber, and a murderer in his yet infant dreams!

From the cradle to the grave, John Wilson seems to have done pretty much as he liked—to have been his own master. He was conscious, and more than conscious, of his own great mental powers, and he was also in excellent social circumstances. Upon this latter fact depends a great deal, even in the case of men of genius; it gives them confidence and independence, and undoubtedly strengthens their literary position from the first. At seventeen years of age, our author addresses a patronising and elogetic letter nine pages long to William Wordsworth. The poet is unknown to him, but his young soul instinctively recognises the true Interpreter of nature, of whom the world was at that time in ignorance. De Quincey, it may be remembered, did precisely the same. And yet how different was the behaviour of these two young men. The latter, lost in spiritual admiration, worshipped the god of his idolatry afar; the former patis him on the back, and bols him go in and win. It is very vulgar, of course, to ascribe great powers of intellect to a young man in any degree to his early possession of wealth, but like many other vulgar remarks, it is essentially a true one. At an early age—while an undergraduate at Magdalen College, Oxford—Wilson found himself in possession of fifty thousand pounds. He combined there many of the characteristics of the fact and the reading man. He was a steady, and even meditative student, making himself acquainted with all subjects, and an especial master of Greek; and he was also much given up to boxing and cock-fighting. One of his great amusements was to go to the Ann in about midnight, when many of the up-and-down London coaches met; there he used to preside at the passengers' suppers-table, carving for them, and inquiring about their respective journeys, and in return, astonishing them with his wit and pleasantry, and sending them off wondering who and what he could be. He frequently went from the Ann to the Fox and Goose, an early publ and gift house, where he found the coachmen and guards, &c., preparing for the coaches which had left London late at night; and there again he played the part of a lord, and sometimes remained till the college gates were opened rather than rouse the old porter, Peter, from his bed to open for him expressly. His pedestrian feats were marvellous. One day, having been absent from college a day or two, we asked him on his return to the common room, where he had been. 'Why did you come?' "On foot." As we all expressed surprise, he said: "Why, the fact is, I dined yesterday with a friend in Groenew (I think it was) Square, and as I quitted the house, instead of the usual pertinent, and insulted me, upon which I knocked him down; and as I did not choose to have myself called in question for a street-row, I at once started as I was, in my dinner dress, and never stopped until I got ten the college gate this morning, as it was being opened." Now this was a walk of fifty-eight miles, at least, which he must have got over in eight or nine hours, to most, supposing him to have left the dinner-party, at nine in the evening. Later in life (in 1844), he walked seventy miles, to be present at a Burns' festival; and once he rode, as a guest in a first-class carriage, from Penrith to Kendal, he gave his coat to the driver, set off on foot, reached Kendal some time before the coach, and then trudged on to Elleray.

Verily, he required a giant in his strength, both intellectual and physical. In that vigorous, prosperous youth of his, he met but one cross—the precise nature of which is not explained to us. He loved, however, and was loved again, and yet there was some insuperable obstacle to his marriage. He seems to have given the matter up out of deference to his family. 'I know enough now,' he writes, 'to know that my mother would die if this happened.' And again: 'This I know, that were I to go, I could not bear to look on my mother's face, a feeling which must not be mine.' His spirits were long in recovering from this shock, for notwithstanding much written evidence to the contrary, Wilson was a very sensitive and tender-hearted man.

His passionate love for nature prompted him to fix his home at Elleray, on Lake Windermere, in the neighbourhood of Wordsworth and De Quincey, kindred spirits in some respects, but certainly not in others. The latter, for instance, writes, with undisguised astonishment, of his friend's love for bull-hunting by night. 'Represent to yourself the earliest dawn of a fine summer's morning, time about him and two o'clock. A young man, anxious for an introduction

* Christopher North, compiled from Family Papers and other Sources, by his daughter, Mrs Gordon. Edmonston and Douglas.

* He was, of course, a Master of Arts, and not answerable to college-disciplines by this time. 
to Mr Wilson, and as yet pretty nearly a stranger to the country, has taken up his abode in Grassmere, and has strolled out at this early hour to that rocky and mountainous commons, called the *White Moss,* which overhangs the Vale of Rydal, and is some six miles from Grassmere. Looking southwards, in the direction of Rydal, suddenly he became aware of a large beast, advancing at a rapid pace with great noise through the woods, and the bounding movements of the hippopotamus, along the public road. The creature is soon arrived within half a mile of his station; and by the gray light of morning, is at length made out to be a bull, apparently full of some unseen enemy in his rear. As yet, however, all is mystery; but suddenly three horsemen double a turn in the road, and come flying into sight with the speed of a hurricane, manifestly in pursuit of the fugitive bull; the bull bulls towards his massive and slippery crags upon his hunters. If he conceived that the rockiness of the ground had secured his escape, the foolish animal is soon deceived; the horsemen, scarcely relaxing their speed, charge up the hill, and with Bill to the rear of the bull, drive him at a gallop over the worst part of that impracticable ground the bull himself was born in this point of the stranger perceives, by the increasing light of the morning, that the hunters are armed with immense spears fourteen feet long. With these they the bull is soon overpowered, and they lead him down to the plain below, he, and the hunters at his tail, take to the common at the head of the lake, and all, in the madness of the chase, are soon half engulfed in the swamps of the moors. After plunging through ten or fifteen minutes, all suddenly regain the *terras firmae,* and the bull again makes for the rocks. Up he thundered, and for perhaps five minutes of time elapsed; when the spectators were in a sort of breathless silence. The stranger had doubted whether the bull was not a pageant of aerial spectres, ghostly huntsmen, ghostly lances, and a ghostly bull. But just at this moment Mr Wilson—shouted aloud: "Turn the villain; turn that villain, or he will come to Cumberland." The young straggler did the very thing required of him; the villain was turned, and fled southwards, the hunters, lance in rest, rushed after him; all bowed their thanks as they fled past; the fleet cavalcade again took the highest road; the slender trees out of sight; and in a moment all had disappeared, and left the quiet valley to its original silence.

Even more than playing the Torrillion, however, did John Wilson delight in water-partisan. He swam across Rydal Lake to cool his horse. He kept a whole fleet of his own on Windermere, consisting of eight sailing-vessels, besides a fine ten-cared Oxford barge, called *Yel Timo.* An angling-party of no less than two-and-thirty persons (including Wordsworth and De Quincey) that he carried with him into the wilds of Wastwater, and there maintained in tents, is still talked of in those regions. With the "statesmen" of Cumberland and Westmoreland, Wilson's name is a household word (as is that of Hartley Coleridge also), while Wordsworth is unknown, or known only as the "stump-master." "A genial, open-hearted human creature, and with nothing like pride about him," say they, was Christopher John Wilson, with his Sporting Jacket, and we can well believe it. The places are many to one against a man of this kind getting a suitable wife; but John Wilson had his usual good-luck even in this circle; but he married seems to have been peculiarly adapted for a person of his singular habits; a fine-hearted and true woman, who, when her husband loses all he is possessed of through the fraud of a religious impostor, does not go into hysterics, but packs up the trunks, and departs from beautiful Ellery (to revisit it, however, it is now pleasant to think, again and again), prepared to live for the rest of her days in her mother-in-law's house in Edinburgh.

She made a pedestrian tour in her husband's company in the Western Highlands of Scotland for two months, walking sometimes fifteen and twenty miles a day, and that district, it will have appeared, was a very different one from that in which their friends of the tourist-haunted, in-abounding localities, is their own. On their way to Glenochy, they passed a little thatched cottage close by the falls of the Aray. 'The spot was beautiful; the weather had been wet, and the river rushed along its rocky bed with a fulness that was promising to the angler. It was too attractive to be passed, so they lingered, stopped, and waited for ten days or a fortnight, taking up their quarters at the cottage, and living in the easiest terms with its inmates. It is yet told how, on a Sabbath morning, the daughter who served came into the room, the only one, where Mr and Mrs Wilson slept, and after adjusting her dress at the little mirror, hanging by a nail on the unmortared wall, she was unable to hook her gown behind, but went at once to the side of the bed, from which they had not yet risen, saying: 'Do help me to hook my gown.' Mr Wilson sat up in bed, and served her with the utmost good-nature.'

On another occasion the travellers had been overtaken by a sudden mist in Rannoch. 'They missed the beaten track of road, and getting among dreary moors, were long before they discovered footing that could lead them to a habitation. My father made his wife sit down among the moss, and taking off his coat, wrapped her in it, saying he would try and find the road, assuring her at the same time he would not go beyond the reach of her voice. They could not see a foot before them so dense and dreary was the dreary mist that lay all round. Kissing his wife, and telling her not to fear, he sprang up from where she sat, and bounded off. Not many seconds after he was heard to call her to come to him, the sound guiding her to where he stood. He was upon the road; his foot had suddenly gained the right path, for light there was none. He told her he had never been so thankful for anything in his life as for that unexpected discovery of the beaten track.' On their return to civilisation, the pair were quite the lions of Edinburgh, and the lady was allowed to have come back 'bonnier than ever.' The walks which Mr Wilson takes alone are of the most tremendous description, and are full of adventure of all kinds, where the most pugnacious "circumstances led to Mr Wilson's putting off his coat and giving this fellow a thrashing, &c. Even after he was made Professor of Moral Philosophy, he would now and then break out again in the staccato direction in spite of himself. The attainment of this professorship sounds to English ears a most astonishing business. One of his testimonials as a candidate was written by a lady—a Mrs Grant—and evidences to the rectitude of his domestic character! The election entirely resolved itself into a question of Whig and Tory, and was carried on with an amount of scurrility on both sides that would disgrace the London *Satirist.*

It must be confessed, however, that in this matter John Wilson had brought the difficulty upon himself. In the then infant pages of *Blackwood,* he had written of a full score of Edinburgh respectabilities in a way that was past forgiveness. Twenty years hence in the Scottish capital—apart from the names of Scott and Henry MacKenzie—lay with Mr Jeffrey and others connected with the *Edinburgh Review,* all of whom Whigs. They formed a body, and Mr Jeffrey was admitted to be the centre. He has not. They have kept him himself, however, standing somewhat in exception, for he
accepted an article for the Review from Wilson, and wrote to him in a very friendly style. The pique thus engendered, assisted by a native leaning to Conservatism, sent both of these young men into a kind of party duel, not only antagonistic to Whig politics, but charged with personal spite at every person who professed liberal views. They found a vehicle to their mind in Blackwood's Magazine; and for a few years, in a very unsparing warfare, which nobody can now look upon without condemnation, was carried on. There was, however, a great difference. Wilson held to a friendship which naturally cherished malice. All his curiosity against Cockney poets, and liberals in general, was never more than half real, or anything more than an abbreviation of reckless animal spirits.

Still we cannot say that the early writings of Wilson in Blackwood were to be defended. The recklessness was itself a great fault. Even Ebony, as the older Mr Blackwood was called, would sometimes decline to print his articles, and he was not a particular writer, by any means. 'When I first read your terrible scraping of ——, I enjoyed it excessively,' writes he; 'but I now that one can easily, there are such coarseness and personal things in it as one would not like to hear it said that you were the author of.' Leigh Hunt—one of the purest-minded and most affectionate men that ever breathed—was designated by Wilson as 'a prolific creature, without reverence either for God or man, a statement that would be shocking but for its glaring and malicious falsehood. He afterwards made up for it by a most generous praise. There is also a want of delicacy where his own works are concerned, which one would not find in him. Upon hearing that De Quincey is about to write a critique upon his writings, he writes to suggest what should be said. 'If you think the Pala! and the City of the Brompton original poems (in design), and uncorroborated and unsuspected, I hope you will say so. The Plague has been often touched on and alluded to, but never, that I know of, was made the subject of a poem, old Witheres (the City Reminiscences) excepted, and some drivel of Taylor the Waterpoet. Defoe's fictitious prose narrative I had never read, except an extract or two in Britton's Beauties of England. If you think me a good private character, do say so; and if in my house there be one who sheds a quiet light, perhaps a beautiful niche may be given to that clear luminary. Base brutes have libelled my personal character. Coming from you, the truth told, without reference to their malignity, will make me and others more happy than any kind expression you may use regarding my genius or talents. In the Lights and Shadows, Margaret Lyndsay, The Foresters, and many articles in Blackwood, I have wished to speak of humble life, and the elementary feelings of the human soul in solitude, under the light of a veil of poetry. Have I done so? Pathos, a sense of the beautiful, and humour, I think I possess. Do I? In the City of the Plague there ought to be something of the sublime. Is there?'

One of Wilson's chief accusations against Leigh Hunt was that he had 'pestered Hazlitt to review his Reminiscents in the Edinburgh,' an action which the fastidious author of the Indicator would have cut his own right hand off rather than consent.

Neither he nor Lockhart liked personalities, however tiny, when directed against themselves, and they were both averse from their eager anxiety to catch, and shoot, the anonymous author of Hyperocrisy Unveiled. Let us quit this, however, things are too large to be comprehended in the overwhelming genius of John Wilson, that we admire and honour him still in spite of these things. The memoir of his life is like a beautiful road with an unhealthy bog in the middle of it; we are delighted with the commencement of our journey; while we are in the slough, we regret that we ever started; and presently the way gets firm again, and when the view opens, and after the night, we can sweep all remembrance of the evil spot away, and we are glad indeed that we did not turn back discouraged.

The Professorship was just what Wilson wanted. He had ballast and cargo and sail, as he asserted of himself, but he was in great lack of an anchor. It steamed him at once, and that in the best sense of the word. Without losing his unaffected and open ways, he began to feel that he had responsibilities, and to act upon them. He still dearly loved a 'lack,' but he ceased to indulge in it at the expense of others. He was hospitable and kind, of course, as ever. De Quincey comes to dine with him one night, and stays the greater part of a year. During this protracted visit, some of his eccentricities did not escape observation. For example, he rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room at his own hour, not infrequently turning night into day. His tastes were very simple, though a little troublesome, at least to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice and milk, and a piece of mutton, now not even the mutton, now that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner; for, had he been addressing a princess, he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these: 'Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any accidental distaste, prayer in the last place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise; so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from enjoying my dinner.' He, however, of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than in a longitudinal form.'

The love of John Wilson for his wife was true and tender indeed. It touched honest eyes with tears to read of it. When she dies, his great heart seems to dissolve within him. He would sometimes break down during his lectures at any allusion to death and love, and hide his face in his hands. On meeting his class for the first time after his bereavement, he was unable to give utterance to words. After a short pause, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, he said: 'Gentlemen, pardon me; but since we last met, I have been in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.' He wrote well and often afterwards, but most things from his pen were henceforth tinged with melancholy. His political rancour abated, and then died out. He once more met Jeffrey (whose conduct towards him seems to have been always that of a gentleman) and many other wicked Whigs, and renewed his long disconnected friendship with them. One of the latest acts of his life was to drive in from Dalkeith to Edinburgh, in order to record his vote for Macaulay. The last days of the great Professor are almost as touching as those of Sir Walter Scott.

We read in those volumes, that after the Reform Bill was passed, 'the only comfort of a certain lady partizan of Wilson's faction, was that she had lived in the times of the Geogers.' But for that unhappy fact in the case of the Reform Bill, there the materials that we should have had little to blame in him. The violence and vulgarity of party-warfare in those times would have been such as we of the present day can scarcely conceive. Perseveres, as we gathered from their eager anxiety to catch, and shoot, the anonymous author of Hyperocrisy Unveiled. Let us quit this, however, things are too large to be comprehended in the overwhelming genius of John Wilson, that we admire and honour him still in spite of these things. The memoir of his life is like a beautiful road with
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL

359

EXCEPT Wilson. He sometimes wrote half the number himself. 'Nobody writes for the magazine,' says he, so late as 1834. 'What is to become of next magazine, I do not know.'

All these things should be taken into consideration when we would pass judgment upon Christopher North. The evil that he did does not live after him; the good is not remembered. His faults were mainly those of his time and circumstances, while his great and varied merits were his own.

MARGARET.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

She was alone now! It was the day after the wedding; not much more than a year after the last burying. Margaret Woodford was quite alone now: the last of her kin, her own little sister, had left her yesterday, to live a new life and a new home; all the rest had left her, one by one, at short intervals, for the churchyard.

Yesterday had been a bustling day; this morning she was weary; it was no matter, she had nothing to do but rest to-night, sit and think; for, think for; no one to scold or to caress: as it was to-day, so it would probably be through all the days of her life, and she was not old yet.

As Margaret sat in the sunny window of the little breakfast-parlour—the only small room in the old rambling house—the eyes that seemed to look at outward things were almost sightless, vision was drawn inward; she thought she did wistfully in striving to grow familiar with the future: we often fancy ourselves wiser when we are only saddest, least hopeful, least faithful, most foolish.

The spring was fair and forward, and the April morning, in its quiet warmth, seemed more like one of early summer. The orchards that lay between the garden and the meadows were in bloom; in the copses, on the hillside, the larches had long been green, the silver poplars were in leaf; the sun glistened brightly on the still bare boughs and swelling beds of ash, beech, oak, and hazel, giving a twinkling sheen to all wooded places. They were many. Some hundred years ago, there had been nothing but forest where fair meadows now sloped towards the river, and on the uplands where now lay the harvest-fields. Groups of noble trees, towering here and there above dense underwood, testified to what had been. The shallow spot in the middle of the park at Woodford, though the woodman's axe had laid it open to the sun fifty years before. Spring at Sunny-slope was rich in wild-flowers; primroses studded every bank, the hedges were blue with scented violets; cowslips, in close neighbourhood, nodded to each other in the fields, of which the buttercups had not yet taken possession; wood anemones, wild hyacinths, golden kingcups, and the early purple orchis, clustered in every dell and dingle.

The scene overlooked by the window in which Miss Woodford sat was lovely, and of a Sabbath-like quietness. None of its sweetness, or beauty, was in the face that gazed upon it: an expression too sullen and heavy to be simply mournful; an ashen sallowness of complexion, telling of 'sad and stagnant blood;' inky shadows beneath the eyes, too black to be merely cast by long dark lashes, made the face absolutely plain, in spite of its delicate features.

With them the House crowned a gentle eminence, overlooking valley, wood, and water; the church stood close beside it. The only sounds that reached Miss Woodford, beyond the noise of the brook hurrying to the river, fretted with snow-white and pinky petals from the orchard, were from the Great Farm, half a mile distant. It was the clang of the Monday bell at the Great Farm that at length roused Margaret from her sombre musings; she rose, gave a drowsy look round the room, over the sun-steeped landscape, at the unclouded sky, then said aloud:

'Only mid-day! What shall I do all the afternoon and evening of this day, of every day, of my whole life—they will be all alike—no pain, no pleasure, no care in the world! It is all a fault; I wish I were old—very old—I should not mind then!'

The words sounded the more dreary for being quietly spoken, without any passion; the face looked the more dreary for the beauty of its large dark-gray eyes.

Conscious that she was cold, Margaret went into the garden. She paced up and down a turf-path, bordered by staggled nut-bushes, which met overhead, but, being bare, did not keep off the sun. It poured down upon the uncovered brown hair, at which the nut-bushes clutched now and then. She was faint and giddy when, at her usual dinner-hour, she was called into the house. She took her place, glancing at the vacant one opposite her as she did so, drank a glass of water, and tried to eat. Then, when all was cleared away, and the servant had left the room, she still sat at the table, supporting her head on her hand, and gazed out as she was doing in the morning. She started, when, by and by, the comb slipped from her loosened hair, and fell to the ground. Nestness was habitual enough to be mechanical; the luxurious hair uncoiled itself; she went upstairs to arrange it afresh.

She had to pass the open door of the room that had been her sister's; she paused, and went in. It had not yet been put in order. She wandered round it, looking at and touching this and that. She took up the flowers her sister had worn yesterday, and snelt them; they were still fragrant. She lifted up a tiny glove from the floor; it was clean and new; she wondered if Clara had its companion. She looked at a discarded dress hanging up in the closet, and tried to remember to whom Clara wished it should be given. She shed no tears; nothing seemed to come near her, to touch her. She passed into her own room, dropped down on a chair, and sat staring at a water-colour sketch of Clara, till a parting sunbeam, stealing along the wall, fell on the picture, and gave a lifelike glow to cheek and lip.

'That dreadful clock!' she muttered presently. Having once noticed the measured sound which marked the slow course of heavy hours, its voice became an intolerable irritant. Throwing a black cloak round her, over the black dress which she had mechanically resumed that morning, she went out. The sun had set; there was a rosy glow over everything; it tinted the snowy pear-blossoms, and deepened the pink on the apple-blossoms; rose-coloured clouds dazzled the sky north, south, and east; in the west, long streaks of gold and crimson lay quiet on a ground of pearly grey. The evening was perfectly calm, just dewy enough to bring out the full fragrance of every flower and shrub. The air was laden with odours of richly perfumed hyacinths, almond-scented laurel-blossoms, the spicy sweetness of sweet-brier, and the homely fragrance of wall-flowers. She crossed the little bridge over the brook into the orchard, and passed through a gate into the churchyard. Screened by the crumbling church and a decaying yew, she sat down amid the graves of her kindred. Near where she knelt had been laid long ago her own and Clara's mother; her father's sickly second wife and five little children, who had faced one by one, whom Margaret had nursed and tended unwearyingly, but had never loved much, lay there too. Then the last buried, her father, lay there—her father, who had never shewn her much tenderness, but whom she had secretly idolised, as he had openly idolised Clara.

Till now, her heart would rapturously have wel-
comed the least-loved, the least kind of all the lost ones.
It had grown dark while Margaret sat there, but
the young moon was up and shining in a cloudless
sky, when, as the church clock struck nine, she rose,
stiffly and feebly, and turned homeward. She found
neither fire nor lamp in her sitting-room; the urn
which had been put upon the table at the usual hour,
stood there still, quite cold. She rang for a light,
and went up to her own room. As she laid her
throbbed head on her pillow, she said: 'If sleep
proves a faithful friend, coming to bed will be the
least dreary thing in my life; but then the waking
every morning to a long blank day!' But next morning, a letter from Clara lay on the
breakfast-table. It breathed the very breath of
happiness, and yet many a pretty, tender phrase
betrayed how the young wife's heart longed after the
sister who had been for her as a mother and sister in
one.
'Thank God that she is happy!' said Margaret.
The simple thanksgiving was sincere enough to make
her heart feel lighter; yet it was a difficult task to
write the begged-for lines and not allow any expres-
sion of her own dreariness to creep into them.
'A dry, old-maidish epistle!' was the comment of
Clara's husband upon the brief letter which had been
elaborated with heed that no tears should fall on the
paper, that no bitterness should peep out of any
phrase.
It was yet early in the morning when Clara's note
had been re-read many times, and the answer lay
ready for the post. Long ago, when, with needle-
work, nursing, and teaching, she had hardly ever
had one whole hour in the day to herself, a quiet life
of leisure for thought and study had been Margaret's
ideal of a happy life. She remembered this now with
a self-depreciating smile; she glanced at her book-shelves,
and found no volume that she cared to take down.
The day passed somehow: it was not much better
than yesterday, and she saw no reason why to-morrow
— why to-morrow—should be. She envied the girls
and women who worked in the fields. Rough, rude,
dirty, and ignorant as they were, they had their daily
toil, and, most of them, fathers and mothers, or
husbands and children, to go home to at night. It
occurred to Margaret to wonder if she could do any
good among those girls and women—if she could make
them less rude, dirty, and ignorant; but there was a barrier to any such undertaking which seemed to her insurmountable. With her own shyness and reserve, she did not think she could enter strange houses uninvited; then, too, she had no confidence in her own powers to influence others. And why should she strive to make more like herself
those whom she thought so much happier?
Margaret passed by the kitchen as she went out
that evening. It was the most cheerful room in the
house. Hannah and Richard, her old servants,
looked as comfortable as possible, one on either side
the fire, while through the window she saw their
daughter and her privileged 'friend' admiring the
fine double-stocks in the kitchen-garden. Margaret
wandered down the orchard, down the meadows,
thence to the top of the Knoll. She seated herself
on a felled tree, and, as she watched the sunset, her
thoughts took an unwonted direction. Margaret
was thirty, and had never been 'in love.' In her
youth, she had 'had no time for such nonsense.'
Perhaps this was the first time that anything like
tender passion had mingled with her recollection of the
one lover whom she had unhesitatingly rejected so
long ago! If she had loved James Grant, she would
then still have rejected him, for she believed herself
at that time quite insensible to the comfort of her
father's household. This lover of hers had gone
abroad directly after his rejection; she had not heard
of him since, and had very seldom thought of him.
No doubt, he was married, and had forgotten her
long ago.
The sun had set; the primroses on which Margaret's
eyes were fixed were only pale specks of light when
she moved to go home.
Sitting by the fireside alone, a book she had no
interest to read lying on her knees, her thoughts
returned to the beautiful young woman who, without her
knowledge, had remembered her long; she believed that
the manner of her rejection might have been more gentle.
She had not thought then as she thought now, that
a woman ought always to be humbly grateful for
affection, even when she cannot pay love for love.
Margaret did not think that she could ever have
loved any one more than she had loved Clara, but
she had been obliged to give up the first place a
Clara's affections. She thought that it must be an
expressly sweet to have the first, best love of a
faithful heart; she thought that a life spent in the
service of one so loving would be inexpressibly
delicious!
In her dreams that night she was a girl again.
She stood by the brook on a summer evening, enjoi-
ing the fragrance of new-mown hay, and by her, with
fervent face and eyes of love, stood James Grant,
pleading with her in soft speech, which troubled and
woke her.

CHAPTER XII.
Farmer Hale smoked his evening pipe, sitting in
the stone porch of the house of the Great Farm. The
house was a gray, many-gabled structure, deeply
incurved with mosses and lichens. It was older than
the Manor House, stood on a higher hillside. With-
out it, it had a somewhat dreary look, but within it was
very cozy—cool in summer, warm in winter. De-
yards and farm-buildings were all behind; in front,
sloping to the south, was the quaint garden; on one
side, a green, beneath a group of magnificent win-
dows; on the other—the eastern side—seven gigantic
decaying pines clustered together, and kept imprisoned
a wind-spirit, which never ceased, more or less loudly
to bemoan its fate.
The farmer's wife came out for a breath of the
fresh evening air, and stood beside her good-man.
The smoke from his pipe did not spoil the scent of
the stocks and wall-flowers for her.
After a long, cogitative gaze at his companion's
face, the farmer moved his pipe from his mouth and
shook his head.
'You must have sum 'un to help 'ee nuss him if he
don't soon take a turn,' he said; 'you be growing
quite naas and peaky-lookin'.'
Mrs Hale was gazing across the meadows towards
the Manor House; when she spoke, it was apparently
not much to the purpose.
'Here's Miss Woodford coming; she's crossing the
high meadow. I've not set eyes on her since the
wedding; she'll have been dreadful dreary, I'm
thinking.'
'Ay, it's special bad for the women to live alone.'
I've allers said so. She with nought to do, too.
She'd be a main bit happier if she had her bread to
work for.'
'The Lord tries some in one way, some in another;
some, seemingly, in all ways. She's a hard time
in Madam Woodford's life, and through the spin-ner's
sickness. They're none too well either, do, neither,
when there were such a many of them.'
'That's true. It was nothing but a sweet, pretty
face of her own Miss Clara, when the tailor's man
came south after her. Well, I'll be off; Miss
Woodford don't want me.' So saying, the farmer
was about to walk through the house, and into the
yard by the back-door; but his wife begged him to
go round by the green, lest the smoke should get
upstairs and annoy the sick gentleman.
Mrs Hale met Margaret at the gate, from which a
paved walk, between borders edged with London pride and gay with tulips led to the porch. Welcoming her heartily, she conducted her to the right-hand parlour, a pleasant room, with many lattices, opening south and west, on to the garden and the green, and furnished with hand-come dining oak, which some tasteless Madam Woodford had discarded from the best rooms of the Manor House.

She had laid out her cap and gown, and was ready to sit down and see you, and ask news of Miss Clara—Mrs Montague, I should say—but that the sick gentleman has been so bad I didn’t like to leave the place," began Mrs Hale.

"I know you are so pious busy too," answered Margaret absently. "I, who have nothing to do, ought to have come to you, to tell you about Clara, and to thank you for all the good things you sent for the breakfast. I have not been well," she looked ill, old, plain; much altered since Mrs Hale last saw her.

Mrs Hale expressed her sincere sorrow, consoled with her visitor on her loneliness, heard all she had to tell of her sister, and then went off into a long chat about her own affairs. "The sick gentleman was often alluded to; but it was no unusual thing for invalids to lodge at the farm, and Margaret was too listless to have any curiosity about this particular sufferer.

By and by, Mrs Hale begged to be excused for a moment; she had locked the open window at one particular monthly rose during the whole time of Mrs Hale’s absence, and yet could not have told that Mrs Hale’s rose had shed itself.

"He’s not long for this world; I’m afraid he’s only come here to die," returned Mrs Hale, brushing her hand across her eyes. "He’s too good to live, Mrs Hale," she said. Mrs Hale wiped her face, and turned back into the recess, out of the light and heat. Margaret supposed that the stranger made a movement as if to rise, for Mrs Hale said, as she hurried to his side: "The lady will go away, and not come again, you know, unless you lie quite quiet. We won’t have any polite- ness, if you please—I will we, ma’am?"

"I should be very sorry to cause any disturbance—that any exertion should be made on my account," said Margaret.

When Margaret spoke, the invalid, who had closed his eyes for a moment, opened them, and fixed them on his visitor. She had turned towards the window. Mrs Hale followed her there to see a chair and a footstool for her. The light fell on her, but she had not removed her bonnet and veil.

After a few moments—a few courteous sentences of the invalid’s had been reported to Margaret by Mrs Hale, who was close to him, and answered by Margaret with less embarrassment than she expected to feel—Margaret began to read the book which the patient had been trying to read to himself. Mrs Hale set by him, knitting; Margaret, in the window, was at a considerable distance.

"Isn’t it too hard a book, sir? You listen so eager, you’ll make your head bad," Mrs Hale said by and by, taking advantage of a pause.

"O no! But ask the lady if she is not tired or cold. Beg her to come near the fire—to say if she does not like the book."

"I like the book, and I am quite warm enough," said Margaret, and went on reading.

She had a clear and sweet voice, rather deep-toned for a woman’s—a soothing voice, and yet the stranger did not seem to find it soothing. He moved his head from side to side restlessly, and Mrs Hale noticed that his cheeks were flushed, and that his eyes glistened.

At the next pause she rose. "You want your tea, sir? I’ll get it directly."

"There is no hurry. Do not trouble to go down on purpose; you take so many; many journeys for me, the invalid said faintly; then, conscious that Margaret was rising also, he added: ‘Ask the lady not to
go yet. Beg her to sit nearer the fire, and to take some tea, was only the
Margaret seated herself closer to the hearth. She
would have continued reading, but the stranger, sure
that she must be tired, began to talk. Suddenly, the
weak voice failed in the middle of a sentence.
Margaret rose, and went softly towards his couch.
His eyes were closed, his head thrown back, and a
deadly pallor was over his face. One moment she
stood irresolute: just as she was turning to call Mrs
Hale, the closed eyes opened. A glass of water stood
on the table; she brought it to him; he drank, and
smiled thankfully. 'Do not tell Mrs Hale. I am
weary, but I am not ill,' he said.

The dark, soft eyes—the only beauty of a plain,
wasted face—looked up into hers with an irresistible
expression of appeal and confidence. 'Pray, come
again, whatever Mrs Hale says,' he added; 'promise
to do so, please.'

She supposed that he was feverish by the eagerness
of his manner. As she answered, drawing back to
her former position: 'I will come again if you wish
it, if it does you no harm: I am glad to be of use to
any one, Margaret felt a warm glow come into her face,
and was glad of the increased dimness of the room.
There was a pause. It was broken by his saying:
'I give you much trouble; but would you kindly open
a window? I want to hear the thrushes in the pear-
trees.'
Margaret complied, and stood beside the casement
listening to a song which appeared to her unusually
sweet.

'How delicious,' he said softly, 'the fragrance of
the garden comes across to me! But how long to
go out! Please close the lattice now. Mrs Hale is
coming, and we do not agree about fresh air.'
The room was so dusk, and they stood so far off,
that they could hardly be said to exchange a smile;
but yet each felt that the other smiled, and that they
were together longer than if separated.
Mrs Hale entered with the tea, and Margaret tried
to slip quietly away; but the invalid saw her move-
ment.

'The gentleman thinks, ma'am, that it is too late
for you to walk across the meadows alone. Mark
will be proud to go with you,' Mrs Hale said.
Margaret shook her head decidedly, and departed.
She enjoyed the homeward walk, the dusty fragrance,
and the perfect quiet, as she had not enjoyed anything
for a long time.

She thought over all that had passed at the farm;
lingered out-of-doors, and forgot, till she entered the
house, how dreary she was. She read that evening
a book which the invalid had spoken of; it had been
given her by Clara's husband a long time ago, and
had remained uncut till now. She became interested,
sat up late, and slept well when she went to rest.

To be continued.

FALSE POSITIONS.

King Solomon was a man of considerable judgment
and knowledge of character, but it is doubtful whether
he would have made an efficient police magistrate of
our own day. The ancient Jews—unless they were
very different from their descendants—were not witti
in cunning, but they must be no match for our
modern London thieves. As for the famous decision
of his majesty with respect to the infant and its two
mothers, the threatened catastrophe would now be
looked upon with the greatest unconcern, except,
perhaps, by the sausage-merchants. The mothers
in our courts of justice, with which she was not
willing to have much to do, and was always alacrily\contending for the honours of maternity—as to which shall take upon herself the cost and trouble of bringing up a
child. On the contrary, I read in yesterday's paper
that the average age of a boy is three; and it is left
on the doorstep of a single workhouse in the
cost of the metropolis. I read in the same paper
that the interesting young woman in whose arms the
infant was left by its 'unnatural parent' in an excurren-
train upon the Bristol Railway, is by no means
so interesting as she was last week: since the
guardsmen of the poorhouse, in whose arms the
little innocent have discovered that the young woman
is its own mother, and had merely invented the
romance to get it off her hands. The matter before
Solomon was plain-sailing as compared with these
questions that have to be decided every day at Bow
Street.

Moreover, it was not complicated by policemen.
Without wishing to say anything to the general
discredit of a very useful body of men, who, notwith-
standing the garrotters, render our streets as safe as
those of any city on earth, and our lives as secure,
yet it must be confessed that some of them are very
hard swavers. Most men enter the witness-box with
some trepidation, and with a resolute determination
to stick to the bare facts of the case. Females, it is
true, are not affected in a similar manner, and proceed
to indulge themselves (quite innocently) in a vein of
picturesque and glowing description; but the magis-
trate is prepared for them, and washes their evidence
in his own mind until the colour comes out of it
that is not 'fast.' The amateur male witness hesitates
in order to make himself sure before speaking. He
talks of a fact as 'the impression on my mind at the
time,' sir, or 'to the best of his belief.' He looks at the
prisoner very hard when called upon to give evidence
to his identity, and then declares that he has no
'moral doubt' about him—which is just the thing
that everybody else has.

On the other hand, the professional swearer—the
policeman—enters as a witness, as though he had had
refreshment; removes his hat, strokes his hair,
smacks his lips against that dreadfully dirty little
book, so that you can hear him half across the
street, and then goes in at his work as if it were with
his coat off. 'I was a standing, your worship, at
the south-east corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields this
morning at a quarter, or it might be ten minutes,
to three, when I saw the prisoner, &c. &c.' He gives
a nod in the wretched man's direction, to signify
that he is referring to the individual in the dock,
but otherwise he might as well be the reader's boy in
a witnessing-house for all the interest he seems to take in his
own recital. When the prisoner dares him to identify
him, he looks at him as if he were a stone-wall, and
does it. Many an unjustly accused person has been
persecuted by the mere fact that his temperance has been induced by that look and
voice to consider whether there might not be some-
thing in the charge after all, just as Mr Winkle
imagined, when he got the challenge at Rochester,
that perhaps he might have been out the previous
evening in a bottle-green coat with brass buttons,
and insulted somebody, without being in the least aware
of it. The magistrate of course is aware at what
a frightful disadvantage a man is placed who has
only a hesitating witness—brought to the court
solemnly solemn, and generally solemn—to say a word or
two in his favour against such testimony as this; it is
evident that Midas would often dismiss the case if
he dared: 'I must decide,' says he, 'by the evidence
before me; you are fixed ten shillings;' which, in
other words, amounts to this: 'I am inclined to think
that the charge is pressed too hard; but discrediting
a policeman is a most dangerous matter, and half-a
sovereign, as I perceive by your appearance, is no
very great loss to you.'

Excessive familiarity with the witness-box pro-
duces, if not confusions, al least! considering the
honours of maternity—as to which shall take upon
herself the cost and trouble of bringing up a
child. On the contrary, I read in yesterday's paper
that the average age of a boy is three; and it is left
on the doorstep of a single workhouse in the

are so. In the same paper to which I have already referred, there is a remarkable case of this sort. Two policemen swearing in the most perfect accord are opposed by even a greater number of respectable persons, with respect to the accuracy of their information, but I must be so bold as to say that I consider their evidence to be the most important as involving these contradictions. As the affair is undecided, it would be improper to comment upon it here; but in the House of Commons, the magistrate has very rightly declined to adjudge summarily, 'it being evident to him that the grossest perjury has been committed either on one side or the other.' It behoves him, indeed, and it behoves every man to look most narrowly into such matters as these; for if once the police get into general discredit as witnesses, the evil to the public will be incalculable. Not only may it be rendered unsafe for respectable Paterfamilias to walk home from his dinner-party with a cigar, or to mention aloud to his companion the name of Garibaldi, but the honest poor will get to confuse Authority with oppression—a terrible case of misidentification indeed.

Accidents, of course, will happen in the best regulated families. A gentleman who left the house of the present writer on Monday night last (or it might be even on Tuesday morning), in the social position of a barrister, found himself, within thirty minutes after his departure, in a police station, under the gravest suspicion of burglary. This young gentleman, attired in the height of fashion, fond of music and the fine arts, and the friend of a literary person of distinction, was transformed, I say, within that very short period, into a member of one of the most dangerous classes of society. One can scarcely conceive a more sudden reverse of fortune. At 1:30, 'for it might be at 1:00,' said the policeman, no doubt, subsequently observed, he was waking the echoes of Westbourne with his polished-leather boots, and looking out for nothing more criminal than a cab, when he was collared by two policemen. He naturally inquired, but with much elegance of diction, what they wanted.

They replied, with grimness, that they wanted him; that they had had their eye upon him [he confessed he shuddered at this] for weeks, and that now they were going to take him to his 'pal,' whom they had caught only half an hour previously. 'My good friends,' said he (with affectionate openness, as to the Common Juries), 'you have made a little mistake here.' A very pretty little one,' returned one of the myrmidons of the law sarcastically. 'You look like a mistake, don't you?' remarked the other.

This ironical observation, which might otherwise have appeared complimentary, was accompanied by a peculiar application of the speaker's fingers to the nape of my friend's neck, which had the effect of accelerating his speed. He had breath enough, however, left in him to observe that he was a personal friend of Sir Richard Mayne's—a statement which kept his captors in the highest good humour until they reached the station-house. They paid him the compliment of saying that, for 'bouncing,' they had never seen his equal; and, indeed, he has a great deal of personal confidence, to which, however, his merits fully entitle him.

No sooner did the inspector set eyes upon my friend, than he burst out into the most honest apologies. His myrmidons, he explained, had been misled by the excessive lateness of the hour; the pal of an already captured 'crackman' was expected (though not quite in considerable silence), that 'perhaps he had better apologise, and be fined.'

'The weak-minded Bailed One gives in to this insidious advice. Upon the next hearing of the case, he remarks (doubtless with considerable suavitude), that 'perhaps he had better apologise, and be fined.'

'What! ' cries the magistrate with very just indignation; 'you wish to apologise, after having charged these trustworthy persons with the crime that people in their situation can commit, and that with an air of innocence that almost deceived myself. No,
sir; you shall not be fined. You shall go to prison for a week.' And the magistrate was as good as his word.

Now, of the innocence of the gentleman accused, his friends are as certain as they can be of anything that they have not witnessed with their own eyes. Steps have been taken to convict the unanimous As of perjury, and perhaps the judgment will be reversed as far as possible. But in the meantime, the victim has been to prison, and has had his hair cut as Mr Truchet never cut it. I do not know the unfortunate gentleman, but I am acquainted with those who do, and their opinion of the testimony of the police has sunk to zero. To say the least of it, the matter looks very doubtful, particularly when taken in connection with similar cases which have been numerous of late at more than one police-office. Now, there should be no doubt whatever about such matters as these.

It will not be supposed that any writer in this Journal wishes to weaken public confidence in the administration of the law; but perhaps it will be well to conclude this paper with a False Position of a totally different kind to those I have spoken of, and one which illustrates the excessive difficulties which the police have to encounter, and the innocent prosperity of which their enemies (and ours) are often for making capital.

Let the scene be the South-western Railway station in the Waterloo Road, at 6 p.m. in October, with the two excursion-trains and the Weymouth train coming in within a few minutes of one another, as usual, and with a great insufficiency of cars and porters. You cannot see much of the scene because of the fog, but what is visible is calculated to terrify and confound the strongest mind which has so much as a carpet-bag to look after. Conceive the position, then, of a country clergyman's wife sitting upon her luggage, as though it were for her the footman and the porter, who has plunged into that awful tunnel (contrary to the regulations, of course, but what is to be done?) in the desperate hope of getting a cab. He has got their luggage together after a struggle of eight and forty minutes in the dark, and it has acquired an additional value in his eyes from the expenditure of force and patience in its acquisition. 'Be sure, Laura Isabella,' are his last words, 'do not leave that luggage for one instant, and spread out your crinoline so as to cover it all.' It is the very first time that he has observed crinoline to be of the smallest use.

Laura Isabella sits hard and fast, amid the label and dunnage, with her eyes fixed upon the mouth of the tunnel, and with a mind shaken to its foundations indeed, but still determined to perform her duty: reason has fled, but instinct still abides. She will perish rather than surrender so much as a hatbox to any but her lord and master; for, however it may be at the vicarage, in a scene of this sort, she gladly acknowledges the pre-eminence of the male.

'Madam, I think you are sitting on my luggage,' enunciates a female voice of great sweetness, but of determination also. The speaker is a lady in well-chosen travelling costume and of a distinguished appearance.

Laura Isabella is dumb with amazement at her impudence.

'Will you be so very good,' adds the lady, 'as to move?'

'Move!' exclaims the vicar's wife; 'never! My name is Soano, and my luggage is all labelled with the name.'

'My name is also Soano,' replies the lady majestically. 'You had better get up before I call a porter, or perhaps I shall also call a policeman.

Laura Isabella rises just to convince herself that she is awake and capable of locomotion; she examines the treasure that she has been set to guard; she recognises again her own travelling-trunk (bought when her cromacher was bought, and therefore with a certain sentiment about its leathen sides), her bonnet-box (with that novelty from Buttercup Parva within it, which to-morrow is to make quite a sensation at the Exhibition), and the Rev. Augustus's much smaller portmanteau, with the spare sermon she has tucked in it at the last moment, in case the Archbishop of Cantebury should require him to preach in Westminster Abbey. The sight of these things reassures her, and she is prepared to fight to the uttermost—with one of her own sex. But see, here is a porter (found by some miraculous means) come to aid and abet her enemy, and perhaps but a precursor of the threatened policeman. The situation grows terrible indeed.

'This season,' (referring to Laura Isabella) 'persists in sitting upon my luggage, porter; drones the lady; it is all marked with the name of Soano, and yet she won't get off.'

'Porter,' cries Laura Isabella, in agonised tones, 'you are going to do a dreadful wrong: the luggage is my very own. Oh, where is Augustus? What can he—can he be at?'

'I do not give this person in charge,' continues the lady, 'because I believe her to be a lunatic. But in order to convince you at once, I will call my footman. George, a most accurate serving-man with impecunious calves appears with the suddenness of a Jack-in-the-box—'is this my luggage?'

'Certainly, ma'am; leastways, yours and master's. The brougham is close at hand.'

A neat carriage with a fine stepping bay, and an immaculate coachman, was within a few yards of this, and the coachman drew up at his comrade's signal.

The porter had had a chivalrous feeling for Laura Isabella in distress, but he was human after all: the footman of the brougham and the footman of the Soano had been in the same company before, and the footman himself had heard of the Soano and the Soano himself had heard of the Soano, and they were friends. The porter had no heart to carry away Laura Isabella herself.

Now, here were a number of people in a False Position without any fault of the police.

**ROCKALL FISHERY.**

At a time when skill and science have taken possession of almost every realm of nature, and in many cases exhausted her stores in administering to the wants and luxuries of man, any new field of enterprise that offers cannot but be eagerly seized upon and investigated; especially, too, is this the case in so vital and essential a particular as anything that promises an increase in the source of our food-supplies. The surface of the earth, and much of its subterranean treasure, are now worked to the best advantage by man's restless ingenuity. It so happens, however, that an art older than husbandry, and an element even older than the land, have never yet had equal attention bestowed upon the means of expressing their full contribution to our general wants. In the depths of the mighty ocean there are gold-fields, from which might be drawn as many millions as ever came from the mines of Gondor of old, or California of to-day. As in those subterranean discoveries, however, so in it the sub-oceanic; not thinly scattered, but in veins and beds lie the precious treasures, until discovered by chance.

In the August of last year, a discovery of this kind seemed actually to have been made. The captain of a smack returning from an unsuccessful voyage to
Greenland, and crossing the North Atlantic in fifty-seven degrees thirty-five minutes north latitude, and thirteen degrees forty-one minutes west longitude, accidentally lost his bearings, passed along the track. No sooner were they down than one or two fish of immense size were hooked and brought on board. Down again went the lines, and up came more fish, and again, and again, and as fast as the men could pull in their lines, were their pains rewarded, until their success was only limited by the extent of their material on board, and the physical strength of the crew. In short, in an incredibly brief space of time, fourteen tons of large beautiful cod-fish were taken, valued at ten pound per ton; and having exhausted their salt and other stores, the delighted fishermen set sail for Westray, in Orkney, where they astonished the natives with their marvellous narrative.

The place where this successful fishing was made is on a sand-bank of nearly one hundred miles in length by forty in breadth, and from out of which rises to about eighteen or twenty feet high one solitary rock of a peculiar form. Rockall, as this round mass is named, is shaped somewhat like a haystack, with a flattened top, but assuming every variety of appearance according to the point from which it is approached. The Davenport and sand-bank friends were not altogether unknown to mariners, but lying out of the common track of most vessels, was known only to a few in 1811, Captain Basil Hall came across the place, and landed two of his men, who, it is said, scrambled to the top of the rock to make some observations; but in the meantime, caught by one of the currents, the vessel was carried away from the place, and as a fog coming on, the men were completely lost for a number of hours, in which perilous situation they remained until the fog cleared away. It does not appear that the men were saved, nor did they attempt, or that anything was actually known about the place as a fishing-ground until last year. Great was therefore the excitement among the Orkney islanders on hearing the news; though the season was late, two or three other vessels went out and came back with similar success. The fearful storms of a northern winter cut off for that season any further attempts, and so matters remained during six months. Meanwhile, however, though nothing could be done at sea, a company was formed on land, and was organised for commencing operations during the spring.

It was now that some doubts began to be insinuated as to the soundness and reality of the speculation. Like many others interested in what appeared such a valuable a discovery, the writer of this paper, in May last, went down to Westray, in the Orkneys, to see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, what might be the true state of the case. Arriving in the bay during the night, we found, next morning, another smack which had meanwhile come into the bay. This vessel had just come in from Rockall, and I cannot well describe the anxiety we felt to know what luck she had had; nor was that anxiety at all disagreeably removed by the announcement that fifteen tons of fish were on board. No doubt, this great success was somewhat modified by the fact of the vessel's having been out from Westray five weeks; but, again, considering the boisterous and unfavourable state of the weather, hardly anything could be better. Busy, therefore, was the preparation now urged forward by our crew, and that of other vessels, and by the 3rd of June the expedition was thirty days more elapsed, and another smack arrived, bringing ten tons of most beautiful fish, but those also caught over a space of five weeks. Still, again, the weather was an ample reason for the delay of the adventure, and we did not cease to hope that fairer seasons would bring in speedier returns.

During the months of May, June, and great part of July, the weather was certainly most unpromising for fishing operations. On what may probably have been in London a beautiful day, with a slight refreshing breeze, passed along the coast of Orkney immense billows were rolling in and dashing against the shore. Standing on some lonely promontory, and only as far as the eye could reach, seeing nothing but mountain upon mountain of angry surf-tossed waves, and knowing that three hundred miles away, far from shelter, and exposed to their wild fury, were a number of tiny vessels riding out that tempest, and watching for a lull to begin their operations, all thought of success in the object of their voyage gave way within me to an anxious desire for the safety of the poor men thus imperilling their lives. Still some fine days would intervene, and occasionally we heard of vessels entering other harbours with several tons of fish from Rockall. But long and anxious were now the lookings out for the arrival of some of the company's vessels, of which so much was expected. At length, like a speck on the horizon appeared the William, the pioneer of the absent fleet, while painfully was the anxiety of the managing director, as the vessel neared the land and moved into Westray Bay. Up went the signal-flags of distress and distress from house to welcome back at least the intrepid men who had ventured across those awful seas to solve the problem of fish or no fish at Rockall. Nor did the answer at first appear unsatisfactory; eight tons of fish—though in five weeks out—certainly not bad, considering the weather. But alas! another and a more serious drawback now to be narrated: these eight tons were not all the William's catching, but a collection from other two vessels; and, moreover, for the first time now began to be insinuated the unwelcome truth, that errors in census weather but few fish were taken. A few days more brought home another smack with two-and-a-half tons, also about five weeks out; soon followed by another, the writer's own luckless venture, with the miserable return of one half ton! Point-blank was the assertion now made by the captain of this vessel, that no fish were taken even in the finest weather. But, if possible, still worse than even this remained behind; one vessel equipped in the most thorough and efficient manner, having an energetic captain, and the most experienced fishermen in Westray on board—and a great advantage had, the men who can fish, simple as the process may appear—came in after a five weeks' voyage from Westray to Rockall with less than one ton! Sorry am I also to add, that my share of this loss was even greater than in the other. Having, therefore, had considerable personal interest at stake in the success of these operations, I am enabled to say from experience, that for last season, at least, the Rockall fishing was on the whole a failure. So impressed was I with this fact, too, that on the return of this last vessel, I ordered her home to London, at the same time remanding another to Fairlie, where also the company's manager despatched his fleet for the rest of the season.

Still, under all the circumstances, I should not like absolutely to pronounce against Rockall. To settle that question satisfactorily, I think some more definite knowledge is required regarding the habits of the cod-fish. Are they migratory or not? If the former, then probably autumn and winter might again find them in abundance at Rockall, as when Captain Rhodes came over in 1853. It was getting late in the season. By letters received but lately from Westray, I am informed that some good fishing was made at Rockall in the latter part of September. Thus doubtful is the uncertainty as to the whole question of these deep-sea fishings. There are strong indications leading to the conclusion, that winter is the best season for the
cod in deep waters; but as that entails a heavy outlay of capital in fitting out large vessels with greatly improved fishing-gear, the truth, if truth it be, is not of much immediate value.

Hence the lack of the cod are not much more unindiscreet for the present than are those of the smacks. Notwithstanding the great and unquestionable success of one of them at the end of last season, he at the beginning of this year, instead of following up that success, as would naturally be expected by a renewed visit to Rockall, went right off to Greenland, and never visited the place at all.

Another of the ‘discoverers’ fished elsewhere till about the end of June. Meeting with him one evening at Dr Dawson’s after that bootless cruise, I was assured by him that next day he would again be on his way to Rockall; yet no sooner was he out of the bay, than his vessel’s head put north about, and off he went to Faroe. Another no less significant fact remains to be stated. The two principal fish-merchants of Westray, also smack-owners, and intimately acquainted with the whole business, did certainly, at the beginning of the season, send vessels to Rockall, one of which was the identical smack that lay alongside of ours with fifteen tons of fish on our arrival in the bay; but in July all their vessels were sent out to Shetland, Faroe, and Greenland; so far as I am aware, none of them went back to Rockall for the rest of the season.

On the other hand, there are two or three causes that might partially induce this behaviour, as well as a failure of fish at Rockall. At that place, in stormy weather, no shelter can be had nearer than St Kilda, some one hundred and thirty-six miles distant, and a storm at Rockall is a storm indeed, enough to appal the boldest and hardest sailor. Even, therefore, though good fishing were expected, it is something in the mind of a captain to overcome this obstacle. Whilst in Greenland, shelter may be readily obtained, and moderate fishing may also be depended upon. Something, too, there is in the use and wont of going to the same old-acquainted places; and besides, the small amount of merchandise is there carried on, if report speaks truly, that adds to their profits as much do their most successful fisheries.

The whole, taking all the circumstances into account, it is evident that this year’s fishing at Rockall has been a failure, but only as regards the high expectations formed by the place; and it would be premature absolutely to pronounce against it from this limited trial, while possibly next year may entirely redeem its character.

A RIVAL TO CRICKET.

When the English residents at Boulogne played a cricket-match for the amusement of the Duchesse de Berry, that lady, after being spectator of some half-dozen innings with extreme ennui, sent a gentleman of her retinue to the chief player to beg to know when the game was going to begin, as Madame la Duchesse était terriblement ennuyée. The duchess, good lady, had taken all the desperate fielding and batting of two mortal hours for mere preliminary sport; a prelude to a more exciting and violent competition.

The duchess ‘hit a blot’ in our national game, when she sent that annoying message. Cricket, like all other things, has its defects. In the first place, it does not give the player sufficient employment. There are long intervals when a man has nothing to do but stand on the grass, and even if the ball takes his way. The worst player a cricketer is, the shorter are his innings, and the less he has to do in fielding on a very cold day. The netting is dilly work, especially to the men furthest from the wicket. Another drawback of cricket is, that the dress and implements grow daily more expensive; and the greatest disadvantage of all is, that it cannot be played in winter, which is just the time most adapted for running and violent exercise.

Now, Lacrosse, the national game of Canada, has none of these defects. It can be played in the snow, and as well in winter as in summer. It can be played by any number of persons. The ground needs no preparation. The materials for the game are cheap and simple. It employs nearly every player at once, and is capable of infinite varieties, while it furnishes opportunities for the greatest skill and agility.

Lacrosse is a game of extreme antiquity, and was borrowed from the American Indians by the Canadians. It is mentioned by Charlevoix, that early French travelers, who saw the long Shawnees, on the shores of the St Lawrence, somewhere between Quebec and the Three Rivers. It was at a great game of lacrosse, between three Indian tribes—the Shawnees, the Ottawas, and the Delaware—that an attempt was once made to surprise Fort Detroit. Catlin describes thousands of men joining in the game.

A few years ago, the young men of Montreal learned the game from the Troupois of Caughannawag, and already the Beaver Club of Montreal boast of players, who, so far as I am aware, not one went back to Rockall for the rest of the season.

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struggle, and when a player is surrounded, it may be kicked with the foot. No picking up the ball with the hand, except in extreme cases, as when it gets into a pool, or in a sand-hole. After every game the players shall change sides. If a ball flung at the goal is caught by the players, but still breaks in or falls in, the game is still won by the attacking-party.

There are many ways of posting your men, according as you are a cautious or an impetuous captain, more aggressive or more defensive: some leaders run their men in a straight line across the goal; others cluster half their men round the flags, and send the rest afield. Others leave their men to take their own positions, and to trust to the instinct of the moment. The over-cautious captain, who hoards his men too fondly round the fortress of the goal, generally saves himself for a time, but makes little progress towards victory till he grows more adventurous. The over-rash player, on the other hand, who leaves his home scantily guarded, is always in danger even in moments of success, if the enemy break from him and make a dash on his home.

The twelve men of each side consist of six field-men, ordinary field-hands, and six more expert players, to whom the places of honour are reserved. These six are thus subdivided: The goal-keeper, who stands outside the little gateway between the flags. Point, who should be a skillful checker in dangerous moments, stands twelve feet in front of him. Corver-point, who should be a very good player, should keep his post except to cautiously push a palpable advantage. The home-men, stand near the enemy's goal, to pass the ball quickly in when thrown up to them; they should be more nimble and active than the other two players who begin the game by standing in front of each other, half-way between the goals, and 'three' being counted, trying which by strength or art can obtain the ball. Some times it is thrown up and struck at. The 'dodges' at this moment are numerous. Some twist the ball between their legs and the man behind them; others press the ball away by main force. A common method is as 'three' is cried to suddenly turn your back on your adversary, and giving your crosse a twist, to send the ball to your own men.

The moment of this duel is one of the most beautiful in the game. Every man is standing silent, ready and anxious, more like statues than men; but the first man to start, sooner or later, is a rush of athletic men, and a whirl of bats, which never ceases, but only grows wilder and fiercer, till the ball is passed between the flag-wands. The ball in lacrosse should seldom be rudey struck, only thrown and tipped. The good player's object is to catch it as soon as possible in the bag of his net, and if he is fleet enough, or a swift runner and dodger, to carry it at once through the goal; but as this is rather difficult with twelve opponents, checking him, crossing him, bastings at his bat, and waiting to snap him at every wind and turn, the true play is to throw the ball on to the nearest or most accessible and least surrounded man of his party. As it is part of the game to strike the ball that an opponent is carrying to the goal out of his crosse, it requires great practice before you learn how to avoid these blows, and how to catch and carry the ball safest and in the best manner. The skilful player can catch the ball at full flight, by holding his crosse almost perpendicularly; then by a dip and rise again he turns the crosse to a horizontal position, and the ball flies close in the net. When closely pursued by 'checkers,' the good player throws the ball at once with care and good aim to the nearest or most accessible man of his party, who rushes it, passes it on, or runs with it, as the case may require.

The 'dodging' or avoiding the competitors who would stop you, or take the ball from you, and the 'checking' or stopping the dodger, are the two most subtle, varied, and amusing branches of the game. It is wonderful what room there is in lacrosse for invention, ingenuity, artifice, and dexterity. A good dodger will put his crosse perpendicularly, and then, by a dip and horizontal turn, catch and run off with the swiftest ball; or he will bear the ball to the ground, and catch it after bounces; or he will catch it between his feet, or under his arms, and toss it on to his crosse, and then run. If closely pursued, the good player throws the ball back over the checker's head to his nearest friend, or he will wave his crosse and fro to escape the blow of his opponent, or keep whirling round ready for a bolt, or will pretend to fall, and then to rise and dart off on the checker's weakest side, or he keeps changing his crosse from hand to hand, and parrying his opponent's blows with the disengaged hand.

The checker is, however, generally too much for the dodger, unless he has a swift pair of legs. The checker must never let the dodger pass him with the ball, but snatch it from him before he has time to throw, or at least before he has time to throw judiciously or between the flags. He must learn all possible feints, and anticipate every movement of his antagonist. If the dodger has his back to the checker, the latter must slip his crosse over the dodger's head, and strike the ball from him, or tip it, if possible, into his own crosse; or he can bear up his arm, or tip the ball, or at the end of his rival's bat, and then directly the ball falls, run and lift it off towards one of his own party, who, if unattacked, can bear it off between the flags.

The goal-keeper must be specially quick of eye, serpentine in body, and cool of head without the qualifications he will either lose the game for his side, or receive some injury from the ball. He must never think of special players, but keep his eye uninterruptedly fixed on the ball. He must beware of the dodger throwing the ball between his legs. When he can get a good cut at the ball, he must learn to strike it with the wood-work of his crosse, He must always tip the ball away to the side of the goal, as otherwise the enemy in front might instantly drive it home by a return-blow. There are times when the ball is coming in, but far above the flags, when it is better to let it pass, as otherwise it might be caught and sent in by a straight throw of one of the enemy's advanced-guard.

The player who would excel at lacrosse must not mind an occasional blow on the head or fingers if he does, must wear cricket-gloves and a thick cap. He must also constantly practise running and dodging. He should run on uneven and even ground, and up and down hill, especially the latter. He must learn to do the mile in as much less than ten minutes, and the six miles in as much less than the hour as possible. A quarter of a mile in a minute, or a mile in five minutes, is good running.

As a game, I rank lacrosse far above cricket or golf. It does not require attendants and special ground, like golf, and it boasts more uninterrupted amusement and more simultaneous competition than cricket. The materials, too, are cheaper, and you require no 'hog-in-armour' costume. It is more varied, more ingenious, more subtle than cricket, and, above all, it can be played in all seasons of the year without danger, expense, or preparation. No marques required, no grass rolling, no expensive fees or balls, no spiked shoes, and no padded legges to preserve you from the cannon-shots of fast bowlers, who seem determined to main or lame somebody; above all, there is not that tiresome and wearisome wait for the innings. The whole twenty-four men have their innings simultaneously, and have both an equal chance and an equal certainty of amusement and employment; while in cricket a beginner gets perhaps ten strokes at a ball, and that is all in the whole
game. I admit the pleasure of the good swipe in cricket, the excitement of the runs, the delight of blocking a treacherous slow ball, the rapture of catching out a good player, and the feverish anxiety of a close-run game, but still I hold that cricket cannot hold a candle to lacrosse for variety, ingenuity, and interest.

The last time I saw it played was in a fine green meadow outside Montreal, not far from the Haunted House, at the foot of a hill from which the fine view is obtained. The shining and uncovered steeplespires were hid from sight: we were among trees slightly crimsoned with the October frosts. The young Beaver Club of Montreal was playing a party of Indians, who had just arrived by steamer from some village near the Rapids of the St. Lawrence. The Montreal striplings were dressed in flannel shirts and trousers, and had donned scarlet hunting-caps and belts. The Indians were dark-skinned and older men, with broad chests and thin, sinewy limbs. They wore feather head-dresses and ornamented loin-clothes, and moved over the field with a restless panther-like freedom. They expressed little pleasure at their double victory, and their stolid stoical features fixed like those of bronze statues.

It was marvellous to see, as the ball for the first flew up into the air, these statues spring into life instantly. The field was dotted with groups of struggling figures, now running into jostling knots, now fanning out in swift lines like skirmishers before a grand army. Every now and then there would break away from the rest some sinewy subtle runner, who, winding and twisting like a serpent, would dash between the eager ranks of his rivals, avoiding every blow, now stooping, now leaping, now turning, quick as a greyhound, and artful as a fox; then as a sudden lightning between the crimson flags of the Montreal men, the Indians would give a war-yell that echoed again.

I only trust that some English country gentleman, who is fond of field-sports, and has a wish to increase the honest and healthy outdoor pleasures of his over-worked countrymen, only just awakening to a sense of the importance of gymnastic exercises, will introduce this delightful and exciting game into Great Britain, where it would soon become a formidable rival to cricket, which is itself only a parasite of the last two hundred years. It could be played on any of our suburban commons, and the bat could easily be procured from Canada, or made here from a good model.

THE WRECK REGISTER FOR 1861.

There have arrived and departed during the year 1861 no less than 267,770 vessels from British ports, manned by more than a million and a half of sailors. Of these vessels, 1,404 have been wrecked, and of these 854 have perished by drowning. As our shipping increases, the number of wrecks increases in even greater proportion. The fearful gales of January, February, and November caused the disasters of last year to exceed the average of the last six years by 260. Seven-twelfths of all the casualties happened to ships of the collier class, and were owing in most cases to their total unworthiness, or the bad look-out kept by their crews. Very few ships over 1000 tons came to much harm. Ten wrecks took place in a perfectly smooth sea, 14 in light airs, 51 in light breezes, 146 in moderate breezes, 320 in strong breezes, 66 in moderate gales, 350 in strong gales, 311 in 'whole' gales, 102 in storms, and 52 in hurricanes. Nearly half these wrecks took place among vessels in the home and coasting trade, but commanded by men not required by law to have certificates of competency.

The estimated total loss for the year exceeds one million sterling. *The accompanying roll of the loss of life on British shores and waters during the past twelve years will be pursued with melancholy interest. The districts are thus classified:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>District</th>
<th>Losses</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Barns Island</td>
<td>670</td>
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<tr>
<td>Flamborough</td>
<td>1068</td>
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<tr>
<td>North Foreland</td>
<td>214</td>
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<tr>
<td>St Catherine's</td>
<td>82</td>
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<tr>
<td>St. David's</td>
<td>460</td>
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<td>Hartland</td>
<td>253</td>
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<td>Cansings Point</td>
<td>473</td>
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<td>Lambay Island</td>
<td>969</td>
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<td>Skerries</td>
<td>257</td>
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<td>Cansings Head</td>
<td>280</td>
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<td>Mull of Cantire</td>
<td>922</td>
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<tr>
<td>Total losses</td>
<td>7495</td>
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This fearful list tells us, indeed, that man cannot avert the storm, nor prevent the occurrence of wreck and drowning; but he can do much to mitigate those calamities. Although, as we have said, nearly nine hundred men have perished at sea during the last year, yet for thousand six hundred and twenty-four were saved from the waters; very many of these by the boats of the National Life-boat Institution—a society for which we have more than once invoked the good offices of our readers.

THE MOANING SEA.

Worn her white face full of agony,
Under her dripping locks,
How the wretched, restless sea to-day
Moans to the cruel rocks.

Helplessly in her great despair
She shudders on the sand;
And the weeds are gone from her tangled hair,
And the shells from her listless hand.

'Tis a sorrowful sight to see her lie,
With her beating, heaving breast,
Here, where the rock has cast her off,
Sobbing herself to rest.

Alas, alas! for the foolish sea,
Why was there none to say:
'The wave that strikes on the heartless stone,
Must break, and fall away.'

Why could she not have known that this
Would be her fate at length?
That the hand, unheld, must slip at last,
Though it clings with love's own strength!

For now, too late, she has learned the truth,
Which none who learn forget—
And this is the best that she can do
With the future left her yet:
To rise, and wear on her face a smile,
Though her life be ebbing out;
And she has not even the wretched hope,
Born of a wretched doubt.

For there is no pity for grief like hers,
But only scorn and blame;
And so, she must come to her feet again,
And hide from the world her shame.

All communications to be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

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NOTES ON THE PAGE.

'Where did you get your butler from, Bing?'

'I grew him myself.'

'What did you grow him from?'

'From a Buttons.'

I thought as much. I had asked the question merely for the satisfaction of hearing my opinion confirmed. I don't exactly know what it was that gave me the impression so strongly, but I had been convinced, from the moment that I first saw that butler, that he had been grown from a Buttons.

'He's a first-rate servant,' said Bing, ringing the bell.

'Is he? He ought to be, if you've grown him yourself.'

'Watson, some more cold water,' said Bing to the butler.

'Yes, sir.'

'Mind it's freshly pumped, now.'

'I comprehend, sir.'

A Buttons or Button-boy is the same creature that is by some termed a page; a small child, dressed in a dark-coloured livery, the jacket of which is decorated, sometimes with one row, sometimes with three rows, of bright buttons. Hence the name. And so this butler had been grown from a Buttons. From which of the many classes of the species did Watson spring? For Buttons resemble monkeys in being divided into an infinite number of distinct kinds. Nor is this the only particular in which they resemble monkeys. The natural-history books say that monkeys 'are mischievous and filthy' (so are Buttons), 'but their manners are fantastical and interesting.' (The manners of the Buttons are decidedly fantastical, and after studying them with some care, I have no hesitation in pronouncing them interesting.) 'They have hands like a man, and can walk on two legs.' (So can Buttons, but they don't often; as a rule, they prefer walking on their hands.) 'But they practise no arts beyond what are suggested by the necessities of the hour' (and that man was born under a happy star who owns a Buttons accustomed to practise even those). 'They throw missiles with great dexterity' (which it is needless to say is also the case with Buttons).

But this natural-historical parallel is by the way. The Buttons may be broadly described as a boy in a greasy livery, who smashes crockery, breaks windows, takes two hours to walk half a mile, takes half an hour to fetch a cab, insists upon going upstairs outside the banisters, and displays an astonishing deafness to the voice of the knocker. These are qualities that all classes have in common, but each class is distinguished besides by qualities peculiar to itself.

Take, for instance, the straightforward Buttons; he is a proof of the truth of the saying, that it is quite possible to have too much of a good thing. Frankness and openness of speech are good qualities, no doubt, but they may be carried too far. The good Buttons—for I am quite willing to believe that there may be such a creature, though I have never met with him myself—does not blurt out unpleasant truths just because they are true. The straightforward Buttons, on the contrary, seems to think that unless he says all he knows, and suggests a great deal more than he knows, about a subject, he is in some way or other little better than a liar. This is a most unpleasant failing in a servant, and one which, however great a respect you may have for the principles which prompt such a line of conduct, obliges you to dismiss the offender very early in his career; for no one could consent to have his movements talked over in such a way as this—for instance, a visitor knocks at your door; the straightforward Buttons opens it.

'Mr So-and-so at home?'

'No, he ain't,' replies the Buttons, rubbing his hands after the manner of his tribe, and looking up and down the street, as if he rather expected somebody. 'He's got out. I don't know where he's gone to; but I saw him turn that corner, and that leads to 'Yde Park; so perhaps he's gone to the Exhibition, but I don't know, for he never took his cattle-og with him. He said something about the tailor; but I don't think he can be gone there, for I'm sure he don't want no new clothes at present. However, if you like, I'll ask cook.'

The visitor, if a merciful man, says it is not necessary, and leaves his card; but I must confess that there is a great temptation to assist this Buttons in committing himself still further. This is unpleasant enough; but when the straightforward Buttons waits at table, he is a still more objectionable creature. Some one asks for bread; the Buttons never moves.

'The bread to Mr So-and-so, you say severely.'
Chamber's Journal.

'Bread!' exclaims the straightforward Buttons; 'why, I gave him one big piece.'

I doubt this gentleman is eating much more bread than is good for him; but it is not for the Buttons to tell him so.

Another guest tells a good story. Buttons smiles approvingly, as if inclined to cry—'Capital!' and offers the guest potatoes, as if a man who had told so good a story merited all the attention that could be paid to him. Doubtless the story was capital; it deserved, no doubt, all the commendation bestowed upon it; but if, when your guests are gone, you don't admonish Buttons with a stick, you are not doing your duty to society.

I don't know why it should be so, but when the straightforward Buttons breaks anything, you feel more indignant than when the same thing happens at the hands of another Buttons. When the hungry Buttons has broken anything, he conceals the fact as long as possible; and when at last it is known, keeps it out of your way for some time with great skill and discretion.

Not so the straightforward Buttons; he executes his smash, gazes at it for a minute or so, slowly ascends the stairs, and knocks at your door.

'Come in.'

'Please, sir,' says the Buttons, 'I've broke the soup tooreen.'

This is a censure, far from being taken in alleviation of the disaster, only inflicts your wrath, and the red-handed offender comes in for a storm of reproaches, much of which he might have escaped if he had only left the tureen to tell its own tale, and avoided your room and your company till your wrath had had time to subside.

If this Buttons is not quite a novice, if he has been at this place before, he is a gentleman before coming to yours, he is a greater nuisance than ever. Far from having learned anything by his former experiences, he seems to have put on a double coating of ignorance; and the uninitiated juryman, to whose experiences is to refer constantly to Mrs Glapp's arrangements, and to draw invidious comparisons between her domestic economy and your own. You tell this Buttons to steam the left-hand side of a dish; the Buttons tells you that he will do it if you wish it, but Mrs Glapp used to let him stand on whichever side she liked; she is a good woman, can do as she pleases. Mrs Glapp, he proceeds to say, he considers decidedly preferable to yours.

You are taking your modest dinner, we will suppose—a joint, pudding, and cheese. Is it likely to improve your appetite, think you, to be told by an offensive creature at the sideboard that Mrs Glapp always had fish?

You order your Buttons to fetch a cab; he says: 'Yes, sir,' coughs, and adds that Mrs Glapp kept a brougham. And yet none of this is intended as impudence. Buttons is most likely a more than usually honest and sincere boy, and I don't doubt that if one were willing to sacrifice one's self for two or three years, a very good servant might be made of him. But for my part, I could not consent to take so much trouble. I should witness this Buttons's departure with a twofold feeling of thankfulness—thankful that I should see no more of the straightforward Buttons, and that I should hear no more of Mrs Glapp.

Well, having requested this pretty page to look out afair for a new place, you look out for another Buttons. Applicants for the office arrive, and at last, tired of rejecting speechless youth who has had the misfortune, he says, to knock his face against a lamp-post, thereby causing a contusion under the left eye. He is a clean Button, being of the purple Buttons, whose father keeps the Harp public-house, and gives lessons in the noble art of self-defence. But your eyes gradually open to this terrible fact. You perceive that the Buttons has a habit of turning up his cuffs at odd moments when his hands are otherwise unemployed; that he speaks of taking off his coat as 'peeling'; that his shadow is always sprawling; and that when he knocks anything down which he constantly does, he falls upon it afterwards in the approved fashion of the ring. All doubts on the subject, however, are removed when the cook enters your room hurriedly to say that 'If you please, sir, Thomas is fighting in the street.' You look out of the window, and perceive that the cook's statement is correct. Much against your will, therefore, you go out, throw yourself into the crowd, and, to the great disgust of all the spectators, except one old woman, forcibly separate the combatants. Then seizing by the collar the Buttons, still eager for the fray, you make a precipitate retreat with him into the house, followed by the jeers of the crowd, who, not content with this, shout insults through the keyhole for ten minutes. At last only the dirty Buttons may be pardoned, so Thomas is reprimanded and forgiven; but the same scene occurring twice in the ensuing seven days, and a tendency becoming apparent amongst the boys of the district to collect round your door at those hours at which Thomas is accustomed to go out, it is evident something must be done. As it is not easy to shew to the Buttons, still more to the Buttons, that one brought up at the feet of heroes, should quietly submit to be told that he seems to have broken out in three distinct rows, or to be asked how much per yard he sold his livery, you must be sufficiently galling to the most peaceable disposed Buttons, but are, of course, not to be borne by a Buttons with a great notion of honour, and of the art of self-defence. I have a strong suspicion that the pugilistic Buttons looks at his livery in the same romantic light that a chivalrous soldier looks at his flag. To an insult to his livery, it seems to me, the Buttons is more sensitive than an insult to himself. His livery is the banner under which he fights; and in the same way that a soldier looks with the greatest respect upon a flag that has been almost shot away, the Buttons seems to think that the more his livery is fought into rags, the more honour will attach to his master and to himself.

These notions, however, though praiseworthy, are rather expensive, and the pugilistic Buttons a ruinous animal to keep, and should be got rid of as soon as possible.

Perhaps the most provoking specimen of the Buttons tribe is the Buttons who thought he understood. It is an open question with you for some time whether he is a clever boy, or being a Buttons, he seems with a clever manner. Nothing can excite his look of intelligence when receiving his orders, or his utter stupidity when proceeding to execute them. Your opinion of him mounted three stages. Your first opinion is, that the Coming Man is come at last,
that you have secured the ideal Buttons; your next opinion is, that though this may, perhaps, be the ideal Buttons, yet the novelty of his position has put him out a little, and alarmed his instinct; this is followed by a suspicion that this is not the ideal Buttons after all; and you end by feeling convinced that he is about the worst Buttons you ever had. You give him a letter, say with an air, why don’t you take it to a house a quarter of a mile off? Buttons declares he understands, deparment on his errand, returns in half an hour, and asks in a bewildered manner what he is to do with the letter. Naturally indignant, you demand why he said he understood if he didn’t; the Buttons replies that he thought he understood. Now, as I don’t charge this Buttons with stopping to play with his friends (the Buttons who thought he understood is in general a quiet, rather melancholy creature), surely it is an awful mystery what he was doing, and what he was thinking about, during the half-hour that elapsed before it occurred to him that the letter in his hand had some destination, and that it was his duty to take it to that destination. He must have walked along, turning corners, and crossing streets, as it happened, for if he had for one moment stopped to think which way he should go, he would, in all probability, have gone the way he ought to go. I incline to believe that this Buttons is really a superior boy, though rather wanting in common sense, and that with a mind so much given to overlook the obvious, he may become a philosopher in time; to further which desirable end—to enable him to become a philosopher as soon as possible—I should turn him out of my house at once.

There is a Buttons that I cannot think of without feeling at the same time respect and horror; I refer to the self-improving Buttons. This boy’s mother, when she brings her son to you, will tell you that he has good manners, and to impress upon you that she will hope that you will give him a little encouragement now and then. Anxious to do your duty by the boy, you give him a quarter, or a piece of geography, or something of that kind, and tell him that when he has any time upon his hands, he can study it. Well, having done that, you may rest assured that till this Buttons leaves your house, he will have a quarter of a part-time schoolmission as well. If a person’s expected— —— and so on.

"If you please, sir," replies the Buttons, "I was doing my joraphy."

"Dinner was very late to-day," say you to the cook; "what was that reason?"

"It’s impossible for me, sir," answers the cook, in a highly excited tone—"it’s impossible for me to get my work done properly, if I’m to learn that boy his geography. A person can’t be a cook and a national schoolmission as well. If a person’s expected—— —— and so on.

"Is that a fact?" you say to your friend at dinner.

"Is a fact," replies your friend. "Is the world round?"

"‘Not quite, sir,’ says the Buttons promptly from the sideboard—‘not quite, sir; being fastened at the poles like a heron.’

But worse even than this may be in store for you at the hands of the self-improving Buttons. His desire for knowledge will in all probability lead him into your study, for the thirfty student likes to get as near as possible to the fountain-head. Let your measures now be short and sharp. For taking a book thereon, I should say, ‘If that man is a manuscript work relating to your own private affairs, give him warning; but if it is a work on chemistry, turn him out of the house instantly, for your life, and the lives of your servants, and the lives of your neighbours, are in imminent peril.”

A Buttons that I hold in great abhorrence is the Buttons with many friends. When he first makes his appearance at your house, he is accompanied by some dozen of his most intimate friends, with whom he has a long leave-taking on your steps, and who give three cheers as the door closes upon him. That is very amusing. So is it to see relays of boys hanging constantly to your area railings, to meet your Buttons in the street, with five or six of his friends, who feel his liveliness by turns, fasten and unfasten his buttons, and try his cap—to hear your front-door closed quietly by some one, whenever you come down stairs, and to see your Buttons returning from it, trying to look as if he had merely been about his ordinary business. All this is very amusing; but can mortal man stand the following? You are sitting in your room with the window open, and hear the following conversation between a boy at the area railings and the Buttons in one of the bedrooms.

"Bill," cries the boy below.

"Well," says the Buttons above.

"What’s for dinner to-day?" inquires the boy.

"Ashed mutton," answers the Buttons.

"He’s always having ‘ashed mutton,’ observes the boy. ‘I saw your mother yesterday.’

"Well, what’s she got to say for herself? asks the Buttons.

"She says she thinks you don’t get enough to eat here," replies the boy.

"No more I don’t," says the Buttons with alacrity. "Your mother says she shan’t let you stay, if he don’t feed you better," adds the boy.

"All right: hope she won’t," rejoins the Buttons cheerfully.

"I say, Bill," says the boy, ‘you don’t look thin enough.’

"No," explains the Buttons, ‘because I’m constitutionally stout.’

This remark seems to afford great amusement to both speakers, for they laugh for some time. ‘I say,’ says the Buttons, resuming the conversation.

"Well," replies the boy.

A footman brought this morning a pair o’ part-rigged, says the Buttons.

"Oh! cries the boy eagerly, ‘you’re in for something nice, then, at last.’

"Not I, answers the Buttons; ‘he’ll eat ‘em both himself, I know.’

"No!" says the boy indignantly.

"Ah! he will, though," answers the Buttons; ‘for if he don’t finish ‘em at dinner, he’ll have ‘em done up again for breakfast.’

Can mortal man stand this? You glance out of the window, and perceive several people stopping to hear this conversation; you see that they laugh repeatedly. You glance at the houses opposite, and perceive that most of the windows are open, and occupied by people who are laughing. Now, could any jury bring in any worse verdict than manslaughter, if you were to thrash that boy to death? I think not. I think that it would be justifiable homicide, if there is any meaning in words.

These are five of the divisions into which the Buttons tribe falls; but besides these there are the musical Buttons, the argumentative Buttons, the too-intelligent Buttons, the imitative Buttons, the Buttons who is subject to fits, and numberless others.

Now, to which of all these classes did Watson belong?

Your butler has a fine intelligent head, I said to Bing. ‘I should say that he was superior to the general run of servants—intellectually superior, I mean—a man who, I should think, had read a good deal—for one in his position, that’s to say, eh?’

"Very intelligent man," replied Bing; but I don’t know that I ever saw him with a book in his hand in my life.

Then he could not have been a self-improving Buttons.
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

'Dear me! that's curious,' I said, continuing my investigations; 'but I am sure I am not completely deceived in his face. He's not at all the man to take pleasure in boisterous exercises, I am convinced; not a quarrelsome man, making his appearance every now and then with a black eye.'

'If he did,' said Bing, 'he would not be in my service long.'

No: I knew he had never been a pugnacious Buttons.

'Still, I should say that he was by no means a man given to solitude; his face seems to me the face of a man rather fond of society. I dare say he has a great number of friends about here, eh?'

'One of Watson's great merits,' replied Bing, 'is that, to the best of my recollection, he never went to see anybody, nor did anybody ever come to see him.'

Indeed! Then he could never have been a Buttons with many friends.

'Ah! then, I dare say,' I continued, thinking I saw it—'I dare say he makes up for the absence of company by practising some art, such as music, for instance. Plays the flute, perhaps.'

'Sooner than have a servant that played any instrument under the sun,' said Bing, 'I'd have a fellow with a mane for striking brimstone matches, or for drying gunpowder in the oven.'

Then it could not be the musical Buttons.

At this moment, Watson entered, placed some boiling water on the table, and was on the point of leaving the room, when Bing said: 'Why, Watson, that's hot water; I said cold.'

'Cold water, sir,' said Watson, apparently surprised.

'Yes, cold water. I told you so as distinctly as possible, and you said you comprehended. What do you now comprehend for when you don't?'

'Very sorry, sir,' said Watson penitently; then added quickly, as if he saw the reason for it all: 'But you see, sir, I fancied I did comprehend.'

The matter was explained at once; it was all as clear as daylight: Watson had been a Buttons who thought he understood. I have had some experience in Buttons, and the conclusion to which I have come is this: if you can help it, don't keep a Buttons at all. But if you are obliged to keep one, watch him well; and if you find that you have got in your house a Buttons who thought he understood, turn him out at once, for his disease is incurable. You may perhaps civilise the straightforward Buttons, you may even tame in time the pugnastic Buttons, but the Buttons who thought he understood, however young you catch him, however carefully you teach him, will never, never understand.

A DOOMED PEOPLE.

There is a certain group of islands in the North Pacific the approach to which is perhaps as beautiful as mariner ever beheld. The first objects he discerns are two magnificent mountain-peaks capped with perpetual snow, and contrasting grandly with the blue of the tropic sky. 'A rude and irregular outline of high lands then presents itself; and on the north side are seen, on a nearer view, the dark forest which clothe the lower region of the mountains; whilst giddy precipices from the sea, of from 1000 to 2000 feet in perpendicular height, against whose walls the waves beat, and surge, and thunder through the caverns which they have hollowed for themselves in their ceaseless war. In some places, streams which have united their waters on their way, rush together over one of these pala, or precipices, into the ocean. Still nearer, the white foam is seen pouring in sheets over coral reefs, of which there is sometimes an outer and inner ridge.'

These islands are all lofty, with elevations from 1000 to 4000 feet above the sea. Once through the reefs, or anchored in a leeward roadstead, scenes of gentler beauty are discovered—pleasant bays, with sandy shores, a native village, often with its small chapel, and generally with its school, sheltered by groves of palms and cocoa-nut, and the deeper green of the bread-fruit tree; rivers running to the sea, down some of whose cascades the native girls and youths cast themselves with laughter, and take a bath which must exceed any douche ever experienced at the severest of our water-cure establishments. At the mountain foot grassy plains meet the forest, roamed over by herds of cattle, which, in many instances, have become wild.

These beautiful islands are but domes that roof in seas of fire. In one of them is the largest active crater in the world. The dimensions of another, which has not given any dread signs of vitality within the recollection or tradition of man, is nine miles in diameter, and 2000 feet in depth. In another extinct crater lies a salt-lake a mile in circumference, but whose average depth is but 18 inches, and its elevation above the ocean only a few feet. Upon this, at certain seasons, a crust of salt forms so abundantly as to bear the weight of a man; the level of the pool is affected by the tides, which appear to act through some hole that exists in its centre, to which no bottom can be found. Earth and sea play weird and wondrous antics around these isles. Ships sometimes feel a blow from beneath while traversing midocean, as though they struck on ground. Marine geysers not infrequently occur, with the bourn of which the water is scalding hot. During the present century, not only have water-spouts burst upon these island shores, but the sea has, no less than three times, receded and gathered itself up into one overwhelming wave, to rush back on the land and sweep before it houses, canoes, and trees, and human beings. The inhabitants were following the retreat ing waters full of delight (picking up the stranded fish), when suddenly they rose like a steep wall, 'its height being twenty feet above high-water mark,' and rushed towards the shore with a noise like thunder. These awful visitations are not the fatal calamities in these enchanted isles that they would be elsewhere.

To the islanders, male and female, grown folks and children, the sea is their native element, and drowning a death unknown. They go

All asked to the hungry shark,

but not to die; only to evade and taunt him; and finally to slay him with their daggers. In this land of wonders the people are not less singular than the scenes which they inhabit. 'The biography of the nation is so circumscribed, that its story from its prehistoric period to the present time embraces scarcely more than eighty years; yet so extraordinary is the apitude of the people for civilization, that from a state of savageness and idolatry they have already attained to a government which, youthful as it is, will bear comparison with those of the best ruled states of Europe.'

In 1779, Captain Cook first landed on these islands, to meet his death (with the manner of which we are all more or less acquainted), at the hands of naked barbarians, and in 1860, we have this account of their chief city.

The central portion of the town consists of regularly laid out streets, many of the houses standing

* Hawaii: an Historical Account of the Sandwich Islands, By Manley Hopkins, Hawaiian Consul-general. Longmans.
within gardens. There are two stone churches belonging to the American Congregationalists, a native church, and the Roman Catholic cathedral. A distinguishing feature of Honolulu is, that this large town is built on a single chimney—cheerful city, under its brilliant, unclouded sky; the blue sea spreading at its feet, with a silvery line of breakers on the distant reef. The masts of shipping in the port rise into view, from the spreading roofs of the houses and stores, and the flag on the fort and at the consulates flutter in the fanning breeze; and the sound of tam-tams—welcome indication and type of industry—comes from the ship-yards of the harbour.

People of all nations are meeting in the wide streets; English, American, French, German, Chinese, South Pole, the vernacular, the Hae-A-rect, weekly, and the Hokuola, monthly. Perhaps if the visitor be fortunate, he may catch a glimpse of Emma, queen of Hawaii, in an open carriage—from Longacre—preceded by outriders, and followed by King Kamehameha IV, on horseback, attired as a field-marshall. His usual court-dress is, however, the Windsor uniform. The royal palace is tastefully after the European fashion, and possesses, among other things, a very beautiful billiard-table.

Of the rapidity of the progress of civilisation there is certainly no other such example as is here presented. Some such spot as the Sandwich Islands the poet has described veryly, and with scarce any touch of exaggeration, in the well-known lines:

Oh, had we some bright little isle of our own,
In a blue summer ocean far off and alone,
Where a leaf never dies in the still-blooming bower,
And the bee banquets on through a whole year of flowers:
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay,
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day;
Where alike we feel that we breathe, that we live,
Is worth the best joy that life elsewhere can give.

But even the imagination of Mr Thomas Moore never added to all these delights the charms of a billiard-table.

The monarchy of Hawaii, which comprehends that of the other islands which make up the Sandwich group, is hereditary. The second person in the kingdom is called the Premier, and is always of the female sex. The admittance of their portraits—those of the Interior, Foreign Relations, and Finance. The government is really paternal. Education has been more diffused—has embraced a larger proportion of the population—in the Sandwich Islands than it has ever done in Great Britain, in Prussia, or in New England. This last most singular fact is of course owing to missionary enterprise; but the emancipation of the islanders from idolatry appears to have been their own voluntary act, and forms one of the most extraordinary national episodes on record. The principal originators of this movement were the two dowager-queens, the young King Liholiho (at that time a very Prince Hal for wild dissipation), and—strange to say—the high-priest Hawahawe! The women and the priests were very determined, but the king, although yielding to them, was alarmed at his own impetuosity, and put to sea to avoid the consequences thereof. He returned, however, in a few days, and finished the work already begun. He broke various superstitions 'taboos,' which had been a long time abhorrent to the whole nation; among others, a very ungodly one that separated the gentlemen from the ladies at meals.

'A feast was prepared, after the customs of the country, with separate tables for the sexes. A number of foreigners were entertained at the king's. When all were in their seats, he deliberately arose, walked to the place reserved for the women, and seated himself among them. To complete the horror of the adherents of paganism, he indulged his appetite in freely partaking of the viands prepared for them, directing the women to do likewise; but he ate with a restraint which showed that he had but half divested himself of the idea of sacrilege and of habitual repugnance. This act, however, was sufficient; the highest had set an example, which all rejoiced to follow. The joyful shout arose—'The taboo is broken! the taboo is broken!'

Feasts were provided for all, at which both sexes indiscriminately indulged; orders were issued to demolish the idols; temples, images, sacred property, all the relics of superstition were consumed in the flames. The high-priest, Hawahawe, having resigned his office, was the first to apply to the torch. Without this co-operation, the attempt to destroy the old system would have been ineffectual. Numbers of his profession, joining in the enthusiasm, followed his example. Idolatry was for ever abolished by law, and the smoke of heathen sanctuaries arose from Hawaii to Kanai. All the islands uniting in a jubilee at their deliverance, presented the singular spectacle of a nation without a religion.'

No less than forty thousand idols were destroyed on this occasion, and as many more left contemptuously to decay. Such a revolution, however, was not to be accomplished without opposition. A civil war arose, and when the military champions of orthodoxy were overthrown, its ecclesiastical supporters still held their own, and continued to do so even after Christianity had taken the place of superstition. 'In the vast and wild region, occupied by the great mountain, Mauna Loa, its summit indented with a gigantic crater, its sides rent with other openings, through which at times the liquid fire flows, the priests of Pele, the dreadful deity of the volcano, lived in an almost inaccessible seclusion. . . . The ancient worship clung there, nursed by groanings and utterances of the tormented mountain, rocked by the fierce, wild winds and storms, sheltered by clouds and mists, lighted by sudden spectral fires, and terrified by quakings and rendings of the soil.' Even to educated Europeans, this spot is terrible enough. A Mr Hill and his companions visited the place, and thus report of it:

'We looked into the crater, which nothing could exceed in frightful desolation. Its form is oval, having the length of three miles and a half, and a breadth of two miles and a half, giving the circumference of nine miles. Its height above the sea-level is about 6000 feet. Within, two high black cones rose in the midst of a rude plain of black and pink
coloured lava, rocky substances being thrown up into
hills of no mean dimensions. Around the cones lay a
lake of liquid fire, which appeared ready to overflow
the cool beds forming the more even part of the lava
plain. A curious thickening of the lava substance, resembling theore,
flux, but brittle as glass, is found adhering to
the bushes round the banks of the crater. In many
places it covers the shrubs like cobwebs. Pele's hair
is the appropriate epithet given to these films found
so near the dwelling of that dread divinity.1

Yet even hither did Kapilani, a converted chiefess,
dare to penetrate in 1835, and against the threats and
vagaries of the assembled priests, and against tradi-
tions which, till that time, formed a part of her own
nature, exhibited the courage of a Christian woman.
'She invaded the fiery sanctum of the goddess, ate
the sacred berries, and cast them into the heating
lava; and having there praised God aloud, amidst
the most stupendous instances of His power, she
reconciled to reproof the idolatry of the amased
worshippers of Pele, and to urge them to forsake it.'

Nor were the terrors this woman dared imaginary
only, for no less than four hundred persons, the wives
and children belonging to a native army, perished in
a moment near that dreadful spot. The rest of the
troops imagined they had but halted—'some of them
approaching as if going on the ground, while others
were sitting upright, with their children embraced in
the arms, or pressing their faces together in their
usual manner of salutation. They spoke to them,
but there was no reply; they touched them, but
there was no motion: they were in the camp of
death. Every human being of those four hundred
was stiff and lifeless, killed by the mephitic vapours
that issued from the mountain.'

Captain Cook had arrived at Hawaii a year or two
before this catastrophe, and was welcomed by the
simple islanders as a god—their own god, Lono, the
Hawaiian god of the storms, deities of the assembled priestesses, and against tradi-
tions which, till that time, formed a part of her own
nature, exhibited the courage of a Christian woman.
'She invaded the fiery sanctum of the goddess, ate
the sacred berries, and cast them into the heating
lava; and having there praised God aloud, amidst
the most stupendous instances of His power, she
reconciled to reproof the idolatry of the amased
worshippers of Pele, and to urge them to forsake it.'

Her rediscovered his approach, and opened a way for him through the
crowd that-burgeoned the road. These among the people
who were more fearful, peeped at him from the houses,
from behind stone walls, and from the tops of trees.
As he moved, the assembly covered their faces, and
those nearest to him presented themselves on the
earth in the deepest humility. As soon as Lono had
passed, the people sprang up erect, and uncovered
their faces, and some among them not being rapid in
their movements, ran down by the advancing
crowd. The evolution of prostration and erection
was found at last so inconvenient, and to require so
unwonted an agility, that the practical-minded people
found that they could best meet the case by young
permanently on their hands and feet; and so, at last,
the procession changed a good deal in character and
appearance, and 10,000 men and women, having little
else on them than their nudity, were seen pursuing
or flying from Captain Cook on all-fours.

In return for this, the famous navigator behaved in
a very unhandsome manner: he permitted his crew
to indulge in every licence, and at last fell a victim
to a not unnatural act of retribution. His men had
fired upon and shot a native while he himself was on
shore. The account, given by the Hawaiians, narrates
that 'when the crowd which was about Cook and
the king, Kalaniopu, heard of the death of Kaimau,
the chief who supervised the canoes, it became clam-
orous for revenge; and one of the people, with a
short dagger in his hand, approached the captain,
who, fearing danger, fired his gun at him. After a
general contest began, and Cook struck a chief named Kal-
mano-Kahowahua with his sword. This powerful
warrior seized him with one hand to hold him, not
with any idea of taking his life, for, supposing him to be
the god Lono, he feared to stain his hand with
blood; but the other people, who had been pro-
phesied when she gave farewell to her native
shore, had come to pass: she was dying—the
king, her land and her beloved country. The Chief
he held one another's face, and their tears
flowing unrestrained. In the evening, the queen
declared herself to be the body, and apparently receiving some
of the new religion, he considered her incapable of death by
a popular scholar. Lifting up his eyes, he exclaimed:
"She has gone to heaven!"
The poor king himself was so depressed at this event, that the partial recovery he had himself made was lost, and he too sank. The bodies lay in state in that London inn, after the Hawaiian fashion, with the room hung with framed tippets. Their remains were carried back to Honolulu, and received with the most poignant grief by their subjects. Old warriors wept like children, and the air was filled with such lamentation, that it almost drowned the roar of the surf, notwithstanding that the Hawaiian language is so soft as 'rather to be compared to the warbling of birds than human speech.'

There is not a more interesting people under heaven than these children of the Pacific; they have an aesthetic love of the beautiful beyond what is found in the most highly cultivated circles. Some three years ago, there landed on the wharf at Honolulu a beautiful stranger, the native of another island of the group. 'This Aphrodite stepping on shore from the lapping waters was instantly recognised as superrlatively beautiful. She was immediately surrounded by unaffected admirers, each of whom, in his unsophisticated adoration, saluted her with his lips. Never was a first-born child more "petted with sallies of his mother's kisses." The news of her arrival spread like wildfire. Men left their anvils and their pots, and crowded round the pretty stranger. She stood there like the moon within a coloured halo—only the halo pressed rather close, and came near stifling her. The police were obliged to interere; and even then a fate like that of the late Miss Vercy, who was looked to death by admirers, became imminent, when the happy thought occurred to the chief constable, or (but we hope not) to the lady herself, of placing a tissue of precious lips of a quarter of a dollar for each salute. The money was cheerfully paid, but the pull against the public had gradually the desired effect, and the beautiful stranger in a few hours was released.

The whole Hawaiian race are brave, and kind, and beautiful, and lastly—which enlists our sympathy more than all—they are doomed to disappear from the face of the earth. In no country is greater safety to person and property; crime is almost unknown among them, with one sad exception—that of infanticide. The mothers are idle, they dislike the trouble of having no pets; and, as mothers who are nursing their offspring will suckle a puppy at the same time—a rivalry by no means in favour of the strength or number of their own progeny. Sometimes the favourite is a young pig. Their tenderness towards this uncouth animal was amusingly exemplified by a traveller who came upon a group of native women surrounding a hog of five hundred pounds' weight which lay panting in the midst. The females had demurred themselves almost entirely, and were cooling the pig by dipping their garments in water and covering him with them.

Taking the lowest estimate of the population at the time of Cook's discovery of the islands, the native race has diminished to one-third in the last eighty years. They are very licentious, and new elements of destruction have certainly been introduced by their European visitors; but even had this not been the case, it is the opinion of Mr Hopkins, the Hawaiian consul-general, that they would still have been a doomed nation. The inhabitants of the whole of the Polynesian group wither and die while the white man flourishes, but the population of the Sandwich Islands, although likewise decreasing, is less than a fourth part of the population of one district is under the age of eighteen; whereas in England the proportion of those under twenty to those above twenty; is as nine and a half to eleven and a half. The rising generation is in the ratio of but half a child to each couple of grown men and women; and the population of the whole group does not now exceed seventy thousand. It is sad to think that a few generations hence, such a people as Mr Hopkins has described shall have faded away like a beautiful dream from their island homes. But even now, as we read Hawaii, it seems more like a fairy tale than the biography of a nation.

MARGARET.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

'I doubt if I ought to let you go up to-day,' said Mrs Hale, meeting Margaret; 'but the gentleman begs so earnest, that I won't hinder you. He had a bad, tossing night, and was fevered this morning. Have you ever heard of any one of his name, ma'am—Whityear? He knows a deal about Sunny-slope, and all these parts; and one night, when he was very bad, he spoke of having come home too late, only in time to die.'

'I do not know the name. It is not a name belonging to this part of the country,' answered Margaret.

'Perhaps you could read a bit easier-like sort of a book,' suggested Mrs Hale, as she led the way upstairs. Margaret was earlier to-day, and the day was brighter. As they entered, she could see with what a radiant look Mr Whityear stretched out his hand.

'I cannot think of one who is so kind as a stranger,' he said, as she gave him hers. 'I was sorely afraid Mrs Hale would keep you away.'

He asked Mrs Hale presently to request Margaret to take off her bonnet. As she did so, she was conscious that she was intently watched. Turning to lay it down, the sun smote her brown hair, and irradiated her face.

According to Mrs Hale's suggestion, the somewhat dry book of yesterday was not resumed. The sick man had many books, the works of many poets especially; some of the latter of these quite unknown to Margaret. In Memoriam was opened by her for the first time that day. Her listener appeared to know it by heart. He asked her to read from it one favourite poem after another: they seemed to her strangely and wonderfully beautiful—key-notes to an unknown depth within her own heart and soul. Presently he asked for one which she could not at first find. He repeated it, and several succeeding ones. They seemed to her the best of all—ininitely lovely and touching; tears rose to her eyes, and colour to her cheeks, as she listened, with suspended breath, to the low, sweet voice.

Mrs Hale had gone away, the truth being that she was afraid of falling asleep. Margaret opened the window unasked, when the musical voice was silent: they both listened to the song of the thrushes in perfect quiet. Margaret did not look towards the invalid; she knew that he was looking at her; she was ashamed of the tears that she could not repress—tears of a sweeter sadness than she had ever experienced.

When Mrs Hale approached, Margaret, having closed the window, met the look of the sick man with a twilight smile of her own, and rose to go away: she offered her hand in leave-taking; he pressed it, and added a fervent 'God bless you and comfort you!' to his good-night. He had seen her tears.

'Take In Memoriam with you—you will like to read it this evening,' he said. She thanked him,
and as she walked home with the book held closely against her as something precious which she loved, she felt in a bewildering dream; it was impossible for her to believe that she had to-day seen Mr Whityear for the second time in her life only; he had spoken to her and looked at her to-day as no one else had ever done, and every tone of his voice in its languid sweetness seemed familiar as remembered music to her innermost heart.

And Mr Whityear?

"I cannot understand it; but it is she!" he said softly, as the door closed after Margaret. "What was the Christian name of the Miss Woodford who was married the day I came here?" he asked of Mrs Hale.

"Clara, sir."

"How can that be? Clara Woodford died six years ago. When I was in Ceylon, I saw her death in an English paper."

"Ah! that was little Clara, Miss Woodford's half-sister, sir."

"I think I am too anxious to get strong!" Mr Whityear observed to Mrs Hale next morning. "I have hardly slept to-night for thinking—of the future."

It was a sultry, oppressive day; expectation seemed to harass her patient. Mrs Hale was glad that Margaret came early in the afternoon. After her arrival, he grew more composed, but was evidently languid and exhausted. It was a busy day with Mrs Hale; she left them together. Mr Whityear had requested Margaret to sit near him—he could not speak loud, he said. When, in a pause of her reading, she looked up and saw that he slept, she let her voice sink to silence gradually, then she sat still and mused. Her eyes were irresistibly drawn towards the worn face of the sleeper—such a happy child's smile dwelt upon the mouth, she wondered of what he was dreaming.

As she gazed, a strange thought entered her heart—had she been sister, mother, wife, anything to him—how dearly she should love him! She rejoiced in his peaceful sleep as tenderly as a mother in that of a suffering child; she would have liked to hush every bird in the garden. In time, a longing was born of the thought that had come into her heart that afternoon—a longing that she was something to him—that she had a right to lay her hand carelessly upon the brow lined with thought and pain—to press her lips on those violet hollows beneath the dark-fringed lids. As day by day she became better acquainted with the gentle-heartedness of the sufferer, experienced his tender gratefulness, and witnessed his thoughtful consideration for those around him, all she did for him became more and more completely a service of love.

One day when it rained, softly but without intermission, the whole day through, Margaret found herself on the way to the Great Farm all the same; she had not even asked herself should she go or stay: to stay would have been to make a dreary blank in her own day, and, she had reason to believe, in Mr Whityear's also.

The sweet soft wind gave a slight bloom to her cheek, which deepened to a blush, when Mrs Hale met her with an exclamation of well-affecting, if not genuine wonder: "I didn't look for you to-day, ma'am. Mr Whityear has said many times that the weather would prevent your coming. However, he told me that some one was at the gate before I heard any noise, and begged me, if it was you, to be sure you didn't keep on anything damp." "I rather enjoy a walk in the rain, now and then. This rain is very welcome," Margaret replied, so Mr Hale relieved her of her wet cloak and hood.

They went upstairs; the look that welcomed Margarett would have repaid her for a walk in any weather. Just as her hand was in the invalid's, Mr Hale said: "It was her, you see, sir, and don't look like the garden, all the better for a shower!" The weak, slight fingers detained Margaret in close clasp. Her downward glance met a taller and than his words came from Mr Whityear's eyes. She flushed again, turned away, sat down near to window, played with the pages of a book, and felt if she had lost her own identity: happy, bewildered, ashamed, and proud.

That evening, Mrs Hale was called away, but she was about to give the invalid his tea. "My trouble you, ma'am?" she said to Margaret, as bustled off.

Margaret went to the table: she was pouring thick yellow cream into the cup, when—

"Margaret!" a voice behind her cried—a low, deep, yet tremulous. A feeling of the unnaturally round came over her. She turned; it was Mr Whityear who spoke; he had half risen from his chair, his eyes sought hers; his hand was extended. She was drawn towards him by the longing in his face by her own heart. As she put her head upon the table, faint and bewildered.

"Margaret!" The voice was weaker, more tremulous; she waited to hear it a third time; it was so soft and plaintive then. She turned; it was Mr Whityear who spoke; he had half risen from his chair, his eyes sought hers; his hand was extended. She was drawn towards him by the longing in his face by her own heart. As she put her head upon the table, faint and bewildered.

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When he answered, "James Grant," she knelt beside his couch, and let herself be enfolded nely by his arms.

Mrs Hale returned; the tea was cold and unsweetened. Margaret sat in Mrs Hale's chair, close to the patient clasped Margaret's hand with both hands and his face was turned towards her. Margaret engaged herself and rose; smiling tremulously, she said: "I have found an old friend with a new name. The tea is cold—you must let me make fresh." She kissed Mrs Hale's cheek and escaped, when she returned, it was easy to see that she had been welling; such tears as were only shed once in a lifetime overflows from a deep cup of blessings.

"To-morrow afternoon is a long way off," James Grant said, as Margaret bade him good-night.

"May I come in the morning, Mrs Hale? or will it be too tiring for your patient?" Margaret asked humbly. She received permission to come at dawn. Margaret walked home. The rain was still falling; the meadows were sodden; the air was chilly; heavy mists rose from the river and spread over the white landscape. It was nothing to Margaret; she had a summer in her heart—she knew that she was loved, first, last, and best, not faithfully, for years; for her everything had a new aspect; not one thought or feeling of to-night had been hers a month ago! Life, death, time, eternal life, religion, and love, were words with other significations than they had had for her a month ago. If she was not joyful. Mrs Hale's words of sad foreboding, spoken to indifferent ears some weeks since, were recalled now: they tempered her happiness, but they did not trouble her peace; out of gratitude to new and deep love arose a new and deep faith.

She went to the churchyard; the gentle rain had not penetrated the thick foliage of the great yew; and she knelt beneath it.
CHAPTER IV.

Margaret woke next morning to see the sky pure and clear, and the sun shining: that sunshine penetrated to the very heart, as sunshine had never done before. Happiness had roused her early. Misery and indigence are heavy-lidded and slothful; happiness is wakeful, grudging hours given to unconsciousness. Many hours intervened before it would be time to set off for the farm; she remembered that James had been fond of lilies of the valley, and went to see if any had bloomed yet. Yes! she gathered a handful, and put them in a shady place on the dewy lawn. As the pure sunshine fell on her black dress, she thought it looked worn and dusty, and went to change it for one Clara had helped to make for her. That done, she sat in the garden and read In Memoriam, and thought of the person it belonged to, and to whom she belonged, as she felt, for all her life to come, till it was time to go.

Mrs Hale was deep in the mysteries of the dairy, and asked Margaret to walk up to her. Margaret ascended the stairs lingeringly. "Come in," was said before she had knocked. As strange as sweet to Margaret was the look of love that sprang to meet her when she opened the door.

"I have lived in faith that this time would come," said James; "but when I heard the bells ring for Miss Woodford's wedding—she was the name my uncle's. He was James Grant Whiteyear; I am James Whiteyear Grant. His name is in my books; Mrs Hale gave it me. You used to dislike James Grant, and so I did not care to set her right.

"I was thinking so much about old times and—about you, James, only a few days before Mrs Hale made me if I could come sometimes and read to the "strange gentleman." I do not believe I did dislike you," added Margaret, as she turned a little from him to order the lilies in a glass of water.

When Margaret prepared to go, warned by a hint from Mrs Hale that it was time James had his dinner, and then a space of quiet, she saw that her lover looked at her wistfully. "Shall I come as usual this evening?" she said, dividing his wish.

"Come, then," he said, pressing her hand against his cheek.

When Margaret came, she saw that James was not yet strong enough for happiness; the excitement of the morning had exhausted him. She read to him from the Bible a little, then they remained quiet, hand in hand, watching the fading light, till James was anxious that she should go before it got quite dark.

"You shall not go home alone many times more, please God to let my strength return as quickly as I fancy it will, now I am so happy," he said.

A few days afterwards, when Margaret went her afternoon way to the farm, she found that a surprise had been arranged for her. Coming in sight of the porch, she saw a figure rise from a sunny seat outside it, and come down the flagged walk to the gate. A large lilac hung over one side of the gate, a laburnum drooped over the other. No inquisitive eyes could see how James and Margaret met. Leaning lightly on her shoulder, he returned to his seat; the low stool she liked was placed near for her.

A westeria in full blossom covered the wall close to which they sat; the warm sunshine brought out its delicate perfume from the east, and the perfumes of wall-flowers and sweet-brier; a lovely landscape lay beyond the garden-fence, and the wind-spirit in the pines sang a low, plaintive melody. A deep sigh from Margaret drew James's eyes from the golden meadows to her face.

"I am expecting to wake and find it all gone," she said, in answer to the inquiry of his glance.

"What is it?" Margaret asked.

"James had used terms of endearment: there was no need; every tone and glance was endearing.

"My happiness," answered Margaret shyly.

"You will not cease to love; and so, if you lose me, you will not lose your happiness. If you love me as I love you, you cannot really lose me. You have loved a sickly invalid, will you leave off loving when I grow strong? If you will give the strong man the love you gave to the sick one, and not change your love, because what you love is changed, you will love on through any change, even if the mortal man shall put on the incorruptible robe of immortality."

Margaret turned white.

"Love!" he went on, laying his hand on her head, and speaking in a lower tone, "may I warn you not to put me in the place of God! Love Him first and best, my Margaret, or you will not love happily."

James's parting words at that time—very soon I shall walk as far as the dear old house—gave a new direction to Margaret's thoughts. Much to Hannah's amazement, she turned her attention to household matters next morning, ordered clean lace-curtains to be hung over those of worn and faded crimson damask in all the windows, had the large drawing-room opened, a fire lighted there daily, all the treasured-up old-fashioned knickknacks displayed as they used to be, kept the vases filled with fresh flowers—everything prepared as if a guest were expected the next moment. Hannah's husband was told to get assistance in the garden, the turf was to be mown, the edgings clipped, the paths freed from grass and moss, the borders made trim, and the green-house flowers planted out in as short a time as possible.

These things filled the old people with amazement, but were nothing to the change in Miss Woodford's look and manner.

CHAPTER V.

It was midsummer. The hay was down. James stood by the brook, and Margaret leaned on his arm.

"It is just thirteen years ago—all seems the same, only Margaret is changed," he whispered, as if speaking to himself.

Margaret looked into his face somewhat sadly.

"The difference between seventeen and thirty is great. Of course I must be changed," she answered.

With a summer flush on her cheek, and a summer rose glowing in her hair—with peace on her brow, love shining on her lips and shining from her eyes—Margaret had no need to fear the summer light; much less the scrutiny of her lover's glance.

"I thank God that you are indeed changed!" he said.

"You love me now.""God only knows how I love you! Sometimes I almost wish you different—wish you could be imperious now and then, a little cruel and selfish; could cross me, thwart me, prove me, to see how I love you!" She began quietly, but her voice had grown passionate as she proceeded; her breath came and went quickly, and her colour changed.

"Margaret! Margaret! you make me tremble," James cried. He was trembling. He sat down, and drew Margaret down beside him; then he said: I have not told you yet where I was all day yesterday.

I rode to Ling, to talk to Dr Silver."

She turned a startled face towards him; he hastened to go on: "Not that I feel ill—I feel full of strength, no more pain; and hope; but I wanted to talk to you, and have faith in him. He tells me that I may live many years (my darling, do not shake so!), even to a good old age; at the same time, he says, I am now in such"
a state that any violent exertion or sudden shock might end my life in a few hours, and that I am not to spend next winter in England under any circumstances. I need not try to say how dear life is to me, for your sake, Margaret; but I want to look the worst (which must be the best, if God wills it) in the face with you. Love, if death should take me soon, in these early days of our happiness, shall I have any cause to reproach myself for having linked your heart to mine?

Margaret had hidden her face on his shoulder. She looked up when he had finished speaking.

1 I have never met you; she said to those who had scrambled down to where she crouched. A man took her firmly round the waist, clasping the rock itself. She threw herself half over the edge. Presently James held the child high enough for her to reach it; she seized it, tossed it into the arms of the person nearest her, and turned to the water again. James had disappeared. A moment after she almost touched him; he smiled up at her, then he was again swept out of sight. At last she got a firm hold of his arm; other arms reached over—he was drawn up, and laid on the rock at her feet, to all appearance dead. The mother of the rescued child lingered by, hugging it in her arms.

Margaret looked up from James's face into that of the woman.

2 Let the child be very precious to you, its life has cost me my husband." She spoke with a calm that seemed stern, that chilled and awed the poor creature to whom she spoke.

James was carried home tenderly, even Margaret owned. The bystanders assured her it was only a faint, from which he would soon recover. He did revive, almost as soon as he was in bed, and the house clear of all strangers but the doctor. His first question, his eyes having satisfied themselves by gazing on Margaret, was: "Is the child hurt?"

1 I do not know. I thought only of you. I will send and ask," she answered.

3 Do love." He closed his eyes, and was silent a short time. Presently he said:

4 Your hand saved me, Margaret. I clutched your dear hand, and saw your white face, and felt safe. I remember nothing after, till I woke here to a delicious sense of fatigue, of warmth, and of your presence. Do not be anxious, love. I am very comfortable. I have no pain. I shall be well after a night's sleep."

The physician confirmed the patient's statement, and by and by prepared to take his leave, merely advising that James should not rise till he had paid an early morning visit.

Margaret followed Dr. Merton from the room. She led him into another, and shut the door.

5 Has all that is possible been done to avert evil consequences?" she asked, when she had briefly stated the previous state of James's health.

6 All, my dear madam; and I see no reason for apprehension.

7 If you thought my husband in danger, could you do nothing more?"

8 Nothing. Pray, be easy; you are overexcited and
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL. 379

require rest. I shall look in the first thing in the morning, and hope to find you more composed, and your husband refreshed and tranquil.'

'Perhaps it would be better to put off our journey one day—I may be very ill tomorrow. I dare say I am bruised,' said James, when Margaret returned to his bedside. 'Won't you write a line to old Hannah, to let her know she is missing?'

'You think of everything,' his wife answered, and sat down to write close by him.

A message came from the mother of the rescued child of the night, and added that the child was sleeping quietly, and seemed quite unjured.

'I am very glad he is doing well,' observed Margaret.

'It was a little girl, love,' James said smiling.

James talked a good deal that evening. Margaret feared that he was overexercised by the stimulants that had been freely given. She administered a dose of sedative medicine that had been sent, and then retired behind the bed-curtain, refusing to talk to him any more.

He slept at last. Margaret sat and watched, not taking her eyes from his face. He woke once to see her lie down. She stooped, kissed him softly, and laid her head on the pillow by him till he was again asleep.

The night passed, and he slept on. Margaret dozed for half an hour. When she woke, the light of dawn made the candlelight look sickly. Was it that made the sleeper's face look so much whiter, colder? She let her hand just touch his brow. As she bent over him he groaned slightly. She sprang up to extinguish the flaring, flickering light, and let in the dawn. She poured out brandy ready to give him, as she had been ordered to do if he seemed faint on waking. When she returned with his glass, his eyes were open. He held one hand towards her, the other he pressed upon his breast, and seemed to struggle for breath.

Margaret set down the glass she held, passed an arm round him, and raised his head upon her shoulder.

'Are you suffering?' she asked.

'Unutterable love shone up from his eyes into hers.

'I am dying! Remember me! Be happy—kiss me.'

The words were pronounced with pain.

It was a long, long kiss. The wife never doubted that it was inevitably the last; that this was death. Margaret raised her face from James; she withdrew her arm, laid his head gently on the pillow; she placed his hand in her breast, kept it clasped there, both her own folded over it; she knelt, watching still—watching the holy, happy beauty of a dead face.

She saw that face as the face of an angel: ecstatic calm fell upon her, lay round her; the dead hand in her breast stilled all throb of human grief.

The morning advanced; the night had proved quiet and sultry; the window had remained open. Sounds from the sea, and sounds of early stirrers on the shore, floated into the room where Margaret knelt; nothing disturbed her. That dead hand in her breast numbed her to all things outward; the eyes fixed on the dead face saw visions of angels.

She had knelt there several hours, when, according to his promise, the doctor came. He looked from the face of the dead husband to that of the living wife, turned abruptly from the bed, and walked to the window. Margaret forgot his presence; her eyes returned to the face of the dead. How like in expression hers was to his, the doctor often remembered afterwards.

The child whom James had saved, and its mother, came to the house. Margaret met them as she crossed the hall. At first they approached her hand, but then greeted the woman gently, and led the way into the parlour.

Awe-struck by Margaret's face, 'The good gentle-

man is not very bad, I hope;' the woman gasped out.

As if this woman had been the chief sufferer, she herself only a sympathising friend, Margaret broke the news that her husband had died at dawn, very quietly, having suffered little.

The poor woman, herself a widow, fell on the ground at Margaret's feet; the child, a pretty, timid-looking little thing, stole to its mother's side. Suddenly the mother caught it up and placed it in Margaret's arms.

'Keep her to comfort you; it is the best—it is all I have to give you,' she said, between her sobs.

Margaret kissed the child, and answered: 'It is my husband's child. We are going home to-morrow; you and the child will come with us, unless—Have you a home anywhere? any other children?'

'No, my lady. I am a lace-maker, and go from place to place. I have no home anywhere.'

'You will live with me for the future, then.' Margaret kissed the child again, kissed the brow of the still kneeling woman, put the child down by its mother, and went back to James.

'That is what he wishes me to do,' she said to herself: so it was she always spoke and thought. He wishes: not 'he would have wished.'

It was high-water when she was again alone with her husband. The sea was noisy, so were the children on the beach; many a merry laugh and shrill reached Margaret.

That others were gay while James lay dead, woke no bitterness in her. Those who looked into her eyes wondered at their sweet serenity.

Next day, the widowed wife, the widow-mother, the dead husband, and the child, attended by the girl who had been hired at West Cove, and who would not leave Margaret, journeyed to Sunny-slope. Dr Merton travelled with them, to relieve Margaret of all difficulty. They arrived at evening. The news had gone before them. The first tears Margaret shed were tears of joy, to find herself enclosed in her beloved Clara's arms. She was led to the house by Clara's young husband: they had come to welcome Margaret and James Grant home, to take a farewell of them before they left England.

On the threshold, Margaret paused for the strange woman and the child. She kissed them both, and said: 'Welcome home.' Then all knew who the strangers were.

Next spring found Margaret happy—to be happy was to keep her pact with James. She did not miss him as she would have done had she loved less; she lived with him still—with him and for him. There was no neglect of herself or her home, as in former days of loneliness—both were his. She was not lonely now; she lived eye to eye, spirit to spirit with her husband—his spirit imbued all her plans of life. If not many were 'widows indeed,' as Margaret was, what wonder, when so few are wives indeed?

Margaret's was an active life—she was neither shy nor proud any longer; she could bear repulse and ingratitude. Those ignorant field-workers, whom she had once curbed, were her especial care in life now. James had more than once let fall some words of pity for them, of belief and hope that his Margaret might do some good among them. One after another she won the younger women over to attend their classes, to come to her in their troubles, to look to her for sympathy; she went among them in the fields, and she visited them in their homes.

The poor lace-worker aided her; often unconsciously counselled her. Margaret's extreme pallor—no tinge had returned to her cheek since that night's watching the hall. At first the unchanging serenity of her expression, and the unvarying mildness of her manner, caused a little awe to mingle with the love she inspired, and deepened her influence.
I like to remember that Margaret lives still, making his name more and more known and honoured. I like to know that the children she inspires with love to God and their neighbour, grow into men and women; that the young women whom she softens and purifies, become wives and mothers—that circle evolves beyond circle.

None who knew Margaret before she loved, and who knows her now, will think that James did otherwise than well to link her life to the uncertainty of his.

VESTED INTERESTS.

The ardent M.P., the sanguine vestryman, the enthusiastic member of Boards of Works or Boards of Health, whenever he brings forward his fire-new scheme for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, is sure to find a lion in the path; that lion's name is Vested Interests. An obstinate, turbulent lion this, horrend of mane, and portentous of roar, yet more given to bellow than to bite, and generally with the spirit of compromise beneath his blood-thirsty exterior.

Vested interests are nearly as old as mankind, and quite as old as custom, property, and prejudice. They are remarkable plants, wonderful alike for their mutability, elasticity, and the depth and tenacity of their clinging roots, which seldom fail to find congenial soil in even the rockiest society. The right of private property is the oldest of the genus; but we shall discover, on inspection, that most of those ancient interests which usually receive the time-honoured title of 'vested,' are rather encroachments upon proper property than vested titles paid in legitimate results.

The subjects of the overgrown monarchies of Asia may be said to have had no rights at all before the Koran gave them at once a code and a charter. Certain allotted claims have undoubtedly been recognised, from the time of Nabolsh's vineyard, or of that old Persian woman who refused to sell her hut to Nushirwan the Great, but, as a general rule, the imperial breath was law. A Greek citizen, a civis Romanus, had real and tangible privileges, was safe from the oppression of petty magistrates, and at the worst pitch of fortune could be nearly sure of an honourable death; and in a rougher and looser way, the same rule held good with reference to the freeborn of the great Gothic hive.

In the middle ages, vested interests were threefold—those of the church, those of the towns, and those of the feudal nobility. The privileges of the ecclesiastical orders were, as might be expected, by far the most ample. No statutes of mortmain then interposed between the frightened testator, anxious on his deathbed to buy the church's friendship by the stroke of a pen, and the consort hungering for lands. Exemption from toll and subsidy, freedom from arrest, licences to beg granted to the mendicant friar, an authorised market for parsons, indulgences, and relics more or less authentic, were only a few jewels of the mystic mitre. More important still in a fierce age were the privilege of sanctuary, the right of religious persons to be tried by religious tribunals alone, and the immunity from secular control of clerks ecclesiastic.

The municipal liberties of towns depended on charters signed by emperors, kings, or great nobles, and were obtained in all ways. Sometimes they were bought in fair golden bezants or ringing French crowns, sometimes won in battle, but more frequently they were bribes given to induce the citizens to favour some wish of their superiors. The lord County Guy desire to go to the Holy Land with a train of lances so numerous and well appointed as to throw into the shade and utterly eclipse his old rival and enemy, Duke Homfrey—he could think of nothing better than drawing for cash upon the purses of his heir and loving burgheirs. Did the king determine to raise a mercenary army, and to put down turbulent count and troublesome duke, once and for all—he, too, took a 'benevolence' from his lord and loving burgheirs. And the townsman got parchment and sealing-wax to return for their all and shipped their necks onto the collar of servitude.

As for the mighty feudal pyramid, with the crown for its apex, its vested interests all tended downward. The king's interests were in law, in service, military or civil, paid for their enjoyment, and in the heirs and heireness of the great vassal. Though royalty seemed lavishly generous, and old grants resemble practical jokes with the pepper-corn rents, their July snow-balas, red roses at Christmas, green geese and green rushes, there was sharp claw hidden beneath the velvet of the lion's paw. When County Guy died, leaving no successor but his daughter Sibylla or Joan, majesty assumed, the auctioneer's hammer, and knocked down the downward-dowered damsel to the highest bidder. Sometimes the young lady disliked her liege lord's choice so much as to pay a good round sum for liberty to wed a husband of her own selection, and in either case the royal coffers were filled. A male heir, if a man, paid a year or two's rents as a 'gratification' to the crown; and when the sharp edge of the axe fell on the neck of that attained traitor, Duke Homfrey, the confiscated fief paid tribute was a new favourite had it.

As for the vested interests of the nobles, they were legion. The collaborate liege lord's property was the oldest of the genus; but we shall discover, on inspection, that most of those ancient interests which usually receive the time-honoured title of 'vested,' are rather encroachments upon proper property than vested titles paid in legitimate results.

The rights of the poor and humble were few. The leper, certainly, with his dish and his clapper, seeking alms at the town-gate, and dwelling in dismal columns with other sufferers from his own dread disease, had his privileges. So had the executioner, who inherited the clothes of those on whom he performed the extreme sentence of the law, and who had, as Falstaff quaintly says, no lean wardrobe. So, previous to the Renais sance, had the swarming beggars who shared doles at the convent gates. But the peasantry of Europe had few things that they could call their own.

Time brought changes. The haughty baron's ground between the hate of the king and the hate of the commonalty, as between the stones of a mill, were crushed outright. Some were swallowed into counties, most were destroyed or enfeoffed in one of the great manors, in the royalties they claim, and in the crown-rights of treasure-trove—shadows of a shade.

The rights of the church were not so easily dealt with. Abroad, the old system lingered till 1790, its earth-shaking convulsion. In England, the Federation left many of no better plan than the old one, practice, but any thief or footpad who could write his name could, till the other day, claim benefit of clergy was necessary that each new act of parliament should...
comprise the words ‘without benefit of clergy,’ in speaking of felony. The wager of battle was another judicial anomaly; vassals still were, the abused sanctuaries of London, where knaves and riffraff held garrison, in defiance of the outer world.

But the wealth of the clergy aroused the covetousness of the world; and the issue was the final and last sloop of life. With the same spirit, as the bargain was the final one, and the last of the chausses leaves no successor to sponge upon the estimates.

The most tremendous vested interests with which Britannia has ever had to grapple were those of slaveholders in the British West Indies. It cost twenty millions sterling to overturn that colonial house of bondage. To other European nations, the name of negroes might be free, appeared the maddest Quixotism or the most transparent jugglery of treasure from hand to hand; yet the ransom was paid, with a noble simplicity, as Richard I’s ransom was paid, as Peter’s Pence were paid, and as our country has paid every bill drawn upon her to the uttermost farthing.

Vested interests are not of British growth alone; they flourish abroad, in spite of the revolutions which have mowed them down. Protection, the embodiment of such principles, was, till lately, a keynote of French legislation. Front de Bouc himself could have devised. Only freemen could vote, exercise a calling, or keep a shop, within the walls of the rule of the city, the gains of its traffic were for sons of natives alone. Every vessel of craftsmen had their banners, their chiefs, their by-laws and restrictions, and all combined in keeping down, as an infant race, the country-folk and dwellers in the suburbs.

Some thirty years ago, within the memory of many of us, the crop of vested interests, thin and blighted now in the vicinity and borough. Those were jovial days for the privileged caste who furnished mayor and aldermen, jurt and high-bailiff; jovial days for the select vestry, the exclusive town-council. The commonalty had the little team of the rich knights of an order once feared by all Christendom.

The vested interests whose roots proved the toughest were those of the towns. No mistake could be greater than to estimate the stiff-necked burghers of the dark ages as the champions of popular liberty. They were, in truth, animated by the narrowest spirit; and if they reserved their rights against the encroachments of the great, they made their faces hard as the nether millstone against the poor and helpless. The tyranny of civic law, of guilds, wards, and town meetings, the System of French legislation. Front de Bouc himself could have devised. Only freemen could vote, exercise a calling, or keep a shop, within the walls of the city, the gains of its traffic were for sons of natives alone. Every vessel of craftsmen had their banners, their chiefs, their by-laws and restrictions, and all combined in keeping down, as an infant race, the country-folk and dwellers in the suburbs.

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committees, like sheep through brambles. Older vested interests blocked their path at every turn; coach-owners, landlords of posting inns, alarmists, turnpike-road trustees, peers, squires, squiresmen, and old lads, cried shame upon them. They had to pioneer their way with golden axes, to silence the many-headed Cerberus with costly sops, at what sacrifice of principle they did so, to cover us but too clearly. Even then, when lavish payment became the order of the day, surveyors often did their work in a condition of bodily terror that must have some- where interfered with the due handling of chain and theodolite. They were treated as trespassers, to be hounded off the lands as soon as seen, and had often to shew unwilling agility in leaps over hedge and ditch, pursued by baying dogs and bawling men, John Keeper's cudgel, Hodge's pitchfork, and Squire Western's double-thonged whip.

If Steam, the monstrous breathing dragon, was to exterminate the breed of English horses, with all manner of sports the best of our national qualities, that maddening Typhon, Gas, was to ruin our navy, send our seamen begging through the streets, and subvert the ocean throne of Britannia, which poetical personage was lucidly proved—to the satisfaction of all chandlers and North-sea ship-owners—to thrive on no other diet. Gas and steam merely fought the battle which coal and cotton had fought before them, and which port-trade fought when, to the disgust of the nation, the government of George II. brought it in for the supplanting of French claret, and the profit of our Portuguese allies. Under Mr Gladstone's financial consolship, the battle has been renewed, with clare for the assiduous, and certain fiery cordials, most of which were innocent of a Peninsula origin, for the vested interests attacked. The brewers' interests, the honest hand, the laudably paraded before the country at large, as were those of furriers and trappers when silk hats took the place of beaver, or when the hunting interest was supposed to fight against innovating caps, and green ginger-wine resisted the French treaty of commerce.

When hackney-coaches first plied for hire at Bath, they were pelted and upset by the chairmen, jealous of their interests, and terrors that wheeled carriages should compete with the sedan; the twopenny-post, the parcel-delivery companies, created riots among the postmen of the period; and the illegal combinations to break stock-keeping-frames, mules, jeannies, and steam-thrashing-machines, are matters of history. Machinery, labour's most faithful ally, has had to endure much violence and contumely from its suspicious partner. The popular accusation against any given inventor was, that he was bent on taking 'bread out of the mouths' of myriad who now have come to bless his name. Very tenacious was that vested interest which was presumed to give each British voter a right to the money-value of his vote. The parliamentary franchise was once reckoned as an integral source of income, and potwalloper, freeman, scot and lot voters, long-shoremen, and other mysteriously named individuals, thought themselves robbed when their sweet voices did not produce a round dozen of guineas. More curious still were the pocket-portfolios of pre-reforming days—that fair white mansion of Gatten, smiling out from its green park on the South-eastern line, the monstrosity wall at Old Sarum, the west-country Oaktree, each of which returned as many members as a cathedral city or seaport. Even yet, the old system lingers, and elections are carried on more decorously, not much more honestly, than when Castlereagh was consul. Umbrellas had an order of persecution to undergo. The vested interests of the hackney-coachmen were up in arms against the innovation. In winter, females of humble rank were allowed to carry such gingham shelters from the storm; but in summer the indulgence ceased, and the London jarveys, and their friends the mob, jeered, hustled, and pelted the rash adventurer who dared to clack a wetting in so shabby a manner. Jonas Hanway, a man of nerve and a general favourite, resolved to 'bell the cat'; but even his popularity with the London idlers did not protect him, and he bore his umbrella as he had been a hostile standard, under a heavy fire of pebbles, mud, cabbage-stalks, and dead kittens, which would have dismayed a less resolute character.

That umbrellas triumphed, we know, but it is certain that thousands of coachmen thought themselves swindled by the device.

Vails to servants, piqueniques, Christmas-boxes to postmen, visits, original ballads, and the acolytes of baker and butcher, are vested interests that cling to life like so many polyypes, two heads bursting forth when one is cut off. It was but the other day that guard and stage-coachman creved 'remembrance' at our hands; and now the railway-porter who halts a cab for us, who inquires after our luggage with affectation anxiety, and who is 'strictly forbidden to accept gratuities,' has a vested interest in our loose silver. But the other day, the traveller went down the hotel stairs to depart, waylaid by licensed footpads at each other's dict with no other dict, and found Chambermaid on the step. Waiter on the second landing, and Boots in possession of the door-mat. Attendance is now charged in the bill, but the customer understands the minst eloquence of eyes, he will discover that his largess is looked for as of yore.

This is but a sketch, a fragmentary view of a little mucilaginous subject, on which music ought to be written; and if there be a moral contained in it, it is, that the public should be very wary of permitting the growth of a vested interest. The germ once planted, it may in the end grow to an incalculable size, and grapple with the giant that springs from so insignificant a beginning.

WAR IN PEACE-TIME.

Shortly after the conclusion of the last American war, I was stationed at Sims' Fort, a small isolated blockhouse near the head of the Huron, which had been established to hold in check the neighbouring American post of Michela Mackinac. But though peace had been proclaimed between the contending powers, and thankfully received and ratified by all the white inhabitants, the authorities were powerless to compel the wild tribes of Indians, who had been employed during the war, to bury the hatchet, and smite the calumet of peace with those against whom their evil passions had been so fiercely aroused. On the contrary, the very attempt to suppress them, like oil poured on fire, seemed but to increase their strength, and in the shelter of their native woods they danced anew the war-dance, and sharpening their knives and tomahawks afores, swooped down on secluded farmhouses and solitary posts like packs of howling wolves.

Our little stronghold was a favourite point of attack. The vast forests around us afforded space and food for the hordes of dusky foes who swarmed within their shelter, and who watched us with the unslocking vigilance of their race; so that each tree we hewed, each deer we shot, was done by armed parties at the peril of their lives. Meanwhile, stealthy bands were lurking around the post, seeking to discover some weak point in our defences, or to detect some unguarded moment among ourselves; and when both endeavours failed, they came rushing in yelling hundreds against our palisades, hoping to overcome us by force of
numbers, and were only driven back at the cost of brave lives we ill could spare. It was indeed a troublesome time. Again and again were these attempts repeated, until our slender garrison numbered scarce a dozen, and there was no hope of rescue from without—for the Indians lay in a broad belt around us—no messenger could penetrate to tell our needs to the unsuspecting colony; no canoes could venture upon the lake, even in the dead of night, but a hostile fleet would rush out to intercept her.

Such was our hazardous position when the long and rigorous winter of the north, with its deep snows and biting frosts, burst over us, finding us short of fuel, short of food, of ammunition, and, saddled of all, of hands to use it. It was a depressing condition, and as time passed on, and our unprovoked adversaries continued to increase, we began to foresee that a fearful doom was awaiting not only ourselves, but the hapless women and children, who shared our hardships, and must eventually share our fate. All that was left was to defend our citadel to the uttermost; and many a time during the days of that terrible league, as we watched from behind our loopholes the stir among those savage legions, and the night fell on the boom of the Indian drum, and the shrill of the warwhoop, we did not think that the morning would find us alive. Each man indeed of our little band fought like a hero, and each attack was successfully repulsed, but with every conflict our powder waxed lower, until at length our last shot was fired.

Meanwhile mid-winter drew near, bringing with it the wildest weather. One day the fiercest storm which had raged that season swept over the land. The wind howled through the leafless forest, like the spirit of desolation, at intervals-dashing down some ancient trees in a resounding crash. The snow swept by us in whirling columns, that blinded our eyes, and the intense cold penetrated every cranny of our badly-joined and ill-warmed blockhouse, and almost froze us at the loopholes where we still held our all but useless watch.

The raging of the storm swelled above the din of the Indian camp, and we almost hoped its violence would keep them within their wigwams, when, suddenly, in the gathering darkness, a dozen long flashes of light shot through the rushing maz of snow, right over our heads.

'Is it not lightning?' said the youngest among us.

'It is a flight of burning arrows!' cried our brave old captain. 'They are firing the blockhouse!' and followed by half the party, he rushed to the upper floor, to assure himself that no arrows were quivering among our timbers.

The next moment a triumphal yell, loud as if from a thousand throats, burst from our unseen enemy, as a red light darted up past our loopholes, and the dense smoke of brushwood came pouring through them. The burning arrows were but a faint to distract our attention while they fired our refuge from below, and, to our horror, we could perceive in the ruddy glare that the fagots were piled high around our walls, which time and the intense heats of summer had rendered dry as touchwood. For the hundredth time that winter we arraigned the inhuman custom of employing savage allies, who, now that war was over, subjected us to its worst horrors. But there was not a moment to be lost, and every man and woman in the building rushed down to the basement, into which a covered trench led from the lake, and water was thrown freely on the conflagration.

It soon appeared, however, that some combustible must have been mingled with the brushwood, for the flames but hissed and sparkled beneath of the descending torrents, and then rose higher than before. Higher, and still higher, fiercer and stronger, despite our utmost efforts, until the fire had obtained a firm hold upon the building, leaping in tongues of flickering flame, that seemed to lick our devoted walls, roaring and crackling as they mounted upwards, until we could hear them roaring in a lurid revelry upon the roof, while the thick juniper smoke, with its overpowering fragrance, filled every chamber to suffocation, and the so lately indomitable blockhouse almost smothered us as we stood.

It was too evident that our habitation was doomed—nothing could save it, nor, as it seemed, ourselves against the fate which made it our funeral pyre. As a last refuge from the overwhelming heat and smoke, we descended to the basement, though the roaring of the flames above our heads, and the crashing of timbers as the upper floors began to crumble and fall, warned us that the end was close at hand. Then friends grasped each other's hands in a last farewell; and men held to their aching hearts the trembling dear ones to save, powerless to sustain. None but ourselves can know the anguish of that moment; and as if to add another pang to our sufferings, above the howling of the storm, and the crackling of the flames, rose the fierce yells and whoops of our victorious foes.

Suddenly a voice broke the despairing silence.

'Let us try the trench.'

The words were like a galvanic shock infusing new life. For though the attempt proposed was beset with many difficulties, though the result was more than doubtful, and might lead to death, still it held out a chance of rescue from a most horrible death. With an eager shout men seized the nearest pickaxes, and in a few minutes the well-end of the trench was laid bare, discovering a pointed aqueduct some five feet high, half filled with water frozen over.

Along this passage we resolved to try our fortune; sending ahead our axemen to clear the outer end—which debouched upon the lake—of the logs and brush concealing it from view, we crept on hands and knees into the narrow tunnel.

Our escape was not too soon, for as I entered last, the blockhouse fell with a sudden crash, grazing me with the splintered rafters, and blocking up the entrance to the trench, while we were almost stifled by the rush of smoke which swept through as though it had been a funnel. As we crept slowly on, in doubt and darkness, and thick smoke, grasped by the rugged timbers, and torn by the depending icicles, I many times thought we should not live to reach the outlet, and that we had but exchanged one death for another. But with bent heads and closed lips we held on, battling sturdily for life; even the little ones without a murmur grooping along the frozen way, until at length the opening was gained, the last barrier broken, and we issued in safety out upon the ice, though we knew not what fate to meet.

Never shall I forget the scene which met our eyes. It was as though they had opened on a world of fire. Flames were everywhere; roaring and heaving before us in burning waves up to the lurid sky, rolling in fiery surges almost to our feet; while the snow and ice flashed crimson in the universal radiance, and the passing snow-flakes glistened like gems as they fitted by. The fire had caught the woods, and it was already sweeping onward like a burning deluge; for though the snow lay on the ground, the storm had swept it from the leafless branches, while the trees not having yet risen, the trees were at the dryest. The vengeance of our ruthless assailants had reverted
on their own heads, and we could hear, above the tumult of the fire, the affrighted shrieks and yells of the incendiaries as they fled before the swiftly-pursuing flames.

The Indian leader was ended, but well-nigh as terrible a foe remained in the conflagration they had kindled; which, as morning broke and the storm passed, we could see spreading as far as the eye could reach. Leaping wildly from tree to tree, clothing them in a garb brighter than their autumnal foliage; then, split asunder, leaving their lofty trunks a wilderness of giant torches, which would blaze for days.

Silently we stood upon the ice gazing on the fiery landscape, with the bleak wind piercing us through, until we shivered, despite the neighbourhood of the flames, and though deeply thankful to be spared, weary, helpless, and well-nigh overwhelmed by our utter desolation. Nothing, indeed, could exceed our wretchedness, for we were hundreds of miles distant from our nearest countrymen, and the burning land before us could neither afford shelter to our children’s heads, nor food to assuage the hunger which already made them wail. Nor was there better prospect for the future, since all the game the woods contained had either fled or perished in the flames; and though the lake abounded with fish, and though we had axes to cut through the ice, we had neither hooks nor spears to capture its treasures.

The only scheme our despair could devise was to travel on the ice along the shore, in the hope that ere long some considerable river might check the progress of the fire, and that, beyond, reach of its ravages we might, by the help of our axes, be able to sustain life in the bush until spring came on, when our countrymen might discover our retreat. It was an unprofitable plan, but we had no other resource, and at once we set forth upon our melancholy pilgrimage, travelling on the strip of ice between the burning forest and the open lake, which beamed blue and cheery in the sunlight. But that tumultuous sea of fire, in all its fearsome splendour, stretched unbrokenly before us, mounting hills and leaping water-courses in its resistless fury, until we almost despaired. When night overtook us, the only place of repose we could discover was a nook among the lake-side rocks, which sheltered us from the wintry blast; and we were thankful for a solitary log found stranded on the ice to divide among the little ones.

Had not the fire tempered the air, I doubt whether any of us would have lived until morning; as it was, we suffered greatly, and our stiffened and weary limbs were scarce able to bear us on our way. But it was our only chance, and we again boiled on, the lighter and more enduring women appearing to suffer less than we did. On the third day we could go no further. What our Indian foes had begun, cold and exhaustion had completed; and after all our struggles, we lay quietly down to die in a cave beside the lake. There was neither weeping nor wailing now. Children lay scarcely conscious on their parents’ knees; and hand in hand, husbands and wives awaited the coming visitant, who would relieve them of all their sufferings.

Our last night seemed closing in, when, above the still continuous roar of the flames, rose a shout of white men, and the next moment a party appeared before the cave. They were Americans from Michela Mackinae, where the heavy cloud of smoke along the northern shore had awakened fears for the British post, and our former enemies had nobly despatched a bateau across the lake to rescue us if needful; the crew, finding the blockhouse burned, had tracked us across the ice, and overtaken us just in time to save our lives.

The next day we arrived at Mackinae, more dead than alive; and though we received every kindness, it was long ere we recovered the effects of our recent hardships and exposure, or ceased to remember with horror the incidents of that siege we had undergone in peace-time.

* * *

EVEN'TIDE.

Do you remember the calm evening-time,
The worn old seat beneath the cherry-tree,
The double blossoms in their spotless prime,
The irised stem rich in green filigree,
The thoughts and fancies of those pleasant hours,
The ceaseless flow of earnest, simple talk,
The prim Dutch beds, the stiff, gay tulip-flowers,
The well-rolled gravel of the garden-walk,
The broken sentence, when the song of love,
Bursting from shrubs when every leaf was still,
And the slim nightingale our heads above,
Stirred both our hearts with pleasure at his trill?

Do you remember, in those early years.
ERE yet our child could lip a parent’s name.
The wondering hopes, the but half-uttered fears,
The doubts expressed about a life of fame?

What breath of praise could half that pleasure give
In those reflective moments we enjoyed?

What deeds could in our memories ever live
From sorrow free, with grief so unlaid?

Do you remember, as the daylight fell
From the red concave of the glowing sky,
We listened to the stray sheep’s tinkling bell,
And watched the wood-doves pass us homeward fly?

Do you remember the deep drowsy pool,
Wherein were seen the elm-trees sharp and clear,
Which seemed so real, with their shadows cool,
We fancied in their stillness we could hear
A bird’s fond chuckling to his busy mate,
Amid their branches, at the tranquil time.

When, in sublunary converse straying late,
The evening long had passed its ruddy prime?

Thus, in shine eyes reflected, I behold
The love that beams so ardently from mine,
And almost hear there, whisperings as of old,
Like some sweet bird, with voice subdued and fine.

VULGARITY.

There are two kinds of vulgarity, often confounded
With each other—vulgarity of manners and vulgarity of mind. The former is the accident of circumstances, and may be done away with by influences of the opposite kind. The latter, being inherent, can only be at the most glazed over by acquired habits of politeness, but never extinguished, or even much abated.

DEGENE'RACY OF BOOKS IN REPRINTING.

It is the fate of some books to degenerate after the death of their authors. The first edition of 'William's Heraltiy' is said to be by far the best, 'the rest having been almost spoilt, by ignorant persons taking care of it.'—Harriete.

All communications to be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

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THE SELF-ACCUSED WITCH.

The province of Dalarna, or Dalecarlia, as southern nations call it, was known in old times as the right arm of Sweden, not only on account of its mines of copper and iron, but also for its high-spirited and independent peasantry, whom no feudal baron might oppress, and no foreign foe invade with impunity. Their weight thrown into the scale in times of civil strife, was generally sufficient to turn it in favour of their chosen prince or party. They had mainly helped Gustavus Vasa, first in freeing the land from the Danish yoke, and secondly in planting the Reformation and the Lutheran ritual firmly among its people. Stanch Lutherans and stout-hearted Swedes, the Dalecarlian peasants remain to this day; neither the wealth of the mines nor the spirit of the peasantry has been worked away in that out-of-the-world province. The strife between it and its neighbour Norway has burned out long ago, though it was the longest-lived of Europe’s border-wars; so has the epidemical dread of witchcraft, though its latest returns were among those hardly northern men; and the following tale, which occurred in the last of them, and proved its complete cure, is as well authenticated as Swedish records and state papers can make it.

While Queen Christina was reigning at Stockholm, patronising science, corresponding with half the learned men of Europe, and with no thought of abdication, or turning Catholic, that her subjects were aware of, Dame Elean Ketler was also reigning over her own gaud; that is to say, farmhouse and steading, and over the village of Karlscopen, conducting its gossip, supervising its manners and morals, and firmly intending never to abdicate at all. The village of Karlscopen consisted of six gards beside her own, scattered along a narrow valley, which was sheltered on the north by an old pine-forest, and opening on the south to far-stretching upland pastures, which the short Swedish summer covered with grass and juniper-bushes. The bond, or peasants, who lived there were all well to do in their station; had cows and sheep, oxen and old-fashioned ploughs, with which they tilled their farms, and got good crops of barley, rye, and turnips. The men of the valley were reckoned good farmers; the women were notable cheese and sausage makers, spinners of wool and flax, bakers of barley-bread, and brewers of beer; but over them and over all their works and ways, Dame Elean Ketler reigned and ruled without a rival or a gain-sayer. It was true that Dame Elean had a husband, but honest Hans had been brought into subjection during the course of the honeymoon, and having now borne the yoke for fifteen years, was too well broken in to be of any account, except in performing the duties she commanded. It was true that Dame Elean had one son and two daughters, but they had been early taught to venerate their mother’s wisdom, and acknowledge her indisputable authority. So Dame Elean reigned over family, house, and farm; and, in right of that rule, over the families, houses, and farms of the village too. The Ketlers had constituted, time immemorial, the rank and fashion of Karlscopen; their farm was the largest and most fertile, their stock of cattle and sheep was the best, their gaud was the oldest in all the village. Ketlers had lived there before the Vasa’s time; sons of theirs in the preceding generation had marched to Germany with the great Gustavus, and brought back spoils of silver cups and silk curtains, their gain from the Thirty Years’ War. In short, they were the chins, the cream, and the flower of the valley; and having talents equal to her position—for in spinning, brewing, and sausage-making, Dame Elean could give the most accomplished of her neighbours lessons—the spouse, and decidedly better-half of Hans Ketler took the lead, and kept it. Moreover, what does not generally happen to chiefs and leaders anywhere, was the case with her; Dame Elean was satisfied with her own government at home and abroad. The house prospered under her management; it was strict and prudent, at times approaching the borders of stinginess; so the Ketlers grew rich. The neighbours with one consent acknowledged her superiority in everything; Hans went in the way she chalked out for him; son and daughters followed his dust-like example; the linen, the beer, and the sausages turned out well; yet, as all human felicity is found to have some drawback, there was one to Dame Elean’s abundant share of it—for she could never rear a calf.

The offspring of her cows, numerous as they were every summer, died after a few days, or at best a few weeks’ trial of life. Old and censorious people—there were such even in Karlscopen—ventured to whisper by their own freisides that the dame skimmed the milk her calves had, too closely. Her own account of the matter was, that she had tried every method a sensible woman could think
of, but it was all of no use, not a calf would live; and when particularly exasperated on the subject, the dame was in the habit of hinting that there might have been a disorder amongst the heifers. Mother-in-law, with whom she had never been on good terms, and was not yet, though the grass of ten summers had grown about the old woman’s head. There is no one in the village who is so superstitious as Dame Elean. She was spinning in her farmhouse porch one warm afternoon in the middle of July, a season when there is long day and little night in Dalarna, when nuts grow brown in the forest, and grain yellow in the fields under twenty hours of sunshine, and every hand is busy getting in the various crops of the year, which come all at once to ripeness. Her husband and son were in the field with the reapers, cutting down the barley; her daughters and maids were making hay in the meadow; and she sat there alone, turning her wheel with a slow, steady hum, and musing on that one black spot in the general whiteness of her days. The population of Dame Elean’s cow-house had been increased that same week by two calves, but one of them had died on the preceding day, and the other seemed about to follow its example. It was very hard that all the Kellers’ cows were henceforth to be strangers, not reared on the farm; very unlucky, the dame thought; all Karlsepen were remarking the fact; who knew what they might say about it? It was certainly no credit to the family. She would have given anything to have that blot on their escutcheon of honour washed away; but the dame was at her wit’s end, and her recollections, as usual, went back to the long-deceased mother-in-law.

Suddenly, the deep stillness of the village street, which lay bare under the breathless air and downward-sloping sun, was broken by a coming step, and looking up, the dame saw what was not common in Karlsepen, the face of a stranger. He was a tall young man, somewhat lank and thin, as if his fare had not been of the best; his black-clothe gown and cap were worn threadbare, dusty and travel-soiled, but in the fashion of the time; they proclaimed him to be a young deacon or candidate for the Lutheran ministry, who, having finished his course at the university, was employed on what might be called the outlying business of the church, catechising the young, visiting the sick, and looking after the state of morals in remote and out-of-the-way villages. These duties on those days were often the poor scholars of Sweden, known to be college-bred, and therefore in high esteem among the north-craic farmers, who, far enough themselves, have always respected learning; known also to be poor, and therefore ready to accept, or rather to expect, hospitable entertainment. Thus Dame Elean was not surprised when the stranger stopped at her porch with ‘Good-day, mother. Have you a drop of skim-milk, or small beer, or even a cup of springwater to spare a thirsty traveller?’ ‘Come in, sir,’ said the dame.

Proudly though she was, the Kellers’ house was not to be disgraced by stingy behaviour to a deacon. The traveller was courteously invited into the family-room, established in the best seat – a huge arm-chair, ornamented with quaint carvings, and fixed hard by the hearth, on which the wood-fire burned low that summer-day. There he was served with the best of her new cheese, barley-bread, and home-brewed ale; and as the good-manners of Dalarna required, Dame Elean brought in her spinning-wheel, and sat down opposite to enjoy his repast with her conversation. Its chief subjects were of course Karlsepen and the Kellers. The deacon inquired kindly after the whole village; Dame Elean, being the head woman, was able to give him a good account of them, including the latest news. His chief interest was the substantial supper which closes the harvest-day in Sweden. Now, Roskin’s tongue was a weapon which even her managing mistress could not keep in order, and she had an eye keen enough to match;
news-telling and gossip-carrying were her delights. If the doughty dame saw a paper, the secret must be known to all Karlsöpen. In flew Dame Elean with: 'O sir, for goodness' sake, stop; there's Roskin coming.' But the maid had observed her mistress before, and known, that vapors, with cold wind, increased her speed. She was already on the threshold when the deacon folded up the paper he had been writing, sealed it with black wax, and the impression of a ring, before she set upon her pocket-book, and whispered: 'Come out with me, and I will tell you what to do.' Out went the stranger, and out went Dame Elean, to the great amazement of her maid, who got a browning order to make up the fire, and get on the soup-pot instantly. Roskin saw them walk away to the corner of the cow-house, where they stood for a minute or two, while the stranger whispered something to her mistress, gave something into her right hand, took something from her left, appeared to bid her a civil good-by, and marched rapidly down the village street. The dame stood looking after him, then looked at her own right hand, passed what it contained under her kirvle, came back to the house, she could not get the supper ready, with a long account of the caftaching and good counsels which the picous young deacon had given her. It was repeated with variations and enjoyed, and enjoyed, when they came in from work, and to all her neighbours in turn. Indeed, it was thought Dame Elean made rather too much of the subject. 'One would think a deacon had never come to a house in Karlsöpen before,' remarked the most censorious, of course very privately; but all the Kelters were edified, except Roskin, who never could find out, and dared not inquire what had been given and taken at once over; the poorest cottage in Karlsöpen was above to receive her laws; the farm-servants took part with her daughter-in-law; the boys called her 'Mother Miser,' and Hams's wife, after vainly attempting to make out what the visitors wanted, and claiming share of their presents, averred that there must be something particularly had transacted in her mother-in-law's end of the farmhouse.

So the twenty years ran to their close, and as that came on, there came over all Dalarné, whence or how no man could tell, for who can trace out the spring of Roskin's ghost, or the sources of the witchcraft, a fragment of the general discovery of witches in every quarter. The strange sufferings and troubles of the people in consequence would fill a volume of its own, the last recurrences, all her neighbours remarked that Dame Elean's calves lived and prospered, till her success in rearing them became as notable throughout the country as her failure had been before. In a land of such long hard winters, where cattle are so valuable, no success could be more envied or sought after; and how it got abroad nobody could tell, but strangers began to arrive from distant villages and outlying farms with the kindest inquiries after Dame Elean Kelter, and generally bringing presents in their hands. They came and they went, to the wonder of Karlsöpen; and as the nearest neighbours are the last to make any signal discovery, they puzzled themselves over the fact to no purpose. Whatever influence brought the visitors and presents to her house, it was Dame Elean's policy to keep them in the dark; and as the cup of her prosperity was now full, and the black spot washed out, she reigned over them with more absolute sway than ever.

Full cups and absolute sway are apt to grow empty and limited in the course of twenty years. That space of time brought great revolutions to many a land in the latter half of the seventeenth century: Bolland and out of his kingdom; Sweden lost her Queen Christina, and got two successive kings instead; and Dalarné got a duke of her own; but nobody, who contemplated it, thought for the present, and made a deal out of its mines. There were revolutions in the Kelter farmhouse, too, quite as important to its inhabitants, though they came more slowly and without the desecration of the secretaries, and got the promised linen; honest Hans went to reside beside his oft-accused mother in the village churchyard; Hans the younger reigned or misrigned Duke Charles refused to sign manifesto to his king's death, he brought home a wife, as soon as convenient, to manage the house and him. His mother might have been thought sufficient for that business. She did not entirely approve of the match; it was the one thing in which Hans the second had gone against her mind. Her daughter-in-law was aware of that, and being a woman of the same spirit, open war was declared between them before the wedding festivities were fairly over. The dame set up her camp in one end of the farmhouse, which she claimed as her jointure, by the ancient laws of the province: her share of the cow-house and granary had to be portioned off the rest, her part of the farm-fields fenced in; but the rival queens contrived to have encounters nevertheless, concerning which the whole village asked with considerable astonishment, How Hans could live through the perpetual brol.

Making war on one's daughter-in-law, and receiving visitors on errands not to be explained, however well watched they may be, are not apt to improve one's temper or repute. The once thrifty, high-handed, and outspoken dame had become anxious and uneasy old woman; her prudence had narrowed into perfect parsimony, though she was known to be the richest dowager in Karlsöpen. Besides her part of the farmhouse, stock, and land, nearly in the village she could boast of so much fine linen, or so many silver spoons, rings, and buckles, mostly paid in tribute by those far-coming visitors. But Dame Elean's reign did not entirely suppress the match; it was the case discussed.

It could not be expected that the maid would keep such a problem for her private meditation. All the houses in the village heard, and she was ordered to solve it with conjectures more or less charitable; but as they also stood in awe of Dame Elean, no inquiries could be ventured on. If honest Hans ever got an inkling, he was a well-managed husband, and jealousy is not the failing of the hardy northern men. Besides, the young deacon never again made his appearance in Karlsöpen, and the one eye-witness, Roskin, got a good deal of whisky, and a peasant living in a distant village. The tale of the cow-house corner died out, or was kept alive only by tene- rity and the return of the same recurrences, all her neighbours remarked that Dame Elean's calves lived and prospered, till her success in rearing them became as notable throughout the country as her failure had been before. In a land of such long hard winters, where cattle are so valuable, no success could be more envied or sought after; and how it got abroad nobody could tell, but strangers began to arrive from distant villages and outlying farms with the kindest inquiries after Dame Elean Kelter, and generally bringing presents in their hands. They came and they went, to the wonder of Karlsöpen; and as the nearest neighbours are the last to make any signal discovery, they puzzled themselves over the fact to no purpose. Whatever influence brought the visitors and presents to her house, it was Dame Elean's policy to keep them in the dark; and as the cup of her prosperity was now full, and the black spot washed out, she reigned over them with more absolute sway than ever.

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In a battle of more than common fierceness, Dame Elsan’s daughter-in-law, seeing that no share of the presents was to be had, launched forth in a denunciation of her husband’s mother; declaring her conviction that the daughter-in-law was a witch; that she had seen her, at uncountable times and places, gathering hemlock, and otherwise singularly employed; and triumphantly referred to the unexplained visits at the doors of her acquaintance. The neighbours heard the charge, they had also heard the tales of witchcraft from distant villages; Roskin’s observations turned up in the old people’s memories. The dame was cross, unpopular, and given to hidden ways; at any rate, the visitors and the presents were undeniable. Sundry girls and boys immediately began to assert that she had been endeavouring to seduce them to Blakulla; some had discovered her in the shape of a black cat; some had seen her preparing to mount a broomstick; and some had escaped her spells only by boring a horse-shoe, and carrying sprigs of the mountain-ash about them. These informations were given to the authorities, and Dame Elsan was arrested at her spinning wheel. To the surprise of everybody, she attempted no denial, no defence, but allowed herself to be conducted to prison in Skara, the nearest town, which, being the see of a bishop and the seat of a provincial court, was the scene of many a witch’s trial, the Lutheran bishops having a special cognizance of such cases. The episcopal crosser was at that time wielded by a scion of the Svedberg family, newly promoted to the see, but known to be a conscientious and zealous bishop. His preternatural speech was said to have been owing to his praying before Duke Charles against the sins of the times, particularly the blacks and dreadful one of witchcraft, which he averred had been permitted to overspread the land on account of its giving way to foreign fashions and luxuries. The bishop had come into his diocese with a publicly expressed determination to war against, and, if possible, root out that peculiar service of Satan, and Dame Elsan Ketler was the first name on the list of those to be tried before him. Her position in Karlscop, her respectable life and connections, and the mystery which had puzzled her neighbourhood for so many years, drew a great concourse to the court on her trial-day.

The court-house was full of men, women, and children, all breathless and eager with ears and eyes. The bishop in his robes, with clerks and assessors, took the seat of judgment, and the dame was brought to the bar.

‘My lord,’ she said, in reply to his first question, ‘I am guilty; put yourself to no more trouble with me. I acknowledge that I have practised witchcraft for twenty years bygone, and deserve to die. But oh, my lord, is there any chance of mercy for my poor soul?’

‘Confess your crimes, woman,’ said the good bishop. ‘I will give you time to repent and pray, and no truly repentant sinner shall be lost.’

‘I confess, my lord,’ said Dame Elsan, falling on her knees, ‘though I have never gone to Blakulla, nor carried away any child, yet I have practised witchcraft by means of a charm which was given me by a travelling decan twenty years ago, when my mind was troubled concerning the calves that died from me; and it is sewed under the lining of my right-foot shoe.’

‘Take it out immediately, and shew it to me,’ said the bishop, looking as if a sudden recollection had struck him. The dame took off her shoe, ripped the lining, and produced out of the lining, out of which she took a small closely folded note sealed with black wax. The bishop took it, broke the seal, read it, and looked up like one found guilty himself.

‘What did the decan bid you do with your calves when he gave you this charm?’ he demanded.

‘He bade me give them four pints of milk that never saw water or skimmer, in a beechwood pail, after sunrise, at high noon, and before sunset, in the name of Mantecora,’ said Dame Elsan—’to keep the convulsion of your right foot and strike every cattle three times with it before nightfall.’

‘And have you done so?’ inquired the bishop.

‘I have, my lord, sinner that I am,’ replied the dame; ‘and also made much wicked profit by lending the charm to people far and near when their calves were in danger.’

‘Well, my good woman, rise from your knees, for it is my turn to confess now, and listen all you that can hear,’ said the bishop. ‘This paper is no charm, but a foolish rhyme which I wrote—to my shame be it spoken—when a travelling decan in the village of Karlscopan. I chanced to call at this good woman’s house; she hospitably entertained me, told me her troubles concerning the death of her calves, and finding that she was ignorant enough to take me for one skilled in magic, because I had studied at Upsala, I took a present of five dollars from her, because my purse happened to be empty at the time, advised her to give the calves good milk in a mysterious manner, and wrote on this paper:

The calf may be white, the calf may be red,
And if it is not living, it must be dead.

This nonsense the poor woman has carried in her right-foot shoe, believing herself to be doing wonders with it; for myself I might have been executed on my own confession for the crime of witchcraft, through my foolish and inconsiderate frolic.’

It was said there was nobody in all the court-house more difficult to convince of her innocence than the unlucky dame; but being at length persuaded by the arguments and exhortations of the bishop, she went home satisfied that she was no witch, and, together with the daughter-in-law who had brought her to trial, led a more peacable life afterwards. As for the bishop, he discovered through that incident that the black and dreadful sin of witchcraft was not so real a thing as in his clerical zeal he had imagined, and his exertions were henceforth combined with those of a noble lady, far in advance of his time, the Countess de la Gardie, to put down the persecution of witches. It has been already said that the tale is authentic; and English readers may be interested in knowing that the bishop who played such an important part in it was the father of Swedenborg, the seer of so many visions, and the founder of a widely spread sect.

The Fortunes of Flax.

Flax has been called an age of revivals. We have had revivals in the church and in the theatre, in fashions and in arts. The hoofs of our great-grandmothers have been resounded, and if one may believe certain rumours from across the Channel, powder and patches are not far off. Gothic architecture, not merely in its ecclesiastical, but in its secular forms, has returned to favour. Many of the lost secrets of the dyer, glass-stainer, enameller, and fresco-painter have been recovered, and those crafts and mysteries have again become popular. Indeed, to such an extent has revivalism been carried, that a learned French gentleman, M. Fournier, has written several volumes to prove that everything was well or finding, or finding out, has been said, done, or found out already; and that, in short, the so-called ‘novelties’ of modern days are only a series of grand, unconscious plagiarisms from the work of the ancients. However this may be, it is probable that we are about to witness the revival of an ancient industry which belongs both to agriculture and to manufactures. It is evident that among other sources of relief to which our textile manufacturers must turn in the present crisis, is the production of flax. Once
upon a time, of course, the plant was cultivated in almost every part of the kingdom, and home-spun linen entered largely into the clothing of the people; but during the last century, it declined before the growing eminency of cotton. The manufacturers thought it was easier and more profitable to devote themselves to cotton; and the farmers, engrossed with the culture of the Empire of stock, refused a willing ear to calamities upon poor flax. An agricultural prejudice against it, as old as the Georgics, gained strength. The farmers, one and all, declared that it was too exhausting a crop, and that if they once admitted it upon their acres, it would be yeas before the soil recovered its productive powers. In farm-leases, the cultivation of flax was often placed under a positive ban, which, however, the tenant felt no desire to transgress. Another drawback to the cultivation of the plant was, that before it could be taken to market it had to pass through certain preliminary stages of manufacture, which once formed one of the regular employments of the farm, but were found to be unprofitable when handicraft was brought into competition with machinery. Under these various discouragements, flax has fallen into neglect in the United Kingdom; and even in these days of railway travelling, when the most home-biding amongst us at least as much as two or three journeys a year through the country, ninety-nine men out of a hundred have never set eyes on a field of flax—the prettiest of crops, a waving mass of bright green leaves and bright blue flowers, growing almost as high as wheat.

The agricultural objection to flax, science, which stands as aThreads amongst us, at least as early as the year 1788, believed that flax was the plant from which the linen used in the factories was obtained, and that the flax was superior to cotton for all purposes for which the latter is employed, and therefore ought to supersede it, as well on this account, as being an indigenous plant, for the supply of which Europe might remain independent of war or slavery. In the year 1815, the French government, which had recommended the cultivation of flax for use in war, not only on account of its value as a material, but also because it would augment the food supply of the people, and thereby strengthen the national power, was the result of the Napoleonic wars, and the desire to diminish the export of grain, which had been so much in demand during the war. The cultivation of flax was encouraged by the government, and the results were encouraging. In 1816, the flax crop in France was estimated at 16,000,000 bushels, and the flax seed at 4,000,000 bushels. The flax was used for the manufacture of linen and hessian, and was also exported to other countries, particularly to England. The flax was also used for the production of flaxseed oil, which was valuable as a fertilizer.
consigned to a madhouse. In that dismal asylum, we understand, he still remains.

And now a word as to the process of manufacture. The stalks are cut with fifty thousand of a wooden cutter, called the shive or boon, and an external fibre; and the difficulty has always been to divorce these two substances so as to leave the latter sound, soft, and lucid. The old method of accomplishing this was by 'retting,' that is, steeping the stalks in stagnant ponds, or spreading them over meadows, so as to expose them to the action of the dew and rain. The decomposition thus produced dissolved the glutinous matter which bound together the core and the fibre, and left them free to separate when the wooden-bladed 'skutter' was applied. This process, however, was tedious, uncertain, and imperfect. Several modern substitutes for, or modifications of, the 'retting' system have been proposed. Mr R. B. Schenck discovered that a large percentage of fibre may be obtained in good condition, and with great certainty, by steeping the stalks in water heated artificially to the temperature required to produce fermentation. The Chevalier Clausen gets rid of the core and the gum by soaking the flax in a series of chemical solutions and repeated maceration. He thus produces a substance called 'flaxula' or flax-cotton, which presents a close resemblance to cotton, and can be woven with wool into stuffs of superior quality. Only a very slight alteration in the cotton-machinery is said to be necessary in order to work this new material, and under present circumstances, it is surely worth a trial. What is now wanted is, that some enterprising manufacturers should adapt their mills to the spinning of flax, and that depots should be established in flax-growing districts for the reception and preparation of the fibre.

HOME FROM THE COLONIES.

LOOKING DOWN ON THE COLONY.

'Have we nearly got to the top, Morumbidges?' inquired Y. in despondent tones.

'Look over the balusters, and judge for yourself, my friend.'

'Below, is a well,' groaned Y. 'above, is a shaft.'

'That is very true,' returned I cheerfully: 'a secondary design in constructing the Column was, that it might serve as an astronomical tube for discovering the parallax of the stars, by observing the different distances of the stars in the Dragon's Head from the zenith, at various seasons of the year; but the oscillation of the pillar was found to be so very considerable.'

'Good heavens!' cried Y., 'does it oscillate?'

'I dare say not,' said I; 'I am only quoting from a scientific work. It was also attempted to ascertain, by means of the Column, the pressure of the atmosphere at different heights.'

'The atmosphere has been most oppressive at all heights, as yet,' interrupted Y. 'There is no ventilation whatever. The windows will not open, although I have fortunately broken one with my umbrella in endeavouring to make it do so. I never smell so vile a smell; and I shall never get rid of it. It is entering into my system. How did the persons you speak of find the atmosphere at the top?'

'The quicksilver in the tube was found to stand higher at the bottom than at the top of the Column.'

'That's nonsense,' exclaimed Y. with irritation; 'that's impossible; and besides, I don't care what the quicksilver did.'

And also,' added I, 'Dr Hooke observed the same to ascend by degrees, as nearly as he could perceive, proceeding from the top to the bottom in going down the pillar from the top to the bottom.'

'I don't understand one word of that,' observed Y. gloomily. 'Since you seem to be so clever, can you tell me why the top of the Column recedes from us as we advance? My legs tremble beneath me. I have spoilt my gloves with this abominable raiment, shiny and gaudy as it is.'

'Nay, not paws,' said I laughing; 'people only use one hand in going up.'

'And do they not use the other in coming down?' inquired Y. pointedly.

'No,' said I; 'they descend next the wall, to permit the passage of those that come.'

'Morumbidges,' exclaimed Y. solemnly, seating himself in one of the clumsy niches in the rounded stone, 'let me distinctly understand my position. Am I expected to descend this perpendicular flight of steps without any rail? I tell you that I am sick and giddy as it is: let us retrace our steps while as yet nobody has entered the pillar to cut off our retreat.'

'Somebody has entered it; I think I have heard voices beneath us for this long time.'

From the nature of our position, we had each our ear to the wall, and a third scientific use for which the Column is singularly adapted is for acoustic purposes. It forms a Whispering Gallery, two hundred and fifteen feet high.

'Git along with yer, do, John—for shame,' murmured a voice, half suffocated with mirth, as of a female giggle.

'Well, then, only just one more—for luck,' replied another in tones unmistakably masculine, and then there was a sound as if the palm of the hand had been struck smartly against the wall—in point of fact, a smack.

'Morumbidges,' cried Y., 'this is cane-dropping. There is no knowing who one may hear; let us make another effort to proceed. If these young people overtake us, I shall betray myself; I shall shrill with impossession laughter. They are doing it again. On, on, in the name of chivalry! But how very, very much attached John and she must be to one another, to make love inside the Monument.'

Yes; myself and my s7l admirer friend, as perhaps has been guessed by this time, were actually about to survey London from the top of its famous Column. X was not to be back from the country till the evening; and until he arrived, Y had made up his mind to perform all the duties of himself and partner in respect to me. The ascent of the Monument was his own proposal, suggested, I believe, rather as a proof of the extent to which he was prepared to go in my service, than as a practical idea; but I had closed with it at once. He had never, of course, accomplished the feat before, nor had he enjoyed the acquaintance of anybody who had done so; and when our object was attained, he was about as much out of his element as a red mullet would have been at the same elevation—and he was almost as red.

'Well,' observed he, as we reached the topmost step, 'one has obtained at least a qualification for the Alpine Club. No member who has merely been up Monte Rosa would venture to match his pretensions against ours. The air, too, must be a good deal more fragrant than that mountain, if there is any meaning in names. What a determination must have existed in the breasts of those individuals who have come up here to commit suicide! or perhaps it is the staircase itself which has induced so many persons, rather than experience it again, to commit self-destruction.'

'People have, however, evaded these stairs without that sacrifice,' remarked I. 'In 1732, a sailor flew from the top of the Monument with the aid of a rope which he had obtained from the Tuna Tavern in Gracechurch Street, upon a single rope, and was down in half a minute. At an earlier hour on the same day, a waterman's boy came up with another rope hanging loose, which was evidently to be stretched for the achievement, he slid down by it into Monument Yard, the stairs (he explained) being inconveniently crowded.'
CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

391

'I sympathise deeply with that boy,' said Y. 'Let us come out into the open.'

Martin walked from the stale dank odours of the shaft to the fresh current of the upper air, from the narrow circling stair with the blank wall ever facing us, to the boundless heaven! Immediately he had to lay that steering wheels aground, through with traffic than any others in the universe; but they afforded no sensation of crowding—of want of space. At the point from which we regarded those fussy ac電影 the little men and women, with their toy omnibuses and Liliputian trains, they did but seem as ants; that area, too, broad as it is, was dwarfed by the enormous city circling around it, further than the eye could reach. As for all other streets, the widest was but as a crevasse in a glacier—a zigzag crack soon terminating in the mass of brickwork; the nearest, one could hardly take for streets at all, but rather as gaps for the adventurous cat to clear in a single bound. It was a city of house-roofs tenanted by a nation of cats. If our architects have been slavishly uniform with respect to the walls of their edifices, they have let their fancy have full swing in the roofs thereof. One would never have guessed what funny coverings those most respectable houses in Europe have taken upon them. The roofs of the aeronaught, the chimney-sweep, and the Monument-climber. Some are flat as a bowling-green, and have little arbours upon them, where the proprietor sits and smokes, or is sunned; some are dome-shaped; but all have a little hole in them somewhere, through which members of the Human family occasionally emerge, to the con- sternation of the Felina. Of the fifty-six steeples which I count, with my face to the north-west, there are scarcely two alike: one is open as a bazaar, another as a sloss of sixpence, a third has a wedge of iron; one, white as the smoke will permit a decent steeple to be; another, black as night, with the gilded vane breaking out of it like fire. There is also an apparently mosque or two, with a mosque-like existence I was previously unawares of. In the church-towers hang the bells, quite visible, and around them eddy innumerable flights of pigeons, as though they amounted to a roosted under those iron tongues, which once a week at least must make the top of the Monument unsuit- able, as a mathematical retreat, for Mr Babbage. The winders of the bells lesser leaves to our down-looking gaze, being uniformly flattened; but the winding river, with its swift-moving traffic, and its anchored fleets of merchandise, is a noble sight indeed. If I was thinking of Melbourne and Sydney, and how the entire shipping of both those famous ports could be placed in one of the docks beneath me without causing much inconvenience, when Y touched me on the shoulder. 'They are both here,' whispered he; 'whatever you do, don't laugh.' I felt quite hot first, under the impression that I had hurt somebody's feelings. 'Who are here?' said I.

'John and the young woman,' continued my companion, under his breath; 'they are immediately behind us. They were driven up by somebody, or they would have remained in the Column all day. The lady seems a little nervous, as though she were not altogether ignorant of accusation; but as the gentleman—he's a baker—has not the least suspicion that we are in possession of his soft secret, he looks as if it would not melt in his mouth.' If that isn't the meanest man in this world —to look at—it was that baker. His profession caused him to be physically white and spotless, but the air of honest composition which followed him would have won the hearts of a British jury in any case whatever connected with the wiles of the female sex. He would have come out of fifty breach-ofpromise transactions with an untarnished reputation. His politeness to the young woman was cold almost to stateliness. He remarked that the wind was cast- iron, and that the pigeon was a pretty bird. It was not a bad judge of character, but I should have taken him for a serious young man, whom baking was felt to be a snare, and who contemplated mis- for a reason of his own, however—'Git along with yer, do John; for shame'—was not to be discredited. He was the amatory aggressor of that respectable young woman of heightened complexion, whose fingers now reposed upon his arm as lightly as a snow-flake. If he joined any religious body at all, it should have been that of the Jesuits.

Averting our eyes from this hypocrical spectacle, we began to note the peculiarities of life on the house-tops. There were creatures and things there the existence of which one would never have thought of without having seen them. Vegetable life was greatly more abundant than might have been expected; not only were there boxes of plants, and tubs of shrubs, and pots of not very flourishing flowers, but the heads of bond-fide trees made themselves apparent in all directions. It is an assertion originating, or at least corroborated, by Leigh Hunt, that there is no street of any size in the city from some point of the aeronaut is not visible; and really I believe this to be the case. Almost every church of any antiquity has a tree beside it, and also a little quadrangular well, as it seemed, with grass at the bottom. This was the churchyard where Christian people used to put their kinfolk, making death terrible indeed. The biggest cats now hold their court in them; so big, that even from where we stood, they looked as large as their brethren of the roof; black cats, tawny ones, lean cats (but brawny ones), fat cats, tortoiseshell cats—all description of awful cat were there. Cats of every size, as I have said, formed the majority of the population of the roofs; stalking noiselessly over leads in search of prey; exhi- lians were quiet, and rigid as if they had taken stucco, their antagonistic sentiments towards their fellows; or sitting, demure as Bathsheba, upon the topmost tiles, engaged in cleaning operations, but not without an eye to the pigeons in cages, too, were hung about in considerable quantities; and there were several dog-kennels with their tenants. The clothes that were drying—I cannot say whitening—in that thatched roof, were quite a sight. I it is a picture of the most miscellaneous description. There were some—especially towards the shipping portion of the town—the nature of which could not be discovered even by aid of the telescopic methods which is to 'lent out,' for that and other purposes, by an official in the Monument gallery, for the small charge of one penny. The sun-rays were reflected from the glass roofs of a dozen photographic establishments; and upon the tiles thereof lay the photographs themselves, undergoing some mysterious process. Neither artists nor their victims were to be seen, however. The upper half of a male or female figure would now and then protrude itself through a house-top, but having ascertained the state of the wind, or taken an observation of the sun, or accumulated the desired number of 'blacks' upon its countenance, would withdraw again, apparently satisfied.

The scene, though striking enough, was for some time wanting in human interest. Presently, however, two full-length individuals ascend from the same house; full-length, but not full-size; for one of them is but a page; the other, I should say, was a housemaid. Their errand is to beat carpets, but they do not confine themselves to that operation. I perceive John to press the fingers of his affianced bride for the air of surprise that she is an engaged young people), as this other pair make their unexpected appearance. He knows exactly what they are about to do, although he has never set eyes on them before. They look about them on all
sides, to make sure that they are alone; the pigeons will carry no tales of them; the electric wires, that run like cobwebs in all directions, will never telegraph their proceedings. There is an attic window in rather a conspicuous position to eastward, so they put up a stack of chimneys between it and the area of their operations. Only they never think of looking up at this moment, where the dome is shadowed from the sun’s rays, and the columns are so high, and the horizon so low. But it is within the circle of persons deeply interested in their proceedings, and among whom the telescope is circulating with an anxious rapidity. It is not my intention to describe in these columns what took place between that page and that housemaid. The case of Mr Samuel Weller, whose first courtship took place, if I remember rightly, under precisely similar circumstances, may be referred to as a parallel; but for my part, I am not the man to reveal one of the tenderest scenes which it has ever been my good fortune to witness. What with the flat roof, the Turkey carpet, and the mosque in the neighbourhood, it was like an eastern love-story. When the carpet was folded up to the last fold, and the beaters were necessarily close to one another, a circumstance occurred which caused the affianced bride to toss her head, and exclaim with indignation: ‘Well I never!’ But she had ever—and very recently too—for all that.

The carpet-heating was over, we felt that any other spectacle must be a bathos, and would have descended at once, but for the hypocritical baker, who took out his watch and said that he had not a moment to spare, but must be off at once. Under such circumstances, we thought we would leave the staircase to the affianced pair, and remain yet a few minutes longer on the Terrace. The guardian of the Column had descended for another telescope, in the hope that the love-story would last longer than it did, and there was but one person left with us, a stout but sedate man, who had never once cracked a walnut since our arrival. In spite of the mandate against throwing anything whatever from the top of the Monument, he had dropped nearly a sack of empty walnut-shells through the railing on the north side, and seemed to take a stolid pleasure in watching their fall.

‘There’s many,’ observed he, in tones so husky that they could never have been produced by Melancholy alone, unaided by his favourite fruit—‘There’s many as has dropped down here, and smashed, beside us.

‘Well, they can’t do it any more,’ remarked I cheerfully, pointing to the iron bars that encased us overhead.

‘A man could squeeze himself through them,’ replied the walnut-cracker sighing: ‘but not even him with any comfort. What a pack of nonsense it is of govenment railing in places of this kind; if a party wants to take a header, why, let him take it.

‘Live and let live!’ that’s my motto.

‘That may be your motto,’ remarked Y: ‘but it is scarcely illustrative of the principle in question.’

The gloomy man did not so much as turn an eye in the direction of the speaker, but continued to address his remarks to himself, as though he and I were the only persons upon that solitary height capable of the communication of ideas.

‘The vast was a party—name of Green—in a white waistcoat and blue apron. They say as he didn’t mean to do it; that there was a tame haggle kept up here, and in reaching round to look at him, he over-balanced himself; and a lot of gumman of that kind. But he didn mean, bless ye, of course he did. Look here; d’ye see that lamp-post?—well, that wasn’t there then—but just on that hidentical spot, Green pitched. He was the vast.’

‘What a nice agreeable gentleman this is,’ observed Y with animation—‘how full of amusing anecdote! Pray, tell us some more, sir.’

The solemn man never moved a muscle, except those that were absolutely necessary for the cracking of another walnut; but having grinned and devoured its contents with the greatest deliberation, he continued as follows:

‘The second was a baker; not a twopenny-halfpenny journeyman fellow—such as that who was stannin here a while ago, and would never dream of wasting such a thing as a rod, he ain’t got the plac for it—but a master baker—name of Craddock: he threw hisself down on the very same spot, or within that of it; and the speaker measured out, with great exactness, about an inch and a quarter on his middle-finger.

‘He was the second party, he were. There then was a Jew gentleman; now, listen. He got a-top of those ere railings, and walked round, and round, and round, till presently he sprung off—look here—just exactly on the same spot as the other two had pitched—now, do look here.

‘My good man,’ said I, ‘I don’t want to look. I don’t want to hear these dreadful things.’

The Jew gent. was the third party,’ continued the sombre man, in a state of intense excitement. ‘Now the fourth party was a female. She tied a rope to the railings, she did, with a sort of stirrup to it, by which means— Here the narrator broke off suddenly, and assumed that look of enforced cheerfulness which oppressed maidens are accustomed to wear upon the melodramatic stage, after the delivery of the words,

‘But I must dissemble.

The guardian of the Monument had reappeared with a telescope under each arm. I could not help whispering to this official, as we turned to leave the gallery, that he had better keep his eye on the sombre man.

‘I only wish I could help it,’ returned he.

‘There’s little else to look at four days out of the six. He’s always here, bless yer, rain or shine. It isn’t pleasant on a foggy day to be shut up with a chap like that, I can tell you, a couple of hundred feet above the rest of the world. It’s “crack, crack, crack,” all day with him, and he never gives one on ‘em away neither—the scaly warning, ‘till but he seems such a very tolerable man,’ said I; ‘if I were you, I should almost fear for his personal safety.’

‘Should yer, really?’ observed the official sardonically. ‘Well, I never guv it a thought.’

‘But don’t you think he is a very likely sort of man to kill himself—to commit self-destruction?’

‘Most uncommon likely,’ returned the Monumentman coolly; ‘positively sartin, I should say—sooner or later—with them walnuts.’

A man whose whole existence is passed in looking down on the world cannot but be somewhat cynical, but yet I was inclined to think that this philosopher had gauged his sombre companion pretty accurately.

Both Y and myself were excessively giddy by the time we got to the bottom of the three hundred and forty-five black marble steps, and became the subjects of a curious optical delusion. We thought we saw John and his affianced bride emerging from the portal only a second or two in advance of ourselves—a circumstance which, considering that he had previously declared he had ‘not a moment to spare,’ must be considered incredible.

AN OLD, OLD STORY.

LITERATURE, like the theatre, has its stock-pieces. Among them, none is surer of periodical revival than the worn-out farce of ‘The Decline of the Drama,’ with its state lamentations over the illegibility of managers, the incapability of actors, the want of originality in authors, and the want of taste in audiences. We are not going to defend the modern stage here, but simply to show that the cry of Theatrical degeneracy is common to every age.

Some dramatic doctors sigh for large theatres, supported by a combination of all the histrionic celebrities
of the day. They forget that theatrical free-trade was adopted as a panacea for the wretched condition of the stage in the latter days of the patent houses; when one manager proved before a parliamentary committee, that spectacles and pantomimes were the only performances that paid their expenses, while another excused himself for turning his theatre into a 'singing-booth and menagerie' on the ground that Shakespeare brought no money into the treasury, while Van Amburgh filled the house to overflowing; thus justifying the complaint of the Edinburgh Reviewer, that 'Wit is not understood, poetry is not heard; rank and fashion avoid the theatre as a place unsuited to noble tastes, critics sneer at it, and the people frequent it no longer.'

When Kean was in his meridian glory, shining in conjunction with Kemble, Young, Elliston, Bannister, Liston, Mathews, Munden, Miss O'Neill, Miss Kelly, and a crowd of famous actors and actresses, Hazlett lamented that neither tragedy or comedy could be properly acted—nothing redeeming their degeneracy save the ingenuity of the machinist, the skill of the painter, and the cleverness of four-footed performers. Kean saved Drury Lane from bankruptcy; so we are not surprised at learning, just before his advent, that 'nothing is more universally admired and more truly alarming, than the present degeneracy of the stage. The managers are struggling against a torrent of mummery, machinery, song, and spectacle, consequent on the love of bombast, show, and splendour; the public taste is vitiated, our plays are a heterogeneous mixture of insipid pun and unnatural fustian, the authors of which never astonish by their brilliance, instruct by their philosophy, or affect by their pathos.' This is pretty severe; the critic doubtless believed with the epigrammatist—

When Sheridan's genius pervaded the dome,  
His partner Apollo was always at home;  
But since Whitbread has taken the stage into keeping,  
If Apollo's a partner, it must be one sleeping.

But when Sheridan was manager, he was accused of exercising his talents in exhausting the resources of the theatre for his private purposes, of leaving manuscripts unperused while he obtruded the compilations of his boon-companions on the public, the said public flocking with avidity to patronise plays in which indecency, novelty, and buffoonery were substituted for wit, sentiment, and sense. Cumberland writes: 'I have survived all true national taste, and lived to see buffoonery, spectacle, and profligacy so effectually triumph, that now to be repulsed from the stage is to be recommended to the closet, and to be applauded by the theatre is little else than a passport to the puppets' show.' Sheridan himself declared before a Commons' committee, that the theatre was threatened with total extinction, being deserted by persons of taste, although John Kemble, Farren, Palmer, Lewis, Suett, Mrs Siddons, and Mrs Jordan were among the ministers to their enjoyment.

While Garrick lorded it at Old Drury, we find an acrid-minded critic, who only went to the theatre to see how far the weakness of the public could go, exclaiming pathetically: 'Ah! I remember Booth; he never had recourse to tricks and bo-peeps, but nature did it all!' Another lament that Roscius is no longer Roscius; while as for his companions, they sit in Shakspeare's darkest shade, their Covent Garden rivals being

A motley indigested group  
Where lights are all so faint and shades so strong,  
Where right so seldom takes place in the bosom;  
Where ignorance prevails, with boundless pride,  
And talent, which might please, is misapplied.

The manager, Colman,  
In nought but human Pantocran dealing,  
Wages fell war 'gainst genius, sense, and feeling.

The author of the West Indian is quite as unmerci- 
ful; his brother-playwrights, however, are the objects of his distrate:

Various the shifts of authors now-a-days  
For orphans, farces, pantomimes, and plays.  
Some pour each alley of the town for wit,  
Begging from door to door the ossal bit;  
Plunge in each cellar, tumble every stall,  
And send, like talkers, to each house of call.  
Others, to foreign climes and kingdoms roam,  
To search for what is better found at home.  
The recreant band, oh, scandal to the age,  
Gleans the vile refuse of a gallic stage!

Cumberland seems to have no hope left, not even the miserable one from which an anonymous contemporary draws consolation? 'Matters must mend now, having come to their worst, with the snap-snap changes, witches, demons, calyana, ballads, facemaking, tumbling, and jumping of pantomimic mummeries; the stage, increasing in decoration as it has decreased in acting merit, is splendidly insipid. Tailors are the only poets now, and carpenters the actors. Sadler's Wells would be laughed at should they attempt tragedy and comedy, why then should our Royal Theatres trespass on the prerogative of buffoonery?'

Garrick himself tells us why, complaining of his patrons that

They in the drama found no joy,  
But dast on mimicry and toys.  
Thus when a dance is in my hall  
Nobility my boxes fill,  
Or send three days before the time  
To crowd a new-made pantomime.

An accusation borne out by Kitty Clive, who says, in one of her capital letters, that bad rhymes set to old tunes drew full houses, when Shakespeare, Garrick, and Mrs Cibber could do no more than pay expenses. This naturally enough irritated the lady of Cliveden, but would not have astonished her neighbour of Strawberry Hill, for Walpole thought little of Garrick's acting, an opinion shared by Montagu and the poet Gray.

At an earlier period of the career of the great English actor, we find critics equally well known to fame, in the same depreciatory vein. Johnson defines the tragedy of his day as the mere recital, in a monotonous manner, of some fifteen hundred lines of blank verse, and supported his definition by producing Irene. Good-natured Goldsmith loses patience and temper in contemplating the condition of the stage, speaking out with extraordinary bitterness: 'Old pieces are revived, and scarcely any new ones admitted. The actor is ever in our eye, and the poet seldom permitted to appear; the public are obliged to ruminate over those savours of absurdity which were disgusting to our ancestors, even in an age of ignorance; and the stage, instead of serving the people, is made subservient to the interests of avarice. We must now tamely sit and see the celestial muse made a slave to the histrionic demon. It is somewhat unlikely that he whose labours are valuable, or who knows their value, will turn to the stage either for fame or subsistence. We seem to be much in the situation of travellers at a Scotch inn, where a vile entertainment is served up, complained of, and sent down; up comes worse, and that also is changed; and every change makes our wretched cheer more unsavoury. What must be done? Only sit down contented, cry up all that comes before us, and admire even the absurdities of Shakespeare!' The revival of those pieces of forced humour, far-fetched conceit, and unnatural hyperbole, is rather a trick of the actor who thinks it safest acting in exaggerated characters; and who, by outraging nature, chooses to exhibit the ridiculous outwre of an harlequin under the sanction of a venerable name.
After this, it is not surprising to find Fielding, smarting at his failure on the boards, stigmatise the theatres as nothing better than puppet-shows; indeed, his sneer is justified by the fact of the rivalry of the Salisbury Change puppet-show, proving so ruinous to the flesh-and-blood players, that they successfully petitioned the king to order its removal. Egerton sighs for the fine thinking and versification of Dryden, the fire and enthusiasm of Lee, the pathos of Otway, the wit of Wycherley, the humour of Farquhar, the spirit, art, and grace of Congreve, and tells Mrs Oldfield that the stage is not worth beholding save when she is on it. Another writer complains that the actors, lacking talent themselves, treat authors with contempt, and by their Smithfield fopperies have driven the upper classes from the theatre; and in his utter despair would place the management in the hands of a Committee of men of Quality, Taste, Figure, and Fortune.

Colley Cibber, whose literary and histrionic reputation ought to have saved him from Pope's malignant bluster, whilst he upheld his old master Betterton, as the greatest actor of his age, considered his contemporaries, both authors and actors, to be far inferior to the dramatic celebrities of the Restoration, while these again were not to be reckoned equal to their predecessors before the civil wars, who could support themselves merely from their own merit, the weight of the matter and goodness of the action, without scenes and machines. In this, he but echoes the verdict of the dramatists of Charles II.'s time, when, according to Pepys, the aristocratic patrons of the theatre grew weary of the pride and vanity of the players, and when nature and wit gave place to gaudy nonsense and dull grimaces. The Duke of Buckingham declares:

Our poets make us laugh at tragedy,
And with their comedies they make us cry.
And his burlesque hero, Bayes, says, 'for scenes, clothes, and dances, we put 'em quite down, all that ever went before us, and these are the things you know that are essential to a play.' Shadwell too, while claiming praise because he, 'while stealing from the French conceals his name,' thus sketches the deterioration in matters theatrical:

Infected by the French, you must have rhymes,
Which long to please the ladies' ears did chime.
Soon after this came ranting fustian in,
And none but plays upon the fret were seen:
Such roaring bombast stuff, which fops would praise,
Were our best actors' lungs, cut short their days,
Then came machines, brought from a neighbouring nation.
Oh, how we suffered under decoration!

Dryden—himself a great offender, prostrating his genius to please the evil taste of the time, by improving Shakespeare and gathering his verse with rhymes—complains that nothing but scenes, machines, and empty operas reign; that his brother-playwrights write what no man would steal, exhausting their wit in concocting a prologue, while their audiences assemble neither to hear or see, but shew their breeding.

Under the Commonwealth, matters were still worse; with its ancient foes in power, the drama of course went to the wall. There was little encouragement to genius to enlist in the Thespian ranks under ordinances inflicting stripes upon players, and fines upon their patrons. But the decadence commenced ere the civil strife began. We have Herrick's authority to the fact, that

After the aristocrat Jonson died,
The neck grew loathsome, and the buckin's pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.
The circle profound was, and all postures raked,
For men did strut and stride and stars, not act!

Sir Richard Baker, the chronicler, has recorded his belief that no age can hope to see such actors as that of Allan. And as for the fagots, he is inclined to admire the actors of Bankside and Blackfriars, probably from the contempt bred out of familiarity; vows:

Not a tongue
Of the natured kennel can a line repeat
Of serious sense.

A friend of Ben Jonson assures him that he cannot write anything bad enough to please the depraved taste of the public, and the poet himself describes his audience as

Composed of gamaster, captain, knight, knights-man,
And in his noble lines on Shakespeare, despairingly apostrophises his dead friend and fellow-labourers, thus:

Shine forth thou star of poets, with rage
Or influence, chase or cheer the drooping stage;
Which since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night
And despair's day, but for thy volumes' light!

We have reached the fountain-head; we have traced the dramatic stream to its source, and at every turn find the dollsers on its banks assuring us, the waters are foul and muddy compared with the current higher up. Shakespeare and his contemporaries, we now know, created the English drama; can it be possible that its degeneration commenced with its birth? It cannot be. The ever-recurring lamentation over the decline of the drama is but one of the everlasting cries of that ever-existing sect which seeks to glorify the Past by depreciating the Present.

HOW TO ENJOY TRAVEL.

There are an immense number of modes of traveling in foreign parts, but almost all of them costly or uncomfortable. The pleasantest that has hitherto been known is an open barouche and four, with postilions, so that the vision of the Tourist may not be limited in front to the back view of the driver. A courier precedes this vehicle, on horseback, and an enormous luggage-van, drawn by six panting steeds, follows upon its track as quickly as it can. The principal tourist is called 'Milor,' and meets with every attention from all classes. These, however, unhappily include the Brigands, whom such magnificence of locomotion is very apt to attract; but if not, there are other objections. One must take the most conventional routes, as otherwise there will be no sufficient accommodation for the suite, even if the peasantry did not impede one's progress by balancing themselves upon the points of their wooden shoes, in their narrow roadways, with their mouths open, to which they are much addicted. A cheaper method, but far less agreeable, is to hire a carriage and pair and a veturino. This latter is a person who obstructs the view as aforesaid, and pronounces to be impracticable whatsoever you have must set your heart on doing. You must hail where he bids you, and not where you will; and you will find yourself unable to escape a fine flavour of garlic, and worse, so long as he remains in your company.

Of course, you may travel in a diligence; it is possible that you may enjoy riding in an omnibus which is top-heavy and swings; you may not mind hearing horses squeak, and coachmen swear for a single hour uninterruptedly; to be roused up in the dead of night by armed ruffians demanding passports, may be a novelty that has charms for you, and you will

* This is the method which the present writer invariably adopts for the fortight that he can be spared from the establishment in the City.
experience all degrees of fastness—if that is your object—to your heart's content.

Then there is the railway, which, if you wish to escape seeing the country through which you pass, is a capital plan; that, started from one town, through which you have rushed through a picture-galley, to another where there is a cathedral to be glanced at, in which the majority of persons seem to understand a little by 'foreign travel.' They thus possess themselves of the most interesting national characteristics, and become authorities when they return home upon the Suisse wig, Holstein question, and that of the Danubian Principalities. Still you do missee some things.

There is also the pedestrian tour. In this case, it is impossible to take half the things you want, but yet what you do take weighs a great many pounds. You carry these matters upon your shoulders in a knapsack, the straps of which do not assist respiration, and leave their marks upon your body wherever they occur. The memory of this burden remains even when it is temporarily removed; and besides the memory, there is a large round blister which the muscular Christian will of course know how to despise—but to call it a Tour of Pleasure!

We need not, however, be severe upon these ancient methods of locomotion on the continent, for they will henceforth be superfluous. Mr. Charles Alston Collins has discovered for us a new and capital way. Mr. David Fudge, and Mr. Francis Pinchbold—his friend—are the pioneers of the new system, and our author has most admirably narrated their undertaking. In a small, four-wheeled, covered vehicle, called 'a cariole,' drawn by one horse, they explored one of the most interesting portions of France last autumn, in the pleasantest manner one can conceive—stopping where they liked, and when they liked, and without any attendant save a favourite and charming dog. About the people and places through which they passed, they probably know more than they would have learned in months of ordinary travel, and that knowledge is by no means limited, for they drove from Paris to Geneva, crossing the Rhone upon their way.

Surely, since the days of Hannibal, there has been nothing so curious in the way of mountaineering as this. Another most novel feature in the narration is, that it does not affect to supply the place of Mr Murray's Handbook. The interest attaches more to the persons who travel, and the mode in which they do it, than to the place or country visited. The forenoon road, the wayside inns, the obsolete mode of traveling, the petty advances secured so hardly day by day, the strong chances of a break-down, and of the journey coming to an untimely end, the history of such a journey as in early school-boy days one has dreamed of between sleeping and waking; these things, and such as these, are what we have depended on for giving an interest to this narrative. The object of the writer is to make every reader exclaim: 'Oh! how I do wish that I had a horse and cariole, and then Smith and I would do the very same thing next summer;' and this object has been fully accomplished.

A more attractive Robinson Crusoe-ish narrative we never read; or one, the naturalness and reality of which were more convincing.

Mr Pinchbold is nervous to timidity, Mr Fudge is prudent to excess, and yet it is necessary that they should buy a horse, and that of a French livery-stable keeper. As they walk down the stable, and pass the row of tails in review before them, the horses turn their heads round, and stare at them with every variety of expression that the eyes. In one respect, however, they agree: they all seemed to say to Mr Fudge: 'Young man, beware of me!' No 1, would give this caution with a rapid glance which shewed a great amount of the white of the eye, a haggard, angular-looking eye: 'I am a wild, unmanageable, ill-brooked brute, with a temper spoiled by ill-treatment—beware of me, young man, beware of me.' No 3 would bite at her stall, and dropping her ears flat on her neck, with a suspicious little stamp of the hind-leg, said very plainly: 'I am young, air—a confirmed kickster; beware of me—at any cost, beware of me.' Whilst No 4, looking round with protracted and mild scrutiny, spoke in good set terms to this effect: 'My temper is calm, and I am not vicious; but know, thou noble youth, that I have tumbled, and shall tumble on to the end of my life; so whatever you do, beware of me, and turn your attention elsewhere.'

The livery-stable fails to furnish what they require; but in the street—they are in the town of St. Ives—there, they meet with an obliging person, who, with the assistance of his brother-in-law, supplies them with both horse and vehicle.

He at first shows them a very diminutive gig, and protests that it holds with ease his wife, his brother-in-law, and his children; but his eloquence is fruitless.

It was in vain that the elder man protested that there was room; in vain that he rushed into the harness-maker's shop, and dragged out its owner, that he also might say there was room; in vain that he appealed to the bystanders, who were five or six strong, of course, and who all said there was room; in vain that he entreated our two friends to step round to his house and ask his wife; in vain that he appealed to Heaven. Mr Fudge and his friend were firm, and would not have anything to do with the gig. "Let us see the cariole," said Mr Fudge. "Ah," said the elder man, changing his tactics at once, "the cariole, that is the vehicle for you, strong, roomy, and easy: the cariole will fit these gentlemen," continued he, turning to the public, "as if it were a globe." The bystanders moaned a soft assent; and the elder man rushed off in triumph. He, however, without whose consent it appeared that the cariole could not be inspected. This brother-in-law was a man of few words, and who, when he did speak, rather seemed to have the interests of Messrs Fudge and Pinchbold at heart than his own or his relative's, with whom he would sometimes even expostulate about some trifling matter in which he appeared a little too careful of his own interest. He was a pale man, and he wore a frock-coat and cap. "Do you happen to know," said Mr Fudge, turning to the excited man, as they walked along towards the stables where the cariole was to be seen—"do you happen to know of any one who has a good horse for sale?" "Do you hear that?" cried the elder man, not answering the question, but appealing at once to his relative. "Do you hear? This gentleman wants to know if I happen to know of any one who has a good horse for sale." "Well," continued Mr Fudge, "do you happen to know of any one?" "I happen to know of one," replied the elder man, "who possesses an animal without its equal on the surface of the globe." "Is it quiet?" asked Mr Pinchbold. "Quiet," replied the infant in arms might drive it with a rein of dressing-cotton." "Good heavens!" said Mr Pinchbold, "what a charming animal. Is it sure-footed?" "Sure-footed! Ha, ha! you may drive it down a precipice without a drag, and it will not stumble. Stay," continued the elder man, and, as if to render further questioning unnecessary, he stopped short in the middle.
of the street, and addressing himself to Mr Pinchbold only, burst into the following eloquent description of the animal whose qualities he was vaunting.

"She is quiet, she is beautiful, she is afraid of nothing—railway trains, engines, omnibuses, wheel-barrows, steam-boats. She is afraid of nothing, nothing in the world. She is sound, with lungs of such a quality that might drive her up Mont Blanc at full gallop. She is sweet-tempered; she is lovely to behold; in short, she is known to all the town by but one title—The Pearl of Malaise!"

"And to whom does she belong?" inquired Mr Pinchbold breathlessly. "To me," replied the eager man drawing himself up and proudly slapping his breast.

The happy pair having purchased this precious animal, proceed in their cariole towards Paris. Upon the road, they meet with a fearfully inquisitive specimen of the French priesthood; it is at the end of a long wet day, which has nevertheless been not disagreeable, and one of the travellers, at least, is fatigued, and feels more nervous than usual.

Everything this dreadful ecclesiastic did was done violently, and as if he had far more of the vital element in him than he knew what to do with. He was violent, he breathed violently, he spat violently, he rushed back his skull-cap from a low retracting forehead, and scratched his head violently. He was so alive, so huge, so gigot-eyed, and his long cassock covered so gigantic a form, that he seemed, as Mr Pinchbold gazed in horror upon him, to expand and fill the whole apartment.

Mr Fudge, indeed, such was the panicky-stricken condition of his beloved friend, had to answer all this gentleman's interrogatories, a position which would have been sufficiently embarrassing, even if Mr Pinchbold had not kept on continually nudging him under the chin, and entreating him in his native tongue 'to mind what he was about, as he felt certain that the priest was a spy, who would betray them in some way or other into the hands of the government. "You are travellers, gentlemen—where do you come from? From St Omer's, eh? And before that? From Calais—really. But how did you travel? There is no public vehicle at this hour. Oh, in your own cariole and with your own horse! That must be an expensive way of travelling; but you are rich!" "By no means; quite the contrary. O yes, you are!"

"Then, the tables are turned! Only the Irish are poor. They suffer, and remain in poverty because they are faithful. Are you cold?" "No, not particularly. Is that due to Mr Pinchbold? His teeth are chattering. He is cold. He is younger than you are, is he not? To look at him, one would not give him more than twenty-six or twenty-seven years. Do you always travel together?" "Not always." "And this cariole, did you bring it over from England with you? No. But the horse delicious!" "No, neither horse nor cariole. You have travelled in France before?" "Yes." "You have been at Paris, at Boulogne, at Lyon, at Dijon, no doubt?" "No doubt." "You have been at Amiens, for instance?" "Undoubtedly." "And this gentleman, has he also visited all these places?"

He has visited some, but to the best of my belief, not all of them. You have never been at Dijon, have you?" said Mr Fudge, addressing the last sentence to Mr Pinchbold in their native tongue.

"Yes—no; I don't know—never mind—don't tell him.

"Your friend does not speak French?" asked the priest again.

"Yes, he speaks the language quite as badly as I do. Come, his name is Pinchbold, and my name is Fudge; and we are going through France; and we have our own horse and our own cariole, because we want to see the country, and to study its inhabitants, and to satisfy ourselves whether the rumours which have reached our parts, attributing to the French priesthood the custom of asking incessant questions, are founded on fact; and so now you understand."
round about him, and said: "The gentleman has forethought." It was dreadful, after all this, that the milk should only come to one sous, and that there was no possible prospect for feasible dinner. It is when, however, our tourists are left entirely to their own resources that they excite our liveliest interest and admiration; as, for example, when they attempt to cook their own dinner. The Grand Monarque at Montereau was a horrid inn, and the food there to vile that our travellers could touch nothing. They therefore sallied forth in the dusk, and purchased uncooked provisions for themselves; a piece of mutton and some vegetables—kept by the female greengrocer who dispensed them, by the by, "in a pan under her bed." In returning to the hotel, poor Mr Pinchbold drops a carrot out of his pocket in the passage, but by muttering something about carrots being good for horses, evades the suspicion of the landlady. Then they retire to their own apartment, and commence their culinary operations—at first, without any firing, to procure which another sortie is necessary.

"It is extraordinary how very far a gentleman with a saucepan, a fire, water, meat, and vegetables, all ready to his hand, may be from being in a position to prepare a substantial meal. The paralysis was upon both our friends now that they found themselves surrounded by all the requisite machinery for cooking, and neither of them for some time was able, if his life had depended on it, to advance a step further. "Now, then," said Mr Pinchbold, "everything seems ready." "Yes," replied his friend, "everything. Would you like to begin?"

"No," said Mr Pinchbold carelessly; "no; you had better begin.

"Yes, that's all very well," answered Mr Fudge: "but do you begin?"

"I thought you knew," said Mr Pinchbold mildly.

"There are one or two points," replied his friend, "about which I am in doubt, and they are rather important. I don't know whether we ought to put the meat into the water cold, and then let it warm gradually, or to boil the water first, and then put the meat in it. Then I am not sure, supposing the meat once in the water, how long it ought to boil, nor am I certain whether, indeed, it ought to boil at all. Boiled mutton surely ought to boil," remarked Mr Pinchbold sententiously.

"There is a detestably mysterious and indefinite process called 'boil,' " replied Mr Fudge, "which I believe is at the very root of all cookery; but for the life of me, I can't tell what it is."

"I should think, from the sound," observed Mr Pinchbold, "that it was a kind of hissing bubble."

"Well, we must try," said Mr Fudge desperately; and in went the meat into a saucepanful of cold water, in which a quantity of chopped carrots and turnips were already soaking.

"It looks queer," said Mr Pinchbold, looking at the raw meat as it lay at the bottom of the saucepan with a suspicious air: "I hope it's all right."

"The usual results of amateur cookery began now to develop themselves. Everything that Mr Fudge touched burned him, and everything that touched Mr Pinchbold scalded him. The two gentlemen got in each other's way, differed in opinion as to the progress of the mutton, became hot and irritable. Then the mutton, one minute ago in tepid water, boiled and was left. Moreover, it wholly declined to simmer.

"If it was placed upon the fire, it boiled in the most furious manner; while, if it was removed, and cumbersomely balanced on the edge of the dish and in the rim of a washiing-basin, it became stone cold. To let it boil was the only thing to be done under these circumstances; and boil it did with a vengeance.

"It has suddenly changed colour," said Mr Fudge, after inspecting progress for about the fifteenth time: "I wonder if it is done?"

"Prove it with the point of your knife," suggested Mr Pinchbold. "Is it soft?" he added, as his friend obeyed this injunction.

"No," replied Mr Fudge; "I can't say it is.

"Ah, then," said Mr Pinchbold, who, finding that his friend was ignorant upon the subject, became quite authoritative in tone, "then you may depend upon it that it isn't done. 'Boil till tender,' is a direction I am sure I have read in some cookery-book."

"If boiling will do it," said Mr Fudge mistrustfully, "we are all right.

"He might well say so. The pace at which that mutton was boiling was something without a parallel in the annals of cookery. It leaped, it bubbled, it knocked its own lid off, it nearly put the fire out, it spitted bits of hard carrot out into the room—it almost bounced out of the pot itself—but somehow or other it did not get soft.

"It is getting harder," said Mr Fudge, after probing the meat again.

"Boil till tender," repeated Mr Pinchbold; and away they went again. At the close of another quarter of an hour, Mr Fudge probed once more, and at the expiration of twice that time the mutton was decidedly harder than ever.

"Perhaps it has boiled too much," suggested Mr Pinchbold.

"It seems highly probable," said Mr Fudge, who had just scaled his mouth in tasting the liquor of the mutton, and was rather snappish in consequence.

"We had better 'dish up,'" remarked Mr P.

"There was only one difficulty about 'dishing up,' and that consisted in the absence of a dish. However, the lid of the saucepan was propped up in a dextrous manner, so as to supply this deficiency as well as might be, and the mutton was speedily harpooned up out of the depths of the pot, and placed upon the table.

"Hallo!" cried Mr Pinchbold, on first catching sight of it; "I am afraid this won't do." The aspect of the meat certainly justified Mr P.'s alarm. It was reduced to about one-third of its original appearance, precisely similar to that which characterises the arms of a washerwoman after a hard day of it among the soap-suds!"

Laughable as is this first experience of the kitchen, we do not in the least suspect it of being exaggerated; and indeed one of the chief charms of these volumes is, that in every case where Messrs Fudge and Pinchbold have to trust to their own wits for producing the most common and everyday results, the male reader, at least, is as puzzled as themselves, and feels to the full as doubtful about the dénouement. Our affection for them increases with each day's journey, which knits together themselves and ' the little horse,' and the wonderful dog also, with a new bond of sympathy. The ascent of the Jura, as performed in this 'one-horse shay,' has elements of the pathetic about it. The procession was quite a solemn one. It was headed by Blazure (the dog), who, adapting his movements to those of his companions, led the way at a slow pace, and turned from time to time, as if to encourage his friend and companion in the shafts. Blinkers seemed to derive much comfort from this considerate behaviour of the dog, and followed closely with the carole. Mr Fudge walked by his side holding the reins, and bearing on his shoulder the drag, which was a very clumsy one, and with its chain was of such enormous weight, that this humane gentleman considered it necessary to relieve the little horse of such an additional burden. Mr Pinchbold followed behind with an immense stone, which it was his pride to place behind the wheel whenever the party halted for breath. This is surely a simple, kindly picture.
Nor are touches of the sublime wanting in this strange narration when the occasion seems to demand them. At the top of the long parallels of the Jura the road takes a sudden turn, and discloses an inn of tolerable pretensions.

"I suppose this is La Faucille," said Mr Fudge.

"Mr Pinchbold," answered Mr Fudge, looking hastily round at him, saw that his friend had raised himself slightly from his seat, and was gazing out on the road before them with such fixed intensity, as caused Mr Fudge involuntarily to look in the same direction.

"What—look—what are they?" asked Mr Pinchbold, speaking in a breathless voice, and laying his hand on his companion's arm.

"Mr Fudge drew the rein tightly, hardly knowing what he did, and the carriole stopped.

"Are they clouds?" continued Mr Pinchbold, in the same tone.

Our travellers seemed now to have reached the top of everything, and had indeed climbed to a high place on the Jura Mountains. From the point where they stood the road began slightly to slope downwards, and turning by and by to the right, it was lost over the brow of an abrupt descent.

"A little to the left of this turn, and consequently exactly opposite the position occupied by the two Englishmen, there was, at a distance of two or three hundred yards, a great opening or chasm in the rocks, which rose on one side of it to a great altitude. The chasm was shaped like the letter V. Beyond that chasm there was nothing to be seen. Nothing exists that vast sea of dense white extending—flat as the surface of a lake—for miles and miles away; and yet miles itself from the opening in the rocks between which it shews so strangely! What is that? Answer it, in the remotest distance yet, what forms are those which rise above the dense white sea? What are those vast spectral shapes that shew so faint, and yet so clear, so distant, yet so plain? Are they clouds? No; no clouds, though like those forms in shape and colour, have ever looked like that; no clouds have hung so still, no clouds proclaimed such silence all round; no clouds have struck two human souls with awe and dread, such as lie upon the hearts of those two Englishmen, who almost fear to break the stillness as they say together in the hushed voices of those who speak before the dead.—The Aletsch.

The beholding for the first time a scene like this in one another's company, is almost a sacred tie between two persons of sentiment; and Messrs Fudge and Pinchbold, are as romantic as well as humorous. The Cruise upon Wheels is a Sentimental Journey altogether. The parting between the little horse and his driver, Mr Fudge, is worthy of Sterne. This animal is oblige to be sold at Geneva to a lady's riding-master, and his late master visits him for the last time in the stable.

"So it is over, Blinkers," he said. "I almost wish, now that it has come to this, that it had never begun. To turn you into money—though Heaven knows, not to profi—is almost like selling a friend. Alas! I have not many friends that I should feel the parting from, as I feel this separation between us two. And what now has become of the memory of all thy defects—those startings and shyness, and those stumbling which have so depreciated thy worth—they seem all forgotten, and nothing but thy merit remembered. There was so much of that, my little horse, that it swells up the remembrance of thy faults. For, besides that you were so strong, and so capable of labour, more than many a larger animal than thyself, thou went gifted with the gentleness of the most delicate, and the sweetness temper that ever horse possessed. Those flaws and startles arose not from defect of temper, but of nerve, and—I shrewdly suspect—from some fault of vision yet more."

"The animal thus fondly addressed was by no means insensible to the affectionate language bestowed upon it, for he was nibbling with his lips at Mr Fudge's hand, and putting his nose into the pockets of that gentleman's shooting-jacket all the time he spoke."

"And now," Mr Fudge continued, "you are going to a mondge, Blinkers, and you are going to spend your life in ambuscades, rounding a军官 school, with small urchins and little ladies on thy back."

"Blinkers was now occupied in affectionately cher- ing Mr Fudge's left trouser; but it is one of the advantages of habitual shabbiness in attire, that the seedy are not obliged to pause in moments of emotions to consider their clothes.

"Heaven send that they may be kind to thee," said Mr Fudge, as he raised Blinkers' soft nose to a level with his own face, and pressed his lips against the velvet skin.

"When Mr Fudge left the stable, with Blinkers following at his heels, he was obliged to take his spectacles off and wipe them, for a mist had gathered on the glass."

Of course, it would be no fun for two dull and unimpressionable gentlemen to hire a horse and drive between them, and drive four hundred miles upon the deserted French post-roads. They would merely be playing at commercial travellers without the profit. But for those who carry the materials for enjoyment within themselves, and are capable of turning personal inconveniences into food for mirth, we can imagine a more delightful method of foreign travel than which Mr Collins has so agreeably, and, we doubt not, veraciously described.

OUR PUBLIC RECORDS IN SEARCH OF A HOME.

There is no department of the national service in a more curious position at the present time than that of the Public Records. Where those Records are, what they are, and in whose custody they have been placed, are questions not easily answered. The Records are mostly paper or parchment rolls, it is true; and Mesrs Fudge and Pinchbold, are as romantic as well as humorous. The Cruise upon Wheels is a Sentimental Journey altogether. The parting between the little horse and his driver, Mr Fudge, is worthy of Sterne. This animal is oblige to be sold at Geneva to a lady's riding-master, and his late master visits him for the last time in the stable.

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require to be kept for the courts of law.Registers,
declarations, treaties, conventions, tables, lists, and
reports of various kinds, relating to the several depart-
ments of state, are in like manner ordered or expected
to be preserved and come on parch-
ment, some on paper; some rolled up, some folded,
and some bound into register volumes. There are
three reasons assigned for retaining these documents—
they are temporary, they may probably be wanted for future reference;
or they may possess historical value for literary men
and statesmen. Several important documents under
the heads of those three heads of state were always
known as State Papers; while all the rest bear the general
name of Records—a name expected to be very elastic,
seeing that the Master of the Rolls never knows to
what extent it will have to stretch.

In bygone days, the custody of all national Records
was considered to be vested in the sovereign. The
Tower of London was a famous place for the depositing
of such documents. The Temple used to contain
many relating to judicial matters. The Chapter
House at Westminster Abbey, and certain portions
of Westminster Hall, were also repositories. But as
the quantity increased, room had to be found for the
Records in new places; and hence arose the confusion
which our wise men have not even yet been able to
remedy. Some of the Records were sent to the King's
Mews at Charing Cross; and then, when this building
was pulled down to make room for the National
Gallery, they were removed to the Riding House,
which had once belonged to Carlton House, and which
is known as Carlton Ride. Some were buried two
stories deep in the vaults under Somerset House; some
found a temporary home in the crypts of St. Margaret's
Church. A committee of the House of Commons in
1837 reported that many valuable old documents
were placed in very anomalous positions—over a
steam-engine in the same ancient fortress; in the
Rolls Chapel, where divine service was performed;
in dark, dusty cellars under Westminster Hall and
Somerset House; in a stable; and in private houses,
liable to various contingencies. Besides the above-
mentioned names, Records were deposited in Lancaster
Place, in Chancery Lane, in Westminster Yard, and in
Palace Yard. As long ago as 1830, a committee of the
House of Commons reported on the general char-
acter of the various Records belonging to the nation;
and six Committees examined the old documents more fully between 1801 and 1837.
These Committees were required to 'methodise, regulate,
digest, calendar, and index the Records, and to
print some of the more important; they spent in various
ways seven or eight hundred thousand pounds of public
money, and the House of Commons grumbled a good
deal. At last, in 1838, all this expensive machinery
was swept away, and the whole of the Records placed
under the care of the Master of the Rolls, with
keepers and deputy-keepers under him, the Master
being responsible directly and only to the Treasury.
This was a change for the better. The Rolls House,
built in Chancery Lane, was made the central Record
Office, to which the other depositories at the Tower,
Chapter House, Carlton Ride, Whitehall Yard, &c.,
were made branches; greater facilities were afforded to
the public for searching, inspecting, and copying the
Rolls, and the Master of the Rolls was authorized in
appropriating the Victoria Tower at the new Houses of Parliament
as a Record Office.

Thus matters went on for some years. The Master
of the Rolls endeavored to render the old documents available. As an instance
of the kind of labour occasionally required, it may
be mentioned that to calendar the judgments of the
Court of Exchequer, the Official Acts of the
Records could scarcely be consulted to any useful effect) required that twelve hundred miles of parch-
ment, nine inches wide, should be patiently read
through! As years rolled on, it became more and
more apparent that the various offices and vaults
could not contain all the gradually accumulating
Records, and that great improvements must be made in such a scattered distribution. At last, the Treasury
resolved to ask the House of Commons for money to
build a new Record Office, on a portion of the Rolls
Estate between Chancery Lane and Petty Lane.
The Rolls, and the Treasury, and the Board of Works
' laid their heads together' in 1850; they measured
the cubical contents of the Records, and they fondly
imagined that the building which Mr. Pennethorne
was forthwith ordered to construct would 'afford
adequate provision for all the purposes and require-
ments of a Record Office for fifty years to come.' Alas, alas, what weak mortals we are! Records
from the Wakefield Tower and the Record Office in
the Tower of London; from the Carlton Ride, the
Rolls House, and the Rolls Chapel; the Welsh
Records from the Principality, the Chester Records
from the Palatinate, the Records of the Palace and
Marshalsea Courts, Treasury papers, Commissariat
papers, National Debt papers, Privy Seal papers, as
Office papers, Custom House papers—poured in so
copiously that the building became quite full. In
1851, the Master of the Rolls was dismayed at having
fifteen hundred volumes of hard copy sent into his
building from the Office of the Post Office, un-
contemplated in the measurement and estimates for
the building; in 1852, eight hundred more, besides
several large chests and bundles; in 1853, eleven
hundred volumes and two hundred boxes; in 1854
and 1855, more than forty thousand volumes of manu-
scripts, weighing a hundred and sixty tons, from the
War Office alone! Neither the Master of the Rolls
nor Mr. Pennethorne's building could stand this; and there
fore some other receptacles had to be provided. The
new Record Office is not a bad building, so far as it
goes; but it does not go far enough. It is still rather ridiculous in its incomplete state, in the
middle of a waste piece of ground. Mr. Pennethorne's building could stand this; and there
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middle of a waste piece of ground. Mr. Pen-
tumbling in upon him; and stated plainly that, besides the Record Office and the Rolls buildings, he must retain the venerable White Tower as a depository—especially as the Board of Works wanted Carlton House for War-office purposes. 'Build me a wing to the new Record Office, and I will try to accommodate them all.'

But everything, in that momentous year (1855), was not destined to go to his hands, even any more to his liking, than the Treasury had, virtually, but of course politely: 'You must.' And he did.

There are many houses on the east side of Chancery Lane, near Fleet Street, which belong to the Rolls. Young and arrangements were made with the several tenants, whereby eight or nine of those houses were placed at the disposal of the Master. The old tenements were patched up here and there with wood and iron, shelves and presses were fitted up, and the old documents from the White Tower were gradually brought to their new home. Let the reader look at these houses as he passes; he cannot mistake them. Dingy, brown brick tenements; dingy doors, with neither names nor numbers, knockers nor bells; dingy iron railings in front of the lower windows—decidedly an uncomfortable-looking row, as if heaps of lawyers were inflicting horrible tortures on their clients within. Somehow, the houses seem to have been turned hind-side before; for, on passing through a Rolls Yard, we see that entrances to the houses have been made in that quarter. If we were to thread our way through the mazes of these eight or nine houses, we should see how the place is crammed, from kitchen to garret, from floor to ceiling. Rickety as the houses are, and requiring constant attention to prevent them from falling, the heads of their neighbours, they actually contain six hundred tons of paper and parchment. Here, in one house, are Commissariat, Civil List, Audit, and other Records sent by the Treasury. In the mutilated documents from the War Office, comprising militia pay-lists, militia accounts and vouchers, foreign corps pay-lists and accounts, old regimental accounts, military hospital account, & c.; & c.; & c., (for Rolls Yard was once a stable-yard), numerous Commissariat and other papers.

A question is very likely here to arise in the mind—Is it necessary to worry ourselves about keeping all these dusty old bits of paper and parchment; are they of any real use? The Treasury asked this very question in 1856. The Master of the Rolls has, over and over again, urged that the Record Office should be enlarged, in accordance with Mr Pennethorne's original plan. The Treasury has replied, over and over again, that he demands on the public purse, for more important objects, are too urgent to permit this; and, moreover, that the House of Commons is dissatisfied at having had to pay eighty thousand pounds for a building which was estimated at forty thousand. Hence arose a suggestion that an inquiry should be made, whether, and to what degree, the Records are worth keeping. Under these circumstances, my Lords suggest for your consideration the expediency of appointing a committee, which might consist of one officer on behalf of the Treasury, another on behalf of the Record department, and a third appointed by the department the papers of which happened for the time being to be under investigation; for the purpose of examining the several classes of papers, and of reporting to you and to this Board what classes of papers ought to be destroyed, and what preserved.'

It was recommended to place all the papers in one or other of three classes—to be destroyed, to be kept, or to be kept for a few years only. This to a certain extent has been done. In the course of three years, the committee examined seven hundred and fifty tons of papers, and found that about three hundred tons might be consigned to the pulp-tub of the paper-manufacturer; leaving four hundred and

fifty tons of government papers only, without including those of a judicial character, for which room must be found in some way or other.

The Master of the Rolls is still, like Oliver Twist, 'asking for more.' The old need exists, less in degree, but the same in kind. There is only one good Record Office, the first instalment of a larger building; and this is very much too small to contain all the Records, even any more to his liking, than the Treasury has, virtually, but of course politely: 'You must.' And he did.

The Sympathy.

FELLOW-Workers, telling brother, Come into the fields with me: See! the sheaves support each other, So with us it ought to be.

Lean upon me in your trouble, And support me with your joy; Friendship can a lifetime double, Hatred will two lives destroy.

Oh! remember, the Eternal Lays us in one barn together, When with his right hand supernal Sheaves of life he stoops to gather.

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SONGS OF SCOTLAND
PRIOR TO BURNS.

EDITED BY R. CHAMBERS.

IN AN ELEGANT POCKET EDITION. TO BE FOLLOWED BY OTHERS.

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LOOKING BACK FROM HALF-WAY.

There is one great advantage frequently enjoyed in middle age, denied to the old and the young—I mean the pleasure of revisiting childhood's scenes, with youth enough to find most of the old birds still in the nest, and age enough to feel as no school-boy can the recreating properties of a holiday. Happy the man of thirty-five who has a father or mother living where he was born, where he is still called a 'boy' by his parent, and 'Master John' by the old gardener. When he went back from college, he used to give himself airs, and stick up for his manhood—contradicting his father, speaking contemptuously of the family small-beer, and showing that he felt his late escape from the uncertainties of hobblesbyhoyism.

But now, he loves the house for the very reminiscences of childhood which are forced upon him; he is now silently thankful for what, fifteen years ago, he kicked at, or accepted with protest.

There is a charm in his old home, which his own proper address in the Post-office Directory will never possess—although that has charms of its own by no means to be despised.

In the latter place, when he lands after a day's swimming, however successfully, against the stream, he cannot quite shuffle off his coil of citizenship along with his Inverness wrapper. He cannot lay aside his cares with his umbrella; he cannot scrape the dirt from his mind. True, his wife is sweet, and would give charms to a wind-mill; but she cannot divert the capricious responsibilities of young Paterfamilias; she cannot stop the postman's knock; she cannot take her lord's share even of household duties. He must do something. Mr Compo has called to see him about the roof, and will call again at seven. Mr Softly would be glad to have some conversation with him about the 'Anti-tobacco Society.' Really, he must speak to the page himself; the boy didn't mind the maids in the least, &c.

There is no use making wry faces about it. I dare say you have been hard at work all day; well, you are not singular. Some would be thankful beyond the bounds of even melodramatic gratitude, at having such a home to hide in, out of the din of the great crowd which still throbs under the glare of gas. There are better men than you grinding away yet; so don't grumble about the cares of a household. Suppose you had no house at all!

Still, there are special charms in the old home, far away, past lighted stations, through noisy tunnels, deep in the pleasant West. There is a charm in the old home which you cannot find in Tyburnia; a capacity for yawning, a general uncouling of one's self, which is possible nowhere else. There you can defy the pressure of a profession; there you can escape all sense of responsibility and manship. It is a place to rest in, to loosen each button of one's being, and breathe peace at every pore.

The effect is improved if at the same time you are happy in finding those there who spoil you. An impartial friend or relation is a pest of society. As if you didn't know your own weak places and dark corners, but must have a friend to help you to keep your eye upon them. With such, absence makes the heart grow fonder. No, no; give me a partial friend, who likes, if possible, who admires me. Give me one who loves without ever wishing to know the reason why. I confess I like to be spoiled.

To me, one of the greatest enjoyments of such a visit as I have mentioned, is to moon about, and let the stream of old associations and memories, started by long familiar objects, flow on without interruption.

Three days ago, I was a drop of blood in the great 'pulse of the world's right hand;' I was a grinding-wheel—I helped to raise the hum of Babylon.

Now, I am a fungus, pushed back through all the steps of species, a placid, happy fungus.

A guinea-ticket did it all, in three hours. When the fly I rummaged up at the inn of the station, where the hens were already at roost, took me up the carriage-drive of my home, all the house was stirred—for I had not announced myself—asking itself what the noise of wheels could be; and the inquiry struck me as a fair indication of the gulf I had crossed from Babylon to Brownleaf Hall.

How full of memories an old house and garden is! To those who knew it young, every seat, shrub, nook, and view about it has a charm and value of its own. My saunter the next morning gave me pleasure enough, and as most old gardens and homes are alike, or have at least a suggestive kindly relationship to each other, will you share my idle reverie? There is something in you, I hope, which responds to the memories of boyhood. Look, sir! there is nothing to you in that beech-tree, but once, I may say, I lived in it for years. That is the bough on which we nailed a board for a seat, with nails drawn out of the garden-
wall—blunt, gritty, cast-iron things. But the board held on, and the branch flattened itself out beneath it, like a box-constricter which had swallowed a gun-case. I spent many odd hours and half-holidays in that tree. Who has not had some similar pet retreat, the favourite cliff, the beech in the glade, the bench by the stream, the wood, the beach, the cave? Mine was a tree. I invited my friends to see me there; we hauled up cupsful of fruit thereto, and were sociable aloft. I remember, though, having a grand lesson on greediness in connection with that same tree; no one set it me; I was not talked to, but punished silently by the inexorable look of the fruit and edit, and I am sure took a new interest in the value of experience. It came about thus. I had been reading the story of Peter Wilkins. When the ship, loaded with iron, had become quite fixed to the loadstone rock, and he had recovered from the first gush of terror, he was hungry. The story says that he hunted about till he found some cheeses cossed in lead; having opened one of these with his axe, he 'dined off it, and felt considerably refreshed. 'I should think so,' was my comment (I was nine years old) 'I should think so; no bread, nothing but cheese.' I felt that the disaster of the wreck was almost compensated by such a delicious and uninterrupted meal. The scene haunted me. One day, having found myself lying about in an irregular hole in a block of cheese, about a pound or so in weight, I suppose, I climbed to the seat in the beach-tree, and fell to. After a quarter of an hour, a large fragment was still uncomputed. I believe I burst it. I know that I did not touch cheese for months, and had my first useful hint given about a check on appetite. Depend upon it, these children's bellies often teach more than the most elaborately illustrated lesson in prudery.

How sharply some things stand out in the past! On what does your eye rest in the dim background as you plie into the weight of infancy? While I paced about the familiar, though long unvisited, garden, the water-worn pebbles in the gravel-path recalled my earliest memory. It was that of the shining brook. I can see it now, as it runs to the sea. I am told I was not more than three years old when taken there for the first time, but that I spent my time in filling baskets with the store of precious stones. Being child, I suppose, I had possessed a marable or so, and prized them with the exaggeration of youth, but here were round pebbles without stint. To this day, looking through the last distinct object in the series is that beach, those priceless innumerable pebbles. I do not remember having noticed the sea. How truly, as Bacon somewhere says, first thoughts and third thoughts agree. Middle-aged, mediocre, pushing men affect to see the sea. Newton and the child know better; they pick up their shells by the ocean-edge, without the hopeless distraction of deeper soundings. In God's kingdom, though, the things be only rounded pebbles on the sand, they are hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes.

When do children begin to think? When does the fancy open? When do we first step without ourselves into the magic world which lies around, and feel the fresh current of new thought? Children are more deeply impressed than we imagine. I remember feeling quite awed by what seems a simple thing. You see that gray church tower standing up among the trees. Within those hard walls lives the sweetest, softest voice that ever spread its fairy rings in the still air. I was wandering about by myself early one summer morning in some low meadows, where bring backed up out of heap of hay or silver sand. It was August. I was looking at it, wondering how it flowed up so full and cool through all the long hot summer, when the ponds shrunk down, and even the deep wells returned a stony clang to the bucket which came up dusty and bruised. I was standing over the spring, and watching how it waved away the little bits of stick and even stone I tossed within its mouth, when all at once the bell began to toll its mournful signal to the gleaming fields of wheat. It touched and loosened a new world of thought in me. What is it that I heard, so that voice I had heard so often had now a mystic power I had never before.

Who first chose great bells to summon men to prayer? There was a throng of inspiration in that thought. I try to recall my first sense of the purpose of a church, and trebly feel it very indiscernible. Perhaps in the growth of my ideas was started by our pew. I shouldn't wonder. It was a very Saul among the others—a head and shoulders higher than the rest. It was lined, moreover, with green baize, which retained its colour only in the shade; elsewhere, the hot summer sun and cold winter light had chipped it to a dingy yellow. Just beneath the top edge was a row of brass-headed nails. I never could count them; they were so much alike, that when you got to seventy or eighty, you lost your place. I guess, I suppose, a hundred or more.

The queer old church! There were pews for all—gentle and simple. The old men's pews were close to the door, and I remember it grew to be quite a study to us. It was lined, moreover, with green baize, which had a peculiar tint. The pulpit and desk were vis-à-vis in an arch which divided the congregation, like the two players who join hands in the preliminary part of 'French and English.' But that old church was well filled, especially a space behind the organ, where the bibles dearies cut their names, and muffled the sound of cracking nuts. There was a man, however, whose head was about with a long peaked hat was, and I used to watch the tip of it go by bobbing up and down above the edge of the pew.

Now the church is 'restored.' The pulpit and desk have been taken away in the architect's bidding; the old men are brought into a warmer corner, and most of the nuts are eaten in the porch. But the part of the church which I much pleased me most was the belfry, where I was sometimes allowed to help chime. 'Raising the bell' was a feat of after-years. Oh! how grand, though it was merely bell-pulls rope! How ropes roped down through the slippery silver-holes in the beams above, twisting and coiling up upon the floor like the tangled wires in the grocer's shops. Each ring has a pyramid at its foot; there is a moment's pause, and then it rises up like a fountain through the roof. Wow! if you were behind you. For a mortal hand can catch the return-swing of the bell. Up you must go, to be smashed against the beam, and the next instant deposited on the floor with a comminuted fracture of the knee and skull.

More than one man has thus tried his hand— or at a marriage-festival—and caused the sounding of a passing bell. I remember, however, once seeing my little brother whipped up thus by a bell-nut, and his head stop within two inches of the beam. Per- haps he didn't let go when he found himself upon his legs again! But we used to creep about among the bells by the hour together, when the staircases were lying. What a charming place it was, the very bell-chamber itself, with its huge rough beams, the upper surfaces of the bells spotted with white bird dung, while an unconsecrated dove-cot sort of was filled the sense. Not that the bell was ventilated too; those wooden crosses of the hundred which showed that the map of the country beneath it little squares, were always played on by the wind which soured and swept around the bells, making them, hum in harmony, like the asleep dreaming of a peal.

But how on earth did we get to talk about the belfry?
Oh, recalling early memories as we walk about the garden, and catch at a turn a sight of the old gray tower. But in a visit to the scenes of childhood we find some of the keenest recollections by no means grave. There is a gable-end in a garden I sometimes visit now (far away), but which I can never see without the thought of it ending with a decayed ivy-leaved arbor, leading into a loft, ivy on both sides, and a sloping roof. The doorway had a south aspect and a broad threshold, and was reached by a ladder, the top of which only appeared above an ivy screen. Therein was the elevated threshold, whenever the sun shone—and it used to shine in summer then—the cat would sit like a picture of herself in a frame, with the inner darkness of the loft as a background. On a terrace-walk immediately opposite was a fruit-shedding apple-tree. I fear I threw a great many pippins at Puss, Fincher—that was my terrier—always expected it, and used to wait below. I have the scene before me: Puss asleep, or looking at her finger-nails in half a doze; then comes a pippin; Grimalkin vanishes, a moment occupied in the descent of the ladder, then the invisible but not inaudible alight on Fincher. Out they both come, cat with a tail as big as a muff, venuziolating past me, and I half suspect myself wandering after her, all teeth and hair, till they reach a tree, whence she curses him till he tires of capering round the trunk, ever the same; now to unlave, now to unlave. A good reason for dislikeing cats. When I was a boy, they used to steal my young rabbits. We had a hole like a saw-pit, boarded and covered over with wooden laths, in which we kept, or rather tried to keep, our rabbits. One day, however, the gardener caught two cats working together at the theft, the thinnest getting down, and handing up the young rabbits to the other, who in his account of the matter and I can well believe it; for Argus—a red-eyed, evil-favoured Newfoundland we had—was once detected lam-b-killing, then washing himself in a pond, and finally getting back to his kennel, and putting his head in the collar before he thought any of the household were up. There he was before our breakfast, with no evidence of guilt about him, beyond the pleasant secret sense of early digestion begun in his own inside.

It is a curious thing that dogs, which can not only look mean, but shew such natural opportuni ties and yet never seem to teach one another. Probably they accept an accomplishment as an instinct. They don't know that they learn, do not notice the progress made. Did you ever consider what an isolated life a dog leads? He is occupied only with the passing moment; he does not meditate or look forward; he does not listen except when spoken to. No wonder, poor fellow, that he 'delights to bark and bite;' his life would be otherwise dull enough.

Dogs are very fond of children; they understand each other thoroughly—the dog appreciating the indulgent supervision of a mischievous boy, and the boy glad of a companion chiefly characterised by unscrupulous high spirits.

But a truce to dogs. No one can look back upon his childhood without seeing serious mistakes of management in those who were full of anxiety for the young ones under their charge.

Children are often most unfairly treated by those who desire to exercise all kindness. Sometimes, however, we must be almost impious for the minor to view the question in dispute, as he ought, from the boy's side as well as his own. I recollect an instance. There was a very large pond near my home. I was somewhere, having authorities to go about for me, that I might row and sail about. At last they said: 'If you will build one yourself which will carry you, you may navigate at discretion.' Well, I set to work. I got boards, nails, pitch, and did it. Certainly the result ominously resembled a coffin, with a trian-
Facts about Railways

No paragraph in our weekly newspaper is more uniformly passed over by the general reader than the ‘weekly railway traffic return,’ and yet, to the statistician or the holder of stock, this little paragraph possesses an interest which even Mr. Reuter would fail in any proportionate degree to arouse. But, certainly, the rainfall is out of these very ‘returns’ that our statistical Dryasdust never fails to interest us when he comes to sum up in the aggregate, and strikes an average. For instance, taking 1861, he tells us that an average day’s work on the railways of the United Kingdom during that year was to carry half a million of passengers, considerably over a quarter of a million of tons of minerals and merchandise, eighty-five thousand live-stock, and two thousand horses and dogs. During last year, we are also told that the number of passengers travelling by rail has never been less than six times the entire population of the kingdom. Nearly four millions of trains ran in the course of last year, equivalent to ten thousand six hundred a day, or more than seven times the number of minutes in a day.

Again, the rolling stock—such as engines, carriages, and trucks—of all the railways in the country, if placed in one continuous line, would extend to at least the distance of six hundred miles; of these, nearly three thousand are engines, consuming about three hundred tons of coal per hour—in this way requiring a little coal-field to feed them.

Thanks to our matter-of-fact friend, we are not only able to compute a day’s work, but we can compare the aggregate of one year with another. Thus, the passenger and goods trains of 1861 travelled nearly three millions of miles more than these trains did in 1860, which is equivalent to going round the world one hundred and sixteen times more last year than the year before. The value of railway stock has, of course, increased in an equal ratio, exceeding in 1861 the amount of 1850 by fourteen millions sterling.

Leaving statistics for a moment, let us glance at what is so much accomplished fact in the relation of the railway system to the country. The country has been changed in both its physical and social aspects by the agency of railways. Physically, they have created new centres of population, brought trade and commerce, with all their accessories, into new districts, opened new places of resort, and greatly increased the facilities for reaching other places already known. Now, because railways have brought Brighton, Margate, and Ramsgate, as it were, to the back-door of the metropolis; Scarborough in close proximity to the sites of industry in the West Riding; and have made the waterings-places on the Lancashire and Welsh coast but as many suburbs to cities in the burning days of summer. Socially, railways have quickened the pulse of the world. They have modified society in every relation, and almost in every aspect. While the railway system may be said to have greatly increased the span of our short lives for active exertion, it is making all classes of our population better acquainted with each other—better acquainted with the arts and devices of their neighbours, and more conversant with the physical beauty, form, and proportions of their own land. It equalizes the prices of different commodities, by making them accessible alike to all the ends of the kingdom.

This, the system helps to break down local jealousies and monopolies, but not to land society together again in the spirit of a healthy industry. While doing all this good service, railways further enable all classes to travel, and thus to acquire the new ideas and funds of information imbued with science and baccalories of society than when I had set out for my stroll from the Hôtel des Bergues.

The deaths and injuries in one year of travelling by railway bear no proportion to the great extent of disastrous accidents under the old coaching-system. In 1860, there were 68 railway accidents reported to the Board of Trade, in which 37 persons were killed and 515 injured. During the same year, in the metropolis alone, there were above 80 persons killed and 900 injured by coaches. The number of deaths can be said than double the deaths, and nearly double the injuries reported on all the lines of railway in the kingdom. Under the stage-coach system, the proportion of travellers killed would seem to have been about one in twelve thousand; the proportion under the railway system is one in about seven and a half millions; the proportion of injured under the same system being one in three hundred and thirty thousand.

Striking as these facts undoubtedly are, and great as is the improvement, in respect to the individual safety of passengers to the new system, over the old, railway accidents are far more numerous than they ought to be, and certainly do not seem to be on the decrease. With proper precautions, the greater number might be altogether avoided, and the remainder have their evil effects most materially lessened. An able writer in a late number of the Quarterly Review calculates that three-fourths of the accidents that happen might thus be avoided, while only one-fourth can be classed as non-preventable; namely, those occurring from causes beyond control, as well as reckoning for positive neglect of orders.

Last year was a disastrous one in the annals of railway accidents, the amount of deaths being quadrupled, and of injuries doubled, in 1861 over 1860; and yet exactly the same proportion of accidents occurred through collisions in the former year as in the latter.

Cannot the tide be turned again by any means? It is greatly to be regretted that government did not obtain for itself a port control over railway arrangements at the beginning, when the railway battles were first fought in the committee-rooms of the House of Commons. This control, which, if used judiciously, would have secured a greater uniformity of working, and perhaps better management, is not now possible;* but still the government, as well

* There are no less than one hundred and twelve railway directors in the House of Commons, and fifty-one in the House of Lords.
as railway companies, have their duties to perform towards the one hundred and sixty-three millions of the travelling public of the country. At present, a railway official is required to report the occurrence of an accident, and a report of all accidents occurring on each line, constitute the whole of the relation which exists between the government and the different railway companies. But there is no duty imposed upon the railway management to make the best arrangement to prevent accidents, and to instruct the public. As a matter of fact, the legislature has wisely ordered that no line shall be opened for public traffic until personally inspected by an officer of the Board of Trade. After a time, however, extensive alterations are required on this same line—such as relaying the rails, changing the position or the character of the signals, renewing bridges, and many other matters of detail. Yet the legislature takes no cognizance of these further matters, though they must of course materially affect the character of the line for better or worse; nor do we again hear of the government inspector till some terrible disaster sets this official in motion to institute some inquiry, perhaps after all traces of the accident have disappeared. The public have a right to insist upon proper precautions being rendered obligatory, as well as a more rigid adherence to the law as already laid down, and they have a right to the knowledge that these investigations should be made into every accident that happens. Whilst these arrangements should never be left to railway companies, the directors themselves have duties of a much more practical nature. These consist not so much in devising new plans of working and new methods of security, as in the faithful carrying out of the efficient means already known, but which, from motives of economy or from careless management, have never been carried out. It is well known that many very necessary alterations, repairs, or improvements, have been uselessly delayed on some railways for financial reasons, such as advancing or equalising the dividend, by throwing the cost on a prospective rather than the present year. And here, perhaps, consists the great problem of railways: a railway management, which goes far to throw the onus back from railway officials to the moneyminded interest in the country. The leading officials on a line are bound hand and foot; they have to make things pleasant to directors; directors to shareholders; and if the last must have their 'bond,' they must of necessity take all Shylock's risks of drawing blood.

Collisions are the most fatal sources of railway accidents; yet these are the misadventures most easily prevented. The hideous Clayton-Tunnel accident last year, which caused the death of a number of persons, and to which a man was sentenced on the charge of having been in the course of a few days, might have been avoided if a sufficient interval had been allowed to elapse between closed trains, which, in both cases, were running on the same line at frightfully short intervals, and if the safety of the passengers had not been intrusted (as it was shown to be) to overtasked or incompetent hands. The same remarks will apply entirely to the recent serious accident at Market-Harborough. The Helmsmore accident, and another about the same time on the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton Railway, were the result of a want of sufficient break-power, and could never have occurred had break-power on such a system, for instance, as Mr Newall's principle of continuous breaks applied simultaneously to a number of carriages. The guard, of course, had been in force at the time. All these accidents occurred to excursion-trains, and passengers by such trains are of course always subject to the greatest risk. It is not always for financial reasons that excursion-trains are run; competition is generally the exciting cause; these trains seldom bring profit to shareholders. The precautions for avoiding accidents are almost invariably characterised by a mingled system of paranimy and recklessness, which undertakes extraordinary work with only ordinary appliances, and braves extra risks with only the usual precautions. Most accidents, either directly or indirectly, happen through the want of either efficient working-signal or signal-men, and the importance of both cannot be overestimated. For ordinary purposes, perhaps, the semaphore signal with indicator always at 'danger,' for both stations and junctions, is the best; and for signal-men let us pay a little more and better paid, seeing that so many lives are in their hands. On one of our largest lines, the system of telegraphic stations is at work, and is very efficient. Every train is by this method reported from station to station, and when delays occur, or the train happens to be late, the train following is instantly warned by signal. In Germany, it is common on the railways to employ signal-men stationed along the line in sight of each other, to pass the train on safely. Measures of precaution existing on some lines of railway are never thought of being brought into active operation on other lines, though their usefulness cannot be called in question. Nor is it always a question of expense, so much as a long-continued dread of any sort of innovation. Thus, a communication between guard and driver, in use on some few lines only, has more than once saved a company a serious accident, and passengers their limbs. Were such a contrivance universally adopted, accidents to a train—on fire, for instance—might often be avoided. We were once ourselves in a railway train, on one of the east-coast railways, when a carriage at the end of the train, from some defect of material, left the rails. The misfortune was instantly perceived by the guard, who lost no time in signalling the driver by means of a contrivance of the kind in question, and the train was eventually pulled up before any serious damage was done. Perhaps the best description of such a communication is a hempen or wire rope running under the platform of each carriage, by means of which the guard from behind (or the initiated traveller with enough presence of mind) either rings a gong or bell on the tender, or pulls the handle of the steam-whistle on the engine. High speed, whilst it will increase infinitely the serious results of an accident, can scarcely be said to have much to do with causing one, always, however, excepting cases of great curvature of the line, at which times the speed ought invariably to be decreased. During the severe winter of 1860 and 1861, the newspapers teemed with accounts of disastrous accidents caused by the action of the intense frost on the wheels of railway carriages. From the instant breaking of wheel-tires, no journey was undertaken for weeks together without serious apprehension and alarm. Still, railway companies might protect themselves and their passengers by a little outlay in the shape of better material. Wheel-tires made after either Burke's or Mansell's new patent, owing, in both instances, to their being dovetailed to the wheels, may be broken into a dozen pieces, and yet keep their place till the carriage can be detached from the train. Especially during the winter, examination of the wheels of carriages cannot be made too frequently. Perhaps the greatest improvement in the laying of the permanent way, of late years, consists in making the rails fish-jointed, namely, in securing the rails together at the point of junction. All that is necessary for this process, is to place a slab of wrought iron on each side of the ends of each rail, and securing the plate to the rail by means of screw-bolts passing through both plates and rail. It is almost impossible, under this arrangement, for any single piece of rail to fly from its place, as they have been known to do under the old plan of laying down the way. Besides the charge of accidents happening through the want of this or some other precaution, when the rails are not united in some such efficient manner, every tire of every vehicle that passes over the joints receives a blow in passing,
ASTRAAY AT RAPPAHANNOCK.

We talked again of Brock Edmonds. His strange disappearance had been the theme of the town, since his departure for Rappahannock, a week before. Brave, scrupulous, and loyal, all who knew him well rejected indignantly the imputation that he had gone over the enemy. He was a Virginian, it was said, and must forsooth be false; his affianced was the daughter of a Confederate colonel, and to be true in love, he must forsake his country. Meaner men had superseded him in the staff, and he had revenged himself by perjury and desertion. But though these paltry libels had obtained general circulation and acceptance, we—his staff-companions—who had known him in camp, in perilous enterprise, and in the painful march, defended his honour as our own.

We were sitting beneath the canopy or ‘fly’ of the mess-tent, recreating ourselves with whisky and pipes. It was the eighth night since the departure of our comrades, and we missed his ready jest, his loud, infectious laugh, his uniform courtesy and generosity. The war had come at last to Warrenton Springs, and the encampments of an immense army whitened the surrounding hills. Federal sentries paced up and down the massive portico of the hotel; cannon were planted in all the lanes; cavalry horses galloped and garden and orchard; and the Spring was become a lavatory for thousands of wanton soldiers.

We had been a fortnight at the Springs, and the monotony of our tenure had been varied by but a single incident—the loss of Brock Edmonds. The circumstances relating to his departure were mysterious and alarming. He had been called to the general’s tent late in the afternoon, and intrusted with a verbal order to one of the brigade commanders whose quarters were at Rappahannock, a railway station on a river of the same name, eight miles distant. He had reached his destination at nine o’clock, delivered his instructions punctually, and obtained the countersign of the day. Returning, he had passed a guard five miles from Rappahannock, and had stopped to light a pipe at a picket-firse, still further on, complaining, in the latter case, that his horse was a tired one. He was, to all appearances, sober, and expressed himself as resolved to get back to head-quarters by midnight. But subsequently, a man in the army had encountered him, and traced of neither rider nor horse had been discovered, though diligent inquiries were made far and wide. His capture by the enemy was improbable, for our picket posts were so close and continuous, that the line were considered to be impervious. No bodies of Southern troops were contiguous; and though the Virginians within the lines were all supposed to be in the capital, it was believed that only a few aged and infirm people remained, as the young and able-bodied had departed to join the Confederate armies. The only plausible alternative was, that Brock Edmonds, knowing the location of our pickets, had avoided them, and escaped in the darkness to his Southern friends. The Richmond newspapers, however, which our outriders brought in daily, made no mention of Captain Edmonds, and no recent prisoners had heard anything of his desertion.

The conversation beneath the fly had turned upon the absent one. Thirteen young fellows were we, who had thrown up our several professions at the call to arms, and, unacquainted before, had met by assignment upon General B.‘s staff. Five of us were Yankees, two were from New York, four were foreign adventurers who loved war for its own sake, and I was a Pennsylvanian, of Quaker descent.

‘Heigh-ho!’ said Wicklowe, turning off his fourth draught of spirits, ‘how we miss Brock’s jolly laugh.’

‘Camp has become so insufferably dull,’ said Bigwig, ‘that I shall resume the old “biz,”’ and threw up my commission.

Bigwig had been a junior partner in a dry-goods house, but took to the sword as naturally as to scissors.

‘If it isn’t positive conceit to repeat anything that Brock—poor old boy—has done so well before, I will sing his Chickahominy song,’ said Chockmack, ever anxious to exhibit his vocal powers.


‘Go on,’ said Wicklowe, drinking again: ‘any affliction is preferable to this horrible silence.’

As Chockmack’s wheezy notes rang on the night I saw the glare of camp-fires reddening the woods and sky; I heard the clatter of bayonets at the hour of guard-relief, and some of the negro servants singing sweetly sonorous choruses. The faint, hollow roll of a distant drum blended mystically with the stir of leaves overhead, and I saw in the dimness the cloaked and stalwart sentry striding before the general’s tent. It seemed as if one of the broad gravelled aisles, and I could hear the ‘tick, tick, tick’ of the telegraph instrument in a Shirley canopy adjoining.

A month had thus transformed one of the pleasantest of solitudes, and the hospitable grounds had been trampled by innumerable hoofs. There were great gaps in the fences, and coarse punctillings upon the walls of the fine old manse. The furniture had been
I turned toward the voice, at the repetition of my name, and recognised a tall, athletic orderly. As I shook him, he respectfully saluted, and said: 'The general says, sir, immediately, at his quarters.'

The mess broke into a loud laugh, anticipating that some one could in a wry old devil, do worse.

'There's twenty pages of a report to copy,' said Biggwig.

'I'll lend you my leetle cheval, mas ami,' said Saint Pierre; 'you take one dam journey.'

'Hadn't you as well worry down another "smile" before you go?' said Wicklow, copiously imbibing himself.

I replied carelessly, refilled my pipe, and following the sergeant across a grass-plat and through a broken wicket, stood in the presence of the general. He was seated at a pine table, covered with maps, diagrams, and manuscripts, and the candle threw an imperfect light upon his handsome bronzed face, and broad, prominent forehead. A trunk, marked with his initials, and a small iron bedstead, with two camp-stools, and a short wooden bench, comprised his furniture; but there was a picture of the Madonna, which never left him, suspended from a nail in the rear tent-pole. This picture had survived all mutations. He had carried it in the Mexican war, when but a lieutenant. It had hung in the hall of the Montezumas, when employed at clerkly duties therein. At Fort Yuma, the Siberia of military stations, he had kept it in his quarters for five monotonous years, and when appointed a captain, and posted abroad, he had brought this picture across four thousand miles of plain and prairie.

'Sit down, Lieutenant Missillin!' he said curtly; and as I took one of the chairs, he resumed his writing. I looked at the richly quilted saddle that lay at his feet, at the splendidly mounted sword thrown carelessly across his bed, at the holsters and silver-plated pistols beneath his rubber-pillow. I studied the angles and fullness of the fine indurated form, and the severe and wrinkled countenance before me; and as I thought of the battles and silvered beard of this hero of a score of battles, my eyes wandered magnetically to the pensive, melancholy picture of the Madonna—his constant companion through reverses, trial, and promotion. I trust that every soldier carries some such picture through his journeyings. My own Madonna was in Pennsylvania.

'Lieutenant,' said he, in his quick nervous manner, looking me directly in the eyes, 'your horse is fresh and saddled!' I looked through the opening of the tent at the sharp boot of hoods, and beheld my pony, led by my own servant.

'I would not trouble you till it was necessary, but you gave a part of the evening with your friends. There is your horse; here is a sealed envelope. You are to ride with all speed to Rappahancock.'

A little leap of my heart, and a slight tremor of my lips, followed the announcement of this ill-omened name.

'I may say,' continued the general, in his curt sententious way, 'since I am now under cover, Ithrow the secret of my confidence, that this paper contains the details of an order for an immediate advance. You are to ride direct to the quarters of General Lee, deliver the envelope, and return to-night with his receipt and reply.'

I bowed silently, and turned to go.

'Stop!' said he again. 'It is eight o'clock; you must deliver the message by eleven. I shall not return before then. You will be faced by your army.'

'It is a long and stony way,' I said hesitatingly, 'and forty miles can scarcely be made in seven hours.'

'It must be done,' said he, shaking his beard; 'the troops must be under way before midnight. Return upon a fresh horse. Good-night.'

I returned his salutation, but had scarcely got a yard from his quarters, when I heard the sharp call to return. As I stood before him again, he stared piercingly into my eyes, half impeachingly, half inquiringly.

'Am I to lose another aide?' he said slowly and sarcastically.

The blood rose to my temples, and I felt my hands closing. 'Not unless you insult him twice,' I returned.

'I ask your pardon,' said he, in his old dry manner; 'you are not a Virginian.'

I bit my lips at the reflection upon my late comrade, but concluded to remain silent.

'Will you have an orderly to accompany you?'

'Not after the doubt you have expressed.'

'Forget it,' he said, with irresistible frankness, 'as the weakness of a suspicious old soldier. Give me your hand. God bless you! Be prompt. Good-night.'

I repaired to the mess-tent, hastily examined my pistols, and buckled on my sword-belt and spurs. Joining my comrades in a parting health, I leaped into my saddle, and at seven minutes past eight o'clock, started at a sharp canter for Rappahancock. The ride for five or six miles of the way was enlivened by belated teams, couriers, and occasional squads of officers returning to their regiments. Campfires lit up the whole horizon, till it seemed a great belt of flame; mystic serenades floated dreamily from invisible fields and copses; confused voices of shouting and singing were wafted from tented hill-sides, and grouped batteries, ambulances, and army-cattle came dimly in view at intervals. The moon shone full and brightly; but I saw with some solicitude that it was sinking slowly behind the woods; and at nine o'clock, as I heard the tattoo beat from a dozen quarters, I turned obliquely to the left, and was soon involved in complete darkness. For nine miles, I met no human being, and heard no sounds but the ring of my horse's hoofs, the rattle of his curb-chain, and the clink of my sword in its scabbard.

There was nothing of peril involved in my journey; but the times were irregular, the country expansive, and thousands of reckless men were abroad with arms in their hands. How had Brock Edmonds disappeared? His route to Rappahancock had not differed from mine. The night was not less fair. As horsemen, we were well matched; and that he had been faithful, I would pledge my life. How, whence, and wherefore had the stillness and mystery of the grave fallen upon him? I could not surmise; I only know that, as I remembered his goodness, pleasantness, and usefulness, I resolved, if chance should give me a clue whereby to follow or revenge him, I would do it at all risks. My way led mainly through scrub-timber; the road was little more than a cow-path, so sinuous that I was compelled to trust entirely to the instinct of my steed, and so dark that I was not without fear of pitfalls and prostrate trees. Fortunately the route had been seldom travelled, and the clay roadway was hard, level, and unnumbered by the slash and debris that usually mark the route of an army. There was much of romance, and pleasant feverish excitement in the ride. The hoofs of my horse struck sparks from stony places, and the whistle of night-birds, the scream of owls, the whine of wild pigs, and the long shrill chirp of crickets and lizards made strange and eerie music. Weird likenesses of beings colossal, hideous eyes that shone from thickets,
and glimpses of spectral sky breaking through boughs and leaves; starlight reflected in slimy pools; deserted homesteads staring black and ghostly from hill-tops; clumps of negro cabins, that looked half-human away, and their great watch-eyes; clearings across which the night-winds blew dismally; and quaint old stacks and hay-barracks—these were some of the spectacles that greeted me on the way. And when, at ten o’clock, I answered the challenge of a black-helmeted patrol, and found that I had almost reached my journey’s end, I drew a sigh of relief, and reining my horse to a quiet pace, soon dismounted before the quarters of General H.

He had not anticipated my message, and was about retiring to his bed. But after swearing roundly once or twice, he resumed his garments, summoned his aides, and ordered his brigade under arms. In a few minutes, lights were twinkling here and there, great wagons laden with tents and field-utensils went lumbering across the fields, and mounted men leaped away in battalion. The tumultuous camps had folded themselves noiselessly, and were off.

I resolved to return with my own pony, for he seemed yet fresh and unwearyed, and obtaining a sealed reply to my communication, accepted the offer of a drop of brandy and a cigar, and remounted my horse. The general collected to me as I moved off. ‘Have you heard anything of Captain Edmunds?’

‘Nothing.’

‘He was a fine fellow,’ said the general, turning away. ‘I gave him the proper courtesies just at this hour of the night, and he took some spirits, as you have done, before departing.’

‘Ticonderoga,’ he answered shortly. ‘Good-night.’

As a rule, I give no regard to coincidences. I do not believe in signs; I despise dreams and omens; but there are moments when reason, in spite of itself, gives way to superstition, and such moments were mine. I tuned my face toward Waterston Springs, and ground my horse harshly with the spur. Not only had my journey corresponded with that of Brock Edmunds in all essentials of time, route, and object, but the circumstances hadfall, not excepting the otherwise insignificant item of the countersign for the password on this evening was ‘Crown Point,’ and that of the previous evening its associate battle of ‘Ticonderoga.’ In addition to these resemblances, I could not forget that the disappearance of my friend had pressed upon my mind for days with peculiar and intense interest; I had dreamed thriftly of his return, I had talked incessantly of his virtues, I had loved him with the fervour of a brother; nay, I had felt a conviction, too subtle to be explained, too positive to be mistaken—and on this evening oppressive beyond melancholy—that with his fate my life was in some way bound up. It was in vain that I puffed vigorously at my pipe, and strove to recall lighter topics—my mother, perhaps awake even now, and praying in the dim watches for her errant boy; my betrothed, who might be murmuring my name and her dreams; my mess-companions, roaring at their revels; the grim old general, awaiting my return, with the blue eyes of his Madonna ever upon him; the troops on the march, roused up at my unwonted summons; the wild themes faded away, and the fate of Brock Edmunds resumed its place in my fancies. His face, like a spectre, glistened before me in the darkness; his name, like a ghostly refrain, came up to my lips with every hoof-beat; and as I halted obedient to challenge, by the last clattering picket, my holo of ‘Crown Point’ seemed to provoke a deep and ominous echoes of ‘Ticonderoga’ and ‘Brock Edmunds.’

‘Have you the time, sentry?’ I called to the patrol.

‘Twelve o’clock, midnight!’ said the deep voice of the horseman, vanishing in the gloom.

For nine miles to come, I should meet no living soul. The blowing of my pony, as I spurred him again, admonished me with a low, and travels with a silent speed. But the finish of my ride were over; a strange weird nervousness had succeeded. The noise of wild swine in the brush alarmed me; twice I laid my hand agitated upon my sword, and once halted with drawn pistol at the shriek of a frightened night-hawk. Ashamed of these unnaturally weaknesses, I thought to compose myself by singing a cheerful strain, but my voice was so hollow and unreal, that I shuddered and ceased. At last, with a loud ‘Woa,’ and a quick quiver, I stopped in the middle of the road and felt the perspiration standing like dew on my forehead.

‘I too was lost!’

‘For more than an hour, I had failed to recognize passing objects. However my tremor and terror had lengthened the miles, I had yet preserved some approximate estimate of time, and knew that, in the due course of travel, the long night was at Glaston Springs. But in the rush of fears and fancies, in the gloom and shadow of the night, in the certainty that having thrice gone over the same road, I should follow it safely again, I missed my way, and was in place of the scrub-maple, oak, magnolia, and gum that shut in the by-road by which I had come, I was now encompassed by dwarf pines and oaks, that revealed the open sky, but gave even more than the ordinary lonesomeness to the scenery. Sterile, uninhabited, interminable as I knew such soil to be, there was the additional feeling of my horse, weary and hungry, and should have proved inadequate to the task. While thus doubtful and perplexed, I heard a tread among the pines to the left, followed by a crack, and a hard, heavy breath. My hand reached nervously for my pistol. I stood erect in the stirrup, peering through the gloom with my finger pressing tightly against the trigger, and a stammering challenge upon my lips. A dark object bounded from the brush, and passing across the road close before me, disappeared. I resolved it into a horse, and in the dim, uncertain shadow, saw that it was lame!

Cursing my cowardice, I replaced the pistol in its holster, and chirping to my beast, went warily onward. There was a chance, at least, that should reach some secluded farmhouse or negroy. After the space of a half-hour, I came to a fence and gate, and to my great relief discerned the stacks and out-houses of a farm. A second gate through which I passed creaked dismally behind me, and shut with a loud noise, but turning the angle of a log-cabin, I had the satisfaction of dimounting before an ancient Virginia residence, where a candle still burned in the lower story, and streaming through a window, cast a flood of light across the yard. It was a dwelling framed after a fashion immemorial in the South. Long, open porches, roofed and railed, and ascended by steps, seemed to stand in front and rear chimneys at the gables were built outside of the house, and against it. The kitchen was a separate building, but connected with the dwelling by a
covered passage-way, or colonnade, and both dwelling and kitchen had peaked or double roofs. There were, as it were, two at a glance in construction, consisting of a windlass and chain for raising or lowering the bucket; but the other was a description of well found only in America, and covered these rapidly falling into disuse, known as the pole or balance-well. It consisted of a long hickory pole or shaft, suspended from a forked or crooked upright, and tied at its short. Tapering end to a pendant or rod. To this was attached the bucket, which could be readily lowered by hand, and hoisted by the superior weight of the long end of the pole. I was particularly attracted to this latter well, because curiously enough, the heavy end of the pole was in the air, and the bucket apparently at the bottom of the well. The well-hole was covered with planks, and from the circumstance of a broken plough being deposited above them, I inferred that the well was no longer used. It had a quaint and venerable appearance, standing thus in the night, and I wondered that its position should be so reversed. The whole place, indeed, had an air of gloom and improvidence. Some of the windows in the dwelling were stuffed with old hats and breeches, the whitewash had peeled from the weather-boarding, the porches were rotten and tottering, and except the cheerful glow of the fire, I saw nothing indicative of hospitality and comfort. Long experience in camps, however, had familiarised me to rough fare, and I felt very grateful for the opportunity to rest till morning, and to feed myself at my own pace.

Leaping lightly up the steps, and traversing the porch, I knocked thrice, quickly and loudly. Some shuffling of feet and earnest whispering ensued, and then I heard a door opened. I do not know that I have ever seen a face so terror-stricken; his lips were quivering, his knees trembling, and the hand by which he held the latch sticks trembled in a similar manner. I saw at a glance that one of his feet was clubbed, and that his right arm was short and withered. Beside a blazing log-fire in the great sooty chimney-place sat two girls and a very old man, who seemed quite as ill at ease. The pale faces of the girls were little relieved by the attitude of the man, who had attempted to rise, but was back again in the set. In his hand he grasped the tongs, and his face expressed conflicting emotions of hate, fear, and despair.

"Good-evening," said I soothingly; "I hope that I haven't disturbed you."

"You have disturbed me," said the old man, rattling the tongs in his quaking fingers; "you ha' nigh been the death o' me. You ha' given me a turn that'll shorten my days. What are you arter, on folk's property in the dead hour o' night, knockin' at their doors, and scarin' their wimmens?"

At this one of the girls began to sob, and the eyes of the cripple dilated with rage.

"Come, come yourselves," said I, walking into the room, my spurs clattering, and my sword dragging along the floor; "I am not an enemy, though I wear the uniform of one. I am a soldier, as you see, astray and weary, and willing to pay for a bed by your fire, and a little corn for my horse."

"We ha' nather bed nor corn for Yankees. You ha' overrun our farms, and murdered our boys. Beg o'er him to come upon you all, as you ha' brought them upon us!"

"Nay, then," said I, drawing up a chair, and seating myself resolutely by the hearth, "since you are so inhospitable, I must take what you will not sell. Here I sit, and here I shall remain. If there is food in your stable, I must seize enough for my beast, and at daylight I will leave you."

The cripple looked murderously into my eyes here, as if measuring my strength and courage; but I quietly removed my spurs, cast off my sword, and asked him the way to the stable.

"Get the lantern, Jay," said the man; "if we are to lose the corn, we may as well be paid. Show the soldier to the cowhouse. Gil' him twelve ears and a rick o' hay. Martha—Ann, do you spread a counterpane yer in the corner. Nancy, fetch up a pail of cider. Stir yer trotters!"

Setting himself in the chair, the old man muttered nervously, and glowered at the fire as he raked the fagots in a heap. Pale and sinister, the cripple limped through a doorway, and fumbled in the darkness of another room for the required lantern. The girls fulfilled their instructions, with agitated faces, and cast doubtful eyes upon me at intervals. They were coarsely clothed in frocks of gray kersey, and their shoes were rough and large. The younger of the two had a prettily timid face, with shy black eyes, and her hair was tied with a piece of blue ribbon.

"What's yer name at home?" said the old man at length, looking fiercely up. I replied good-humouredly, anxious to induce a pleasant reception, and asked the old gentleman to tell me his own name in return.

"Lightfoot, sir," said he, in a tone of mumbled braggadocio and sullenness. "The Lightfoot's ha' been one o' the foot families. Jeems Lightfoot was the best orator that ever sat in the legislator of Virginia. Neal Lightfoot belonged to the Wiggins branch o' the family, and owned the best Piedmont horse in this section o' country. Patrick Lightfoot of Jeems River—"

"Yers the lantern for the Yankee," said the cripple, limping into the room. He stared blankly and half-defiantly, flung open the door and muttering that I was to 'look alive arter my hose,' led the way across the yard to a log-stable or shed.

"Stop," said I; "the good pony must be watered," and I turned toward the old well. To my great surprise, the cripple darted forward, dropping his lantern, and seized me with the grip of a strong man.

"Don't go there!" he said, with a strangely altered voice; "there ain't no water there! The pole is got wedged at the bottom. Come yer; come this way."

I found him absolutely dragging me, and was more amazed at his vehemence than at his wonderful physical power, so inconsistent, as I thought, with his deformity. Truly, I had fallen among boorish people. Yielding to the whim of the lad, I watered my horse at the windlass well, but refused to remove the saddle at his solicitation. Returning to the dwelling, I found a table spread, and some Indian bread, bacon, and cider prepared for me. The young girl to whom I have alluded sat at the head of the table, but I failed to interest her in conversation, and turned at length to the old man.

"This is a sad war, sir!"

"You folks got it up."

"We lament it, I am sure, as much as you do."

"Likely. Look at me, spoiled in land and cattle, a prisoner in my own house, an alien in my own country—my four sons driven from me, but, thank God, fighting out their deliverance agin you and your hordes!"

"Come," said I softly, "let us lay these things aside to-night. Return to better days and themes. You have still a spark of regard for the good old Union. Have you forgotten the palm of '76, when South and North stood shoulder to shoulder at Peacemaker?"

I stopped in mute astonishment. At the iteration of the last word, a deathly pallor came over the old gentleman; his chin dropped upon his bosom, and his hands hung helplessly upon his chair. From bold maniacal defiance, he had changed to coward, tremulous, demented silence. Suddenly and mechanically he rose, groped by way of the wall to a staircase, and
shuffling like a man in a dream, disappeared. I saw no more of him that night. The girls, scarcely less agitated, also immediately retired; and I was left alone with the cripple. I moistened my eyes with tears, and saw in its tortured, overwrought, and frighted face the expression of terror, and certain that I had fallen into a house of lunatics.

I had been previously acquainted with bitter Southern partisans, but the animosity of this family was altogether savage and unprecedented. There was certainly the exterminating circumstance of the younger Lightwoods' connection with the Confederate service; and the irritability of old age might have been intensified by losses of negroes, live-stock, and provender. The people were likewise, as I could see, rude, ignorant, and perhaps wicked. In this way, I could account for their passion; but the more appalling evidences of fear and suspicion remained unexplained. As I sat absorbed in a review of the occurrences of the evening, I looked casually across the room at the cripple, who had been for some minutes sitting silently upon the floor. The firelight revealed his face, though his body was bathed in shadow, and I saw that he was leaning decorously upon me. Out of all patience with the fellow, I called to him in no very amiable voice: 'My man, haven't you a place in your house less devilish than that you are wearing to-night?'

He grinned contemptuously, but did not speak.

The great necessity of toning a plate in your face presently, so you had better remove out of distance.

He rose from his place, limped to the stairway, and I heard his heavy unequal tread overhead for some time, when finally it ceased, and the house was given over to silence. Having emptied the pail of cider, and supped plenteously, I threw myself upon the carpet, and resumed my contemplations.

Why were these people out of their beds at so late an hour? Had they expected visitors? Why had they otherwise shuddered and vacated? Had some great remorse with them blended with some yet more wicked purpose? Might not their fanaticism mean more than it had seemed? Was I, in short, safe in this house, travel-worn, disconcerted, solitary, and asleep? Pshaw! a cripple, two girls, and a garrulous old dotard. What were these pitted against a vigilant, active soldier, close to camp, and prepared for any emergency? I had turned over and resumed my original position upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrible relations to the mind of my friend. I now comprehended the terror of my host—his trepidation at the utterance of 'Ticoderoga,' the password of the night in which this butchery had been effected—the strange conduct of the cripple at my approach to the well—the riderless horse that limped before me in the dimness! Had Providence designed me to discover and avenge? Or was I likewise to be sacrificed to the demoniac hate of this savage family?

A door in the direction of the stable shut here with a shock, admonishing me that some one was abroad. Stealthily creeping across the lawn, I entered the st ill where my horse yet remained, and discovering something that stood motionless in the doorway, looked toward it, but received in an instant a powerful blow upon the left side of the head, that nearly felled me. I closed at once with the cripple, for it was he, and, maddened by pain and rage, threw him heavily upon the ground. A few moments served to bind him securely with a leash; and at sunrise, my slumber was broken by dreams and quick awakenings; and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard was covered against its frequent fancies.

If my visions turned, during any moment, upon the companions of my miss, the associates of my boyhood, the incidents of my night-journey, the allusion of my love, they failed in no case to return to the ancient well. At one time, it seemed, the huge shaft had fallen upon my heart, and bruised it most cruelly; again I had fallen into the well, and climbing to the surface, found that I had been swimming in blood; and, in the end, both my feet and soul had resolved themselves into the hideous cripple, who sat leaning upon a bucket, and as I pursued him, limped away like an apparition.

At this latest phase of my dream, I awoke tremulously. Was it a shadow that flitted by the opposite window? Surely something had moved across the transparent pane, quick, spectral, and noiseless. I sat up immediately, and rubbing my eyes, took note of doors and windows. The latch was closed, the room deserted. My sword remained upon the table, my bolster and pistols still lay upon the floor where I had thrown them. With a sneer and an execration, I lay down again, but only to dream anew of the cripple, the old well, the lonely road, the pony that stood saddled in the stable, the grim warrior waiting for my return. Again I started fitfully, and sitting bolt upright, beheld, as certainly as I had sight, a human hand reaching through a niche in the door towards my holsters. Quicker than the thought, I had leaped to my feet and reached the threshold. Fool! Nothing stood without but the solemn darkness. An unaccountable thirst possessed me, and I could become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together. staggering rather than walking across the garden, I got to the window to the air, the air, the pole stood poised in the air, the rod pointed significantly into the pit. A strange, irresistible impulse drew me onward; I resolved to test the mystery of that well! One by one I removed the clogging boards. The ploughshare ran funerally as I leaved it aside, and the deep well-pit lay black and yawning beneath me. The cold sweat oozed from my forehead as I seized the rod and pulled it upward. I glanced at the bucket attached must be hooped of iron, for a weight so great was never lifted from household well before. Tremulously, heavily, the great end of the pole swayed downward; something dark and dripping came in view— a heap inanimate, crushed, and awaying to and fro.

Then, I dropped the rod with a cry and a curse, for as God is my judge, Brock Edmonds' face, all leprosies and bloody, and shrouded in matted hair, had appeared to me, caught in the grappling-hook of the bucket!

For a moment. I had undergone and reined myself thre to-night; should I become again a prey to childish terrors?

I tossed my sword contemptuously upon the table, stepped my holsters with my feet, and leaning now my head upon my arm, studied the bare floor, the huge chimney, the beamed and whitewashed ceiling, the square and rope-seated chairs. A few coarse pictures hung upon the wall—a trotting horse, a popular preacher, a Confederate general, a head of Washington. Opposite, lay a door and two windows; at my feet, a door, and these looked upon the two porches. A rough mantel-piece surmounted the chimney, ornamented with a stuffed coen-skin and a pair of unsightly candlesticks. I contrasted the boorish dimness of this place with my own family and those of my friends in the North; I thought of the plain frock and pretty features of the younger girl, whose name, as I had heard, was that of my own affianced, Martha; and, touching this theme, I folded my arms upon my breast, and dropped into a feverish sleep. It might have been the strange influences and events of the evening, or more directly the draughts of whisky and a late supper, that overcame me, for I awoke in a cold sweat, with my slumber broken by dreams and quick awakenings, and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard was covered against its frequent fancies.
CHAMBER'S JOURNAL

and bar. I left all to my horse. I shouted maniacally to drive him forward. I leaped ditches and fence, bruised my limbs against the keen edges of cedars, and, clinging by mane and pronged, gave him freedom of rein and bit. A fierce, feverish desire for life, life, life, possessed me. I knew that I was followed. The shouts of the fiends behind me rang hoarsely above the dash of hoofs, and the panting of my weary horse admonished me he could not keep his pace. Then it was that the memories of the past, the sanguine anticipations of the future, the sins and short-crowned Promise, in the midst of the promises unfulfilled, the prayers unsaid, came rushing agonised upon me. I was about to realise the glory of war—a pass of steel or a pistol-dash, a trampled body by the wayside, a secluded grave, and a fate unknown. In vain should the general wait impatiently till dawn, in vain my beloved chafe for her expected letter, in vain my mother continued to kneel with my name upon her lips. I should die with the infamous accusation of desertion; my messmates would recur to me with bitterness, and in place of a solemn procession and an honourable tomb, I should moulder in the dampness and silence of the lonesome well. These things flashed upon me as the trees and clouds went by. An eternity of thought concentrated in those awful moments, as I heard behind me the tramp of the blood-thirsty fiends—brothers, as I knew, of the deformed. O for my holsters, and the good irons they contained; for my broadsword, that lay with them by the accursed hearth!

My tired horse had slackened his speed; the pursuers were closing the gap between us. I raised my eyes to the sky, and commended my soul to God!

But suddenly something glittered midway in the road, a few rods beyond me; I recognised the sabre of a sentry, and with a mail helmet of 'Crown Point!' galloped into the midst of a Federal picket! At the same moment, a score of rifles cracked close beside me, and my horse fell heavily to the ground.

Well, indeed, had my comrade been avenged. There remained of the Lightfoots only the daughters; for the old man was found still and pallid in his bed, and the saddles of his sons had all been emptied. These worthies had run the gauntlet of our pickets for the last time. We discovered their bridge-path on our return, whereby they had made perilous but frequent visits to the old homestead. The cripple had disappeared, and having vainly searched the dwelling, the barns, and the woods adjacent, we repaired to the well by the body of the gallant young Virginian. The pole, curiously enough, resisted our efforts, and the body had apparently become wedged in the well. A Zouave having volunteered to descend, we let him gently into the pit, and directly he cried: 'Pull up, for God's sake. Here are two men entangled in the water.'

The cripple had escaped a 'drum-head court-martial,' but a more circumstantial retribution had fallen upon him. Reckoning upon my death at the hands of his brothers, he had endeavoured to replace the well-covering, but had unwittingly fallen into the well. Both bodies were recovered. The soldier received an honourable grave; the assassin was tossed back with execrations into the pit. My poor horse had done me a last good service; a bullet released him from his pain; but my comrades, at the general's suggestion, presented me with a splendid subscription pony. It was discovered that Edwards and I had simultaneously lost our ways, diverging into the same path. The death-blow had been dealt him by the strong left arm of the cripple, and the last breath of the victim had shouted, in the vain hope of assistance, the ominous password, 'The宽南.' The unwitting reiteration of this word on my part had revived the remorse of the deed in the heart of the elder assassin.

Such atrocities can be explained only by the bitterness of the civil struggle which now devastates our unhappy land. May God, in his good Providence, avert the wrath of man, and fashioning good from evil, give lasting peace to all my fellow-countrymen.

HOME FROM THE COLONIES.

THE PARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

X has returned at last, after an absence of many days, and so changed that I should hardly have known the lad. Grave Dullness, which has credit for the exclusive possession of Wisdom and Morality, is also understood to monopolise the best of our sentimental feelings. Grafted Sorrow is supposed to be one of its peculiar attributes—its hereditary crown.

The light-hearted are envied for their capabilities of taking misfortunes at a tangent, and flying off from them without feeling their weight. With great deference to an opinion shared, as I am well aware, by both hemispheres, I believe this to be quite a wrong view of the matter. The man of high spirits suffers in secret, though he does not appear among his fellows with the corners of his mouth down, as though he should say: 'It is heavy—it is heavy, my friends; but I know how to bear it.' While he is with them, he joins in the laugh and the song; he bears no mirth with that look of enforced cheerfulness, compared to which Despair, with a carving-knife in his hand, would be hilarity itself. 'His worst he keeps, his best he gives.' If I had not loved X so well, I should never have imagined that he came back to us a landless man, and with the links that had fastened his young heart to another, sundered for ever. I should have thought that he had had an illness which had blanched his cheeks and set its black seal beneath his eyes. His talk was as vivacious as of old. When I told him that the impassive X had proposed to me in his absence to ascend the Monument, and had even done it, his face wore the same expression of ludicrous incredulity with which he was wont to receive most matters of fact.

'I'm a young man from the country,' I replied; but I have not lived there all my life; moreover, I am not going to live there any more. The title-deeds of that eligible property in the west of England are lying for inspection in Bedford Row. For cards to view, apply to A or B, Half-moon Street. I could not find it in my heart to write X or Y. Nobody will ever call on us again in the way of business like you, Morumbidgee.'

'That is very true,' observed Y regretfully; 'there is not a man in all England the least like him; nor will there be another imported. He is as unique—and over so much better-looking—as the gorilla at Liverpool before it turned out to be a chimpanzee.'

I bowed my best acknowledgments.

'One cannot joke with the heart seared, however,' continued Y; 'men have lost their all, and yet not lost their advertisements, as we must do; it being such an unusual description of valuable. Is it a very dreadful thing parting with landed property, X? I ask for information, since I never happened to have any myself.'

'It is indeed,' returned X, wiping his eye with the back of his hand. 'My steward—who looked terribly like the steward in The Rake's Progress—was almost affected to tears. The solicitor bore is better, but even he observed that the sale would be a sad pity.
since the property had been in my uncle's family for five hundred years.

'And what did you say to that?' asked I with interest.

'I said, that in that case I thought it high time the property should go out of it. It is not pleasant to be associated with by one's solicitor, you see; just as the eels did not relish the paths of the cook who was skinning them.'

'Are you never going down to the place again?' inquired H.

'Never,' returned X; and his pale lips grew a shade paler in spite of himself.

'I am sorry for that,' said I; 'I had a great desire to see you—before we parted—in your western home.'

'There is yet time,' returned X thoughtfully; 'and although I had made up my mind—But we will talk of it presently; it is only a few minutes to dinner.'

The door closed between us and the speaker even while he spoke, and we heard his quick step on the stairs and the sharp turn of the lock in his chamber-door almost in the same instant. His voice had grown so harsh and hoarse during the last few words that it was quite unrecognisable.

As he had pushed the door too hard, Morumbidgee, observed Y grimly; 'he has wished her good-bye, you see, and shrinks from meeting her any more. The passage she has explained that circumstances alter cases. The cable has been cut, not without a pang, and the ship's head set fairly before the wind. You would put her about, and make her touch shore again.'

'Very a clumsy, awkward fellow,' said I; 'and yet, Heaven knows, I was far from wishing to hurt the dear lad's feelings.'

'He knows that well,' quoted Y; 'there is no occasion to hurt you now. An inadvertent wound when friends are fencing is but an excuse for kindness in the giver.'

'You are right,' cried I, starting up impatiently, and laying my hand on the door. But the powerful fingers of Y were also there.

'Not now,' said he steadily—'not now. I do not know what you are about to do—except that you would obey some noble impulse—but whatever it is, it must be done in a hurry.'

'I have thought of it, sir, for weeks—for months,' replied I, feelingly.

'I know you have,' returned Y. 'I have read your generous heart like an open book. But I warn you that what you intend can be of no service. X would no more receive the benefit you contemplate at your hands, being his friend, than you would have offered it to him when he was a total stranger.'

'But I tell you that I love her as though she were my own. I do believe you,' replied Y with feeling; 'but, unhappily, he is not your son. Again, I warn you; do not make a sacrifice that must be fruitless. Hush! Here he comes—six steps at a time.'

X ran in towards me with an outstretched hand. 'We will go, Morumbidgee,' cried he; 'we will see the old place for the last time together. After that, I shall depart for Topsy-turvy-land—the place from which you come. You will give me letters of introduction to Convictitians, the governor; free passes that the bushrangers will respect; credentials to the principal war-chiefs requesting them to abstain from the kidney-fat of your friend and advertiser. We will start to-morrow by the night-train.'

'To-morrow,' said I, 'I have business on hand, which may detain me the whole day.'

'It will not be so late,' he replied; 'and then let us spend the intervening time in selecting boomerangs and other necessaries for the Australian outfit.'

* White man's kidney-fat is le pâté de foie gras of the Australian savage.

'The sequel of these days unaulders all

The goodliest fellowship of jovial friends

Whereof this world holds record. Never more

Shall we three, here, at any future time,

Delight our souls with jest and sprightly talk,

Walking about the gardens and the halls

Of Londonside, as we had that was.

We felt these words, though spoken with a smile;

for even the parody of noble thoughts will make sad

folk the sadder.'

At the end of the second day, we were rushing through the darkness of the December night in the western mail. Our town moorings were cast off.

The furniture of the house in Half-moon Street was advertised to be sold. We were no longer advertisers and advertisers. We could not choose but call one another by the old names, but X and Y and Morumbidgee were in reality, dead. Angus Layton and John Stokes were about to visit their friend Charles Martin for a few days in the country, and then to part, most probably for ever. If I seem to date and moulder upon this matter, let it be remembered who I was—how wiseless, childless, friendless—and that these young men were the only English faces that had a kind look for me. Layton had applied for a long-promised diplomatic appointment at some foreign court, and had obtained it; we called him His Excellency already. Six-and-thirty hours ago these facts had seemed to chill my heart's blood. I had made one attempt to arrest the progress of misfortune, and it had signally failed. 'X,' I had said, 'I think I shall return to Australia after all.'

His cheeks flushed for a moment, and in his eyes I read that he understood how great must be the affection which had prompted such a purpose. But he had replied that it must not be. 'I must make my own way in the world, dear Morumbidgee, as you have done before me; I have no relative, and I cannot have a patron. I have recklessly cast away a good fortune, and I must win it again by the sweat of my brow.'

'But nothing be lost in the meantime, my friend!' A look of unutterable woe came over his handsome face. 'What must be, must be,' groaned he. 'Pray, do not speak of her. She will be at her father's house close to mine—but we shall not see her. Perhaps when you are an old man, Morumbidgee, I may see you again; but not her. She would have gone with me—if I had been selfish enough to wish it—across the world. But she is delicate as a harebell, and her father forbade it; and I, too, I had strength to say "no" to that.'

After this, we had no more talk. Yet, as the wintry dawn came into that dim railway carriage, and lit up the hard white roads and leafless trees, it brought more pleasure to me than ever did summer sun. My heart leaped within me with delight at its own meditations. All night long, I had remained sleepless, but happier than any dreams could make me. I gazed at X, and the poor lad's pale unrested features did not touch me with sorrow; I had a scheme to light them up with smiles. The diplomatist looked even still more wretched, when we woke him up at the station, and got him into the fusty fly that there awaited us.

'I hate the country,' exclaimed he, 'and all its dreadful ways. What a time to be awakened at! What a vehicle to travel in! You will let us have breakfast, X, I trust, before you take us out to look at the stables. Country people always ask if one would like to look at their stables. Why should one? Never think of that! I never take country friends into the mews at the back of Half-moon Street. Why are there so many trees, and such few lamp-posts? Is this great red house the workhouse? Oh, I beg your pardon, it's the Hall.'
When I had refreshed myself with a bath, and descended to the breakfast-room, I found Y flattening his nose against the window. There was a lawn with flower-beds sloping down to a running stream, and—beyond—a great sweep of undulating meadowland crowned with a fir plantation; a white farm gleamed in the distance; on the village side there were a few roof-tops covered with snow, peering through elm-trees.

"What desolation!" exclaimed Y with a shiver. "Do you X believe that anybody will ever bid for this place?"

"I have bought it," said I calmly; "the title-deeds are in that green carpet-bag."

"Amiable lunatic," returned the diplomatist, without evincing the least surprise, "I trust you will find the asylum comfortable. In the intervals of statesmanship, I may come down and play at billiards with you—for there is a billiard-table, it seems, though modestly. But as for X, as I have warned you already, your investment has been thrown away. If even the syren in that gabled edifice yonder, which I take to be the rectory, cannot persuade our friend to abide among civilised persons, do you think that you will persuade him, who has tried your luck among the savages, and returned enriched and unenamoured?"

"I will do my best, Mr Diplomatist," replied I. "I have credentials in this matter such as you do not dream of."

The gable-ended edifice was the rectory, as I knew perfectly well; and I became acquainted with the syren that inhabited it within an hour of that conversation with Y. There was another syren in the house—and a very pretty one too, whose terrestrial name was Lucy—but the one I was in search of was easily recognisable. Ambella was pale, and black under the eyes, and their beautiful lids were heavy with weeping; and this gave me a good deal of pleasure, because it convinced me that she really loved my young scapegrace. In a very few minutes we became great friends. No. 2 was presently admitted to our confidence, and although she did not take me by both hands and lay her head, with all its wealth of golden hair, upon my shoulder, she was very affectionate too. Then papa, who had been sent for out of the village, joined this pleasant little party, and made himself as agreeable as his more limited advantages permitted him to be.

"Mr Charles Martin is in possession of all these facts, then, I conclude," observed the old gentleman after a long conference; "and you come here, as is very fitting, as his ambassador."

"Nothing of the kind, my dear sir," returned I cheerfully; "he does not know one word of what I have been telling you; that is a pleasure to come."

"Not know, sir!" exclaimed the reverend gentleman with undisguised alarm; and I thought that the impulsive Arabella would have fainted right away in my unaccustomed arms. But syren No. 2 bade her be of good cheer, and be certain that all was well, for that charming old gentleman (or some satisfactory words to that effect) would never have missed them in a matter so near to all their hearts, she felt quite sure.

"Tell her, you, my dear," said I; "I should rather think he would not. And please to get your sister's bonnet and warm wraps, for the morning is very cold, and I mean to take her along with me to Trevarton Hall."

"I do not think," said the clergyman hesitatingly, "after what has passed, and without any communication with Mr Martin, that she should go to his house.

"It is not his house," interrupted I; "it is my house. I have got the title-deeds in a green carpet-bag. I should put it in the roof of the place, and burn the oak staircase if I chose, and I will, too, if there is the slightest opposition to my wishes. Give me your arm, my dear girl. You will come back again presently on somebody else's."

So we trudged off to the Hall, and leaving her in the library (where my eye caught that abominable Life in London in the right-hand corner of that top shelf, just exactly where it used to be nearly half a century ago), I opened the door communicating therefrom to the smoking-room, where I found X alone, with a cigar in his mouth, and looking deadly pale and miserable, as if it was the first he had ever smoked.

"What is the matter?" inquired I.

"There is more than one thing the matter, friend," returned he gloomily; "one of the least, however, is this thought, that a property which has been confided to me in the belief that I would do my duty by it, is now in the market, liable to be bought by the first Jew money-lender who takes a fancy to it. It was left me by my aunt's husband, and the very fact of there having been no blood-relationship between us renders him, in his generosity, nearer to me than any uncle. He was a very, very proud man (not a soft-hearted one like you, Morumbidgee), and I feel a great self-reproach in having brought this fate upon the place he took such pride in. Think of a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion."

"With one of those noses peculiar to people called Levi and Moses, reigning in the stead of the Trevors of Trevarton."

"It is no use thinking of that, my dear fellow, for I have bought the place myself," said I; "there's a green carpet-bag in the breakfast-room—"

"And did you do this merely to give me pleasure?" interrupted X, taking my hand in his.

"No, my dear lad, I did it to give myself pleasure. I went to Bedford Row for the title-deeds, with this idea: "Now, I will buy this country-place of his, and then ask him to remain in it as my guest—for life; and he shall bring his wife there if he likes; and when I die, it shall be for him and his children.'"

X sank down in a chair, and covered his face with his hands. He could not speak one word, so I went on: 'My money was of no use to me whatever, since it could not preserve to my friends. Now, this place, thought I, will be a double investment. I shall purchase a property, and I shall not lose the companionship of one who has got to be even as my own son. This was surely a capital plan."

"It can never, never be, gr:oomed X; do not tempt me, my dear kind friend; I cannot accept fortune in the hand of a stranger—do not misunderstand me—I mean from one upon whom I have not the slightest claim, Morumbidgee."

"But that's not my name at all, X."

"Then from Mr John Stokes."

"I have nothing to do with that gentleman either," said I; "my real name is Trevor, and this is the house wherein I was born, and which I should have inherited, if Brother Thomas had not left it to his wife's nephew, who turned out to be a scapegrace. I did not know this till I got to Bedford Row; but you may imagine how pleased I was to call Trevarton once more my home, and still more, to find myself your uncle. Of course, I shall not permit my heir to go to Australia. Now, don't you utter a syllable; you are not in a fit condition for argument. I think a little change of air will do you good; this room is rather close; there's somebody in the library that wants to speak to you upon very particular business."

I pushed him into that apartment, and closed the door between us, because I thought the young people might have something of a private nature to transact. But they were scarcely a minute alone together, but came back in upon me before I had well lighted a cigar. The syren was wonderfully improved in complexion, and it is my impression did not in the least require to be supported round the waist by X, who
had officiously placed his arm there. She broke away from him, and threw herself upon my neck (for the second time that day), and kissed me (for the first time, and it was very pleasant), and called upon all the gods to bless me for my goodness, as though I had been Mr Peabody himself.

It was a very striking little tableau, and astonished Y. A good deal, who had come through a second door, which was one of those noisless cloth ones, adapted for keeping tobacco-smoke out of the house. Upon my word, Morumbidgee, cried he, ‘you are worse than that baker whom we met on the Monument;’ in the reading of his paper at the opening meeting of the Royal Society, Professor Owen gave a full description of the interesting specimen, and expressed his entire conviction as to its having originally been a bird capable of sustained flight. The length of the tail may be imagined from the curious fact, that it has twenty vertebrae, which must in the living state have presented a remarkable appearance, as each one was ornamented with a pair of spreading feathers. The fossil was found at Solemhoen, in Bavaria, in the quarry which has been worked for many years to get out slabs of stone for lithographers; and fortunately the upper and lower slabs, between which it was imbedded, have been preserved unbroken.

To secure this important fossil, the Trustees of the British Museum were compelled to purchase the entire collection to which it belongs, the price being L 400. But as the collection includes more than a hundred first-rate specimens, the cost cannot be considered excessive. Among them is one containing the tail and hind-leg of a pterodactyle, which presents itself as a happy illustration of the difference between the archæopteryx and a reptile, In leaving this subject, the for the present, we take the opportunity to notice the perfection with which objects of natural history can now be represented by certain artists. At the reading of Professor Owen’s paper, Wolf’s drawings of some of the fossil feathers were hand round, which are such perfect copies of the originals, that even our examination, it is scarcely possible to detect any difference between them.

The question of fossil human remains has acquired a little fresh interest from the exploration made in a cave at Englonh, in the province of Liége, by M. Malaise, of which a notice appears in the Bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Brussels. With a view to test the discoveries of Schmerling, made in the same province, M. Malaise explored the cave above mentioned, and discovered portions of lower jaws and fragments of skulls, all human, under a layer of stalagmite of from two to three centimetres thick, which in turn was covered by a bed of porous and pebbly silt, accumulated to a thickness of from fifty to sixty centimetres. With this silt were mingled bones of the cavern-bear, of pachyderms and ruminants; and as it showed no trace of ever having been disturbed, the conclusion is that the human bones are older than those of the quadrupeds. The subject has been ably discussed by the Belgian geologist; and as geologists in all parts of the world are keenly watching for fresh facts, we may regard the question as likely to become more and more interesting.

St Andrew’s Day, as usual, has brought round the anniversary of the Royal Society. General Sabine delivered an interesting address, and gave away the medals to the satisfaction of all concerned. Mr. Graham, Master of the Mint, got the Copley medal in recognition of his valuable contributions to chemical science; among which, his method of analysis by liquid diffusion is pregnant with results of the highest importance. The Humane Society, Professor Kirchhoff, of Heidelberg, for his well-known

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

While civil strife still rages beyond the Atlantic, and Greece is looking about for an honest and capable king, and England, out of the abundance of her warm-hearted charity, is warding off famine from tens of thousands of destitute cotton-spinners, our metropolitan paleontologists have been roused to excitement by the newly discovered fossil which is now deposited in the British Museum. The Archæopteryx maccrurus, or so great long-tailed bird mentioned by Huxley, is certainly a very remarkable fossil. As a bird, its anatomy is peculiar and unprecedented, and its feathers are the first ever discovered in a fossil state. It was found, too, in a geological formation much below that which has hitherto been considered the lowest bird-bearing stratum—keeping out of view the old red sandstone with its curious footmarks.

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discoveries and researches in spectrum analysis, which have been mentioned from time to time in this Journal. This medal carries with it a considerable sum in money; and we are glad to see that the Royal Society recognizes foreign as well as native merit. An eminent Irish astronomer, the Rev. Dr. Riordan of Ballinasloe, has been awarded the Larmor medal, for his astronomical labors, which have been successfully carried on for nearly half a century.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of the present day is the introduction of the highest achievements of art and civilization into the waste places of the earth; as, for example, a railway and telegraph across the Egyptian desert, along the dreary shores of Newfoundland, and other places. The wires are now making another stride, across North-eastern Europe, for the Russian government, desirous of speedy communications with China and their settlements on the Amur, have already carried the wires as far as Tomsk, in Siberia, whence they will be extended to Yakutsk and onwards to the furthest Russian station on the frontier, Kiatcha. From the latter place, the messages will be conveyed to Peking, and thence to the various points of the government, until the time comes when the wires shall be stretched all the way to Peking. Among the news from India, we find that the introduction of the tallow-tree (Stillingia selifera) from China has proved successful. Plantations of the tree are now growing in the Punjab and Central Provinces, and we may expect, in course of time, that tallow and oil in large quantities will be extracted from the seeds, as is extensively done by the Chinese. The leaves, moreover, are said to yield a black dye. It is shown, too, that in the Australian colony of Victoria there are numerous useful plants from which oil may be derived in quantities sufficient to become profitable as an article of commerce.

A line of ocean-steamers is to run from Marseille to Shanghai in competition with the Peninsular and Oriental Company (who, by the way, possess a fleet of 80,000 tons). We hear, too, that the French government are about to make fresh attempts to open trade with the interior of Africa; by way of Algiers, and by steamers which are to ascend the Niger. This is satisfactory intelligence; as, by the extension of trade, there will ensue a widening and rectification of our geographical knowledge. We notice, with respect to Africa, that a rumour of Dr Vogel being still alive, but held a close prisoner, is current. We trust the endeavours making to verify the fact will be rewarded by the restoration of the enterprising traveler to his friends. Another commercial project is worth a passing notice; the National Club of Montevideo are exerting themselves earnestly to open a trade with England for the preserved beef, of which such prodigious quantities are produced and wasted on the Pampas. If the article should only prove to be palatable, Europe will perhaps become a large customer.

Before the news of Mr. Landesborough's exploit has had time to cool, we hear of another crossing of Australia by Mr. McKinlay, who, like his predecessor, reports large expanses of pastoral country. It is evident that travelling enterprise is encouraged in the colonies. Late news from the East tells that the French are anxious to open up that region of the world.

We shall perhaps meet them some day on the confines of Burma,—The Greeks, amid political excitement, are discussing the motions of the Ileanthos of Corinth. It would be a great commercial benefit, and would shorten by more than half the voyage from the Ionian Islands to the Egean Sea. Other geological facts of universal interest may be found in the last published Proceedings of the Geographical Society: Sir R. Alcock's narrative of his journey in Japan, Mr. Kelly's account of British Columbia, and Consul Burton's ascent of the Cameroons, mountains on the west coast of Africa.

Among noticeable books recently published, we are glad to see a fourth edition of Mr. W. R. Grove's Correlation of the Physical Forces. Twenty years have elapsed since the author delivered the Larmor lecture which formed the germ of the work, and there is no more striking fact in the history of philosophy and science than the subsequent growth of the interesting subject then treated of. We are beginning now to perceive the relationship between natural phenomena, that they are modifications of one grand essential principle, that heat is convertible into motion, and motion into heat; and from these and other conclusions our notions of nature and science are expanded and rectified. To all those who desire a philosophical view of the achievements of science during the past quarter of a century, we heartily recommend the Correlation. Another book is The Earth and its Mechanism, by Mr. Harry Venables, a work in every way marked by a distinct and excellent treatment of some of the profoundest facts of philosophical science by an author who, we believe, has not completed his twenty-fifth year. It gives an access to the various processes of the rotation of the earth, with a description of the instruments by which the rotation was experimentally demonstrated. The way in which the subject is treated exhibits much painstaking.

Mr. G. P. Bond's Account of the Great Comet of 1858, a large, handsome quarto, is worth notice as being the most complete and most fully illustrated book that has yet appeared on the subject. It forms the third volume of Annals of the Astronomical Observatory of Harvard College (Cambridge, Massachusetts), of which establishment Mr. Bond is director. He has well employed his powers of observation and description; and if it be true that comet never before appeared attended by such unusual facilities for observation, it is equally true that no comet was ever yet so thoroughly described and depicted. The book contains fifty-one plates, beginning with projections of the comet's and the earth's orbit, followed by views of the comet in all its stages, with the telescope and naked eye, and charts of the outlines of the tail and secondary tail and their deflections, and normal outlines of the head under different aspects. The effect of the engravings, in nearly every instance, is importantly assisted by the tint of the paper on which they are printed; and we can assure our readers that although Mr. Bond writes for astronomers, they will find much in his book suitable for general perusal.

Dr. Théophile Desmartis of Bordeaux has for some months past been making use of a most extraordinary medical remedy for the cure of certain diseases, which cannot fail to excite astonishment among those who hear of it for the first time. Some account of it has been published at Bordeaux in a pamphlet entitled Systemes d'Inoculation curative, from which we take a few particulars. That one disease may be cured or prevented by inoculation with the virus of another, is, as thousands of persons know, not a new idea; but there is novelty in the suggestion that painful maladies may be cured by causing insects to sting the part affected. This is the practice which Dr. Desmartis has been applying, and which he desires to extend, and as his experiments on venemous inoculation have been carried on for fifteen years, he is in a position to give a true experience. They have been tried on plants as well as animals, and with similar results. He observed that plants inoculated with the taint of syphills produced small cryptogams on different parts of their surface, and that a second inoculation, not with another animal poison, cleared the plants of these parasitic growths, and of the insects or animals which they had attracted. It has long been a medical
tradition that leprosy is curable by the poison of certain serpents, and it is well known that poisonous drugs are administered in medicine, as powerful alleviatives in certain diseases. Dr. Humboldt, nephew of the late illustrious German, in his practice at Havana, has ascertained that the poison of the scorpion tribe is a remedy for yellow fever. He inoculated 2478 men of the military and naval garrison: 676 afterwards caught the fever, of whom not more than 16 died. A distinguished Frenchman, M. de Gasparin, having heard of the facts cited by Dr. Dumas, communicated to him a fact in his own experience. He had long been afflicted with a rheumatism, which kept him almost constantly infirm. One day, in picking up a handful of weeds in his garden, he was stung by a wasp on the wrist. The arm swelled; but the rheumatic pain disappeared. Seeing this result, he caused himself to be stung the next day along the seat of pain in his leg, and was again delivered from suffering, and was able to walk with ease. This happened three years ago, and every subsequent reappearance of the malady has been cured by similar means; and by a wasp-sting on his neck an attack of bronchitis was overcome. Among other instances mentioned by Dr. Dumas, we notice a hopeless case of cholera in a man, and epileptiform disease in a child, both cured by the sting of a scorpion; and it appears that lachrymal fistula, and some other diseases of the eye, are curable by the sting of a wasp or bee.

These are curious facts. Their value will perhaps appear on further discussion. Dead insects and live leeches have long figured in pharmacy; but it will be something new to have to lay living hymenoptera, hemiptera, or apida, in which orders stinging insects are found, to use as medical remedies. Yet after all, there may be nothing new in it; for, as M. de Gasparin remarks, are we not told that Mucianus, an important commander under Vespasian, used to carry about with him, enveloped in a white cloth, a certain insect to cure him of the eye disease, to which he was subject?

A report has been made public by the medical practitioners of Halifax, Nova Scotia, of a remedy for smallpox, which we mention here with a view to elicit information as to its accuracy. The remedy is described as a plant of the poppy tribe, known in the colony as Indian cup, and to botanists as Sarracenio purpureo, which grows wild in Nova Scotia. A decoction of this plant will cure small-pox within twelve hours; in the words of the report, 'however alarming and numerous the eruptions, or confluent and frightful they may be, the peculiar action of the medicine is such that very seldom is a scar left to tell the story of the disease. If either vaccine or various matter is washed with the liquid, they are deprived of their contagious properties. So mild is the medicine to the taste, that it may be largely mixed with tea and coffee, and given to connoisseurs in these beverages to drink, without their being aware of the admixture. It has been successfully tried in the hospitals of Nova Scotia, and its use will be continued.'

A LITTLE GRAVE.
A little grave where daisies grow;
A little body lying low;
That is all the world may know.

But our hearts;
Hold a baby sweet and fair,
A little child with sunny hair,
Child of tenderest love and care—

Minnie, Minnie!

In the sweet spring of her day,
We gave her to the lonely clay,
From our tear-dimmed eyes away.
How we love a her, none can tell;
They who have loved like us, as well,
Loved and lost, alone may tell—

Minnie, Minnie!

Winful shadows in her eyes,
Like the dreamy haze that lies
Trembling in the summer skies;
And the burden of a fear,
All unspoken, yet so near,
Fell on us that weary year—

Minnie, Minnie!

Shrinking from the children's glee,
Keeping close to mother's knee,
Or in arms that tenderly
Watched her fading, faded she—

Faded she, our blossom fair,
Our little child with sunny hair,
Child of tenderest love and care—

Minnie, Minnie!

Swift the seasons come and go;
Thickly falls the drifting snow
O'er a little grave we know;
But her feet
Have passed in at a pearly door,
Have trod the shining golden floor,
Fair and fadeless evermore—

Minnie, Minnie!

All communications to be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

The present number of the Journal completes the Eighteenth Volume; a title-page and index prepared for it may be had of the publishers and their agents.

END OF EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

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