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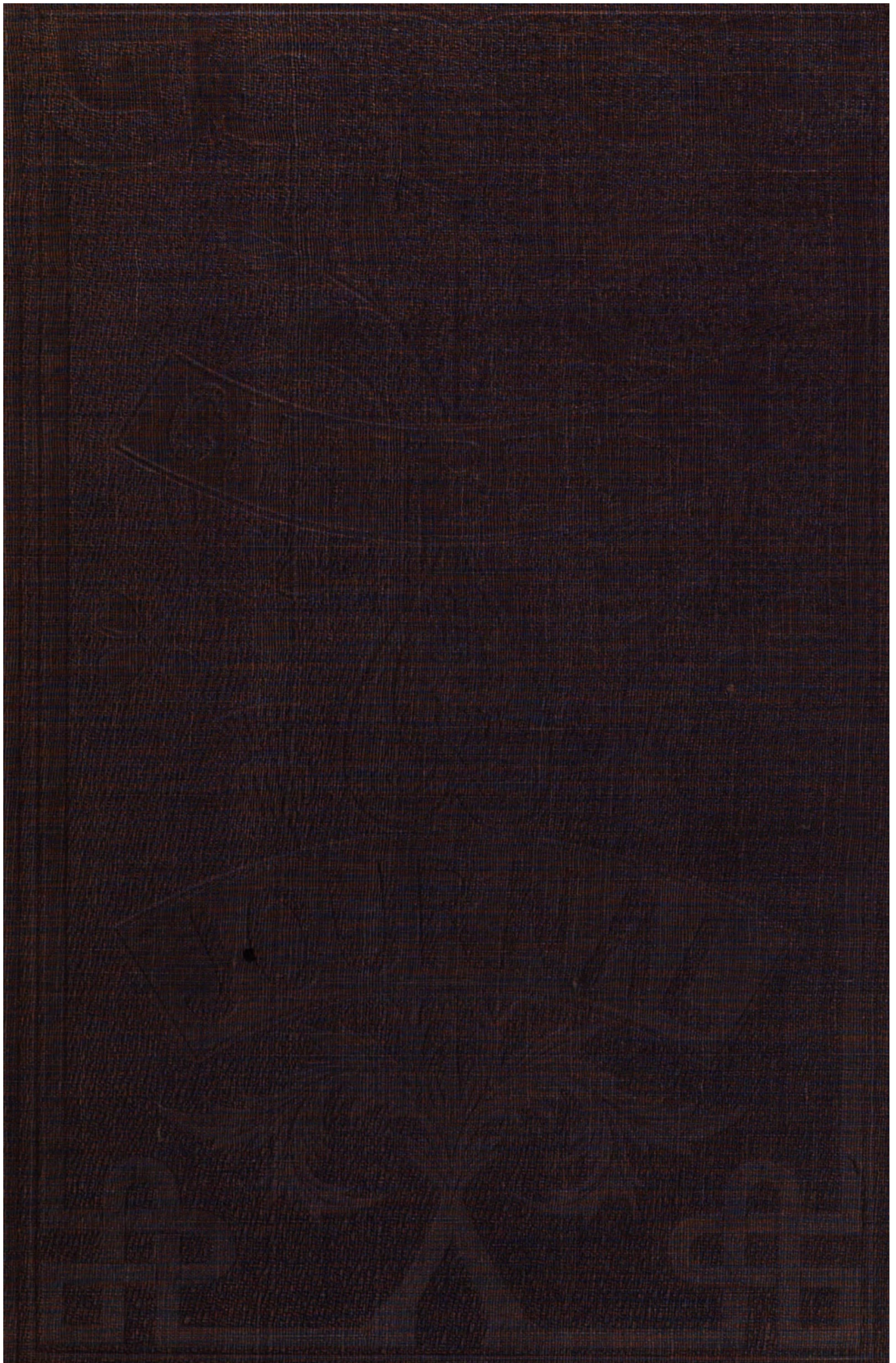
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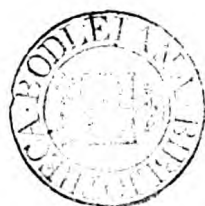




CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS





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POPULAR LITERATURE SCIENCE AND ARTS

CONDUCTED BY

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS

EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' 'INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' &c.

VOLUME XVIII

Nos. 444-469. JULY-DECEMBER 1862.



LONDON

W. & R. CHAMBERS 47 PATERNOSTER ROW  
AND HIGH STREET EDINBURGH

—  
MDCCCLXIII



Edinburgh :  
Printed by W. and R. Chambers.

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Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 444.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 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 post 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 fit 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 Butterton 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 heir, 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 Butterton 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 tithes alone of that place, they tell me, are over three thousand a year. It has capital shooting in the very midst of his Grace of Muddleborough's preserves, who is therefore always on his best behaviour towards the incumbent; 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 decrepitude as so 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 demerits, 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 mortally affront 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 elected 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.

'Let us 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 sanguine individuals are now lying in St Boniface hys Chapelle, with neat 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 Heviside still occupies the rectory of Sheepington, although he has been for many years unable to squeeze himself into its pulpit.

Now, in both these cases it has so happened that the long-lived rectors have been peculiarly fitted to bear with calmness the indignation which their conduct has excited. The Rev. Joseph Yellowboys (who married, by the by, within six months of his promotion, and has now several grandchildren) is quite unconscious, or at least appears to be so, of the disapproval of his relatives with respect to his absurd longevity. He openly expresses his belief that a man has a right to live as long as he can, without any regard to the pecuniary interests of others; and when he is reminded that there is moderation in all things, and that enough is as good as a feast, he begins to argue in a vicious circle. He says we must come round to the starting-point, and define what moderation really is, which changes (he contends) according to each man's circumstances: he was once, he confesses, wont to consider eighty as a tolerable age, which he now looks back upon as the prime of life; while that which he might reasonably have considered to be a feast while he was a curate in the Fens, he would hold to be a very indifferent dinner indeed at Butterson Magna.

As for the Rev. M. Heviside—'our Met,' as we call him in the Clerical Club—whenever the wrong he has been guilty of towards his college is mentioned, he laughs to that degree that I look to see it avenged upon the spot. He rolls like the *Great Eastern* in a sea, he coughs, he turns purple and black, and when his terrified wife (the *third* since his appointment to

Sheepington) does at last recover him by a method analogous to that recommended by Marshall Hall in the case of persons apparently drowned, he wheezes out: 'I know they're vexed, 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 that sensitive and chivalrous nature which is doubtless yours, my young friends—as it is also mine, alas! My own simple, but truly touching story, reader, runs—if I can call that running which loiters so inexcusably—as follows:

It is many years ago—I confess it—since I bought my life-interest in the living which I still hold; but, on the other hand, I had myself a considerable time to wait.

'*To be Sold*—The Next Presentation to the living of Chauncey Bassett; tithe so much; glebe so big; rectory house in good repair; locality salubrious and picturesque. Age of present incumbent, 76.'

Such was the advertisement which met my eyes nearly half a century ago; dazzling enough to a young divine like myself, who had a few thousand pounds in the three per cents., the interest whereof, even with a curate's salary added, by no means made an income to marry upon—which seemed to me in those days the only legitimate object of all incomes.

My intended, Angelina, was, I felt confident, most admirably adapted for a clergyman's wife; but then she had certain tastes in the pony carriage and *moiré antique* directions which pointed out that her husband should be a beneficed clergyman. So I went to my guardian, and asked his opinion as to the purchase. This gentleman resided in Gray's Inn, where I used to think he must also have been born, with a wig on—must have sprung forth from the head of old Father Antic the Law armed *cap-à-pied*—so legal he was, so precise, so parchmenty, and with such very mercenary views regarding the most solemn subjects.

'In these speculative investments in church-property, young gentleman'—he began.

'My dear sir,' interrupted I blushing, 'I have not contemplated this affair, I hope, entirely from that point of view.'

'In these excessively speculative investments,' continued he, speaking *through* me (as though I was not a substantial form at all) to *Briggs on Conveyancing*, who stood on the opposite bookshelf—'investments in which *two* lives are concerned, and the calculations are proportionally complicated, we cannot be too cautious. The circumstance of the incumbent being seventy-six, will doubtless render the patron anxious to come to terms, inasmuch 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 incautiously 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 ferret—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 grandfather of the present squire of the parish, from which the Gentile had escaped with his estate, but had left the advowson of the living in the hands of the Hebrew. It seemed very odd, and indeed wrong, to me 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 business, and that the latter is in reality a younger man in stamina than he chooses to seem. His appearance (though I saw him on a Monday, just after his chief day's work, to be sure) is most promising; feeble, fragile, and with a certain quavering 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,' ejaculated I, aghast and shuddering, 'is it probable?'

'Nay, sir,' returned the lawyer with irritation, 'I have nothing to do with that. It is certainly *possible*; and it is with possibilities that I, as your guardian, have to do.'

Eventually the Next Presentation became mine, or rather my guardian's, who, to humour 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 hope I never wished the situation of Chauncey Bassett less salubrious 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 unruffled calm. Children were born unto us every year—as is almost 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 there is not a man, woman, or child within it with whom I am not acquainted. The squire—he that was 'the young squire' when I first arrived—is ailing, which at his years he cannot but expect to be, but nobly seconds with his purse any proposition of mine for the benefit of the Poor. The Vestry, although not exactly liberal, I have always found to be pliant if manipulated with tact and good-humour. The meeting-house at Ranter'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 new bishop—the fourth, by the 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 strange gentleman of about my own 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 Chauncey Bassett,

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 Angelina, poor dear, was taken from me many years back.

'This is your youngest, I conclude, sir,' observed he, taking Adolphus John's left ear 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 tartly, '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 my wife, who was superintending the cold beef: 'the air of your down-country is truly appetising. What health your husband seems to enjoy, madam! 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 startling abruptness.

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

'True, madam—true. If I were not perfectly bald, as you perceive, I should doubtless be gray myself. You are looking for the salt, reverend 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 sight suited.

'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 Wrencham 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 pudding 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 your 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 my shoulder soothingly, '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.'

'So I did,' said I, with an involuntary sigh—'years and years ago: I remember the very day I did so as though it was yesterday.'

'The dickens you do!' ejaculated Mr Filer with irritation. 'Why, your memory must be as good as ever, then! That is a great point against Levi's offer, that is. Don't you ever find your head swim?'

'It is advertised in the papers, I suppose,' said I, without replying to the question, for I was looking sadly round upon the dear old place, which seemed as though it was about to pass out of my hands at once.

'Yes,' returned he, 'of course it's advertised, and I must say that it's very well done. It leads one to expect better things—I am looking at it from a professional point of view, you will understand—it hints that almost immediate occupation may be looked for. There will be scores of people coming down here upon a fool's errand. I left a fellow at the railway station even now, who will arrive with the same object as myself this very afternoon. He wanted to share my fly with me, but I knew better than that. He might have telegraphed "Buy" to his man in the city, and taken the wind out of my sails at once. However, he may telegraph what he likes now. I was particularly told to see your Chance!—for my young friend is High Church—but since I have seen *you*, sir, that is more than enough. I thank you, however, for your hospitality. Excuse what may have looked like rudeness in my conduct to your good lady: business is business, and must be attended to before all things—that's my motto. I wish you good-day, sir, and a long life. Here is the gentleman I spoke of coming down the lane. Observe how he is turning up the soil with his umbrella, to see what sort of a glebe you have!'

Mr Filer, attorney-at-law, spoke truly. Scores of people have come, and are still coming down to Chauncey Bassett, if not on a fool's errand, at least on an errand which does not seem to give them much satisfaction. Through no fault of my own, I feel that I am incurring the resentment of a great many worthy persons. A gentleman of seventy-two is expected to look a great deal less hearty and florid than the unfortunate strength of my constitution will permit me to do. One gentleman even hinted at being reimbursed in his travelling expenses, on the ground of having been enticed to this secluded spot upon false pretences. On the other hand, if I was to decease suddenly, and before the transaction was concluded with any of the parties, Mr Levi would be reduced to the desperate necessity of *giving away* (by proxy) the next presentation, since it would be illegal, under such circumstances, to sell it. Conceive the anxiety of my Hebrew friend in that emergency to discover the very oldest divine in the Church of England that could be got to hold it; and how miserable would the last days of that venerable man be rendered by people coming to look at *him*!

The reflection that the older I grow the more tempting will be Mr Levi's advertisement, and consequently the more numerous my inquiring friends, is by no means a soothing one. I wish from my heart that he was of a less grasping disposition, or else that one of the candidates for my to-be-vacant pulpit would bid a little higher, so that this matter might be settled. I should not mind *one* man taking an antagonistic interest in the state of my health; but, as it is, I feel as though I were the common enemy of the human race—both male and female. It is not uncommon for ladies to accompany their husbands to 'see how they like the look of the place,' and these always ask to be shewn over the up-stair rooms, with an eye to improvements and alterations, when your humble servant, the present writer, shall have been taken out of his own bed-

chamber feet foremost. One 'engaged' young man confessed to me, with a charming frankness, that my drawing-room was just the sort of apartment in which he should like to see his *fiancée*—his Angelina—installed; '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 reprobate 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 lowly 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 comes the sleep of winter, till the 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, last for hundreds, 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, and then sinks into its depths 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, although 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 diminish in their intensity; 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 scales of the buds, every pore is closed and sealed up against the weather, either by a covering of tomentum or wool, or by excretions 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 fluctuation, and that the same annual wave of 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 internodes between the upper leaves consequently approach each other, and the leaves diminish in size, until finally we arrive at the *punctum vegetationis* or vegetative point which gives origin to the terminal bud at the summit of the shoot. The same wave of 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 green herbaceous shoot which forms the growth of the season at the extremities of the branches, is, with its foliage and fluctuations, an exact copy of the herbaceous growth made 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 fluctuation is not at all 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 also 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 leaf-surface 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; the growth 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 dome-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 remission 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 passed its prime, and the year's shoots become always shorter and more circumscribed; there is a decrease in the number of them annually, owing to the diminished vital activity of the leaves. Less woody 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 whatever, 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 continue to 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, had 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 further 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 ascendancy, 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 remission 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 impression 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 ceases to grow in any of its parts, as, for instance, its branches, the life of those branches necessarily and inevitably terminates. The death of the tree therefore takes place from within to without, or from its centre to its circumference, the innermost parts of its stem dying first, and the stem 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 Brompton. What is wanting 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 commander-in-chief of the British army, and there are the Duke of York's boys (but not of royal descent), in homeliest scarlet. There are ladies of fashion, varying from fifteen to twenty feet in circumference, clutching the morocco case that holds their season tickets; and there is Mistress Prudence Housewife, from the agricultural districts, scorning 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 maids 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 supple-jointed, eager-eyed, leaden-coloured men, of whom it may be predicated that they will start off, as soon as yonder doors are open, straight for the western annexe—to the machinery.

There are one or two unhappy persons, who, not possessing season tickets, still consider that their presence in a mere shilling through 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 opportunity, such as a crowd always offers, of informing strangers how the apparent social inconsistency has arisen. The present writer found himself at one time in a very limited area, from which it was impossible 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 *Falsehood*; 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 unchiseled. One reason of this is, I suppose, that the eye, which cannot so well be delineated in statuary, is the chief seat of expression when a gentleman fibs. While even the accomplished Tufter (of the Old Bailey) remarks casually that he was dining yesterday with the Lord 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 affirmed that he had been a constant visitor to the Exhibition at prices more suitable to his condition, his eyes refused altogether to be parties to that deceptive statement.

'It will be better now than it was,' continued he; 'things will be more in order. I am told—in fact, I know the rain used to come in, in all directions. A gentleman of my acquaintance\* was nearly meeting with his death in the transept 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 (naturally) jumped forward a few paces; and at the same instant, there was a tremendous crash behind him. A good-natured stranger (whom he was about to give into the custody of the police for an assault) had seen the pane descending, and saved a fellow-creature from the fate of *Æschylus*, who perished, as you doubtless remember, in a similar manner. Take another case. [He checked these fearful occurrences off on his fingers with the air of one who, having plenty to tell, did not want to go over the ground twice.] So hurried were all the arrangements immediately before the opening of the Exhibition, that one of the carpenters was actually nailed down beneath the flooring. He expostulated; but they answered that it would take more time than they could possibly spare to extricate him at present, and recommended patience. He would not be quieted, however, and misconducted himself by demanding vociferously to be let out during the opening ceremonial. A carpet dulled his cries; but they were of such a nature, that the orchestra had to strike up and drown them, while the Duke of Cambridge was in the very midst of a most impressive sentence. The unhappy man happened to be immured immediately beneath his Royal Highness's chair.'

'I remember to have heard a somewhat similar

\* 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 drily, 'with respect to the theatre of New York, when it was being boarded over for the ball given to the Prince of Wales.'

'Ah indeed,' returned my companion, totally unabashed; '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 fountain dancing in the sunshine, and the long rainbow-roof of the Nave, shone out upon us, as though a gate had been opened in Paradise. The charity-school children then beheld a sight such as in their fathers' 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 most rare and various instruments, was ready to minister to their enchanted ears.

Under such circumstances, a barrier to progress was intolerable; and yet there was my experienced friend, who had visited the building so often before, stuck fast in a turnstile, having dropped his shilling into the wrong box. Its lucky recipient would not believe that 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 moves not. Wilier far  
Than such wild words th' excuse must be,  
That opes the gates of Heaven for thee!

'You *don't* suppose,' observed the official scornfully, 'that I am agoing to make my turnstile 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 nuggets 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 Parsee, 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 endeavour 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 south 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 completed 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 gold, although a quite different conception 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 Majolica fountain, wherein you 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 azure of these painted windows, and apply yourself to sherry-cobbler; 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 pleasant outlook into the Horticultural Gardens, if the enterprising proprietors thereof had not purposely put up an immense superfluities 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 Holborn 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 merely 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 shewn 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 biceps) carried the rest of his party along with him. One poor lady had an *enfant terrible* of a son with her, who dragged her about under his arms (as if she had been an encyclopædia) 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 statue, 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 the model of Milan was that of Italy—the name of that country having been legibly inscribed beneath it.

The Armstrong 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 foreigners 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!* ah,' said he, wiping his forehead, 'I should rather think I should—if they sell beer there.' He thought it was a public-house. But how 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 snap, 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 paid it the unintentioned compliment of saying, that there were plenty such banks as that in the copse at the bottom of their meadow at home. In reparation 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 got to snatch a fearful joy from it; but Paterfamilias (who nevertheless thought it his duty to go through with his share), complained of 'shooting pains between the blade-bones,' and presently 'all down his shin-bones 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 shilling-friends, and as it was, the visit, through being too prolonged, produced in many cases a sort of vertigo. 'I can't look any more,' exclaimed one poor lady whom an æsthetic daughter had carried along with her over many square miles of colour; 'I really can't; my head's a-going round.' I fancy that many exhausted persons were attracted hither 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—asleep!

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 answered to its spur. 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 offspring 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 clutched like a banner in their right hands, followed in hot haste; and the big boy of the party, who had impeded its movements the whole day long, and tripped up other people by perpetually kneeling down to tie his shoe, was caught in that defenceless 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 otherwise, 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 Imogen*, of and from Liverpool, in the harbour of Alatamaha Sound, Georgia, U. S., on a sweltering summer's day. We were standing together beside the wheel, we three, as great a 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 had seen 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 intellectual set of features, rather too finely cut, perhaps, and marred by an irresolute expression about the mouth. There was myself, a young doctor, very poor, and very shabby, but blessed with excellent health and spirits, and a robust constitution. Two words will explain how I came to be surgeon of the *Fair Imogen*, and why it was so good-natured of her commander to speak as he did with reference to Mr Millett's proposition. I had a real taste for my profession, and had passed my examinations with tolerable credit, but, in an evil hour, I was cajoled into investing what little money I possessed, all that my poor father could leave me, in the purchase of an 'eligible practice.' 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 El Dorado, 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 Imogen* was a vessel of but moderate tonnage, or she could not have got into the anchorage of Alatamaha Sound, and craft of her size seldom carry a doctor. But she was employed in very unhealthy climates, chiefly coasting the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and plying among the West India Islands; and, as salary was easily arranged 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 run down below, and pack your traps, 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 son's; 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 'traps,' 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 sententious way, as the canoe danced 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, that talent is not unrecognised, nor merit unrewarded, in the South—no, sir. And I venture to affirm, Mr Ellis, that you will enjoy the peaceful pleasures of a home at Briary Bush, and'

'Hilloah! whoop! Colonel Millett! I've been riding up the creek-side in hopes I'd happen in upon you. I want to know if you'll trade for right-down useful workers. My overseer says that patch by Hemlock Knoll is clean wore out, and I'm over-niggered!' cried a loud and sonorous voice; and looking round, I saw that we were close to the quay, and that a horseman had reined in his strong bay mare close to the weed-incrusted steps. He was a tall young man, with long dark hair, and the air of a provincial rake; his clothes were of good cut and material, and he had lackered boots and a great deal of jewellery, contrasting oddly with a palm-leaf hat and a heavy slashing whip of twisted cowhide.

'You know, Mr Cook, I leave these matters to my overseer,' said Colonel, or Mr Millett in reply, and with a dryness in his tone which shewed anything but pleasure in the conversation, or affection for the person addressed. Mr Cook, whose dark face was overclouded in a moment, ground out an oath between his teeth, and struck his mare so as to make her plunge and rear.

'Hang it, Jeff Millett, but you needn't be so stiff and pokerish with a man,' grumbled he in a half-fierce half-disconsolate tone: 'our fathers were friends, I reckon, though you never speak to me except in that infernal keep-your-distance manner you learned in Europe. If *you* were in trouble, now, I'd behave differently to your way of doing it.'

By this time we were on the quay, the luggage handed out, the canoe-men paid, and a cart driven by a negro, as well as two saddle-horses, led by a mounted mulatto groom, was approaching. Mr Millett shook his head reproachfully. 'Yours is a short memory, Mr Cook,' said he; 'you have appealed to my old intimacy with your father more than once, and not in vain, as you know. But I am afraid no aid that a neighbour can extend will ever be enough to— However, I have no right to preach—you are old enough to be your own monitor. If you like to dine with us to-morrow'

'Smart as a snapping turtle! I'm your man,' interrupted Cook, with a more gleeful air. 'I know my way pretty well to Briary Bush. But I say, colonel, how's Miss Cary?'

'My daughter is as usual, I thank you,' said my host very coldly, 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 Darien-town these two months;' and we parted. 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 he 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 hack, 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 Briary 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!' cried 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 curbed 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. Thrasylbulus, 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 'Sybulus'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. 'Sybulus take Rupert to fesh Britisher." 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 palmettoes drooped, hot and dusty, in the still air. Rice, rice, rice, nothing but rice, until we turned away from the river, away from the lagoons, 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 hedgeside 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 Briary Bush Estate.' A fine estate it was, not running to ruin, weedy and exhausted, and gradually encroached upon by the brushwood and scrub, as so often happens in that semi-tropical climate, but beautifully cultivated, and teeming with sugar, indigo, and tobacco.

After a while we came in sight of the house, a heavy, but very spacious pile, built partly of wood and partly of white stone, much stained and decayed by the damp climate. The mansion, however, was in perfect repair; and with its balconies, its sun-blinds and shade-trees, and the creepers that were trained like fragrant draperies

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 matting: '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 very languid, affected-looking 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, straining 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 judging 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 very handsome property, and 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, more or less actuated by mercenary motives, 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 dozen eligible husbands for his heiress. Caroline was young, however, and her extreme delicacy of health rendered her parents unwilling to part with her. Her father, in especial, 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 feeble, 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 science and steadiness; 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 transatlantic 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 son was away—at 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 sojourn.

Caroline was a clever, well-dispositioned 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 patients. In vain did her mother chide, in vain did 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 modelled in alabaster, and very thin and slender too; her cheek was all but colourless, and there were dark circles round her fine eyes.

She was fair; she looked almost beautiful, now and then, as when I had persuaded her to read me a portion of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, or when she allowed her spirited pony to gallop under the arching boughs of the forest, in one of the rides which she sometimes took with her father and myself. Then, indeed, a flush of healthy colour would glow in her wan cheek, and her eyes would shine, and her drooping form dilate into genial promise: she was like one transfigured for the time. I did not commit the folly of falling in love with my patient. To me, Caroline Millett was merely something to be studied, to be saved, to be snatched back from the jaws of the grave, if human skill and care could do it. That her frail thread of life was wearing out day by day, very gradually and certainly, was undoubted; I could see it, small as my experience had been in the ailments of the youthful of her sex. Mr Millett, a most affectionate father, could see it too, and it wrung his heart cruelly at times, as his eye dwelt upon her with a yearning and an apprehension in it that he vainly strove to hide. I did what I could, I gave much care and forethought to the case; and there were moments when I thought I—or nature and youth, rather—must prove victorious over the unnatural progress of the decline. I prescribed remedies from the pharmacopœia, not with much reliance that drugs could meet the exigencies of such a case, but because I felt it my duty to leave nothing untried. Meanwhile, exercise, regimen, the cheerful society of persons of her own age, were what I recommended for Caroline, and Mr Millett hastened to comply.

The pony was now in continual requisition, and we rode almost every day. There were parties given in pursuance of my advice; Briary Bush opened its doors, again and again, to the notables of the county, and then followed a shoal of invitations in return, so that the round of gaiety was continuous. In this I had had a design beyond the ostensible one of amusing the lonely heiress. Little as I knew of women, I had conjectured that a hopeless attachment might be at the root of the mischief. Caroline was very young, certainly, but sixteen in Georgia is often reckoned as a marriageable age; Miss Millett *might* have bestowed her heart on some one of whom her parents did not or would not approve, and hence her illness. But in vain did I watch Caroline at every fresh dance or dinner, beset, as she generally was, by numbers of admirers, anxious to win favour with the well-dowered daughter of Colonel Millett. Her eye did not brighten or sink abashed, her cheek did not blush, as the young dandies of the state paid her their interested adoration, and she was evidently so perfectly fancy-free that I was obliged to give up my hypothesis. But if she distinguished none by any preference, she had certainly an aversion to one person, in which I cordially agreed with her: this person was Mr Cook, the young man whom I had seen on first landing from the brig, and who had dined at Briary Bush on the following day. His dilapidated estate lay within four or five miles of the thriving lands of my entertainer, whose next heir-at-law he would be, although but a distant cousin, should Mr Millett survive his two children. Louis Cook had received many services, and much good advice, from his kinsman; and he had accepted the former, and spurned the latter, after the habitual custom of spendthrifts. He was, unless report lied, more than a spendthrift, a calculating, unscrupulous gambler and profligate, unfavourably

known as the associate of the worst scamps in Savannah and New Orleans. He was now all but ruined, his land exhausted by careless and reckless culture, his best slaves sold away, and his house dropping piecemeal to decay.

The chief hope of Louis Cook was now to marry the rich heiress of his remote cousin, 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 his suit would be useless. 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-extorted engagement to waltz with him, that I first saw Cook reddened and scowl, 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 stealthy malignity in 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 approval, and affected extreme gratitude for the obligations under which my host had laid him. The cause of my own dislike to Cook was an innate, instinctive antipathy. He was flippant 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 distrusted him, nor could I have given a satisfactory reason for the impression he produced upon me. When I had been two months at Briary Bush, the young heir and hope of the house, Washington Millett, came home. He had been expected before, but something had delayed the granting of his leave of absence, and now he had passed his final examination 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 slight make and nervous temperament, and I wondered that he had not suffered more than he had done from the lengthened and severe studies 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 rose like earthen billows above the soil proclaimed it an Indian burial-place. Several great trees 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 for ever. No hand had stirred the soil for many a year, 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 peavine, and the wild grape-vine 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.

'Hist!' said a voice that jarred unpleasantly on my ear—'hist! didn't you hear something?'

'No,' answered a second voice, in harsh 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 beat, p'raps. 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?' was the fierce rejoinder, spoken in loud, incautious 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 cackling, that sounded weird and awful in that lonely place.

'Ha! ha!' she said in a slow, chuckling tone, 'de fine buckra gentleman must not be angry with poor ole black woman. Zanna larf to think Massa Louis fancy some one here after dark—here, where de slaves sooner cut off 'um hand, and put stump in de fire, than dare to come—here, where de red warrior keep guard over um grave—here, where fetich live in Obi hut, and black man tremble when he think of Burnt Clearing.'

'Well, well, aunt; may be you're right; and the place is lonesome enough,' returned the male speaker, with a slight shudder; 'but so much the better for talk like ours. After all, aunt, you're not the wise woman you pretend to be, or why could you not conquer the silly whims of that puling, 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 negress, for although I could catch no glimpse of the speakers, sheltered as they were by the huge bole 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 best let her die out of way.'

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 negress had twice called him 'Massa Louis.' The reasons which should make Louis Cook, a ruined and unscrupulous profligate, desirous 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 dye 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 sprang 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, standing as I did 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 Briary Bush—trust in me to reward you as you deserve, if there's virtue in a Colt'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 been walking, and had lost my way. 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 belted in the cultivated fields of the plantation. With some trouble, I found the spot which 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 a view of the clearing, 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 anything 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 connecting this building with the plot of whose fell purport 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 an inner recess something 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 sheet 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 'fetich' 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 fowls that lay, like a sacrifice, in front of the seat. Around the idol's neck were strips of red cloth, peacocks' feathers, brass buttons, beads, shells, and several barbaric ornaments of brass or pewter, probably brought from Africa on 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 secluded 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 hideous ceremonies performed by some crafty barbarian from Africa.

Such an Obi woman I naturally concluded this Zanna, the confederate 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 numerous 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 kinsman. 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 murders done by poison on the coast of Africa, where the life of no one was safe who had an enemy rich enough to bribe the fetichman of the village. Perhaps those decoctions, made from plants that I knew not, had the power of pouring death into the lifeblood 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, and where the stealthiest intruder could not hope to escape detection? Sorely puzzled, and half inclined to consider my vision of the night before as a distempered dream, I went slowly back to the house. Young Washington Millett 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 returned, and made the acquaintance of the young heir, whose frank and genial bearing pleased me much. I could hardly believe that one so happy and gay of mood could really have been marked for destruction by a concealed and cowardly foe.

My proper course in the matter was a problem. I could hardly go to Mr Millett with a tale so extraordinary and improbable; I could hardly accuse his relative, the man who constantly sat at his table and grasped his hand in friendship, of such black villainy, on the strength of a conversation overheard in a wood between Cook and an unseen person; Mr Millett was almost sure to class my revelation as either a dream or a wicked and malicious invention. And yet, could I stand by and be a passive spectator of mischief so deliberate and cruel! From this reverie I was awakened by a great noise of laughing, crying, and vociferation. The household, which almost wholly consisted of negro men and women born and bred under Mr Millett's roof, had gathered round their young master on his quitting the presence of his parents and sister, and bade fair to tear him to pieces in their eagerness to be recalled to memory.

'Mas'r member me—Juba dat allays carry um gun?' cried one black lad.

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

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

'Mas'r remember Sophy—de cook! Sophy dat make de puddings and pies, and gumbo soup mas'r likes, and stewed terrapins so bootiful?' 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 stair-head, when I suddenly heard the young man inquire for 'Aunt Anne.' It is usual to call all 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?'

'Iss, 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 crone, whose name was like a dash of cold water on the exuberant spirits of her merry thoughtless race? 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 bethought me that it might be by her agency that Zanna, the Obi 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 unsuspecting 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 is a sort of housekeeper at Briary Bush, wonderfully clever for a negress. 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 lucky 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 hunted with dogs, and shot. O 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, had committed many offences, and had been at last 'sold south' to a Louisiana planter, and was carried away in chains. 'We pitied 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 the 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 negress, 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 cordials, 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 dolt 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 rude and negligent. My thoughts seemed, in that emergency, to be clearer than was commonly the case. To go to Mr Millett, with his timorous reticences and weak but elegant nature, I felt to be useless; I therefore went straight to young Washington Millett, and without circumlocution, 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 hushed 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 beside my pillow last night. What else could have put into my head—mine—the infernal thought—ah! I may confess it to you, Mr Ellis—the idea of robbing my father?'

'Of robbing your father?' I began to fear the young man's excitement had affected his brain.

Washington went on, more calmly: 'Yes; it must have been her counsel, or that of the Fiend in person.'

Who else could have murmured in my sleeping ear that there were nineteen thousand dollars in the tortoise-shell cabinet in my father's dressing-room? Who else could have told me the drawer in which they were locked, and have urged on me, not only to rob, but to conceal the plunder in a spot minutely indicated?

'Ah,' said I, 'what spot?'

'A hollow cypress-tree,' answered Washington, 'close to a desolate opening in the woods called Burnt Clearing. I have not been there since I was a child, nor did I ever notice the tree designated, but I seem now to have its bearings most forcibly impressed upon my memory.'

'Burnt Clearing!' said I, 'why, that is the very place where this she-devil's hut is built. I have very little doubt that your wild guess is right, and that the wicked old creature has really been trying to coerce your will into committing a crime, of which she would well know how to reap the profit. But listen to me: I have an idea that there is one way, and one only, in which we can save the lamb from the jaguar.'

Our consultation was long; but before it ended, Washington was quite of my way of thinking, and had entered, heart and soul, into the plan. We mounted two of the best hacks in the stable, and rode rapidly off to the town, where we had a protracted interview with Major Marsh and Dr Abel Clashman, two leading members of the permanent Vigilance Committee. We talked long: some difficulties were in our way; but when we parted, the doctor said: 'Well, gentlemen, it's ugly; but if it can be kept out of the tarnation newspapers, we won't be slack about it. At eleven, sharp!'

'Sharp,' said we, and we parted with our new allies.

We rode back as swiftly as possible, and then sallied out on foot together on a secret expedition. We returned after dark, and found that dinner had long been kept waiting for us, that Mrs Millett was vexed, and Mr Millett displeased. But we excused ourselves on the plea of a foray against the plump rice-birds, the ortolans of the Southern States, which had led us too far afield. Cook was there, as we expected; indeed, he had been in favour lately; had invited himself to dinner; and had been pressed, with Georgian hospitality, to accept a bed.

At eleven o'clock, all members of the household had, ostensibly at least, retired to rest, and all was dark and still. Caroline had been asleep for hours, exhausted and worn out. In her chamber, a feeble light burned, leaving half the room in shadow. The white bed-curtains were closely drawn. A dark figure glided into the room, turning the handle of the door with noiseless care, crossing the floor with the stealthy step of a prowling tigress, and reaching the table where stood the lamp, amid phials and cups, without causing any sound whatever.

The dim light shone upon the wrinkled face, the snow-white hair, the glowing eyes of old Zanna the negress—of 'Aunt Anne,' the trusted nurse and house-keeper. The old woman's triumphant smile would have shamed a fiend, as she drew a small bottle from her bosom, uncorked one of the phials, and mingled with the medicine it contained a few drops of a colourless fluid. The contents of the phial grew turbid and brown, then slowly resumed the original hue and clearness. The hag shook her fist with a gesture of hate at the bed and its unconscious occupant; she muttered some words, words not to be understood by Christian hearers, for they were couched in the savage tongue of her own pagan home, by the distant Niger. Then the more familiar English rose to her lips, and she murmured vaguely of her sons, of George, shot in the bush; of Moses, sold into hopeless bondage down South; and she came a step or two nearer to the bed, and shewed her teeth, still sound and white, in a sneering laugh of spite and scorn.

'Die!' she said in a hissing whisper—'die, white girl—pretty missy, die! die!' As she did so, the curtains of the bed rattled 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 flee; she stood rooted to the ground, her eyeballs starting, her hands outstretched, staring with stupefied terror on the bed and on its occupant. Uttering a yell of horror that rang through the house: 'The fetich! the fetich!' 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 and hideous foulness, 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 guilty lips, moved by 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 averse 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 fillibusters, and perished miserably in Nicaragua. Caroline recovered, and is married to a gentleman of Virginia; Washington Millett is one of General Beauregard's staff; and I am a West-end doctor, not overburdened 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 the 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 bunches 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 a look in our pretty vine-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 alder-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 amidst the thick foliage, were there embowered.

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 Dann 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 hillock 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, utensils, 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. Jemmy, 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, shawls, parasols, books, and so forth.

How pleasant everything looked in the roomy cabin! The bedding so nicely arranged at the far end of the seats; the wide seats themselves so roomy; the table in the midst, ending 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 careering yachts like our own, whose owners were sure to have a kindly word, and to wish *un bon voyage*; we passed wherries so heavily laden that the water washed above the gunwale, whilst others swept by us like winged birds. We generally sailed on till it grew dusk; and then, turning into a reedy 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. It would now be night, so the anchor would be cast in some well-known spot amidst the reeds, and preparations made for lying-to. The sails were furled, the awning spread, a fire lighted, and the kettle boiled. We ladies meanwhile got lights, and spread the table with tea and supper combined. Then the master of the *Hylas* came in and enjoyed the peaceful meal with us. What appetites we had! How delicious the viands tasted! What tea was ever like that? When Jemmy had taken forth his meal, and all was cleared away again, then our dear companion lighted his pipe, and chatted or read to us, as the case might be. Then early, he would bid us 'good-night,' for he and Jemmy had yet their night-lines to set, and other fishing business to attend to. But he never left us till, with man's thought and woman's tenderness combined, he had seen to every little matter which would add to our repose and comfort. We then made our beds; and with the awning-covered fore-peak as our dressing-room, were as comfortable as possible.

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 halloo would arouse us early on the morrow, so we would hasten to take our bath, with water we drew up from amidst our canopy of reeds. This was cool and abundant as a naiad might wish. We then dressed and rolled away our beds, dried 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-lines 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 Jemmy 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 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 netted; we meanwhile, 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 jolly-boat: and thus the days wore on.

Presently, we recommenced our voyage, and returning to the wide river, went on with tide and press of

sail. The densely filled steam-packets, with their throngs of holiday-seekers and bands of music, the heavy freighted wherries, the rafts of floating timber, were alike 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, gave much that was Dutch-like to the landscape. Then the water became more and more turgid 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 decoys, half buried in a sea of reeds, and on and on till meadows 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 alder-decked meadows, and large paper-mills, and stone-built water-side inns, standing amidst gardens 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 than 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 wherry 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 reed-house, and then returned home.

But our excursions were not always thus *en beau*. 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 aflood.

Late one autumn, I and the dear master of the *Hylas* went 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 vying?  
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 bosom breathes its richest sigh  
Of fragrance on the western gale.  
Then pardon me the gay transgression,  
If in their freaks 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,  
Thy 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 hallowed lips  
Could once again be only mine!

G. D.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 445.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## SOMETHING OF ITALY.

### FIRST ASPECT OF AFFAIRS.

TOWARDS midnight on the 17th of March, there might have been seen, 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-rail 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 *facultatif*—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 sipping 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. Viewed from the capacious harbour, 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, palaces, gardens, and church-spires 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 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 household furniture. I had 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 houses in Genoa, as is the case with some 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 dingy lanes, their grandest apartments are gloomy even at noon; and to get to their picture-galleries, you require to toil up long stone stairs to the top of the house.

In looking 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 apartments 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 paved, and on this point something is to be learned. Italian paving resembles nothing of the kind in England. The streets in Genoa, of whatever breadth, are laid with 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—its smoothness for carriages, and freedom from dirt and dust, being not the least of its recommendations. To secure a proper foothold, many draught-horses are not shod.

To this strange old town, the railway from Turin is a sort of incongruity. There has been a considerable smashing down of antiquated mansions to afford space for an access and terminus, including an open area, on which the citizens, after cogitating 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 innova-

tion, 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 another iron link with France. Then, there is a 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 filigree-work, being carried on therein as staple manufactures. The making of these iron bedsteads—all by the hand-labour of blacksmiths in little cavernous shops—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 entomological annoyances in sleeping 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; but 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—uncouth and unkempt young men, with tapering hats of the approved brigand type, brought northwards to be Piedmontised—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 easy job in hand, with which we heartily wish him well through.

Having for a franc apiece seen all the show palaces, visited the finest churches, taken some note of the general activity, and inspected all the objects of art offered to view by the shops and stalls, it was time to move off 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 admiration 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 Imperiales*, 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—cabins are out of the question—and I shall have something afterwards to say 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 waved 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, environed 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 green jalousies shut at mid-day, their high-bounding hedgerows of aloes and cactuses, 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 goes elegantly and sleepily on to its close. 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 are beset by 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. Victor Emmanuel cannot set matters to right in a day; but here, at any rate, he has made a good beginning. Within little more than an hour we passed four different custom-houses, 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 slyly presenting a couple of silver coins or so, of no particular currency. How our conductor jeered as we passed these forlorn, shut-up 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 studios. 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 a sort of adze, 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 strings of barefooted female navvies, each in turn casting down her modicum of earth to swell the slowly accumulating heaps; though the labour, degrading as it was, and 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 truck-loads 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 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 proficiency in 'high art,' it is certainly unexpected and startling. The circumstance shews 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 our 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 the 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, parks, drives, galleries of statues and pictures, its 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 such 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 ADVERTISERS.

HALF-MOON STREET, Piccadilly, is not exactly a gay locality, but it is highly genteel. There is not 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 Professional; 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: nay, not only a fragrance but a confidence, for it was surely next to impossible that professional garrotters, such as my waiter had darkly hinted at, should invest in 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 at noon.

One of the gravest, 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 emissaries of the French press now sojourning in London, as it also excites mine. I do think that they have a greater austerity, a more colossal calm about them even than their high-bred masters. Their superiority and their affability are alike tremendous. I should much like to see a few of the most imperturbable of them amidst 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 cowered before the spectacle of this tremendous answerer of bells; he stared at me with such stony Sphinx-like eyes, as though he would say: 'Rash mortal, perceive the Genius thou hast idly summoned. What wouldst thou at mine hand? Speak, speak, but beware!'

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

The majestic 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, *that's* your little game 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 must have taken to it late in life, after failing as a gentleman.'

He pulled a bell which rang upstairs, and a young and cheery voice called over the banisters; 'Who is it now, John Thomas? You must shew the gentleman to an attic, for I suppose he's come to sleep. 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 dun devotes himself to repentance and digestion.'

'It's a party as I don't know, sir,' replied the servant, regarding me with a sort of malignant curiosity, as though I were the Beast with a Bill itself; 'he has got some 'umbugging 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:

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

The discomfited flunkey 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 arm-chairs 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 ingenuous; the other was a handsomer man, of an almost Spanish complexion, but with a 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 bin; these are Havannahs, and these Manilla 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 Advertisee was about to use a lucifer—a brimstone 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 *where?*' 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, 'in South Australia. I am a rough, simple fellow, who have made my money over in that colony.'

'Good!' exclaimed X, 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 Advertisee 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 use?" I tell you that I have seen men unkempt, 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.'

'Bravo, bravissimo!' 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 fine company I shall soon 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 mere pecuniary arrangements'—As I pronounced these words, my new friends executed a simultaneous performance of which I had deemed them altogether incapable: they blushed. X helped himself at unnecessary length to wine; Y feigned to be employed in arranging an exquisite little nosegay in his button-hole. 'With regard to the money,' continued I, 'it is unnecessary to be too precise in particulars; but of course, while we three are companions, I shall bear all charges, while you will indicate the most agreeable methods for passing our time. A cheque 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 minutes 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 I, 'it seems to me 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 become, 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 it, for we cannot live without our little elegances—I pay, for example, that is, I intended to pay, twenty-five pounds per annum to a florist for supplying this ornament for my coat 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. 'We did not 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 case one 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 despondingly.

'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 B.A.s 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 gentlemen 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 attain which has cost you, 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 wearisome 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 from 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 X, slapping me on the shoulder with much heartiness, 'I shall never regret that we advertised.'

'Morumbidgee,' 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 is 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, my good sir?' inquired I, for I was really afraid that he had sat upon something very sharp.

'Nothing, Morumbidgee, nothing; I am your willing slave: to hear 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 screwy posters and the solemn swells; the dust, the heat, the wicked

words one hears; the funny gents; the dolls and pincushions; the Babel of the Downs; the Legs, the Lords, the Fools; the luncheons on one's knees; the champagne spilt; and worse than spilt, the champagne swallowed'—

'But why all this? We could take him in a van, with evergreens 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. 'Morumbidgee, 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 picnic 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 shilling-days on Monday,' suggested X.

'I am afraid,' returned I 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 exhausted 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 '51 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 turned you out at all hours 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 to all similar assailants, "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 nut-cracker in the Hohenzollern 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 Fairyland 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-found allies for that evening, John Thomas the Magnificent opening the hall-door for my exit with a very different air from that with which he had admitted me. He was still, indeed, a potent Genius, but I 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.

'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 my whole adventure of this evening like 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 awakes to 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 Macquarrie. Young gentlemen (late) of fortune become *ciceronis*, *commissionaires*—gentlemen-ushers to cattle-farmers of the Australian bush. These transformation scenes were certainly not so rapid and complete a quarter of a century 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-strings, but with not a single 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 Earl Russell and others refer to their exertions in the cause of civil and 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 portion of the other. If a man is in possession of civil liberty—if, that is to say, he is free to think and act in *all* respects as he chooses, provided he thereby inflicts no wrong on the person or estate of another—it is manifest that he also enjoys religious liberty, which implies the right to think and act in *some* respects as he chooses. Hence, to talk of giving a man civil and religious liberty is much as if one were to speak of granting him a passport for all the countries of Europe and for Spain, or of permitting him to read all Shakspeare'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 mankind had every one of them threatened those who declined to comply with its invitation. 'Believe, or perish!' was the motto of all. In Christianity, it is true, the doctrines 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

latent; it had never been revealed. Many favourable opportunities for discovering it had presented themselves, and more than once did it seem about to be detected; but on each occasion it was overlooked. It was overlooked even at that great upheaving of the nations at the beginning of the sixteenth century, when men, prepared for almost any change, went hither and thither with their minds unhinged—knowing that something was wrong, but knowing not what; the uneasy feeling that had been excited found rest in change of opinion without having lighted upon a change of principles. Luther, Calvin, Knox, and their associates, whilst endeavouring to acquire for themselves the right to think and act in matters of religion according to the dictates of their own consciences, all regarded themselves as the sole depositaries of truth, and that it was their solemn duty to suppress, even by force, if necessary, what in their judgment was false doctrine in others. They were, in fact, guided by the very principle against which they contended in others; and they defended conduct exhibited by men of their party which they were the first to condemn in their opponents. In England, no sooner had the Protestant party under Cranmer succeeded in establishing the right of private judgment for itself as against the Church of Rome, than it proceeded to deny the right to others; and, afterwards, the very men who had suffered persecution for their opinions were amongst the most eager to inflict similar persecutions upon those from whom they differed. The Scotch commissioners in London remonstrated in the name of their national church against 'sinful and ungodly toleration in matters of religion;' the whole body of the English Presbyterian clergy protested against the schemes of Cromwell's party, and solemnly declared that 'they detested and abhorred toleration;' Richard Baxter, the most eminent of nonconformist divines, avowed that he 'abhorred unlimited liberty, or toleration for all;' and even John Milton's scheme of toleration was to have excluded Roman Catholics from its benefits. Men contended ostensibly for free expression of opinion; it was in reality for the supremacy of their own opinion. The liberty at which they all aimed was to have been the privilege of themselves alone.

The honour of being the first advocate for full and absolute liberty of conscience belongs to Roger Williams—a man of heroic character, of catholic spirit, of inflexible principles; a man, moreover, who throughout a long life was himself guided by the principles he professed, founded a colony in accordance with them, and subsequently embodied them in the laws he framed. Of the early life of this very remarkable man, few memorials exist. The son of a Welsh farmer, he was born in the year 1606 in Caermarthenshire, at a place called Conwyl-Caio, where for many generations his ancestors had resided. At an early age, he was removed to London, and was there fortunate enough to attract the favourable notice of Sir Edward Coke, 'who,' says the daughter of that eminent lawyer, 'seeing so hopeful a youth, took such liking to him, that he sent him in to Sutton's Hospital.' Of this institution—now known as the Charter House—he was elected a scholar on the 25th of June 1621, and three years afterwards, having obtained an exhibition, he repaired to Oxford, where he entered at the Welsh College (Jesus) on the 30th April 1624. How long he remained at the university is uncertain, since the records of his college furnish no evidence of his having taken a degree. Upon leaving, however, he was admitted to orders, and, as is presumed from a statement he makes in one of his works, discharged the duties of the ministry somewhere in Lincolnshire. The conflict that from the days of Elizabeth had existed between the prelatical party and the Puritans was at this period becoming more and more violent—the former being determined to enforce strict uniformity, and the latter being as equally determined

to resist the enforcement. Roger Williams inclined in opinion to the side of the Puritans, and, moreover, had already advocated the doctrine which immortalises his name—that *the civil power 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 obnoxious; nor did he. Professing the tenets 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 Bristow, and saw Stoke House, where 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 *Lion*, Captain William Pierce, and, after a tempestuous voyage of sixty-six days, sailed into Boston harbour on the 5th 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 civil magistrate 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 ministry 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 immediately interfered to prevent his settlement. The church, however, persisted; and on the same day on which the magistrates at Boston were assembled to express their disapprobation of the measure, and to desire the church to forbear any further proceeding, 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 when needed, soon furnished 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 the lands they possessed except they compounded with the natives; now they charged him with having preached upon the duty of females to wear veils in religious assemblies; and

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 nearing a crisis. 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 1635 to appear at Boston. The court desisted from that proceeding; but in the following July he was again summoned to 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;' none 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 their 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 deputies 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 the last time; '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 errors. 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 in 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 whither they could not learn.\*'

The principal Indian tribes occupying New England when it was first settled by the English were the Pokanokets, who inhabited the territory of the colony of Plymouth; the Narragansetts—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 Pequods 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 to leave behind him his wife and young children, and escape in secrecy and haste—fled from the tyranny of those men, who, under the name of Pilgrim Fathers, receive the undeserved sympathy 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 Massasoit, the sachem of the Pokanokets, who dwelt at Mount Hope, near the spot on which 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. He granted Williams a tract of land 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 and plant. But this territory was within the limits of the Plymouth colony, and he received intelligence from his friend, Governor Winslow, 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 concerns of religion. Passing 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 Mooshaucic. 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 founder, 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 apace, 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 put an end to the contentions 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 eighty-two opinions as being erroneous. 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

\* Winthrop.

Massachusetts left Boston, and, through the influence of Williams, obtained, from the sachem of the Narragansetts, a grant of the island of Aquetnec, now called Rhode Island, which gives its name to the state.

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 reception accorded to the citizens they had expelled, and seized an opportunity to order that if 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 organised 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 Colonies of New England.' Neither 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 on 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 insuperable. The excluded colonies were 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 declarations of enemies, that they had no legal authority for civil government, led the inhabitants to appoint a committee with instructions to procure a charter from 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 and executive authority, were disposed to strengthen themselves by conciliating 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 whom the executive power was vested. The code of laws was mainly taken from those of England, and concludes with these words: 'And otherwise than thus, what is herein forbidden, 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 importance and singularity 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.'

Williams, probably to conciliate the other towns, cheerfully yielded his own claims to the office of president, and accepted the subordinate post of assistant for the town of Providence. As might be anticipated, from the various materials of which they were composed, the several towns of the colony did not quietly coalesce in one form of government, and Williams's skill and delicacy were taxed to their utmost extent in harmonising such discordant elements. One of the chief causes of his disquietude at this time was the proceedings of William Coddington, the principal inhabitant of the settlement on Rhode Island, who, being attached to the party of the king, was disposed to promote his authority in the colony. Coddington having persuaded a faction to unite with him, first attempted to obtain admission for the island settlements into the league of the New England colonies; but having failed in that effort, he went to England, and was successful in procuring from the council of state a commission, constituting him governor for life of the islands of Rhode Island and Canonicut. Great excitement was produced in the settlements when he returned in 1651, bringing with him his new charter; and other troubles arose in addition to these internal dissensions. Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Connecticut—all opposed to the heroic little state that persisted in proclaiming liberty of conscience for all men, irrespective of creed—asserted their claims to portions of the colony; the Indians, too, now began to commit depredations, and offer insults, which the individual settlements were too feeble to punish, and which the commissioners of the united colonies refused to redress. In this crisis, when it was apparent that the only safety lay in a union of all the towns, John Clarke, a man of liberal education, courteous manners, and the original projector of the settlement on the island, was requested to proceed to England to procure the repeal of Coddington's commission, and the confirmation of the charter obtained by Williams. From reluctance to leave his large family, as well as from his inability to sustain the necessary expense, Williams, who was urgently importuned to accompany Clarke, and co-operate with him in the accomplishment of this important object, at first declined to accept the trust, but in the end he was prevailed on, and prepared once more to cross the Atlantic.

Williams on this occasion remained in England for nearly three years. Since he had last visited this country, great events had occurred; an ancient monarchy had been subverted, and the supreme authority was now vested in a Council of State. The application made by the two commissioners met with opposition from many quarters; but an order was at length passed to annul Coddington's commission, and to confirm the former charter. His official duties brought him into frequent intercourse with the eminent individuals who then wielded the power of the state. He renewed his friendship with Sir Harry Vane, and enjoyed his hospitality at his country seat; he secured the powerful influence of Cromwell for his colony; he often passed his hours of leisure with John Milton, 'who,' he says, 'for my Dutch I read him, read me many more languages.' It was during this visit to England he prepared for the press those works in which he has clearly expounded that noble principle for which he suffered much, and which is the noblest memorial of his name. It was then, too, he entered into a correspondence with Mrs Sadlier, the daughter of his early patron, Sir Edward Coke. The letters that passed between them are preserved in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, and exhibit Williams's character and tone of mind in a very favourable light. Mrs Sadlier, who was opposed to the existing order of things, and was not backward in confessing her disapprobation, would not so much as look at one of Williams's works which he sent to her; and, upon being desired to read a book by another

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, that is he that has wrote a book of the lawfulness of divorce; and, if report says true, he had at that time two or three wives living (!). This, perhaps, were good doctrine in New 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 blindness; and, as I have heard, he was fain 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 so 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 declined 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 honourable mention of his name frequently appears in the records both of the town and colony. His death occurred in May 1683, in his seventy-eighth year; and 'he 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 speech; 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 the same I had occupied at the preceding 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 poor old gentleman began to cry as soon as he saw me; and this, with his evident feebleness—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 down again, and 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. Seeing that he held in his hand 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 Leveredge 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 set foot in her house; but when we reached it, she assured me so 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 felt 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. There was a heap of fagots in the shed, and I got up on the top of these to be more 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 tub from one corner, and then took a

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 dark fustian coat. He 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 he threw into the tub, and then took off his coat, and put that in the water too, and began washing it. From where I was crouching, 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 savage 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, and she rushed in and caught her father 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 down. I did as he bade me, supposing he meant to let me go; but the moment I put my foot on the ground, he struck me several blows on the face, and then dragged me into his daughter's bedroom, and locked me in, and left me there about half an hour. When he came to fetch me out, he had his hat on and his white smock-frock. He told me to come with him. My 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 frightening my mother and sisters, I begged him 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 narrowish 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 shewed it was the body of a labouring man, apparently a wagoner, 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 I 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, and a crowd had collected round 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 murderer." The people shrunk away from 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-

self, but he in a jeering way called the attention of those present to the appearance of my clothes, and contrasted them with his own, so that none seemed to believe what I said, and one of them fetched the constable, who locked me up. I was taken before the justices, and they committed me to prison, to take my trial at the assizes for the murder of the wagoner.

Before going to see the prisoner in the morning, I called on his father, and was surprised to find that he had refused the services of any local attorney to prepare the evidence for the defence, thinking it would only be necessary to give me his son's statement to enable me to plead his cause successfully. I next visited the prison to hear what the son had to say. He was a quiet, good-looking fellow, with an appearance calculated to make a favourable impression on a jury. He persisted in asserting that every word he had written was true, and as he had nothing to add, I lost very little time in conversing with him. On reading the depositions, I found that, omitting unimportant details, Leversedge's evidence amounted to this: That he had been drinking at the public-house with a friend and the landlord till about half-past ten o'clock, when his friend wished him good-night, and went away, leaving him talking to the landlord at the door; that he himself left a few minutes afterwards, and had got within a quarter of a mile of the turnpike-gate, through which he had to pass to get to his cottage, when he heard a cry for help. There was a road-wagon at some distance before him, and he thought some accident had happened to the driver, and ran along the road till he overtook it, when he found there was no driver with the wagon. He had seen nothing in the road, but he directly turned round, and went back, to look more carefully, first stopping the horses. On reaching a place by the roadside, called Turnpike Folly, he saw a man run out of the Folly, and among the trees he saw the dead body of the driver of the road-wagon; that he ran after the man, and caught him, and this man was Henry Dowding.

Such was the substance of his deposition, which was supported by the evidence of the landlord of the public-house, and the man who had been drinking with them. Without this confirmatory testimony, the bad character of Leversedge would have prevented his statement from being accepted with confidence by the jury; but when to this was added the evidence of the witnesses who spoke to the state of their clothes at the time when he brought Dowding into Gloucester, it became pretty certain that there could be only one termination to the trial, and that Dowding, whether guilty or innocent, would be condemned.

I was myself disposed to accept the prisoner's statement, in spite of its improbabilities, but it was clear that the only chance of getting a jury to do so was by producing Esther Leversedge in court, and her giving evidence in support of it. I turned over the depositions again and again, but I could not find hers among them; and on inquiring about the omission, I learned that her attendance at the examination before the justices had not been enforced, and, consequently, she had not given evidence at all.

I sent for the constable into whose custody Dowding had been given, and according to him, nobody who had seen the two men on the night of the murder, had any doubt about the prisoner's guilt. He owed money to nearly every tradesman in the town, and he knew, as well as everybody else, that the carrier was in the habit of bringing money from London to people in Gloucester; it was therefore natural that he should try to get it by robbery and violence. I directed this official to provide for the attendance of Esther Leversedge at the trial, promising him a reasonable remuneration for his trouble and expenses. The trial was not likely to come on before the afternoon of the



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 was expected. I had heard nothing of Esther Leversedge, 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 could give evidence in favour of the prisoner, when I caught sight of the constable I had 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 Leversedge 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 man of his strength and ferocity was the murderer than 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 a weapon.

There was the usual stir and excitement in the court when an interesting witness is called, as Esther Leversedge 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 the expression of his 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 to me that his tale was true. 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 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 shewed 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 even when on the scaffold he might have prolonged his life for some minutes by addressing the spectators; but he was worn out by the excitement he had undergone, and incapable of speaking.

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, shewed 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 belong to a corps 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 debauchery. 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-porters and heavy-porters, railway-porters and inn-porters, 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 employ them? He resolved to put these questions to the test. Early in 1859, he persuaded seven discharged but 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, *n*. 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 wounded soldiers, some were sailors, some 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 resolved 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, he will allow no departure from strict obedience on the part of the men; and he has from the first striven to shew that commercial usefulness and military precision can be 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 very 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 outsides of railway stations and club-houses, the junctions of principal streets, the vicinity of public buildings—these 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, Mincing Lane, 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 such as to allow the opening of offices in various parts of town; shop-keepers, in certain instances, consent to receive parcels and messages for the men; but in most cases the commissionaires stand conspicuously 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, and so on; or 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 his 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. Very many are thus employed, usefully 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,' 'invitations,' &c.; and here 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 the cards may, 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 selected addresses, 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 military 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 charitable aid from other sources 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 at present is only to the extent of about one-fourth of their number). They agree to subscribe, each out of his own earnings, towards a clothing and equipment fund, and a 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 under-clothing, 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 have one, or to provide for himself when superannuated, 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 betimes in the morning, and march either to Westminster Abbey or to some other church in the neighbourhood; if belonging to other Christian bodies, they equally attend muster, 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 'plums' of the pudding. If hired by the day or week, their pay is a little higher; if vacancies occur in desirable posts, these men receive the first offer. But, as a French private soldier 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 are there fines for bad, regulated with most minute exactness—coming down to such items as 'being untidy in appearance, having long hair, being unshaven, or having any part 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 those 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 benefit deserving pensioners 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, there is every reason to believe 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 carried by each commissioner; for it appears there are other Simon Pures 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 illustrious subjects of our article should be comparatively unknown in this country. The stork is a biblical bird, a classical bird, a bird, famous both in Europe, 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 panegyriced 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 black; the beak, 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 fabric of sticks, straws, and other coarse materials, and is sometimes built in trees, but more usually on some part of a house-top, and notably the chimney, which is not unfrequently rendered 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 most fortunate auspice by 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 (Chasedah or Chasedah) signifies 'pious' or 'benevolent,' and both among the Greeks and Romans the stork was the emblem of filial piety, of chastity, of conjugal fidelity, and of gratitude—'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 fed by their stronger companions. Of the devotion of the parent storks for their offspring, a touching instance is recorded by Hadrian Junius in his *History of Batavia*. In the year 1536, 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 on which it was built in flames. At first, she endeavoured with all her powers to extricate her young ones from the impending destruction, but they were unable to fly; and finding all her efforts useless, she at last covered them with her body, and allowed herself to be consumed along with those she was powerless to save. Another anecdote respecting storks and a conflagration is probably more apocryphal, although it is said to have occurred in 1820, and is testified to by no less an authority than Okarius de Rudolstadt, whoever that illustrious author may be. According to this gentleman, when the town of Kelbra, in Russia, took fire, the storks converted themselves into impromptu engines, and assisted to extinguish the flames: the precise way in which they set about it he has unfortunately neglected to record.

Michael Neander, and that famous old ornithologist, Ulysses Aldrovandus, have collected a variety of anecdotes more or less mythical about storks, among which are the following:

'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 as large as a dove's egg. Astonished at this behaviour, she examined the pebble carefully, and though little acquainted with precious stones, she had no difficulty in guessing that it was a diamond, and of sufficient value to maintain her in affluence for the rest of her days. On taking the stork in her arms to give him a kiss for his generosity, she perceived from a scar on his leg that it was the identical bird she had nursed, 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 Tangen, 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 youthful 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 dissembled 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 perish than to be cured.'

As a set off 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 scarcely form an idea of the self-control 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. This happened 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 enthusiastic description: '*Di boni*, how delicious a meeting! what congratulations on their happy arrival! what embraces! what honeyed kisses may you perceive! and amidst them, gentle whispers (*aves susurri*), too, are heard.' With all due respect for Aldrovandus, we incline to doubt the truth of the 'whispers,' as the stork, though not quite tongueless, as Virgil calls him, 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 chattered like storks' bills.'

The Moors hold 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 fowl, and bolted it before it 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 shewn 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 *savant* 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.

#### M O T H E R - E A R T H.

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 frail,  
We cry: 'O God!' yet faith is dim;  
We'd rather fiercer anguish hail,  
Than let Death lead us unto Him.

O mother, weeping o'er thy boy,  
Who ne'er may lisp thy name again,  
Thou criest: '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;  
Thy 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'dst shrink to go  
With her Death-led, to bliss on high.

'Tis so in ev'ry grade of life.  
The purse-fat rich and shiv'ring 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 minnows small—  
All these an influence o'er us claim,  
And sweeten life's dark cup of gall.

The cot in which we learned our prayer,  
Our first prayer by our mother's knee,  
Our little neighbour-parties there,  
When our young hearts o'erflowed 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, fondly linger here.

For though, O Lord, we feel and know  
Thou hast prepared a world of bliss,  
Ten million beauties round us shew  
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 *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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 446.

SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 Phlegrean 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, ooze out of the earth at considerable distances, and are designated by various names. At the foot of the vast Paropamisian range, on which the Arabs bestow the name of Kaf, and regard as the girdle 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 Okesra. 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 Islamitic mythology of Persia, and been carried by Parsee pilgrims to the shores of India, where it sparkles or glooms about the hearths of the fire-shippers, 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 pilaus 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 Usbek 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 edge of the lake. Presently, an arched tomb, like those in which the traveller sits at night 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 an 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 Okesra, little versed in

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 bitumen, 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 them, the followers of Mohammed 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 their ancestral possessions, but who are dogs and infidels nevertheless, over whom they seem to triumph, when hewing their way through their caiff multitudes by the force of gold, they 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, therefore, at night from Baku, and approach 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. In 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 preceded the dialect of the Zendavesta—muttered by some banker or ship-builder of Bombay, who in his own home on the Indian Ocean speaks English, and reads Milton and Shakspeare. But here in Okesra, in face of the sacred fire, he is 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 Bunsen 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, heat, caloric, fire, which in his view created the world, and still constitutes the soul of all living things. According to his theory, warmth is life, and cold is death. He has never in intelligible language revealed to the profane the ideas which float over his mind, when having come wayworn and weary from afar, he contemplates the surging and brilliant element, which escaping 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

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 reclines or kneels on the soft white sand of Okesra. 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 creed. About 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 marvel. They despise the Hindus, they equally despise the Parsees; but they have traditions, more than half fabulous, which attribute to both those sections of mankind powers, acquired by magic or otherwise, which are denied, for good reasons, doubtless, to the believers in the Koran. When a Parsee, therefore, arrives at Baku, on his way to the eternal fires, all the true believers in the caravansary make 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 their religion. Yet they have no objection to sell him food, or, in exchange, to take his fine Indian gold mohurs or English-minted rupees. As has been seen, moreover, they will repair with him to the place of flame, and convert his divinity into a kitchen-fire, or into the active agent of a lime-kiln. Still, they are not without a certain mysterious feeling on the subject of the inflammable gases, and have invented stories, too long and wild to be here related, about the place whence, according to their interpretation, the brilliant white jets ascend. It would be useless to explain to them that beneath the thin shell of rock which forms the surface of the Okesran peninsula, there lie extensive lakes of naphtha, fed perpetually by subterranean streams from the Caucasus, inflammable exhalations from which, having made their way to upper air, were set on fire by accident, and have never since been extinguished. In certain places, however, where the springs below are small and shallow, you may play with the deity of the fire-worshipper with impunity. Of this the lime-burners are fully aware, and by way of amusing or surprising strangers, will pluck a few threads from their cotton garments, and putting them on the end of a long rake, and setting them on fire, will hold them over a cleft in the rock, through which they know by experience that invisible exhalations ascend. In an instant, the gases take fire, and shoot up to a great height in the atmosphere. The traveller perhaps imagines that these flames also, like those he beholds elsewhere in the peninsula, will continue burning, but ere his amazement at their sudden appearance has ceased, they collapse and vanish. As a rule, these vapours are inodorous; but there is one hill, fortunately at some distance from the village, which emits a stench so unendurable, that travellers are constrained to hold their noses as they pass, which suggests to the Mohammedans the substance of many an offensive joke against the divinity of the Parsees, who, according to them, is anything but a desirable neighbour.

What perplexes them most, however, is the immense

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 Okesra, it is past their comprehension that persons opulent enough to select their own places of abode, should ever have established themselves in their fiery peninsula, amid sand and fuller's-earth, and fountains of black and white naphtha, and stagnant pools, fetid and noisome, and the crackling of flames, and the whirling about of dust and ashes by impetuous 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 off 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 gradually from the peaks of the mountains, canopy the whole peninsula, while the loudest thunder peals among the rocks, and lightning so vivid flashes from east to west, that the flames from the rocks are as little noticed as those of a few farthing tapers in the noonday 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 *bise* from the Maritime Alps chills the whole atmosphere in a few minutes, and sends those home to put on their cloaks who came forth in the lightest attire to enjoy the sunshine, and the prospect of the calm sea. In spite of the changes of its climate, Baku, with all the surrounding country, was a favourite residence of the Medes, 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 chisel 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 engaged in various amusements and games of chance. To the believers in El Islam, all these things are so many abominations. They hate images, they despise art and its creations, which to their minds suggest no ideas save 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 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 be fuller of refreshing juice than in 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 white porcelain, is a pomegranate—you 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 regale themselves in their banishment 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 allay thirst. This is particularly noticeable on the slopes of Etna and Vesuvius, but in the neighbourhood of Baku 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 bowers of Shiraz or Ispahan, imagined they were the produce of the south. In the low marshy 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 Diarbekir, the Parsees prefer to all the fruits of India, the anana, the mango, and the mangosteen, 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 in Asia—when he was 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 may be that Bumsetjee Cursetjee, as he prostrates himself before the eternal fires of Baku, dreams that days of equal glory may yet dawn upon his race, when he shall cease to twist ropes and build ships for white infidels from the West, when he shall be no longer a by-word to the Brahmin or the Moslem, but with the sword of victory in one hand, and the sacred fire in the other, shall drive the believers in the Book out of Iran, and enjoy a flaming millennium in the beautiful land which was the birth-place and cradle of his race.

#### THE LOUNGER AT THE EXHIBITION.

##### THE WESTERN ANNEXE AND THE FOREIGN PICTURES.

The upper classes are getting indignant that the lower do not imitate their exhibitional tastes. It is made matter of complaint that the Machinery Annexe, whither 'one really cannot venture on account of the noise and the smell,' is more popular with 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 throngs, 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 palls upon me, as it seems to do on no other persons; the spectators crowd around those jars of sweetness as though they were veritable bees. An exhibition of infants could scarcely have attracted the ladies more than do Maudslay'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 Woollen Self-actor advancing its 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 rise 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 linseed 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 stupify the folks at half-a-crown.

The agriculturists, too, who stray hither by mistake, imagining that it is the other annexe, are greatly embarrassed. A machine like a windmill reduced to 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. 'Madam,' I explain with 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 cut is 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 sensual gratification of the highest class; but all these things are nothing 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 truck 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, whose callings are evidently connected with the thing they are looking at, and in spite of all prohibition, they can scarcely keep their fingers off the familiar implements. I observed 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 whirl 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 his own eyes to guide him in this matter what he is to admire, and what to avoid. The affectation of

the art-critic is contemptible. Why should not sentient beings be permitted to entertain their own likings in painting and sculpture, without the interference of a Ruskin or a Palgrave? Why is John Smith to be called a fool because a picture pleases him, which does not happen to please one or more *dilettanti*; or why is he to be accused of blasphemy, because he does not like it, and they do? Conceive how ridiculous would be the introduction of such a system into Literature! Who would have the impertinence to publish a volume denouncing every man who preferred the works of Dickens to those of Thackeray, or *vice versa*, as an ignorant ass? Or, in what public library could such a description of hand-book obtain circulation, under sanction of the governing committee. My shilling-friends, be not deceived; you are come to the International Exhibition for pleasure as well as knowledge; but if you get into the power of the art-critics, they will make you very melancholy. Let me tell you a little tale which has a moral.

There was once upon a time an English Lord who had many fine old pictures; not so bright as the colour-prints of the *Illustrated London News* indeed, and, to say truth, some of them a little faint with age: but more admirable—we were told—than anything which is produced now a days, and such as struck the beholder at once, as only the works of the ancient masters can. Each effort of these rare artists can be recognised, you see, as easily as one's own autograph, and 'this is an original, and this a forgery,' be absolutely determined; and very fortunately it is so, since the British nation occasionally gives twenty thousand pounds or so apiece for specimens—sums which it is barbarism, indeed, to imagine can be better expended. Some of the pictures in this Lord's gallery cost nearly as much as this, being by Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Raphael, and other names that we almost grow pale to mention. Now, behold, one night these faultless productions were stolen; the empty frames gaped horribly at the noble proprietor when he arose in the morning, but the priceless canvases had all been cut away! More than a year, I believe, elapsed before they were recovered; rescued—all but one—from the recesses of a chimney somewhere in the New Cut, and looking more antiquated and genuine (from the soot) than ever. The *virtuoso* who had stolen them had been unable to find purchasers, because he could convince nobody of their authenticity. Art-critics enough, including the then President of the Royal Academy, had cast their infallible eyes upon these sacred works, but had shaken their heads at them—and a nod from those is as good as a wink to the patrons of the fine arts. The value of a painting, you perceive, has nothing whatever to do with its obvious merit; and, indeed, there is no such a thing as *obvious* merit in the matter; for although a man may appreciate nature at first sight, he must be trained to appreciate an imitation of it in oils or water-colours; the work that had found a purchaser, and which, in the nobleman's gallery, was held by all who saw it to be priceless, fetched the sum of ten pounds. There is surely comfort in this to the uneducated.

Nearly a hundred years ago, one Oliver Goldsmith, a simple person, but with some taste for what is really beautiful, ventured to express an unfavourable opinion of the art-critics. 'This painter,' says a connoisseur who is passing judgment at a picture-sale (in his *Citizen of the World*), 'has had the audacity to attempt to paint a fly. That a fly, forsooth!'—The fly flew away; 'twas a real one. The same author had a deaf friend, one Sir Joshua Reynolds, who himself a great painter, did not care to be taught his profession by the *dilettanti*:

When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,  
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

\* This electric light is now in the West Transept.

In these days, which are not invariably progressive, there are *Pre-Raphaelites*, of which you will see specimens in the British Gallery. If intense pains appear to you to have been taken in their productions, so that every leaf might have been produced under the microscope, and if, in addition, the whole seems instinct with intention, striking and purposeful far beyond the common, be well content with your judgment; if, on the other hand, the figures appear to you to have swallowed pokers, and some of them even crooked pokers; if the flowers seem to you to have been cut out in iron, and the perspective never to have been paralleled except on willow-pattern plates, be equally satisfied with your own opinion. Resolutely refuse to be dictated to by Ruskin & Co. on the one hand, or by the Royal Academicians upon the other. You have paid your shilling (besides a penny for your umbrella), and you have a right to take your choice.

Demanding as I do this right of private judgment for every man, it would be ludicrous indeed were I myself to attempt to speak *ex cathedra*. I do but propose to point out some dozen pictures in the foreign collection which the visitor will do well not to miss. In the South-west Gallery, which is the route he takes from the Western Annexe, there is not much worth seeing, a weird and nightmare picture, by Dargent (273), being the most striking object. The next room contains the Spanish and Italian pictures. The former, reflecting the history of a bigoted and semi-civilised race, give rather the aspect of a room of horrors to the apartment, which, however, does not fill less on that account. The loftily-hung *Execution of Padilla, Bravo, and Maldonado* (1949) is worth the stiff neck that it costs to contemplate 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 Lodi (2315), *Italy Consoling Rome and Venice*, the contemplation of which can scarcely be consolatory to Austrian visitors. Passing to the Belgian collection, and keeping to the right hand always, we come at once on *The Bad Neighbours* (1872), a capital portraiture of monkeys in that state of social antagonism so familiar to the visitors of the zoological gardens. No. 1794 is noticeable not only on account of its merits, but because in some copies of the official catalogue it is said to be *Queen Joanna Uncovering the Face of her Dead Husband*, and in others *Crazy Jane*; either description appears to satisfy the spectators, who, in the latter case, fill up from their own imaginations those explanatory details which the author has omitted to supply. They do this (I am happy to say) aloud, and it is to be observed that the picture-gallery is the only place in the Exhibition where a disposition to 'hold forth' and become the centre of an admiring clique is irrepressible. Where the crowd is so thickly knotted is Gallait's *Last Honours paid to Counts Egmont and Horn* (1797), a painful scene, but excellently portrayed—the gory heads are dead indeed, and that lifeless hand lies in sad contrast with the strong and vigorous fingers of the bystander at the bed-foot. A still more 'sensational' picture is that of a *Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian* (1843), though it owes its popularity at least as much to the exciting nature of the subject as to its execution. A young martyr (excessively like the pictures of Jack Shepherd) is discovered asleep by the jailer, who rolls back the massive door that leads to the crowded Roman amphitheatre, where the lions wait to tear the captive's heart out. A scarcely less general favourite, and much more deservedly so, is the *Close of a Feast—Morning* (1502), in the Danish collection, in my humble judgment, one of the best pictures in the whole foreign collection. It is worth while to bide your time in front of it, succeed to a good place by rotation, and keep it, like a Whig in office. A neighbouring example by the same artist

(Exner) is also particularly good, *A Sunday with a Grandpapa*. A *Candle Meeting* (1541), by Marstrand, assists in setting Denmark very high upon the foreign list; the old maid with the dogs, about to pay her visit of ceremony, with a proper contempt for the occasion that demands it, is as worthy 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. 778, 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 æsthetic person may endeavour to disturb you with this remark. 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. Not above one 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 it; when they have it not, 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 uncatalogued painting by Phebus Lewin, called *Rouge et Noir*, a striking representation of the frequenters of a German gambling-table. A frameless picture, *Nero after the Burning of Rome* (764), is a powerful, though somewhat melodramatic, performance; the mixture of cruelty, disgust, and effeminacy in the tyrant's face is forcibly rendered. *Arab Scouts* by Boulanger (216), besides being very carefully executed, is one of those paintings which carry the imagination of the spectator at once to the scene portrayed; we feel as anxious as the Arabs to know what is doing in that valley from which the smoke is rising. No. 202 is a beautiful example of flesh contrast (by Calavel); but the title of the picture should not be read (as it was within my hearing) in connection with the purchaser's name, as thus: *A Nymph carried away by a Faun, His Majesty the Emperor of the French*.

'Well, I never,' exclaimed the old lady to whom this information was imparted; 'now, I call that downright shameful.'

I have supposed the visitor to approach the foreign gallery from its west end, and to keep the southern wall throughout; returning now by the north wall, the *Sisters of Charity* (72), by Madame Annette Browne, cannot fail to attract him. The sick boy, and the standing figure are as lifelike as are those bullocks opposite by Rosa Bonheur (129), that I have hitherto forgotten to mention, but which he can see by turning his head. *The Two Friends* (85), slain together on the battle-field, is a careful picture characteristically French. About this spot, the subjects of the paintings are particularly dramatic and striking. *Mass in the Reign of Terror* (91), and *Madame Mere* (92) from the same epoch. The *Gladiators* (122), *Ave, Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant*, is almost as awful a record of imperial Rome as the *Nero* upon the opposite wall. A second *Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian* (110), and much superior to its namesake, is here, by Paul Delaroche; although, why the lady floats (unless by a miracle), since she has only just been cast into the flood, we cannot tell. 'Perhaps it's her crinoline,' suggested a sardonic spectator to his female companion who, if petticoats insure buoyancy, would have kept her head above water in the Mælstrom. A little picture, *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 Magdalen lies in 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 faces—such as *Taking Toll 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 dictatorial 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 unpretending 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 *ciceroni* 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 ginger-beer.

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 astonished retina parting with tears from *Delilah*, and the *Divine Dante at A Rat-hunt 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, weedy odour that blew 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-red 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 Wharfenoeaster, 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 lounging 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 shrimpers with their nets, and the cockle boys and girls, who tramp off to their fishery, trolling 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 with 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 of service in abeyance. The donkey-boys, you know, and the little wiry 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 chanced to be at an angle where a street 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 my family, was not a stranger 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 panel ; 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 pleading 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 at 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 wonder, too, why it is that 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, marbly 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 shuts it—not a pale face like the widow's, but yet having no tinge of rose—a face of that dark tint, 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 the odd 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 part, 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 tell 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 fast 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 widow's only child. Of course, that is 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 little things in the room opposite which whisper poverty; so that if there had been any one to leave the little 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 I begin to think that the cobwebs are 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 shews me that window open, the vase 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 shrimp-woman, who pushes her basket half into the window insinuatingly. No, that is not what Miss Fleetwood wanted.

Can she be watching for the postman, I wonder. I am anxious for letters myself, and I take out my watch. Yes, it is about his time, and there he comes; I see him before she can, and I turn to look at her. He passes the window and her eager face without a look, but he stops at the door. Now she has her letter, and turns away to read it. What is that letter about? And what in the world does it matter to me? By and by, she comes back, and the golden-hair with her, but they do not stay at the window; only,

I can see that whatever the letter contained it was a sunbeam for the sister-in-law.

Well, I have my own correspondence to read, and my breakfast to attend to; and just as the bearer of it is disappearing, I become aware that it is my landlady, Mrs Toser herself. How stupid! Mrs Toser is a woman of wonderful powers and varied information; if I had only looked up propitiously, Mrs Toser would have talked, and talking she might have let fall some crumbs concerning my ladies in black. When I turn to the window again, there is the golden-hair oscillating between her bricks and a solitaire, while her aunt has sat down to the everlasting sewing. Does she like sewing to that extent, I wonder, or is she obliged to do it? As I never see the invalid at this early hour, I conclude she takes her first meal upstairs. Here my door opens, and some one comes to take away the signs of my breakfast. I look up, and find that it is again Mrs Toser in person. She is busy with the tray, but I see her glance follow mine across the street.

'Pretty little dear!' says Mrs Toser, apostrophising the golden-hair.

'Yes, it is a pretty child.'

'And as good as gold, bless her! They come from Wharfencester, sir, where you live.'

'Yes, Mrs Toser, but Wharfencester is a large place.'

'Ah, so it is. They keep a little school somewhere in the suburbs—that is, the young lady does, for the widow, poor thing, is as helpless as the day is long; and as poor, too—more 's the pity.'

'Then her sister-in-law supports her?'

Mrs Toser nodded.

'A good sister, isn't she, sir? And a good aunt too. The widow had a whim to come here and try if it would do her good. It frets her, you see, to be so helpless. They say she has only one lung, and has a heart-complaint besides. But, bless you, lots of people live with only one lung, and she may linger on the young lady's hands for years and years.'

Here Mrs Toser walked off with the tray, leaving me to ruminate on her marvellous powers of acquiring information. How in the world was she to know that the young lady opposite kept a school in the suburbs of Wharfencester; that the widow had only one lung, a heart-disease, and an empty purse? But I have long since ceased to feel anything beyond a slight wonder at this sort of knowledge. Go as far as you like from home, my friend, and while you least suspect it, your antecedents and your future prospects are the subject of discussion in the kitchen, the servants' hall, or the landlady's parlour—be sure of that.

I looked at Miss Fleetwood over her sewing with a new interest. So the widow and the child were both dependent upon her for their daily bread. I understood now the little frown of consideration on her forehead, and the look of firmness about the lips, which said as plainly as lips could say it without articulating: 'Whatever the thing is, I have got it to do, and it must be done.'

I thought I understood it all, and took in the whole position, but there was more yet to be found out. Just as, a week ago, I should have pronounced myself acquainted with the drama of Punch and Judy, when, in fact, that drama, as performed before my window at Stonecliff, is utterly strange to me. Mr Punch, I know, and his voice seems little changed by years; 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 band, scarcely even a barrel-

organ; for the bright weather has changed; there are mutterings 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 beacon-light spring up 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 black? 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 treasures 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 noxious 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.

Marvellous! There was the languid widow, cloaked and bonneted; the golden-hair had a hat on; and Miss Fleetwood was also in a state of preparation to go out. Of all the days among 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-hair, turning her wistful little face from one to the other, 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 steady, 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 glass, and through it I 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 shone with a wide, open, fixed gaze 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 now under great excitement. Was it 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 packet starting, I know that it would 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, then 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. Who, then, was Robert? 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!' were repeated from lip to lip, and reached my ears 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 dusk; 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 learned 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 pelted them; at last he came. 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—whichever 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 watched his shadow for a while, as it passed and re-passed on the blind, and then I drew my own curtains, and went back to John Bunyan and the Count 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 busy treasure-seekers. Little boys made whips of the big fronds, 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 hills dim with that 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!

And besides this—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 set out on their journey of life together. I look from your face, 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, a God-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, and means to do it.

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 his 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 eaves-dropper; 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, either then or 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 betrothal shone, 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 himself? 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 increase, 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 mad. 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.'

'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 know, his bitter sense 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, turning away at once, after the first look; and now she too is pleading for Robert.

I know it by the expression of Mary's face, and by the wistful sadness of her own as she shades it with one hand. Perhaps she starts 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 flash 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 three 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 half smile creep over it. By and 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 gardener's 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 that room alone. Will she see them? 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?—the bright red mounts up to her cheeks, the smile to her lips, which pass over the flowers lightly.

Of course I understand 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 in Wharfencaster? 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 it is theirs also. To-morrow is full of 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, noisily. In the opposite window, there is the pale face which first struck me, and the night gathers down over it. All at once, I see the invalid start up in her chair, as though stung by a sudden pain, or painful thought; but I have seen the same 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 good-bye.

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. But 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 opposite 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 hurriedly; they group about the window where the easy-chair is wont to be; they see-saw on the blind, as though 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.

I go down stairs, and look out as usual; but the blind is still down over the opposite window, and I feel uneasy, I scarcely know why. Do you know what it all meant? A mighty hand had settled the boundaries of that indefinite waiting. No blight fell any longer between those two who had parted almost without hope, unless it were the life of a little child. The widow was dead. If I might have seen the dauntless little sister once again, to know that she was still undismayed, though sorrowful. But my time was gone, and I could not linger. No face peered out of the window as I passed up the street; nothing was there but the dull white blind, looking like the closed lids of the dead; and a band on the parade struck up the Wedding March close to the chamber of death, as I lost sight of the sea, and

turned my face in earnest towards the red chimneys and work.

Shall I tell the end? Did I not find out the little school in the suburbs? Would not you have found it out? Would you not have searched the Wharfencaster Directory, and the list of ladies' seminaries? supposing such publications to exist. I found a little house in the east suburb, where houses in general draw back aristocratically from the street, and plume themselves on being in the country, on the strength of a few limes stunted 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 town 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 Wharfencaster:

'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 shew the great necessity there exists for urging upon our working population especially the formation of provident habits, and how the majority of the working-classes of Lancashire prepared themselves for the crisis which has now overtaken them, may well form the text for a lesson to be taught to all who are involved in the uncertainties of artisan-life throughout the country. The sums laid by in the old class of savings-banks, the amounts 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 these accumulated savings will have 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 rung on the public ear, had the Lancashire operative been less independent and less thoughtful, none can tell; but to provide as far as possible against such exigencies as that 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 will 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 proposed 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-fide* 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 had 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 moneys deposited, and place them in the public funds. From 1804 to 1861, the savings-banks of the United Kingdom increased to 638.

Savings-banks in connection with the post-offices of the country were first established on the 16th 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 3d 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 advantage 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, extending 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 L.735,253, 16s. 4d., or nearly three-quarters of a million sterling. The withdrawals have been 9771; the amount withdrawn being L.40,650. Three thousand six hundred and seventy-four transfers have been made from the ordinary savings-bank to those in connection with the post-office, the amount carried over in these transfers being the extraordinary large sum of L.139,171, 4s. 9d.; 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 L.56! The most gratifying fact, however, is, that the post-office banks shew a much larger proportion of small depositors than the old savings-banks have been able to attract; the average amount of a deposit being L.3, 12s. 8d. in the new, against L.4, 18s. 1d. in the old class of banks.

A reference to the various deficiencies of the old banks for savings, and the steps which led to those now under consideration, will not be out of place here. We have said that in the early part of the century 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 L.4 as the banks became more established, now stands at L.3, 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 case 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, indeed, only the influential gentlemen, who, as a rule, take upon themselves the management of savings-banks, to thank that such cases have been so 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, amounted to L.56,000; the Tralee bank stopped payment in 1848 with liabilities to depositors to the extent of L.36,768, and only L.1660 of available assets; in the same year, the Killarney savings-bank stopped with liabilities of L.36,000, and assets of only half that amount. About the same time, the Rochdale bank frauds became known, and losses to the extent of L.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 one of these annual discussions 'on the savings of the middle and working classes,' several well-known authorities in such matters, such as Mr J. Stuart Mill, and Mr Bellenden Kerr, expressed decided opinions of the insecurity 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 is 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 scheme to make the nation 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 of working, 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 offices should have immediate 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 working was evidently unsatisfactory. Mr Sykes, for instance, proposed that all payments and withdrawals should be severally effected by means of money-orders to be drawn for each separate undertaking. Any one at all acquainted with the machinery of the money-order office, was aware that this would, of necessity, be a slow and complex, as well as expensive plan. Mr Sykes's idea was that no deposit should 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 1861, 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 government for the due repayment thereof,' became law on the 17th of May 1861.

The *modus operandi* of this scheme is as 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 in this book. The amount of each deposit is inserted by the postmaster, and an impression of the dated stamp of the post-office is placed opposite the entry, thus making each transaction strictly official. At the close of each day's business, the postmaster must furnish to the postmaster-general in London a full account of all the deposits that have been made in his office. By return of post an acknowledgment will be received by each 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 from the date of the deposit, an inquiry is instituted, and the error rectified. An arrangement like the foregoing shews the boundless resources which the government possesses in its post-office: 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. A depositor, 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 notice to the authorities in London, draw out, in any of the hundred new banks in the metropolis, from his amount at home sufficient for his needs. Another person leaving one town for another, may, without any expense, and 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 community 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 office, is open to the public full eight hours of every working-day.

Sums not below one shilling, and amounts not exceeding thirty pounds in any one year, may be deposited in these banks; depositors will not be put to any expense 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 a more important one than that of profits, and wisely think far more of their 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. Another objection frequently urged against 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 divulge the names of any depositor, or any of the amounts which he or she may have placed in his 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, lest any individual should be attracted to these pages by the hope of getting early and exclusive information respecting the End of the World 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 needs cease, and who issue volume after volume, first to determine, and then to prorogue 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 they may have appointed for the continuance of this terrestrial state of affairs, that these spiritual Cassandras do not neglect to take the same precautions with regard to the duration of the copyright of their works as would occur to the merest sceptic; they heap up for themselves gold and silver plate for the Day of Fire; and educate their daughters in such a manner as can be only useful to them in case they reach a marriageable age.' For further information concerning this species of Modern Prophet, however, we refer inquiring friends to the remainder of the sermon from which the above is an extract, and proceed at once to that particular *genus* with which we have to do.

The Prophets of whom we speak do not concern themselves with the Religious, or even the Respectable Public, but confine their vaticinations wholly to the racing world—to the Fast and the Loose. There are the greater and the lesser Prophets. The former will not open their oracular mouths until a certain sum (generally in postage-stamps) has crossed their palms: the latter divulge coming events gratuitously by advertising in the newspapers, and rely upon the honour of those who have profited by their advice for remuneration. If they are wrong, there is no great harm done; if they are right, there are doubtless not a few who are grateful enough to send them a pound or two. S. G. O. of the *Times* has already chronicled his experience of the open-handed liberality of the turf-people, of their willingness, in the hour of success, to part with that which has been so lightly gotten; but besides this, there is a certain superstitious feeling among betting-men, which prompts them to make others share in their good-fortune. These modern heathens, after winning a few hundreds, will often chuck a sovereign to a beggar, with the idea of appeasing the deities; for they are aware of having committed many impieties, and (unlike some Christians) are conscious of not deserving such good-luck. They are not regular subscribers to coal-clubs, clothing-clubs, soup-clubs, or other charitable institutions, being not seldom perhaps in want of those necessaries even for themselves; but 'having put the pot on' to some purpose on an unexpected winner—on a *Beadsman* or a *Kettledrum*—they overflow, like oil-wells, with irrepressible, though random, generosity.\* If the stream has any direction at all, it is only reasonable that it should flow towards the Prophet through whose inspiration they may have been thus enriched.

Predictions are made in the sporting papers concerning most races about which there is likely to be betting, and the Prophets may be consulted by letter concerning all. But the Derby is the great event which peculiarly agitates the Delphic crew, and whereupon they are prepared to stake their reputations. Being but mortal men, the Seers of established fame are governed by the state of the market, and pick their future winner out of the leading favourites; but if a 'rank outsider'—a horse against which almost any odds are laid—*does* happen to win, the fortune of the happy vaticinator is made; albeit he may be probably even more astonished at the success of his prognostication than his disciples.

The following, taken from one of the sporting papers

\* It is probable that if charitable societies were to put up receiving-boxes at the grand stands of our principal race-courses, much money that would otherwise be squandered would accrue to them.

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

**'EXTRAORDINARY PREDICTION FOR THE DERBY.'**

'Shakspeare 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, if I miss it, it will be my own fault; but, not being a selfish man, 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 WRITING.**

1000 to 6 agst Ace of Clubs. | 50 to 1 agst 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 divulge the source from whence this information of mine 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 shopmen 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 L.1, 1s.) 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, &c.'

'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 Buckstone. The Oaks will be carried off by an outsider, and you can have my latest, and not to be despised, tip without any fee, for both the great events, by sending a supply of stamped addressed envelopes, and promising a present from your winnings, to me at, &c.'

Neither of these gentlemen, as it appears, is in a position sufficiently established to demand payment beforehand; but Prophet Jones is more discreet in his proceedings than Prophet King. *Litera scripta manet* is a proverb that evidently occurs to him, whereas his unhappy 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 misadventure.

\* The genuine advertisements are extracted, but the names are altered, to save the feelings of the soothsayers whose auguries have failed.

'THE FOUR-IN-HAND'S SECRET of WINNING on the TURF by which the mysterious and celebrated Captain F\*\*\* won "hatfuls of gold," puzzled the ring for years, and drove his carriage-and-four. Send an envelope to RICHARD STYLES, &c.'

Prophet Styles is a little vague in his promises to the faithful; but from his advertisement in the same paper on the week after the race, it appears that those who did not consult him missed a good thing. His style is slightly jerky and galvanic, reminding one very strongly of that of Mr Alfred Jingle in the *Pickwick Papers*.

'CARACTACUS! CARACTACUS! CARACTACUS!—Caractacus won the Derby by the Four-in-hand Secret—wonderful! Olive Branch! Oaks—error—Correspondents how splendid. Pay besides! Terms to other new correspondents a P. O. order for five shillings. RICHARD STYLES, &c. How strange, Caractacus and Olive Branch.'

Prophet Jones, on the other hand, abstains, with characteristic prudence, from any reference to the immutable past. His foreseeing eye is turned away from the downs of Epsom to those of Ascot.

'ASCOT STAKE.—One horse only. Splendid odds now—kept expressly—will win hands down! Write at once! Promise one guinea for actual win only. Send envelope. Address Mr JAMES JONES, &c.—P. S. Cup on same terms.'

Prophet King, too, is unabashed by his slight miscalculation. If *Marquis* was not first, he ought to have been.

'ALL THROUGH the WINTER, when the horse was at 20 to 1 to win, and 5 to 1 for a place, Herbert King urged his subscribers to back The Marquis and nothing else for the Derby. A fortnight ago, H. K. said: "Couple Buckstone with The Marquis, and back him for a place, to save your money."'

As it was, *Marquis* was only beaten by a neck, which, to a loser of a proper spirit, should surely be a mitigating circumstance.

Here is a Prophet in a phrensy, a Diviner literally enthusiastic—possessed by the god.

'THE ELDORADO.—Sent free, my outsider for the Derby, the best thing I have known since Voltigeur's year. Those who do not send to me over this, both old friends and new ones, will ever regret it. I never was so sanguine. This is the week to have a fiver on. Last week, at York and Salisbury, money realised 80 to 1, and was sent to all in full on the 24th; and this week each of my selections has won at Bath. This speaks for itself. A fortune will be realised over the Epsom meeting. Letters, as usual, to JOHN BARK, &c.'

We are afraid that Eldorado's advice did not realise many fortunes upon the Epsom meeting, for there is no reference whatever to that event in the paper of the succeeding week, and our Prophets are not generally backward to remind the public when they have predicted aright.

We will say nothing of 'Muggin's Dog,' who foretold that 'Argonort and Buckstun' would be the first and second, and added, 'an if hee's fit an well on these day, guvnur, av a little on Maleck;' because he is essentially a vulgar seer. Let us rather give a specimen of one who—to judge by the length of his advertisement—must indeed be a first-class Prophet.

**'B. RIDLEY'S TRIUMPHANT VICTORY AT YORK.**

*'Great Northern Handicap, - Ivanhoff.*

'B. Ridley again victorious at York, winning the only race he advised upon for this meeting with his especial choice—Ivanhoff. This, with his other well-known glorious victories this season, shews Ridley to be in his old "form," and requires no comment. B. R. would impress on all who want to make money on the turf the absolute necessity of having sound and reliable information, for it may be truly asserted that without

the assistance of a competent and successful adviser, who is in a position to quickly learn the results of trials when horses are intended, and when the right money is going on, &c., 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 bona fide selections:

## THE DERBY.

West Australian,	- - -	1853, won.
Andover (sent out at 33 to 1),	- - -	1854, won.
Wild Dayrell,	- - -	1855, won.
Ellington (sent at 50 to 1),	- - -	1856, won.
Blink Bonny,	- - -	1857, won.
Beadsman (sent at 40 to 1),	- - -	1858, won.
Musjid,	- - -	1859, won.
Thormanby,	- - -	1860, won.
Kettledrum (sent at 33 to 1),	- - -	1861, won.

'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 handicaps 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 follow: To end of the season, L.1, 1s.; any single race, 13 stamps. Address, &c.'

'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, until the close of the Epsom 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 Derbies 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.

'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 respect to Caractacus [O lame and impotent conclusion!], B. R. distinctly advised all his patrons that he was "bound to finish in front," and that he considered him "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 plume one's self upon; too eastern and florid in their style of expression to be quite reliable as predictions. If the other nine winners were not predicted with somewhat more preciseness than this, our faith in Prophet Ridley is hereby recanted

altogether. Why, the famous vaticination which Mr PUNCH put into the mouth of Lord Dundreary might be tortured into successful prophecy with equal ease:

'Now here's a long name. I should like to sneeze before I try it, for I shall never be able to sneeze in 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 envied 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 envy 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 obliging, 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.

'TALLYHO 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 remainder 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 far-sighted 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 imprudent as to be distinct are not justified by the results. The English 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 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 soothsayers whose literary excellence astonishes us—the bards who clothe their vaticinations in song. There are half a 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 Poet, the fainter does their resemblance grow to that of Prophet.

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 to make disgracefully 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 Fordham 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 owners really don't suppose*  
*They'll win because they've riders.*  
 I've now gone through the blessed lot,  
 Of that be well assured on ;  
 The rest may just as well be over  
 T' 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 deluded 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 prevision is really remarkable.

DERBY PROPHECY—BY 'RHYMING RICHARD.'

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

There is no sound in Middleham,  
 And Malton Streets 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 horsemen bright,  
 Coaches and gigs, and dog-carts light  
 Come in at varying pace ;  
 Blue, as to mock the o'erhanging sky,  
 Green, with the glistening turf to vie,  
 The veils 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  
 It is 'the Derby-day.'  
 And see, from out the paddock gate  
 The favourite comes, unmoved, sedate,  
 As though secure of fame and fate,  
 He thought the affair a joke.  
 Jem Perren eyed the admiring crowd,  
 Who spend their praises oft and loud,  
 And thus the trainer spoke :  
 'O *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 *Star* of Wantage faintly gleams,  
 Too tiny *Alvediston* seems ;  
 And—theme for ruminating 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,

\* Mr Hawke's colours.

And stainless *Christie's* banner white,  
 And noble *Stamford's Ensign* 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 lengthy grows the extended 'tail.'  
 Now *Vanguard* to the rearward flies,  
 For corn and rest poor *Wingrave* sighs,  
 And mark yon bright and eager bay,  
 Who not another yard will 'stay'  
 For foe or flatterer ;  
 Dejected is that crest of 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 viewless wind along,  
 And thundering fiercely on his track,  
 Gleams out 'the yellow and the black,'  
 Those colours which stern *Fate's* decree  
 Bade vainly float o'er game *Dundee*.  
 The hum that for a space did fail,  
 Now trebly thundering swells the gale,  
 And '*Buckstone*' is the cry ;  
 But ere the words have left the lip,  
 Behold his jock's uplifted whip,  
 And *Bullock's* gleaming eye !  
 Again the fates unkindly slack  
 To bless 'the yellow and the black,'  
 Deny the victor's throne !  
 'The ribbon,' and the deathless wreath,  
 And the hoarse crowd'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 been already 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 statue, 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, stoopid, he's by *Kingston*.'

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 329 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 447.

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 impressible; our maid-servants go to it on holidays; it is cheap, enervating, 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 lucre. Oh, my dear Lady Primtext, when you and your two charming daughters, Patience and Dorcas, sold gewgaws at Humility Fair, did you not permit your daughters to charm golden guineas out of the Honourable Raike Hardup? Would he have laid 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 Primtext, 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 pop up 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 flimsiness 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, savealls, cedar-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 gape 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 those 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 shallowest 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 see nothing to admire in them. A dingy, slouching, skulking irregular, who puts bullet after bullet into the bull's-eye at eight hundred yards, has no chance against the blazing recruit who wears the uniform of the Guards, and fires blank-cartridge in the parks till the nurse-maids wink again. Give us knickknacks, pipe-clay, perfume, and we have what we enjoy. Would you supply us with something else? Would you disturb our gaze, 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 of saleswomen, especially in bazaars, where they cannot even look on an independent world out of window, but see stalls of knickknacks 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 home must be a relief to some of those stall-keepers. Human nature craves change. It is given in day and night, spring, summer, autumn, and winter; nothing rests, 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 gas, sometimes artificial heat; but the thermometer remains the same, the surroundings are the same—the same cedar-boxes, dolls, feeble bronzes, savalls, spill-cases, frippery. No wonder the sellers lose their outward individuality, 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 interested visitors are inspectors. Not policemen in plain clothes, but young ladies, crinolined, 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 sly, 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 notablest and best produce, music, is not solid; however beautiful, it is a sound and echo of the thought. You can't bottle or preserve it; it will not keep, but must be made fresh every time you want it. As to the other things for which Germans are conspicuous, heresies and toys, they need continued succession and supply to keep up the demand in the market. It strikes me while I write of it, that if Germans are famous for anything else, it is smoke. Is all this a great acted satire on Philosophy? Can we not use both brain and hand at the same time, or must the two always work apart,

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 in the great market 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 beg pardon—sausages. 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 Princes 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 fruit out of paper for sixpence. 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 that I pity the toy trophy. 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 set up a pile of them in the middle place, shewed only an honest appreciation of the tastes of his visitors. Why, stand by it half an hour, and see if nine-tenths of the simple excursionists don't stop to look at it. And, pray, what would the building, the whole enterprise be without the excursionists? Did the commissioners expect to fill it with wise or inquiring men? No, no, be fair, reviewers and correspondents. The toys are trumpery, if you will; but in the exhibition of human produce, you must have trumpery. The trophy is characteristic enough. Pass by; look at the preserved meat in the pile of food; squeeze up to the jewels of that incongruously named exhibitor, Harry Emmanuel; sneer at the light-house, which, however useful, has been abused as much as the toys. Bless my heart, what would you have, captious faglemen of public opinion?

Again, I say, excepting the annexes, there is a bazaarish suspicion about the place. People who have looked at the models of this and that will take some of the very artillery itself for sham. *That a Whitworth gun!* says the gaping excursionist; I don't believe you. He expected something with a bore as big as the squire's great garden-roller, and a touch-hole as plain as a rabbit-burrow. *That a Whitworth!* Whew! Now the candle trophy he can understand; and perhaps the best lesson he can learn about our neighbours, the French especially, is, that they have the same wants, nearly the same tastes as himself. They sit on chairs, and gaze in mirrors. They have bedsteads, pianos, pottery, cloth, steam-engines, second-class carriages, and wholesome food. It is well to take in the lesson which lies in these things, even if the progress of rivalry in china is altogether missed. There is the exhibitor's and manufacturer's side of the thing and the excursionist's. They will compete. He is content to stare, and gets a good shilling's worth if he goes home with even unarranged reflections about the strong resemblance between the rest of Europe and ourselves; nay, the small collection of Japanese carpenter's tools will make a bond of brotherhood between the English artisan and that strange distant country; while the surgical instruments

in use there—probably while we were chewing acorns, and trying to split our neighbours' heads with flint—are, to my inexperienced eye, equal to any in England. The tooth-drawers especially are horribly familiar; but if the stump must come out, I confess I had rather put my head in the hands of some smiling English dentist, than have one of those unpleasant-looking people at Mivart's breathing hard into my face over the back of an arm-chair.

I confess I think there is too much timber shewn. 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 bazaar, 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 said of anything on which we do not set our busy finger-marks. There are the materials of young giants in the Brompton gathering of nations. How the boys have grown 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 hulking 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-wide power. It is more than a bazaar at Brompton.

## SOMETHING OF ITALY.

### ROME (GENERAL SKETCH).

FROM Florence we took the road to Rome by way of Siena, for there was the inducement 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 our example. 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 clammy sides of a railway cutting, and from which a poor-looking set of people wring so sorry 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 changing 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 first come into notice.

Farther onwards, the country improves in verdure, but is still hilly, and at every pause we are beset by beggars; the condition of various small towns through which we pass being most wretched. In the afternoon, when our period of confinement in the jangling machine approaches its termination, we emerge from the grassy 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 Molle, we cross to the left bank, and from about this point, have 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 Flaminian 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 *cartes 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 harbourage 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 Cæsars—that it can hardly be said to stand on the same spot of ground—that it is a comparatively modern city, built 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 but substantial edifices of a dull, yellowish-coloured stone. Except it be this stone—the inexhaustible travertine of the neighbourhood—also a few relics of antiquity, there is positively nothing shared in common between old and new Rome. Yet, with so little to satisfy cherished fancies on the subject, and so much to give pain as regards the social aspects of the place, there is that about Rome which still makes it a wonder of the world, and must ever draw a crowd of pilgrims from the uttermost ends of the earth. There are two things alone, one ancient and one modern—the ruins of the Colosseum and St Peter's—a sight of either of which is worth all the trouble and cost of a journey of thousands of miles. Like the Pyramids, they are unmatched—each the grandest thing of the kind ever raised by the hand of man—the Colosseum overwhelming us with its vastness and historical associations—St Peter's, the marvel of architectural genius, the glory of Michael Angelo.

But Rome, commonplace as it is in a variety of respects, is not devoid of other objects of interest, and for several weeks one has enough on hand of sight-seeing, independently of the ceremonials which usually close the season for visitors. There are books which affect to describe how Rome ought to be seen piecemeal, without going over the same ground twice; but I could pay no attention to these methodic directions, and visiting certain spots again and again, endeavoured to store the greedy memory with indelible recollections. Scarcely taking time to procure a general notion of the place, I began with the ruins of the ancient city, and they were the last things I visited. 'Take us,' I said to our courier, on the morning after our arrival, 'to the Forum and Colosseum;' and accompanied by this skilled cicerone, we drove across the town to the southern environs. Issuing from a series of complicated thoroughfares, we are brought suddenly on a spectacle of ruined grandeur, the more saddening on account of the number of objects of absorbing interest which are comprehended within an unexpectedly limited space—a mere strip, about half a mile in length. The Capitol, Roman Forum, the arches of Septimius Severus, Titus, and Constantine, the Colosseum, several groups of columns, the fragments of temples, besides certain unshapely masses which are said to be the ruins of baths; there they are all in a cluster, so we have only to look about



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 of Roman London are level with the cellars of Cheapside, 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 discordances. On the raised thoroughfares, composed of the wreck of ancient edifices, are placed ungainly buildings, occupied 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.

Leading 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 series 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 several kinds of private and public rapine 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 to secure 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 anciently paved 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 massive edifice remain in almost their original state, and supplemented with some superficial modern additions, a large portion of the summit and intermediate points of outlook are accessible to visitors. Ascending 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 brown, weather-stained ribs, decked in an exuberant vegetable growth, as if nature

were making an effort to shroud and soften the ravages which time and the hand of the spoiler 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, encumbered only by a pulpit and paltry black wooden cross, with a number of painted 'stations' 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 as from the first to the third century. At a short distance from the singularly copious assemblage of objects in which the relics of the Roman Forum are included, we come upon a species of open square, in which, as in a pit environed by a retaining wall, is the Forum of Trajan, a mere assemblage of stunted broken pillars, along with the massive column entire, 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 of 127 feet, this column 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 the 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 Corinthian portico, no way altered, is among the finest things in Rome.

The Pantheon, the Antonine column, and the *Pons Ælius* (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 Cæsars, 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 drive a distance of eighteen miles to 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 seeing how they are stripped of 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 stores which are now assembled in 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 ruins in Rome and its 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 these collections in effect freely 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 that irregular manner which causes so 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 Antonine column 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 accesses, 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. I refer to those palazzos or palaces of native families of distinction, accepted as the best examples of Italian architecture, and containing the private galleries of pictures and sculptures, 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 incongruous in the aspect of these Roman 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 with affiches, or it forms a convenient piece 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 rush-

mats 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 *entresole* 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 in some instances bound the end or rear of these princely fabrics, are kept in a state which would scarcely satisfy a sanitary commission. Strange to say, the deposit of domestic refuse is invited. On the corners of buildings which abut on the public thoroughfares, is seen painted up the word, *Immondizio*, which, as an obliging announcement that dirt may be shot with impunity, meets, as may be supposed, with a liberal response. The cleaning effected by the meagre body of poor old men is very defective; vegetable refuse often lying scattered about the streets for days.

Visits to the palace-like villas and grounds of the Albani, Borghese, Ludovisi, Pamphilia-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 charming society which is 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 a 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. The only public promenade 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 abject mendicancy which besets 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 harassing arrangements connected with passports; or to the fact that, independently of the strong patrols of armed and ever-watchful police, about every sixth man he meets 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 the impressions 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 primitively, 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 YEWES.

### CHAPTER I.—GILBERT DOGGET.

AT the beginning of the present century, there stood in Burnham village, among the pastoral flats of Suffolk, a certain substantial farmhouse. A large rambling 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 peacock, cut in yew, spread 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 stretch, 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 aspens 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 it uncanny to 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, Roselands, 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 poor hundred pounds. An unjust will, so the company pronounced by lifted eyebrows and bottled-up ejaculations, while they listened to it, and some of them, after the lawyer was gone, expressed their minds pretty freely 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 see him come for one 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 sense of injustice, for this day at least, swallowing 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 ride round the fields, 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 poultry 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 pitiful, 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 had loved his first wife, and loved 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 take care of him, he had been unlucky 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 handkerchief, and a strong sense that the parson's words about ceasing 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—I can fancy a smouldering dislike to him grew also in the father's mind, which had found vent in his will at last.

While I have been offering this explanation, our hero has taken his last look at the old home, has seen the orchard and the aspens twinkle against the sunset for the last time, and now turns to go; but just then the house-door opened, and out burst into the garden 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 ar'n'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; you can fancy the sight of his brother would make the gall in his heart overflow.

The other only laughed, and swore again with rough good-humour. He stood there several minutes plucking at the tail of the left-hand peacock, while he urged his brother to stay on. At last, he threw a great handful of yew out into the road, and said: 'Well, one might just as well talk to a mule as to you to-night, Gilbert; I can see that by your face. But where are you setting off to? What do you mean to do with yourself? Can't you say so much as that? Take a horse out of the stable, man, and when you're

tired of playing the fool, why, just ride him back again.'

Gilbert's face was set like a flint 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. What both you and I shall do, you may know if you like. If my father 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 be coming 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 natures find 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 morbid state of mind, no wonder 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, those 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 Cambridge-shire 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 'fen-country' had been flashing like pictures on the young man's brain, and he had set forth now with a fixed purpose to walk his way into 'the shires,' 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 quondam pupil was quite a god-send. 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 flowed in abundantly; so for years and 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 same cottage. He made no friend; he wanted no companion save his dog, renewed from time to time in the shape of a descendant, but always answering to the same name, always black, wiry, short of tail and short of temper, just the original Jess over and over again. She was always to be seen trotting after her master across the fens, when he went to gather the thread spun in scattered farmhouses, or when he carried it back to the spinners transformed into stout sheetings and huckaback, and into napery quaint with the patterns which I think Netherland weavers must have introduced into the east of England. Ah, that home-spun, home-wove damask is nearly all gone now—gone the way of the brown oak-tables it covered, and the heavy guineas that used to be rung out on the wainscot tables. Sometimes, when I find myself in old-fashioned houses which spread out great hospitable teas, after which we sit down to long-whist, with an old-fashioned host, who brings out spade-guineas to mark the game, then I say I feel sure that specimens of the old weaving—perhaps Gilbert Dogget's own—still exist among the hoards of house-linen upstairs. What wonderful roses and tulips blossomed out of that double damask; what odd combinations of crinkle-crinkle, girt in by a border; it used to be called the 'trinity bordering'—extremely like copies *ad infinitum* of the figure on a Maux half-penny. Ay, you, my dear young couple, just

beginning housekeeping, you can have your crest and as much heraldic finery as you please blazoned on your damask, but no money now a days will buy you that quaint 'wedding-pattern.' How well I remember it: the handsome pine border, not deep enough, though, to clash with the grand centre group, wherein our first parents gathered apples as big as pumpkins from the tree of knowledge, and the serpent was wriggling himself out of a Chinese pagoda hard by. One of these Dutch patterns—often in Gilbert's loom, for it was a favourite with his customers—must surely have touched his fancy when he set the web; for peacocks, stiff and stately, like the Yew peacocks, decorated the border, and was not the middle of the table-cloth laid out in hearts and true-lovers' knots, like the flower-beds behind the peacocks! These grew over and over again under Gilbert's shuttle, when he was a bent, white-headed man—long, too, after his brother's spendthrift ways had brought that farewell prophecy of his to pass. How completely true it had proved, Gilbert never knew, for he asked no question about his old home from the day he left it. But he was working still when the land was gone, the house pulled down, and his brother dead in the workhouse. So the loom stands silent at last, and the weaver drifts away out of our history.

## CHAPTER II.—HEIR-AT-LAW.

There is a gap of years and years between our first chapter and our second. Again a spring evening, but this time we are in the year of grace 1861, and the scene is a labourer's cottage in Burnham. In the chimney corner sits the labourer, smoking his extra Sunday pipe; and in the corner opposite, his wife nods over the weekly 'track' left her yesterday afternoon. 'Beautiful reading,' she will tell you, if you ask her opinion of it, and tell you so in right good faith, not a whit the less that the pages between the brown covers might have been written in Hebrew, for any definite meaning she gets out of them. But the kind word and smile with which it was handed in; the ready sympathy, the broth, flannels, and good dinners that have come many a time to her, sick, from the 'track' quarter, these the woman can quite understand, and therefore it is a point of honour with her to sit looking at that publication on Sundays, when she has her clean apron on, and the house is quiet. That the house is quiet enough now for such a studious purpose, nobody can deny; nothing but the tick-tack of the clock, and nasal sounds from overhead, where the youngsters are snoring away like so many seals, break the silence. One glance at the smoker is enough to shew you, first, a marked resemblance to the man we didn't like the look of as he came down the garden-path with his dogs at his heels; and secondly, that this Martin Dogget is a pleasanter 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 stares 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 'lotment 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, 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 once they had thought themselves 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: 'Becky, whatever makes Uncle Gilbert run so in my head, I thoot about him all church-time; we never was so long without news of him afore.'

Becky lifted her eyes from the brown wrapper. 'I don't know what to make of it, I'm sure; 'tis allus 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 sarvice 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 bein' 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 allus 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 owld heart,' said Martin softly, 'he must be lonely like. Only gals, and them married and gone. 'Twas a pity the boy died young, and him chirsoned Gilbert, the owld name too.'

Mrs Dogget 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. Whyever should Gilbert be an owld name? I never heerd tell of a Dogget chirsoned 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 grand-father. He went off into the sheers a young man, I've heerd tell; nobody heerd of him arter that; mayhap he caught the fen ager and died: a sight of folks do as go there.'

Becky had no answer ready, for domestic dialogue does not flow freely—except in fiction—by the cottage fireside. A long interlude of tick-tack and sonorous snores: at last Martin, who had smoked his pipe out, said, as he began to unbutton his leather gaiters: 'Well, I'm for bed now; I reckon to be on the road by three to-morrow. I can walk the sixteen mile well afore their breakfast at Langstow.'

'You're in the rights to go,' said practical Becky; 'that's only the day's work lost, and I'll be bound he'll give you as good as a week's wage home. But you 'ont find nothin' the matter, not you; 'tis just out o' sight out o' mind, to my thinking.'

For this once, Mrs Dogget's proverbial 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, while they were talking, a message came down from the sick-room. Gilbert Dogget had heard his nephew's voice, and sent word that he must come up at once, and alone. At the sight of his relative propped up by pillows in his easy-chair, with 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 shewn 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 from Burnham into the fens. Well, 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 Dogget'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—eldest son to old Martin Dogget's eldest son; and God forgive me,' gasped the dying man, 'I couldn't abear the thought that *you* should come into such a lot of money, and be a better man in the world than me. 'Twarn'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 kep 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 tumultuously up 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 the glazing eyes were fixed on his face; the indistinct utterance shaped itself into an appeal for forgiveness.

'Forgive; O yes, uncle, if there's anything betwixt 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 homewards. 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, as a reader of 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 so far away as London? As for 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 the man went on his way, and spoke 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 thud of their shaggy feet seemed to proclaim him heir, and the flail got into a way of saying to the barn-floor: 'Four thousand pounds for Martin Dogget—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 'going to turn Methody,' he had been 'so still since his uncle died, and took wonderful to the big Bible.' I fancy that had Mrs Dogget guessed the secret of the big Bible's fascination over her husband, the gossips' tongues would have been set going far and near. Martin never got even into the first chapter of Genesis, never got further than the yellow fly-leaf. At its top stood the names of his grandfather and his great-uncle, in the clumsy, faded handwriting of that old Martin of all; lower down came his father's name, and in due time his own. True, he was not scholar enough to spell out the characters; but the sight of them all together on the fly-leaf served to establish a link between himself and them, and to make the fact palpable to his mind, that he really was heir to that shadowy great-uncle; and so one evening last July, Martin might have been seen, the Bible tucked under his arm, hurrying down street to consult the wheelwright.

Our Burnham wheelwright, you must know, enjoys a reputation of being 'the longest head in the parish,' and of great knowledge of the world in general, arrived at by having worked at his trade 'ever so far up in the shires.\* The wheelwright's advice was, that his neighbour should, before risking one lawyer's fee, visit Langstow, to see if memoranda respecting the legacy existed among his uncle's papers; this, of course, he should have done at first, but then such a measure does not occur naturally to a man who can neither read nor write. Thence he was to strike across the country to the Cambridgeshire village where Gilbert Dogget settled, pick up any information respecting him which might be got out of old inhabitants, and procure a copy of his burial register. 'With that,' said the Mentor, 'and copies of registers you can get here, you'll be able to back your story to the lawyers.' In the cool of the evening, after next day's work, Martin walked to Langstow. Nothing to be come at there, however. By that time, what few papers his uncle had left were gone to the four winds. One of his cousins kept the shop, and they had, she said, come in handy to wrap candles, soap, and sugar for her customers. Our fortune-hunter was early on the road in the morning with a long cross-country tramp before him. Along lanes that gently dipped and rose, through corn and grass land, across commons white with geese, over miles and miles of moor and heath; now out on a bit of good hard turnpike, and now the road quite lost where endless stretches of fen steam under the July sun, the solitary figure plodded on, out of the heart of one flat county into the heart of the next. Some long way had our traveller walked before he stopped for breakfast at a wayside public-house, where an uncomplaisant landlord stood smoking his pipe in the doorway. This man bade him go on three miles further, saying with a surly oath he kept neither bite nor sup for tramps. Martin himself shall tell you how he felt as he turned away. 'Then,' he says, 'I fared as if I could ha' slunk home like a dog, for, thinks I, if a poor man can't get the victual he's ready to pay for, 'tain't likely he can come into a heap of money.' Don't we all of us know what it is to have the mind so engrossed with one subject, that we see this reflected in everything that happens to us.

However, our fortune-hunter's spirits rose when, on reaching Waterend, he found a certain old Judkins, whose memory, report said, reached back to the weaver's time. He was parish-clerk—superannuated now—and a very deaf, snarling, wooden-faced specimen of a Judkins. 'Rec'lect Gilbert Weaver?' said the

old man, the question having been sufficiently bawled out at him—in course I do. Scores o' times I've seen un go over the fen with his dog behind un. Ay, ay, folks say "silly Suffolk," but Gilbert weren't silly, not he. Never gave nothin' away, nor never asked for nothin'; worked late and early, and wove hisself into a pot o' money—that were Gilbert Weaver.' And Mr Judkins struck his stick on the floor, as if it had been 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,' he replied; 'Gilbert were a close chap, and kept his own secrets. There must ha' been trouble about the money, though, years after he were dead. Letters came—I forget how many—from London to the parish-clerk, which I were then, to know who he had left behind, an' sorts o' things I knew nought about.'

Letters from London! How had they been answered? What had been done with them? Who had sent them? The questions poured out in one breath. 'No, I don't know the name—'tisn't likely—so long back too. But I'll tell ee what I did—Mr Judkins spread a blue handkerchief out on his knee with a sagacious air—'I'll tell ee what I did: I burnt 'em as they came to be sure; and when the folks was tired o' sending, why, they left off. No, no, I weren't such a fool as to go writing back to lawyers, an' get myself, mayhap, into a peck o' trouble.'

Stupid old Judkins! I wonder Martin did not shake 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 friend the wheelwright 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 poor crippled Letty in years to 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—which is most literally true—is a case in point. Here all necessary evidence has been forthcoming, and Martin's claim established without much trouble; but this done, where is the four thousand pounds? Whose name was that 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

\* The 'shires'—pronounced as if written sheers—to East Anglians, 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 philosopher in a smock-frock. 'My missus frets, poor thing,' he was saying to me yesterday; 'nateral, she thinks a good deal of the four pound we've spent, and all for smoke, one may say. Howsumdever, that's to be made up by pinching 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 bad 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 Dogget 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 fen country, over lands originally won from the sea. Upon a gray 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. He brought 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 those relays of mounted messengers that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and long subsequently, performed Britain's postal service, at the rate of about five miles per hour.

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 Honourable,' 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 inbreak 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 inhabitants, as for life and death, an instant commission 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, committed themselves to God. Three of them, leaping out of the ship, chanced to light upon the house-top, and so were saved. The owner's wife being in child-bed, did, notwithstanding, climb up 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 "Swan" there, had his house, being three stories high, 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 three thousand five hundred sheep swimming about the pastures, all dead, with kine, oxen, great mares, colts 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 courage failed with her strength, and crawling to the summit of a bank, she sat there through the day, and next long wintry night, all but dead with cold. A strange thing there was to see! 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 animosities. At last, after other vain efforts for her rescue, two stout countrymen having lashed together a couple of those broad wooden troughs used in salting bacon, paddled off with long poles to the spot, and brought her away.

'Many that were rich when they rose from sleep in the morning, were poor men ere noon. Master Pelham 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 returning from the fold about noon 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 the billows come 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 not venture his life for his sheep;" and as he went straight to drive them, both he and they were drowned; and after the sea had retired, the man was found dead, standing bolt upright in a ditch. A poor fisherman, with his wife and daughter, his own house being thrown down, got for shelter into the next. As the water rose, they ascended near and nearer to the roof. All night they sat upon a plank there, shivering with cold, at once longing for, yet in dread of the dawn, for well they knew the hour at which the sea would be again at flood. The building falls away piecemeal; in an instant, the current whirls away the thatch with them seated thereon, for more than three hundred yards, into a wood; they try to lift themselves into the branches; the miserable husband, while he seized a tree with one hand, caught his wife with the other; but after holding on for a few minutes, both strength and breathing failed him, and she dropped into fifteen feet of water, and into the middle of the foaming eddies that swept through the wood. Some men that had timely notice did set their horses in the church; and the poor beasts saved themselves by holding on with their teeth to the tops of the pews, which were allowed to remain thus gnawed for several years after, as a memorial of their miraculous preservation. A thoroughbred mare, the property of His Worship, had the sagacity to save herself by leaping upon the communion-table, where she remained until forced to come down. Disinterred bodies and coffins floated about the churchyard, the drowning and the dead mingling promiscuously together.'

In those, the days of Merry King Charles, there existed no *Times* newspaper to storm our sympathies, and summon to the rescue, by some heart-thrilling appeal, a whole legion of good Samaritans. Subscription lists were not then in vogue. Court ladies and court sycophants never allowed even a poor score of gold Jacobuses to remain unappropriated within the royal exchequer. Hugh Morell, the Dover mayor, speaks indeed of 'Dunkirk being disposed of' to Louis XIV., but the £200,000 which it so disgracefully fetched was bestowed on objects far less worthy than relieving the beggared population of

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 inhabitants 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 forthwith 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 14th 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 1662.

## 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 was wet 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 remembrances 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 shew me life, but not to tend me in hospital.

'That 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 shews 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 were 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 comminuted 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 coughed 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 certain 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 fall, 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 contractor, Robinson who finds the rag-and-bone line 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 eastern 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, leaving a 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 Focksanendasar. It is open to mortals six days in the week, but on the seventh only to Sharcholdas the unfortunate—to whose griefs its garden, planted by Prince Packstoneddin, is sacred.'

In another moment we had entered the crystal portal, and I found myself in the distant tropics, among lustrous 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 fibrous leaves, upon which the eye gladly rested, as a relief to the surrounding splendours.

'It is the papyrus,' observed X., 'which supplied note-paper to Rameses 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 cedar—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 Houssain bought at Bisnagar for the Princess Nourounihar; and it shall carry us whithersoever you please. In an instant of time you shall be in the halls of Sennacherib, 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 inviting dreamy ease—enchained my tongue. It seemed as though I could have lived here with the memories of the Cid, a lifetime. But X said: 'Behold!' and drew aside a curtain.

I know not what I saw, but if that scene 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 Juno and the Laocoon; 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 frieze 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 reliefs of pious offerings from kings to gods, and hieroglyphics weird and mystical, and columns of black granite with capitals of lotus-leaf and palm.

'My friend,' said I, 'my brain whirls; take me hence into the English air, I pray.'

'Yet first come underground,' returned X gravely. I was in a roofless court, with coloured walls and tessellated floor. On every side were shady chambers, and in the midst of that in which we stood a marble bath. At the entrance of this costly place was inscribed *Salve*—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 revellers were reclining, doubtless, when their red doom went 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, amid 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 Dreamland—Paradise. Then, while we looked, the beaded bubbles grew, and high and higher 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 roofs of the summer temples gushed the flood, to fall in a silver veil round the Naiad who stood in the shrine within. The heat of the noonday was quelled, the faint odours were freshened that came from the rosary 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-sward, 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 shewn you the *omnium gatherum* with the greatest pleasure, but unhappily Fate decided against me.'

'We tossed,' explained X laughing, 'and I lost, that is all. If it had been tails, Y would have been your cicerone instead of me; as it is, I am the Interpreter of the Palace of Crystal and of the Garden of Delight. Do you not hear something, Morumbidgee?'

'I hear the fountains, although their voice grows faint and fainter.'

'Do you hear nothing else?'

'I hear the birds renewing their interrupted song, as after rain.'

'The Golden Water and the Talking Bird you can scarcely have missed,' said X; 'but if you hear not more than these, you must have stuffed your ears with cotton-wool, even as did the Princess Parizadé when she started on her search after the Singing Tree.'

Upon listening more attentively, a low melodious thunder seemed to steal out of the Fairy Palace behind me, which, gathering strength, arose, and presently rolled out of doors like some vast embodied spirit of melody, to whom even those Crystal walls were too much like a prison; and then it again grew faint, and wailed and wandered all about the air, as though it would fain re-enter, but could not. Most unmistakable music, the harmonious crash of human voices, here broke forth triumphant, 'as when a mighty people rejoice with shawms and cymbals and harps of gold,' the jubilant cry, as it seemed, of an enfranchised nation.

'It is the Hallelujah chorus,' murmured X with bated breath; 'and sounds like the very echo of heaven.'

'Let us go in,' said Y, dropping the end of his cigar; 'our tickets are for Block G.'

Musical festivals upon any great scale are things which colonists cannot be expected to compass. England herself, when I left her, had but one such entertainment in half a century. This was held at Westminster Abbey in 1834, and about six hundred performers only were employed in it. Since then—thanks mainly to Mr Hullah—the nation has become intensely and well-nigh universally musical. Few other countries could produce an orchestra such as that which was now before me, numbering some four thousand singers and players. No other country could certainly have offered them a building suitable for their performance. Yet here, in their vast amphitheatre, stood this harmonious multitude, their music-books fluttering white as doves' wings, or poplar leaves in storm; and in front of them were twenty thousand eager listeners, with room enough and to spare, beyond whom the far-stretching crystal naves on both sides could have accommodated ten times their number. All this great company were on their feet as we entered, following the good old fashion of George III., who always rose at the Hallelujah, as having at least an equal title to that mark of respect with the national anthem; and their sitting down, amid rustle of silk and swaying of crinoline, was of itself a musical spectacle. Then a female singer came to the front of that gigantic platform, and filled all the shining space with one clear voice.

Let the bright seraphim in burning row  
Their loud, uplifted, angel trumpets blow,

sang she; and at those words the trumpeter by her side blew long and shrill.

'I like those melodious illustrations—that fitting of sound to sense,' observed X, 'for my part, although I believe it is not held to be the highest art. The

*Creation* is, to my mind, the first of oratorios, because it is the most descriptive.'

'What a row there must be, then, when the Bumble Bee is made,' quoth Y drily.

Here, fortunately, there was a delicate but universal clapping of gloved hands as the singer ceased, which hid our laughter; and then the conductor became electric in his motions, giving promise of some great thing. His enchanted wand moved this way and that with wild velocity, and the basses stormed, and the sopranos made complaint, as though all the world had quarrelled with his wife, 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 indiscriminating old lady in our neighbourhood, of the unimpassioned 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 ear 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. Over 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 funereal vault while that far-off farewell of 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 the *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 indisputable 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.

'Them foreigners care nothing for music,' remarked our old lady peevishly. 'Abraham Pacha always said he liked the tooning 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 G, and once more sought the garden, fair to wander in, but fairer to look down upon from some wide-open window after feast. 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 Focksanendarsar,' 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; 'genteel society without its "company manners," in a railway crush, is one of the ghastliest sights I know.'

But we ourselves, like gods above the thunder, though not like them, I trust, 'smiling in secret,' heard these things unmoved, for our barouche awaited us. We watched the shadows lengthen on the lawns, and evening quench the latest western flame that lingered on the palace pinnacles. 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.

#### 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 shewing 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, four of 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-signals flashed down to the Start. An expense of L.2000 would have to be incurred for the outfit, and the annual outlay afterwards would be a little over L.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 Valentia; 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 repetition 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 especial 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 Coxwell 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 different 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 elevation being known with accuracy. 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 supposititious 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 was made in the South Atlantic 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 *Elbe*, 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. Especial 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 but 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 1853-54. 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 1858-59, 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 Bahamas; 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 thus embrace a wide range over 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 the stations at which our troops are stationed 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 trustworthy record 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 fact 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-formations 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 Entozoa*, a subject that has of late years much engaged the attention of naturalists and physiologists. It has been supposed that the *Tænia cæmurus*—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. Boudin. 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; and if we represent by 1 the danger of begetting a deaf and dumb child from an ordinary marriage, it would have to be represented by 18 in marriages between cousins-german; by 37 in marriages between uncles and nieces; and by 70 in marriages between nephews and aunts. It will surprise some readers to hear that the subject is one in which the religious element is

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 3:1 ; 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 2:3 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, 'clear and unequivocal evidence is still wanting to shew 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.

#### 'KITTY PALMER.'

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

But 'Kitty Palmer'—not a word  
Beyond—the mossy head-stone's shewing ;  
Not even a date ; it seems absurd  
To care for one 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, sobs in vain to smother ?  
At her grandchildren's christenings, eyes,  
Half tears—half laughter, did she shew 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 throbless 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  
Undimmed 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 faring  
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, forgot like Kitty Palmer !

Blackheath.

W. C. B.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 448.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## ON THE DANUBE, AND AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

I.

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-foliage; and the river itself, whilst the panting 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 Magyar mantles. They were bent on chamois-hunting in the Styrian and Salzburg mountains. The public papers had just related about the Countess Batthyanyi 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 Batthyanyi, Nagy Sandor, Damiani, 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. Aft by the flagstaff sat an Austrian major, who had been wounded in a battle against General Bem, 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 gray-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,

language; and at moments the difference has been so great and prominent, that only the iron band of the army could hold the conglomerate together in apparent unity. Well, are they really only kept together like staves in a cask, by hoops, and when rust has gnawed, or force has rent the hoops, must they fall asunder? Is there no vital power knitting them, no common symbol speaking to the heart, and calling for unity? I incline to think there is—the feeling of the natural vitality pervading the Austrian soil—of the fertility and wealth that pour forth from the bountiful earth through hill and forest, lake and field—of the singular power of life, which quivers everywhere around, and which justified the historical war-cry, 'Auf, gewaltiger Oesterreich!' A symbol of this 'mighty natural power' is the Danube, whose broad rapid stream, descending from the Black Forest, and uniting the four chief towns, Linz, Vienna, Presburg, and Buda-Pesth, rolls forward towards the Orient, the mysterious future. On those powerful silver streams, amid that scenery of majestic beauty, the various subjects of the Austrian empire have a sense of unity—of a national grandeur differing from other nations—of a future in which some new spirit shall calm the susceptibilities and redeem the wrongs which now threaten to rend and sever their commonwealth.

There has been much discussion between the partisans of the Danube and the Rhine. All honour to the Rhine! especially to that most picturesque part between Coblenz and Mayence, of which the only fault is, that it has been too much visited, described, and admired, and has fallen into some resemblance to a worn-out fashion, or a beautiful tune hawked about by street-organs. But apart even from this, the Danube is grander and fresher. Whoever is acquainted with the Rhineland, knows that the soil, especially in some of the vine districts, is worn out, and that 'the bread is eaten with scarcity;' the shores of the Danube have enough and to spare; in fact, the hidden strength of the soil only requires to be sought for and directed to yield in fulness—'a land of wheat and barley, and vines and fig-trees and pomegranate'—'a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig copper.' The Rhine is beautiful, renowned, rich in song and legend; but the truth is, that it resembles those German students who, after a wild, poetical, heaven-ascending youth, end as lawyers or burgomasters in a small town; for weakened and reduced to a rivulet, it creeps out into the North Sea; whilst the Danube, like the manly founder of a dynasty, runs on increasing in strength and might, and falling into the sea, seems not to lose itself, but to force its way into the great world. The peculiar poetical feeling produced in the mind whilst on its stream is, that these waters swiftly passing you would carry you to the Black Sea, Crimea, Byzantium, Athens, the Orient; and in this there is something by far more historical, living, and enlivening, than in the old ruins on the Rhine.

But if you are fond of ruins, the Danube has them also; in the hoary shattered Durrenstein (on your right, when passing from Vienna to Mlk), for instance. Here Richard Cur-de-Lion was kept a prisoner, most secretly shut up, according to the legend. Blondel, his minstrel, after wandering in his search through Palestine and Germany, at last discovered traces of him here, and, by singing a Provençal song, elicited an answer from the captive king, and then delivered him. The historical truth, however, is, that Duke

Leopold of Austria took Richard from Durrenstein, 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 Durrenstein 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 capouches, processions, &c., you will not lack these neither on the Danube. The steam-boat stops at Mlk. 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 Mlk, 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 Mlk was built 936 A.D., but became afterwards a Hungarian fortress, was restored to the order, burned, and rebuilt, and in 1809 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 for ever. It is as if the steamer, instead of ascending the Danube, had brought you back to the times of Alcuin and Charlemagne. Amongst these manuscripts, on this 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, you remember that you are at this 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 here 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-bred Benedictine, who has approached, and gently inquires whether you have been at Mariazell, deep among the mountains; or at Maria-Taferl, 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 Wachshand opfert, dem heilt an der Hand  
die Wund,  
Und wer eine Wachsfusz opfert, dem wird der Fusz  
gesund.\*

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

\* Bring her a wax-hand, and she cures your hand; bring her a wax-foot, and your foot becomes hale.

the education throughout Austria into the hands of the clergy without control, and the clergy into the hand of the holy congregation at Rome? Be sure, some such topic will be touched upon, and will quickly remind you that Alcuin, the priest, is dead, and Charlemagne, his imperial pupil, is dead too, and that in our time, with its apparent breach between science and faith, the only soothing and healing power is just that much-dreaded, manly liberty, which unfolds the wings of the soul, and gives them, by exercise, the strength to ascend.

Next day, on proceeding up the river, we ran, towards evening, on a sand-bank, and were kept there all night. At daybreak, when I came on deck, I was surprised at the aspect of the river; it looked like a vast lake, with desolate, barren shores, where low, detached clouds, swept before the wind, moved like restless ghosts. Just before the bow of the vessel, the waters broke on half-covered yellow sand; and behind us, the stream itself, in the gray light of dawn, bore, to my fancy, a singular resemblance to a huge reptile with an evil eye. Of how we came off the bank, I could get no better explanation than of how we came on it.

## II.

The crowd of travellers and tourists take their course from Linz by rail to Gmünden, through a picturesque landscape along the river Traun, and, crossing the Traunlake to Ebensee, proceed to the fashionable baths of Ischl to Salzburg, Tyrol, &c. The Traunlake, where a little steamer plies, is six or seven miles long from east to west—from Gmünden to Ebensee—and from one to two miles broad. Near Gmünden, the shores are flat cornfields and gardens retiring on distant hills; but on proceeding on the lake westward, you soon find it girded by huge mountains, that mysteriously enfold it in their immense shades, especially the gigantic Traunstein, six thousand feet high on the south side, and Sonnenstein opposite. The water, on fine days, is indescribably clear and calm; the green mountain-forests and the blue sky mirror themselves in it; and at times, when the sun-rays are admitted to some parts, and towards evening especially, the chosen spot, singularly coloured, seems changed into fairyland. From Gmünden you can walk some distance along the shore, but suddenly all road or path ceases; there is but water, from which the rocks rise perpendicularly. You gaze deep, deep down upon the granite roots of the mountains, and at this rare sight it is as if you surprised Nature in one of her secrets, as if you caught a glimpse from that time of the history of the earth, when its 'foundation was laid, and the corner-stone thereof, whilst the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.'

As before stated, travellers generally cross the lake by steam, and may perhaps during the passage throw a stray glance at a peculiarly pretty spot on the northern shore, about midway between Gmünden and Ebensee. From the huge forest-clad pinnacle of Sonnenstein, the plateau descends softly, step by step, and undulating, and at last, in an egg-shaped promontory, leaps into the lake. On a sunny day, when in a boat on the lake, I always felt a smiling, laughing pleasure derived from this green promontory, for it appeared to me as a child of the mountain, that had just jumped from its bed, and run to bathe, whilst the fond parents were earnestly looking on, admonishing it not to go too far. This child, or this promontory, is just big enough to carry on its head an old semi-Gothic chapel and a group of trees, that try to screen it.

To the west is a little sandy beach, where boats can run ashore, and behind this beach lies the town or village of Traunkirchen, half hidden in its gardens and among the sinuous green hills. The innkeeper of Traunkirchen, by name Kardbath, is also burgomaster

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 else or more. One day he 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 Traunkirchen, I was told, earn their bread by manufacturing toys, which are exported to Montenegro and Serbia. When trade slackens—when the rival (Bavarian) town of Berchtesgaden has got an ascendancy—they come to Kardbath, and pawn their stock for bread and beer. How cheap their labour is, may be inferred from some of the prices. Rattles cost per dozen 4 kreutzer (1¼d.); a horse on wheels, ½d.; another, with a whistle in the tail, ¾d.; a doll's house, 4d.; a pen-case, ½d.; a dozen dolls, 1¼d. 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-police. Since 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, 4s.) a year, since which the poor are not allowed to possess themselves of even a stick of wood from the domain. 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—it would appear that there is more order in the administration than before, and even the higher price of timber is to the national economist 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, if 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! 'Life has become so very burdensome,' 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 Kardbath 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 ashamed 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-slopes, 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 myself, nor where Traunkirchen was. A brook rushing down its stony bed gave me an idea—water seeks water; this brook, no doubt, will shew me the lake. So 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 shewed me the lake ('Thalatta! Thalatta!'), from which I was separated only by a large meadow, as green and fresh as if just gone forth from the hand of the Creator. I felt as in paradise, and when I heard at a distance the rhythmical sound of a 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 dwelling-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 Mackintosh, and rather wet 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?' 'No!' replied one of the girls violently, retreating behind one of the old women. 'Then, give me only a glass of milk.' 'No!' (in the same 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 discovering 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, whence he soon called to me 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 foreigner 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 Siegesbach (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 Siegesbach. 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 Siegesbach (victory's brook).

Next day being dull and wet, Kardbath 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 his 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 neatest; 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 childlike, and not unpleasant. He was very ignorant, and did not appear 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 Hofrath (court councillor), and I thought it a jest; but not only was he really a Hofrath, 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 ascending 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 were similar inscriptions. This was the Hofrath's house. His only son, in 1848, volunteered against the Italians, and fell mortally wounded in one of Radetzky's battles. On his death-bed, he wrote comforting letters to his parents, 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 Hofrath. Formerly, swimming was unknown at Traunkirchen, and many persons, in consequence, were drowned every year in the lake. Now the Hofrath, during his two months' stay each summer, devotes himself to 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 and most tolerant Catholic 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 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 wildly-rent 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 the 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 enraptured man imagined of old, and of which we heard in early, fondly believing youth.

\* The stipend of the priest is forty florins (L.4) a month, beside 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, avalanches roll down during winter; in spring, the road is exposed to frequent land-slips and irruptions of mountain streams, and everywhere, in spite of the labour applied in early 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 labourers thrown down, or a piece of rock that crushes travellers, or a torrent sweeping them away. Sometimes, above 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 such 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 recognised her from the time when I had 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 one of those curiously shaped boats—resembling a baker's trough, to which a beak is added—and were rowed over the still, green lake, on part of which the sombre tints of the afternoon spread their dark-blue shadows, whilst in the distance the water, glittering with rays of the setting sun, seemed to bear pyramids of bright, variegated, sparkling hues.

A boat coming towards us passed over one of the luminous spots—what a glory was suddenly poured over it and its crew! It contained the clerical sir, who ordered the men to stop to have a chat with us; and at length he asked me if I would get over into his boat; he was going over to the opposite shore to shrive a dying person. I joined him, and soon passing over the last luminous stripes, we entered the deep night-shades of the mountains.

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 glowworm in the grass sent forth its green lustre, and red shining insects, dancing up and down, spread a mysterious life. 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 or go with them to the church, and 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, prayed 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, if I could make up my mind to kneel when the others knelt. I acceded; 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 bareheaded. From all the houses we passed, I heard—it was impossible to see—people in the entrances murmuring prayers, kneeling, whilst the host passed. At the moment 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 my promise, knelt too. The priest approached the dying woman, and for some time spoke to her in a whisper, after which the beadle read prayers, the family responding: 'Pray for us,' and 'Amen!' 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 anointment had made 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 giddy on gazing down and seeing the firmament disturbed by the oars.

On landing at Traunkirchen, we heard music, and saw Kardbath'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 Kardbath 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 Kardbath played cards, whilst I made acquaintance with the singer, who had excited my interest, because his elder boy was exceedingly handsome, and had a very agreeable voice. Our conversation was interrupted by the clerical sir being taken ill from having drunk at once too much cold beer. He was advised to drink wine; and I heard him ask the barmaid the price of the wines, and then say to her: 'Give me half a pint of the worst.' I could not refrain from trying to offer him of the very best, and, to say the truth, he understood the first hint, and accepted without circumlocution. In exchange, he gave me a saying:

Wine after beer  
Is good advice.  
Beer after wine—  
Shun the vice.

Early next morning, the singer, according to his

promise, paid me a visit. I considered him a man living on a war-footing with mankind; the music was his weapon, and to use it with effect, he did not spare even his own children, but sacrificed their future for an equivocal present, for an unrestrained, gipsy-like youth. He told me that he was born in Bohemia, and had studied to become a teacher, but being drawn for a soldier, he was placed to the music-band of his regiment; and now discharged after twelve years' service, he was licensed to wander about and earn his livelihood as a strolling musician. I asked him whether he had considered that his handsome, gifted children would become ruined by such a life? He gazed at me for a little while, and then invited me to accompany him to his room. There I found the boys amid books. He wished me to examine them in history, geography, German and English grammar; and excepting the English pronunciation, which he himself studied from a dictionary, I felt very satisfied. He shewed me the copy and ciphering books, adding: 'Wherever we come, we keep school from five to eight o'clock in the morning; from eight to nine, breakfast; from nine to twelve, practice on the violin; from two to four, school; in the evenings, we work.'

On our return to my room, the musician talked fondly, but without exaggeration, of his elder boy. 'Nepomuk has not inherited it from me,' he said; 'it is all his mother's. She was an Italian. We shot her father and brother on the same day; her mother had died from anguish and grief; so I found her; she had nobody else in the world. Is it not strange?—before I saw her, I hated the Italians; but since the first glance at her, I felt I was no Austrian, and especially since her death every Italian I meet with seems to me a brother.'

'Will you take the children to Italy?' asked I.

'No,' said he; 'they have my German name and a German tongue; they will always in Italy be looked upon as foreigners, ay, as foes. We never look each other in the heart.'

'Have you, then, a special reason for teaching the boys English? I own that the English grammar in your school-room rather puzzled me.'

'Oh, this is just the point I wished to talk to you about. Last night, when I heard you had come from a very distant land, I thought you might be able to give me some information. I will emigrate to North America. For my part, I play through the world, and it is quite indifferent where my grave is dug; but Nepomuk shall become a lawyer, a barrister, and then, to him or his descendants, the broad road to the presidency of North America is opened.'

Whilst we conversed, a long plaintive sound, as of many voices, reached us from the lake, and on approaching the window, we beheld a crowd of women on the shore beneath the promontory.

'Oh,' said the musician, 'a corpse has been brought over from the other shore.'

The women of the village stood here with wailing chant, like the chorus in the antique tragedies. After a while, the crowd opened, and we saw the priest, who hitherto had been concealed from us, proceed, followed by two choir-boys, heading the funeral procession. So still was the morning, that the tapers were yet burning, and by being suddenly seen, sent forth in all its power the enlivening symbol.\* Proceeding in pairs up the ravine, the women sang one of the beautiful Catholic dirges. You could hear from the sound that you were in the native land of Mozart. Some two or three of the voices especially had exquisitely delicate notes; perhaps, just in opposition to the death-chant, the mysterious power of life made the deeper impression.

\* The custom of burning tapers at funerals is derived from the heathen (Romans), who buried their dead at night, by torch-light. The first of the new creed would not allow death to be considered an evil, and hidden in the night, but retained the torches as a sign that at the apparent extinction the true life is lighted.

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, and tries to 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 main well, sir,' was the reply, 'but I see *nothin*.'

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.

Permit me, 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, millstones, and fireclay from the mine. Just outside of it, however, there is a very ingenious machine, the Antifrictional Safety Cage for miners. The instant any accident happens to the raising rope, a certain well-protected spring causes the catches to grip the guide-rods, and the cage to remain stationary. On ascending the opposite slope, we find ourselves among models of coal-pits and ironworks, which themselves cover no inconsiderable area, and give a striking impression of scientific enterprise. The mineral wealth

that abounds in these underground estates has some very singular titles. Bowling Alley Coal seems happily to combine business with pleasure, but it is difficult to conceive why a certain description of iron should be called 'Chilled Rolls,' and another 'Mottled Pigs;' also, of the Ymisedwyn Iron Company at Cwmtwrch, it may be observed, that although its productions may earn the name of a great 'household coal,' they will scarcely, under their present title, become a household word among articulate-speaking men.

There are some beautiful chemicals and crystals about here, and especially a case of Alum, which cannot but attract the eye; but we will leave them for a little on the right hand, and turn westward to the agricultural department.

Three-horse reaping-machines, with many other savage chariots, are ranged here, with their iron teeth clenched, as though in battle-array; and among them the Liquid Manure Distributor, at which every body pauses, and gives a stroke or two at its pump, with the idea of impressing beholders that they are accustomed to agricultural pursuits. A stupendous implement, which appears to be the offspring of Noah's Ark and a railway locomotive, here rivets the gaze. The liberal shepherds give it the gross name of a steam thrashing-machine, I believe; but from the long description of its own qualities appended to its stomach, we acquire no information, since the same is printed in Russian; the travelled monster cannot forget, it seems, that it carried away the prize at St Petersburg. The Steam Cultivating Tackle is, however, the most grotesque and formidable of all these things. It is possible that Thomas may understand it, in which case he has greatly the advantage of me; but to the untutored mind it resembles an enormous iron net, of the kind used by the Roman *Retiarius*, and intended, perhaps, for the destruction of the landed gentry. That any arts of peace can be cultivated under such a regimen seems simply impossible. The effect of an object of this kind in a pastoral landscape it is scarcely possible to conceive; even at rest, its appearance is little short of diabolical; and I do trust that it will not be introduced without warning into any part of the country where high farming has been hitherto unknown. In the pictorial presentments (plentiful hereabouts) of the various machines at work in the fields, it is curious to note how their introduction affects the scenery. At their approach, the woods decrease, the tangled lanes give place to open roads, and the hedgerows shrink into mere boundary-lines. The furrows are doubtless straighter and deeper, and the clods more completely crushed, but it is vain to deny that such advantages are purchased at the sacrifice of the picturesque. Wherever there is a model farm, there are regularity and ugliness, economy and lopping of trees. It used to be said that of all implements the spade and the plough were the oldest, and the least susceptible of alteration. But if a gentleman had not visited the country for the last ten years, and had confined his agricultural reading to the *Georgics* and Thomson's *Seasons*, he would be totally unable to call a spade a spade, or to recognise the ploughs that are now in use. In the field where the team of large, slow-moving horses, and the boy with the whip, and the plodding man within the handles, were wont to be, there is now on the one side an engine and windlass, and on the other what is called an anchor, which is self-moving, and 'between these the plough is pulled backwards and forwards, one end of it being alternately in the air, and the other in its work, thus avoiding the necessity of turning.' Conceive a Burns or a Bloomfield composing their deathless songs under such circumstances as these! As for following the plough along the mountain-side, in glory and in joy, that practice is entirely exploded, for the ploughman rides upon the machine as though it were a velocipede! If our artists want a classical subject, here is a suggestion: Science banishing

Poetry from the Agricultural Districts. The Eastern Annexe 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 (1851), 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 Brush 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 Scarifying 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 inscrutable to the spectator, as was the presence of the fruit in the apple dumpling to his majesty George III. There is a gallery, like a little orchestra, above the wares of each of the chief exhibitors, and the staircases that lead to them—being things intelligible—are objects of admiration to the ladies.

'What a dear little staircase!' say they, while their husbands are examining the 'rotating harrow,' the 'Moody 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 annexe 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, sir, 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. They 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 seem, 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 annexe is a sort of neutral ground, upon which Gigantic Turntables mingle 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 *omnium gatherum* of everything: pickles; gutta-percha sideboards; locomotives for the road, which look astonishingly practicable, and even inviting; only I should give up that comfortable seat by the boiler to a 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 my pocket-handkerchief; 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 'bagged sperm.' Uncooked legs of mutton, warranted to keep in any climate; ditto, oysters, and oyster-soup; ditto, Scotch collops, which may greet the Caledonian in Indus or 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 hoped that they were not confined in their drinking to the British ports and champagnes here exhibited, or at least that they were not obliged to take British brandy as a corrective to the repast. Shade of Betts, what a finale would that be; only to be excelled by the smoking of one of those cigars which hereabouts 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 Pharmacopœia. The deadliest 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 like to pastrycooks' shops that they 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, I suppose, 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 explanation. 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 have informed as well as dazzled. 'But, then,' remark the Commissioners with calmness, 'how should we ever have found folks weak enough to purchase our official catalogues?'

I am now about to visit at once 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 Transept 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.

'Tired!' cried a materfamilias to her exhausted family the other day, as she pushed her way through the Roman Court at the rate of about five miles and a half an hour; 'yes, of course you're tired. It's because you creep along so.' 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 Fine 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 inadequate time can be best employed. If the sight-seer has several days at his disposal, let him see 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 staircase 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 best specimens, whether 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 its due. A few connoisseurs and collectors 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 spirt of a pen upon a cheque—a habitation 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 carries but the memory of it away with him; it is mere 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 order of architecture, and of every 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 for 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 Cool and Shady Wood* (1285) is longing and not rest to those who cannot get there. Ah, when will August come! We will then be in your Forest of Dean, may be, or in that long Highland pass (1422) of yours, Mr Richardson, or among the drift-wreck and the sand-flowers by the summer sea in Cornwall (1335), or, more ambitious still, amid the cloudless skies and gorgeous tints of Italy (1336). Water-colours, as it seems to me, are especially adapted for landscape rather than figure-painting; but the *First Love-letter* (1262) 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 Bothwell Brig, 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. *Atop of the Hill* (764) is one of the most charming examples of Linnel, the passing cloud in it seeming to be absolutely in motion. *Not Guilty* (734), by A. Solomon, with its companion painting, *Waiting for the Verdict* (720), are the two great sensation pictures in this room, and have always a crowd about them. *The Last Day in the Old Home* (727) is also very attractive, although people find some difficulty in deciphering Dick Tinto's meaning. The young man's predilection for horse-flesh has (I suppose) 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 else than this, I beg his pardon. The long shadow of the unseen tree in 777 is sure to draw all eyes.

I am proceeding room by room here, for the crowd is so excessive that the crinolines roll me round and 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. *Eastward Ho!* (607) is 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. The parting of relatives and lovers has been always considered admissible enough in painting and poetry, nor, because the thing takes place on board a troop-ship or an emigrant vessel, need we be compelled to call it vulgar. The critics, however, inform us that this is a 'low style,' and request us to move on to the *Light of the World* (580), where there is almost as great a crowd as there was before Mr Solomon's canvas. Certainly the 'people's' taste is various enough, and can scarcely be altogether bad, since it includes all styles. The *Tuileries* (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* (699) of Millais hang a crowd 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 audibly. Round *Margate Sands* (665) there are 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* (481) absolutely makes one wink to look at it; but since it belongs to Mr Ruskin, let no dog bark. That is a wondrous unmodern 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 'mooly'; it is Alfred Tennyson. 543 is a pictorial lesson by Egg, the *Life and 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 sadder 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, so that selection is almost impossible. 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* (234), 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-fowls' Haunt* (327). Stanfield's *The Abandoned* (377) is another great point of attraction: that mastless, rudderless ship has a desolation so complete that it moves human sympathy; and the *Sanctuary* (427) by Sir Edwin Landseer, and the *Combat and Defeat* (405, 406), by the same artist, fill human eyes with tears in pity for very stags. *The Banquet Scene, Macbeth* (414), is, however, the sensation picture of this room, and its ghost is at once the terror and the joy of all the country people. *Home from Work* (438) has some admirable faces, but also lights which never were on sea or shore, so far as my experience reaches. 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 unæsthetic 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 over the well-studied sermons of Hogarth 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 uninitiated, 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 maturer age are only reminded by it of certain humiliating antecedents.

#### FOUND 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 lads there beside myself, 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 beside 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 department of Ain. The letter merely told me there was nothing the matter with any of the family, and that he wanted me on account of a case in which he was concerned.

This case was the prosecution of a Frenchman named Boiteler, a man of considerable standing in his province, who was in custody on a charge of murdering his wife and man-servant. The lady was an Englishwoman of good family, to whom he had been married about four years, and who was commonly termed in the department *L'ange du bois*, on account of her extreme beauty, and the fact of her husband's house being surrounded by a small but very dense wood, which he allowed nobody to meddle with, so that it was completely choked with brambles. She was his second wife, his first having died during a short visit he made to Paris, within a year of their marriage.

Criminal prosecutions in France being conducted by the public prosecutor, it was only in compliance with the wishes of the relatives of the murdered lady, strenuously supported by his own wife, that my uncle had undertaken to assist in obtaining evidence to throw light upon what was felt to be an exceedingly intricate case, and one which it would be almost impossible for the jury to decide upon in a satisfactory manner, unless additional evidence could be got in favour of or against the prisoner.

The evidence on which Boiteler was committed to prison was not inconsistent with the statement made by him on his apprehension; and if the affair had taken place in any other country than France, where it is very much the custom of officials intrusted with the care of the public safety to assume every man involved in a criminal offence to be guilty until he is proved innocent, I doubt whether he would have been retained in custody. He had left his house on the day of the murder in a small open carriage, accompanied by his wife, and attended by a man who had been in his service for several years, for the purpose of going to Bourg, to see an agent concerning the sale

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 was then 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 coachman 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, put the muzzle 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 at her sole 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. Failing issue of the marriage, the whole was to go to the husband. This supplied a motive, but it was hardly likely in itself to excite grave suspicions 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 shewn 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 uncle told me that he 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 intimacy with his wife, 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 circumstances perhaps calculated to throw light on the affair. It wanted but five days to the trial when I arrived, and it was not till the next morning that my uncle took me to the office of the commissaire of police, to request that one 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 shew us the importance of the evidence which his 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 risen behind the coachman, and shot him, 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 it was 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 on 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 prisoner turned ghastly pale when his wife's dress was laid out, with the blood-stain ostentatiously displayed. The case for the prosecution and the defence was, down to a certain point, substantially what I have already stated; the position of 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 forepart 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 all present; so that when one of the maid-servants related some touching little circumstances, shewing the sweetness and amability of her character, the proceedings of the court were for some minutes brought to a stop 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:

'My man will be acquitted;' and the latter nodded in apparent acquiescence. With the restlessness natural to my age, I could not long remain still under circumstances of such excitement; and to occupy myself, I began to examine the various articles produced by the prosecution in the course of the trial, and among them the bullets which had been extracted from the bodies of the deceased. While rolling them over in the palm of my hand, I observed that each had an initial scratched on it, and that these initials were those of the medical witnesses. They were of different sizes; and I really cannot account for the sudden inspiration which induced me to walk over to the doctors, who were waiting in court to hear the verdict, and ask them from which body each had extracted the ball which bore his initial. I then returned to the table, and took up the smaller pistol, and found that the largest ball would not enter it. I spoke to my uncle, who stepped hastily to the table, and satisfied himself that what I had told him was true. The public prosecutor had left the court, but my uncle sent one of the ushers to him with a slip of paper, on which he had written a few words. He came in immediately; and after exchanging a few words, he again left the court, and my uncle returned to his seat. The agitation exhibited by the latter, and the excitement of the former as he left the court, could not fail to be observed by the audience, who evidently perceived that something fresh had been discovered. The judge resumed his seat on the bench, and the jury were recalled to their box, when the following scene took place.

*Judge.* 'Gentlemen of the jury, you have been recalled to hear some additional evidence against the prisoner.' Then looking towards the prisoner, he continued: 'Prisoner, you say that your servant came to the side of the carriage and fired at you with this pistol?'

*Prisoner.* Yes, sir.

*J.* That he then tried to strike you with the butt-end?

*P.* Yes, sir.

*J.* That you caught him by the wrist, and held him in that position while you drew this smaller one with which you shot him?

*P.* Yes, sir.

*J.* Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard what the prisoner says. If his statement were true, you will perceive that the larger bullet should have been found in the body of his wife, and the lesser in the body of his servant. The public prosecutor will place the weapons and bullets in your hands, and you will be able to see for yourselves that the bullet extracted from the body of the male deceased will not enter the smaller pistol; consequently, the prisoner has stated that which cannot by any possibility be true.

The confidence of the prisoner on hearing this entirely deserted him, and he sank down on the floor as though he were a mere heap of clothes. A chair was brought, into which he was lifted; and as soon as he had recovered his senses a little, the medical men were recalled and sworn anew, and gave evidence in confirmation of what had been stated by the judge. The jury again retired, but the impression seemed general that they must find the prisoner guilty. Their deliberation was very short, and merely turned on the question whether they should admit extenuating circumstances, which, after a few minutes' consultation, they decided in the negative. They then returned to the box, and delivered their verdict of Guilty, and the judge passed sentence accordingly. At this very instant, I can imagine I see the convict's face on the paper on which I am writing as he looked round the court at the audience. Nothing but un pitying looks met his in whatever direction he turned his head. Ladies who must have often listened to his flatteries

with pleasure, for he had a reputation for gallantry, now regarded him scornfully. 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 crash 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 1838, there was born, at a little out-of-the-way hamlet in Dumbartonshire, 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 rivulet—the Luggie—he 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 lived 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 sufficient to employ 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—considering its capabilities—was worked as few have been. It is sometimes made subject of regret that the brains of professors of literature are not oftener suffered to lie fallow; 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 hurtful 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 such, 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 a minister of the Free Church, to which denomination he belonged. 'At fourteen, he was accordingly sent to Glasgow, where, supporting himself to a considerable extent by laborious tuition, first as pupil-teacher in a public school at Bridgeton, 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 shewn to be by no means in the direction of dogmatic theology; his sermons he found in stones, 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 periodical. 'This,' writes Gray, 'is the third note with which I have attempted to preface 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 raving of a restless spirit—the spasmodic mawkishness of a "metre-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 of any 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 Shakspeare, 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 genius, such arrogance as this would have been unparadonable.

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

'With jealousy 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 Disraeli; 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 there. 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 endureth; but Mr Milnes was naturally much dismayed. The eloquence 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 his verse some genial criticism.

There are many things sad enough to read of in this interesting biography,\* but the acts of considerate kindness shewn to the subject of it by some of those to whom he applied for help, shine out like stars in darkness. They never got weary of him, although it is impossible to deny that their protégé was impracticable 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 what 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. Editors persistently reject that pastoral poem of his of one thousand lines. *The Luggie* has been immortalised so far as manuscript goes, but it cannot be got into print. Doubtless he thought that 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 blithely 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 sure deceive me;  
But when belief made doubting vain,  
Alas, the sight did grieve me.  
For twice to-day I heard the cry,  
The hollow 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?

\* *The Luggie and other Poems*. By David Gray, with a Memoir by James Hedderwick, and a Prefatory Notice by R. M. Milnes, M.P. Macmillan.

O why within that solitude  
Was I thus blindly overbold?  
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 describes 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 dullest 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 flare  
Of leaden purple, as the rumbling wains,  
Each with a plough light-laden—while behind  
Trotted a horse sleek-combed and tail bedight  
With many-coloured ribbons—by our home  
Went downwards to the rich fat meadow-grounds  
Bounding the Luggie. Many a herd of beeves  
Dew-lapped had fattened there, and headlong oft  
O'er the hoof-clattering turf they wildly ran,  
Lashing with swinging tail the thirsty 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 by the bleak hillside  
Lonely, these twenty had themselves inured  
And stubborn to perfection. Many a touch  
And word of honest kindness had been used  
To the dear faithful horses *smoothing* 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 unrefusing; while behind,  
All ready stripped, brown brawny arms displayed—  
Arms sinewed by long labour—eager swains  
O'er-leaning slight, with cautious wary hold  
The plough detain. At the commencing sign,  
A simultaneous noise discordant tears  
The air thick-closing to a hazy damp.  
Sudden the horses move, and the clear yokes,  
Well polished, clatter. With an artful bend,  
The gleaming coulter takes the grass, and cuts  
The greenly teded blades with nibbling noise  
Almost unheard. The smooth share follows fast;  
And from its shining slope the clayey glebe  
In neat and neighbouring furrows sidelong falls.  
Thus till the dank, raw-cold, and unpurged 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 exultant. Others, slow  
Their reeking horses harnessed, lag along  
Heart-sad 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 unrecognised, 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 lark itself to him was but as a sick-room comforter.

O Laverock!—for thy Scottish name to me  
Sounds sweetest—with unutterable 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 duncock's nest together in the hedge,  
With smooth blue eggs in cosy 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, prelibation of divine  
Enjoyment, union exquisite of soul,  
How many blessings do I owe to thee,  
How much of incommunicable woe!  
The daisies bloom among the tall green blades  
Upon his grave, and listening you may hear  
The Bothlin 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, Bothlin 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  
Curtained the panes in silent ministry,  
Sing old Scotch ballads full of love and woe,  
While the assimilative snow fell white and calm  
With ceaseless lapse. And I have seen thee dance  
Wild galliards with the buxom 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 songs  
The music and the words ring in my ears,  
*Then Lowland Lassie 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 Merklund—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

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

Life was now ebbing from the poor lad from day to day, and yet he never ceased to write. He composed a series of sonnets, entitled *In the Shadows*, which are unique in their way—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 superfluity, since his own end is drawing so nigh:

Impatient questioner, soon, soon shall death  
Reveal to thee these dim phantasmata 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 love me.' Who could resist such a tender appeal as this, since in gratifying the poor lad now, there could be no sort of harm. He was wending fast whither the critics cease to trouble, and where neither ill-nature 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 a lovely place of sepulture, 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 to 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 Inner and Middle Temples. 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 they 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 counsellors, 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, may, without being called to the bar,

obtain permission from the benchers to practise '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 also 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 an Inn, it must be observed 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 gentleman 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. Previously to his keeping any of the terms requisite for his call to the bar, he must deposit with the treasurer of the Inn the sum of L.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 two years' 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 'commons,' 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. Where such member is at the same time a member of the universities of Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, London, or the Queen's University in Ireland, 'terms' are '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 attended with beneficial 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 L.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 dainty fare. At certain periods, there is what is called a 'grand day,' when an extra course is provided for the students; 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 the doors remain open till 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 barristers 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, the duties of the readers being to deliver lectures on 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. Attendance during one whole year at the lectures of two of the readers, or having satisfactorily passed a public examination, renders a student eligible to be called to the bar. These examinations are held three times a year, and are conducted by at least two members of the Council of Legal Education, jointly with the five readers. The examinations consist both of oral and printed questions. If a student be so unfortunate as to be 'plucked,' he may present himself at any number of examinations, until he shall have obtained a certificate of having honourably passed.

It is usual for students, while keeping their terms, to enter the chambers of special pleaders, equity draftsmen, or conveyancers, in order to obtain some experience in the actual practice of the law.

The ceremony of calling to the bar varies somewhat in the different Inns; it will be sufficient for our purpose if we describe that adopted by Gray's Inn. When the student has conformed to the prescribed regulations, he gives a notice to the steward of the Inn of his intention to be called to the bar; his name and description are then hung up on a screen in the dining-hall for at least a fortnight during term-time, and likewise in the halls of the other three Inns. A certificate of his qualifications must also be drawn up, and examined, and, if found correct, signed by two benchers. The necessary qualifications are: that the student has kept the requisite number of terms, is of full age, has attended the necessary number of lectures, or has satisfactorily passed a public examination, and that he is possessed of a chamber in the Inn, or has paid a fine of L.20 in lieu thereof. The student then presents his petition to be called, and produces the certificate of his qualifications, which are read at a pension of at least five benchers; and if proposed by a bencher, and no objection appears, he is at the next, or at some succeeding pension, called before the benchers, who cause the oaths of allegiance and supremacy (or if he be a Roman Catholic, the oath for that purpose) to be administered to him; he is thereupon called to the bar, and becomes a barrister. The fees payable on that occasion vary in the different Inns from L.40 to L.50, and there is a stamp of L.50 upon the admission to the degree of a barrister. A bond, called a 'bar bond,' with surety conditioned for the payment of all dues, and such like sums of money, is signed by every member of the four Inns on being called to the bar.

The benchers may, for a variety of reasons, refuse to call a member to the Inn, but they very rarely do so. The last important case of refusal was that of Mr Daniel Whittle Harvey. If, however, they should

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 'screening.' 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 23. 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 attend the latter, nor does any one who is or has been either her Majesty's attorney or solicitor-general, attend the former, unless specially retained. Of those who do attend circuit, a large proportion never receive 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.

On the day appointed for taking the degree, the treasurer 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 her 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 coif.' 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 defer 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 coif, the serjeant presents to each of the chief-justices and the chief-baron a ring with a motto engraved thereon. A serjeant's full dress is 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

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 mentioned 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 L.3, 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 remarked 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 briefs considerably reduced in number.

There are seventy-two special pleaders and conveyancers 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. Altogether, 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 important, 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 gratuitously 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.

#### 'SOLVUNTUR TABULÆ.'

Do you remember how the sun—the setting sun—would sadly 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,  
Embosomed 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 uprises slow 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!

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 449.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 whilst 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 'caviare 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 hideous 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-shows. 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 knead 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 fattest 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 triumvirate 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 strenuous 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 Islington. The former is a locality which the aristocracy are unquestionably less accustomed to visit than the Second Cataract of the Nile, but the latter is a *terra incognita* 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 refreshments at, the Angel at Islington. Yet, cabinet ministers and their wives, and bishops (not of Bond Street), and hundreds of ladies and gentlemen of title and high degree, betook themselves, in a certain week in June, to this unknown district, in order to see a Dog-show.

The Islington Agricultural Hall, in which this exhibition was held, is, as regards the exterior, 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—*extrait de canaille*, 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-bass was incessant; nor could the singer of highest note in the vocal scale have beaten, in respect to shrillness at least, the white terriers. A couple of these, in parti-

cular, 'Highly Commended' by the judges, but apparently far from satisfied with that award, never ceased, with red eyes and quavering voice, to impugn the justice of the decree which had deprived them of a silver medal. Aristocratically contemptuous of such complainers lay the King Charles's spaniels, each upon its little cushion, and with scarlet ribbons in its 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 common with the majority of the dogs exhibited, were *bond fide* for sale; but where such sums as L.1500, and even L.2000, were affixed to any animal in the catalogue, it might be concluded that the owner did not wish to 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 their own possession.

Scarcely less delicate than the King Charleses 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 in glass-cases—looking rather stuffed—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 luxuriant-coated lady-dog ever known in England, whose tresses were thirteen and a half inches in length. In curious contrast to these were their insufficiently clothed neighbours, the toy-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 an aspen leaf, and occasionally emitting a Liliputian snap, like the closing of a *portemonnaie*. 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 continuous duodecimo snarl: 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 been served up at mandarins' tables. The poodles, too, shivered miserably in the cold shade of the English aristocracy; and the Egyptian dogs—half rat 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 *comme il faut*—taken assiduous 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 tomtits as game. There were numbers of some nameless extra-foreign classes, upon whose ancestors it would have puzzled Mr Darwin himself to pronounce for certain, but all seemed 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

\* These were certainly in a melancholy condition, but the objection lay in his advanced age, which his teeth too positively indicated. With respect to pigs, by the by, it was observed in my hearing by more than one fashionable visitor, that the fatter the pigs were the less hair they had, and therefore the more obtrusively pink were their complexions. A question therefore arises, which may never have occurred to the agricultural mind by reason of its familiarity with this phenomenon: Is there, then, only a certain amount of hairs provided for each pig, so that the greater its superficialities, the more sparse the hairs? 'We pause for a reply.'

intellect 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 truculent 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 Prometheus 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 Wilds of Whitechapel*.

The deer-hounds\* moaned, and even barked as they slept, hunting, doubtless, in their dreams, upon the heathery hills. It must have been sad for Gelert (two grand dogs were so named), with his heart in the Highlands, to wake and find his body in Islington. The offspring 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 exhibited 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 Newfoundlands were perfect miniatures of papa and mamma.

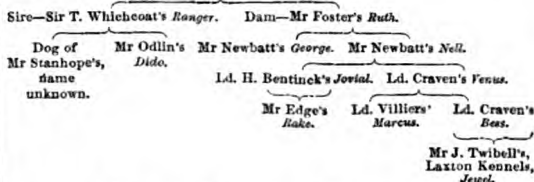
It is not too much to say, that very few human Sovereigns have ever looked so majestic as did the blood-hounds. These are unquestionably the hereditary aristocracy of the canine race, and their impassive magnificence is just what the folks who are anxious to appear 'well connected' are always striving after. They are not very intellectual, indeed; but then there is no necessity for it. Nature has set her coroneted seal upon them (which she sometimes omits 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 Sir Edwin Landseer for his portrait, at the especial 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 that exhibition on its shilling-days. What an idea of the importance of sporting-dogs in England

\* There were two smooth-coated deer-hounds, a very rare kind, specimens of which, I believe, are only to be found in Eastwell Park, where they are used for separating the deer from the herd.

would the following pedigree (extracted from the pages of this catalogue) of a mere pointer afford to a foreigner.

Exhibitor: W. G. T. Newton, Esq., Ranceby Lodge, Sleaford, Lincolnshire. Breeder: T. H. Foster, Esq., Sleaford. *Ranger*. Age 3 years 11 months. L.1000.



Conceive the astonishment of this ancestral animal if he could be informed that there are countries so savage 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 'is 'ed, and vich is '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. There was 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 indomitable 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 metempsychosis 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 to 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 setters, with beseeching eyes, were here too, and the spaniels wishing to make friends with anybody, and the glorious Newfoundlands, 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 species, with the St Bernards, and with the blood-hounds; 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



collected together, and accommodated so conveniently both for themselves and the public. This enormous raw material for hydrophobia has been dismissed without any occurrence of that malady; but if the evil had not been averted, it would certainly not have been for any want of such deterrent and remedial agents as bark and wine, 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 civilisation 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 porticos, to the mansion, roomy and fair to view, and even to the cottage, with blossomed creepers clinging to its eaves and rustic porch. The earlier steps in this grand primeval 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 drawbacks 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 hankering after comfort and luxury could be gratified, a tremendous toll had to be paid. Despotism, proud and jealous priesthoods, haughty castes of born rulers, 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 Fellaheen. There, some rapture of devotion, perchance some superstitious freak, bore fruit in the shape of a huge temple, spreading over whole acres of ground its massy 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 new channels, hills levelled, cities transplanted. All these tremendous labours, with which Rollin and Gibbon astound 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 mountainous bulk might give shelter to Pharaoh's sarcophagus, or bear Pharaoh's name. They dwelt in hovels, that Diana's temple might be radiant with translucent marbles; that the columns might be of whitest alabaster; the floor glimmering 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, ever-active Greeks soon surpassed their Egyptian schoolmasters; and petty as were the houses of Athens, they were far superior to those of the Nile valley. All along that immemorial 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 these, the Athenian dwellings, which were built of stone, and on a regular plan, were commodious abodes, ill as we should relish their comfortless little sleeping-cells, their contracted limits, 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 inborn passion for the beautiful. While 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 the 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 Romans all, boastful of Trojan or Latian descent, scornful of all that was Greek, and given to rail at every new-fangled alteration. But luxury made its way. The Romans, like the Greeks, had one immense advantage over the slavish subjects 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 quarries of many generations. To erect a pyramid or a Babel-tower, at the price of hetacombs of human lives, would have seemed silly waste to the practical mind of the Roman. Dykes he built, indeed, theatres, colleges, 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 unlade 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 Quirites, often used as a fort in 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 other dwelling in Western Asia. They united the prettiness of Greek decoration with a certain grandeur of proportions and amplex 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, Herculaneum. 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 Baia and Salerno. The Roman pattern for a gentleman's house, such a house as harboured poets, historians, and magistrates, was elaborate enough. It had its entrance-hall and vestibule, its guest-chambers, its atrium, where stood the statues of the owner's ancestry, the Lares 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 ostentatious coffer of bronze was presumed to hold the family treasure. Within were the numerous rooms devoted to banquets and social intercourse; here a bower for summer use, unroofed and open to the blue sky; there a snug hall, warmed by a hypocaust underneath, and a bakehouse next door. There were gardens, there were fountains, there were pavilions, private suites of rooms, statues in the niches, lampreys in the pond, corn-mills,

granaries, mosaics, walls gorgeous 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 to jewellers, tailors, barbers. The magnates of Rome were not above turning a penny in that way. Their sumptuous dwellings bore a slight resemblance to the Parisian 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, spouting fountains, statues in precious material, and of exquisite workmanship, Tyrian curtains, rich stuffs, Ionic or Corinthian pillars—but we should not have understood that public, open-air, shifting existence which the Quirites led, changing from arbour to pavilion, from pavilion to heated chamber, according to the weather; and we should gasp for breath in the airless, cramped cubacula 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, at once taught our rude forefathers what men might do, and egged them on to exertion by the sense of shame and the love of emulation. A dark day came—dark, at least, to the rose-crowned revellers of the dying empire—when the Goth 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 osier-work, mere Brobdingnag beehives, smeared with clay, or draped with hides. But the great Germanic and Scandinavian tribes had an ideal which was only attained in the abodes of their kings and chieftains. The commonalty dwelt in misshapen hovels, but Arderic and Amalric, Hengist and Harfager, had palaces. These were long, low-roofed wooden edifices, propped by innumerable pillars, which pillars were but the slim shafts of young pine-trees, around whose stems, on feast-days, the northern maidens twined green boughs and the simple flowers known to them. When the Goths were lords of the cultured provinces of conquered Rome, with quarries 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 plied to some purpose, the feathery shafts of the pine-tree were artfully simulated in marble of Carrara and Numidian porphyry; corbel and gurgyle, 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 shewn some strange results of progress, but must have left the palm to Europe. At that time, Persia, an overgrown monarchy, 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 then 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 devised more than one easily shifted means of shelter. In summer, his camp was like a silvan fair, every house being a booth of green boughs; in spring and autumn, he cowered under a smoky tent of horse-hide; and in winter, his women at least lived luxuriously in a wooden hut on wheels, the prototype of our gipsy caravans. The Chinese, whose very

cleverness seems more like instinct than reason, built his houses as he builds them still, on one particular pattern, handed down from nomadic ancestors. The tent was the true home of the Mongol, and so the Chinese made his house a shapeless aggregate of tents. From the emperor's yamun to the hovel of the pedler, the same type prevailed; in one case, there were gilded pilasters, porcelain roofs, horrid with dragons, and gay with roses, curtains of silk, floors and panels of marble, mother-of-pearl, agate; in the other, but bamboos and plaster; yet always the same tent.

India, previous to the Mohammedan conquest, could boast but little architecture. The Gentoo races with which Alexander's soldiers made acquaintance were more prone to toil at cave-temples than at fine houses; they lived in dwellings of very cheap and destructible material; nor were their cottages so neat as those of the Indo-Chinese nations of the Eastern Archipelago, whose trim platforms, shadowy roofs, clean chambers, and rustic elegance, have in them something almost theatrical. A large portion of the Egyptian people were Troglodytes, and knew no home but caves in the sandstone cliffs; and the same may be said of several tribes in Stony Arabia. These cave-dwellers have always been found at the bottom of the social scale—greedy, grossly ignorant, and hard to manage. In fact, it is not good for man to run wild. When he does so, and needs no house but a burrow or a hollow tree, he is sure to exhibit some of the worst qualities of his dubious cousins, the gorilla and baboon. Arabia had a few towns of wood and sun-dried brick, but the Arab's darling home was the tent of goats' hair or camel-hair. This portable home kept him free, while the peasantry of cultivated provinces could call nothing their own, and to this day the Bedouin has no name for a house but 'stone tent,' 'tent of bricks,' and so on.

Deep in the interior of Africa there existed several nations of Ethiopia and Abyssinia, perfectly capable of building a plain house in stone. But stone was only used for the dwellings of great men; the bulk of the population availed themselves of the cheapest and most accessible materials, and throughout West and South Africa, even kings had no better palace than a magnified hut of timber. Europe, outside the charmed circle of the corrupt but enlightened Empire, was not much ahead of Africa, and certainly far behind those parts of Asia which had been reached by the Greek influence and polished by the Greek taste. An Anglo-Saxon house, at the time of the piratical Danish wars, was probably superior to anything to be found in Ireland, Wales, or Scandinavia; and yet, even when it belonged to athane, it was but a huge oaken barn, with a number of small sleeping-cells, furnished scantily, opening on a hall that contained little but an enormous table, some benches and stools, a raised dais and canopy, a floor heaped with rushes, and a great central fire, that filled the low-roofed apartment with pungent wood-smoke and glowing heat. If an upper story existed, it was either a loft, appropriately reached by a ladder, or it was a turret, to which there were two ways of access, according to the fancy of the builder. There was the stone turret stair, winding round in sharp spirals, and up which an enterprising person might squeeze a way with some trouble; and there was the external stair of wood, fixed to the outer wall of the house, and lashed by rain and wind. If such were the houses of athelings and aldermen, what were those of the majority of Saxons, of Gurth and Sigbert the swineherds, of Wyberty the smith, and Harold the carpenter? They were mere hovels of unbarked 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 enemies almost annually—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 charred 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 furnished a boat-load 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 householder 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 never 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 slab 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, darkling under ground, we see the thick, dwarfish 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 minster and abbey, 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 fights 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 their 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 attained dimensions, hitherto undreamed of, 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, carved in filigree tracery, and blushing in a rainbow of dyes, such foliage and flowers, monsters and demons, saints and angels, as load the pinnacles and twine about the columns of the piles 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 haughty devices over his gate, and built him a banquet-hall 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 fellows, had to stick much longer to turf hovels, huts of rough stone, or cottages of the Devonshire 'cob;' but the farmer and the burgher presently desired something snuggler and more tasteful than the smoky wooden huts of the past generations, 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 hidalgos of Castile, yet lived in houses built of sticks and dirt. This style, of which the envoy of the Catholic king spoke so scornfully, was what is known as the 'half-timbered.' It is eminently picturesque. Many old houses in provincial cities, together with a few rustic cottages, still shew their motley fronts of black and white, having braved fire and decay for three centuries at least. But the half-timbered houses were easily consumed by fire; they must have been frail concerns, or the aldermen of London would hardly have been provided with hooks and chains for pulling down any fraudulent dwelling that encroached on the roadway, and Erasmus found much to blame in the tenements of the citizens.

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 wisecracks 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 shewed that he could invent in his turn. Then 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 as to soothe the eye they dazzled, burst into being; to Arab teaching was due the snowy Tajmahal of Agra, the palace of the Moguls, and all the magnificence which decked India under the Mohammedan sway. If the Moors, in whom Arabian learning reached the highest pitch, had only known how to adorn the homes of their 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; their private dwellings were marvels of 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 when compared with the slovenly abodes of Christian Spaniards. As for the houses of the merchants and cavaliers, the numerous gentry of a Moorish kingdom, they had terraced roofs draped with welcome awnings, lofty wind-towers to catch every breath of air procurable in that sultry climate, cool upper chambers, and especially baths and fountains. The Gothic hidalgos 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-door of Greece and Rome, 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 more common than doors, and the place of bolts and locks was filled by servants who slept across their lord's threshold. Stairs were for the most part wretched constructions. 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 break-neck 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 sumpter-mules 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 cold winds. 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 wherewith to exclude sun, dust, rain, or tempest. Where glass panes existed, they were usually very small, and in the shape of that well-known lozenge 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 soldiering into the shade—did much for domestic architecture. There was an actual fury for all things classic; 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. Times 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 shining wood; to widen their doors and windows; to raise their ceilings; and to aim rather at grandeur than at strength. England did not, indeed, vie with France in copying Italy, but she regarded with favour the Tudor style of building, then new, and which was perhaps better suited to her climate and scenery than palladian porticos and Tuscan halls. Tudor archi-

ture, when on too small a scale, is apt to degenerate into caricature, and we have been unfortunately familiar with a mushroom crop of little red brick boxes, surmounted by tiny gables and Liliputian battlements, the only purpose of which seems to be the darkening of the contracted bedchambers. But a giant should not be judged by a dwarf's standard of proportions, and there are still a few noble country mansions whose peaks and projections, forests of chimneys, and huge porches, overgrown with ancient ivy, inspire anything but ridicule. Then, first of all, did our island behold those grand staircases of dark oak, with broad balustrades carved into foliage and heraldic monsters, up whose wide ascent the traditional coach-and-six might be driven. Then, too, came into being those princely galleries, lighted by a long range of tall windows, which afforded the favourite lounge of the beauties and wifings of the day.

The Dutch and Flemings had a Renaissance of their own; or perhaps it should be said, that with increased wealth they developed their own peculiar theories. They preferred cleanliness to magnificence, snugness to splendour. Their well-washed houses, with carved fronts; their tapestry; their floors (from whose porcelain tiles it was no idle boast to say the most fastidious could have eaten without scruple); their bright windows, gilded vanes, and gardens full of tulips and summer-houses, were quite their own, the products of their industry and thrift. The burgher class in Britain, both north and south, modelled their dwellings on a Netherlandish type. Never, certainly, did the insular copy soar to the same height of fanatical neatness and quaint oddity as the Low Country original; but many old houses still exhibit the carvings, the figured tiles, the windows, porches, and glazed plaster of the Flanders school.

The sorry tenements which made up the majority of dwellings were of mere lath and plaster, the cause of perpetual conflagrations, and the nests of disease; so that the Great Fire, which changed London from timber to brick, was more a benefit than a calamity. The houses built during the later Stuart reigns, and under those of the early Georges, are seldom very attractive; solid and square, of dull red brick, with rows of tall windows coped with white stone, with stone balustrades running round a terraced roof, they give an idea of dull comfort. They were better lighted than those of a century before, but they had lost the deep window-seats where students and lovers delighted to sit, and their fireplaces were degenerating from the huge proportions of the antique type.

The cottages of the poor improved but slowly, if at all. In Scotland, where stone abounded, far greater progress was made than in England; while the Irish cabin of sods and wattles continued to shelter the swarming Celtic population of Erin. In America, great progress was made; the city of New York, often new christened at a change of masters, was still overshadowed by learned Boston, gay New Orleans, and proud Richmond; but it was growing fast, and the original houses, built of bricks made in Holland, and fitted with timber grown in Switzerland, and sawn in Holland, were already eclipsed by native productions. The settlers, in many spots where now exist great commercial towns, had no better abodes than the log-hut and the block-house, which screened them from the cold of winter and the arrows of the savage. The aborigines, then, as now, had but their wooden wigwams in the forest-clothed north, their 'lodges' of bleached bisons' hide among the prairies of the south-west. On the other hand, the Aztecs of Mexico were capable, at the time of its conquest, of constructing palaces, temples, and earthen pyramids, which struck the Spaniards with wonder. The native Peruvians, again, proved admirable masons. Even Pizarro's robber-companions stopped in the work of plunder to stare at the stately

piles of hewn stone which that patient people had contrived to erect, and at the enormous extent of the public edifices. 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 swampy forests of equatorial Africa that we can find a parallel for the blacks 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 mats; and New Zealand had trim cottages 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 windows, 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 blank expanse of uninviting 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 blushing flowers, where the fountains ripple, 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 snub noses like that of Socrates, 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, arise 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 *au premier*, to the shoemaker 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 blaze 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 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 two tiers of next-floor neighbours. In bell-hanging, 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 monstrosities; of red brick jails, into which credulous tenants are seduced, and which prove to have been run up as rapidly, and on as slender foundations as Jack's fairy beanstalk; the age of 'scamped' work, reckless contracts, and cheap dwellings not meant to last. It may be objected, too, that not only are walls thin, chimneys smoky, and floors frail, but that the truths of modern science are wholly ignored, and that ventilation is as unprovided for as it was before Lavoisier analysed air, and Priestley discovered oxygen. These are evils easy of cure, and the cure is certain when every day adds to the enlightenment and prosperity of a nation. But at present, the homes of England are in the hands of worse Vandals and Goths than Genseric or Alaric, and many a paterfamilias 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 bills, pack up, and begone. Besides those habitual frequenters 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 soirées, balls, and other amusements—there is the stream of casual visitors, 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 mere staff of officials, now recall their garçons, 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 worst possible 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, that 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 an abundance of such structures, 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 finance, as on the resources of art. Seeing them to satiety, we are constantly tempted to wish that some share of genius had been left to be employed in a manner not so purely ecclesiastical. To the ten millions said to have been expended in completing St Peter's, it seems almost ungracious to take exception; for it is no small matter to produce 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 outer edge of a stretch of somewhat low ground on the right bank of the Tiber, and is so overhung 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 hemmed in with a cluster of narrow streets leading from 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 long limb of 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 the remains of St Peter were interred after he suffered martyrdom on an adjoining mount, and a church, which was afterwards erected on the spot by Constantine, having fallen to decay, the design of superseding it by a new 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 departed from, by which change the interior is certainly improved by additional length, but at the sacrifice of a full near 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 paid our first visit to St Peter's. On pushing aside the ponderous curtain which hangs in 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 thing we had ever seen in 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 the 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 create. Nor is there anything to mar the general effect. The only parts screened off for the ordinary services are the side-chapels, and the vast floor being unencumbered with pews, it may be freely perambulated from end to end; and yet, notwithstanding the almost constant thoroughfare to and fro, such is the care taken by officials, that it appears in as good order as it was at its com-

pletion two hundred and fifty years ago. Several hours may be agreeably spent in examining the more interesting details, independently of the time required for ascending to the balcony around 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 repeated visits at different times of the day; one thing being remarked with satisfaction, that on all occasions you are left to lounge about as unchallenged and unmolested as if you were in the public street.

The general resemblance between St Peter's and St Paul's, in London, has frequently provoked comparisons. Except in the single advantage of a more commanding situation, St Paul's is very inferior to St Peter's, for, to say nothing of internal appearance, it might stand inside of it; yet, though greater in height and dimensions, nowhere does the dome of St Peter's present such placid 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 Vatican, of which the principal are the Museum of Sculptures, the Gallery of Pictures, the Library, and the Studio whence have been furnished several of those large and beautiful mosaics which enrich the International 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, the picture-gallery of 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 Caesar fell,' now in the Palazza Spada; numberless figures of pagan gods, goddesses, and mythic heroes, dug 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, mendicancy 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 exaction, 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 street-sweepers acquire a species of vested interest in a crossing, so, I apprehend, do the beggars of Rome establish a monopoly of particular stations. During the whole 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 connived at, and also receive a certain encouragement from the example of begging-friars. In the dress of their order, these idlers are permitted to stand occasionally in the outer lobbies of hotels, where, with imploring 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 condition. 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 long ages of misgovernment, 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 donations for the most trifling services, or for no services at all. To our surprise, the hand was often held out to us by persons pursuing 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 shamefully misused country.

Supply following demand, a set of miserables flock into Rome during the Holy-Week to afford an opportunity for the exercise of the graces of pious humility and deeds of benevolence. One of the sights 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 the latter, 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. On 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 tubs with warm water are brought in, and set one before each person. They now begin the operation of washing, which, performed in a perfunctory way, does not last long. The priests get their hands washed by having hot water poured on them along with the squeeze of a lemon, and 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 main from good motives, but continued to the general injury; the evil they inflict consisting not less in the demoralisation of individuals than in the diversion of the public mind from all rational plans of social amelioration. Rightly governed, no town in the world would be more free from poverty than Rome. Possessing a fine climate, a river as susceptible of improvement for navigable purposes as the Clyde, and a country around so naturally rich in fertile properties as to be unwholesome from their very exuberance, how melancholy to find this ancient and interesting city sunk in a state of chronic poverty, 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 no very general 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 idleness 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 exports as well as imports. I attempted to send a small box of prints to England through the legitimate channel of the French Messageries Impériales, which has an agency in Rome. But the package could not be received till it had been opened and examined at the custom-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 unpacked by officials, who examine and impose a duty 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 even 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 without this little piece 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. A plan to repress commerce and improvement in the mechanical arts, as well as to keep people poor, could not be more ingeniously devised.

Among the expedients 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 in 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 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 British consul to be viséed. This done, I return with it to the police-office. I am surely to get it back all right now. Not at all. I only get a licence to depart, for which, according to tariff, I pay a scudo, and I am informed I shall find my passport at 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 pass without exhibiting my departure licence. 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 satisfies the gendarme 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 landing next morning at Naples, that the passports of 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 passport 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 visitants, if not of the native population who dare not remonstrate 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 Emmanuel's government. Besides this inexcusable 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 *Galignani* 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 French, do get into Rome in spite of these proclamations, is very evident; and as that language is now generally understood, through the long occupation by the French army, it may be presumed that the inhabitants are not so ill instructed in Italian politics as some might imagine. It is but fair, also, to say for the French, that though hated as a foreign force, they are allowed to have been the cause of many useful meliorations; among which is to be numbered a system of police that gives thorough personal security.

In visiting one of the printing-offices in Rome, I found that the largest impression of any product of the press is that of lottery-tickets. Thousands were in course of being thrown off in obedience to official authority, and the profit on their sale is said to form a branch of the public revenue. I am aware that the purchasing of lottery-tickets is a general Italian weakness, for we found the system going on everywhere; but considering the spiritual character of the Roman government, I should not have expected to find the lottery flourishing so conspicuously, and on so mean a scale, under its patronage. The sale of the tickets takes place at shops throughout the town, and at a price so small as to accommodate the poorer inhabitants. The corrupting effects of this universal gambling may be said to degenerate into superstition. At a humble class of stalls, 'Keys to fortune,' or a kind of dream-books, are sold at a trifling cost. They consist of representations of common objects, such as a house, a tree, an axe, &c., to each of which there is a number from 1 to 90. When a person dreams of one of these objects, he has only to buy the number connected with it, in order to stand a good chance of a prize! In passing through a populous quarter, we accidentally saw the drawing of the lottery, which was conducted by means of a revolving glass-cylinder on the balcony of a public office, in presence of an immense and agitated crowd.

It would pain any one to see the large extent of country around Rome lying for the most part in the condition of an unenclosed dreary waste.

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, consists in 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 expend 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 methods of living and indiscreet 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, rivalling 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 seems hopeless. Can the court of Rome not see that has alienated the loyalty and affection of the people, and produced that gloomy exasperation which would 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 was a year I spent 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 couching 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.



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-sessions, and the jovial spirits—owners and superintendents of stations round the town—whom 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 weather-boarded 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 stood 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 bloomy 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 pannikin of cold tea by my side, I had seated myself in my rocking-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 tree 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 'possums *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 owners of local racers fought—Harry, the 'native' horse-breaker, who didn't understand piloting race-horses, but would sit a buck-jumper that had barely 'had the tacklings 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 stud 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 witching 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 joke-loving mounters. A pretty but lazy bay mare—a good un to look at, but a *very* bad un to go—on which had been 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 monotony 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 grinning 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 were then dried up. It was a scorchingly hot day. The locusts chattered on the trees like myriads of shipwrights hammering on the sides of iron vessels, and the tree-trunks were dotted with the ghost-like exuvia they had shed. Butterflies as broad-winged as sparrows flaunted their gold-bedropped black velvet. The mosquitoes 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 *rara aves* in Australia—paddled hither and thither in languid pride. They rose when I 'cooeyed,' and passed over my head discoursing 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 splutter, 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-companion 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 ant-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-boled or ragged-barked trees, with

leaves of the hue of a ship's copper after a long voyage, that checked the ground with a mere sham of shade. Charred, jagged stumps of trees diversified the scene, and felled trees, over which Creeping Jenny, thinking, perhaps, that it would be more trouble to go round them, mustered up energy enough to leap—generally obtaining, through her unwonted activity, an affectionate embrace from her rider, prone upon her neck. One bit of scrub the splendid crimson of the peony-like waratah glorified; about it a flock of tiny pheasant-wrens, not so big as many humming-birds, flittered and twittered. Twittered and ran, too, right and left, the beautiful little diamond sparrow of the pœcil plumage—gray and black, white and yellow, sprinkled with blood-red. The large, spotless-white and glossy-black Australian magpie flirted its head and tail, and fluted 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, puffing out his gleaming breast, and preserving his balance by flaps of the burnished wings to which he owes his name, as, swaying on a branch, he pecked at a wild cherry clasped beneath his claw. King-parrots, looking, notwithstanding the dignity of their name and the splendour of their hues, somewhat flunkey-like in their green coats and red vests and breeches; flocks of blue-mountainers, that 'seemed to a fanciful view' shreds 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-poll rosellas, with variegated bodies like charged palettes, chatting and pecking on the ground; ground paroquets, green paroquets, and lovely little budgereeghas—birds that seem almost too delicately graceful for this world, strays from Fairy 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. Lithe little lizards, with glittering eyes and scales, basked, scampered, and peered on the charred or sun-cracked ash-gray logs. A great brown fellow lazily raised himself on a trunk I was going to leap, and opening his ugly gulf of a mouth, literally made faces at my startled mare. A far bigger one, a hideous iguana, scuttled up a gum-tree, when the sound of Jenny's hoofs disturbed his day-dream. I always thought of a crocodile in a consumption, or a crocodile's wraith, when I saw an iguana. There was something very uncanny in the look of the big-mouthed, long-tailed, desiccated reptile watching your movements with its inscrutable un-winking gaze.

A canter 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 slab-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 hovel. Very proud to think that I had done so, 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 been transported for poaching, but who at the 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 me for an umpire. A water-melon which he had brought to the hut, had, in conjunction with some rum (also of his importation), proved the apple of strife. Paddy having 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 'shuprioritee' 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 praties.' 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. 'Thin, what can the loikes of shush as you know about Oireland?' he triumphantly exclaimed, recovering good temper enough to receive my message. I, in return, was commissioned by the Yorkshireman to 'tell t' measter' that a calf of his had been killed by 'ould Grab-an'-hookit,' a notorious native dog, which had long baffled the Yorkshireman's destructive skill; but that the robber, kenspeckle 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's hours were numbered.

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 superintendent from a carouse 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 the shape of a Dutch cheese, led Jenny off to the stables. In a minute or two, I had been introduced to the other chance-visitor, and was seated in a darkened room before a table littered with pipe-ashes and cheroot stumps, and laden with a porous-clay 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 tittle 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 squatting districts. 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 lasso of it, he had noosed 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 at a far-off station in the course of a 'propagation' tour amongst white heathens, this swarthy young 'native' gentleman of the bronzed, battered 'cabbage-tree' appeared to consider a display of humour by the side of which Theodore Hook's best Doings as well as Sayings would look poor indeed. Now, it is by no means unpleasant to hear of tricks played on others, but it is not so satisfactory

to suspect that the narrator intends, if possible, to perpetrate them upon yourself. From the assiduity, however, with which my native friend urged me to drink and to mix 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 shewed me, too, that I must expect rather hindrance than help from him in resisting the 'rise' 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 my host 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 saucily at English milk-soppishness. 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 trotted toward the crossing-place, I discovered the reason of this quiet: in the narrowest part of the hollowed road leading down to the creek, through which Creeping Jenny 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 tipsy wrath 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 from my tormentors greeted 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, dyeing a distant range of hills in gold-and-silver-shot *mauve*. A flock of cockatoos flecked 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 serrated their sulphur crests, and shewed the sulphur plumage beneath their wings, as, with harsh complaint, they sulkily 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, looking very much like an empty porter-bottle, and making me long for a draught of Guinness's stout. A nankeen crane, looking exceedingly clean, and cool, and West-Indian-planter-like in his suit of pure yellow, stalked and croaked 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. The evening darkened rapidly. The gray night-jar flitted about me, clamouring for 'more pork! more pork!' but feasting on the huge night-moths, which also flitted around me on wings not more noiseless than those of their destroyer. The weird-looking flying-fox dropped from a high branch on its broad vans, almost brushing Jenny's nose. I heard but could not see the opossums scampering up and down the gum-trees. Their boles loomed uncertainly out of the eerie gloom which seemed to steam 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 distance. I steered towards it, but found myself cut off from it by a gully, down which Jenny refused to go. In vain I cooeyed; 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 slipping my arm through the bridle, since I had no hobbles, to prevent Jenny from straying, I stretched my weary limbs upon a dry hillock, and looked between the dusky branches up at the Southern Cross and the other golden globes floating in a sea of molten, intermingled pearl and jet. I fell asleep, but soon was awakened by Jenny's jerkings. Some half-dozen times this occurred, but at length 'deep sleep' came upon me. This eventually was troubled by a dream. Hanging from the sky, with anvils hanging from her heels, I saw Hera. A cord broke, and an anvil fell upon my breast, whilst the fragment of rope was changed into a boa-constrictor, and crushed me in its coils. I awoke struggling—fruitlessly, as a man, kneeling on me, informed me with an oath. He had securely pinioned me, and very coolly proceeded to rob me. He took my watch and chain, and the pound or two I had in my pockets; my boots, too, he pulled off, and put on his own feet, quietly remarking: 'Exchange is no robbery, mate,' as he flung towards me a worn-out pair of his own. Next, he lugged me to a tree, and there securely 'bailed' me 'up.' Then he caught, saddled, and mounted my mare—I could make her out dimly trotting round and round, and tripping herself up with the dangling bridle—and kindly advising me to keep my pluck up, crashed away through the scrub. A facetious felon certainly! Half-scared, half-savage though I felt, I could scarcely refrain from laughing at a Free Lance who was also so free and easy. In vain I writhed; my struggles only made the cords that bound me cut my limbs the more. Eagerly I longed for the morning, and yet half hopelessly, for might not days go by, and yet no one pass the tree to which I was tied? When I thought of this, pitiless looked the stars gazing down on me, just as they did before. At last the dawn broke, and a dissonant burst of mirth startled the stillness of the fragrant morning air. Three big, brown, gaping, laughing jackasses, clumsy wretches, comfortably seated on a leafless bough, were making a mock of my misfortune. How I hated the hideous birds for their brutal hilarity! The landscape lightened, and oh, blissful sight, I saw a man! A long, wild cooey brought the Yorkshire dingo-slayer to me,

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 'Brummagem Jim' had escaped from Cockatoo, and always expected that he would 'work back' to his old 'lay.'

The Yorkshireman himself told 't' measter' about the mangled calf. Under his guidance—passing more than one flock spreading like a fan, in front of blue-bloused 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—'Brummagem Jim' had soon wearied of so slow a steed, but of course had kept the plated bridle, and the capital colonial-made saddle; the empty saddle-bags my facetious friend had satirically strapped 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, cantered up, sober and apologetic, to the cottage wherein I sat amongst my boys, with Macaulay, 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 *Manasses* 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 *vomito* of the West Indies, the most fatal of tropical epidemics, 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 borne to the hospital, attended 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 shewn in the returns of cases in the

hospitals of New Orleans: in the Tuoro 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 shewn 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 neighbourhood. A *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 inoculation. 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 such matters, 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 reception, 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 *materies morbi* 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 pedler. Thus, a Jew pedler 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 pedler'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 pedler, 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 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 creole negress, 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 malarias 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 or 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 flood.'  
 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 destriere,  
 All dappled with the gray,  
 And splashed into the shallowing 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 laid,  
 Safe from the chilling showers.

He guarded them from wolf and boar  
 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 shivered 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.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 450.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## AULD LANG SYNE.

A MAN like myself, who has spent one half of his life among cattle and turnips, and the other half among factory wheels and omnibuses, is just the person to relish the agreeable mixture of town and country in a London suburb.

In my district (N.) we have straggling, low-roofed dwellings, with a running accompaniment of shrubbery uphill, and therefore dubbed 'Grove.' We have terraces, villas, and cottages, so called to intimate some occult difference in their fashion and situation. Many are literally embowered in foliage. The trees are mostly young, but numerous enough—slender poplars, spreading ashes, drooping elms, a few crooked oaks, and, in one case at least, a scion of the dusky race of Lebanon. Besides, there are all kinds of shrubs, holly, laurel, box, and hedges of privet, with its white blossom. Then there is the green-sward sown with bright circlets of annuals, or the hidden beauty of the place may have expressed itself strongly in hollyhocks, and the crumpled, streaky tiger-lily, or more modestly, and therefore more intensely, in the blue glow of violets. A dubious breath of odour hints of these as you walk past in the gloaming, and you stand sniff, sniffing, as if the thing could be deliberately enjoyed; as if, unlike every other requisite pleasure, it were to be held in suspense by the vulgar sense! The large seamless sheets of glass of the windows give one a constant impression of *water*. Seen through trees, the dusky gleam of these immense panes reflecting the outside railing and branches, has the same effect as a placid liquid surface. The delusion is helped by the window-flowers, of which the most prevalent is the geranium, whose intense red bloom seems to kindle the air. Among these, a girl in evening-dress glimmers rosilily through the glass like Aphrodite through the wave. Or perhaps it is a bevy of children; and that, if your memories are like mine, sets you thinking of deep coal-linns in far-away rivers, in the lucent depths of which the reflection of other children wavered. Or a window stands open, and near the vase on the table you catch a glimpse of a pretty face supported by a hand, gazing out fixedly into the thickening night, waiting, perhaps, for 'the fated fairy prince.' Or you hear a finger run rapidly along the piano keys, and a bright-winged covey of notes suddenly startled from the strings.

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 rash 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 marblets 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 purlieus 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 unaided 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,

a china saucer, and an egg. If the saucer overtook the iron ball abruptly, or the ball failed to keep a due distance from the egg, there would be a picturesque catastrophe; considering which, one looked at the perilous race of the incongruous materials with no slight uneasiness. But it not only proceeded safely, but what was more remarkable, it was brought to a stand-still safely, the ball being caught in one hand, the saucer in the other, and the egg in the saucer without being so much as chipped. It was a genuine egg, for a youthful familiar to whom it was given as a perquisite sucked it clean on the spot. The man's feat was very clever, and I gave my copper, not without wonder, however, that a human being should have been transmitted to this planet for the exclusive purpose of doing it, from which piece of spurious sentimentality this paper had its first suggestion. We are so ready to despise the pleasures we have outgrown. This poor man and his dexterous hands would, twenty years ago, have been to me a marvel of which any London boy could never dream. Twenty years ago! As I walked back homewards past the poplars and the dusky windows, haunted by piano-notes, and gleamed on by the evening planet, I tried to fancy what would have resulted from the appearance of this man in the parish of Clechnie twenty years ago. I sat down in my own window, forlorn of flowers, forlorn, alas! of pretty faces, and all my boyhood and its amusements turned up vividly in my memory, in what John Foster, in his essay *On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself*, calls one of those short intervals of illumination, which sometimes occur without our knowing the exact cause, and in which remote events and long-forgotten images are recovered with extreme distinctness, 'as the objects of a distant ridge of hills become distinctly visible in the strong gleams of light which transiently fall on them.' Following the essayist's advice to seize such an opportunity, I wrote out this:

My home was a very small farm in a remote agricultural valley on the borders of the North Highlands. My father worked the land with one pair of horses, and had enough to do to keep us alive. I had one brother and one sister. The other side of the hills was the blank end of the world to us. The only shop-window we ever saw till I was fourteen was formed of two knotted panes of glass, and had a water-biscuit and a pipe displayed in it. A stray soldier passing up the glen was a peripatetic exhibition to be followed for miles. Did we form, I wonder, any conception of the world from which this scarlet phenomenon emerged a moment to our sight and then sank back again? How gradually it has all broken on me—towns and cities, continents and seas, politics, poetry, and great exhibitions! The throbbing little sphere, its rind crawling with life and tumult, is soon launched bodily among other spheres in one's imagination; but the juvenile mind is incapable, I fancy, of taking in more than a valley and a few hills at a time. That was our world, at all events; and the only thing in it worthy of special notice by us was our holiday, *Auld Handseil Monday*, usually held on the second Monday of the year. Though it occupied only one day, its influences, both in the form of anticipations and remembrances, shot through half the year. We anticipated its delights with an unconditional confidence which is as natural to children as it is impossible for the more mature. The uncertainty of all things not actually accomplished did not in the least qualify our hopes.

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 irrecoverably lost. Fresh hangings of, I remember, a curious zebra pattern, were put upon the bed. The stone floor was scoured so clean that 'you might take your porridge off it,' as my mother was wont to remark. A broad fillet 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 shoeblack need hope to emulate the dazzling gloss of these jambs 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 had for heart a radiant mass of coal with flaming accessories of wood. On the hob, the *sonsie* kettle cheerfully invited attention to its new polish, looking like some honest creature with its ebon face newly washed. Cheek by jowl with it, a big-bellied pot looked conscious of some rare secret remotely connected with sheep's 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 enchanted 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 bred 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 touch of his hand! In later years, 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 happy morning everything in the shape of thought, fancy, or sensation was not only alive, but believed itself immortal.

Oftenest we were simultaneously aroused 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 bloodshed! The door being unbarred, straggling bands came and went till daylight. Commonly, two or three persons were in company. Being obliged to drink prosperity to 'the fireside' of every house they entered, it happened, as the rule, that most of them, foolish fellows! were incapable of rational enjoyment after breakfast. They all carried raw, harsh whisky. 'The pure *akwe veece* wouldna harm an infant,' one would argue, as a reason why my father should not make faces at a thimbleful. If the precious liquid overflowed the glass, or was spilled in any way, be sure some wit would be ready to caution the rest against 'skailin' the mercies, for he would rather see the end o' the kirk fa'in in!' That was a perennial joke. What a muddle of talk and compliments! What a perversion of good friendly feeling! There was a perpetual foolish shaking of hands, a perpetual murmur of 'Your health, I wus, Tammas; and yours, mistress; the bairns!' Some gay deceiver of a *halfin*, 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 grown up a bit. The same garrulous youth would turn to me, and inquire if I thought I might, in course of time, 'fill my father's bonnet.' Another, taking a poetical licence, would declare I was a chip of the old block, and no mistake. Another, of maturer years, would lay his hand on my head, and benevolently wish that I might 'be a man like my grandfather, auld Tammas Buckle.'

We juveniles were always impatient for four o'clock. At that hour, we had our first sumptuous meal, consisting of a huge basin 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 foretaste of breakfast, we boys were allowed to go out for the purpose of burning our flambeaux. With a delirious sense of freedom which I have never experienced under any subsequent circumstances, we plunged out into the winter morning, though it were ever so stormy. Our torches were made of old sackcloth, oakum ropes, or soiled tow dipped in tar. Having got them fairly ablaze under the shelter of the cart-shed, away we screamed like little demons, with our burning brands over the country. Perhaps the snow was a foot deep, its *reflet* making a ghastly 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. Over the snow, under the stars, or through pitchy blackness, our torches sped like a species of smoky comet in a widely parabolic orbit. Now and again, a fragment, detaching from the main mass, dropped from its sphere to burn a hole in the snow, and get quenched for its pains. Being joined by apparitions similar to ourselves at various stages,

we scoured the country round, and shook our lurid terrors at the windows of the houses, and were especially gratified when some infantine screams rewarded our efforts. There was a large village some ten or twelve miles from our place, where the torch-bearers on this morning divided into two hostile divisions—'the headiers' and 'the footiers'—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 affected us much. Our musketry consisted of several superannuated keys, large-barrelled stable-door keys, with a touch-hole filed in them. We had also one light 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 middle. For a couple of hours 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 amusement. 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 lighted piece of orange cotton; 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 ridiculous 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 expected 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 *handsel*. 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 sunshine pervades the air, and sets the icicles 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 envired with a liberal depth of linen spread over his shoulder—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 manse, which high garden-walls keep a profound secret on ordinary occasions; to thatched cottages glittering with a fringe of icicles; to the tollman's, whose house we always absurdly overrated, from the ostentatious Swiss style in which it was built. If we are followed inside these dwellings, everything will be found cheery and pleasant. The gudewife, in a clean white cap with highly ornamental lappets, welcomes us with a kindly 'Come awa', bairns!' and we take seats, trying 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 notice it with that peculiar click, clicking of the tongue which is the sign of inarticulate admiration; or holding a blushing nymph at arm's length, she may even ejaculate: 'My certie!' or 'Bless me!' or 'What a braw leddy!' or the like. 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-bun, 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, to the utter dismay of the unserved, 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 on that day, if at 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 seniors. *Keen* 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, denunciations, and miscellaneous remarks have to be bawled across 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 stones or our own 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, and is 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 ettled, at ony 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 peculiarly 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 exhilarating 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 out. I aimed so long that 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-prize kettle by a hairbreadth. This 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 good eye and a steady 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, virgin-white short-gown, and drugged 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, trampling blankets in a tub by the barn-side on spring mornings. Every variety of their features, every shade in the colour of their eyes, as well as the minutest particulars respecting their wearing-apparel, are catalogued in song. These were the *bonnie lasses* which have distracted so many sensitive bards—Burns and his legions of followers. They, however, looked poor scarecrow caricatures of their neat and tidy everyday selves, in the holiday flutter of ribbons, and glitter of elaborately wrought brooches and other filigree. Even then, I could detest their long peaked stomachers, and the gaudy overloading of their head. Then we had the neighbours' wives, particularly Betty Muckle, who, without exaggeration, was nineteen stone, and presented her spouse a baby of exactly the same (maximum) size every year. It was her place to open the dancing as partner to the blacksmith, six feet high, chiefly in legs. The second couple would probably be Maggie and some full-blown clerk or draper come down from Edinburgh or Glasgow to spend this immemorial holiday with the old folks. To us who had known him in corduroys and spread-out collars, this gentleman in black, with rigidly erect linen, was an object of no small envy, not to say wonder. The imperial fashion in which he could give away pennies! The fine style of speech he had acquired! 'It's wonderfu' how they learn to *spike* in thae toons,' Betty Muckle would observe, apropos of this.

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 Alick. In the agonies of quick reel-time, Alick'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 gentle spirit he was then! It might be *Bonny Doon* or it might be *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 were leaned on some leal bosom.

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,  
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,

in a mazy tangle, which stretched from eight o'clock

at night till four or five the next morning. There were few pauses, and these for the most part were mere pretexts for allowing partners to kiss each other publicly, which was always done to a shrill imitative accompaniment on the first string of the fiddle. Last came the *White Cockade*, a peculiar final piece, the plan of which begun with one person and a pocket-handkerchief, and, gradually developing, absorbed the whole company, one by one. On a hint from the music, they 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 our 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 use by the Philharmonic Society, there is a difference of *forty-six vibrations per second*. 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, 522; that recommended by the Society of Arts is C, 528; Messrs Broadwood's medium pitch is C, 534; and the present Opera and Philharmonic pitch is C, 546, but, as the Opera directors acknowledge no standard at all, and as the causes that have raised the pitch hitherto are still acting, there is nothing to prevent the pitch of the Opera from being raised yet considerably more.

It is easy to shew the ill consequences of this uncertainty; one instance, but a striking one, will suffice. Performers on the concertina finding, from experience, how much orchestras vary in pitch, provide themselves, when going 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* is attained by increased 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 clarinet, 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 that 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 taxes unfairly, 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, or between 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 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 in 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 (32-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) at sixty-four 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. Now, assuming as the simplest 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 the 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, 518), 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 a pitch so near it (C, 522), as apparently to warrant its utility. On the authority, then, of both practice and theory, a pitch of C, 512 would seem to be the most appropriate.

On grounds of abstract propriety, 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 musical instruments. A change from the present Philharmonic or Opera pitch (C, 546) to the theoretical pitch would have involved a sudden lowering of nearly a semitone. Such a change could not 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 measure, 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 a congress of German 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, 264; 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 its 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 *beats* will be exhibited; that is, a wobbling sound like a very gentle *tremolo* will be heard. The cause of the beats is thus explained. In the sharper fork, the vibrations will be a very little more rapid than in the flatter one. If we imagine 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 vibration 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 tremulous tone like that produced by a good singer, or a skilful player on the violin. This organ stop is called *voce umana*, *voix céleste*, and sometimes *unda maris* (an allusion to the wave theory, we suppose); its effect is agreeable when judiciously made.

It is surprising what very slight variations can be detected by listening for beats. We ourselves 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 forehead 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 C of the piano in unison; how can we 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 application of some well-known laws. 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 discoverer of the theory of the universe. By means of these 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 mathematician can calculate from these 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 two, 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 of the gut with the stop removed gives 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 32-foot C of the organ corresponds very nearly to thirty-two vibrations per second; and by simple multiplication, that the middle C of the pianoforte 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—the lower, fixed; the upper, movable. 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 revolving plate are bevelled at one side, 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 revolution 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 ( $C, 64 \times 8 = 512$ ). To get the number of vibrations, all we have to do 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 fulfils this part of the process.

A most elegant modification of this instrument has been invented, called the *Harmonic Sirène*. It consists of four circles of holes, instead of 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 are so arranged 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 *à priori* 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 manner 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  $337\frac{1}{2}$  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.

THE 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 doings; 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, whither 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-excursion that begins and ends with a railway journey; and, on the other hand, they fear the extortions of the cabmen; the distance to points of interest and beauty is also greatly overrated, and they shrink from pedestrian expeditions out of town, of which they would think nothing in their own neighbourhoods. Thus it happens that very many deprive themselves of the enjoyment of excursions which combine in a high degree the pleasures of town and country.

In 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 if 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 cleaving 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 mere loveliness.

'Do you know whither we are 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.'

'It is 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 that 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 contentment shall be repaid 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 multitudinous in the sweet summer air, and borne upon it came the strains of martial music, and now and then the murmur of many tongues in a sort of hushed applause. There was also another sound, almost incessant, which was new to me.

'That ping and thud which you hear,' explained the observant X, 'is the voice of the Minie bullet, which is dooming 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 lines, 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 marquees appropriated to various purposes. Some held the country rifle associations—Berks, Hertfordshire, Kent, Shropshire, &c., fluttering gaily over them in letters of gold; some were vast Refreshment-booths; some contained huge wooden stands for spectators in wet weather; 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.

'Why to Pool?' inquired I. 'Of all places, why to Pool?'

'He knows nothing, absolutely nothing,' exclaimed Y with admiration. 'Morumbidgee, you are priceless.'

Even X's elucidation was interrupted with paroxysms of mirth. 'To Pool, means to the pool-targets; those to which each marksman contributes a certain sum, and if he makes the highest score, wins the entire subscription. You have heard of pool with billiard-balls, 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 swell,' said Y); *Tickets sold at the Respective Targets; Pool; Sighting; Association Cup; Lord Spencer's Cup; St George's Vase; &c.* There was also a tent for Prize Entries with this announcement: *Rifle Derby, All Comers, Lord Vernon's*, and (without an intervening stop) *Messrs Eley's 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 expiation. How annoyed they would be if Mr Bright was to enter for their guerdon, and win it.'

'There is no fear,' observed Y dryly; 'he only shoots with the long-bow, and that at a venture. Perhaps, when you see the prizes, Morumbidgee, you yourself may be induced to try your fortune with the rifle; they are here.'

We entered 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, epergnes, silver shields for rose-

water, 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, to-day?'

'The First Stage Queen's,' said I; 'what are they?'

'Morumbidgee imagines that it is something theatrical,' cried Y; 'he believes that a *prima donna* will reward the exertions of the successful candidates!'

'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 strawberries,' exclaimed a fruit-seller at the threshold of this treasure-house; 'this-morning-gathered strawberries, gentlemen!'

'There's a Carlylism for you!' observed X.

'No, sir; they're Carolinas,' said the man. Upon this we could not refrain from buying a pottle (of which the topmast 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 a refreshment-tent. '*Captain Drake will read "Pickwick" this evening in the Scotch tent; Orchestra, Captain Mildmay*,' was inscribed over the place where we had hoped to find more material food. At last we came upon *Dinner Two and Sixpence; pay Here*, at a little pigeon-hole outside—that is to say, before we had the opportunity of seeing whether the meat was worth the money.

'What is there for dinner, waiter?' inquired I.

'Cold meat, sir—very nice cold beef, sir, and pickles. Shall I bring cold beef for three, sir?'

'We will have that presently,' observed X severely. 'Morumbidgee, you are an infant; waiter, you are a knave. First of all bring us salmon—*hot* salmon and potatoes; then lamb and pease; we will afterwards consider the cold beef and pickles, as well as that salad which you omitted to mention.'

We had indeed a most excellent luncheon—such as would have been a Lord Mayor's feast in the Bush—and I picked up my pease with the steel fork with very much more dexterity than my companions.

'It is as difficult to catch a pea with such implements as to lay hands upon a bluebottle fly,' ejaculated X.

'It is very difficult,' said Y, with the air of a man who had never tried the last experiment; 'and I have now learned for the first time why the lower orders put their knives in their mouths.'

The principal spectacle of the day was now commencing. The four public schools of Eton, Harrow, Rugby, and Marlborough had each sent its contingent of eleven apiece to contend for the Ashburnham Shield. Each school had its own volunteer uniform, and all seemed full of anxiety and *esprit de corps*. The mothers and sisters of these young gentlemen mustered also in great numbers, and their heightened colour and eager eyes not only betokened the interest they felt in the juvenile riflemen, but were also exceedingly becoming. Chairs were allotted to the ladies in the best places, to command a view of the proceedings, and behind them stood the vast throng of male spectators. The first range at which the boys were to compete was only two hundred yards, so that the hits could almost be noted without the aid of the marker's flags. These were of three colours: white, to denote 'an outer,' striking the outside division of the target, and counting one; blue for 'a centre,' counting two; and red and white for 'a bull's-eye,' counting three. The young riflemen stepped out, one by one, from their detachments, took aim with as much deliberation as they pleased, and having fired, waited with straining eyes and parted lips for the flag to appear

from behind the marker's butt. If it was a Centre, there was a murmur of 'Well done, Howe,' or 'Pier-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 'Eldon,' 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 mere "dry-bob"\* 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 Brownism 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 legislature 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 we 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 fun 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 butts of earth for twenty or thirty yards or so, and has to be shot *in transitu*. If the shooter should miss it altogether, he loses nothing; but if he 'spoils the venison' by hitting it on the haunch, the marker promptly displays a blue 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 devoted 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 whir 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 perceive that the old have not forgotten their cunning, and that the young—for whom,

\* Schools which have not the advantage of a river in their neighbourhood.

† Glen Cardigan is, for an obvious reason, the local name for this spot.

in my time "bulls-eyes" had no other meaning than mere lollipops—are learning to handle their weapons as they should,' mused I. 'I never look on yonder town and champaign, but, like a miser who gazes on some priceless jewel of his own, my mind reverts to the bolts and bars, and inquires of itself whether the blunderbuss is in working-order.'

'There are a hundred and seventy thousand blunderbusses such as these,' said X; 'and even these are nothing to what you shall see now.'

He led the way to another range where the competitors were shooting at an object which I could scarcely discern with the naked eye. This target was 800 yards away; its dimensions 12 feet by 6; its centre 6 feet square; its bull's-eye but 3 feet. Yet no man missed the target—got less than an 'outer'—while we were looking on; many got 'centres,' and not a few made 'bulls-eyes.' It was permissible in this contest for the competitors to assume any position they pleased, and certainly they availed themselves of this privilege to the utmost. Some stood, some sat, some knelt, some lay on their stomachs, and one even lay on his back.

'Look, look, Morumbidgee,' cried Y, 'here is a gentleman to please you. He patronises the inverted system, which, without doubt, is the usual one in Topsy-turvy land.'

And certainly it was a wonderful exhibition. The Volunteer in question lay on his back, placed his left arm beneath his head, hugging his weapon to his ear with the left hand, and with the barrel resting upon his left knee, fired—not into the air, as one would have supposed, and even to have 'let it off' in such a position was a feat to be proud of—but *into the bull's-eye*. Again and again, at this enormous distance, did the recumbent marksman accomplish this miracle.

'This must be witchcraft!' exclaimed I, 'that strikes what is considerably less than half a Frenchman, at eight hundred yards, from the most unpromising position that can be selected.'

'Not so,' replied X; 'this gentleman only practises what has long been a precept with men of science. Sir David Brewster for one, I think, has always recommended it. Lying on the back is said to clear the eye from all watery humours. The position, too, has the enormous advantage in actual warfare of not being exposed to the adversary's fire.'

'The monopoly of it must, however, be preserved by one side,' observed Y dryly; 'otherwise, neither would do much execution: while the spectacle of two armies on their backs, with their rifles pointed in the air, would alarm the feathered creation most unnecessarily.'

The skill of this marksman, however, admirable as it was, was outdone by several others. One Volunteer made seven bulls-eyes in succession at the 500 yards' distance. Another made five at it, and immediately afterwards, five more at a different range, thus scoring ten successive bulls-eyes.

Some of the incidents of the Wimbledon meeting, which we attended again and again, were most exciting and remarkable. For the Queen's Prize, value L.250 and a Reputation, there was a tremendous struggle. It lay at last between two competitors, A and B. A had made so good a score that if B only made 'an outer'—the target itself being scarcely visible—he would have lost. He required a centre to tie, and a bull's-eye to win. B made the bull's-eye.

In contending for a certain prize, one of the very best marksmen in Great Britain, who had made a large score, and was looking to win, got so excited as to aim and shoot at the wrong target, thus altogether throwing 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 800 yards—even to tie him. Captain Williams made the bull's-eye. They now prepared, therefore, to 'shoot off the tie.' The excitement was now 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; but upon my own account I was really glad when the match was here decided, for my knees began to knock together. Lord Bury made a centre—only two inches, it was said, below the bull's-eye, and directly in a line with it, but still only a centre, and so lost the prize.

'No wonder,' remarked X, as we drove home, well pleased, though slightly stunned, 'that foreigners should shoulder their rifles at sight of such shooting as this, and leave the *All-comers of all nations prize*\* to be contended for by the aborigines.'

'True,' said I, rubbing my hands with pardonable exultation; 'no foreigners need apply.'

Y murmured something to himself, which sounded to my sensitive ears like, 'nor any colonists either;' but he protested with much earnestness that I was mistaken.

#### AN ICE ADVENTURE.

It is now several years since, that I was returning from the survey of the north-western district of Lake Superior, my portion of the duty being finished. Winter, with its wild winds and deep snows, had already set in, and instead of the usual lake-voyage, my journey to the land of civilisation had to be performed in a sleigh. Each day I took my way over roads whose ruts the snow had filled, while my horses' bells rang gaily out through the snow-clad forest, whose pendent icicles flashed in the sun-rays like a frutige of gems; and when night came, I never failed of a welcome beneath the bark-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 fiddles 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 jested 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 footing old-forgotten dances with the rosy bride-maids, 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 unwearied revels, ushering in

\* Among the fifty-three successful competitors for this prize, there was but one alien, a Swiss.

the wedding-day. A hearty breakfast was despatched, 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 lawfully plighted before the nearest magistrate. But on 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 'parson's wedding.' My two-horse 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 trains, 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 minstrelsy.

About mid-day, we reached our destination, but we had to await the conclusion of another ceremony. It was a wedding, and the strangest I ever saw, 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 bride-maids' station in the rear, was an open-mouthed cluster of wondering juveniles, the offspring 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 then led away by their newly wedded parents, amid 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 smiled 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 pœans, and trolled old ballads of love and marriage enough to have turned Hymen-ward a whole community. But after a time there were none but the newly wedded and myself 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 expanse 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 we bowled merrily on over the wavy ice, which flashed and sparkled in a thousand blinding and gorgeous rays beneath our horses' feet; while on our left the land rose into lofty promontories, crowned with battlements of snow, or swept back into deep bays bordered with pine forests, or with vast expanses of dreary swamp, where the loon made her nest among the moss, and the water-snake lurked beneath the rushes.

At length a deep reverberation announced the tumble—a succession of foaming cascades, by which the waters of a lofty river found their way into the

lake, and whose picturesque beauty was enhanced by the long lines of glittering icicles which fringed the overhanging rocks, and the glacier-like cone of ice the 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 us on our way, and ahead was the promontory, shewing 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 asunder.

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 shattering fragments, we were in 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 discover where the danger lay, but the silvery haze baffled them, and we could only speed on blindly. At length, our horses stopped, and looking before them, we perceived 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 haply we might outstrip 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 driving rapidly out upon the lake.

What a sudden dismay came over us as we gazed at the increasing chasm no effort of ours could bridge! The bridegroom was eager to swim the space, and bear tidings to the farm; but it would only have been a 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 outline of the hills fade into the night, as they whose last sight of land it was, and with the sorrowful knowledge that the only doubt remaining on our doom was, whether we should perish miserably upon our frozen resting-place, 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 sought for in canoes, and most probably 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 keenest of any, for he felt himself the destroyer of the 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 rose in the deep-blue sky, 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-furs, 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 swept 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 horizon 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 miles distant, 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 redoubled all the rest—that of hunger. Since the preceding morning, we had eaten nothing, and our long exposure to the cold began to make the want severely felt; 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 still bore up; 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 unsubdued, 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 faintness 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 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. But 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 mercy of Providence, it had driven us back to the northern shore of the lake, and thus saved our lives.

Not far off, the ascending smoke announced a dwelling, but we had no strength to reach it; 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 their 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 called 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 climate 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 shew 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. It is thus that trees grow up at first 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 and sun-smiles brighten the earth, 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 woods, and the constant evaporation 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 vapour is raised by the solar heat, 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 from the cloud-masses which float in the atmosphere by the woods beneath them. The grateful moisture descends on the thirsty landscape, replenishing its numerous springs. The little streamlets which issue from them 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 climate too moist and cold, 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, and by the grassy mantle, comes down in unrestrained 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 brooks and rivers, and renders 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 overspread 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 world 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 fresh 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.

Ague, liver, and hypochondriacal affections are in its train. Pale and yellow complexions, with weak eyes, a swollen abdomen, and a wearisome gait, the accompaniments of these diseases, are everywhere to be seen among the poor inhabitants, the greater portion of whom are carried off prematurely. What has made this once prosperous, healthy, and populous country so poor, diseased, and deserted? The woods have been removed from its mountains! Look at the map, and you will see that these run through the centre and north-western portions of the Italian peninsula. The Apennines are at present almost entirely denuded of the noble forests which once flanked and protected their sides, and all travellers agree that there is now no country so miserable as that which is included in what is called the States of the Church, and which lies along the Apennine chain, between Genoa and Naples.

Leaving Italy for Germany, the traveller will find that that country also is not exempt from evil results wherever its mountain-woods have been removed. A journey amongst the forests of Thuringia and the Harz Mountains furnishes abundant vouchers of this fact. Woods are also useful along the sea-shore, where the coast is low and sandy, as their roots bind together the loose sand, and prevent its being drifted inland by the sea-breezes. One or two examples will shew this in a striking light.

The sea-sand having overflowed the country situated in the neighbourhood of Gascogne, on the western coast of France, and threatened to make it valueless and uninhabitable, Bremon-tier, a resident of the province, succeeded in opposing an effectual barrier to its further progress by planting a wood. He first of all planted the sand-loving broom (*Sarothamnus scoparius*), and produced in its shade young pine-trees, and so brought the overflow of the sea-sand to a stand-still.

By reference to the map of Prussia, it will be seen that there is situated in Eastern Prussia, between latitude 54° 15' and 54° 45' north, and longitude 19° 15' and 20° 25' east, an extensive lagoon, called the Frische-Haff or Fresh Gulf, which is separated from the Baltic by the Frische-Nehrung, or Fresh Beach, a tongue of land thirty-eight miles in length by one in breadth, the north-east extremity of which communicates with the Baltic by a channel half a mile across. The low shores along this coast are washed by the waters of the Gulf of Danzig, and in the middle ages, its dunes or hills of blown sand, which stretch almost from Danzig to Pillau, were covered with a thick pine-forest and an undergrowth of heath. King Frederick William of Prussia wanted money. One of his noblemen wishing to secure his favour, promised to procure it him without loan or tax, if he would permit these forests to be removed. The king not only allowed the forests in Prussia to be cleared, which at that time were certainly of little value, but he also permitted the whole of the woods on the Frische-Nehrung to be felled, so far as they were Prussian. The financial operation was perfectly prosperous; the king had money. But in the elementary operations which followed therefrom, the state received such an injury that its effects remain even to this day. The sea-winds can now sweep unimpeded over the denuded hills, the Frische-Haff is already half filled with sand—its depth being now in no place more than twelve feet—and sedges grow for some distance in its shallowing waters, threatening to convert it into a monstrous swamp; the anchorage extending between Elbing, the sea, and Königsberg is endangered, and the fishing in the Haff injured. In vain have all possible efforts been made, through sand-heaps and pastures of coarse sea-grass, to cover again these hills with matted roots: the wind mocks at every exertion. The operation of the Prussian nobleman brought the king 200,000 thalers or L.45,000; now the people would give millions if they had the woods back again.

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 mountain-side, gradually accumulates in magnitude and velocity, until it encounters a forest of hardy mountain pines, which bravely await 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 assailants finally shatters it to pieces.

It is plain, from these considerations, that there are other things which ought to enter into our calculations before a wood is cut down beside the mere value of the trees as timber. If trees are removed from a mountain-side, from low, sandy, and exposed shores, or from an inland district only scantily supplied with water, there is no end to the mischievous consequences that will ensue. By such ignorant work as this, the equilibrium in the household of Nature is fearfully disturbed, and her wise and beneficent arrangements for our own good are completely frustrated.

## THE LOUNGER IN THE EXHIBITION.

### THE TRANSEPTS AND THE NAVE.

It would very much tend to the public convenience in the Exhibition if visitors would select some other spot for their trysting-place than that which is familiarly termed 'the nugget'—the Australian pyramid. The crowd that is always about it, watching with staring eye and open mouth for 'those tiresome Smiths, who have not an idea of punctuality,' 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 eastward, into the north-east transept, keeping to the right-hand side. Here Leuchar's dressing-case of carat gold first attracts the eye; and if the sight-seer be a female, probably causes her to—well, just to graze the tenth commandment. Yet only consider, madam, what a cause of anxiety would such a 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) himself, 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 filigree silver ornaments, and its light and all but filigree 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 furs take the place of the slight tropical garbs, and works of solid usefulness supplant those of ornamental skill. The Canadian collection is one of the least attractive in the Exhibition 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 entrance the unthinking mind; while samples of wood, in planks, suggest but little beyond reminiscences of 'see-saw.' And yet that hideous Timber Trophy, which the juveniles take such delight in running up and down, 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 shew the grain of the wood and the polish it will take, accompanied with twigs, leaves, and flowers of the trees. 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 descriptions here exhibited are left to perish, or burned as a nuisance, since there is no demand for them among foreigners, who have been hitherto unaware of their existence.

Uninteresting as the general contents of this court are to the passing visitor, he will probably be attracted by the model of the Sleeping Car of the Great Western Railway of Canada, which presents advantages we may well copy at home.

South of the Timber Trophy stands the Tasmanian Court, which, with its excellent oats and second-rate furniture, looks like a cross between Mark Lane and Tottenham Court Road. This department has also a pillar of planks, surmounted with the jaws of the sperm whale. It is a fact to be lamented, however, that the colonies in general are given to exhibit not so much their natural and peculiar products, as what they are probably more proud of, ambitious imitations of European handiwork, such as billiard-tables and carriages, which must of necessity be inferior to the samples of more advanced countries. The pictures and photographs of their local scenery, public edifices, and the like, cannot, on the other hand, fail to interest; and there is always a little crowd about the Street Car of Melbourne, a comfortable machine enough, like a broad dog-cart, and holding six persons. The organ in the same department does not come from Melbourne, but from Hull. Crossing over to the Victoria Court on the west side, the entrance of which is hung with some splendid dressed hides, we come upon that centre of attraction (next to the gold-washing apparatus)—the nugget case. This contains exact models of the most valuable nuggets that have hitherto been discovered, as well as a solid gold memorial to one of the colonial governors, an appropriate gift from a country where the spade turns over such glittering lumps as we see here. The largest specimen—called the 'Welcome Nugget'—weighed more than one cwt., and sold for ten thousand pounds. The next in size, 'the Blanch Barkly,' weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds, and sold for seven thousand pounds. This was found only thirteen feet below the soil, by four adventurers, who concealed the discovery, and carried their prize (in what a tumult of hopeful trepidation we may well imagine) by night to Melbourne, where its exhibition alone brought them in several thousand pounds. The models of fruits in this court make the mouth water. The malachite table-top, from the Burra-Burra mines in neighbouring South Australia, is worthy of attention; as also that colony's splendid collection of stuffed birds. With the exception of New Brunswick, which mainly exhibits barrels of pickled fish, wherein lies at least

this negative merit, that they do not smell so badly as one would expect, and of Nova Scotia, which keeps its fish in spirits of wine, there is nothing more to detain us in this locality.

Crossing to the east side of the south-east transept, we pass by Woolner's statue of Lord Bacon, by no means a favourable specimen of the skill of that admirable sculptor; in addition to which his lordship appears to be suffering from the jaundice. Among the architectural objects here, are some specimens of ecclesiastical carving 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 by these revellers to be a font for adult immersion, and the meaning of the *eredos* is hid from them. There is also a gigantic pulpit, carved in the form of a pollard oak, with squirrels and birds upon its branches, into which, if a divine should ever venture, he must remind his congregation of a Jack-in-the-Green. Even this, however, excites little admiration; the taste for ecclesiastical decoration has passed away, and the medieval courts, which were wont to be so thronged in 1851, are now almost deserted. Nevertheless, if a stray Protestant should venture into this one, he will find enough of Lecterns and Brasses, of Monstrances and Chalice, to set his hair on end. A standard gasalier for a cathedral, with coloured knobs about it, like carbuncles, excites much comment; 'I didn't admire them at first, but I think them pimples *grows upon me*,' observed one critic; but I sincerely trust his statement was unfounded.

There is more church furniture in the body of this transept—including the splendid screen of Hereford Cathedral—among much that is of a very opposite and practical character. Huge bells and cannon of cast-steel; the giant clock; hardware from Colebrook-dale; 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 there are some very interesting courts. The realms of Chubb and the other locksmiths here are 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 deters people most, 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 unmelted, and the notes uncharred. The custom of lining these with plaster 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-tight box within the safe.

Passing from the region of wards and tumblers, we find ourselves among another kind of locks, in the hair department. Here are specimens of scalp sufficient to furnish the lodge of a Pawnee chief in

\* These latter padlocks do not, however, occupy the lock-picker more than a few minutes.

the first style. The silver hair of age, the raven tresses of youth, the golden ringlets of childhood, are all here in profusion; and where profusion would excite suspicion, there are semi-bald scalps—heads of hair one would expect to find upon gentlemen past middle age, furnished with Patent Hair Divisions (!) which defy the most spiteful scrutiny. There are artificial eyebrows, too, for those who need them. If a lady objects to that auburn hair 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 grayness, 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, ruddy-brown; and the American (as though to typify the sorrows of that distracted nation), iron-gray. There is one tress shewn 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, tremulous even in their cages of glass, the visitor may feel that he has conscientiously surveyed the east transept.

The Nave is not now what it used to be; the centre of it has been much beautified by the decorations of the 11th July (when the medals were awarded to the various departments), and this has been done, in some degree, at the expense of the side-walks, on which the said decorations turn their backs. We will therefore take these walks together with that part of the centre that belongs to each—north walk with north centre, south walk with south centre—and get over the ground as soon as may be. The objects in this locality must needs be seen so repeatedly, that there is no necessity to linger over their description. Some of them are 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 we should have a Trophy of it in the Nave is 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 bald 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 revolving light-house and reflectors will be doubtless useful 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 dessert-services in the building, each plate containing one of Turner's 'Rivers of France.' Mr

\* I assert this the more confidently because I could not forbear trying it myself.

Peters' handsome dray, with its Fortnum and Mason hamper, its wine-box, and its ice-well, reminds one indeed pleasantly enough of Epsom, 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 off-hand, is as refreshing as to visit the American bar for a 'cock-tail' or an 'eye-opener:' only when one contemplates that doll's *trousseau* with its hundred miniature knickknacks 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 Emmanuel written under it, does not imply that it is the likeness of that gentleman, but only signifies that it is his property. A toilet-glass made for the Sultan of Turkey, in this jeweller's case, is an exquisite example of delicate skill; while, for costliness, there is an emerald brooch that may vie with most brooches, its price being no less than ten thousand pounds.

'The Sleep of Sorrow, the Dream of Joy,' by Monti, is a piece of sculpture worthy of more attention even than his 'Georgian Lady of the Harem,' which is somewhat too corpse-like for my fancy. She attracts, however, a numerous throng, although not so many ladies as does the oak sideboard of Messrs Jackson and Graham, which contains three magnificent mirrors. I do not think one woman passes it without a glance, so excessively interested are they in oak furniture. The Black Lead that rewarded M. Alibert for his fifteen years' search for it in Siberia, is worth attention, as well as the other Russian products in this place; the column of porphyry; the paper weights and caskets, with carvings in jasper and emeralds, and stones whose very names are not to be ordinarily met with, and which sound like a verse from the Book of Revelations. 'The Grapplers,' by Professor Molin of Stockholm, does great honour to Swedish sculpture. The story of this particular contest is told in relief upon the pedestal, but the general history of such combats is little known, and the leathern belt which encircles both combatants puzzles people. Mr Horace Marryat, in his *One Year in Sweden*, gives us this account of it: 'When, at a fair or festival, two men disagree, they challenge each other in the following manner: the waist of the combatants is encircled by a tight leather belt; a linen cloth, wrapped round the left arm, serves as a shield. Then each man unsheathes his knife, and the challenger asks his antagonist: "How much cold steel can you bear?" The given number of inches is marked upon the knife. If it be mortal combat, he answers: "I will give you a gash that the sun and moon can shine through." Happily, these fights, since the tax laid on brandy, are rare; but thirty years ago, no woman attended either fair or festival without carrying a winding-sheet under her arm, ready prepared for her husband, son, or brother.' The stearine candles make up an imposing, though somewhat solemn trophy, as though some stearine princess were lying in state.

On the south side of the Nave, beginning at the western end, there is much splendid furniture and tapestry. A 'Hen and Chickens attacked by a Cat,' and a 'Cock-fight,' both carved out of the solid wood, are admirably executed—in the latter, the attacking

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 independent of fashion has power to charm, Osler'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 ancient dame, who, within my hearing, 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 outsides, 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 audacious, 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 princesses, 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 *cartes de visite* 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 combustible Hungary, there is also half a courtful 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 safes, whose safety is more than problematical; gigantic toys; cigars from Mannheim; indifferent furniture, and shell-lac 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 solitude, mothers resort to them with their infants for the purpose of supplying liquid refreshment independently of the Contractors; while the many-mouthed Orchestra in the neighbourhood drowns 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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 451.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## FOREIGN EXHIBITORS' ENGLISH.

THE English language has been of late undergoing a sad martyrdom amongst us. Its sufferings are displayed not merely in the conversaciones 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 dispensed 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 L.6000, says: 'Monsieur Payen's aim has been to unite in one master-piece and to offer, overconne by workmanship, all the difficulties of jewellery, with the desire, which is the ambition of every exhibiter, to contribute within the limit of his means to the triumph of his country.' M. Legal exhibits a sugar-boiling apparatus, of which ten sets are now working; and this ten puzzles him into saying, 'a tenth size of my patent boiler, now norking;' one of the merits of the contrivance consists in 'partiender arrangements for certain filsh by means of a conductor which enables the matter to be drown 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 adverb, he tells us that 'this new system works indistinctly cotton, greasy and combed wool, flax, and silk.' He, moreover, tells us that his 'sworkshops are moved by steam.' M. Mertens, in describing his flax-dressing machine, tells us that

it is worked by 'jounng girls and boys;' that the flax passes through rollers 'wanting half a horse-power;' that it works up so many 'hundredweighth' of scutched flax, and so many 'hundredweighth' of raw flax per day; and finally, that 'it is entirely foreseen to prevent any puting out of order or losing of time by unskilfulness of the employed persons, which can be caused to the machine, or by the waste which rolls itself easily.' MM. Neubarth and Longtain, 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 1.600 mètres, the placard startles us with the information that 'the cutting length of this machine is 1760 yards.' M. Verney has a weighing-machine which he characterises inscrutably as 'articulation with swiipe;' his postscript, however, 'any letter to be stamped,' is not so far removed from our 'all letters must be post-paid.' M. Pinart, in describing a new process of enamel-painting, 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 embarrassed 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 affluence 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 bathes, and only the mightiest of them is drunken;' and that 'all these springs contain many Glauber-salt.' These and several other mineral waters are said, with a beautiful confusion of words, to be 'exposed by the principal warehouse to 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 unconscious, doubtless, of any whimsical effect: 'Most good preserving wine-and-tea baking, called Vienna wine-and-tea-stake. This baking distinguished by its exquisite aroma, swift dissolubility and his property to advance the digestion, is extra, ordinary fitted for 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 biscuits.' There is a sort of grandiloquence in Joseph Max Ripka's description 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 above mentioned scope is obtained. Excepted many advantages which the diers may easily find by employing our succedaneum of argol, the principal gains by using our production are the following,' &c. Charles Behr, proprietor of the petrified wares of Carlsbad, describes the mode of their production in the following choice English: 'They are not cuted, and not graved, but formed by stopping or precipitation of chalk, containing carbonate, like that of the bubbling fountains of Carlsbad, and are produced: by exposition of elastic forms, to the perpetual overflow of mineral water. It arise, by and by, over the called form, a crust, of wich, when this enough, the form must be put away, by softening in water-steam; and than 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 litle stoppings are the same god 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, because always producing an according piece.' Englishmen acquainted with German will easily perceive the curious way in which most of these blunders arise.

Dr Pfefferman 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 Austrian 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 renounné, that our candles enjoy everywhere, several candle manufacturers in order to draw benefit from the circumstance—serve themselves of the same orange-colour paper which we use for the packing of the Apollo candles since 1839—imitate and complete so exactly their etiquettes and binding to ours, that the public is in consequence, easily misled.' Something similar is the caution put forth by Dr Julius Janell concerning his anatherin water, which has 'lately given the impulse to many spurious imitations. The latter have been set forth with a quack-like train of eulogical commendations, but their inferior quality not allowing them to enter into serious competition with my anatherin water, counterfeiters tried to imitate the shape of my flasks, and carried the mystification so far as to give their production the name of anathalia water.'

The Austrian and Hungarian advertisements, drawn up in three languages, have the French far more accurate 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, moy lay in the Exhibition building, during the hottest season of the year, without losing their 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 nemed prices, according to the present, cours more thon ond third.' (We may state here that some of the Austrian wine catalogued by Paneth is as low as a shilling per gallon—the same as London beer 'in your own pots.') Kanzelbauer's 'Belly or Lewer Stomach Girth' is described in a hand-bill, of which we cannot make much use, because the maladies of the body are set forth in rather too homely and direct a way for English taste; we will therefore only mention that the inventor 'things it his duty to informe the honorable public, that all the abore mention ed sufferings, are caused through nothing els than, the elastiaty 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 manufacturing chemist, states that all his photographic chemicals 'were brought forth with greatest conscientiousness in an equally pure and superior quality, so that, whenever indirectly, my preparations gained credit, not only throughout Germany, but also in all European and a great deal of transatlantic 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 laboratories.' The exhibitor of a new kind of wall-paper at Hanover announces that 'the apply of the invention is cheaper and more like nature, than all matters of 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 workmen without any preparation even children for the fabrication of it. However the proper manner of performing, the secret itself can be preserved. The sending away of the manufacture is be done in sheets, and is therefore very easy. The secret is to sell.' August Mühle of Pirna informs us that he 'takes himself leave to recommend following sorts of feltwares;' and Carl Fröhling announces that at his establishment 'all other kind of feltware are to be have to the lowest price.' Henning Ahreus, in reference to willow and cane furniture, talks pleasantly of 'children cheeres,' and 'sopha's for 2 persons look at No. 22 L.1, 4s. Od.,' he ends with 'mordorate terms at large ordres.'

#### SCHEMES FOR EMBANKING THE THAMES.

THOSE who have attended to the recent parliamentary discussions concerning the embankment of the Thames, must be aware that this matter is not now 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 1666, 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, overbore public advantage. Wren, as 'surveyor-general and principal architect,' was obliged to abandon the main features of a beautiful and comprehensive plan for rebuilding 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, jetties, and quays; 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, Anne, George I., and George II., no public bodies had spirit enough even to 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 east and west of Blackfriars Bridge, at that time under construction; but it was a very slight affair, being only supported on timber-posts. In 1770, Messrs Adam began the construction of Adelphi Terrace, a lofty embankment of rather 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 a disgrace to a wealthy 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 for the first time 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 at some distance in front of the then existing shore, 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 Mylne, 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 would repay 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 take up again the scheme of a Thames embankment. This time it was a member of Parliament who set to work; and whenever the day comes

for us to take a pleasant walk from Westminster to Blackfriars, with a clean river by our side, a word of thankful remembrance must be claimed for Sir Frederick Trench—albeit he himself met with nothing but disappointment in reference 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 Taylors' stage-barge, moored off the Adelphi; it was attended by the Duke of York and a large number of the aristocracy—including that ever-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 behind the embankment, for 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; but the exterior force was 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 Rennie and Mr Mylne 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 an embankment-wall, 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 1835, 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 modicum of 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 scope which few of our projectors now even venture to hint at. Mr Walker the engineer prepared the plans. He found that the Thames varies from 600 to 1480 feet in width at different spots within the assigned limits; and he proposed to contract the width so that 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 made continuous with the terraces in front of the Houses of Parliament and the Milbank Penitentiary. 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 really a 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 excellences of his old idea 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 there was a certain family-likeness 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 four recesses, to give access to a water-area behind, with a dwarf piling in front of each recess, 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-dépôt 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 mode of equalising the depth of the river by sub-weirs. 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's 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 Norfolk Street, supported on pillars; 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 L.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-esplanades under a glass roof; embankments with railways under them, in the form of tunnels; embankments with roadways over them, supported by iron columns; embankments with a railway on 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 was to be a railway, enclosed within retaining walls; the level of the railway was planned so as to go under the end-arches of Hungerford, Waterloo, and Blackfriars Bridges; and there would be a basin 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 them.

The year 1860 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 shewed 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, and construct 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 1860 to examine witnesses thereon, and the names of Fowler, Gisborne, Bird, Sewell, Bidder, Stephenson, Edmeston, 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 some such plan as that of Mr Bazalgette's, to be carried out by the Metropolitan 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. Mrs Tozer, 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 excrescences like large green pease were visible—'Emma!'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Where is Mr Tozer?'

'He's not come in from his Turkish bath yet, ma'am.'

'Hm! where is your mistress?'

'Hupstairs with Miss Judkins, 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.'

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 Urquhart 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.'

'A 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!' said Mrs Tozer reproachfully.

'Oh! a *strigil*,' 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. Krakbax, 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, patting 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.'

Mrs 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—I am a henpecked man. Not a cheque do I venture to draw without submitting it to your aunt. Mrs Tozer's of a most jealous disposition, 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 deeply lament,' continued 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

on 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 heeding 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, in a melancholy tone.

'Why, what 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 shut *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, then striking an attitude, exclaimed, 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!'

'By jingo!' 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.

'Well, 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 valiantly.

'Were it not for poor Ellen, and the assistance we are to them in their housekeeping, 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,' answered Mrs Tozer, distorting her metaphors. '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, but he was also not without a secret hope, perhaps, that his investigations might lead him into scenes of 'life,' from which he had been hitherto excluded. 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.

'This is not the way to decrease obesity,' thought

he; '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 shewed 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 acute pursuer.

Mr Tozer was growing weary. He could endure steady walking as well as most 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 pastry-cook's. At last, Alfred reached the corner 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 kerbstone. 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 panting 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.'

'Lor 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 corkscrew curls, thrusting her head from the window.

'Nothin', 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—I mean hisself. 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. Why, I'm blest if he ain't going to the club,' added the driver as the Hansom crossed the Marylebone Road, and turned up Lisson Grove. The Clarence followed.

'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 beseechingly 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, nosebags and all, let alone never asking you for my fare. It's only a particular friend of mine.'

Mr Tozer winced slightly at the cabman's insinuation of intimacy, especially as the ladies inside vented some very disagreeable remarks on his compulgence; 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 Vensday, 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.

'Here, cabman,' cried Mr Tozer, 'take this sovereign, and exchange hats and coats. I would rather,' he said mildly, looking at the driver's frouzy 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 know the word.'

'The word?'

'Why, I mean to pass you in. When the door-keeper says to you "Graff and Squawker," you say back to him "Chickweed and Sparrergrass;" and don't you let out as I let on to you, sir, or some on 'em will be punching my head.'

'All right—all right,' said Mr Tozer, jumping down. 'Come back here, and wait for me.'

'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 shewed him the way.

'One of the old school,' smiled she to a customer.

'Reg'lar antediluvian?' 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 shibboleth, 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 club-rooms, 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 landlords and landladies 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) lolled 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 either 'Philip the Scholar' or his hopeful nephew. 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 whose twopences had fallen in arrear, which was ordered to be pasted up in the bar forthwith, the grand business of the evening began. The chairman rose, and after hemming solemnly, 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 dismally shy, began to get quite interested, and forgot all about his nephew and the mysterious Hansom cabman.

'My friends,' said the speaker, 'it isn't the sixpence a-mile as I'm against; I should be against it if it was eightpence, if it was a shilling, if it was arf-a-crown a mile! ["Should yer?" said a stolid listener, "well, I shouldn't!"] It's not the price, it's the fixing the price—it's the interference of the guvment 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 badgered by the police a one 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 sassengers 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 told his apprentice 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 must have 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 sixpence a mile at all times and seasons, whatever the price of horse-flesh or horse-feed may be? It's a dead robbery. But then people say: "The public will be so imposed on." No, they won't, any more than now. Let 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 a family Bible; let every cabman be bound to keep a copy of that book in his cab; 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 drove into. Now, here's a case in pint. 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 'oss promised him—that chesnut mare of yourn, 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 pays up five pound a month like a man for four months; then his wife took bad in her chest; she ketched cold going backards and forwards to a fringe-warehouse in the city. Philip— There, hang it, mates, I've let his name out!' (Great cheering, in which Mr Tozer joined.) 'Philip gets behindhand. The Jew says: "I'll tear up that acceptance I hold of yours for fifty pounds, if 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 got the scarlet fever, his wife's forced to stop at home, and he gets behindhand 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 here hadn't walked 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, "Philip 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 an independent man of small means (cheers); and to-morrow, as sure as my name's Henry Tozer, I'll pay that thirty pound!" He then took out a card, wrote his address upon it, handed it to the chairman, and hurried from the room, amid the deafening applause 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, wearied with exercise and excitement. He had obtained some clue to the mystery of Alfred's conduct, but not all.

"Who is at home?" he asked of Emma.

"Mississ is gone to bed with a bad headache. Your mississ is awaiting for you in the drawing-room, sir," said she significantly.

Mr Tozer trembled. 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 serenity; "are you aware of the time, sir?"

"Well, my 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! Tozer!" cried his wife, putting her handkerchief to her nose. "You have brought the most frightful smell 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'm dead beat. 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 curtain lecture. Alfred Randall did not reach home till midnight, when he came in, looking, as Emma told her mistress, the "pictur 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 furtively 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 party 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 bareheaded into the street.

"Mornin', sir," said the cabman, smiling and touching his hat. "Here's a bit of a scrawl 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 ply the knocker vigorously.

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 women. I told you of my suspicions last night. Read this. "*Rose is in chokey.*" That means, in their dreadful slang language, in prison. This vile woman, who has ensnared your unhappy husband in her toils, is in jail, and now has the daring impudence, abetted by Mr Tozer, to send to Alfred Randall for assistance!"

Here Randall entered the room, apparently calm and cheerful. "Sorry to be so late, ladies; but I was rather overtired last night. Hollo! my darling Ellen, what is the matter? In tears, my sweet love!"

"Read this, sir!" interposed Mrs Tozer, repelling Alfred from his intended endearments, and speaking in her severest tragedy-tone.

"*Rose is in chokey,*" 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 knocking, regained the inside of the house, came into the room.

"Uncle Henry, you'll help me, won't you?" said Alfred. "You recollect 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 Alfred.

"Yes," said Mrs Tozer. "This horrible Rose of Lisson 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, Philip received only a few hundred pounds. With 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 remark 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 cabman!'

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 baby 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 metalled 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 fence 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 Cottages, Baking Hill, Ballarat East, Victoria.'

#### BOOK-HUNTING.

'WHAT a miserable old age you are 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 even more engrossing, although, indeed, not nearly so general as that royal game. There are a vast number of respectable seniors whom their families know perfectly well will be found at their clubs between two and six every week-day afternoon in their lives, with more or less trumps in their hands; but there are also others who are no less certain to be discovered at *Crumple and Dogear's*, or *Vellum and Snap's*, at whichever of these noted marts of mouldy literature there chances to be a book-sale. The tap of the auctioneer's ebony hammer is as irresistible to these as is the roll of the roulette ball to the gambler, or the music of cork-drawing to the toper; and when there has been unhappily no book-sale, such men have been sometimes searched for, on occasion of some domestic emergency, 'from book-stall unto bookstall, just as the mothers, wives, and daughters of other lost men hunt them through their favourite taverns.'

These inverted commas mark an extract from a volume\* recently brought out by 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 cruel age, he admits, and convicts and felons fare exceedingly well in it,

\* *The Book-hunter*. By John Hill Burton. Blackwood.

with a superabundance of flannel and clean linen, 'but at the same time the area of punishment—or of treatment,' as it is mildly termed—becomes alarmingly widened, and people require to look sharply into themselves, lest they should be tainted with any little frailty or peculiarity which may transfer them from the class of free self-regulators to that of persons 'under treatment.' Our author is evidently alarmed for his personal freedom. There is, however, adds he, one ground of consolation—the people who, being all right themselves, have undertaken the duty of keeping in order the rest of the world, have far too serious a task in hand to afford time for the reading of such a book as his. Two of the chief charms of this volume, indeed, consist in a hearty contempt of humbug, and a tender protection of the amiable weaknesses of human nature, with an eye especially merciful to Book-hunting.

That misuse or abuse of learned names, so common in the present day, evokes very justly Mr Burton's satire. Greek nomenclature, as now employed, he defines to be an instrument for silencing inquiry, and handing over the judgment to implicit belief. 'Get the passive student once into palæozoology, and he takes your other hard names—your ichthyodorulite, trogontherium, lepidodendron, and bothrodendron—for granted, contemplating them, indeed, with a kind of religious awe or devotional reverence. If it be a question, whether a term is catagorematic, or is of a quite opposite description, and ought to be described as *uncatagorematic*, one may take up a very absolute positive position without finding many people prepared to assail it. Antiquarianism, which used to be an easy-going slipshod sort of pursuit, has sought this all-powerful protection, and called itself Archæology. An obliterated manuscript written over again is called a palimpsest, and the man who can restore and read it a paleographer. The great erect stone on the moor, which has hitherto defied all learning to find the faintest trace of the age in which it was erected, its purpose, or the people who placed it there, seems, as it were, to be rescued from the heathen darkness in which it has dwelt, and to be admitted within the community of scientific truth, by being christened a monolith. If there be any remains of sculpture on the stone, it becomes a lythoglyph or a hieroglyph; and if the nature and end of this sculpture be quite incomprehensible to the adepts, they may term it a cryptoglyph, and thus dignify, by a sort of title of honour, the absoluteness of their ignorance.' These remarks are not only healthy and well-timed, but especially creditable in one like our author, who evidently possesses the very weapons which he scorns to handle. There is also a certain literary large-heartedness about him, which in a bookworm is as rare as it is commendable. Himself a humorist to whom the author of the *Pickwick Papers* must be dear indeed, he can yet deeply sympathise with a class of persons to whom the name of Dickens is anything but a household word—with those 'literary ghouls,' as that writer somewhere calls them, who know nothing of authors within the last two centuries. He mentions with something little short of approbation the conduct of a certain book-hunting archdeacon, who going up from Edinburgh to London to be examined upon some question before the House of Commons, suddenly disappeared with all his money in his pocket, and returned home penniless, followed by a wagon containing 372 copies of rare editions of the Bible. Any very shameless profligacy in this pursuit does, however, it is fair to say, call forth Mr Burton's reprobation. 'It is,' says he, 'a matter of extreme anxiety to his friends, and, if he have a well-constituted mind, of sad misgiving to himself, when the collector buys his first *duplicate*. It is like the first secret dram swallowed in the forenoon—the first pawning of the silver spoons—or any other terrible first step downwards you may please to liken it to. There is no

hope for the patient after this. It reads at once the veil of decorum spun out of the flimsy sophisms by which he has been deceiving his friends, and partially deceiving himself, into the belief that his previous purchases were necessary, or, at all events, serviceable for professional and literary purposes. He now becomes shameless and hardened; and it is observable in the career of this class of unfortunates, that the first act of duplicity is immediately followed by an access of the disorder, and a reckless abandonment 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 considered 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 will not hesitate to bring down the elk or the buffalo, and, satiating himself with the choicer delicacies, abandon the bulk of the carcass to the wolves or the vultures. So of Papaverius. If his intellectual appetite were craving after some passage in the *Edipus*, or in the *Medeia*, 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 tall copy in russia gilt and tooled. Nor would the exemption of an *editio princeps* from everyday sordid work restrain his sacrilegious hands. If it should contain the thing he desires to see, what is to hinder him from wrenching out the twentieth volume of your *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, or *Ersch und Gruber*, 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 those he thus unlawfully detained. There is a 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 establishment of a confiding landlady.' 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 loose man in pecuniary affairs; those who knew him well, laughed at the idea of coupling any notion of pecuniary responsibility 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 the common vulgar agencies by which men subsist in civilised society; and only while the necessity lasted did the acknowledgment exist. Take just one 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—he represents, with his usual silver voice and measured rhetoric, the absolute necessity of his being then and there invested with a sum 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 unproductive, he is fortunately reminded that, should there be any difficulty in connection with security for the repayment of the loan, he is at that moment in possession of a document, which he is prepared to deposit with the lender—a 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 mad, but it had not made him—and it makes many men—churlish. 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 published 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-hunter's behaviour under the like infliction, is different indeed; every tribute of this nature imparts to him that sort of uneasiness a bee is said to feel when an earwig intrudes himself into its cell. He cannot make merchandise of such a gift, because he is every inch a gentleman, and for the same reason, he cannot put it in the fire. If he feels himself called upon to acknowledge the receipt of this modern rubbish, he does it at once, before he can possibly be expected to have read it. An eminent scientific divine of our acquaintance had, until lately, a certain stereotyped form of reply to all authors 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, however, 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-hunter 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 auctioneer 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, and quite imperfect.' A gentleman may be 'a black-letter man, or a tall copyist, or an uncut man, or a rough-edge man, or an early-English dramatist, or an Elzevirian, or a broadsider, or a pasquinader, or a Grangerite, or a tawny moroccoite, or a gilt-topper, a marbled-insider, or an *editio-princeps* man,' and yet have next to nothing of learning in him. It is the glory of some wretches—high

bibliotaphes—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 Rabblers Rabbled*, by Felix Nixon, Gent. A certain collector possessed one copy; the other, by indomitable 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 churlishness, “to make me a present of his brains and reputation.” The same fiendish 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. Dibdin warmed his convivial guests at a fire fed by the wood-cuts which had been printed from in the impression of the *Bibliographical Decameron*, 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 less heinous crimes among book-hunters, such as a churlish refusal 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 *Mudie* 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 insatiable 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 enounced 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 probably 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 Hodnet, which is said to be full. His residence at Pimlico, where he died, is filled, like Magliabechi’s at Florence, with books, from the top to the bottom—every chair, every table, every passage containing piles of erudition. He had another house 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 *Cæsar* 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 des Elzevier,” gave a temptation to fraudulent imitators, who, as if by a providential arrangement for their detection, lapsed into accuracy at the critical figure.’ When Falstaff’s ‘Table of Greenfield’ was replaced by ‘a babbled of green fields,’ the world rejoiced, but in the eyes of the book-hunters, the volume containing the foolish words is most esteemed. A solid scholar who never missed a date, nor left out 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 unspotted purity, he little knew what a humiliation fate had prepared for him. It happened to him to have to state how Theodore Beza, or some contemporary of his, went to sea in a Candian 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 paragon of accuracy, that Theodore Beza 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 benevolent 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’s wild soliloquy—

‘The devil hath power  
T’assume a pleasing shape; yea, 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—damme.’

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 Bees*, by Leo Allatius, a biographical work, devoted to the great men who flourished during the pontificate of Urban VIII, whose family carried bees on their coat-armorial; and *Knickerbocker’s History of New York*. *MacEwen on the Types*—a theological book treating of the types of Christianity in the old law, he once beheld vehemently competed for at an auction by a citizen artisan and a burly farmer, the former of whom thought that it had reference to his own craft (that of a compositor), 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 *On the Construction of Sheepfolds*. I have been informed that this work had a considerable run among the muirland 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 went. ‘One of these happening, on a tour in the Highlands, to open his refreshment wallet on the top of Ben Lomond, pledged his guide in the potent *vin du pays* to Christopher Valdarfer, John Gutenberg, and the others. The Celt 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 landed gentry of his entertainer’s neighbourhood. But the best Glenlivet would not induce him to pledge “the cause of Bibliomania all over the world,” being



unable to foresee what influence the utterance of words so unusual and so suspiciously savouring of demonology might exercise over his future destiny.' There is nothing, in short, interesting or amusing which Mr Burton fails to tell us about book-hunters. He may not indeed, like Magliabechi,\* librarian to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, be able to direct you to any book in the world, 'with the precision with which the metropolitan policeman directs you to St Paul's or Piccadilly,' but he would probably know what peculiarity it possesses which causes you to inquire for it. Nothing is so unpromising in its subject but that he manages to extract from it something strange and humorous; bulls—by no means papal ones—from ecclesiastical works, and jokes from the dullest law reports. Nay, we are taught by his pleasant volume that even an index is a field of literature not necessarily barren of amusement. 'A searcher after something or other running his eye down the index of a law-book, through letter B, arrived at the reference "Best, Mr Justice—his great mind." Desiring to be better acquainted with the particulars of this assertion, he turned up the page referred to, and there found, to his entire satisfaction, "Mr Justice Best said he had a great mind to commit the witness for prevarication."' "

#### SOMETHING OF ITALY.

##### ROME (THE BAMBINO).

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 far 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 Cœli, 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 Cœli—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 15th of October 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted

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 Cœli 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.' Escorted 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 neck 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,

\* This bibliophile being asked concerning the whereabouts of a certain volume, is said to have replied off-hand: 'There is but one copy of that book in the world. It is in the Grand Seigneur's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book in the second shelf on the right hand as you go in.'

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 astonishment. Not to disturb the 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 good-natured monk, I had not only a more thorough view of the Bambino, but was afforded 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 Cœli.\*

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, an exemplary monk of the strict order of St Francis, dedicated to this devout undertaking his conventual hours of leisure during a residence in the city of Jerusalem. This pious labour was prompted 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 Cœli 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 seventeenth century. Let the time of its construction be what it may, it is undeniable that its presence in Rome has been an inexhaustible source of grace and mercy to this favoured city. Nor should we marvel at God thus appropriating to himself this divine figure, seeing the miraculous co-operation which He vouchsafed to lend at its creation.

'On the eve of its completion (proceeds the narrator), the devout artist experienced the gravest alarm, lest he should be denied the privilege of imparting the requisite finish to his work, in consequence of the impossibility of procuring in that barbarous region 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 suffuses the sacred image, and completes it with a finish so faultless, that human art never could have imparted! Fancy can easily picture the amazement and rapture of the holy monk, 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 enemy of the human race, however, always alert 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 to the bottom, the miraculous image escaped the universal ruin, and floated in perfect safety to the port of Leghorn. The fact was evident to all. Every inhabitant of the town who commanded 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 Cœli, where we are told 'his precious treasure speedily began to work wonders, and perform miracles.'

The vicissitudes to which the Bambino was exposed were, however, not ended. 'Such was the fervour of devotion towards the Divine image, that in a transport of piety, a lady rashly stole the holy child, which she designed to keep; but she reaped no advantage from the imprudent larceny; for, at the expiration of a few days, the Santissimo Bambino of its own accord returned miraculously to its wonted shrine at Ara Cœli, amidst the joyous chimes of all the bells in the church, which spontaneously rung 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, encircled by 162 diamonds set 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 sunlike 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 1798, 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 Trasteverino. While in this seclusion, 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 its sacred brow with a circlet 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

\* *Discorso Storico intorno la Prodigiosa Effigie di Gesu Bambino, per il P. Antonio da Cipressa, Min. Oss. Roma, tipographia Monaldi, 1861.*

at Ara Cœli, they decreed that one of a new set of bells should be solemnly consecrated to its special honour and service. Fresh gifts of ornaments poured 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 piety in the hearts of Christians.' 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-jewellers in Rome, and which artistic shoes it now becomingly 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 Prince d'Alessandro Torlonia, 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 occasion. In proceeding 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 an opportunity of paying it 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 shewn till a candle has been lighted on a table at each end of its box. It is then devoutly lifted up, and made to stand on 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 noticing only two of them. 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 left side 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 1860, having gained admittance 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, and says 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 hearths, and seldom used any but aromatic woods, even for domestic purposes; while to counterbalance the unpleasing effect of dirt on their olfactory nerves, they soaked their persons with unguents. The Israelite priests were commanded to burn sweet incense every morning and evening, and 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), onycha (an odorous shell), and galbanum (an odorous 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 damsels 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, ottar of roses, balsam, saffron, or spikenard, the last being esteemed 'very precious.' So indispensable were perfumes considered to the feminine toilet, 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 Judæa, 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 shrub is now known to exist, and that not in the land of its adoption, but in Arabia Petrea, 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 *Iliad*; but it must not be inferred therefrom 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 carried on a brisk and remunerative 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 slaves; but one entertainer made himself famous by hitting on the happy device of letting four pigeons loose in the banquetting-chamber, who, as they flew above the heads of the company, dropped different odours from their wings. The Greek perfumes were usually made up in the form of ointment, which was applied as a salve; some exquisites, however, preferred to pour liquid scents over their limbs, a cleaner custom certainly, although generally considered

a voluptuous, foppish, and effeminate practice. The scent of the violet was most in favour among the Athenians, although wine-bibbers preferred that of the rose; but the art of perfumery was gradually refined till each part of the body had its peculiar unguent—the hair and eyebrows being perfumed with sweet marjoram, the neck and knees with wild-thyme, the arms with balsam-mint, 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 amphitheatres were 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 reproaches his countrywomen with lavishing the whole means of their husbands upon beautifying their locks, and using such quantities of perfume to that end, that all Arabia breathed from the hair of a Roman belle. Nor were the male descendants of the rough subjects of Romulus less industrious in sweetening their persons; a Roman dandy perfumed himself three times 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 odorous luxuries. At one time, Corinth iris perfume was the rage, then it was superseded by ottar of roses, which gave way in turn to saffron, vineflower, marjoram, quince-blossom, cyprus, myrtle, calamus, cypress, pomegranate, and metopium (oil of bitter almonds). All these, however, were thrown into the shade by the regal unguent composed of seven-and-twenty different ingredients, most of which were far-fetched and dear-bought. Alexandria and Antioch became specially famed for perfumes, their manipulators attaining such skill that Crito, physician to the Empress Plotina, 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 Poppæa, 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 complains that the gods, instead of appreciating the offering, seem less propitious to the Romans than when their worshippers presented the humbler offering of the salted cake.

Satirists of every age and clime have fallen foul of masculine patrons of the perfumer, 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 perfumery 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 casting bottles and sweet coffers became indispensable 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 adepts in the concoction of sweet waters from their floral favourites.

Nor were these nasal luxuries confined to the richer classes; perfume for a lady's chamber and gloves as

sweet as damask roses formed part of the multifarious stock of the country pedler. Orange and jasmine were the favourite foreign perfumes in vogue; but it appears as if English essences were of no mean 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 ensigns 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 nethermost 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 powders for their hair, and divers compound powders wherewith to perfume their hands and bodies, telling them 'perfumes of these sort add the rose's sweetness to the lily's loveliness of your snowy hands. Scent 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 those charming delights to the admiring fancy, that pleases the sight and feasts the feeling with its downy softness, and the smelling with perfume.' At this period, too, perfumed cakes were used to diffuse odour in rooms, when thrown upon the fire. Eighty years afterwards, the fashionable scents were

Amber, musk, and bergamot,  
Eau de chîpre, eau de luce,  
Sanspareil and citron juice.

Brummell declared against the use of perfumes by the male sex; and since his time, gentlemen have eschewed essences, and it is no longer possible to smell a beau before one sees him. Perfumes have held their ground better among the fairer half of creation, but are not employed by them to anything like the extent prevalent in days gone by.

Although the skill of the perfumer is chiefly exercised in extracting the odoriferous element from the sweet subjects of Flora, he is indebted to the animal kingdom for two of his most useful assistants, one of which possesses, when used in small quantities, the property of augmenting the odour of other substances without imparting its own, while the other is valuable in fixing the more volatile scents. The first of these substances is musk, a concrete material found in the musk deer, a small animal found in China, India, and Siberia. This is the most powerful of all perfumes, communicating its odour so readily to other objects, that the East India Company found it necessary to forbid its importation in vessels engaged in carrying tea. The origin of ambergris is more doubtful. It is found upon the sea-coast, or floating on the sea, and is supposed to be a morbid concrete thrown up by the spermaceti whale. In appearance it somewhat resembles amber, but unlike amber, it is fatty, opaque, and inflammable. The odour it contains is so strong that a box of it opened for a few minutes will perfume a large room, and so lasting as not to be removable by washing. Another animal perfume, civet, was once in great request. 'Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination,' says angry Lear; and Don Pedro can cite no stronger proof of Benedick's transformation from woman-hater into lover than the fact of his

rubbing himself with civet. It is now seldom used, except for scenting such articles as valentines and writing-desks.

Vegetable perfumes are of two sorts, one consisting of gum-resins and balsams, the other of essences, ottos, and esprits. 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 Tolu, 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 ottos 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 santal 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; *neroli*, 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 climes. The majority of fragrant flowers are white, next in order comes red, then yellow and blue—orange and brown being least available to the perfumer, whose ingenuity 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 rose, orange-flower, jasmine, tuberose, 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 uneducated noses, 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, tuberose, 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 violets; 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 manufactory 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 Broussa, Adrianople, Uslah, and Ghazepore. 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 odoriferous denizens 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 tuberose produce a 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. Rodolentia 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 scent and flavour; but although they are largely used by confectioners, we have the authority of Mr Piesse for saying, that they are useless to the perfumer, as all these ethers 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,  
Waits with a cruel gibber 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 corse.

Under the shade of the churchyard yew  
The dark thing sits and counts the graves,  
That Dead Sea—lulled in a treacherous calm  
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 hearse-plume black is the yew-tree's shade,  
And the name of that terrible shape is DEATH.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 452.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 flouting, throwing mud or burning 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 no less worthy friend, the Rev. Laud Oriel, M.A., sorrows 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 pigmies 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 titter, like Voltaire's, in the midst of the mouldering poms and frauds of old Europe; but a hearty, well-meant 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 Thersites 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 shoal 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, though a little testy and muddled of brain.

I strongly suspect that Paterfamilias, in thus appearing as Pantaloon on the grand literary and pictorial stage, unconsciously atones 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 Connaught, and think how it must have worked. It had merits, of course, but it had the one great defect inherent in all despotisms, 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 jurisprudence reflects his image; he is the key-stone of the state-creed in politics and religion, and an ingenious fiction makes the emperor the father of his people. If I, 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 does not leave a coronet 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 grandsires, 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 strangle, pretty much as his whim directs. It was in ancient Rome, however, that the paternal power attained its loftiest pitch. Paterfamilias, in toga and sandals, was indeed a household tyrant; his flesh and blood were his absolutely, *à vendre ou à pendre*. 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 nonage was perpetual. A grave Roman of threescore was, in the eyes of Quiritian law, an infant, if he had a tottering 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 tutelage 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 budded into citizenship. But it was not only over sons and daughters that the master of the house bore full sway; by a pleasant fiction of the Roman code, his wife was regarded as his daughter, and as the sister of her own children, the better to exalt the dignity of her lord. Materfamilias was more a servant than a consort. If she abstracted the keys of the cellaret, and indulged in a comfortable glass of Falernian, she was liable to the same punishment that Fatima 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 sour, or her person ugly, she was dismissed without the formality of an application to the Sir Cresswell Cresswell of the period. 'Restore the keys,' is a curt formula of divorce; but a wife, unless, she were of a noble and powerful family, with uncles in the senate, equestrian kinsmen, and patrician brothers in high office, was more easily got rid of in old Rome than a maid-of-all-work in modern London. The middle ages saw Paterfamilias potent indeed, but a mere shrimp in comparison with his classic prototype.

The wonderful intricacy of the feudal 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 son whose golden spurs entitled him to sit at meat with emperors, and the accolade of chivalry put an end to the *patria potestas*. A lad who had become an aspirant to the honours of knighthood was transferred thoroughly from parent to master, and the heiress was wedded according to the good pleasure of her suzerain, 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 profligacy of those young rebels who sat down unbidden in the presence of father or mother. There was, no doubt, a great deal of buffeting and lecturing on the part of the elders, a great deal of passive submission on that of the younger members of a family. But Master and Miss Goodchild were not ubiquitous, and it is 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 Adolf 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 suggested any other than reverential emotions. There was Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, that wild, wicked, clever courtier, he who outdid in sins and epigrams the maddest 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 fond humility, and Scripture phrases, and a tone of pious respect—much such letters as a religious daughter might have addressed to a saintly parent. Was Countess Katharine a hypocrite, then? Or does History lie when she shews us the madcap earl reeling with drink, preaching mock sermons, masquerading as an Italian mountebank, or rioting in the suburbs? Neither, most probably; but Countess Katharine wrote as the *Complete Letter-writer* of her time dictated, and her faithless husband was canonised *ex officio*.

All through the last century, it was customary for well-bred persons to accost their father and mother formally as 'Sir' and 'Madam,' to beg their blessing before a journey, and to feign, or feel extreme deference for their judgment. To argue with a parent was regarded as presumptuous, and 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 mothers thought nothing of relegating a contumacious child of twenty or so to a locked-up chamber, bread and water, and Tillotson's Sermons. Then came our century and its innovations; down fell, with a great ruin, the discipline of the elder school; its wholesome maxims were forgotten or laughed at; the proverbial phrases it delighted in—as that 'Children should be seen and not heard,' 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 doggerel! 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, at the self-same age. Children began to find out, with native quickness, that mamma and papa knew a good deal less of the 'ologies, of French irregular verbs, and modern history, than Master John and Miss Clara did. 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 does not know where the Zambesi river is, nor who the False Demetrius was, nor how to make collodion.

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 pooch-pooching the traditions of antiquity with a vigour which sometimes receives the stigma of 'flippancy.' The tide 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 preterperfect generation, born in 1790, let us say, and Mrs Grundy of a later date. The one sails about, magisterial and majestic, with her bevy 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 reminds the bystanders of a hen with ducklings. The young birds will take to the water, while she stands clucking unregarded warnings on the bank. She is timid and nervous, her daughters are 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, plumed 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 vigour, their accomplishments, command of foreign tongues, their taste for ferns, aquariums, 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 chieftainess, 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 Grinder, the prize governess. And how should it be otherwise? Forty years ago, women were valued for their most passive phases of character. Neutral tints were in demand. They were taught languor, drilled in cowardice, trained into helplessness. They played washy Italian or French airs on feeble-minded pianos; they wept over mawkish poetry; they took no exercise, and simpered inanely when a dandy came up to pay them silly compliments that a girl of our day would laugh at.

And Paterfamilias, how does *he* like the change? Will he, in case of one of those differences which occur in even the best regulated households, fetch the thundering old 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, noble, little fellow in the 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 scrap-books? 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, troublesome and 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 purloin John the footman's silver watch that he has left accidentally on the pantry-table.

Yet Paterfamilias has his moments of annoyance. His young son, of whom he is not a little afraid, he seems so old and wise, like a fairy elf changeling, 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 odd expressions of Yankee origin, which his father can hardly comprehend. The youth's cigars, his dress, his latch-key, his bachelor-friends, his flights to 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 pattern. And he pays his bills when he can, and takes out his daughters to places of polite entertainment, and bears much good-humoured quizzing at need. Materfamilias 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 roast 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 cowering the spirit of his daughters. We may every day see the testy 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 chanticleers ignominiously out of the yard. 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 crown-princes 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 Mash 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 really do awake from his lethargy to find Prince Hal trying on the diadem before the pier-glass, he may have some right to wince; only he should not believe his dear well-wisher, Backbite, too implicitly, when he says he saw the Prince thus engaged. I fancy that fewer of us long for inheritances 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 head, never does a cruel thing. He may chide, he may chafe, but he shares his last crust 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 coffin 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 majority of the courts themselves do not attract what the philosophers call 'the rapid and irreflective.' Colonies generally are avoided by this class. Hardheaded, hardhanded, practical folks, 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 easterly of the north courts), which offers to the rest of the world only wines, wools, woods, and some very unpleasant-looking weapons used by the natives. 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 unconscious 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 Abercrombie 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 conversation 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 fabulously 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 accompanied 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 the very 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 were 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 my ears did not deceive me, came from the Vale of Berkshire, 'so they can be of some use even in prison, can't 'em? And all these little drawers comes 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 in 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 be-puffed colony has little to shew. 'I never see Otago (which he pronounced Ought-to-go) advertised,' observed a curious 'rowdy' 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 beautiful: intensely decorated organs, funeral palls of appliqué work; alms-bags, credence cloths, post-communion napkins, satin damask for dossells—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 courts are filled to overflow. Those in the pavilion 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, which are well worthy of notice; the one illustrative of the plays of Shakspeare 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

15s. sterling. Of the specimens from the Ionian Islands I have already spoken in deservedly disparaging terms. The articles exhibited are not more useful than those from other localities which are dowered with a too dreamy climate, while they are, in addition, vulgar and tawdry. The two next collections afford a curious example of the mixture of high civilisation and barbarism. Japan presents beautiful examples of inlaid work and carving, cocoons of the silkworm, and surgical instruments neither more nor less horrible to look at than those of Europe, in company with the most objectionable-looking idols. China exhibits ivory glove-stretchers exquisitely carved, and embroidery and needle-work such as neither Paris nor Brussels can outvie; but the autograph of its First Rebel Chief looks as if his nose had bled intermittently over a yellow pocket-handkerchief; while a much larger one of the legitimate emperor (given to Yeh for a supposed victory over the barbarians) has such an exceedingly free touch about it as to appear as if it had been executed with the elbow. The human skull mounted in gold, which formed portion of the spoil of the emperor's Summer Palace, is said to be that of Confucius, to whose mind, however philosophic, any presentiment of his appearance in the International Exhibition can scarcely have occurred. In the same court with China, there is a Siamese corner, wherein is exhibited the sword and opium pipe of the king of Siam, and some curious cases to preserve unbroken the finger-nails of ladies of rank. Music of all sorts is very abundant in this district, and adds much to the satisfaction of the visitor.

We have now reached the central avenue, wherein is the great case of Liverpool imports, admirably arranged, and offering raw material for much thought; and the vast statue of Shakspeare, by Thomas, which merits far more attention than it gets. In Turkey, there are a number of tantalising bottles, with 'wine of Lebanon, of Candia, of Tenedos' upon them, which suggest that the Mohammedan religion is a far less unpleasant one than has been represented. There are also sword-blades of Damascus, perfumes from Smyrna, pipes and cloth of gold, bridal veils, golden slippers, and furniture in general, such as one is accustomed to associate with the *Arabian Nights*. In Brazil, there is an excellent collection of mineral products, and elegant flowers made of shells and fish-scales—but why cigars, which only mock the lips without pleasing the eye; and above all, why ledgers and account-books? The number of these articles exhibited is generally, I observe, in inverse proportion to the solvency of the country which displays them. Under these circumstances, it will not be a matter of surprise to find a considerable quantity in Greece, which also shews some hard, bad pictures, stiff gold-lace, and a collection of cereals, rice, and wines. Venezuela contains filigree silver, charming feather-work, and models of fruits and flowers; just the things, in short, which one would have expected of her. There are countries male and countries female—the practical and the ornamental—and Venezuela is of the latter kind. In Peru, there are some very curious relics. Silver vessels from ruined cities, of the period of whose prosperity—when they 'flourished,' as the geographies have it—there remains no record; pieces of poncho cloth taken from Indian graves, no man knows how many centuries old; specimens of ancient sceptres, which lead us to imagine that Indian ink was the most precious substance the Peruvians were acquainted with; and an Inca's head, dried, which although not attractive to the European eye, is an object of worship when in its own country.

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 rather than 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 among these is a New Testament which alone is valued at L.475. 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 carioles, 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 illustrations of the life of 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 perspire; 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; watches 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 addition to keeping 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 court, and attract more 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 housewifely. 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 pantomime 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 north-east transept does not demand any tedious scrutiny, its contents being principally stuffs and fabrics, and 'long spun yarns,' which certainly need not to be repeated here. The effigy of a gentleman in a water-proof suit—the whole costume to be purchased for nine shillings—is the

\* 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 sun shines in that 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 ploughs, which are simple enough compared with their astonishing brethren of the Eastern Annexe.

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 cumbrous horse-furniture, and saddles of surpassing splendour for donkeys and dromedaries; jewels made by the negroes of Soudan; exquisite pipestems; yataghans, and modern weapons, less picturesque but more effective, from the government manufactory at Cairo. Ecuador sends some pictures by native Indians, evidently copied from Roman Catholic altar-pieces. Next to this is a very dangerous court indeed, into which no prudent man will venture to take his wife—the court of Dressing-cases and 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 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 auricles cunningly 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 fair one's ear, 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 contrivance for microscopic writing. To the naked and un instructed eye, there appears nothing but a large-sized and rather blunt pencil making meaningless dabs and marks upon a piece of paper; but by the magic of science, these strokes are transmuted 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, as 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 stationery court, some of the contents of which are calculated to arouse some of the worst passions of the human breast: leaves from cheque-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 Printing, there are some that, to those who are ignorant of the Black Art of the Compositor, 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

HAMMERSMITH 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 luxurious 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 used to destroy salmon, which makes us tremble for that surely approaching period when our favourite fish shall become unattainable by persons of moderate means. The Association, however,

assures us that with proper restrictions as to its capture, salmon might be so plentiful that its price in season ought never to exceed sixpence a pound—and that for the middle-cut.

#### BOOK-PRINTS.

ON taking up a book for the first time, probably three people out of four will look to see if there are 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 print properly belongs to an edition of the *Paradise Lost*, and has slipped in here through a mistake of the binder; but beneath, we read: 'The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall,' and a reference to the page. Surely such a picture is neither characteristic of the essays generally, nor explanatory of the one referred to. It is much to be regretted that so little care is frequently taken in the selection of subjects, or in the treatment of them. The want of this leads sometimes to the most unaccountable blunders. In an old edition of Josephus, the brief but important mention of Christ as a wonderful person, perhaps more than mortal, is illustrated by a picture of his appearance to Mary Magdalene; but this is quite outdone in absurdity in the same volume by the honour paid to Simon the son of Gioras, who is favoured with a picture of Peter's vision of the sheet knit at the four corners, most probably from an idea that this turbulent leader of the Jews was identical with Simon the son of Jonas.

The block-books, which were the immediate precursors of printing by movable type, were little more than wood engravings with a very short description of the subject, and were chiefly intended for the instruction of the ignorant and the young. Among them, the best known were the *Biblia Pauperum*, or Poor Men's Bibles, once popular as books of devotion. The wood-cuts were but poor works of art, intended to be coloured by hand. It is said that the engravers of the day refused to execute them, considering the art of printing antagonistic to their own.

Block-books were in use during the first three quarters of the fifteenth century. In their nature and intention, they were like the Dutch tiles—those quaint pictures of Scripture subjects, which this matter-of-fact age has given up without sufficient reason, for surely they might have been improved so as to keep pace with the advance of refinement. Among our most pleasant early recollections is the study of Jewish history by the glowing firelight, while the singing of the kettle gave promise of tea. In the larder, too, as well as the chimney-corner, they were pleasant to look upon; and to this day, the ascent of Mount Moriah by Abraham and Isaac, and the marvellous bunch of grapes borne on a pole between two of the returning spies, are closely linked in our memory with cakes, tarts, and fresh butter. Surely mothers have lost an excellent opportunity of instilling religious knowledge into willing minds by the disappearance of these little picture-tiles.

The first book printed in England with wood-cuts

was the second edition of Caxton's *Game and Playe of the Chesse*, printed by Caxton in Westminster Abbey about 1480. In the minds of many, the first pictures that can be remembered will be those in some family Bible of the last century, the fly-leaf of which contained, it may be, the names and dates of birth of their brothers and sisters, some of whom perhaps will never be recorded anywhere else. We well remember such a one with four pictures on a sheet, in which might be seen the Great Enemy of mankind tempting Eve or Job, with a tail and hoofs which we as firmly believed in as the sacred narrative itself. The tortures inflicted by Antiochus on the Jews make us shudder when we think of them to this day. As works of art, it must be confessed these Bible pictures would not be considered to rank high; but there was some rough energy about them, and their stories were clearly told.

The first book illustrated with copper-plate engravings was Bettini's *El Monte Sancto di Dio*, printed at Florence in 1477. The prints are much better than many that have been done in later times, and one of them is on the same page as the letterpress, a plan which, when introduced a few years ago, in Rogers's *Italy*, was thought a great novelty. The first English book with copper-plate illustrations seems to have been the *Concent of Scripture*, by Broughton, but the prints are rather diagrams or maps than pictures.

Until the end of the last century, book-prints were generally wanting in delicacy of tints and refinement of execution. There is scarcely an attempt to render 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 graver and etching-point is but imperfectly overcome, 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-engravings—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 this 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 seem to have been imbued 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 *Novelists' 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 engravings of James Heath 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, filmy white dresses of the ladies. The very angle at which his secondary lines cross the first and stronger 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 refinement 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 detached 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 in the British Museum, that he is now forming a collection of them, a distinction with which few engravers have been honoured. But while we confess to a predilection in favour of Stothard and Heath, we must not undervalue 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 has 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 when the picture represents an actual place; and even if it be one 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 very unpretending, 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. Auld Scotland has not, we think, received due justice in the pictures of her far-famed localities which sometimes are joined to the work we speak of. There are also some views in Ireland—a set of twenty-four—engraved by Milton, which need no higher praise than that they have as much of the merits of Woollett'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 annuals 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 Byron's Poems, Rogers's *Italy*, the *Waverley Novels*, &c., were brought out at a great expense, and yet proved very profitable speculations. Engravers had more work than they could execute, and took pupils to assist them, prices were high, and for a time all went well.

But at length a reaction ensued. Many of the annuals were little more than showy pictures, with trashy, insipid stories to explain them, thus reversing the proper order, in which the painter should follow the writer, and not precede him. As engravings on steel did not soon shew signs of wear, after illustrating one book, they were frequently made to do duty again, with, if possible, a still feebler tale to drag in the position. Thus, we have seen Diana Vernon, and other heroes and heroines of Scott's novels, shewn 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 surprise 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 nature with a determination 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 more plainly: 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 if we suppose three hundred to be the limit of tolerable impressions which could be printed, the bloom and beauty of some of the more delicate engravings would disappear with the first 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

gems, 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 Sibyl, 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 coarsest-coloured picture. We do not at all recommend taking prints from books, even if the 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 rendered 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 perfection of whose execution leads to a general supposition 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 graceful women and 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 houses, the antiquary may derive the most valuable assistance.

The passion for getting together engravings that bear on particular subjects has always prevailed to a considerable extent. Some have collected every print connected with their native town or county, 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 L.300, 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—we fear it does 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 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, being engraved on large plates, so that the plate-mark might be cut off.

It is hardly enough to disclaim any wish to depreciate 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 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 meed 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—waifs and strays which may be lying about in unregarded corners, or sometimes 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, mississ 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-servant of the lodgings who thus addressed me, bursting quite violently into the trim first-floor parlour of 88 Regent Parade, Bubblewells Royal. I lodged in that favourite and fashionable thoroughfare, in the house of Abel Timms, tailor and outfitter, whose shop was below, and it was the Timms' maid-servant 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 your master for?'

'He wants to kill hisself!' exclaimed the girl, and a terrific scream from the lower regions came to back 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 down stairs. There I found Mrs Timms, a comely, kind-hearted young woman enough, very much out of breath, and struggling with her husband, who certainly looked desperate 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 paroxysm passed away, and the poor little man began to cry and sob like a child.

'I think we may loose 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 pleasanter things in life than to be domiciled with a mad landlord.

'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 lustre, and 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, this is really not the kind of thing that one goes to Bubblewells 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.'

Now, 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 ruined me!'

I was thoroughly surprised. What!—Mr Fitz-Fluke—the Honourable Reginald Fitz-Fluke, of Eugénie Villa at Bubblewells, and of Park Lane, London—who had been caressed and respected at the watering-place, and whose departure I had just seen chronicled in the local newspapers! That Mr Fitz-Fluke was a customer of Abel's, I knew, for it 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, labelled, 'George Brown, Hon. R. Fitz-Fluke's, Eugénie 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 retinue as to the magnificence of the Earl of Canonbury, F. F.'s brother. And here was this very Abel Timms passionately proclaiming the Honourable Reginald a villain, and frantically 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 allusions to pecuniary losses; 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 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 attics, and applied herself to extract an explanation from her husband. This was no hard task. The poor little man's nature had been stirred 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 his abasement was perfect; and it was with sobs and a broken voice that he stammered out his story.

Fitz-Fluke owed him a good deal of money. He had been 'patronised' by the great man throughout the hunting season that had lately ended, and Abel had watched with delight the frequency with which the aristocratic name of Lord Canonbury's brother found its way into his ledger. At last, the Hon. Reginald gave up Eugénie Villa, and went away, and then Timms sent in his bill, with a deferential note of apology for that liberty. On the eve of his departure, Fitz-Fluke most handsomely paid the bill by cheque—a cheque drawn on those well-known and eminent London bankers, M'Neesh and Dibbs of Charing Cross, and signed, stamped, and dated in the most formal way. As for the amount, that would have been a flea-bite to some tradesmen in my landlord's line. Schnipp and Ganzheim of Bond Street, or Crump and Slasher 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. That hundred and 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 Bubblewell, 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 glazed board in one's emporium, with 'Terms—Cash,' on it; but that harmless notice no more looses the purse-strings of the public than a scarecrow frightens sparrows. People *will* 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 fingering the actual gold and silver. Fitz-Fluke, noble, dashing, and apparently rich, had descended on Abel's little sandwich of a shop like an auriferous 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 substance in various forms; in the liveries that clothed his page and footman; in the drab coat of his coachman, and the drab gaiters of his grooms; in the boxes and trunks of his family,

in the shape of riding-habits and juvenile jackets; and even in the glossy 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, they had directed him to endorse it, 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—M'Neesh and Dibbs, 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. Yes; he knew the address in town, 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.

'Hulloh, Timms!' 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, coolly handed back to me across the counter of the National Provincial, with "not sufficient effects" for all explanation. A pretty go! I've been supplying Eugénie Villa all through the winter with ball-suppers, extra-made dishes, and all sorts of goods—even the boys, hang 'em, ran up quite a 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 quite white and ghastly. 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 Thrum and Salter, the clothiers, with whom he had dealt on credit. This bill was for eighty-eight 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, but for his wife's opportune entry 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 the perfidy of Fitz-Fluke. No more fear of that now; the poor little man was calmed down from the momentary fever-flush, though it was piteous to hear his moans as he dwelt upon his wrongs.

'I trusted him, sir, as if he'd been a dook. He's served me cruel; and I was uncommon moderate,

too, in my charges, I can take my hoath of that, and particular in the hitema. What with buttony toonics for the page, which his name were George, and state liveries for the footman and coachman—the plush bein' 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 bewildered 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 Thrum and Salter. That bill was the Fate looming in the distance, the anaconda 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, clearing 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. He could be a journeyman, no doubt, but ah! what a tumble 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 Thrum 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 ruin.'

There was genuine grief in her look and tone; and though she was no elocutionist, and *did* pronounce the last word of the above sentence 'ruing,' I did not feel at all disposed to laugh. A 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 decanter had not been poached 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, I had been 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 for wishing well to the Timms ménage. I think, 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 apron-strings, and appeared anxious to say something that would not come trippingly off the tongue. 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 it's a difficult matter to set straight. From what you tell me, I begin to fear that this Mr Fitz-Fluke is some artful swindler, victimising 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 knave as this would prefer impunity and a mulct, to Millbank and oakum—would pay the cheque, I mean, rather than go before a magistrate.'

So saying, and bidding 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 electro-plated 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 Peerage 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 know 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 voice to match. I had seen 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-humoured to even the humblest. Mrs Fitz-Fluke, to be sure, was a thin, sad-eyed woman, with rather a scared face and silent manner; but the young ladies were handsome, dashing girls; and the boys, fine little fellows in velvet 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 Cagliostro 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—an inadvertency 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 Canenbury'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 Larkings: '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's, partly because Timms was my landlord, and partly because the grocer, pastry-cook, and saddler were all much better able to bear the loss sustained by them. Timms was my only client; I was not Quixote enough to champion any other creditor of the too fascinating Fitz-Fluke. However, I resolved to act warily, and therefore I called upon my solicitor, previous to taking any more decisive 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 knit his beetling brows as I told the history of Fitz-Fluke, and he scrutinised the protested cheque which formed my credentials—and with which Timms had provided me before starting—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 an 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 Cramham, but misdemeanour by the more recent ruling of Baron Ponder and Chief-justice Patchley,' said Mr Marshall, taking snuff; 'and although I grant such an act is severely punishable, the law does not appear to stretch to such a case as this. Fitz-Fluke had effects, you see; he had a balance, and he overdrew it, that's all. A judge might reprove him for carelessness; but I don't think a jury could send him to work on the Portland breakwater, richly 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 put in an execution, 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 venerated sideboard and electro-plated cruet-stands. Don't sue 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 five-pound note as his fee?'

'I will,' answered I.

The lawyer rang the bell. 'Send Mr Lobb here.'

Mr Lobb 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 Lobb, entering the particulars with a stump of a pencil in a greasy black-bound pocket-book.

'When can you let this gentleman know what you have discovered?' asked the solicitor.

'This time to-morrow,' answered his clerk, who was the reverse of deferential in his bearing, and opened and shut his thin lips in speaking as sharply as if they were the jaws of a rat-trap.

'If Lobb can't find out the truth, and a plan to go on, nobody can,' said Mr Marshall, as we shook hands and parted. On leaving the solicitor's, a thought

occurred to me—I would go straight to M'Neesh and Dibbs. I went, found the bank easily enough, pushed open one of the heavy mahogany swing-doors, and elbowed 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 incredulity 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 whistling 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 hoarsely. Evidently the garrison were on their guard.

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 footman was surly 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 tearful 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 dismally prophetic: Timms in a debtors' prison, Timms learning 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'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 sallied out to talk as we walked along. The clever clerk was more loquacious than on the previous day.

'I thought I'd reconnoitre the enemy a bit,' said Lobb, 'and work up to him by degrees. The Blue Book told, you know, what club 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 I thought he would. A cunning old chap is Fitz, and my friend's heard of plenty of tricks of his, worse than this, and the gentlemen 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 little 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 Bubblewells, certainly, but paying money is a crucial test.

'No *bony-fide* 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 mysterious ally, who pocketed them with a grim smile. Then his countenance changed.

'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 fogleman, 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 Polyandron Club, where he civilly asked the porter whether Mr Fitz-Fluke were within, receiving an answer in the negative, he next hurried me off to Charing Cross, making an evident point for the banking-house of M'Neesh 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 enemy? Here he was, actually gorging the voracious maw of the devouring dragon, Fitz-Fluke, with further spoil, in place of tearing from him his former prey, the substance of poor Timms. And I, 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

it till we were outside the door that I turned upon Lobb, and asked whether he were insane or not. Lobb chuckled. 'Remember our bargain,' said he reprovingly; 'and trust me for the rest. Now, if you will make the best of your way, in a Hansom, to Park Lane, draw up some three doors off Fitz's house, and keep a sharp watch for his coming out, it's all I can ask of you. Don't be caught napping. If he comes out, follow him; and if he turns Charing Cross way, make your cabby gallop like mad to the Golden Cross Inn, and you'll find me in the coffee-room.'

'But'—

'But me no buts, as the man says in the play,' answered Lobb; 'but keep a sharp eye on old Fitz. By the by, let me have that cheque, as agreed,' half wresting it from my reluctant hand. 'Here, jarvey, cabby, pull up, will you?'

And the active fellow almost hustled me into the high-wheeled cab.

'What am I to do if Fitz, as you call him, doesn't shew?' I asked, half restored to confidence by Lobb's air of cheerful determination.

'Go to the governor's office, and I'll soon be with you—in an hour and three-quarters,' hallooed Lobb as I was wheeled off.

I cannot say that my share in the business appeared one wholly satisfactory to human vanity. There was I, watching Fitz-Fluke's door, like a cat watching a mouse, if such a simile be pardonable in such a case, when I was a mere tool in the hands of a mysterious fellow-creature, and as free from intelligent participation in the intrigue as the very horse in the shafts before me. There I sat and fretted for the specified hour and a half, watch in hand, but no signs of the illustrious defaulter were visible. At the end of the time, I drove off to Mr Marshall's, and had hardly finished my altercation with the cabman, who wished to be paid on some æsthetic principle, rather than in accordance with the base tariff drawn up by grovelling commissioners of police, when Lobb came up, breathless and flushed, evidently with triumph.

He fairly pushed me into his employer's private room, and recklessly tore open his tightly buttoned, threadbare coat, to dive into an inner pocket.

'There!' cried he, flinging on the table a roll of crisp new notes—'there. Ten tenners, see, that makes a hundred; five fivers, that tots up the amount to a hundred and twenty-five; three golden sovs—and seven shillings—there's the money for your tailor's cheque—one hundred and twenty-eight pounds, seven shillings—much at your service, Mr Parkes. I told you five bob would go for commission.'

'But how in the world did you'— began Mr Marshall and myself, but Lobb cut us short by exultingly narrating the events. It seemed that one of the junior clerks in the bank of M'Neesh and Dibbs, a raw boy from the country, and prone, as many boys are, to believe himself more knowing in turf-matters than his elders, was under obligations to a friend of Lobb's. These obligations turned out to consist in the fact, that the silly lad owed Lobb's friend, who was a livery-stable keeper's foreman, certain small sums for bets lost on races, dog-fights, and pigeon-matches. These the young clerk was liquidating by instalments from his salary, while waiting for 'a turn of luck,' and meantime was much under the influence, 'under the thumb,' Lobb phrased it, of his elder associate. For the bribe of a sovereign, Mr Curbett agreed to 'put the screw' on his young debtor, and to enjoin him, under pain of excommunication from the enchanted limits of the sporting-world, with all its 'tips,' galas, oracles, and joys esoteric and exotic, to take a sly peep into the books of the banking firm, and divulge the exact condition of Fitz-Fluke's account. This was done; and Lobb, wisely conjecturing the Honourable Reginald only kept up this balance as a decoy-duck useful in his dealings with tradesmen, formed the hardy idea of first augmenting the sum to

the desired amount, and then, to use his own words, 'netting the whole nest of goldfinches.' This was done. The thirty-one pounds, twelve, paid in at one o'clock to the credit of Fitz-Fluke, made up his account to what was needed; and there were no grounds for refusing payment of the often-rejected cheque in behalf of Timms, when Mr Lobb blandly handed it over the counter at half-past two.

Lobb received his well-earned fee, as well as all expenses incurred in the matter; and at six that evening I started by express train for Bubblewells, to hand over the money to Timms, and was received by the family with transports of gratitude which, as the papers say, can more easily be imagined than described. At any rate, the wolf that had peered, gaunt and snarling, in at the tailor's door, was driven away, and the ruin of two worthy people averted.

As for the wrath of Fitz-Fluke, when he learned the truth, I can only say that I wish I had been by to witness it.

#### 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, the weather has 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, Whitsunday 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-signals. 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 cautionary, 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 hoisting 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 been instrumental 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 intending to cross the Irish Channel with an invalid lady, was warned to *wait*, though the weather *then* looked beautiful in London. That night it blew a hurricane on the west of Ireland, and a gale in the Irish Sea, which lasted the following day.—On the 12th November,

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 storm; and, to save their own lives, the fishermen were obliged to cut from and abandon some L.40,000 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 shew 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 shews 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 preservation 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 Rutlandshire, 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 45°; at a mile, it fell to 26°; 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 *aéronaut*, and ere long we may hope 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 dangerous to remain longer in the air, he would probably 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 as of sea-sickness, with palpitation and difficulty of breathing. As regards the highest observations, we would recommend the Alpine Club to compare them with theirs taken on the mountain-tops where the temperature 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 comprising 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 glens 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 Brahmapootra it is not more than three hundred miles 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 Manaar to Palk Strait, available at all seasons. If this were accomplished, vessels trading from Burmah to Madras and Bombay, and the reverse, would be saved all the distance which they at present have to sail round the south side of Ceylon. Even at the expense of blasting the traditional 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 instances 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 2,459,923 tons worth; in round numbers, L.12,000,000 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 34,329 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 readers, 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 whatever advantages other countries may possess, there nevertheless remains a 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 subject 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 ploughed in; hence, as in the fibre from an acre of ground there is not more than  $7\frac{1}{2}$  pounds of mineral matter, the annual loss is but small, not half of what 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 ash of the cotton plant as grown 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 incompetent 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 man*' 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 affirmative, for traces 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 Engis skull is of 'a date antecedent to the last great physical changes of Europe, the owner being a contemporary of the mammoth, the tichorine rhinoceros, the cave-bear, and the cave-hyæna, 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 men 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 Schedels 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.

#### W O R S H I P.

WERE there 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 fane,  
And many voices of sublimer 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 chaste;  
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, mercifulest, 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.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 453.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## HOLIDAYS.

THE above word is unknown 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 inexorable 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, he 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 highlows, 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 landsman 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, but they convey no sensation of toil. They enliven the stage of the country; they are pastoral performers. I am not quite sure, though, about 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 synonymous 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 peasant does hard work on weak food; 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. There are men who ascend great 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, when I look up, 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 converging 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 mucous membrane; 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 in good health 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 rule. The charm, and therefore, to a certain degree, 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, yawn, sneeze, sleep, bathe, and have our hair cut. We may, on the other hand, attach too little importance to the when and the why of these things. There is a contempt of cause and effect which shortens many persons' lives, who yet need not have prim 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 excessive, 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, no doubt, for a boy to fling 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 friend, if 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 track. If possible, do without letters; it has been found that they will answer one another if allowed to accumulate at home. Shuffle this coil off; the world will move round still, though you take your hand altogether off the crank. 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-

fitable, must be entertaining, absorbing; if anything which is legitimate attracts and influences you, don't be ashamed of its appearing to be too childish. Tumble on the hay, throw stones on the beach, gape about in the market. There is much harmless amusement to be got out of your fellow-travellers, and the coffee-room acquaintances you make. Avoid 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 native 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 unsuitable 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 chalet. 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 excursionist. 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 frolicsomeness, his snobbish gallantry, 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 dislike or condescension, which are pretty nearly the same thing. Probably you owe more than you fancy to that buoyant 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 stuck-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 can do many things, but it cannot repeal a law of nature. Whether ordnance be or be not competent to pierce iron armature at ranges—say from 1700 to 3000 yards—may still remain a matter of doubt in 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 unrifled? 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 150-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, be it 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 to Chairman of National Defence Commission.*—You particularise certain great guns with which to arm your fortifications. Do I understand you to say such ordnance are actually made?

*Chairman to Curious Inquirer.*—No; not made, but going to be made: Sir William is going to make them.

Curious inquirer's thoughts begin to wander from coast defences to the cookery-book of Mrs Glasse. He is strongly tempted to ask whether it would not have been well to make the cannon first; but remembering to whom he speaks, restrains 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* nods assent.

*Curious Inquirer.*—That gun could only manage to smash iron-mail at two hundred yards, I believe—long pistol-shot distance, we will say; and on July the seventh, it went off at both ends.

Commissioners direct angry glances at curious inquirer, and say they have no official notification of the circumstance to which he refers.

It will be well now to call attention to the fact, that the dimensions and strength of great guns cannot be increased indefinitely. This truth is not commonly appreciated; the point being taken for granted, that the limiting condition to the dimensions of great guns is the ability of a platform to carry them. Under the influence of this assumption, it has been argued that land-fortresses must necessarily have advantages over ships or floating-batteries for purposes of coast defence, seeing that they afford a fixed platform for ordnance of any magnitude; whereas, on ship-board, or in a floating-battery, cannon, if they exceed a certain weight and size, are no longer manageable.

The question of our coast defences has, we need scarcely observe, been discussed by a select committee. The commissioners take it for granted that ordnance of the size and power necessary to perforate iron armature at distances varying from nineteen hundred to three thousand yards can be made; whereas Colonel Boxer, one of our most learned artillery officers, and chief of the laboratory department at Woolwich, says he believes they cannot.

For the sake of peace and quietness, however, Colonel Boxer assumes that certain giant ordnance imagined by the commissioners can be made in any quantity. He assumes that they shall be able to fire their proper charges without *doing* as the great

gun did at Shoeburyness, on 7th July—exploding at both ends. 'I grant you, gentlemen of the defence commission, all your postulates for the sake of argument,' is the purport of what Colonel Boxer very provokingly writes in a pamphlet issued by him for private circulation; 'but I cavil at your deductions; your calculations are all wrong.' And now the gallant colonel launches a most provoking shaft of ridicule against the commissioners, barbing it with an *argumentum ad absurdum*. We cannot refrain from giving the gallant colonel's own words. 'Familiarly rendered,' he writes, 'it—that is, the commissioners' reasoning—amounts to this, that the same exertion only is required to raise a body weighing two cwt. one foot high, as to raise a body weighing one cwt. through the same distance; or that it only requires the same amount of work to knock a hole 13·1 inches in diameter through the *Warrior's* side, as to knock a hole 10·4 inches in diameter.'

It is Colonel Boxer who pronounces, not ourselves; but, if our own conclusions be demanded, we are constrained to state, having gone through Colonel Boxer's pamphlet, and checked all his calculations with great care, that we believe the gallant colonel to be in the right. In accepting their postulates and data, the commissioners may have perhaps erred; but, accepting the postulates and data as set down, then indeed do the commissioners stand convicted of enunciating the remarkable dogma, that 'the same exertion only is required to raise a body two cwt. one foot high, as to raise a body weighing one cwt. through the same distance.' Speaking for ourselves, we are always open to conviction: even on this point, if sufficient further evidence should dawn upon us; but there are those who to the end of time would never be convinced—the individual who carries coal in bags to our chambers, for example.

Colonel Boxer, for the sake of magnanimity, accepts the data of the commissioners as he finds them, but they are hypothetical, after all. May it not transpire (the reader may ask) that when the commissioners' four monster guns are made and fired, practice will dispense with the necessity of calculation? Have any of these guns been made? Can they be made—made, that is to say, strong enough to withstand the bursting force of such gunpowder charges as are suitable to their needs? In common scientific fairness, we will waive the second question. In these days, it is hard to predict what can and what cannot be accomplished by engineers. Whether such guns have been made, involves a matter of fact. The first of the four has been made—the 12-ton unrifled gun discharging a round ball of 150 pounds. The others have not been made. Experience has been acquired of the 150-pounder, and our imaginary 'curious inquirer' has accurately set forth 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 an electric device; demonstrated, 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, then, 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: if forts cannot hurt floating-batteries, say at 1700 yards range, neither, under these circumstances, can floating-batteries hurt forts. This is not exactly so, however. Artillery projectiles are launched by two modes of firing—vertical and horizontal. 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 shell out of ten 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 launch projectiles by vertical firing at a fort or town with certainty of effect, land-fortresses, on their part, have no such certainty.

The arguments adduced by Colonel Boxer go to prove the superiority of floating-batteries to land-fortresses as against other floating-batteries. Matched against each other, it would become a question of penetration by horizontal fire, or running down, 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-mailed ship could run down, or rather crush in a wooden ship, was too obvious for demonstration; that shells horizontally launched was the most effectual plan of demolishing 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 the same sort of lesson 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 corroboration 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 iron armature, the Americans had steadily developed and given fullest effect to the system of artillery proved most competent to wreak devastation on 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, prior to the advent of mailed ships, had done all that in them lay to construct guns of the maximum size, firing gunpowder charges of minimum weight. Gunpowder!—the word is now almost a misnomer as applied to the charge of 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 sea-going 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-batteries,' he says, 'they are only 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 could be worked 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, *cui bono?* If equally invulnerable, why not make a *Warrior* at once?'

These general remarks may 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 disputes the soundness of the fortification commissioners' deductions, mere lookers-on may at least pause before coming to a conclusion. Whilst an iron ship-builder of great experience launches 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 predilections 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 that have lately invaded the deep, 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 any. 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:

	300 Yards.	500 Yards.	800 Yards.	1000 Yards.	1200 Yards.
Lancaster,	4.20	0.50	1.01	1.87	3.90
Enfield,	5.25	0.87	1.76	2.55	4.40
Whitworth,	5.76	0.70	1.62	2.88	5.52

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.

'HILLOA, 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 wuss 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 of the purest water, being a noisy, inquisitive person, bent on causing his northern origin to be forgotten by out-Heroding 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 zealot 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 Donaldsonville 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 making me the recipient of his opinions and statements. However, as manager of the branch-bank not very long established at Donaldsonville, 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,' answered I. 'Has the European mail come in since breakfast?'

'Scrunch the Eurôpean 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 head 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—I do. Your principals should buy it, sir—the Pontmachiche Plantation.'

'The Pontmachiche?' said I in surprise; 'young Mr Lemaire's estate?'

'Ay, sir,' said the captain tragically. 'Young Lemaire 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 juglar as slick as—as—a piece of pumpkin,' concluded Ekins, in default of a more appropriate comparison.

I could not express much surprise or sorrow at this untimely end of one who was notorious for profligacy and duelling; and my informant himself seemed much more interested in the chance of a good 'spec,' when the estate should be sold to pay creditors, than in the catastrophe that had cut short the career of the late proprietor. He abruptly changed the subject, asking me if I meant to 'go to camp,' or not.

'Camp? What camp?'

'Camp-meeting. There's quite a gather out at Nine Poplars. Wagons from the homesteads near to hand, and heaps of folks on hossback, and more gals than when the circus opened at Thibadeau town. The ladies are mad about that preacher chap. Hev'n't you heard him any 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, bargains, 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. Jonadab Hucks—whose discourses 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 fur off, and my friend Nat Parker, at Salt Spring Farm, will loan you a pony and saddle. You r'elly oughter go, for I'd like your notions 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 a 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-trash 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, gaudy '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 background peeped out 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 pulpit, took off his hat, pulled a book from his pocket, and in a high nasal voice gave out the first quavering staves of a New England hymn, which pealed 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 it began, the silence was so profound that nothing broke it but the whir of a winged insect, or the far-off cry, half-screech, half-song, of the mocking-bird. The sermon was a wild, quaint discourse, one of those orations which no one, not even perhaps their 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 glimpses of no mean ability and zeal; pungent sarcasms that made the hearers wince; grim denunciations that cowed them; home-truths, well and forcibly put. The minister was a man of thirty, tall, gaunt, and sallow, 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 outstretched, 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 evinced the delight of the blacks. At the same time, many of his expressions struck me as thinly veiled denunciations of slavery, and as passionate aspirations for the deliverance of the African race; and I judged by the knitted 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 and audacious. I could hardly believe my ears. A man to preach against slavery in the very stronghold of the system, hard by that New Orleans where the degradation of the dusky 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 peccadilloes. But when Mr Hucks, after giving out the first verse of another hymn, came slowly down among his congregation, he was beset by many ladies, who had to thank 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; horses neighed as the corn-bag was carried round by an attendant negro lad; and the voices of two or three peddlers and venders of sweet-stuff were heard above the buzz of conversation.

These meetings are, indeed, in that thinly peopled part of the back-country, a sort of Royal Exchange for gossip and intercourse, social and commercial. All round me were young folks laughing and joking, while their fathers 'swopped' horses, and their mothers compared notes as to the ailments of children and the demerits of negro servants. For some time I was an amused spectator of the scene, but presently a black boy came grinning up.

'Massa Britisher, please, Massa Cap'en Ekins 'quest your comp'ny.'

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 enterprising 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 fences, and slings, all temptingly iced, met a brisk sale. But there was anything rather than a festive look on the features of the members of this thirsty company; I saw nothing but frowns, pursed-up lips, and other signs of mental disquiet. Mr Hardy looked serious, so did Colonel Story, so did Elder Walsh, so did Major Gutch who kept the dry-goods store, the planters present wore a perturbed aspect, while Ekins, fully in his element, looked unutterably 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 cobbler 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 Jaël and Sisera, and a deal more. Rank treason! A pretty thing, with niggers all about, the wickedest, most deceitful, most blood-thirsty critters alive, to be preached out of life and goods by a 'tarnal Abolitionist firebrand.'

These words produced their effect. The spectre which ever haunts the dreams of a Gulf States planter,

the spectre 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 Walsh. 'Them pesky Abolitionist chaps up north may have made this Mr Hucks a catspaw to claw out the hot hickory-nuts without riskin' their own skins. I wish I'd never countenanced 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 Phœbe to read.'

'Dead agin the law!' exclaimed all the other men confidently; while Story added: 'Cuss the 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 a land o' freedom, I some think, and we'll put down such tarnation firebrands as this Hucks, if it cost 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 remounted 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 before received a hearty welcome. 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 spinsters; 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.

Some days, 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 Hucks among them, and to hear that he was their guest, and had been staying for some time beneath their roof. Words cannot express the ungainly appearance of the preacher as he bestrode 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 fluent 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 mettlesome 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 maiden-aunts, they all rode mules, for the better government of which, a negro lad, barefooted, but neatly dressed in blue cotton cloth, trotted beside each animal's bridle. Joel Lumley was on his big northern horse, as usual.

I met with a kindly welcome. The hospitable family reproached me 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 any decided court to Ruth Lumley; and yet I could have wished Mr Hucks 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 M'Gree, 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 Hucks 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 adjured 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. Then I 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 swayed 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 together in a hollow among 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 Hucks 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, dear massa, no tell, for Heaven sake; or if Reg'lators know it, we shall be whipped to death a'most, sar.'

Meanwhile Mr Hucks, 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 realised if any white American should chance upon their place of study. They hurried off towards the house, leaving Mr Hucks and myself together. I passed my arm through the preacher's, and we walked up the path at a slow pace.

'Mr Hucks, I respect your convictions,' said I, 'but

really you are running a great risk. Turks are not more jealous of their harems 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 loosening 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 it. I did not like the man. Honest he was, as I believed, but his flighty and mystical jargon deafened me, and I could not for my very life make out how the young ladies could endure it. As for old Joel Lumley, I am sure he did not comprehend one word in ten; but the frequent biblical metaphors and far-fetched allusions gratified his New England ears 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 presence under the roof of Bellevue. Nothing remarkable happened in the course of the next two weeks. The cotton was swelling and ripening, the pods were heavy and sound, and 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 pleasanter 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 a refusal to lend is resented 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 my principals 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.

I 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 fifes 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 bugler of the militia, who was blowing the 'assembly.' Already I could see the glitter of muskets and bayonets, as the citizen soldiers turned out, half dressed, and hurried to the muster. Numbers of towns-people and countrymen, in plain clothes, but 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 slave-holders 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 vapouring 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 government officials, but 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 said was received as an oracle, though they were by no means the richest or most polished of those present. I guessed the true secret of their influence, even before Ekins whispered it; they were the Regulators, and although an illegal confederation, were treated with much respect by the state dignitaries. I only knew one of these young men, he who seemed to take the lead, and to whose side Ekins bustled at once.

'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 shewed his white teeth in rather a scornful smile as he replied: 'More smoke nor fire, I guess. They're afraid, them gov'ment, speech-makin' muffs, and they believe the niggers will chaw 'em up afore day-dawn. This child don't vally the ebonies, not the snap of a flint, he don't, onst he's awake and got this holler bit of iron ready;' and Minns shook his five-foot rifle in his brawny gripe, and laughed aloud.

'But there was a plot, Paul—there was a most catawampous plot, I say,' cried Ekins, almost foaming at the mouth.

'I believe there war,' said Minns simply—'a mere

flash in the pan; but there's mischief brewin', or I've been bamfoozled. See, that darky I took prisoner fust let the 'possum out of the bag.'

Without waiting for any comments on this transatlantic version 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 curses, to 'speak out.' The poor wretch, however, was half idiotic with fear; he merely muttered: 'Golly, massa, me poor Sam! O massa, please, sar—oh, oh, oh!'

'He has 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's sartin; but 'tis so mixed up with the Land o' 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 sooty-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.

'Stay,' cried Minns; 'I'll be the fust to collar Hucks; and I'll jest take hoss, and go up to Bellevue, 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 business.'

This was agreed to by acclamation. Several sheets of paper were soon black with signatures, and among them was my own. I should not have been doing my duty to my employers, Peters and Mull, if I had refused to become a member of an association incorporated for the public defence at so momentous a time. Rules were hurriedly drawn up. All able-bodied men were to be enrolled in companies, guards were to be placed on the roads, and every precaution taken against a negro revolt.

'That's right!' said Minns, when the last signature had been penned, and his appointment as president had been rapidly voted. 'And now, who's for Bellevue?'

'I!' 'I!' and 'I!' bawled twenty voices, and I joined in volunteering, not that I wished any harm to the poor fanatic, but because I thought I might be useful in protecting the family from ill-treatment. Off we went accordingly, Ekins, Gutch, Minns, and twenty-three others, including myself; but with all our promptitude, the bird had flown. The nest, as Minns pithily remarked, was still warm, and the confusion in the preacher's sleeping apartment proved how lately and abruptly it had been deserted. How Mr Hucks had obtained a warning, we could only guess. Our party were furious, all save myself, who secretly rejoiced at the poor man's escape. Had he fallen into the hands of the fierce Regulators, it would, in the excitement of the moment, have gone very hard with him.

Not much mischief was done during the search, in spite of the exasperation of the citizens; but the furniture was roughly tossed about, and not a few bottles of the old wine in the cellar were drained or smashed. Mr Lumley said—no doubt truly—that he knew nothing of the matter; but I must own that the conduct of the young ladies, Ruth and Hannah, disappointed me. American females are famous for the terrors of their tongues, and on this occasion I am bound to say that we received such a scolding from those rosy lips as it was hard to endure. Had Minns and the rest been chidden for their invasion, it would have been well enough; but I, who had expected to

be hailed as a protector, and whose imagination had been busy with a pretty little chivalric scene of distress and devotion, was taken aback by the bitter taunts that were levelled at me, by Ruth in especial. All this seemed to me very odd and ungrateful; but I was not allowed time to explain, and as I rode back to town, I entertained serious doubts as to whether such a fine high spirit as Ruth had just given proof of were the exact quality to 'make home happy.'

The next week or two were spent in a whirlwind of bustle and turmoil; nothing but drumming and drilling, snapping of caps, burnishing of bayonets, and preparations to put down any rising with the strong hand. Every road, ferry, or ford was watched by a picket of armed whites; sentinels were posted in front of the public buildings, patrols tramped by night through the streets; the whole place was in a state of siege. Meanwhile, a special commission, both legal and illegal, took in hand the task of 'doing justice.' Every day a sort of court sat to hear witnesses and try prisoners. Negroes from different estates were examined, urged to confession by threats and bribes, and very often, I am afraid, by torture. The result, considering the ignorance, the hopeless stupidity of some, the malice and cunning of others, and the wild rumours abroad, was such a labyrinth of lies as would have bewildered the clearest head on any bench on earth. Many negroes were flogged with great severity, others were ironed in jail, some were sold into Texas; but no life was actually taken, though two or three frightened wretches drowned themselves in sheer terror of the consequences of denunciation.

The end of all this was, that although some of the calmer citizens absolutely began to doubt the existence of any plot at all, a conspiracy was pretty well 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 meant, 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 inculpated. His share in the projects 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 hankering to play the part of Gideon or Moses for the oppressed race. He had certainly taught some of them to read; had told others that they were 'as good as their masters,' and had invited many to 'come up out of Egypt,' and be free. Such was his offence, and its penalty 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; in vain had negroes been persuaded, 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 Regulators knew no bounds. Meanwhile, I had received notice that a sum in gold, silver, and notes, sufficient to replenish the bank-till,

had been intrusted 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 to reclaim the deposit. 'You know,' 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 Pits' 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 Bellevue 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 forgiveness to crave. 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 than half in love with Ruth Lumley.

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.

'O Mr Fordyce, 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 ruffianly loafers 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, uncouth 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 porters were finishing the stowage 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 debblish heavy, sar. 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 by to bid us farewell, as our lashings were cast off, and the tug snorted 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 loftier merchantman; it touched the deck.

'Eh, 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 knit 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 apeak, 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 I; 'if Captain Jones has no objection, I should like to see that bale stowed away.'

'Shall we strike it down into the hold, sir?' asked a seaman, stepping up. There was a queer look 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.'

'Yea, verily, and sore hath been my tribulation among these Midianites,' answered a half-choked voice from the interior of the cotton package, 'seeing my limbs are cramped, even as Jonah'—

'Hucks! by all that's venomous!' 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 lank 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 execrations 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 been made a scapegoat by the gal, but that's done. Them Reg'lators 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-out, madder-dyed villain.' 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 calling at a handsome house in Philadelphia, a lady kindly invited me to come to tea that evening.

'You will meet,' she said, 'our new minister, Mr Jonadab Hucks, a priceless man, and his charming wife, dear Ruth, who was a Miss Lumley.'

I declined the invitation.

## 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 can at times be as surly 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 rising 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 Civita Vecchia to Naples is 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 diligences or of voitures for hire. 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.

But now we land, and such a scramble of boats, such vociferation of porters, such tearing about to get at cabs, such a profusion of people! Getting through all this hubbub, we drive off to our previously secured quarters in the Hotel de Russie, a favourably situated establishment on the line of broad open quay towards the Chiaia, and which commands a splendid view of the bay. Coming from Rome to Naples, we experienced a striking change: it was from torpidity to vivacity, gloom to cheerfulness, despotism and foreign military repression to constitutional forms and a national guard. There was the same style of building as at Rome—tall bulky edifices laid out as dwellings on separate floors, or forming princely palazzos, the residence of the higher orders; but the flat roofs, the almost ever-open windows, the frequency of curtains hanging in the entrances instead of doors, and the number of awnings and balconies, unmistakably signify that we have reached a mild and dry southern clime. Spreading upwards on the high grounds, many of the thoroughfares are as narrow and unapproachable by wheeled carriages as they are in Rome or Genoa, and consequently the mule and ass, with their sacks and panniers, are in constant requisition; but in no Italian city is there such spacious roadways, and we have nothing at all in England to compare with the universal paving from side to side with large flag-stones. The drive westwards for miles along the Chiaia, with the sea and pleasure-grounds on the left, and fine terraces of buildings on the right, is, I should fancy, not to be matched anywhere. A drive of similar length, but through a humbler quarter, extends eastwards in the direction

of Torre dell' Greco and Vesuvius. And these two open drives combined leave Rome far in the background.

It is not, however, the buildings, nor the broad-paved roads, that surprise a stranger in Naples. It is the enormous number of people; we feel as if nowhere in the world did human beings exist in such illimitable abundance. Of the population, which is upwards of half a million, large numbers seem to live almost constantly in the open air. Much has been said of the lazzaroni of Naples, and I was prepared to see not a little of idle basking in the sun, but a change has latterly come over the old lazzaroni. The fisher part of the population being pretty generally occupied with their boats or nets, did not come up to our idea of idlers, nor could we observe that any other class had a repugnance to industrial employment, although, it must be admitted, that the means of earning a livelihood are often exceedingly slender. It is in Naples that we see the most perfect examples of the Italian *faccino*—agent, doer, porter, or by whatever term the word may be translated. Wherever you go, the *faccino* starts up to do your bidding, or to do for you whether you will or not. He flies to open the door of your carriage, or to lift and carry your baggage, or to find a cab, in the hope of a small donation; and though sometimes so troublesome as not to be easily shaken off, he is on the whole a good-natured and obliging fellow. Little in the way of substantial or regular meals serves the *faccino*, but in fact little of that sort suffices the humbler classes generally. I am inclined to think that among them there is scarcely any domestic cookery. On the principle that it is cheaper to buy a morsel of cooked food than to prepare it from raw material, many of them probably do not kindle a fire for months. The preparation of macaroni, soup, cakes, and other articles is seen going on all day in public for the general accommodation. There is also a great reliance on fruits, onions, and lemonade. Any inexpensive trifle is sufficient for a meal—a penny roll with a shelled hard-boiled egg stuck in the middle of it, and an onion; or a roll into which a spoonful of soup is poured along with a scrap of meat; an orange and a glass of acidulated water being taken as a finish. I have sometimes thought that the children of the poorer classes in England, who are seen playing about the streets, must draw largely on fresh air for nourishment; for they do not get much else, and yet they appear healthier than those on whom the wind is scarcely suffered to blow. In the same way, the Neapolitans seem to make heavy demands on the atmosphere, which happily for them is delicious and inexhaustible.

As in Rome, the shops of Naples are constructed on the ancient Pompeian model. Nothing could be more simple, for the entire concern is just a vaulted coach-house with a wide doorway, or a door and two small windows to fill up the front. There are hundreds of this kind in Naples, which, without back-apartment or cellar, comprise shop and house in one. Workshops are almost invariably of this description. The artisan is observed working at his bench near the spacious doorway, or half of his apparatus is in the street, while in the interior is seen the entire domestic establishment.

As if nature had resolved that nothing should be wanting to complete the enjoyableness of the climate of Naples, it has kindly provided two cool mineral springs, which from their palatableness are immensely popular. One of the springs is chalybeate, the other slightly sulphurous, but both contain carbonic acid, which gives them a sparkling and pungent quality. The sulphurous one, as possessing the larger proportion of this agreeable smartness, attracts the greater number of visitors, and there goes on a great trade in filling and corking earthenware jars of different sizes, for the sale of glassfuls all over



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 this acceptable beverage—their 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 or mole which is used as a landing-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 on the mole 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 perfidious 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 stern censorship, there could 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, and practically unacquainted with 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 them from this error. 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 shewed no reluctance to use it. The cafés 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 newsboys 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. An impetus had doubtless been given to the general vivacity by the arrival of Victor Emmanuel, accompanied by a fleet of French war-vessels. Unable to search the hearts 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 reviews—all gave 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 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 its 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. Pernicious 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 alms or enlarging those stupendous 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 distressed with two things—the low 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 compassion 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, prompting what he is to write to some 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 along the precipitous shore, there 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, minor articles in bronze, &c.—brought from Pompeii, Herculaneum, and other exhumed cities; the whole being in a wonderfully good 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.

The liquefaction of the blood of St Januarius occurred while we were in Naples, and a short account of it may be offered.

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 was 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. Blood spilt upwards of 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 liquefaction 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 personages, who affect to call themselves relations of Januarius, began a very extraordinary kind of chanting, or rather monotonous bawling of aves and paters, and the longer they vociferated, the greater was their vehemence and agitation. To all appearance, they were lashing themselves into a paroxysm, and I could not but feel 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 the discordant supplications of the women, some of whom were frantic in beseeching the saint to vouchsafe the miracle. On this occasion, Januarius was more propitious 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 inspection, we were glad to work our way out, and retired just as the female relations of the saint were quitting the church in a state of considerable exhaustion.

I did not await the return of the procession to the cathedral, but attended there the two following days, in the hope of procuring a near view of the liquefied blood. On both days, there was a crowding of persons round the balustrade of the altar, where a venerable priest with the case in his hand shewed it to be kissed and pressed to the forehead. On the second day, when the crowd had subsided, I managed to approach and satisfy myself as to the appearance of the case. It resembled a small gig-lamp, being round in shape, with two flat sides of glass, and having a handle by which it could be conveniently held or stuck upright in the ornamental tabernacle where it is usually kept. On the top was a crown surmounted by a cross. Through the transparent glass sides were seen two vials of different sizes, the larger containing about half a wine-glassful of a brownish liquid, the smaller holding only a bit of dingy straw. To shew that there really had been a liquefaction, the priest was constantly turning the case upside down, by which means the liquid flowed freely backwards and forwards in the vial. There did not seem much devout reverence in this extraordinary scene, but that struck me everywhere as a remarkable feature in the church ceremonials in Italy. Nor could one fail to observe that, from first to last, the crowd was composed mainly of the humbler classes, including absolute paupers, with a sprinkling of officials and sight-seeing strangers. From all I could learn, few of the middle or higher classes in Naples give the ceremony the least attention.

W. C.

#### LIFE IN THE FORESTS OF THE FAR EAST.

A WILD mountainous country, freshened with majestic streams, and garnished with a barbaric luxuriance of vegetation; villages of bamboo framework scattered on the rivers' banks, among fruit-groves and rice-fields; wild cattle plunging through the jungle, herds of swine and alligators dashing among the water; human nature on its own bare brown legs dancing and yelling in bestial excitement, or quietly tilling the ground in perennial summer weather—such, in rough terms, are the general features of that part of Borneo which Mr St John has explored, and pictured to the English reader in a most interesting book.\*

Borneo is the largest island of the great Eastern Archipelago; indeed, excepting New Holland, it is the largest island in the world, being nine hundred miles long by five hundred broad. It is supposed to have been conquered nearly four hundred years ago

\* *Life in the Forests of the Far East.* By Spenser St John, formerly Her Majesty's Consul-general in the great island of Borneo. Two vols. Smith, Elder, & Co.

by the Malays, who spread themselves along the coast, the aboriginal races retiring into the interior. The present Malay empire extending over a portion of the north-west coast, and called Borneo Proper, appears to be the most wretched semblance of power in the world. Sarawak, which adjoins it, and was formerly a portion of it, is better known to Europeans than the other territory, from the published journals of Rajah Brooke and the books of travellers, especially that of Captain Keppell, formerly employed in putting down the pirates who lurked among the creeks and bays of the deeply indented coast, and did great damage to the shipping in the Chinese Sea. Mr St John's name figures honourably in the records of his predecessors; and now he tells his own story. He has pushed far into the interior among the most barbarous tribes, ascended the highest mountains, traced many of the rivers to 'their silver roots,' noted the plants and flowers with the eye of a naturalist, chipped the rocks with the hammer of a geologist, measured heights and breadths with the precision of a surveyor, collected statistics of population and agriculture, pumped the natives of stories and traditions, danced with the girls, and (he confesses it) all but got fuddled with the elders.

His style is a model for all travellers: clear narrative not burdened with philosophical reflections, nor disfigured by eruptions of spurious sentiment. 'The eye sees what it brings the power of seeing;' and you easily judge the character of a man's mind from his simple recital of what he has seen. There is nothing of very painful interest in Mr St John's recital. He has not been in the serrated jaws of any amphibious monster, nor stared a lion out of countenance; he never could bear to fire at a monkey, far less a gorilla; he was never in any danger of being roasted; in fact, the sting of hornets and leech-bites are among the most exciting personal casualties he has to record.

Of the Malays, he says little; but his information regarding the aboriginal races is full and detailed. The land and sea Dayaks, tribes living in the neighbourhood of Sarawak, have been most familiar to him. The English influence is slowly acting on them, but on the whole they seem to be little advanced out of barbarism. The Dayaks are short in stature, the men varying from 4 feet 10 inches to 5 feet 7 inches, and the women from 4 feet 6 inches to 5 feet 2 inches. They or any other of the aborigines are far from prepossessing in appearance. Clothing gets more and more scanty as the interior is penetrated. Men for the most part wear only the chawat or waist-cloth, and the females the short petticoat reaching from under the waist to the knee. They have the usual passion for beads, brass-wire, and other gew-gaws, and tattooing is pretty general. Their villages are built on piles in the water, or scattered on the face of the hills. 'They plant rice, Indian corn, cucumbers, bananas, sweet potatoes, sugar-cane, kiladis, yams, beans, and all kinds of fruit-trees.' They are priest-ridden, and subject to the most wondrous superstitions. Mr St John devotes a chapter to the Protestant and Catholic missions in Sarawak, and endeavours to account for their almost entire failure. Too much system seems to be the root of the mistake.

The rivers on which the Dayaks live are noble streams. Mr St John ascended the Rejang more than a hundred miles, and never found its depth less than four fathoms. It is a mile and a half broad at first, but gradually narrows to a thousand yards and less. A second river, of equal size, abounds with alligators; and monstrous orang-outangs as high as the men are found on its banks.

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 hunt 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 snares of rattan loops 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 sumpitan 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; whereon, 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 was washed was sacredly preserved, to fertilise the land. At Grung, on the river Sarawak, they were especially bored 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—how shall I explain it?—in fact, for us to spit in, and this delectable morsel 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 Kaya 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 measured tread, moving their arms and 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 us, another yell, and off 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 din was deafening, and I sat up to look around. Unfortunate movement! I was instantly seized by two priests, and led up to the Orang Kaya, 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; out of the window, and invoke 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 physicking.'

The ceremonies attending births, marriages, and deaths vary very much. They have this in common,

that they are all rubbish of the most despicable 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 not uncommon to find a young woman of seventeen with her third husband on trial. They appear to live on pretty good terms, and sever in the most amicable 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 *was*. They attack a village amid the beating of gongs 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 this occasion, the white man burst on the children of the jungle in the might and pride of his civilisation; in other words, Mr St John navigated the Baram in the government steamer *Pluto*, at sight of which all monster canoes 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!' 'It is a mighty spirit!' they said, as the strange swift-moving mass hove in sight. The business of the travellers (official) was at Langsui, 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 doubtless 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 had a telescope that could discover the hidden treasures of the earth, as they had heard that we possessed one that shewed the mountains in the moon.' Mr St John entered into the spirit of their ways with singular tact, 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 thirsty.' Tamawan declared that his great village and twenty-one others were averse to the practice of head-hunting, but that over the other twenty-eight villages he had no influence. This chief was a fluent orator, and inspired by tumblers of brandy, protested eternal friendship to the English, 'spoke of the wonderful vessel that came with oars of fire,' prayed, and then cutting a pig's throat, took out its heart and liver, on which he read a favourable augury.

Sinquading, another chieftain, requested the Englishman to become his brother 'through the sacred custom of imbibing each other's blood,' to which, as the timid will be a little startled to hear, he consented. It may be stated, however, that the vital fluid was spread out on tobacco-leaf, and imbibed through a cigarette in the form of smoke. Mr St John was glad to find this form had been chosen, for, as he mildly remarks, to have swallowed even a drop would have been unpleasant. Before leaving, we paid a visit to Si Obong, the wife of Tamawan, and to whom he owed the most of his wealth and power. This lady, 'of the highest extraction,' had been captivated by the fame of his warlike exploits, and the attractive array of heads suspended round his house. 'She was

seated on fine mats among cushions. She had passed her first youth, and had become very stout; in fact, her limbs were much too large for a woman. She wore little clothing—a couple of English handkerchiefs, still in one piece, put round her hips, hanging down and tucked in at the side, and over her bosom a loose black cloth. Her face was round and good-tempered, but rather coarse; her voice was gentle; and she wore her long black hair hanging loose, but kept off her face by fillets of white bark. The most curious part of her costume is what I must call a hip-lace of beads, consisting of three strings—one of yellow beads, the next of varied colours more valuable, and the third of several hundred of those much-prized ones by the Kayun ladies.' None of these beads cost less than nine shillings, and some as much as thirty pounds. She had 'her arms much tattooed, and she was also ornamented in that manner from just under the hip-joint to three inches below the knee. This could be observed as her dress opened at the side.' The lady employed her time in making fancy articles. 'Among other things, she had made a rattan seat covered with fine bead-work for her expected baby.'

The Kayuns trade in camphor, wax, gutta-percha, and india-rubber. The great source of their wealth, however, is 'that article of Chinese luxury,' the edible bird's nest. They import gray shirting and chintzes. The most ridiculous of their customs is the christening of a child. 'A feather is inserted up the child's nostril, to tickle it; if it sneeze, it is a good sign, but if not, the ceremony is put off to another day.' One of the most inhuman proceedings is this: women who appear to be dying in childbirth are taken to the woods, and left in a hastily constructed hut, where none but the meanest slaves may approach them. The visitors were not suffered to depart till they promised to return and stay a few months. Their friends 'hinted that, united, we could soon possess the neighbouring countries between us.' In a brilliant burst of rockets and blue-lights, the mysterious vessel once more vanished, 'and left a want unknown before, with further lookings on.'

Kina Balu, the highest mountain of insular Asia, is situated in the north of Borneo. It is nearly 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. Mr St John twice reached its summit—once by way of the Tampusuk, and again by the Tamawaran, the two main rivers of the rich district between the north of Gaya Bay and beyond the mountain. The inhabitants of these districts, estimated to number 45,250, are two-thirds Ida'ans, the aboriginal race, and the remainder Bajus, Lanuns, and Malays. The numerous rivers by which they are scattered are not navigable, like those in Sarawak, which is a great drawback to the district. The Ida'ans are essentially agricultural, and raise rice, sweet potatoes, the kiladi, 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 trifling. 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 shewed no hospitality, and demanded prices so absurd for their fowls, that the English hate of extortion and avarice became stronger than appetite with the travellers. At the village of Kiau, the next to the mountain, a hostile demonstration greeted them, but, as usual, it was mere brag, to pave the way for extortion. It melted away as the thirty muskets of the party mustered, and no attempt was made to revive it. In noticing the appearances of the route by the Tampusuk, Mr St John says that the Bajus have a singular reluctance

to use their own legs for locomotive purposes; they ride anything that will bear them—horses, cows, buffaloes. 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 Bungol Ida'an, 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 best south of Brunei, and Mr St John thinks it is a remnant of Chinese civilisation. The Tampasuk, far inland, is full of Ida'an 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, devotedly 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 1857; also much information concerning our Labuan colony and the Sulu 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 cue to the origin of many manners, customs, and incidents, preposterous as they are. The Dayaks make their largest offerings to the spirits of evil, and though we hardly go that length, most of us understand the wisdom of occasionally conciliating a foe. Who that has often felt thankful that some external circumstance touched one of the wavering scales of judgment, and saved him from his own imbecility, will fail to understand why these poor creatures, instead of weighing probabilities, shape their conduct by the cry of birds, the picture of a pig's heart, sneezes, and other foolish omens? What young Englishman will not confess himself a possible Tamading, in as far as that Kayun chief, 'with princely munificence (idiotic exuberance?) gave away or spent the whole of his property on his wedding-day?' Among ourselves it is not uncommon for disputants, even in polite circles, but most unquestionably in circles which are not polite, to have recourse to the virtues or vices of an ancestor, when they have exhausted their own personal qualities as a theme for comment. In Borneo, when they quarrel, it is a constant phrase: How many heads did your father or grandfather get? If less than his own number—'Well, then, you have no reason to be proud!' The Datu Tumangong, said to be invulnerable by virtue of certain ceremonies, declared, 'it is as well that the vulgar should believe it, but we know better.' The reader will remember an almost identical sentiment by Alexander the Great, in reference to the popular belief that he was the son of Jupiter. Kasim, a Malay, used to say: 'I would rather be in hell with the English, than in heaven with you, my countrymen.' Mr St John rightly believes this was no conscious plagiarism.

Here is one case where we discern a beautiful feature of our common nature in dark and terrible disguise. 'One man confessed to Mr Johnson that he had put an infant to death because all the children born to him previously had died just as they arrived at an age when he could fondly love them. He said he could not endure to think that it should occur to him again.' Does the reader not think of that little poem by Wordsworth, in which the English father,

turning from his daughter's grave, met another blooming girl whom he describes; and then

There came from me a sigh of pain,  
Which I could ill confine;  
I looked at her, and looked again—  
And did not wish her mine.

#### BY A GRAVE.

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  
Ere it awed my childish sight,  
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 can,  
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,  
See, 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 mourn 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, strengthening me, your 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,  
Shall 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 shew 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.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 454.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1862.

PRICE 1*d.*

## 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 frequenters 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 more. 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 Nubians 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 sand-mounds, blown in by the winds, my head nearly touched the roof, which was completely instinct with life; myriads of small creatures, with sooty wings, open mouths, and glittering bead-like eyes, hung quivering and trembling from the rock, 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 paused 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 had been rendered fertile by their genius and energy. The tamarisks, the willows, and the mimosas, still growing on several hillocks and hollows, testified to the practicability of such a transformation.

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 grope about for the candle, I felt them sprawling 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 picked up stones, and threw them 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 which inspired me with the hope that 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, a few seconds afterwards, appeared to come from 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 face 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 strewed the floors were too soft to afford the least spark of fire 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 terror came over me, and 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. Fancy then carried me higher up 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 steep declivity I was toilsomely climbing. It struck, it overwhelmed, it stunned me—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 immaterial. 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. Descending from amid 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, blithe 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, choruses of women, dancing in circles, while others of the same sex played upon golden harps, which, from their open mouths, they appeared to be accompanying with their voices. At this reception, the spirit seemed to lose the tenuity of its figure, and was plumped out to respectable dimensions, while its face beamed 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 Macedonian rather than 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 Nilotic valley. Should we 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 so much like one 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 hammers and chisels would have rendered our discovery of no avail, had not our Nubian guides drawn forth heavy crooked daggers from beneath their armpits—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 swaths and bandages, enveloping its form obliquely, while its face was represented by a painted mask of rare beauty. Round the throat was a necklace, and on the breast a chain 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 there 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 occasionally made 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 designated their 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 are discovered, 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.

When 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 to the top. 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 ghouls and efrits, 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, corridors, flights of 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 tapers and torches, as well as of the stonions which, with strong arms, we cast upwards in search of it. It was the opinion 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 adit, 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 nearest hill to witness the most glorious show which nature has to present. Along the line of the horizon, just where the eastern desert comes in contact with 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 Auroras 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 at the precursors of the sun, beautiful beyond description, thrilling, absorbing, overawing, 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 bats, coffins, mummies, decaying gums, cere-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 deleterious miasmata 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, all containing 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 forefinger. 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 it appears that we have 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 correction, a shorter process might have sufficed for dealing with them; the old picture might have been retouched. But he contends that

\* Of this we were ourselves afterwards robbed, in our turn, in an Italian custom-house.

\* *The Life of Sir Philip Sidney.* By Julius Lloyd, M.A. Longman & Co. 1862.



late research has thrown light from new points upon his hero's character, and brought it so far anew into relief that a new portrait altogether is desirable. This is his question rather than ours; we are concerned only with the likeness and the painting, and are fairly satisfied with both. The popularity of Sidney during his lifetime is certainly a marvel in its own kind. Here is a man who had all the virtues, and none of the vices of his fellow-men. He aimed at excellence in many things, and never missed his mark. All men loved him, and none envied. Wherever he walked, he was in the sunshine of men's praises. We are often tempted to think we are reading in a romance; nay, sometimes think that we must and will discover a weak joint in this good knight's perfect harness, if only to prove him to be real flesh and blood. Yet there is no need to question the sincerity of all this sumptuous praise; it is much of it praise of a sort which is not current amongst us now a days, and we have to express it in our modern coinage, to get a true notion of its value. But that he did attract all who came within the sphere of his influence, and did gain the affection and reverence, not only of the multitude, but of those who could take the true measure of a man, is beyond question. What, then, was the secret of this wonderful power? We believe that Mr Lloyd has rightly discerned it. In the first place, he was a man endowed with large intellect, active and versatile in mind. Secondly, his moral instincts were true and vigorous: he was high-minded, just, and noble. Thirdly, he was warm-hearted, full of kindly generosity, quick and gentle in sympathy. Lastly, he was the young handsome gentleman, practised in courtly graces and accomplishments. How far he will be held to have reached the standard of a great man, will depend, of course, upon where that standard is fixed. It is true that such a popularity as his does not presume the possession of high genius in any department either of thought or action; experience indeed might lead us even to suppose them to be incompatible one with the other. There is often in the character of those who tower above their neighbours a rugged and precipitous dignity, which makes them inaccessible, and isolates them from human sympathy. Enthusiasm is ready rather for those whose greatness takes familiar forms, which invites the eye by their changeful beauty, but never seem at a distance which is immeasurable. Sidney's power was not that which overawes; it was rather that which stoops to conquer men's hearts, and wins their allegiance by an irresistible charm, which comes of the kindly mixture of many noble elements in the character. We are not without an example of such a power in our own days, in a man who in very many points bears—by inheritance, we may almost believe—a striking resemblance to Elizabeth's 'president of nobleness and chivalry.' The name of Sidney Herbert will certainly not be a prominent one in the future history of these our times. He has had no such special influence upon the events which signalise them, as will justify an annalist, or even a memorialist, in placing him amongst the great men of the age; but yet he had that combination of high qualities which commanded from its greatest the most splendid praise. Often the men who do the world's hardest work fail to secure this kind of popularity. Perhaps it is not to be met with in the fields in which they labour; but at least it is significant of excellence, and excellence so rare, that we at once allow to its possessors their place amongst England's canonical worthies.

Of the service which Sir Philip Sidney rendered to the state, a very fair estimate has been taken by his biographer. Twice only did he become, in the strictest sense, a servant of the queen; first, on the occasion of a special embassy to Rodolph of Germany in 1577; again, in his appointment as governor of Flushing. When nominated ambassador, he was but twenty-two

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 the throne—required only a delicate courtesy; while the covert and more important object of ascertaining the state of feeling on the continent with respect to reformation of religion, was more easily to be done *en parenthèse* 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 ague in his return at Rochester.'

But to a biographer an additional interest attaches to these accounts of his diplomatic journey, in the records they furnish of the impression which Sidney everywhere left upon those with whom in negotiation he was thrown into contact; he rarely failed to secure their admiration, which in many cases rose to personal esteem, and in 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 no bad judge of men, kept up 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 whole soul was in the cause, which he rightly regarded as the cause for Europe of truth and of God, spoke out his counsel, complained loudly of the soldiers' wrongs, and wrote home letters of fearless 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 shews how simply he could take it; indeed, it is in this crisis of his life that the grander traits of his character stand out. We might have known only his gentler nature, if the hardier 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 shewn 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 contemporaries, of being in all things the same noble and pure-minded and chivalrous man. Enthusiastic as their admiration was, we are at no loss to understand it, after 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 and his friendly patronage of men of letters make our debt to him really great; and when we reflect that he preceded 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 shewn 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 BED ROOM.

TWENTY years ago, I was a curate in the stirring and noisy 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 ease for any one connected with the edifice, 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 inconvenient to preacher and congregation. 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 pleasanter pieces of preferment 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 desire to be taken for a clerical Sybarite, intent upon loaves and fishes, but negligent of the calls of duty. It was not the work that we murmured at, but the darkling 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 phalanx of evil, on which our feeble efforts 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 for labour. Fierce 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

Cloutz; 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 unrelieved 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; but we two Benedicts were almost entirely dependent on our salary, and our shabby black coats grew shabbier and whiter about the seams every day. Of preferment we had little hope; not one of us had any interest with those who had benefices 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 posed in argument by a wandering lecturer, a clever and unscrupulous 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 Mormonite cobbler, who pelted me with garbled texts, and refused to hearken to the right version. Thirdly, we had seen household after household 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 Dene.'

'Staunton Dene?' said I. 'Is not that the place we had a distant view of from the top of Carsewell Hill, when we took that tremendous "constitutional" last summer—the grand old house among those noble beech-woods, with the park lying beyond, 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 gossiping 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 much 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, who 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 Staunton 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 ologies, 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 acquaintanceship.'

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. My lodgings 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 five o'clock, and we had dined at one. 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 Staunton 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 Staunton, by some strange chance, required the services of one of these useful artisans or artists, it was unintelligible that he should be there. Staunton 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 mangling and careful clear-starching in Paradise Row. 'Why, 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.

'Pooh! nonsense. It must be Mrs Parks that he wants to speak to,' said I, with a beating heart, though why 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 Staunton, 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 Staunton, 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 seem at her ease. Clara was the best and dearest of little women, but she could not help feeling ashamed of the mean apartment and its poor furniture, as Mr Richard Staunton blandly surveyed it through his heavy gold-rimmed glasses. And yet there was something very winning in the manner in which the visitor rose to receive Jones and myself. He said, with a very

pleasing frankness, that he felt some explanation of his presence was needed—that I 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 he 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 Bullingdon, 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 Bullingdon, with his glebe, his handsome house, almost hidden by rhododendrons and flowering shrubs, with the smoothest of lawns, the mellowest of peach-walls, and the snuggest of stables, as a prince of the church. The great and small tithes, taken together, 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 Dozey, D.D., and I knew that the old gentleman was still alive and hale.

'That benefice,' 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 population—are not onerous; 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 shower of gold, to such a sunbeam 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, loosening 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 Staunton, 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. In two years, as you are 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 Staunton spoke, not pompously in the least, but with a graceful stateliness quite bewitching. A most superior man! Even his face, which I had not, to own the truth, much liked 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 aureola round his intelligent head; and his bright, restless eyes, sharp chin, and beetling 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, watch over him, read with him, 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 Dozey, who must be much beyond the allotted threescore and ten, cannot always hold the living of Bullingdon. But there is one stipulation—Oakleigh, though healthy, is bleak, and my nephew is accustomed to a more sheltered abode—his room, if you please, *must* have a south aspect, and be airy and large, with a good fireplace.'

Of course we made no objection. If Mr Staunton had stipulated that we should camp, gipsy fashion, in the woods about the vicarage, I believe Clara and I would have agreed, so eager were we to get away to this new Land of Promise. I could not but feel that the salary offered for my care of 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 beneficent 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 belongs 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-pot of Staffordshire make, and the mugs of milk and water for the children. But our guest put her at her ease by declaring himself tired and thirsty, 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 amazingly well to the coarse brown sugar and the dull tea-spoon 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 embryo greatness of the young county magnate whom our roof was to harbour; I assumed the didactic mien 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, aged respectively five and six; but I regret to state that these young ladies demurred, not from habitual coyness, for they were generally friendly enough with our guests, but from some curious antipathy which they had taken to our distinguished visitor. They clung to their mother's knees, cast furtive glances of infantine 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 pæan 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 his brother's marriage and 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 rise to my eyes still, as memory carries me back to that happy evening, when we sat, hand in 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—me 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 unwholesome air of smoky Twistley. They wanted many things, those tender blossoms, which my lean purse and our melancholy place of residence denied them. Better clothing, good medical care, pure air, playfellows, 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 the vicar'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 came duly to communicate 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 bishop of Calicut; this loan I might repay by moderate 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, however, Staunton Dene, was nearly ten miles off, and was severed by other properties from this outlying estate. Oakleigh Parva had been a portion of the confiscated possessions of 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 succursal cell,

called the 'Monks' House,' were still distinctly visible in an orchard within rifle-shot 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 tithe-barn, and the paddock starry with daisies.

The rooms were for the most part small, but very comfortable, with their oak wainscots, and the Rev. Mr Thrupp'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.

'It *must* be the green room, my dear,' said 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 to 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 due south, and commanded a fine view. The room was well furnished, having a tremendous mahogany four-poster of 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 many presses and cupboards; 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 stripling.

'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 shabby and 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 elaborate of all papers. I quite agreed with my wife 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 whistled 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 most 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 curse on them and theirs, on the acres reft 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 periods the shadowy form of a ghostly monk, in cowl and robe of serge, passed noiselessly through the vicarage house and the haughtier mansion of Staunton Dene, blighting those he breathed upon, and that death never failed to attend his boding presence. Several deaths had occurred in the green chamber in particular, chiefly those of young members of the family, and for the most part blooming girls, who had faded and pined under 'the curse,' until their dim eyes had looked their last at the emerald-tinted walls.

I did my best to keep these fantastic rumours 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 of 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 thrived 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 meet with smiling faces and good-humoured nods 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 June our charge arrived.

Sir Frederick's personal appearance surprised us at first. We had, of course, sketched an ideal portrait of the young baronet, gifting 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 stripling, with a grave and handsome face, rather sunburned, but by no means indicative of a tendency to phthisis. I could not at first comprehend why Mr Staunton should be so very urgent on the score of his nephew's chamber having a warm aspect, since, so far as I could tell, the young man's lungs were as sound as my own. He was slight of build, however, and by no means robust; but what puzzled me most was the air of reserve, so unusual at his years, and which was quite free from that awkward shyness so common with striplings. Sir Frederick was reserved to a degree that chilled the warmth of our reception of him, and, though perfectly polite, gave an unpleasant impression of being continually on his guard. He was accompanied by his travelling tutor, a gentleman whose connection with his pupil would terminate from the moment of his arrival under our roof. This

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 mechanically, but no more. He consigned the young baronet to our care with much 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 that 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 graceless little damsels 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 marvellous 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, to coax 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 late Lady Staunton must have brought him up most injudiciously. She thought him 'haughty.' I could not pronounce 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 place like it, or I 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 south aspect for his ward. Here I could not help adding some warm expressions of eulogy on that noble benefactor, who had rescued me and mine from poverty and unwholesome air; but I regretted to find that Sir Frederick by no means partook my enthusiasm.

'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 shrinking from any approach 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 detesting 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 Thrump, now bishop of Calicut. 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 hobbledehoyish 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 sauntered 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 sedulously for his comforts, 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 alone, on horseback, or on foot with his fishing-rod, and sought the loneliest and wildest nooks in the countryside.

Mr Staunton sometimes wrote to inquire tenderly concerning his nephew's health and studies; 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 ghostly monk who was rumoured to haunt the parsonage. They had heard 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 fatigued, 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 the green 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 peopled 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? sure of it,' said the surgeon. 'I've been five-and-thirty years a practitioner, and I ought to know. Pooh! 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 medicaments. 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 me by the button.

'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 tea-kettle, 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 beeswing in old port, and set down the glass with a sigh.

'Umph!' said the surgeon again, and off he went with Care riding behind him on 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 maids were 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 watch over the sufferer herself. My little wife was very soft-hearted, and I believe her conscience smote her at the idea of having been 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 in his delirium. 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 glared meaninglessly: it was plain that he did not recognise us.

'Back, keep back!' he moaned: 'I knew you from the first, smooth-tongued fiend that you are. He 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 breathed on 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 Staunton'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 him; you read Murder in his eyes—long ago—beside 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; on the contrary, there was a dawning intelligence that perplexed me.

'Hush! lose not a word,' whispered my wife; 'perhaps Heaven permits that we should defeat a crime.'

'Can you suspect'—I began.

Clara pressed my arm. Sir 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 spoke 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 led me out of the room on tiptoe, and with her finger pressed on her lips. There was an air of mystery, almost of terror, in her comely face.

'Philip—husband, do not lose one moment; get the best advice.'

'My dear,' said I hesitating—'Mr Gooch'—

'Mr Gooch is a dunce!' cried my wife impetuously. 'What is wanted now is the judgment of some great doctor, whose knowledge and talent enable him to see what Mr Gooch is blind to. Do send for Dr T—— at once.'

'My dear,' said I quite startled, 'Dr T——! why, what will Mr Staunton say?'

'Never mind what he may say,' returned Clara, obstinately pursing up her lips; 'get Sir Frederick's horse saddled, ride as quick as you can to Minchcombe, and telegraph for Dr T——.'

I complied with Clara's wish, though with some misgivings. My telegram was soon replied to by an announcement 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 delirium had returned again and again, fever fits had torn 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. Curiously enough, 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 sentences 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 blandly; '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 revelation of the utmost benefit to science.'

Mr Gooch growled out something very like an oath, and stumped 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 apparatus, 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 contentment 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 to pure white—'arsenic enough to poison a regiment. That rich emerald green paper on the walls is stained by its means, and contains poison enough to be the death of generation after generation. I misdoubted it from the first. It has given me a headache, and is no doubt the cause 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 thunderstruck. The doctor resumed: 'Such things are common, too common. But if it be true, as I hear, that Mr Richard Staunton virtually chose this apartment for his sickly nephew's habitation—that Mr Richard Staunton deliberately planned to give this benefice to a total stranger, of gentle and unsuspecting nature—pardon me, my dear sir—on the very unusual condition, that he should take charge of the young heir, and lodge him in that envenomed den—if Mr Richard Staunton is, as I am told, a subtle chemist, and has an interest of sixteen thousand a year in the death of a nephew whom he has notoriously hated from the cradle; why all I can say is'—

'What?'

'That Mr Richard Staunton is not far behind the Borgias and Brinvilliers of old days,' returned the doctor dryly.

I sat stunned by the magnitude of the enormous wickedness, suddenly revealed to me as by a lightning 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 to us, under Heaven, his escape from the greatest of earthly dangers. He was now out of peril. Mr Richard Staunton was a cautious man, and when some powerful though distant connections of the Staunton family, after hearing the doctor's statement, offered their house to be the young baronet's home until he should be master of his own lands, the guardian gave his



consent. The heavy suspicions under which Mr Staunton lay were merely hinted to him, but that hint was enough, and he was silent and discreet.

And it so happened that the very year succeeding that which saw Sir Frederick Staunton come of age, old Dr Dozey died; and my former pupil presented me to the comfortable living of Bullingdon, where we have spent many and many a happy year since the events here narrated.

## THE LOUNGER IN THE EXHIBITION.

### THE SOUTH COURTS AND GALLERIES.

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 excursionist to her companion after a day's work in the eastern annexe—is now reigning in their stead. 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 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 Tudela and Bilbao railway across the chain of the Cantabrian 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 Court, whose motto should be, 'Killing no murder.' Never has the ingenuity of man been exercised for the destruction of his fellows with such success as at present. No such fatal fruit ever grew on poison-tree as hangs here on the tree of Armstrong ordnance, 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 might, for finish and delicate perfection, be 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, there are miniature revolvers that could lie in the waistcoat-pocket, and pistols so inlaid with the precious metals, that they seem only fit for regicides to take the lives of kings. The electro-gilt 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 Hindustan—those 'ferocious dhooleys,' which, in the course of Warren Hastings' impeachment, 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 fair sex, as a painted fly-catcher 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 Hythe,' the beginning of a eulogium 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, of all sorts and sizes fitted 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 Artificial Horizon' (without one word of explanation), the intellect rather collapses. Floating-docks are a spectacle apt 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 passage to allow missiles to pass 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 appeal 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 skilfulness of the builder who could have set up so strong a tower in such a place, and the neatness of the solitary home 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 that Nelson loved are doomed to extinction; but 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 perpetuated still. The romance of the sea, however, as Dibdin and Marryat described it, has fled for the present; the occupation of the middy

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 leather; saddles 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 lacking, alas! in many a poor man's home. 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 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, dally 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 costly and delicate that one wonders 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 refrigerating contents. Perhaps the simplest of the dessert services 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 uncostly ornaments. The Prismatic Mirror, on the other hand, 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. There is nothing more artistic and 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 humbler 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 these 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 palpable, and its results are immediate and satisfying. The Falstaff Punch that 'outdoes Blondin by crossing the Channel without a rope,' is probably the object which will be most firmly imprinted on the retina of 'the young people' of anything in the Exhibition, unless, indeed, it be the fountain of perpetual motion, which, compounded of air, and 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 policeman. Jewels, however, are to 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 reprobation 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 covet, at least must envy the statues, cool, white, and marbly limbed, that cannot perspire, and have no pockets to be picked. The Cleopatra is perhaps the finest of these. But if you want to behold the Pygmalion miracle reversed, and living woman turned to stone, enter the pavilion to the south-west, where sits the Reading Girl by Magni of Milan. She is evidently poor, but no princess ever looked less vulgar. She is reading of 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 Reading Girl it is not Art but Nature herself which holds so many all day around her chair.

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 magnitude 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 showy rather than solid, 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 purest times.

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 negress, 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 the centre-piece designed for the banquets of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, and had it carried on board his yacht to adorn its luncheon-table. To anybody else, this magnificent ornament would be a little oppressive; nor would it be easy to partake of a chop and a pint of porter in the presence of such stately splendour. A sea of plate-glass, surrounded

by a frieze of gold, bears upon its unruffled bosom a ship with a statue emblematical of the city of Paris. The genius of Progress lights with flaming torch her course at the prow, and Prudence (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 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 braces 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 L.4, from the genuine string beside it, valued at L.1100; while there is a certain vineyard the blooming fruit of which, would, I am sure, be pecked at by the birds, were it out of doors. The triumph of art, however, culminates here in the Gobelins 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 gaze upon the Assumption as though it was Titian's own—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 absence of a policeman in their neighbourhood—equally genuine. A new and pretty fashion—that of painting drawing-room candles—is prevalent in this court. It would be waste indeed to burn them, but how ornamental 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 becoming its purchaser, the 'price of cost,' as its placard superfluously informs us, being L.6000. The imitation majolica china here, with the raised fishes and eels already occupying its dishes, is not to be distinguished from the ancient specimens in the Kensington Loan 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!

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 crows not only in the morn, 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 over its own head. Miserable are the children, dejected are even 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. It is supposed that the delay in the passing 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 a succession of boards, 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 treasury 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 being too one-sided in 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 comparatively uninteresting things. 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: *γυαλι, οσάουτο*—make 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 unceasingly. 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 dépôts 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 expressive movements.' It seems to us, however, that the character and position of the portrait should be also stated; for conceive a staid divine embarrassed with a too expressive eye which winked (however naturally, and the more naturally so much the worse) at the ladies of his congregation!

There is only one place which we have now omitted to visit—the Educational Department, between the British and Foreign Picture-galleries, which contains also the best specimens of photography. The stairs that lead to it are steep, and drew forth a passionate expression of opinion from one lady in my hearing, who carried a good-sized infant, that 'there ought to be a place to leave the babies in, the same as the umbrellas;' but when they are once surmounted, we are repaid for our labours. A case full of British birds with their nests and eggs—placed each in the locality wherein they are usually found—cannot fail to delight all who see it, from the school-boy to the naturalist. A magnificent owl, with its wings outspread, and really looking very formidable, next demands the gravest attention, and excites our curiosity by its 'And Son' written above it, to discover the Son—which, however, refers to the bird-stuffer. Further on, is a most complete though small collection; a rock inhabited by a number of different birds has

at its foot a pool, in which moorhens 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 Catchee or Cutchee, for instance—of which the European visitor has probably never so much as heard. A curious model of the life of the street-boy Reformatored, is to be seen here; in the beginning, he is picking pockets, and describing 'wheels' upon his hands and feet for pennies; 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. These landscapes, transported bodily 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 poem. They even console, so long as he looks at them, the gazer 'in city pent,' for his enforced absence from those breezy fields, those foaming 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 stereoscope, we feel indeed as if we were far away from any such place. We are on the wet and pebbly beach that shimmers 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 specked with sails and sea-gulls, as is the sky with clouds. Or 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 great things for Man; but we thank her for nothing more gratefully than for this wonderful process by which she has actually brought home to us nature herself.

The loungings 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 monsoons. Our passage along the coast 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 stood off the shore every day at daylight to catch the first cat's-paw of the sea-breeze, and about mid-day would stand in again before a rattling sea-breeze that bent the gallant mast. This method of procedure varied the monotony of a sea-voyage most pleasantly.

There was abundance of pomphret and other fish to be hooked with our lines when we were far off the land; and as we neared it again, the ever-varying beauty of the panorama along the coast was an inexhaustible fund of excitement and pleasure. Now and then, too, an old dhoney, laden down to the water's edge, would creep past us, bound from Goa to Cochin or Calicut, and these carried mostly a great variety of passengers—sometimes an English lady with her children and retinue of ayahs and amahs; sometimes half-a-dozen ricketty young cadets come out *vid* Bombay, and destined to join regiments along the coast; and sometimes Portuguese priests and laymen, one of whom was sure to be a fiddler, and would scrape away earnestly as we passed, to cheer us on our journey. So we sailed along, until we sighted the light-house, and were boarded by the pilot; and then, amidst melancholy mementoes, scattered here and there upon the rocks and along the coast, of shipwrecked vessels, from many of which not one soul had escaped alive—as in the case of the *Lord William Bentinck* and the *Castlereagh*, lost in the same spot within twelve hours of each other in 1840—we came to a safe anchorage in the commodious harbour. Landing upon the handsome pier, and jumping into the first hack-palanquin that presented itself, I gave the hamals or bearers the name of my friend, and they forthwith transported me to his residence on what is called the fort esplanade.

The esplanade is a pleasant sloping grassy mound, jutting for some distance into the bay, and almost terminating in the harbour pier. The centre is traversed by a very good carriage-road, which branches off to the left (coming from the pier) towards Colabah, and on the right leads to the fort. On the left-hand side, and bordering upon the sea, I found the house of my friend—one of a cantonment of some forty or fifty, as I conceived, elegantly constructed bungalows. That they were permanent residences, I felt fully assured, because, although not on an extensive scale, each house had a compound or garden which marked its limits, and separated it from its next neighbour. Arriving from the Madras presidency, I was very much struck with the neatness and precision with which these compounds were walled in and the gardens laid out. The entrance-gates looked like a thick brickwork, covered with the rough chunam or lime used commonly in India, and the walls were apparently of the same material. So also the carriage-road leading to the door of the house was walled in on either side; and in thick profusion, arching themselves over, grew the graceful feathery-leaved bamboo. Behind these were growing an immense variety of ornamental or fruit-bearing trees. There was the common and the China orange in blossom, or laden with fruit; the luscious mango, indigenous of its species to the Bombay presidency, and unrivalled in flavour in any other part of India; the mallea-poo, the jasmine, the pomegranate, and the pommulose tree or shaddock, the loquat, the bellunby, the calacca, and the beautiful roselle: all these were flourishing in wild profusion in the compound; whilst in parterres and borders, under the shelter of the pundal or verandah, blossomed a variety of fragrant flowers, including many European exotics. Up the poles that supported the pundal, the incomparable Indian passion-flower intertwined itself with the yellow jasmine, the honeysuckle, and the tube-rose; and their combined fragrance was something exquisite to inhale in the 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 substantial and flourishing, so permanently delightful, that I quite envied 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 store-houses, and, first in dignity and importance, the ice reservoir—that acmé 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 fractious nanny-goats, whence came the supply of milk for our morning coffee—a dreadful old hag, with one eye, and a nose-ring as big as 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 but 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 comfortable; with the butter and the fruit enveloped in fresh leaves, and the table interspersed with fragrant bouquets, with the chuhues, 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 Becullah, the leviathans loading in the harbour—all these disgorged their contents on to the esplanade, to mingle, some on horse-back, 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 Jaulnah *via* 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 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 twelve o'clock at night, comforting 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 more horrible than I ever 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 bald 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? Dade, 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 India 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 jointed into 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.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 455.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 aloud. 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 *vis à voce*, 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 digress 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 cellar-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 extirpate. Better that a bridegroom should not be at the church-door until after the rubrical 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. Your self-love may suggest that 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 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 travelling, 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 the next morning, with a codicil, appointing that he shall be called half an hour earlier than he at 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 to see whether it is going to be fine. Upon this depends the momentous question: Shall he take his waterproof-coat or not? If he does, it should be strapped up at once with the other things already lying on the hall-table ready for departure—not a moment is to be lost. His toilet is hasty enough, but not speedy; for in his eager desire on retiring to rest to have everything ready for the morning, he has generally packed up his brushes and comb, or some other indispensable thing which has to be disinterred from the portmanteau. He generally shaves overnight; but if not, 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 not an instant to lose,' is the cry I listen for; and although I am pretty sure it only refers to his being behindhand, and not to a frightful hemorrhage demanding an immediate styptic, one really needs to have nerves of iron.

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 innocence 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 feet during the whole of the altercation. He had 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. Isn't 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 say what actually takes place at Tompkins's 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 dawdle and dilatory, but no expression for a by no means uncommon vice which is not only bad in itself but ensnaring to others. Let me call it, then, Too-soon-ism. This is, it seems, a hereditary malady. Tompkins's father was afflicted with it; and, moreover, his mother presented him to the world several weeks before his advent was expected. It is no wonder, then, and scarcely blame to him, that Toosoonism influences my unhappy husband in this manner; but it is a serious calamity to me. My very amusements are embittered to me by reason of the hurry that accompanies them. Tompkins and I are always the first people within the walls of the opera or theatre as soon as the doors are open, and it is not unusual for us to arrive before they are open. Then we have to sit in our brougham gorgeously apparelled, while the sharp and wicked street-boys speculate maliciously upon the bird from which my ostrich feather was taken, or as to whether the carriage is our own, or a hired vehicle.

I suppose I have heard more twanging of fiddles and tooting of flutes than any woman alive. It is one thing to be in time for the overture, but it is quite another to come in for the tuning of the orchestra. On the other hand, there is nobody who has had less opportunity than myself of listening to the sublime strains of the national anthem. Long before the conclusion of the piece, Tompkins is fidgeting to be away, in order that we may have 'the carriage brought up at once,' or because 'to-morrow is Sunday, my love, remember;' or because to-morrow is not Sunday, and he has to be up preternaturally early, in order to be at some office in the city—at 11. I protest that, often as I have seen *Don Giovanni*, I have never yet beheld the ghost-scene; and though I have watched Queen Katharine sink to sleep at the Princess's, at the conclusion of *Henry VIII.*, I have never yet had the pleasure of seeing her celebrated dream. As soon as the 'slow music, lights half down,' commences, and the white feet of the foremost angel begin to slide down from the theatrical heaven, Tompkins throws my shawl over my shoulders, and offers me his arm with an *empressement* that would be flattering indeed if it were caused by anything but the fidgets. Similarly, it is not, I fear, religious feeling which prompts him to arrive in church a quarter of an hour before the earliest of the congregation make their appearance, for otherwise he would not be rubbing his hat round with his pocket-handkerchief, and whispering: 'Now, my love, are you ready,' while the clergyman is saying the benediction. Toosoonism in a place of worship is not indeed conducive to devotion. The plethoric beadle, who will not venture to yawn for the next two hours, opens his mouth wide enough when Tompkins and myself are the only spectators; while the pew-openers, who are all piety and curtsies when the proper time arrives, do not deny themselves, on account of our untimely presence, the interchange of parochial gossip. In this manner, I have become involuntarily possessed of the knowledge of which of our neighbours have not paid for their pew-rents this six months, 'no, nor means to pay 'em;' of which are greedy after hassocks; and of which are 'as mean as mean can be, and would as soon think of giving a Christmas-box, let alone a Heaster hofferin', to a poor ooman, bless ye, as of standing on their eds in that there pulpit.'

Similarly, at the theatre, I have overheard the third Flute confide to the second Bassoon his opinion upon the merits of the manager, not as respects his acting, but as to his inadequate remuneration of instrumental talent; and I have learned from the Big Drum's own lips what he was going

to have for supper, and the honest reason (amply 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 hermetically sealed), are accustomed to interchange communications concerning their 'dreadful trade,' which, although to themselves merely exciting, like the novel in their penny illustrated journals, have to the passenger that-is-about-to-be an interest very real and blood-chilling. They narrate of the 'narrow shave' by which the Parliamentary of yesterday afternoon was only just shunted in time at the Junction, ere the down express whirled by, and of the admirable talent evinced by Jem the engine-driver, who, although habitually drunk, has never yet been 'nailed at it,' and 'who sleeps as comfortable, between the stations, that he do, as though his engine was a first-class carriage. Lork-a-daisy, if the public only knowd' (I heard one man remark this to his fellows not a week ago) 'what precious risky things they have got to trust to, it's my belief we should have less old ladies with parrots and pug-dogs a-travelling by this here line for pleasure.' Whereupon they all answered: 'True enough, mate,' and broke into fiendish laughter.

This is unpleasant, but it is one of the least evils of railway travel in Tompkins's company. If he is a Fidget on 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. 'Now, my love, it is time you were up, for only 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-a! [This is addressed at the top of his voice to our unconscious daughter in the third floor back.] Are you getting ready, Arabella-a-a? No, you're not. I can hear by your tone that you are in bed. There's not half an hour to spare, I tell you, nor anything like it. Your back-hair never takes you less than twenty minutes. What! Then it isn't your own, I'm sure. You must pin 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; hollaing out like that upon the landing, and you without your dressing-gown. I insist upon your putting on your dressing-gown.'

'My 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 birthday—and looks older, 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 Time, which he might have judiciously 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 deprecable 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 'nagging' of a woman, which is, as one 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 dawdle 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 Paterfamilias; but not for one's being deceived, Mr Editor; that is the 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 hollaing 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 that 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 last week we were as nearly as possible sitting down to table without Mrs de Slocoche, who is the daughter of a bishop, and whose husband will one day be a baronet. However, I did make a stand there. I only mention this to shew the reckless audacity with which Toosoonism 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 in his hand. 'What an infamous old carriage,' cried he; 'what rotten furniture; what fusty, 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 shunted at the Junction presently, to let it go by.*—Yes, ma'am, the carriage is a little out of repair. We ain't so particklar, 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 Toosoonism 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;' or if ever again he ventures 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 shewn that a deep-sea cable made in this way is not strong enough, and that the insulation is not sufficiently perfect.

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, 335,000 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 some of the joints were found to be in when the cable was examined after its failure, the copper wire being 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 exuded 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 *Agamemnon* previous to the starting of the expedition for laying it, we have said enough to shew that the manufacture was not superintended with the care and deliberation that should have characterised 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 projectors, 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 these 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. During this final voyage, 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 several messages were passed through the cable after it was finally established, it cannot be said to have ever been in working-order. The signals seem to have been, as it were, forced out by the use of instruments of extraordinary power, and the use of them has by some been considered to have given the final blow to the success of the enterprise, the intense currents produced by them having the tendency to increase any faults there were in the cable; whereas, if it had been left to itself for a short time, these faults might have disappeared or diminished.

We shall now endeavour to point out the manner in which, as far as experience teaches, a deep-sea cable should be constructed.

A submarine cable consists of an internal conducting wire surrounded by a coating of some insulating substance, such as gutta percha, and an external covering to protect and strengthen the insulated conductor. The principal difficulties to contend with in constructing such a cable are: the imperfection of most insulating substances; the liability of the conducting wire to break from the tension the cable is necessarily subjected to during the process of laying; the difficulty of keeping the conducting wire in the centre of the insulating covering; and the nicety of calculation necessary in order to make the external covering strong enough to bear the strain it has to undergo without stretching or breaking, and at the same time to keep the bulk of the cable within such limits as will admit of its being laid without using vessels of extraordinary size.

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, supposing 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 place. 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 wire would eat away the conductor until the exposed 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 most 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 the former substance; and later still, Messrs Silver & Co. have invented a process for preparing and laying on an insulating covering of India rubber, which raises the standard of that substance 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, when the cable is at work, 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 wire 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 resisting 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 frequently to become eccentric under 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, which again reacts on the electricity of the conductor. The effect of this in a submarine cable, in which the water forms the exterior conducting medium, is to diminish considerably the rapidity with which signals can be transmitted; and it has consequently to be taken into account whenever any calculations are made with regard to the speed with which messages can be delivered; anything which will cause a diminution of this will be looked upon as a great boon by telegraphists. A coating of Stockholm tar over the insulating substance has been found useful in preserving it against the effects of weather, &c. 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 shewn india rubber to be the most perfect insulating substance yet known.

It is obvious that the strength and durability of the external covering by which this tender 'core' is protected is of the greatest importance in the manufacture of a submarine cable, as it is entirely on this external covering that the cable depends for its power to resist the strain it has to undergo during the process of laying, and for its protection from accident after it has been submerged. Iron wires laid spirally have hitherto been made use of for this purpose, the insulating gutta percha having been previously surrounded with some protecting substance, such as tape covered with tar. This form of covering has been found to answer very well for cables of moderate length, such as those between Dover and Calais, England and Holland, and other shallow-water cables; but when a certain distance is exceeded, more strength is needed than can be given to a cable protected in this manner, as will be easily understood when we mention that an iron wire however thick will break with its own weight if its length exceed about three miles. When this fact is borne in mind, it is clear that a simple iron-covered cable could never bear the strain of laying over such a distance as that between England and America, and that the only way in which it can be made to do so is by decreasing its specific gravity, so as to cause more of its weight to be supported by the water. This end would be obtained by using a covering of hemp, the specific gravity of which is but little greater than that of water, which would prevent all strain during the process of laying; but a cable covered in this manner is found to be too weak to admit of its being raised after immersion, and is not sufficiently protected against marine animals, besides being very liable to injury from rocks or gravel. A combination of these two coverings appears to be best adapted for the protection of a long cable, the gutta-percha core being first surrounded with hemp saturated with tar, in which the iron or steel wires are imbedded, these latter being in their turn served with a coating of hemp, to protect them

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 thus pressing upon 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 uncoiled as one made on the old principle; that there would be some difficulty in making joints on board ship; 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 wires, kept together by spirally laid binding wires. 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 paying-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 another 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,

\* An experimental cable has lately been made, covered externally with rattan canes, and is said to be admirably adapted for long distances, on account of its great strength and its low specific gravity; it has, however, not as yet been subjected to sufficient tests, to enable us to speak as to its merits with any degree of certainty.

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 grand 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 *Ton* then 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 of snuff colour with brass buttons, the tail nearly reaching to the heels; a gigantic bunch of seals dangled at their fobs, while their pantaloons 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-bailiff come up in his best clothes to see the International Exhibition; while Clanronald 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 ever-green Lord Palmerston disport himself in the mazy waltz, then just imported, and was beheld nightly at Almack's 'describing an infinite number of circles with Madame 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

\* *Reminiscences of Captain Gronow*. Related by Himself. With Illustrations. Smith and Elder.

† 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, nor 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 world would have fainted *en masse* could they have read such an announcement as is every morning now set forth in the Opera advertisement 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 bras*. 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 *appétissant*.’ This famous spendthrift, who married Miss Tynley 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 profligacy of our own time almost sinks to prudence compared with that of fifty years ago. Gambling was by 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.20,000 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 after a long night of hard play, the loser found himself at the Israelitish establishment of Howard and Gibbs, then 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 fetid 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 that city by the allies, the proprietors of the *Salon des Etrangers* avenged the national honour with interest, by its inroads on the conquerors’ purses. Its manager, the Marquis de Livry, received its guests with a courtesy that made him famous 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 Paris to ascertain that momentous fact. 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 left off a loser of L.120,000. When told of his folly, and the probability of his having been cheated, he exclaimed: ‘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, carriage, and house were considered perfect, while his good looks were the theme of universal admiration. There were ladies’ cloaks *à la Humade*; whilst the illustrious Boul, of the Rocher de Cancaile, named new dishes after the famous Hungarian. Hunyady’s luck for a long time was prodigious; no bank could resist his attacks; 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 indiscreet 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 *rouge 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 swear 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 antechamber, 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 rouleaus of napoleons, and throw them on the red or black. If he won the 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, and 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 bad port than any two men in England; indeed, the former was rather apt to be overtaken, and to speak occasionally somewhat thicker than natural, after long and heavy potations. The late Lords Panmure, Dufferin, 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 before their more moderate descendants in the state they were generally reduced to after dinner, the moderns would pronounce their ancestors fit for nothing but bed.' The ridiculous appearance of their costumes by no means, too, precluded the men of this date from vanity. Scrope Davis, who was an intimate friend of Byron's, and admitted to his room at all hours, once found the poet in bed with his hair in curl-papers. "Ha, ha!" cried he, "so I have at last caught you acting the part of the Sleeping Beauty."

'Byron in a rage exclaimed: "No, Scrope; the part of a great fool, you should have said."

"Well, then, anything you please; but you have succeeded admirably in deceiving your friends, for it was my conviction that your hair curled naturally."

"Yes, naturally, every night," returned the poet. "But do not, my dear Scrope, let the cat out of the bag, for I am as vain of my curls as a girl of sixteen."

When a gentleman of acknowledged fashion was so vulgar as to die, the feelings of his friends were dreadfully excited to secure his valet. 'Among the odd characters I have met with,' says our author, 'I do not recollect any 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 sister 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. When the news of his horrible death became known, all the dandies were anxious to secure the services of his valet, who possessed the mystery of the inimitable blacking. Brummell lost no time in discovering his place of residence, and asked what wages he required: the servant answered his late master gave him L.150 a year, but it was not enough for his talents, and he should require L.200 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 L.200 a year, and bore away the sovereignty of boots.'

The *jeux d'esprits*, whether of the diners-out or the leaders of fashion, it must be confessed, were rather pointless; and the few *mots* which Captain Gronow has preserved for us move us to no great regret that we have been born too late for the society of a D'Orsay 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 sycophant—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 page out of royal annals such as 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 their 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 so defective in our drill, even after we had passed out of the hands of the sergeant, that the excellence of our non-commissioned officers alone prevented us from meeting with the 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 800 lashes, and died under the torture.

The officers, on the other hand, seem to have been ruled with singular laxity. Desertion 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. His stud of 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 *fourgon* for his own baggage. All went on well till he came to go 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 England. He left us before any one had time to stop him; and though dispatches were sent off to the commander-in-chief, requesting that a court-martial might sit to try the young deserter, he arrived home long enough before the dispatches to enable him to sell out of his regiment. He deserved to have been shot.' It is no wonder that, under these circumstances, the military authorities were much against reporting for the public press, and doubtless Mr Russell would have had but a hard time of it in the Peninsula.

Captain Gronow himself, two years later, wishing to be present at the great battle which everybody knew was imminent in Belgium, leaves the battalion to which he belonged in London, and starts for the continent as an extra aide-de-camp to Picton. 'I had not got leave; but I thought I should get back again, after the affair, in time to mount guard at St James's.' The whole proceeding is an example of the manners of the time: 'As my funds were at a low ebb, I went to Cox and Greenwood's, those stanch friends of the hard-up soldier. Sailors may talk of the "little cherub that sits up aloft," but commend me for liberality, kiudness, and generosity, to my old friends in Craig's Court. I there obtained L.200, which I took with me to a gambling-house in St James's Square, where I managed, by some wonderful accident, to win L.600; and having thus obtained the sinews of war, I made numerous purchases, amongst others two first-rate horses at Tattersall's, for a high figure, which were embarked for Ostend along with my groom.'

The most interesting of Captain Gronow's recollections are connected with the profession to which he belonged. He gives us some capital pictures of the Duke of Wellington hunting with his own pack in the Peninsula, 'dressed in a light-blue frock-coat (the colour of the Hatfield Hunt), which had been sent out to him as a present by Lady Salisbury, then one of the leaders of the fashionable world, and an enthusiastic admirer of his lordship;' and again, stern and unmoved in the Guards' square at Waterloo, while the 'surging charges' of the French cavalry 'foamed

themselves away' upon those rocklike lines. 'I recollect his asking Colonel Stanhope what o'clock it was, on which the colonel told him twenty minutes past four. The Duke replied: "The battle is 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: 'Guards, get up, and charge.' The infantry was the arm on which he placed reliance. 'When Lord Uxbridge gave orders to Sir W. Ponsonby 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 got him into scrapes.

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, upwards of 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: "We had all vowed to return upon 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 bitter hatred which existed and still 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 awkward 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 quarrels forced upon him. I remember, in October 1815, being asked by a friend to dine at Beauvillier's, 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 one of the long French loaves 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 if they insulted him. 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 near Vincennes, and in which S— shot the unfortunate jester. When Sir Charles returned to Valenciennes, where he commanded the Engineers, he found on his arrival a French officer waiting to avenge the death of his 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 *coupé* from Paris. The meeting took place in the fosse of the fortress, and the first shot from S—'s pistol killed 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 spat in my friend's face; but he did not get off with impunity, for my friend, who had a crab-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 H— of the 18th, came upon the ground, he found the colonel boasting of the number of officers of all nations whom he had killed, and saying: "I'll now complete my list by killing an Englishman. *Mon petit tir aura bientôt ton conte 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 Paris, and the survivor left immediately for Chantilly, where he passed some time. On his return to Paris, the second of the man who had been killed, Commander P—, 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 H—, 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 neighbourhood 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 ridicule or indignation in all classes. Public opinion, if it could be said to exist at all, seems to have been utterly powerless.

Profligacy and favouritism went hand in hand in high places, and if men did cry shame upon them, it was with bated breath. We of the present have indeed 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, cock-eyed shop holds its own there, with gigantic establishments on both sides, like a turnspit 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 gardeners 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 please many in Oxford Street to act in this manner, and we all like it. The great shopkeeper likes it, for it enables him to excel others; the little shopkeeper 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 house-keeping, 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 not unfrequently discover that the supposed privacy involves the passage of a number of work-people 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 getting 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 potichomanie vases and anti-macassars in the window, and you can see through them, like Marlowe's ghost. They are, too, almost invariably built in bad taste. Before each is a strip of grass and gravel, puddly enough in bad weather to wet your feet. They are frequently not numbered, but are supposed to be known to cabmen 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 rubbishy 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, many 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 throwing out 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 these new walls be covered. The spirit of expenditure once excited by the outlay attendant on fitting, tempts the citizen to patronise bad art, and surround himself with 'still life,' and scenes from the *Vicar of Wakefield*. 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 for every door, have now 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 setting westward, goes on now 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 crowded areas 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 the tenant. The poor are less crowded in some 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-sized 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 special 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 stipulated height is obtained, and the cats 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 fifty years ago. We are 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 comfortless 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 customers. The crumpled women and men in dirty flannel jackets, with their hands in their pockets, who lounge about outside, are supposed to characterise the trade carried on at these gaudy establishments. But, in fact, the majority are supported, not by regular toppers, but by families who use the place as their cellar and sideboard. Keeping no store at home, they send regularly out for their dinner and supper beer, for the materials of an occasional bowl of punch, or even a 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 the sots assemble and soak together the whole 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 were not made the lounging-place of bleary-eyed ragamuffins, the house would get the

superior, or at least more tolerable character it deserves. These ragamuffins 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 gin-palace its 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 than we think in circumstance. 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, would be failures. 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 when blackened, as they soon 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 betray a spirit of selfish exclusiveness and love of ease. True, many modern churches protest vigorously by daily chime, 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 hailing of the day of rest.

When we begin to sum up 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 bald size of Buckingham Palace, the squat strength of the Bank, and the railed severity of the British Museum, with its double-iron fence, great 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 these last promise to take a high rank among the edifices of the metropolis.

But the true wonder and greatness of London architecture is its extent. We can trot our visitors about from palace to hall, and from monument to church; but after we have shewn them all we can,



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. Civilisation was struggling with nature, and I watched with interest the rough encounter. The railway, after running twenty miles through a grand primeval 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 rotted 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 wheat-straw were around the log-houses of the lords of the soil. Great cribs 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 uncouth 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 lonely river: the transition phase was now in progress: a few years more, and the whole country would be covered with the triumphs of civilisation.

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 mute 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 on one side, 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 lakelets, 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 Grecian style, the other Gothic. Across the lake there was a small steam-mill and a brickyard, and contiguous to the college buildings were several workshops, and a large play-ground, with gymnastic apparatus. Around were fields and 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. I saw a crowd of boys at play in the college-grounds; 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 shewed 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 them under his fatherly care.

'The 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 grow goot.'

'And the wine—how is that?'

'Ah! ze vine izt pretty goot.'

'Shall I be allowed to visit the place?' I asked.

'Oh, yaas, yaas! I shall take you to ze Fater Zuperior;' 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, and satisfied my curiosity. The land of his community had been given to one of the Indian missionaries; his flock had been scattered by the progress of civilisation, and the domain was 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 Father Superior, with a little excusable vanity, shewed me the handsome church, whose gorgeous high-altar, and fine organ, and noble chime of bells, with the clock-work and machinery which 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, which were enriched with holy relics and pious gifts.

While we remained, the hour of recreation sounded on the bell. Then study and devotion, and work everywhere, were alike laid aside in these retreats, and the whole community of priests and nuns, lay-brothers 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 crowd all possible jollity into an hour, get a dozen priests together over a good dinner. The gayest party 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 hundred or more Western American girls, the care 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-rooms, the gardens, and the romantic prospect from the river bluff, an excellent luncheon awaited us, and we returned to the masculine department, 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 enter with entire zeal into his religious functions, 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 at one 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 in the great *salle à manger* 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 monotonous voice, to read from Abbé Huc's 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 reduced 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 hurrahs in the playgrounds, while the Superior and several priestly and lay professors gathered under a shady piazza, to enjoy the leisure after-dinner hour. On going to the 'bishop's 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

\* Catawba is a delicious sparkling wine resembling champagne, one of a considerable number of kinds produced in the neighbourhood of Cincinnati. The banks of the Ohio near that city are, in physical geography, a repetition of those of the Rhine, and the vineyards which clothe the slopes complete the resemblance. The cellars of Mr Longworthy, containing vast stores of Catawba and other wines, form an interesting local wonder in

sunset, such as the traveller sees upon the borders of the great lakes of America oftener than in any region I have visited, the church bell rang, and the whole community assembled for that most picturesque of Catholic devotions, the 'Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.' The high-altar was covered with lights and flowers. The beautiful hymns of this service were sung by a choir of boys belonging to the college. Protestants and Catholics sung in harmony; and the best voice, perhaps, was the fine tenor of a handsome young Israelite. As he was a volunteer, and did not sing for pay, how he reconciled it with his conscience, I cannot imagine. The music swelled, the incense rose and filled the edifice; twenty-four little boys in white surplices came into the sanctuary in procession, and knelt before the altar. The priests and novitiates in surplices were ranged on either side. Then came a soft jangling of silvery bells and the moment of benediction. The kneeling congregation bowed their heads in a silence most profound; the white-robed boys fell prostrate before the altar; the great bells in the church towers rang out a solemn peal; and the gorgeous and impressive ceremonial was ended.

I slept in the bishop's room and the bishop's bed, after paying my respects, as I presume a bishop might have done, to one of the bottles still standing on my table. My last look from the window was at the dark forest wall which enclosed this curious community in the wilds of America; and the last sounds I heard as I sank to rest were the melodies of the chimes in the neighbouring church towers.

#### 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; so might it be hoped that amity and union would be established throughout our island. But, considering jealousies and antipathies already existing, it clearly was a movement requiring great delicacy and discretion in the statesmen on both sides. So ill was it 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, fortalices, 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'Essé, 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 Beaugué, who was pleased afterwards to write a narrative of the campaign, 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 Beaugué that the English troops in Scotland were puffed 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

Cincinnati; and the collection of works of art which the benevolent old gentleman has made in his house near by is equally the admiration of strangers. It is much to be desired that tariffs would allow the introduction of the Ohio wines into Great Britain.—Ed.

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 organisation calculated to give 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 as that could not last long, 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, and 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 *Wild Scots*. It is probably, as a simple translation of this, according to the etymology of the French term, that they receive from Beaugué, in the most friendly manner, the unpleasant-looking name of *les Sauvages*. 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 for the English guns to begin to play, the effect 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 made acquaintance 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. Beaugué 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 manœuvres 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 Beaugué would appear to have been one, were detached from the besieging army to act as a body-guard to the queen-mother, who had retired to Dumbarton 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, we get from our chronicler a first 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 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 unbounded, and she appears to have earned it by a most attractive and affable demeanour. They had just succeeded in cutting off an English relieving force, and she went among 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, although, in comparison with 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 soldiery, when substantial ends were to be gained, as Miss Strickland, in her *Lives of the Queens*, has pointed out, while gently chiding her for making rather too much of her womanly wiles. In Beaugué'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'Essé's French troops, while fortifying Leith, were chiefly concentrated in Edinburgh, and their amicable relations with the people is to Beaugué a matter for special remark. 'On seeing the intercourse,' he says, 'of the soldiers with the townspeople, 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 *compatibles* are not to be found.' To discover now in the Scottish character the germs of this solidarity with the French, which does seem anciently to have existed, it would be necessary to dig among the roots of the divergent religious and political growths of the subsequent period of great trials, great efforts, and great transforming influences.

But the friendly manifestations which Beaugué welcomed met with a rude check. A 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 Beaugué intimates, for Lesley, the Scottish historian, records that the provost of Edinburgh and many citizens were slain. The French officers, according to Beaugué'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'Essé 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 a lull in those enterprises, some of the French troops were sent for a little repose, as Beaugué phrases it, to St Andrews, Perth, Aberdeen, Montrose, and some villages in Fife. Being not disposed, probably, to shew too critical a temper as regarded 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 ruined in the late war. 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 carried away an agreeable impression, for he characterises 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 complaisant remarks of M. de Beaugué according to a very different standard from that which the terms would now suggest.

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 Beaugué generally describes the details of the service. At Broughty, near Dundee, they tried their strength against the English garrison, and lost an officer of mark, 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 enterprise, in which they bore a part, was the well-planned assault and capture of the strong castle of Fernihirst on the Borders. This was followed by a descent upon England as far as Newcastle, under the command of D'Essé, 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 benefit of the soldiers, and the efforts 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 quarter was closing in, and might have 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 the queen-mother again appears on the scene, 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 her 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'Essé was engaged in Scotland. He was then recalled or retired to France, and probably Beaugué 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 immortalise the generalship of the Sieur d'Essé, whose operations and speeches are described and reported somewhat after the fashion of Cæsar and Tacitus, only with more extravagant praise than was always awarded to the ancient commanders. But the war was waged hotly for several months longer, the French auxiliaries being led by De Thermes, whose energy and skill left no reason that his predecessor should be regretted. The English continued to be 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 before, the English undertook to withdraw entirely within their own frontier forthwith. On the 20th of April 1550, peace was proclaimed at Edinburgh, and thus terminated a struggle of nine years, which, for any good results 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 incidental ebullition here and there; it was stamped, or indeed originated by the authority of the rule under which lived, as we may inconsistently reflect, the generation that gave to England a Shakspeare and a Bacon. The not less than oriental cruelty which disgraced the wars of Henry VIII. in Ireland, likewise characterised the order in council for the conduct of hostilities in Scotland. In the *Hamilton Papers*, printed for the Maitland Club, the text is given of the instructions to the general commanding. He was to burn and utterly raze Edinburgh—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 beside another, and no creature was to be spared alive. We have seen cursorily how in practice the spirit of these orders was carried out, and Beaugué'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 shewing the mode of conducting the minor operations of the invasion. Lord Hume was absent, but when the enemy appeared, his wife prepared for defence. She was summoned to surrender, 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 Spartan matron, she replied 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.' But when her son, 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 Fernihirst 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 assault was about being successful, and feeling, as Beaugué remarks, that he had not much to expect if he fell into the hands of his native enemies, came out secretly in the *mêlée*, and delivered himself up to two French officers. They were removing him from the throng, when a Scot, recognising 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; then, after some of them had washed their hands in the blood of him from whose tyrannical ill-usage they had suffered, they fixed his head on a stone cross where three roads met. Other and even more savage manifestations of vengeance are mentioned by Beaugué, while he

palliates, although he deploras, and does not wish to defend them. He dwells on the unendurable provocations the Scots had received. He tells of their country desolated, their towns sacked, their castles burned, their churches overthrown, their nobles and citizens inhumanly butchered, or subjected to every kind of cruelty; and he declares that it was thus the Scots, who bore themselves honourably and in perfect friendliness 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 Beaugué thought might have experienced peculiarly injurious treatment, attempted to tear out the eyes of the dead. In the various conflicts, no mercy was shewn 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.

#### D A Y B R E A K.

AWAKE, this morning! wake, O heart and soul;  
Your drowsy lids unclose,  
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 side  
Expectant heaves, as marriage-guests are stirred  
When cometh in the bride.

The Earth unclasps her beauty-clouding veil,  
And waits her monarch's call;  
Or like a princess in some eastern tale,  
By Ethiope kept in thrall,

She breaks forth queenly from the dusk 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 ether 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 concentrate in thee.

It is her voice new uttered: thou dost watch  
Her pæans mount through air,  
And at heaven's gates her music thou dost catch,  
As it ascendeth there.

And thus inspired, in showers of silvery rain,  
To the enchanted earth,  
Thou pourest Nature's once-born praise again,  
In new and second birth.

Most holy Nature, from thy dome of blue  
To meanest floweret wild,  
I deeply love thee, yearn to thee as to  
A mother yearns 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 rapt 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 wavelets 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 sod,  
Yet silent in that higher Life still lies  
That claims akin to God!

This morning, then, I rather dwell with these,  
Than go to grosser sense;  
I praise God with the streams, and flowers, and  
trees,  
For His beneficence.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 456.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 Bude-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 thriftless Heir of Linn.

Take for an ensample that eminent British matron, the Honourable Mrs Skynner. 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 surly, ill-paid serving-men. Somehow, in the pursuit of her elegant economy, Mrs Skynner 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 careworn spinsters, vamping up their old wardrobes to compete with the new finery of wealthier damsels; and a long course of haggling and screwing, of sleep-

less 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 peculiarly 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 Skynner, 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 transmutation of wholesome food into dripping and 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 Doll. That port 'stands me' in seventy shillings 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 retires to Peckham Rye, 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 lavishness 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 fattens on the plunder of the Treasury; no colonel pockets the pay of his regiment; no commissioner absorbs the salaries of his subordinates; but in spite of all vigilance, Mr Bull gets the worst of many a bargain. Scores of contracts are smuggled through year after year, quiet jobs spring up like mushrooms after rain, and work is ill done or half done, and shortcomings are winked at, and stores are bought dear and sold cheap, and possibly repurchased under some pinch of official exigency. Every dockyard has its own whispered histories, its queer barter, 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 moderate, perhaps, and merely provokes a little harmless growling when the estimates 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 glittering cases of double block-tin; to be cheated by one contractor in shoes, by a second in muskets, 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; stiff shakoes 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 at both ends. 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 winnings they get from the green cloth melt like ice in the dog-days. Dampier, Bishop Hall, and other historians of the bucaniers, chronicle some remarkable instances of the childish prodigality of those audacious men. Nothing could stick to their unthrifty fingers. The richest prizes afforded them but a short revel on shore. Gold moldores, silver bars, diamonds, church-plate, slipped through their hands with scanty pleasure and less profit. The plunderers of New Spain were commonly a shoeless, hungry band of ragged Robins, and poverty clung to them as a mantle.

All criminals, or nearly all, have an instinctive wastefulness. Thieves are always poor; witches were proverbially so; the crafty forger dies in need, if not in penal servitude, and the ingenious swindler is buried by the parish. Even licensed spoil little profits the marauder. Throughout history there are curious episodes, in which a common soldier has held for a brief time a kingly fortune in his grasp. The Koh-i-Noor did not enrich the rude Persian who snatched it at the sack of Delhi; the Pitt diamond did not make a rajah of the slippery knave who stole it from the eye-socket of the great idol. Many a Sikh or British full private laid his hard hand on glorious gems at Lucknow and elsewhere; but the precious prizes were lost, or sold for a fraction of their value to some knowing native dealer. Gold-diggers, privateersmen, sailors dazzled by a shower of prize-money, are but too apt to spend the fruits of toil and danger in a day.

One great object of waste is land; not that a tract which can be profitably tilled is often left unproductive, but that the *pabulum* 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 born booby to ruin the land by successive white 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 doubly desolate region of tree-stumps, 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 it 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 has its victims as well as war. There is a grim calculation among slavers, that two-thirds of a human cargo landed alive in one voyage out of three, pays a high profit after expenses are deducted. There is another among Cuban planters, that it is more gainful to import ready-grown labour than to rear domestic blacks, and the fair, cruel Queen of the Antilles is a Juggernaut that yearly hungers 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 vitriol fumes; waste in the copper-works; waste where gilders toil amid mercury or cyanogen; waste among poor girls bending over the deadly green leaves for wreath and bouquet. There is waste among us all, so long as tainted air and impure water, want and excess, fever-haunted dens and cholera-breeding lairs, 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 species at thirty years, the waste 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 marvellous how heavily it hangs on hand with some of us, and how we try, and

vainly try, to 'kill' the old gentleman with the scythe and hour-glass. By a merciful provision, 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 the seconds tick away into 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 bustle, 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—and presently up comes the old gentleman, to turn the hour-glass for others, and to cut us down with his scythe.

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 *Iliad*, 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 amused others for a few minutes. Professor Penguin, 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 devoted nearly as long 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 marker in Europe. The captain and the professor look with mutual scorn upon the occupations which engross the lives of each other. Mrs Sticher-ton, whose life may be measured out by the squares of Berlin wool-work which her needle has begun and 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 the brushes of a thousand foxes. Sapley the orientalist, whose memory is stored with fifty barbaric dialects, whose knowledge must die with him, since he has neither books to interpret, nor civilised folks to talk with, has not laid out the sum of his existence much more profitably than Trebocco the juggler, who can do everything with cards, balls, swords, 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 unconsidered trifles, the Celestials beat us at all points. A Chinese can extract a subsistence from the refuse of 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 well known 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 our costly schemes 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, constantly find out uses for refuse materials which our ancestors could do nothing with. Coal-tar, the black Lethe that used to pour its sullen floods from the gas-works, poisoning air and water, was an unmitigated pest till it was found to be the

parent of aniline, of rosy Magenta, delicate mauve, oil of almonds, and other elegant extracts. Horse-hoofs were kicked into the kennel for many a year before they were suspected to yield the royal Prussian blue. Linen rags were scraped to lint or burned to tinder for centuries before it was deemed possible to convert them into glossy cream-laid paper; and bones were once neither valued by the farmer nor the phosphorus manufacturer. To some eyes, every dust-heap is a mine of wealth. It is a wonderful sight which is presented by the industry of the professional searchers of such dingy piles, and who are chiefly quick-sighted children, or old women with bonnets and gowns such as can be seen nowhere else. Every scrap of coke, every cinder, every bone, rag, or bit of broken pottery has its uses. The fragments of smashed bottles, the ashes of burned wood, the morsels of rusty iron, corroded copper, or tarnished tin, the hair, skin, rope's-ends, leather, are eagerly scrambled for and set apart. Wonderful, too, is it to watch the mudlarks, so called, of the Thames, splashing at low tide through the ooze of the great river, and gleaning up tiny lumps of small coal, chips of wood, and such humble jetsom as the lord mayor cannot with dignity lay claim to.

A marine store-shop is a curiosity in its way. Its very name appears a misnomer, for vessels do not fit themselves for sea-going purposes by taking on board rags, bones, and highly oxidised iron, nor are kitchen-stuff and empty jars essential to navigation. But a marine store-dealer, if he can sell little that is useful to mariners, is only too glad to lay hands on the superfluities of their good ship's gear, and hence perhaps the name. It is to be feared that these repositories, where all things are welcome, from a wine-bottle to the skin wrenched from a living cat, from a gold ring to a farthing's worth of tallow candle, have promoted a good deal of domestic robbery. But they seem necessary, and are feeders to many industries that save much capital to the world. French ragpickers are a more conspicuous race than their British compeers. The good city of Paris alone contains some thousands of *chiffonniers*, who live literally by hook, and who rake up daily bread from the gutters of Paris, by help of their iron claw and twinkling lantern. By night they ply this toil, and by day they sleep, or fish with cord and bunch of hooks over bridge or quay for objects floating down the Seine. All is fish, in one sense, that they can secure. They know how to find a mart for every ounce of driftwood, every cracked kettle or damaged saucepan, for an old hat bobbing its way downstream, for the skin of a drowned dog aground among the rushes. Some of them have occasionally stumbled on valuable prizes; and though their reputation for honesty stands high, they love to repeat some marvellous tale of the *chiffonnier* in bygone days who found a diamond ring or a bag of gold, and straightway blossomed forth a Cæsus.

But the thriftiest of us all, as well as those careless folks whose property dwindles from sheer negligence, have reason to blush for our wastefulness, when we examine the working of natural laws. In nature's world-wide laboratory—in that grand kitchen which has the canopy of heaven for a roof—there is no waste. Let decay make what havoc it will, growth keeps step with it. The silent restoration goes eternally on. The haughtiest monarch alive, master of legions and patron of sages, could not compass the annihilation of a single drachm of matter, did his crown depend upon it. A few gases, a few bodies that we call elementary in the absence of some analyst more subtle than our wisest of to-day, perform such Protean feats as throw Naso and his Metamorphoses into shadow. What a harlequin of organic chemistry is carbon, here a black solid, there a viewless gas, or a spreading tree with its million murmuring leaves, or a sparkling diamond in a queen's hair,



or a lump of coal sputtering in the fire, or an integral part of man, or beast, or cabbage-stalk! How varied a range of parts do our old familiar friends oxygen and hydrogen, the lecturer's watchwords, play amongst us! They only combine in one proportion; but that mixture, differently treated, will give us a refreshing draught of water to slake our thirst, or a brilliant light to transmit signals for leagues through the darkness of night and fog, or a dreadful power that can rend the rash enchanter who has invoked it limb from limb, with a force beyond that of gunpowder. Nothing is lost. If old rotting forests sink into the swamps, 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 in America upon the condition 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 contend that the negro is 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 'field-hands'; all their aged and infirm, as well as most of the young children. They also abandoned considerable stores of corn and large crops of cotton, most of it still ungathered and on 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, they proved but a 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 to New York, where it was sold some time ago at a price which would realise for the whole crop about L.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 young 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 an advanced state, needing little more than a few weeks of ordinary fair weather to insure a liberal harvest. The experiment was made under the most unfavourable circumstances; it was not begun till full six weeks after the usual time for preparing for new crops. 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 3800 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 to force; and the superintendents having an average each of five or six plantations to oversee, often miles distant, they can 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 superintendent from Boston, 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 privation for the sake of 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 emigration 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 in promises. 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 slaves in picking and packing the crop of last year, and selling chickens' eggs, vegetables, fresh fish, and the like, to the soldiers. The negroes shew quite a Yankee turn for traffic. They may be observed on the beach at Hilton Head, where they come in their canoes to dispose of their commodities. 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 they will dispose of their half-fledged 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 as short a time as any old Jersey marketman. Mr M'Kim and Mr Philbrick returned about L.1200 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 thievery 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 yes, massa, dese is good times—Neber saw sich good times afore—Too good to lass, massa,' are commonly heard. A group of them met Mr M'Kim with the words: 'Tell de Philadelpy people we tank 'em too much, massa, too much.' This appears to be a common phrase among them; or, as Mr M'Kim 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 'em; tell 'em God bless 'em;' 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 shewn. In times of sudden 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 Planter*, 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 should 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 one 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 Bickley, 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 enlivened the usually sedate village. Before setting out for the church, the child's godfathers, Hugh Bamfylde, Esq., and Major Moore, tossed 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 misdeed, Carew and three other boys ran away from school, and sought safety from pedagogues and parents with some gipsies encamped in the neighbourhood. The wild life of their wandering friends so captivated the truants, that they decided upon joining them 'for good,' and after going through a certain probation, the head-strong quartett 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 snapping up of unconsidered 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 begging, and before long, he stood without a rival as a successful mendicant. A robust frame enabled him to endure privation unscathed, and wherever there was room to stretch his limbs, he slept as soundly as the veriest sluggard 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 calamity likely to be talked about, and make himself master of all the details, so as to be better able to pass as one of the sufferers. This perverse industry was rewarded with an income of a guinea a day. He especially delighted in deceiving those who ought 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, and his own brother opened his purse 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 to see him yet a credit to his family; but his truant disposition proved too strong; one day he disappeared without a leave-taking, and returned with renewed relish to his vagrant-life.

Carew owed no little of the impunity attending his roguish practices to the good-nature of the western gentry, who seem to have thought with the poet, that the pleasure was as great in being cheated as to cheat, and treated the rector's son with more familiarity than contempt. Dining one day during the hunting-season at Colonel Strangeway's table, his host said he thought it impossible that his guest could deceive him—an opinion Carew did not dispute. Next day he excused himself from following the hounds, but as soon as the colonel had gone, slipped out of the house to a neighbouring inn frequented by the fraternity, changed his clothes for rags, borrowed a pair of crutches, and went in search of his entertainer. He was not long in finding him, and in extracting a crown from his pocket. The cripple then asked if he was near Colonel Strangeway's residence, and the good-natured gentleman actually took great trouble to explain how he could get there by a short-cut. Carew profited by this advice so as to get there in time to change his appearance again. At dinner, he asked of the colonel if he had seen a miserable object on the road. 'A very miserable object indeed,' said the colonel. Carew made a clean breast of it then; but the colonel could not believe he had been so deceived till he saw the cripple again in his own dining-room. Of his cleverness in disguising himself, the following is a striking instance. Calling at a country mansion where a large party was assembled, he was shewn into the room in which the gentlemen sat over their wine. One of the guests, a Mr Pleydell, expressing his gratification at being introduced to one he had heard so much of, but had never seen, Carew informed him that he was certainly mistaken on the latter point, as he had presented him a few days before with a suit of clothes and a guinea. This announcement led to a debate as to the possibility of Mr Pleydell being again deceived, and the discussion led to several wagers being laid on the matter. As Carew was departing, one of the company hinted that he would find the same party together again on a certain day at another place. When the day came round, an old woman appeared at the house in question; she was old, ugly, and

decrepit, her charms receiving no addition by her back being encumbered with two squalling children, while a third trotted reluctantly at her side. The juvenile chorus which announced her arrival set all the dogs of the house barking, and quickly brought out the maids, to see what the hubbub was about. The 'grandmother of three helpless children' (two borrowed from a beggar-woman, and one from a hump-backed tinker), 'whose dear mother had been burned to death at the dreadful fire at Kirton,' told her pitiful tale, which the servant repeated to her mistress, who sent out half-a-crown and a basin of broth. While the old woman was busy with the latter, the gentlemen gathered round her, and were so shocked at her miserable appearance, that every one of them bestowed something upon her. The broth finished, the beldam departed, invoking blessings on the kind gentlemen; but as soon as she was out of their sight, a loud view-halloo startled their ears, and they were not long in verifying the suspicions it raised.

Of the many characters in his varied *répertoire*, Carew found that of the shipwrecked sailor by far the most profitable, and he spared no pains in making himself perfect in the part, actually working his passage to and from Newfoundland to that end. He was a living chronicle of shipping disasters, and neglected no chance of acquiring useful information. Happening 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, her captain's name, 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 near proving fatal to him; 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 disclose 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 of which he failed not to make the most.

Perhaps Carew's boldest 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 Bamfylde Moore Carew, shipwrecked on his way to England, in a Swedish ship, of which he was supercargo. The name was familiar to the duke as that of a good family; and the sham 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. Wisely judging that the wild 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 Dorset, concluding the honeymoon at Porchester, 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 amusement 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 gamesters overlooked him, as bringing no fish to their nets; the chairmen, instead of an obsequious "Please your honour," cursed him; and the pumpers who had waited on his nod before, denied a glass of water; the clergy 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 consoled himself for the change by 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 Clause Patch left the throne of mendicancy vacant, and Carew was elected king almost unanimously. He might now have retired from the active pursuit of his profession, and lived like his predecessors on the loyal contributions of his subjects; unhappily for himself, he only sought to prove worthy of their suffrages by increased exertions, and thereby came to grief, for, falling into the clutches of one Justice Lethbridge, 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 Maryland, 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 Froade could find no purchaser for Carew, whose peculiar talents were valueless 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 secrete 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 accidentally heard that Captains Harvey 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 liberating him by becoming his purchasers, a proposal declined by Carew in the spirit with which it was made. Spite of all persuasion, he insisted upon them informing Captain Froade of his whereabouts, and before long he was once more on board 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 mate of the *Juliana* to keep their eyes shut while their prisoner took advantage of Froade'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 acquaintanceship. 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 of escape presented itself, when 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 in practice, with his usual success. Among his 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 the mendicant monarch would keep his promise of returning home before Captain Froade.

The daring beggar was not destined long to enjoy liberty. While watching the convict ship *Philleroy* from Topsham 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 even 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 to inform his wife of his evil case. The captain of the *Philleroy* himself was inclined to treat his prisoner with some consideration, and struck off his irons as soon as they were fairly out at sea; unluckily, 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 Froade had been. Carew was of another mind, and the very day the *Philleroy* anchored in Mile'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 set off without provisions, he was compelled to help 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 chances of capture, the fugitive got 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, 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 noised 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 Hackern, who generously offered to give him enough to live upon comfortably, on condition of renouncing his disreputable calling. Bamfylde, 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 scarcely 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 avers that some lucky lottery speculations enabled him to live at his 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 Baia, also the Lake Avernus, and Elysian 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' Annunciata—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 smouldering 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 special subject 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 Stabie, 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 the Neapolitan fabricates his 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 Herculaneum and some other points, is preferable. To Herculaneum, 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 parasol. Along the side of the road, the people were outside their doors at their customary handicrafts—women spinning with the distaff, shoemakers, blacksmiths, carpenters, and other artificers, including macaroni-makers, who were hanging out their long pipe-like materials on poles. We had also examples of the methods of keeping pigs, pet-lambs, and donkeys; the practice apparently being to take these animals into the dwelling-house of the family at night, and put them out during the day. In various instances, a black pig might be seen tethered to a nail in the wall by a rope round his waist, and with this precaution as to good-behaviour, left to enjoy a scrap of vegetable for dinner, with an unlimited quantity of warm dusty air for dessert.

Portici being passed, we enter Resina, and drive up to a door on our right, distinguishable by three beggars and a faccino, whose self-appointed duty is to lie in wait for tourists. Off fly hats, and off flies the faccino 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. Taking the piece of candle, which after all is only 'Price,' we follow this genius 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 winding, come to what was a Roman open-air theatre, with rows of stone seats. Then we are shewn the orchestra and front of the stage, also part of the green-room, with traces of frescoes on the walls. Judging from the space cleared, 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 dark vault was 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, like every other portion of the city, was sealed up as in the centre of a stone; and the digging of it out so far has been a work of immense labour. Lost 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, but 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 type. These appear to have been situated on 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 faccino 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 faccino 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 in use. That people should be 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 would 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 ruined.

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 startle 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 débris 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 craters 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 scorïæ, 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 torrents of lava which covered it in the eruptions of 1855 and 1858. Wheeled conveyances can now ascend no higher than the outskirts of Resina. There, carriages are dismissed, and tourists must either walk or ride on ponies 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 rending of Somma from Vesuvius; it now forms a kind of island in the midst of the lava that had 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 bearers. 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 ashes, and makes 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 incline to be overcome, and there, 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 stones to supply refreshments to visitors. He could give an egg, roasted in the hot fissures, 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 gratefully 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 sulphury fumes, and these, with the clouds of very fine dust raised by the wind, rendered it impossible to take a steady 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; other parts consisted of loose dusty ashes, blended with scorix 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 slag, rough, jagged, and heaved up in fantastic masses, sometimes resembling the ridges of a freshly ploughed field. Although four years have elapsed since the eruption of 1858, the lava is in several places still too hot to be handled, 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 pony, 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 belated on the mountain. So excessively rugged and intricate is the pathway over the lava, that no one ought to attempt the excursion except in daylight.

Our 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 expecta-

tion, 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 a thought concerning it, and this neglect appears the more surprising, when we are told that parts of several buildings remained prominent above the soil, having never been thoroughly entombed. An accidental discovery of painted remains having 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 silent and deserted city. A government officer is imposed on us as guide at the entrance, and, led by him, we suddenly find ourselves in a paved street environed by shattered walls, doorways, temples, and columns. Walking onwards, we make the circuit of the town so far 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 moralise over—I feel a reluctance to impose any account of what has been so often and so minutely described. A mere glance at the more remarkable features of the exhumed 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 Basilica, or Court of Justice. Adjoining are the ruins of the prisons, in which several skeletons in manacles were found. At a short distance is the ruin of the theatre, with some handsome columns still standing. The houses of distinguished individuals are also made the subject of special notice; such as of Sallust, Pansa, and the villa of Diomedes in a suburban street, outside the walls. In these and similar mansions 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 is a house after a removal. The larger mansions have undoubtedly been magnificent, and in their successive courts we see the type of the modern Italian palazzo and French hôtel. 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 grinding-mill, are shewn 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 selling of bread having, as just seen, taken place all in one establishment. Till the present day, as I have already mentioned, things are little advanced beyond this in Rome. 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 stumps 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 most irregular. Water had been brought into the town by subterranean conduits, which emptied into large stone troughs 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 it 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 above 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 out 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 embankment crosses 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 basketfuls 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. Morumbidgee, 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 glutton, or a toper; on the contrary, he was a most moderate trencher-man; but he was an epicure and a *gourmet*. 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 *potages* 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 Lippesmacke 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. Ladies' society has lost its charms 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 wits' end for sons-in-law. She has even sunk to the humiliation of giving day-balls, 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 *côtelettes*; and



when the moneyed youth seems particularly pleased with an *entrée*, let her whisper, 'Whoever weds my Augusta, mark me, gets the recipe!'

X had a very hearty contempt for this unnatural effeminacy, although with a reservation in the case of his friend.

'All Y's faults,' he would affirm, did I venture to blame that gentleman, 'lie on the surface, and are 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 *mots* 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 lady 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 loved is a villain, she conceals the discovery; but when she never loved him, and suspected his worthlessness beforehand, such reticence is not so natural. I may seem to speak idly, nay, 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 touches gin.'

I myself was by no means blind to Y's intrinsic merits, and only impugned them perhaps because it was such a pleasure to see 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 *exeat*—permission to come up to town—out of his tutor. His relatives were constantly being taken ill, 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 *subpena'd* 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 carried 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 calmly; '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.'

'But if the object be a charitable or a useful one'—

'That is mere Jesuitry,' interrupted Y; 'the end, among good Protestants, does not justify the means. Nothing indeed can justify salt soup and cold *entrées*. The interminable length and intrinsic badness of the repast; the unseemly appetite of the guests, most of whom are bent upon taking their guineas' worth out in food; the pinkness and sweetness of the champagne, which some of them stir up with bread to reproduce effervescence—don't contradict me, for I have seen them do it; the fawning that goes on around the few titled persons at the cross-table'—

'You needn't sit there,' exclaimed X laughing, 'unless you like the locality.'

'You *must* sit there, sir, unless you choose to run the risk of being placed next to the penny papers, and after you have made yourself agreeable to your neighbour, of seeing your best conversation reproduced and spoiled in the next morning's *Tittle Tattle*. No, my dear X, I may not be a wise man, but Experience *has* taught me something. My digestion, too, is not what it used to be: no more of your public dinners for me.'

'Yet remember, Y, the horse-flesh dinner that we had in Paris with those queer *savans*. How you enjoyed yourself at that, and what applause you gained by your jest about "the *carte* before the horse."'

'Very true,' said Y, 'but that was an exceptional occasion.'

'And so likewise is the dinner to which we are going to-night. It is provided by the Acclimatisation Society. There are to be specimens of the *cuisines* of every country in the Universe. I have read the bill of fare.'

'If there is to be human flesh, I go,' replied Y, 'but not otherwise.'

'Well, then, there is,' rejoined X solemnly; 'but it's a dead secret because of the police.'

'Good heavens!' cried I, laying down my knife and fork, 'can such things be in civilised England?'

'Well, I do admire that,' exclaimed Y sarcastically; 'do you suppose that you Antipodeans are going to keep every delicacy to yourselves? You, my Morumbidgee, have doubtless dined off many a juicy fellow-creature, and yet you would deprive *us*—just because we happen to live in what you consider to be an out-of-the-way part of the world—of even a sample of the same fare. I suppose, however, you seldom tasted anything but Native, eh? You meet with Fatted Convict now and then, at the governor's and the best tables, as I have understood, but Free White Man is rare. Is it not so?'

'Except among the bush-rangers,' added X, 'who are semi-barbarous, and spoil their meats in the cooking. Now, to-night, we have a *relevé* of Polish babies.\* By the fortunate accident of political distractions in that country, this delicacy is just now greatly cheapened, the Russian authorities being even eager to export it as largely as possible.'

No invited guests ever made themselves more merry with the prospect of their dinner than did X and Y. Each pretended to outvie the other in civilities toward myself, in order that I might be induced to confide to them what was the best portion to ask for of the anticipated treat. Did I recommend the upper or the under cut? an arm or a leg? And was the drumstick to be studiously avoided, as in the chicken? For my own part, I looked forward to the entertainment with much curiosity, and sat down with my mind made up to partake of nothing with which I was already acquainted. Although there was a great number of curious dishes, it was not impossible to partake of them all, since, on account of their excessive rarity, only very small portions of many of them could be offered to each person. The feast began, for instance, with a *potage*, served up in large saucers only—the celebrated Birds' Nest Soup from China.

\* *Babas à la Polonoise*.

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 esculenta*), 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 favoured 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 most religiously, 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 entertainment such a pile of these were collected in front of Y, that so far as number was concerned, they might have served him to leave at the houses of his acquaintance till the end of the season.

There was a certain Japanese *potage* called Tripang, which Y, having tasted it, imparted to us with a generous celerity that excited our worst suspicions.

'Is it nice?' asked I; '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, pressing my arm as a hint that I 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 unlike the green 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 hesitating about, gentlemen, is a species of *Holothuria*.'

'That doesn't sound very bad,' 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, suspicion, 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 acclimatisation through his double gold glasses as though it had been a cockroach. 'I seem 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 kouscouson (two of the fundamental dishes of the world) are made of *Semoule*.'

'It is of peculiar excellence,' 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 *nerfs de daim*—deer sinews from Cochin-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 enough of *potages*. 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, with whom Snig'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 cannibals, their eyebrows could scarcely have gone higher. The English dishes only (for there was the usual British dinner for those of pusillanimous stomach), 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 acclimatised—to taste everything—was very indignant 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 curassow.'

'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 curassow,\* a bird of Central America, that the society are particularly anxious to domesticate in this country.

'Morumbidgee,' said Y, 'X as usual has deceived us; his constant practice is what the poet too euphoniously terms "to make the thing that is not as the thing that is." Those *Babas à la Polonoise* were, alas, no more babies, than yonder *petites cubes de groseille* 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 no 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 Acclimatisation Society, and it is to

\* *Craz 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 condiment was 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-weed 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 distinctness 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 acclimatizers. Our enthusiasm in favour of the society perceptibly increased with every course, notwithstanding some occasional dampers, 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'oranges from Guadeloupe, 'Oued Allah' (a most excellent liqueur) from Algeria, menthon (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 waddy, again he hurls 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 culled from the four quarters of the globe.'

'I do not say "well" until 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 nightmare, 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 art to gratify the eye, as 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 at 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 duchy, 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; and 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 of the spots on the sun, which she made while walking to and from school during several months.

The Horticultural Society, amid all their shows and musical fêtes, are distributing tree-frogs by

ballot, 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 *Proceedings*, 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 go to 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 chinks 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, either ascending or descending, 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 shews 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 violent 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, but 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 during north-easterly storms, we may expect precipitation of cold air downwards, and ascent of warm air 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 auroræ; 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 auroræ 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, within 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, and 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 their focus is 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 Genevese 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 current 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 Royal Irish Academy *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 10.30 A. M., southward at 2.30 P. M., and westward at 7 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 opposite electrical states—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, continues Dr Lloyd, 'we have in this machinery, as it appears to me, means fully 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 electricities—the positive going off with the vapour, the negative remaining with the vaporising 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 atmospheric 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 greatly improved since the date of the former report in 1851. At that time, they were a disgrace to any nation calling itself civilised;

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 supporter 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 pleased 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 deprecate any change in the light-house department; and recommend Congress not to be misled by envious 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 Ruschhaupt, has lately patented a simple and economical apparatus for generating carbonic acid and other kinds of gas. It is a tub 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 condiments. 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 stopt;  
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 kiss 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 ant 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 *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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 457.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 mammas 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 BRANTHWAYTE—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 Needall 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 L.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, L.1, 1s. How many will you have?'

Now, I knew Mrs Pryor for a busy, meddling 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 2s. 6d., 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! Branthwayte, 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 naïveté, 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 to 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 Screwker 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 come to our stall,' she said, jumping daintily down from her elevated post, 'and I will find some of my very own work for you.'

I, 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 a merry little laugh 'at the folly of 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 parson, who stood by the stall, and who was to all appearance the father of the charming quartett.

She soon came running back breathless, her hands full of lovely rosebuds. On the way she attacked that stingy Mr Screwker who would not 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.

'Whatever you please,' was the demure 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 redeem 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 crabbed 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 from the other.

'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 to dine and dress for the evening. Dine 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 wore 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 Branthwyate—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 be mine for ever. I don't remember how 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 I 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.'

'O yes,' I said—'Miss Nevill. I listened particularly for your name, and heard it quite well.'

'My name is Mrs Needall; you must have seen my husband standing by my stall. The bazaar was for the endowment of our church, and to build us a vicarage. Of course I worked *con amore*, and took more money than any one; and I think you were my best customer,' she added, with a triumphant toss of her little head that completely maddened me. I rushed from the room, took the next train back to Dover, and here I have been ever since, a most miserable man! I had not the heart to redeem my watch; so that, in addition to my other troubles, I may have incurred the lasting displeasure of my uncle, and lost the chance of some thousands a year. All this because I was fool enough to go and be swindled at a fancy-fair. (The worst is, that I still love her to distraction.)

#### 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 thence, 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 houses 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 obligations are 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 tremendous conflagration 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 1832, each fire-insurance company had its own engines and staff of firemen; and each set of firemen directed their chief energies to the suppression of fire in such buildings only as were insured in their particular company. Such of our readers as can carry back their recollection thirty years, 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 costliness and 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 Braidwood, 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 he fell a sacrifice to 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 engine-establishment at Belfast. 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 all the fire-insurance 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 in readiness day and night; besides three of minor character, and two floating-engines on the Thames. The fire-engines are about forty in number, the horses about fifty, and the men a 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 twopence 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 brigaden 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 committee of the brigade establishment set forth the views of the companies on the matter. The establishment has neither charter, deed of partnership, nor act of parliament. It attends to all fires, in every part of the metropolis, so far as the strength of the staff will permit, but without 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 the London Fire-Brigade;' and 'That the Associated Companies are prepared, through the Fire-Brigade Committee, to furnish the government with every information in their 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 Hodges, 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, blacking-factories, and other places where disastrous 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 Hodges 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 1851 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 many cases starts off with his 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 Docks have watchmen and constables who are regularly trained to the working of fire-engines; 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 staircase, served by the steam-power that works the hydraulic cranes. The London Docks have two floating-engines, four land-engines, and about fifty fire-taps in various parts of the docks; and sixty of the dock labourers are trained to work as a fire-brigade. If a fire breaks out in the neighbourhood,



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 fire-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; there are no brigadesmen regularly organised, but the dock labourers generally attend to the engines. As a last example, the Victoria Docks—the youngest member of this great commercial series—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 companies—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 sobriquet 'half-pint engines' is an offspring of the public opinion concerning them. They were established under the provisions of an act of parliament passed in 1774, which merely 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 L.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 shew what *can* be done when the parish authorities apply their best attention to the matter. This exception, however, only makes the rule more glaring.

The case stands thus, then—Two or three tradesmen apply their own fire-engines towards the protection 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 quench fires over an area much 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 L.12,450,000 per annum. Mr Newmarch, a great authority on all these matters, estimates that the total value of all the insurable property within the above-named limits, buildings, furniture, and merchandise, and all, is not less than L.900,000,000—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 recommend 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, on a scheme to be 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 arrangements 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 metropolis indeed. Under this arrangement, 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 establishment should be purchased on equitable terms from the companies; and that the experienced brigadesmen, if willing, should be transferred from the one authority to the other. Matters must, 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. Here the motive at work is still more voluntary than that of the offices in relation to the fire-brigade; for the object held in view is that of saving human life, without fee or reward of any kind. The Society 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 from 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 towards the funds by subscription; 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 probably 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 to say, that *the spirit* of the old Hebrew tales is 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 to a new tale.

About forty years ago, some Hebrew legends, collected by Mr Horwitz, were published in English,

but the collection has but a few lines in common with the following.

## I.

## RABBI MEIR'S WIFE.

The renowned teacher and expounder of the law, Rabbi Meir, once sat a whole Sabbath in the synagogue instructing 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 into 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 and the goblet 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 grace, his wife 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. 'Am I to teach you the commonest rule of probity? 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 bedroom she added: 'Rabbi, a friend had confided 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 we must restore 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 presses 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 afterwards 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 shewed 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 account, 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 unacquainted 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 exquisite 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; meanwhile, 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 musingly.

'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 Joschuah, 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 Joschuah.' 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?' Joschuah 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.

'Joschuah,' 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 still 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 Athenian 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?'

'Yes, 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 which they contrive to set 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 theft is sown in the house of the thief, and it grows, and with its secret poison weakens the shafts upon which rests the roof of the thief.'

'Who sowed the theft 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 Jochanni 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 will 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, a gigantic 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. He, 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 this surname, but among them 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 condescend 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 disgrace.

'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 behove a son of Israel to live in such splendour, 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 livery were seen moving to and fro receiving visitors, who had come in splendid carriages. The rabbi wished to return, and he only 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 any such 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 scorner of the law! 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 as 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 *mitzva*.\* I will come.'

The conversation was interrupted by a servant announcing a poor woman.

'Let her wait a moment,' 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 will 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 consolingly: '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 meadow 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 be 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 *huppa* or baldachin, 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 notary read the marriage-

\* A good action.

\* The afternoon prayer with which the marriage-ceremony commences.

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 been the *schatchan*.\* 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 accompany Abraham-ben-Manuel and his relatives into the court.'

'Oh,' cried Rabbi Raschi, '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 one way or another, they call for a settlement. They are ugly flaws in our civilisation, and we cannot in honesty ignore them or pass them by. Mendicancy is one of these. In the midst of our stately streets, in the midst of our haunts of pleasure, the beggar appears, an unsightly blot upon the scene. His rags 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 sallow, cowering wretch that looks abjectly on at such grand doings. The beggar's glistening eye seems to say: 'Ah, nineteenth century, nineteenth century, you are no better than the dead ages of your bygone ancestry! You can build, and fight, and feast; you can colonise the wilderness, belt the globe with iron rails, 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 ostentatiously 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, it drops surreptitious half-pence 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 ears and a softened heart. She drops a liberal contribution into the plate that Mr Churchwarden Trundle holds in the doorway; she 'remembers' the shivering Lascar who sweeps one crossing, and the decent widow in clean weeds and an obtrusive bonnet cap who holds the broom at a second. The man who carries, stitched upon his breast, a placard which entreats that passengers will 'pity the poor blind,' receives compassion in a practical form; even the Hindu with tracts, or the sly-eyed Chinaman, or the sailor who fought under Nelson at the Nile, 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.

comes in for a share of her bounty. But once at home, and at lunch, Society is subjected to other and sterner 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 Ookeronga, because I take it for granted that the missionaries and their families are decent folks, and the natives are sure to eat them, as usual, before another charity sermon comes round; but I speak of your reckless encouragement of idleness and vice, sowing 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 fourpence a day, with a large allowance where a whole family is taken, and that the unnatural parents who are proprietors of the poor little shiverers, barter the health and lives of their offspring for beef-steaks and gin.

'I remember that woman's face these seven years,' persists Mr S.—'a regular Moloch. She has expended dozens of hired infants in the damp and cold of the 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 tears 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 indignant. And next day the well-meaning lady meets poor Will Delves, the sick hedger, out of work, with his thin wife and hungry boys, just arrived in London from a weary tramp, in search of unattainable employment, and she discredits Will's wife's unvarnished tale, and won't give the family a penny.

So we oscillate from side 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 sorrowfully when they are told that mendicancy is now against the law. 'What are the poor rogues to do?' asks my grandsire. '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 *Punch*, and gibbeted repeatedly by the penny papers. It is the duty of a good citizen to discourage casual almsgiving, and I'll do my part.' So he does. He is an active member of the Mendicancy Society; he carries its tickets, always ready to transfer to any applicant for loose coppers, and he is looked on as an ogre wherever tramps congregate. He attends meetings, and makes energetic speeches which elicit faint applause. When he goes into parliament, he will

bring forward a stringent bill on his favourite subject. He has the hottest arguments possible with old Mr Grundy, our grandfather. Tears dim Mrs G.'s silver-rimmed spectacles as she listens to his heresies. He is constantly threatened with being 'scratched out' of the old gentleman's will for his hardness of heart. But the old man, when he cools down, cannot but respect Phil's honesty, single-mindedness, and good intentions. 'A moral leprosy, sir,' says Philip; 'we must have the 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 imbecile, and the worn-out, who have no friends able to cherish them, but not to foster imposture, 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 work shall find employment readily provided by government agency, at wages somewhat under the market-rate, so as not 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 extirpated.

'No need of very severe laws, sir,' says Cousin Philip 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 wilful mendicant the means of dissipation would be a folly and a wrong. It is not so now. I wince, sir, myself, when I refuse alms to the woman whining at my elbow. I feel an inward pang as I send that slouching, tattered fellow empty away. The whimpering of that importunate child, bred up from babyhood to utter 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 encourage her, for fear she should grow up to beg, and to rear 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 990? I tell you I did it as reluctantly as ever 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 were you in a reformatory; but I do not like to place you in the custody of L 990 yonder. 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 chilblained hands tell no lie; you are cold, wet, wretched. Yours is a bad trade—but perhaps there is some truth among all these fibs—there's something for you; and off runs the child, and I see her skirmishing around some ladies in the distance, and I look over my shoulder, lest Cousin Philip should have observed my 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 answer an applicant with 'Go to the workhouse.' We have visions of a gloomy bastille, 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 admittance; and we know by the newspaper reports that Cerberus was a mild janitor compared with some dragons who guard Union doors. It is too true. The poor cannot always burst the grudging barrier between them and the food and shelter which Britannia, alone among European nations, provides for them. Some workhouses are pandemonia 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 Hattos 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 swarmed 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 scourges.

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 Judea; 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 cord-girdles 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 houses abroad were 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 whole armies of the maimed, the sick, and the idiotic, mixed with more dangerous hosts of sturdy beggars and bedlamites, poured over the country; how they beset the roads, crowded the streets, and extorted 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 gallows, 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 sentimental indulgence, yet the misery that existed forced queen and parliament to enact the first of English poor-laws. This, in England, was the great charter 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 richer brethren—not as a boon, but as a debt. The strand of events that was spun from this woof 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 was legion—has been fed at church doors and at abbey gates, has been begged for by friar and priest, but has never been the direct pensioner of the lay community. The church has done all that was done. Monarchs have 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 *Sociétés 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 Prudhomme, or Mynheer Vanderplank, has none 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 *pauvre*. If he were not poor, M. Prudhomme 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 hardheaded and hardhearted Protestants. So he sows his small-change broadcast, and never reckons whether his gifts sow dragons' teeth or not. When he dies, if he be a dweller in some far-off simple province, M. Prudhomme probably leaves it in his will that 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 *pauvres*, 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 meed of their services. M. Prudhomme 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 hypocrites, who make a great 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, speeches, toasts, and subscription lists. They cannot or will not see that John Bull is a dining animal, and that his purse-strings always are more easily loosened when his palate has been tickled. They really believe that people are daily starved to death in the streets of London, a gloomy city, which they delight to picture as the scene of unheard-of crimes and cynical stonyheartedness. And M. Prudhomme 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 pining 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 resource but 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 separation of husband and wife, of parent and child, of sick and well. The

Board of Guardians, too, cannot speed the poor wayfarer on his road without he be a 'casual' 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 livery, and its breaking up of family bonds. 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. Bumbledom 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 cowering guests 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 childish voices. 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 distorted from 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 so great and patent, that even St Gruffangrim will 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 stern with them for so doing.

Pity 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 eke out some other trade by begging; there are 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 made to sing. Such is our own condition. We must work, all but a few drones, 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 lazzarone, 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 eat of what others sow and reap? What is his claim to be a locust in the land, living on its industry? Theoretically, he makes no such claim; he owns that he ought to labour, but pleads two demurrers to the indictment of laziness: the first is, that he is impotent for work; the second is, that he can find no

work to do. To substantiate the first plea, needs elaborate stratagem. Pallor, limbs artfully bent, a spine craftily contorted, mock wounds, sham sores, 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 'Abram men,' perhaps from the old phrase of 'shamming 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 Humphrey taught the lame man the use of his limbs, by very simple means, as Shakspeare 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 customer 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 that he has not tasted victuals since Tuesday morning at seven o'clock. 'Why don't you work?' Perhaps the person applied to ventures on that pertinent query. 'You ought to be ashamed of begging—a great strong fellow like you.' How glib, 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 supply the stout man with work? Ah, if you only would. There's a poser for any person of sensibility or justice. The beggar has you on the hip. We are not, all of us, employers of unskilled labour. The man may be a sailor, mechanic, artisan, navy, anything. He knows well enough, whether he honestly desires employment or not, that the odds are enormous against our accepting the challenge. Am I, in one case, to take this unknown suppliant home with me, and say to Sniggs my butler: 'Sniggs, here's a poor fellow in want of work; set him to clean the spoons, and let him render assistance 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, convoy 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 shoeblick, and I'm not a dockyard superintendent or head of a foundry or factory, and I prefer to have a character, even with a knife-boy. 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. Competition runs so high, that many a strong fellow, many a tolerably skilled craftsman, has to wander in search of work. All places seem filled up. He 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 takes refuge 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 saucepan now and then, or a bird-

catcher, or a cobbler, a seller of Dorling's correct cards on race-days, or a vender of brimstone matches that nobody wants. To beg, when he sees a well-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 rick, or pillage a tipsy 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 tramping clan. Will Delves, who never took a half-pennyworth of any man's goods, who 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 but 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 vines of Kent and Sussex. The Irish who visit us to mow 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 Munster or Connaught. They depend for travelling expenses on a Celtic volubility of tongue, and talent for acting. Thus, they are able to carry back their savings, all but intact, quilted in the most reliable portion of their apparel.

The 'broken soldier' is a less common sight than in Goldsmith's time. When we see him now a days, he 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 unlearned the trade of arms, and any pretender from foreign parts was a rare bird indeed. The Spanish Legionaries, the mercenary band who did such good service to Queen Isabella, swarmed over the land, singly, and reaped a harvest of small-change such as beggars have seldom realised. The whole island melted into pity at the sight of their bronzed faces, shabby uniforms, jaunty gait, and pewter 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 lasting 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 bled 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 fifty-six points of the compass. His 'get up' is in a theatrical taste: glazed hat, jacket and trousers of blue Guernsey cloth, changed for white ducks in summer, pumps, black neck-ribbon, anchor buttons, lanyard, roguish eye, corkscrew curls, and drooping square-cut collar—T. P. Cooke in reduced circumstances, and advanced age. He is very jocular and obsequious, 'shivers his timbers,' and swears a good deal, but does not know the mizzen-topmast from the



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 housed 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 pincushion or 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-penny laces, children with lucifers, all evading the law. Besides the turbaned Hindu, 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. His earache was chronic. He 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. Arrived 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 like one of Macbeth's witches. The dogs, not being in the least up in their parts, yawn and saunter to and fro, a poodle going up the street, a spaniel down, a Newfoundland across, until the whole half-dozen of the canine actors are scattered. Thicker grows the crowd, more frantically gyrates the whip, the furies that chased Orestes could not mouth and gibber more fiercely than the proprietrix, 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 faded gown, and five small children in snowy pinafores, we know pretty well what high quavering notes, what hymns sung through the nose, and what prose appeals to the chief warbler's 'kyind brethren' we shall have to undergo. Curiously enough, such family groups, savouring of the footlights and 'property' dresses, 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 beggars.

#### 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 Cæsar, 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 minster 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 episode, indeed, in the history of a house which had Henry II. for its founder. Newstead, from a very early time, owned almost a principality, and was often the abode of the royal hunters 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 remarkable 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 ornament of the priory 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 amidst 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 Byron, lieutenant of Sherwood Forest, grand-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 newly acquired home of the Byrons 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; for in 1760, when Horace Walpole, 'with great delight,' as he says, visited Newstead, he found it still 'the very abbey . . . the hall entire, the refectory entire, the cloister untouched. The park,

which is still charming, has not been (he adds) so much unprofaned: the present lord has lost large sums, and paid part in old oaks; five thousand pounds' worth of which have been cut near the house. . . . The refectory, now the great drawing-room, is full of Byrons; and the vaulted roof remains.' The room here referred to appears to have been the dormitory of the monks, 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 stucco ornaments, in a seventeenth-century style, have been inserted between the timbers. 'The Byrons' 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 oaks—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 sheltered 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 1765, 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 game on his manor. Mr Chaworth having been mortally wounded, Lord Byron was tried by his peers, and found guilty of manslaughter; and he passed the latter years of his strange life in austere 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;

Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone to decay.

His college-friend, Mr Charles Skinner Mathews, in describing (in 1809) 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 original 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 heap of rubbish. Leading from the abbey to the modern part of the habitation is a noble room, seventy feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth; but every 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 spoke less

Of the baron 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 eleemosynary 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 sally  
The dappled foresters: as day awoke,  
The branching stag swept down with all his herd  
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,  
Broad as transparent, deep and freshly fed  
By a river, which its softened way did take  
In currents through the calmer water spread  
Around: the wild fowl nestled 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 chests 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 last 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 for ever surrounded the spot with poetic associations that will be more enduring than its walls. At Newstead, when

The boy was sprung to manhood,

Lord Byron lived ; here he wrote many of his lesser poems ; near Newstead is the 'gentle hill' on which, in his pathetic *Dream*, 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 unfitness for 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 unhallowed doings :

'We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, 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 buffooning all round the house in our conventual 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 gothics, and the waters, and the desolation, make it very lively still.'

He peopled the gloomy and romantic pile with shadowy as well as 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 cowl, and beads, and dusky garb, appeared,  
Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,  
With steps that trod 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 flits 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 L.90,000 being offered, a private contract for its sale at L.140,000 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 L.100,000, 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 value 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 Greece to his 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 furniture he used, were, at the time of Colonel Wildman's death, preserved as Byron left them—plain and sombre, 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 seventeenth-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 lifelike 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 still preserved upon the spot. 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 dames,

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 Wildman, 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 furniture of mediæval 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 tutelary 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 beyond 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 pauses there;  
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,  
And the low night-breeze waves along the air.

The 'sun 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 mediæval 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 cling to our language though their original meaning has been long since lost sight of, and failing to understand them, when we employ them, we do it not without certain misgivings as to their propriety. 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—*vox et præterea nihil*. 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 sifting. We may instance the Herb Robert (*Geranium Robertianum*). 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 displaying itself abundantly on hedge-banks, old walls, and by roadsides, almost everywhere, needs no discoverer. The name is probably a corruption from Robwort, 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 situation, 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 Robwort 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 possess. Dodonæus, Gerarde, and others assert its power 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 *boirage* (*brewage*), a

potation. But the true explanation of the name may be found in the old words *bor* or *mor*, black, and *eg* or *ago* (Italian), a sting, cusp, or sharp point; and in this flower may be seen 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 seamstresses, 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 *bell*, and *donn*, 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 (*Senecio Jacobæa*) 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 Jacques wort, and Jacobæa 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 Pierre's wort or St Peter's wort. It may be remarked that *Hypericum* also appears to have a barbarous origin; *y*= pricked, or the pricked or punctured plant.

Lady's Thistle, or Our Lady's Thistle (*Carduus Marianus*, and *Carduus Mariae*).—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 laiteux*, also points to this peculiarity; and this French name appears to have been the original cause of the corruption. The *laitense*-thistle, or lettuce-thistle (for lettuce has also the same meaning—*lactuca*, 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 recognise the plant. A very ridiculous superstition 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.

Danewort, or Dwarf-elder (*Sambucus ebulus*).—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 bridge—  
No foot upon the quiet road;  
No bird stirs in the covert walks;  
Only the watchman is abroad.  
From distant gate, the mastiff's bark  
Comes sounding cheerly through the dark.

The hazel leaves, black velvet now,  
Rise patterned 'gainst the twilight sky;  
The restless swallow sleeps at last,  
The owl unveils its luminous eye;  
Our cottage like a light-house shines  
From out 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,  
Far over 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 jocundly.  
The yellow leaves around him fall;  
From distant fields the black-birds call.

One rose, on this gray autumn day,  
Blooms with a steadfast flame,  
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.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 458.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 modicum 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 rabid 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 Piræus, 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 patriot lives. We can fancy the excited throng gathering fast in the marketplace, the cries, the tears, the outstretched arms, the faces transfigured 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 commonweal. 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 pedlers 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 ecclesiastic on 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 unchained,' was borne in a 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—laboriously inscribed the contents upon a fair white sheet of vellum or paper; my lord made certain inky 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 livery-coat, leaps into his saddle. He has many a mile to go, rivers to ford, sloughs to 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-haste, for thy life, for thy life, for thy life, run and ride!' and beneath figures the neat 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 if it was of a nature welcome to his majesty, the criers were bidden to noise the same abroad; but till the days of the Long Parliament, there was no provision 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 thrived in spite of all, and by the time of the Restoration had become so gainful a source of profit, that even the repressive Stuarts 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 *Mercuries* 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 l'Estrange could not look over the shoulder of every penman in the metropolis, and scores of quick-eared ready writers haunted coffee-house and Mall, haunted the Old Bailey and the purlieus of the palace, and picked up gossip everywhere. How their pens flashed 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-scandal, 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 Somersetshire squires, while another 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 pardoner or a huckster who had come from the great city. But one of the benefits we owe our benefactor, 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 *Stokeville Herald*, 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 elder days.

The idea of a postal service is almost an innate one. The Hindu dawak, 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 marvelled to find long and stately lines of high-road, paved with masonry superior to anything Castile could shew, and numerous stations filled with swift runners, trained to perform extraordinary feats of endurance and speed, communicating with 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 letters, fish, and rare fruit were sent like meteors over the land for the Inca's use alone. The sterner tribes of North America communicated by means of artfully knotted wampum strings, where every bunch of shells—purple, pink, or 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, four or five hundred moss-troopers could be assembled anywhere. A smoke on the hill-top by day, a fire by night, and a dozen half-clad boys on lean active nags, galloping from glen to glen and peel to peel, were enough to rouse the country. Another summons, common to all Christendom, but chiefly used in France, was the tocsin. The bells of one village answering to another, far and wide, over many a square league, filled the country with waves of impatient and menacing sound; and the invader or

fugitive found himself beset, 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 Flanders landscape, and was prized as a palladium by Charles V.'s townsmen. In the Scottish Highlands, the fiery-cross, with its charred ends steeped in blood, assembled an army more rapidly than any monarch 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 spear-point.

Ill news, says the proverb, doth fly apace. 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 excites the wonder of India's rulers. A shudder runs 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 early than any other event, save only a crushing defeat in 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 by-word. The Jacobites hoped to overturn the dynasty when they hired a mock lifeguardman 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 unimportant part in the world. Malet's conspiracy, which for a day left a handful of bold plotters the masters of Paris and France, hinged wholly on the pretended death of Napoleon. So did that stock-jobbing *coup de main* for which Lord Cochrane suffered so much, in most men's belief, unmerited punishment and obloquy, and which was contrived with much skill, if poorly executed. In our own day, the fall of fortresses, the rout or surrender of armies, and other mighty events, have thrown their shadows before them so far ahead, that the 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 Childers 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 semaphore telegraph, whose long ugly arms used 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 bobbed and ducked to Louis Dix-huit the awful news that the firebrand of Europe 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 were now a power in 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-fruits 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 distant homes with the unerring 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 space, and upset the old notion of distance. Over 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 1848 forced them into tropical luxuriance. 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 to 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 sonorous, and adapted to rivet the attention, but will not always bear analysis. They do not invariably convey news, but sometimes merely the counterfeit of news. Such paragraphs are wooden nutmegs, not genuine literary spice; 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. B, on his part, is so well aware of this, that he enters fawningly, and takes his seat in a deprecatory manner, or sticks his hat awry, and looks as reckless of all consequences as a pirate boarding a gentleman's yacht. His conscience tells him that he is intruding, and he behaves with humility or insolence 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 survey him from his hat to his boots with the loftiest superciliousness, and exchange glances of contemptuous pity at the state of his umbrella. You would suppose that they would never endure his companionship, far less enter into an 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 scowl 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 share it 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 tenacious 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 cardsharper 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 down a line of carriages about to start, 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 a more 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 entrenched, but of a superior, and with an expression, if not of hauteur, 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, I flatter myself, returning), looks of hatred and defiance, I walked 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, strange 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 carriage 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 cowered 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 Lexicographer, 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 conversation. At the first 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 suspicious of 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 generally acknowledged.'

'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 sighing; 'I have experienced an act of trustful kindness 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 protruded his head cautiously from his cloak collar, like 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 who 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 by no means the sombre and reserved person I now appear. 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 upon 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 and jumping out.

'I was once travelling on this very line,' resumed the officer more calmly, after a little pause, 'from the town in which I chanced to be quartered, to London; and singularly enough the conversation of my 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

\* I here refer, of course, to the first class only, for it can scarcely be the passengers by the other classes, who are accustomed to journey very much as figs do in a drum, and would probably break, like earthenware, if they travelled without close packing.

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 more 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 what with talking and laughing, I forgot all about the loan till the train stopped, and we went together to look for our luggage, and in the crowd we were separated without ever wishing each other good-bye, or remembering to exchange our names and addresses. I don't know whither to send the money, or 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 owed more money and comforted himself on slighter 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 the philosopher and myself were present, the conversation turned (as it was very apt to do under his guidance) upon the perfectibility 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 beautiful confidence 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 us 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 disported myself as long as my slender purse permitted in the wilds of Devonshire. When my money was exhausted, I left off that vagabond 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 my solvency, 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 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 seems 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 name 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 a 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 never been paid 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 chanced 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 stout, and not very young, made up our company. She looked a little alarmed at the somewhat fast appearance of my friends when

she first entered; but upon their earnest assurance that they would not smoke 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 my unhappy self. My face had at first been concealed by the newspaper I was reading, but 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 was purple, and had been so throughout the narration], and I daresay I became a little flushed. "Now, Bella, don't blush," exclaimed one of my friends, in allusion to this infirmity; whereupon they both burst out laughing.

'I never before saw anybody look so shocked, and at the same time so indignant, as did the old lady at this. She wore precisely the expression that the great Scotch reformer would have worn, under the circumstances imagined by the poet:

As though you had taken sour 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," "Bye, Bellissima, till we meet again at the Leger" (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 *Bell's Life*. I heard 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 upbraid me, what measures should I take to convince her of her scandalous error? Presently, however, she commenced collecting the baskets and parcels, of which she had an infinite number, and I felt to 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 hussy?"

"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 first 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 catspaw 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 compose yourself so far as to tell it us,' observed I delicately, 'it 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 the scene in question always unnerves 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-traveller 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 courteousness, 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 been the original cause of his unhappy malady, I do not know, but the particular frenzy of which I was the miserable victim was certainly excited by that work.

"Sir," observed he, 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 waved their ragged hats in the fields as the train passed by; how gladly would I have changed places with the milkman in 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 drily. "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 Thermometership. 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 this enthralling portion of the story, that each of us would rather

have been carried beyond his mark than missed the *dénouement*.

"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 Thermometership in that unseemly garb."

"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. "Hasten," cried he, "insolent minion, for Mad, Madder, 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 sharp fragments of the glass 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, clambered into the next carriage, where I found 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 scurrying at the open window, and then we beheld the maniac 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 in. The stout gentleman, speechless with terror, pointed to his umbrella, suspended in the cradle 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, was 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 considerations, of careful preservation. Costly as the army estimates confessedly are, they do not even yet contain certain items necessary for this. More is perhaps 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 frightful expenditure at Aldershott Camp, 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 provides him with food, clothing, quarters, and a trifle of pocket-money. For centuries past, there has seemed to be a sort of tacit agreement that if the soldier fulfils 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 feeling, however, will no longer permit this theory to remain unchallenged.

What Aldershott 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 practise 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 provision for the moral and social well-being of the troops; for there is a little schooling for the soldiers' children, under arrangements which allow the soldiers themselves to obtain a little occasional schooling likewise. Domesticity is to a small extent permitted to the soldier; for the service allows six men out of every hundred to have their wives and children with them in barracks. The new barracks at Aldershott, 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 lavatories, with all that is necessary for the ablution of the men; they have school-rooms for the children, just mentioned; and they have play-grounds and fives-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 may 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, Aldershott. In the summer of 1861, he commissioned Captain Pilkington Jackson, of the Royal Artillery, to make a searching investigation into what may be called the social economy of Aldershott, the camp, and the village; 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. Cornwall 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 suitable for general reading; and such is the case in the present instance.

Unfortunately, the barracks at Aldershot are built at one extreme edge of the government property, inasmuch that 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 hideous 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 soldier spend his small 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 village, and the maximum of temptation 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 disreputable houses; indeed, Captain Jackson states in plain terms 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 are over? Captain Jackson says: 'It must be borne in mind that the men at Aldershot 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 Aldershot 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 rational; 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, would be a large, light, cheerful building, occupying a plot of green-sward 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 workshops, 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 amusements 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 popular authors, musical entertainments, choral singing, assaults 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 Aldershot, would form the managers; and under these would be an executive committee of non-commissioned officers and privates—each regiment being represented in the committee according to the number of men it furnished to the subscription list. Captain Jackson sees no reason to doubt that *twopence* per month from each subscriber would suffice to pay all the current 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 Aldershot would gladly pay *twopence* 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 KAMZAN.

THERE was once a mohel\* 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 mohel, 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 kamzan (the tongs), because, like a pair of tongs, he kept fast hold of what he grasped.

One day, a stranger came and asked him to perform the office of mohel 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 mohel 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 xvii. verse 13.

on until dusk, when the stranger, suddenly turning into a wild country, hurried madly on over the trackless heath. In vain the mohel cried 'Stop!' and entreated the stranger to set him down; the more he cried and entreated, the more furiously the stranger whipped his horses, so that the mohel 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 mohel 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 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 mohel 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 much prolonged, 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 mohel, break his fast.

At length, the religious ceremony was proceeded with; and when performed to general satisfaction, the host took the mohel aside, and said to him: 'I am very much indebted to you for the great service you have shewn 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.

The mohel 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. His head turned 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; pray, 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 mohel had only faintly dreamed when in rapture at his own coffer. 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 mohel felt attracted by these keys, and looked at them, until suddenly, to his amazement, he fancied he recognised the key of his own coffer. He turned to his host, who, smiling, said: 'Yes, mohel, it is the key of thy coffer.'

The mohel became pale as death, and said: 'How does it come here?'

'Why, mohel,' said his host, 'this is easily explained. Thou art at present among spirits, servants of the Lord. When a man orders a coffer, there are always two keys made: one is the man's, the other is God's. If God's key is not made use of, He delivers it over to us, and then the man is not himself, master of his money, nor of his coffer. He can put in, but cannot take out; and at last his own soul is locked up therein. Mind this; and since thou hast gone through thy 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 unsoiled by sinful thoughts or deeds, cannot conceive the idea of parting from it; hence, youth often believes itself immortal, and although not confiding 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 nobler 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 into the bridegroom's heart, exalting, calming, lulling, 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 ineffably sweet emotion, every nerve and fibre vibrating as the chords of an Æolian 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 wanders about in search of it 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 his father and 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?'

'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, he exclaims: 'Oh, are you 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 her bridegroom.

He sat down upon the mouldering tombstone, half covered with bleak grass, and wept bitterly, when the angel of death gently approaching him said: 'Thou didst extend thy wishes beyond the pale assigned to mankind. Misled by an egotistical pride and curiosity, concealed beneath noble aspirations, thou wouldst separate love from holiness, thus making thyself unfitted for a holy marriage. But Almighty God, in His mercy, has willed that thy suffering and atonement shall be short, and has 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 art to die on a Sabbath.'

'O Lord,' said David, 'I would prefer the first day of the week, that 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 great change, even if it knows that it 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.

Chaijim 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 hope afresh. 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 after a while 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 to 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 the gratitude 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 his promise to Rebecca. He had one child, a girl, which, when only six months' old, was bitten 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 offender 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 atone for thy sin.'

Meanwhile Rebecca sat in her father's tent, and old Chaijim Eliezer often begged her to accept one of her numerous suitors, and to gladden his old eyes 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 Chaijim 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 change years had wrought 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 they had parted.

Rebecca, then taking in silence the hand of her lover, and leading him to the cistern whence 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 very much distressed 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 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 four sons on returning 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 doubt when the promises were given him? 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 is 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 down on Isaac's face, made his eyes dim, and this dimness afterwards increased to blindness, 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 baseness 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 cupidity among themselves, especially among the Polish Jews.

A Polish Jew, one Abraham Kalisch, having come to London to gain his livelihood as a pedler, 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 inoffensive 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! Scorning the wretched life of a pedler, 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 Chasid, 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 Chasid, 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 thine.'

Abraham Kalisch 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 Chasid, 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 Chasid left for London. Although many, many years have elapsed since then, he still walks up and down London Bridge, and if at midnight, on passing along the bridge, you meet a man in a black robe (caftan), and with a long reddish beard, who whispers to you: 'Zupf mer' (Pull my beard), it is Leib Chasid.

The other story runs thus. There lived once, at Nürnberg in Bavaria, two Jews of a very different character—one, a skilful mechanic, 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, with a sort of awe or respect, his neighbour the mechanic, and he once was heard to say: 'I know I am given into that fellow's hand, but I cannot help it.'

One Friday afternoon, the merchant stood on the top of the broad steps before his house, smoking his meerschaum pipe, and angrily scolding his men, who were busy bringing bales and barrels 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, be 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 be 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 say 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 mechanic; '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 mechanic; 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 wanders 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 Mamre, saw a traveller, an old man, passing on the sunny, dusty road, and on going to his encounter, said: 'Stranger, mayst 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 herds, 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 mayst 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 it,' said 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 their mind 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."'

#### MARTYRS.

During the cruel persecutions following the great Jewish struggle and defeat under Bar Cochba, 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 Yisroal, Adonai Elohornon Adonai Echod!' '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 homewards 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 fireside. It did not console us to be aware, that in taking places in the *Aunis*, 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 number 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 charming. 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 atmospheric *agrémens*, 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 steamers 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 strewn with sleepers, wrapped in plaids, 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 *Aunis* to proceed 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 pursued 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 Alps, 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 midst of this exuberance of natural productiveness, 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, contrasting very distinctly with 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, at five minutes' walk from the hotels, it is reached without guide or direction. Of this wonderfully elaborate edifice, in white but weather-stained marble, with its multiplicity of pinnacles and figures, 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, begun 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 many will 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 canonicals, 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 library, the Biblioteca Ambrosiana, so peculiarly 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 reparations 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 faded pictures 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 silkworms. 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 supported on poles. Thus we saw a country yielding three crops at once—corn, wine, and silk—along with an abundance of fruits, and the milk for which the dairies of the Lombardy peasants are famous. Bounding this fertile region on the north, we had the range of lofty and jagged Alps, here and there shewing patches of still unmelted 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 examination of baggage and passports by Austrian officials. It presents a very odd scene that dingy passage in the semi-custom-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 thus probably 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 not, 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 disquisition, 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 paper, was 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 vellum, 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, antique streets are seen with a degree of commiseration. 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 was 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 cabs, 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 hearse, 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 the oar working on a high species of rest. 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 halbert, which, when seen advancing, has a certain grotesque fierceness. 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 Barbese; the gondola glided up to the steps of the front door, at which the landlord stood ready to hand his guests ashore.

I am particular in offering these details, 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 squares in London, consisted of 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 environed by buildings, and from which court there are narrow paved avenues 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, obstructive 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 in livery to row them 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 behind the principal buildings is gained by the lesser channels; and it was by these that the barges of old, acting as lighters from shipping, delivered the merchandise at the doors of warehouses, whence packages were transmitted over 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 with the most magnificent of the palaces of the old aristocracy. These buildings are of marble, dingy from age, but offering some of the finest specimens of Italian architecture. The most elegant are the palazzos 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 had 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 palazzos have either sold them or abandoned them in the course of political vicissitudes, and now we 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 desertion of the watery highway in front of them; where the gondola of a stranger and some casual barge, are nearly all that represent the retinues and argosies of ancient Venetian opulence.

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 on seventy-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, after arrival, pushed out by the back-lanes 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 on three sides with open arcades, with shops and cafés, 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 front of the cathedral, a 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? Although such is the true position of the picturesque covered passage from the doge's palace to the adjacent prison, we are not to forget that with all its grandeur a character worse than that of a common prison pertains 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 *Piombi*, 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 doges, the two columns, and the grand 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 crumbs. 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 cafés; but even then, on the seats scattered about, there is a meagre 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 barge-loads of mud, 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 Isola 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 wind-fall of petty donations. Conducted over the various processes, we found several hundreds 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 bugles. 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 vaults, 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 doge's palace are two draw-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 quadrangle.

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 traffic; a sepulchral gloom hanging over everything, and no prospect of any species of revival as long as the country around 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 yon 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 by these;

Except the traveller, perchance,

Who comes, with note-book crowded 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 outstood its time.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 459.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 wainscot. 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 down stairs 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 paralysed 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 though 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. 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 nothing compared with the effects of 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 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 openings of chasms in the Plaza 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 chasms were straight 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 it 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 lower part of their 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 now and 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 Nanhuisalco. 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 must have been cut 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 tread of other fugitives, we left the 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 the 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 the ground compared with which all that had 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, and every moment apprehensive that one of the chasms like those we had seen might open beneath us and swallow us up. It now became so dark that we could see nothing whatever; and but for the incessant crashing of the falling houses, and the renewed cries and prayers, we might have supposed ourselves buried in the very centre of the earth. Vainly did we strive to distinguish if Torellas's house was still standing; we could not even see each other's face, so that I lost even that source of courage. Presently, the dull roar of the earthquake was mingled with, or drowned by, the crashes of thunder following the most vivid flashes of lightning I ever saw, which, though it left me in doubt at times whether I had not been struck blind, did us this service, that it allowed us to see that Torellas's house was still erect, and apparently uninjured. To add to the horrors of this night, a fire broke out in a street near us in two or more houses at the same time, caused either by the broken timbers falling over an unextinguished fire, or by the lightning. The dryness of the wood caused the flame to spread with amazing rapidity, and I confess that the light caused a feeling of satisfaction in my mind, which nobody

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 any others more violent. 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 we were on the point of 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. I believed the building was in flames, 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 fled if I had felt the fire laying hold 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 protection. Madame Torellas was most kind in her attentions to me, even at such a moment, and her daughters were willing assistants. They brought water to wash 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, 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 now rose from the houses on both 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 shewed 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 tanner'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 saltpetre. Most of 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 their crime. A repetition of the shocks, 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 into one mass, so that a low but flaming barrier cut off their escape, and shut them in on all sides. It was a dreadful sight to see the poor creatures running to and fro, seeking with frantic gestures an outlet, and finding none. Some fell 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. Soon a pale bright flame seemed to be hovering over it, like a bird of prey over a dying camel in the desert, sinking 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 said he 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 his house was so perfect 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 belief that the worst was over. In every direction there were gaps where a heap of rubbish alone remained to indicate the place whereon a building had formerly stood; and while we were looking, the air at a particular spot would be filled with dust, shewing 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 cigars 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 to steady myself. All at once the vibratory motion changed for one of upheaval, the house parted in two, and we felt ourselves descending to the earth with a rapidity which took my breath away, and I became for the first time insensible. When I recovered my senses, my first thought was of my husband. I opened my eyes, and found him still alive, and, as it turned out, with limbs unbroken, though greatly bruised. He was feeling my pulse, and looking anxiously at my face for signs of recovery, and his joy when I opened my eyes was evident even to my enfeebled vision. After a moment, I thought of Madame Torellas and her daughters, and asked him in a faint voice if they were safe; but he only pointed to what appeared a heap of torn clothing without speaking, and I comprehended that they—who at the moment when the division took place were standing at the edge of the terrace, looking at the still burning ruins—had been precipitated into the street and killed.

When I attempted to move, I suffered intense pain in my right leg, which was so helpless that I felt it must be broken. My husband examined it, and found that it was fractured a little below the knee, and that any further walking on my part was quite out of the question. He went away for a minute or two, and came back with some strips of linen and pieces of rafters, which he smoothed and cut with his knife into splints, and set the bone as well as circumstances would admit of. After he had done this, he searched for and found some of the food which poor Torellas had brought up, and made me swallow a few mouthfuls; but I wanted water most, and this he was unable to get without going some distance, wherefore I preferred to suffer thirst rather than let him go out of my sight. Daylight made no difference in the severity of the shocks; but shortly after sunrise they became less frequent, and about noon seemed to have ceased altogether, and people began to appear again in the street. My



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 myself in the condition 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 Batalha, 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 shewed 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 dragged myself along in the direction in which he had gone, if I had been able, but I was entirely powerless; and to add to the terrors 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

opportunities come to my assistance as to where she was going, and found she had no fixed idea beyond getting into the open country, upon 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 returned, with two mules 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 Nanhuisalco till April 1860, some months after the catastrophe, when we found that traces of the earthquakes still remained, in the 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 Hefrey, 'is far less satisfactory than that of animal remains, since, in the great majority of cases, the structures most distinctive of the subordinate group of plants are formed of very perishable matter. 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 shew 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 vegetation which formerly 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 sporules.

There can be no doubt, too, from the specimens and fragments of plants left in 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 visible. But the marine algæ or sea-weed, and probably 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 water were separated from each other. The vegetative remains would seem to indicate for ages a swampy vegetation. The tree-ferns, whose remains are so abundant, would only grow in a moist warm climate; and the calamite is closely allied to our common equisetum 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 Rosaceæ, we should still have herbs, shrubs, and trees covering the landscape. The yellow cinquefoil (*Potentilla Canadensis*) and the wild strawberry (*Fragaria vesca*) are lowly herbaceous plants; the common blackberry (*Rubus villosus*) and the sweet-brier (*Rosa rubiginosa*) are shrubs; and the apple, pear, plum, and cherry are the fruits of trees; yet the whole of these are rosaceous plants. Therefore, notwithstanding the great sameness and cryptogamous character of the vegetation which covered these ancient landscapes, they were not without their trees.

As the land became more elevated and free from water, *Cycadaceæ*, or plants allied to the sago-palm; coniferous trees—such as pines and firs, with needle-shaped leaves, and rudimentary inconspicuous flowers of extreme simplicity of organisation—were added to these primeval forests; then trees with true leaves, such as the willow and maple; and along with them we find the first evidence of the creation of the more highly organised conspicuous flowers—for nature is always consistent with herself—flowers being, as is now universally admitted, nothing but the ordinary leaves of the stem brought together, in consequence of a loss of vegetative power in the branch on which they are borne, and metamorphosed with reference to the reproductive function. The first bee makes its appearance in the amber or fossil resin of the pines of the Eocene period; the fragments of the wings of butterflies and other flower-sucking insects are also frequently met with enclosed in the same substance. Trees of a low order of organisation, such as the birch, beech, oak, poplar, chestnut, and hornbeam, were probably as abundant in 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 earth is now overspread, is only a fragment of many antecedent plant-creations, all of which have helped to fertilise and prepare the earth for the present one.

In order to appreciate 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 glorious and variegated vegetable creation was preceded by many others, is continuous with them, and the product of their labours. Those plants of a low type of organisation are the oldest inhabitants of the globe, the more highly organised 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 Coniferae, 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 land and water lilies, and plants belonging to the natural order *Ericaceæ*, 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 Leguminosæ, or pea tribe, such as the false acacia (*Robinia pseudo-acacia*) 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.

The most important fact taught by fossil plants is, that the organic and inorganic creation *slowly* assumed its 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-movement 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, where the scenery of life is ever changing. And who dare say that the present arrangements of land and water, the forms of our herbaceous plants, shrubs and forest trees, are now any more fixed or unalterable than at any previous epoch. Nothing on earth is permanent, if there is any truth in the teachings of the past, and any constancy in nature.

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 truly regarded 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 calamite, 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 have finished the work which Providence assigned 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 is not a moss or mountain floweret or forest tree at present in existence, which is not now contributing its part to the advance 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 form 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 last grand 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.

BETTER MANNERS AND MR JOHN LEECH.

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 even 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 with them '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 *haut ton*. 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 guests, all of 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 countenance that certainly does not condemn their heroic exertions; the prize-fighters themselves, stripped to the waist, make a hideous contrast with the exaggerated splendours 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 apprehensive 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 not more 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), that 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-visitors' 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 supper-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 amusements of a great and ancient city are upon the whole 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 masses,' that an English crowd could 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 lay hands on; while their behaviour in a sculpture gallery was represented as combining the worst characteristics of the Vandal and the Iconoclast. Even large-hearted kindly Leigh Hunt could only put forth the characteristic excuse for their fanaticism for cutting their names on everything that was softer than a clasp-knife, by contending that this was, after all, a natural yearning for immortality, and as much 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 people were threatened with the vengeance of the law if they plucked a daisy; denunciatory placards warned them off the lawns; 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 these matters changed indeed. A thin wire, or a single piece of string, is sufficient to keep the sturdiest 'navvy' from forbidden-ground, even if his children (who are comparatively speaking 'scollards') are not beside him to explain that the writing on the little board yonder is, 'Please to keep to the footpaths.' The beautiful gardens at Sydenham, which are roamed over by tens of thousands, six days a week, present no more trace of ravage than the grounds of the most exclusive nobleman; the delicate parterres are as untrod, the stately trees as undamaged. The fragile statues within the Fairy Palace run no danger of becoming Torsos; and its pictures, notwithstanding that the visitors are not disarmed before admission, are never 'pinked' by the too expatiative umbrella. 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 sadly,' 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. Assolant and his brother-scribes would go down to Sydenham on a people's fête-day—like that of 'the Foresters'—and station themselves opposite the Merry-grounds, they could scarcely come away without their stereotyped notions about the dull and unimpassioned character of the English being greatly modified. The patent 'Invigorators'—which are simply scientific 'seesaws'—hold eight persons apiece, and all of these (with the exception of some female, perhaps, who may not be a good sailor, poor thing) are generally in hysterics 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—the administrators of 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 Gendarme 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 for wit was dull; but 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 test of the social state of a nation is the character of its popular prints. Gilray was not the last of our caricaturists who helped to extend and strengthen among foreigners the impression of our vulgarity and lack of wit. I 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 presentments of political parties with highly necessary explanatory 'keys.' The few comic broadsheets 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—as are afforded every week in what is familiarly termed the 'big picture,' 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 hairy Shetland, 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 informs me almost as much as he delights me; but he does still more. He convinces me (notwithstanding Sir Cresswell Cresswell's court) of the stability of the pillars of English domestic peace, of the virtues of *Materfamilias*, and the fidelity of her 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 sturdiness and dogmatism are indeed retained, but the senseless prodigality which no longer belongs to him (if it ever 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 recognise a progeny worthy of such 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 characters at twelve, and celebrities 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 difference in our social position, the Rising Generation of youths appears to be as good as we were, and (between ourselves) a trifle better. The brutality of boy towards boy at school, which was long considered to be beneath 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 cuts), 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 shall have mastered Juvenal.

It is possible that materfamilias (who is extraordinarily sensitive about 'your dear papa') may feel some irritation at times, at the innocent fun which Mr Leech 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 every popular artist who is aware of the responsibility of his profession. He cannot, it is true, make people virtuous or vicious, by delineating them as one or the other, but he can do a very great deal towards it. Mr Leech'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. Assolant 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 characteristics of our social and domestic life, I would ask them to step a few hundred yards from their beloved Leicester Square to the spot which I have heard one of their compatriots describe as 'the Salon of Egypt, Peekadeeley,' in other words, Egyptian Hall, and he will there receive the amplest information from Mr John Leech's Sketches in Oil. The hunting-pictures will indeed be 'caviare' to him. He will not understand 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 am.' He will not be able to see why Miss Ellen, who has ridden out to see 'the meet' under the guardianship of the old coachman, puts her pony at the fence, and leaves the road the instant that the fox has 'gone away'; he will imagine, when the coachman observes, 'Now, Miss Ellen, Miss Ellen! you

know what your pa said! You was to take the greatest care of Joey,' that it 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.' What brutality and disrespect of the church will he conceive to be exhibited in the two foxhunters who leave the unhappy 'spilt' parson in the ditch, with the remark, that it doesn't matter, because he will not be wanted again till Sunday. It is 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 ponyback, 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-faced old gentleman on the tall bay is giving to his miniature companion: 'I say, my little man, you should always hold your pony together going uphill 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 haystack 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 river, and 'bits' of upland and valley so characteristic, that the beholder 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 unangeled are the young ladies! not too bright and good, indeed, for human nature's daily food, but honest, kind, and fair. Who that knows our sea-side resorts can fail to recognise 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 curiosities to which Messrs Gosse and Kingsley have recommended 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 *algæ* for their *vivariums*.

Next to the hunting-field, Mr Leech delights in depicting the sea-side. It is there that he picks up his genuine mermaids, those Sairey Gamps of the sea, the bathing-women, with their 'Master Franky wouldn't cry—no, not he [the child is screaming]. He'll come to his Martha, and bathe like a man, I know.' Who, again, has not watched and admired that flushed, dishevelled beauty emerging landwards from her bathing-machine, and steadying herself with difficulty on the narrow plank? Who has not been moved to ungallant laughter at sight of the Round Hat laden with novels in a storm? or at the balloons into which the young ladies are involuntarily

\* 'Yes, my dears; 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 Skye terrier becomes for once distinguishable from the tail? Finally, who does not perceive the photographic truthfulness of 'The Bathing Hour,' with all its accompaniments of health and happiness and innocence? The little children who are burying 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 is short-sighted, replies: 'Bless me, so there are! Well, they may be officers, but they are not gentlemen, I'm sure, or they wouldn't stand looking at us in that impudent manner.' As, indeed, there is scarce 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 white was the day, doubtless, for the proprietors of the game of Croquet, when 'A nice game for two or three' came out in *Punch*, and blessed the hour for the manufacturers of Aunt Sally, when they knew that that lady was acknowledged as our common relation; 'Oh, Charles, 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. That this universal admiration is shared by most people, is evident by the observations one hears on all sides in the exhibition itself. 'O do come here, Augustus, isn't this perfection?' Then a duet of male and female mirth; and then, 'But it isn't better than this, Arabella, that I have just been looking at.' In another part of the room, 'Oh, mamma, isn't this like dear papa, when Miss Alamode'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 tranquillity)*. '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 yet have been altogether a scoundrel—it would have been impossible, perhaps, for a French Leech to have overcome the temptation—to have flavoured his pictures with just the least *soupeçon* of impropriety, while the harm that would have resulted from ever so slight a dereliction would have been incalculable. Authors of very moderate circulation, have thanked

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 Behring Strait to the Antarctic 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 diminitiveness and tenuity, 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, sporting and darting among the roots of the mangrove, 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. Issuing from the icy precincts of one pole, he shoots with incalculable rapidity through all the intervening zones, and athwart the equator to the other, attracting, as he proceeds over this immense track, myriads of enemies, furiously bent on his destruction; so that, in all likelihood, 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 mammiferous animals, sporting together, suckling their young, throwing up jets into the air, compared with which the water-works of St Cloud and Versailles are mere toys; or lashing the waves into foam, as they rolled, pitched, and revelled 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 ancient homes, 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 in 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 cocoa-nut trees, which wave sad and lone 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 procreant cradle, and scream and cry along 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 gentle, and in a harmless 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 stationed on the gunwale 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 a 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 casked 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 spikes, 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 mould into tubs 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 taken or mortally wounded in the course of a single 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 at from eighteen to twenty thousand annually, we shall probably be considerably within the mark. Where the water is clear, as in several parts on the coast of New Zealand, you may generally, near the old melting-

grounds, see the whole bottom of the sea strewn with the skulls and skeletons of whales piled upon 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, rushes against the ship, and with his adamant skull bulges in the side, and sends all on board to the bottom; and not unfrequently, when the harpooners are too venturesome, the pinnaces come within the swing of his tail, and are shattered to matchwood, while the sailors are thrown out upon the surface of the sea, so many masses of jelly. Occasionally, too, overtaken by storms, they are driven on inhospitable coasts, where they perish by starvation, or become the food of the natives. Among the icebergs and snowy mountains which girdle the southern pole, where the cold is intolerable, and tempests of hail and sleet beat eternally on the shores, numbers of mariners encounter, if possible, a still more horrible death, their faces and hands cracking and bleeding with the frost, their feet dropping off, and the vital principle yielding slowly to the numbing influence of the atmosphere.

The native fisheries, though conducted on an infinitely smaller scale than those carried on by the white man, are often more interesting in their incidents. To the natives, at least, the ocean is a beneficent divinity, since he feeds and sustains them throughout the year, and thus in many islands and groups attracts nearly the whole population to his margin, where they feast luxuriously on his gifts, and, no doubt, in their hearts cherish a sort of idolatry towards him for his inexhaustible bounty. Nothing can exceed the vivacity of a group of natives when they behold a shoal of mullets driven towards the beach by the porpoises. All the members of the tribe, men, women, and children, are then on the alert. The wind rolling vast waves before it from the east, which, near Moreton Bay, break about a hundred yards from the shore, brings along with it myriads of mullets, pursued by whole droves of porpoises. On discovering this avatar of plenty, the men and boys, with scoop-net and spears, distribute themselves along the sand, watching their friends the porpoises, for which they entertain a superstitious veneration, hemming round the mullet-shoal to the eastwards, leaping, plunging, and sailing to and fro in the rear of their prey. Now and then, under the promptings of appetite, one of the porpoises charges among the mullets, which, to escape his voracious jaws, run in as near as possible along-shore, upon which the natives, with their scoop-nets, make a dash at them, and nearly always secure a considerable number. While their elders are thus engaged, the boys disperse along the sandy flat, strewn with beautiful shells, and amuse themselves by spearing the mullets, as, to elude the porpoises, they advance into shallow water.

Nothing so much distresses the Australians as any violence offered to a porpoise; they look upon him as a benefactor; they respect his tastes, and admire his gambols, as, with unwieldy bulk, he sports in the waves, or darts through the smooth sea like an arrow. In truth, the intelligence of these animals is not a little surprising. Being particularly fond of society, they always move about in large troops, and may often, when the tide is rushing in, be beheld ascending between green banks up the course of rivers, where their backs flash and glitter like molten silver in the sun. Sometimes they become so enamoured of their own frolics and antics, that they omit to notice the state of the tide, and remain far inland, till the water at the river's mouth is scarcely deep enough to allow of their passing out to sea. Then they become alarmed, cease to gambol, and arranging themselves like an army in file, give the signal to their chiefs to lead the way. These having reconnoitred the shallow, retreat to a considerable distance, in order to

acquire the greater impetus; and then, with head erect, and fins displayed, darting seawards, they plough up sand and water, till they find themselves at large 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 follow; the reverse 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 rolling 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 are found suspended on trees, 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 or cairns of loose stones, thrown up by the 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 cairns, though not for concealment, but only to mark the stations whence the best looks-out may be obtained. Here the dusky 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 native. 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 till it comes close up to the turtle, when one of the boldest and strongest fishers, taking a rope in his hand, leaps on the turtle's back, and slipping the cord about his neck, endeavours to turn him. The operation, besides being difficult, is attended with no little danger, for the edge of the turtle's cuirass 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 imprudent 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, but occasionally preserve in a turtle's bladder, or 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 cuts the turtle's flesh into strips, boils 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 disappearing, amid the articulations of the submarine 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 shells 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-slug 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-gipsies addicted 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, fishing, smoking, or mending 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 athwart 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 amusement is on board ship denominated spritsail-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 himself fast in a moment to 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 disengaging 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. What 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 marvellous is natural to all mankind, 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 exert its power. Thus the Dutch of Java, when they behold by accident a dugong among the rocks, suckling its young upon



the sunny waters, but diving out of sight as soon as discovered, persuade themselves they have seen the mermaid, and the journals 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. On 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, through the sedgy blades of which bright and beautiful 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 fifteen 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, the smallest, perhaps, of the cetacea, feeds along-shore on a pale, green-coloured sea-weed, and, during the rainy season, frequents the coast from Endeavour Strait to Cape York, for the purpose of bringing forth its young. An author unacquainted, apparently, with any but the Australian variety, thus describes the native mode of taking the dugong: 'When one is observed feeding close inshore, 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, barbed 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 of the twisted stems of 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 dugong, and returns 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 the whalers, 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 proceedings of the sealers, since 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 know the characteristics of that 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, whither they are pursued and captured by man, to whom, except the very poles of the world, scarcely any spot is inaccessible.

### MY WEDDING.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

It wasn't *my* wedding exactly, because I've never been married, and never mean to be.—No, they are not, my sneering friend; I wouldn't have them if they were ever so sweet; I don't care for grapes of any kind, English or foreign, hothouse 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 foo—I mean, have so much penetration; but 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, and the confidences to which I 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 lowest 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, and that sort of thing; I should be far worse than that; for I believe any woman worthy of the name 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 hysterics supervened—when articles of furniture were handled in a manner which shewed no regard for their symmetrical appearance or original cost—when bonnets were more than darkly hinted at—when shawls 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 *vis inertia*; I think I could have slept under the stormings of Xantippe, and smiled with indifference under the slipper 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 it was the only one at which I 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

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 them too, for the matter of that, for I think I may say with truth, that at my wedding I had the satisfaction of helping to throw a partial gloom over the whole affair; indeed, I overheard a wedding-guest remark, that 'that sour-lookin' brute of a feller 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 'complimentary.' But as to weddings—pah!

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 almost say—and makes 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 to 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 wondrous violet piping at the seam: socks of silk, and striped withal: boots of patent leather, the patent being granted, I imagine, 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 hosier 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 in her best days, and that the wrist-bands 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—none of your two-shilling rat-skins from Paris, but the real three-and-ninepenny article, manufactured out of skins stripped—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: 'Oller, boys; '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 shilling a head. But at my wedding it was different; it was considered quite appropriate; and much surprise was expressed as I walked up the aisle at church that a 'cavy swell like that should look so sorrowful-like.' 'Fancy lookin' miserable in *them* clo's!' said one old woman to another, who sagely replied: 'P'raps his boots pinches 'im, poor gen'l'man; he walk as if they dew;' and they certainly did; but that was not the only reason. Besides that, and a natural

inclination to be lowered in spirits by the merriment of my fellow-creatures, there were other causes, as will appear. I was an 'odd' 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 most 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, exactly 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 melancholy 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, no symptom was there of the celebration of an imminent mystery, whereby two persons were to become one.

Had I mistaken the day, or peradventure the hour, or more probably the church? for people couldn'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 to 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 bootless 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, at once, 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's,' said a second—'she's got another mate.' 'Shall I fetch the parson?' asked 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 panacea; but declining that sort of consolation, 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 been 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, was to expose oneself to certain insult and possible pelting, which would interfere with the effect of the gorgeous array; to enter a place of public entertainment, was 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 complete 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 satisfaction 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 relative, I must be candid enough 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 then left me in isolation.

The beadle told me to stand back, but perceiving that I had the typical silver sprig in my button-hole, relented so far as to permit me to lean against a pew-

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 objection they would have to take the place of the female principal. The groomsmen had to pass their fingers through their hair, twirl their moustaches (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 clerk had to make responses, 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 warn against the impropriety 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 belonging to the party. The vergers had to tell the spectators—without the least effect, by the way—to keep perfectly quiet; and even the organist had to sit with his fingers upon the keys, ready at 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 horses' heads outside the church-door (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 the nose of a woman who has 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 rednoseyness of the former, and the palefacedness 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 ever 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 it seemed to me a 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 endowed 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 wishes to be hated) to check every 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 affliction was increased 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 to think what the mistress of the expensive boarding-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 caned 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 principal figures in the group; some 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 inoculate her offspring with a love of finery, which, I had no doubt (such is my confidence in maternal training), would in due time develop itself to 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 fawning 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 such a fool as he looked; 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, to check, I suppose,\* any tendency towards hilarity. 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 was, that he repeated his former statement, from which he drew several conclusions all in favour of

\* Our contributor 'supposes' wrongly. The Egyptians instituted the skull system 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, undergone 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 bridegroom rose up to return thanks, I saw that everything would go wrong again: the bridegroom returned thanks in what he and others no doubt considered a humorous, but I a flippant 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 slippers had been flung, to such a pitch had the hilarity reached, that I was glad to hurry home, and read *Cælebs 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 sentries in the brightest of scarlet or the darkest of blue. With some such idea of a garrison firmly impressed upon his mind, the British citizen, were he suddenly deported to Hindustan, would by no means recognise 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 together, 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 franklins rule iron-handed over their factories, there are few English residents to be found throughout the country, except at the stations. Our Mogul predecessors had a by no means despicable eye for a valuable military or commercial position,

\* The writer wishes it to be understood that his description applies to Northern India only; that is, to so much of our Indian territories as lies north of the twentieth parallel of latitude, and is included in the Bengal presidency. In Madras and Bombay, which the writer has never visited, different systems may prevail.

and so, indeed, had the indigenous sovereigns who reigned before the Mussulman 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 successively 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; Ferozepore, 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 mournful place to think of five years since, but our most useful basis 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 this 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 '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, vendors of grain, vegetables, milk, butter, poultry, goods, and pedler'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-wearying 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: such does not seem a 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—about a dozen 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 sun-dried, according as the barracks are permanent or temporary, scrupulously and glaringly white-washed, and a veranda of thatch or tile, supported on pillars of wood or brick, runs along the whole length of each building on both sides. If it were not for this latter, the barrack would very closely resemble a one-story manufactory for cordage. Except in Fort William, and one or two of the other older stations, like Chinsurah and Dinapore, barracks 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—so 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 companies' 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 orderly-room, the regimental prison and cells, the school, the tailor's, and gunsmith or armourer's workshops, the majority of them distinct buildings, and all together covering nearly half a mile of ground in length, inclusive, of course, of the spaces between each. All this contrasts very remarkably with the compactness of the barracks at home; but the climate, as well as the necessity for housing wives and children, makes abundance 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 box, fixed to the ground (which latter is never wood-floored, but tiled or flagged, or, better still, covered with a hard compound of lime, known as 'chunam'), at the foot of each bed, to contain the kit, &c., of the occupant. Down 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 mats and 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 furnace-blast 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. His is an uninviting life, though he has many apparent advantages over the soldier at Plymouth or Aldershot; 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 sense, 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 has seen a stout gunner lying on his 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 thrown on his bed, pipe in mouth, exchanging slang, 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; so 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 terrible 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 rackets, fives, nine-pins, 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 considered very unendurable. 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 pettiest chance  
Oft gives our life its after-tinge.

The trifles of our daily lives,  
The common things scarce worth recall,  
Whereof no visible trace survives,  
These are the mainsprings after all.

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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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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL  
OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 460.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

PROFESSOR SANDSTONE AND HIS  
YOUNG FRIENDS.

THERE is nothing more calculated to administer an intellectual fillip—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 unwisely 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 aeronaut; 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 Nummulites 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, 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 Palæozoic, 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

return, the professor undertook to conduct us across the fields to the sea-side. For this purpose, he unslung a series of maps which he carried across his shoulders, and began to investigate our position after the manner of a general about to open a campaign. The sheets were spread out upon the field, so as to cover a considerable portion of it; and myself and Tootawun, his *aides-de-camp*, spread 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 geological 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 small odds, 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 regulated accordingly. The professor, however, declined both offers; his capacious mind had already grappled with the difficulty, and conquered it. 'I see a boy in yonder 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 jagged path, bordered by gorse and honeysuckle, 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 Fair 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, you 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 I 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 'em so for supper in the Haymarket.'

'Oyster-shell!' cried Sandstone with indignation—'oyster fiddlestick! It is a most exquisite specimen of the *Crassatella sulcata*, sir, and 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.'

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 snacks with him in the proceeds 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 infanticide.

'What!' cried he severely, 'wash my *Crassatella*! spoil my fossil! An ignorance of this kind, young gentleman, is next kin to crime.'

In atonement for all this, myself with the lent hammer, and Tootawun with his umbrella, set resolutely to work upon the cliff, and really did good service. Volutes in plenty and of many kinds rewarded our exertions, which were afterwards recompensed over again by the smiles of the professor. The digging out of these antediluvian wonders was, at least, as interesting as gathering shells on the sea-shore, and without any accompanying backache, since we had not to stoop for them. A fine fossil jutting out from its surrounding clay, which was to Sandstone more than a diamond set in gold, became also to us an object of considerable desire. To excavate it unbroken, and bear it to the kindly man of science, to receive its high-sounding title, made each of us as proud as Garter King at Arms, and was, I should imagine, a great deal better fun than *his* work. Sometimes our master would meet us with a gruff 'Recent,' and a significant glance at the cliff-top, by which we understood that the treasure we had picked up of ten thousand years old or so, as we supposed, had tumbled down from the ploughed field above, within the fortnight—but on the whole we gave him great satisfaction. The Eocene formation began to be gradually familiar to us, and the discovery of shark's teeth to be a matter of course. The more delicate shell-specimens were carefully wrapped in paper, and placed in the band round the professor's wide-awake, like leaden saints in the bonnet of a devotee; the next valuable were put in his pockets, and among them a *terebellum convolutum*, which got in his fob and broke his watch; and the rest reposed in the canvas bag, which, upon Tootawun and I volunteering to bear it by turns, Sandstone filled to the throat, without that nice regard to exclusive selection which had characterised him when he carried it himself. Although the professor's watch was stopped by the *terebellum*, the inward monitor that that gentleman possessed, in common with all creatures of the post-tertiary period, informed him at last that it was luncheon-time. A few dozen of the common mollusc (and an 'oyster-knife') would, long before this, have been hailed by at least two of the party with greater enthusiasm than a pterodactyl. Smugglers we should have welcomed with total disregard for law, had they brought a cargo; but, on the contrary, there was nothing to be seen but a Preventive Station, and up to this there was no sort of road. The cliffs were perpendicular, and even if they had been at an angle, we could not have ascended them, laden as we were with 'all creation'—or at least with a considerable portion of it. We had already begun to look at the jelly-fishes with something more than curiosity, when Tootawun discovered a path up which it is possible for the Human to proceed upon all-fours. The toil was excessive, and we had to pass through many varieties of strata between the yielding Barton clay and *terra firmer*. At last we arrived at the 'look-out' station, the flag-staff, and the almshouse-looking block of buildings which constitute the ordinary coast-guard colony; the inhabitants crowded around us as though we had been shipwrecked mariners, and expressed their frankest admiration at the agility which had brought us from the shore. As for lunch, however, that was as far off as ever (in Hampshire), the nearest inn being at the usual distance of a mile and a quarter. This intelligence damped us,

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 manner in which we had arrived upon the cliff-top, 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 inns the place afforded he had given his patronage. We found him contentedly examining his treasures in a small back-room, where the landlady had left him to attend upon some more important pedler-folks. The appearance of the magnificent though toilworn 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 promised 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 recognised.

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 patting 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 whom '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 fossiliferous.'

'I beg your parding, sir,' observed the landlady, with a look of quiet scorn at the mad old gentleman; 'but considering that you be a stranger here, and that I have lived in this village, girl and woman, for this fifty years, I will make bold to say that you are wrong. Pochaises and sichlike 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 that butcher. He was not only oily, but one of the most insinuating 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 Cardinal Wolsey must have been in his youth. He comprehended us and the situation at a glance. 'She don't know nothing,' observed he of the landlady, with evident reference to her misconception of the professor; 'she's just a simple body. My cart is very much at your service, such as it is; but he'll jolt yer, bless yer. He ain't used to carrying gentlefolks, only joints and such like.'

'My dear 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 north-eastern edge of the vehicle, whereby the whole thing seemed to be balanced pretty well; but whoever 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; and 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 at an angle of about 45 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 the 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, 'Lombard 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 of 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 (in a vain attempt 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, whir, rattle—bump, bump, whir! and whenever that dreadful whip was smacked, 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 suffer. Some precaution is, however, taken for their security which was omitted in our case. 'I wish,' groaned 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 misnomer, chose to term it, down a short but sharp descent, when with a shock that was not much more terrible than many which had preceded it, the whole concern came to pieces. 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 butcher 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 agoing 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 *Typhis 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 Tootawun with a malicious triumph, that proclaimed him uninjured.

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 jagged—like a saw.

'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 shew us the road, which we once more pursued as pedestrians, 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 woes, and was 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 vegetative 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 name for the normal conditions under which alone life can be fully enjoyed or made useful, would have been valued as it deserves. Surely, it might be thought, mankind must have learned the natural laws which concern themselves most nearly, ages 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 precious 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 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 schooling 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 arrowy sunbeams from Apollo's quiver, of the wrath of Smintheus, 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 remorselessly 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 laws. 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 before the commencement of 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 pests 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 which preceded the death of 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—when 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 dearth, 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 unusual 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—the Spotted Fever—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 squalor of some of those Moorish towns that are built on the ruins of the ancient Pentapolis. In honour of the Plague, we still maintain our quarantine rules and restrictions, but the devouring old dragon is feeble and toothless, and almost a fossil foe. 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 warmed this fell snake in her bosom; but Egypt passes on the blame, up the Nile, to Ethiopia; and Ethiopia in turn accuses Abyssinia, or the Libyan Desert, or the unknown lands of equatorial Africa, or even Syria itself. The parentage is bandied to and fro, and none will claim the ugly offspring. Be that as it may, Plague had a long and terrible reign over some of the fairest regions in the world. It swept Europe and Asia with fearful impartiality, sometimes culling a few victims here and there, sometimes cutting down the human harvest like an impatient reaper, and now and then emptying a city, as in the case of Naples and Brussels, of three-fourths of its inhabitants. Its visits were most irregular; 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. Then it reappeared, 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 Reformation, throwing as they did the minds of all thoughtful men into a ferment of intellectual activity, that physic did much for mankind. Even then, the Plague, which severed the fondest 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 dignified 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 seventeenth century, horribly as the medical attendants of Charles II. chose to torment the poor failing king in his last hours. 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 seen the Plague in England since that 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 bale of Alexandrian goods, as the story goes, brought 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 feebleness, 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 until Jenner earned the gratitude of a world by publishing a counter-charm, Western Europe suffered as the aborigines of America have suffered at a later date. Small-pox, too, struck 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 the life of the high-born lady as she gazed upon her mirror. Many old novels told how the heroine, the bride-elect, perhaps, sickened of this complaint when on the very threshold of happiness. Mantua-makers and milliners had been at work, perhaps; the lawyers had drawn the settlements, the feast was prepared, and even the wreath of orange-blossoms twined for the fair brow of the bride, when in stalked this hateful intruder to forbid the bans. Poor Clorinda! 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 huddled away? Better die, so thou deemest, poor little half-taught 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 aversion at thy scarred face, and to pine and wither as an ugly, unloved creature! Many did die, the doctors and nurses aiding the disorder, as far as mountainous bedclothes, blazing fires, and scalding 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 subsided like a fire that burns out for lack of fuel; and when small-pox was fairly conquered, and Europe breathed in peace, a new invader appeared. His pedigree we know perfectly well; we trace his birthplace in the swamps of Upper Ganges, we are aware how he fleshed 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 smites native and foreigner. But great was the terror of Christendom, when, less than thirty years back, the ghastly 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, when society was rich, enlightenment comparatively general, and material comfort widely diffused. Had the Cholera swooped down upon the squalid 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 more cleanly than the people of elder days; our food is wholesomer, our clothing is better, our dwellings are better; we have neither the dearths 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 shewn 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 risk 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 volunteers 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 baffle disease is not to quail before it; it is seldom that a person utterly fearless, and active in ministering to others, droops beneath the touch of plague or cholera; the venomous arrows glance off harmless from the stout heart and the good conscience. But fear attracts the destroyer as with an electric sympathy, and the taint has been known to fix itself upon those who manifested unworthy tremors, even when no contagion seemed imminent.

There is one more disease, and perhaps one only, which merits the name of plague—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 never 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 'vomito 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. All considerable elevations, as of the Blue Mountains in Jamaica, or the *tierra templada* of Mexico, are exempt from yellow fever. Even a high wall often bars out the pest, which can more easily crawl up a slope than overleap 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 blight a cloud of insects or of fungi, a blight there is, sometimes palpable to the eye, but which 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 but gradual action of familiar 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 ills. Consumption, hackneyed word! with bronchitis and diphtheria, carry death into a hundred thousand households, for every case of Asiatic cholera. In the North, up in bleak Scandinavia and frigid Russia, sharp and sudden inflammations 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 hope to see out our fourscore years, like Gaffer Gray 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, certainly not 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 unwholesome 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 Cornaros,

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 when a careless 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 diet. 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 Eton, 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 Brushett become a house-painter, of all trades in the world, with the pitiable spectacle of his bowed and crippled father before his eyes—his father, who was a painter before him, and dabbled in poisonous minerals till he could climb ladder no more? And pale, hectic-cheeked Mr Darlingboy, why, in the name of common sense, did he get ordained, and take that dreadful curacy of St Starveling, where the work would require a man with the lungs of a Stentor, 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, guard a little against sickness and suffering. 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 dwindled to little more than half what it was 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 numbers of the living, and heard more and more merry 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 diminutives 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 slighter thews. 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 cyst, where they lie beneath the green barrow 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; we look on his massive skeleton with a kind of awe. Even the navvies hold their breath, and gaze respectfully on the vast framework of the long dead hero—Dane, Briton, Saxon—who measured seven, perhaps eight feet from sole to

crown. But it was just because he was taller, bigger, and more dreadful in fight than any one else in his tribe, that this man was king. See, he has a royal tomb to himself. The commonalty do not lie here; their middle-sized skeletons were not thought worthy of a barrow. Much has been done, but more remains, before disease can be reduced to a minimum—before preventable accidents can be rendered rare—before health can become the rule rather than the exception. It is a hopeful sign for the future that such zeal and heedfulness are shewn on behalf of a public often quiescent and thoughtless, on the subjects of good drainage, good water, and dwellings not necessarily full of tainted air and carbonic acid gas. There are sanitary reformers as ardent in their own line as religious reformers have been in theirs; they struggle on, thwarted here, helped there, elbowing a hundred corporated selfishnesses, battling with vested interests, and in mortal combat with prejudices from morning till night. But they deserve laurels as much as warriors do, for they are fighting to rescue the helpless and the feeble, of this and future generations, from the baleful jaws of the devouring dragon, Death. We may well hope that a day will dawn, in the good time coming, when Health will be the most abundant, as it is now among the scarcest, of man's earthly blessings.

#### SOMETHING OF ITALY.

##### PADUA, THE LAKES, THE SPLUGEN.

IN returning from Venice we took the opportunity of stopping a day at Padua, an ancient city noted for its university, but still more noted for its saint, to whose shrine I had a fancy to make a pilgrimage. This was not difficult to do, for Padua is a station on the line of railway, and from the hôtel—the worst and dearest we found in Italy—we had only to walk across the way to the church, which forms the centre of attraction in the town. A month previously, when visiting the church of Ara Coeli in Rome, I had been stimulated to know something of the renowned Sant' Antonia di Padova, who, dying in 1231, left behind him such a high reputation for miracle-working, that till this day he is invoked for succour in cases of extreme danger to life and limb.

The church of *Il Santo*, as it is called, is a large building of brick, far from elegant in appearance, and with several spires and cupolas, which give it a somewhat eastern character. The interior, which has numerous monuments of distinguished personages, differs little from churches of its age and character. There are several altars, but that which is specially dedicated to the saint, occupying the northern transept, and considerably elevated, is decorated with all that art can accomplish as regards sculpture, gilding, and miscellaneous ornament, while, to give additional effect, numerous lamps are kept constantly burning before it.

In front of this superb structure, worshippers are seen on their knees in silent devotion, and behind it others, more demonstrative, are spreading their hands and pressing their foreheads on the gray marble sarcophagus which sustains the general fabric. On the walls around, as well as on the two ends of the altar, there hang a large number of framed sketches in oil or water colours, illustrative of the miraculous interposition of the saint. The special function of St Anthony of Padua appears to be the saving of persons from being killed by some sudden catastrophe, such as the overturning of carriages, the running

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 recent occurrences. One represented a person prostrate 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 Grazia Ricevuto, 3 Oct. 1858.' In the treasury of the church, a highly decorated apartment behind the choir, certain relics of *Il Santo* are carefully preserved. The most precious is his tongue, which, enshrined in a case of gold and jewels, is shewn publicly at his annual festa, 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 chap-books such as constituted the popular literature in England three hundred and odd years ago. I bought several of these cheap histories, which are not less 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 surface 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 its 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 excused 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 offensive 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 barrack, 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 carriages can be obtained on the spot, they may be taken conveniently in a group, and it rests with excursionists

\* *Vita del Gran Taumaturgo Sant' Antonia di Padova, estratta dall' Ab. de Azevedo da Vincenzo Voltolina. Venezia, 1857.*

whether to begin with Como or Maggiore; their choice being probably governed by the route they purpose afterwards to pursue. We preferred to commence with Maggiore, as we intended to cross the Alps by the Splügen, the grandest pass into Switzerland in point of rugged scenery; but comparatively few adopt this somewhat circuitous route home, 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 hôtels, 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 opposite shore of Lake Maggiore, and of the castle 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 chalets. 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 eastern 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 isles, whence we intended to 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 Piscatore, 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 decorated 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 drive, and 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 extremity. Behind the terrace-gardens is a large mansion; and to fill up a nook on the west there is an irregular cluster of buildings, in which are comprehended a village, with a church, a hôtel, and harbour—gardens, mansion, 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 Bella.

Originally, the island was little else than a mass of rock projecting irregularly from the surface of the water. It was made what it now is, at an 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 inelegant building. It is a show-place, with seemingly no permanent resident; and we were conducted by its keeper through the extensive suites of apartments,

which are designed and decorated in the old French style, and hung with family and other pictures. From one of the galleries we are led into what may be termed the pleasure-ground, an enclosure of different heights, with forest trees to afford a cool retreat from the burning heat overhead. Here is shewn a large laurel-tree, in the bark of which Bonaparte, in one of his Italian campaigns, cut the word *battaglia*. The inscription has suffered very much. It is said that an Austrian soldier made a sabre-cut at the tree, as if to erase the word, and that the bark was afterwards taken away by an Englishman. The inscription is still partly legible. By flights of steps and winding walks we ascend and descend among the different terraces, on which and in the more spacious parterres, a variety of fine exotic plants from tropical climates grows in the open air.

The whole of what is shewn to strangers being seen in half an hour, we had some time to spare, and devoted it to an exploration of the village—a strange huddle of huts on different levels, inhabited by a fisher population, who eke out the means of subsistence by rearing silkworms, but for this purpose have to import fresh mulberry leaves from the mainland. What studies for the painter! Fantastic-shaped cottages with overhanging roofs, outside stairs, nets drying on poles, fishermen in red night-caps mending boats, children scrambling and rolling about, and shrivelled old crones seated at doors spinning with the distaff. The two great buildings in the group are the church and hôtel. We took a look of the church, which, besides an altar and some decorations, owns a banner of the Madonna for carrying about on festivals, though the extent of its perambulations must be limited to the crooked slip of quay which is scarcely fifty yards in length. Near the church, and overlooking the lake, is the hôtel—the Dauphin—a neat and comfortable house of entertainment. Having exhausted the sights of the island, we here finally sought some rest and refreshment. There are little pleasant spots in one's journey through life which are not to be readily effaced from memory. This brief visit to the Dauphin was one of them. Seated on the elevated platform at the door of the hôtel, underneath a canopy of orange-trees, we looked out on the placid lake and lofty peaks beyond—a scene of tranquil beauty, with no disturbing element, and rendered additionally enjoyable from that delicious softness in the air which is felt in perfection south of the Alps. In this insular retreat, we were taking farewell of the sunny south, its musical language, its hopeful social progress, and much that had afforded us amusement during our varied excursion. Here, likewise, we partook, for the last time, of our favourite Asti—a simple effervescent wine of Northern Italy, too weak and delicate, as I fancy, to bear being exported. With our host we had some conversation, and learned that, to relieve the pressure of demand for accommodation, he was about to build a large and splendid hôtel, at a pretty spot which he pointed out on the shore of the mainland—a good evidence this of general improvement. And thus we loitered and gossiped until the steamer was declared to be rounding the promontory from Arona. A boat, in one or two strokes of the oars, put us on board, and off we swept up the lake, passing shortly the other two Borromean isles, one densely covered with a fishing-village, and the other laid out as a pleasure-ground, with a modern villa.

The greater number of passengers designed to continue in the steamer to Magadino, at the top of the lake, in order to proceed by Bellinzona across the St Gothard to Lucerne. We did not proceed so far, but landed on the eastern shore at Luino, and thence by a carriage crossed a high ridge of ground to Lugano, where we arrived in the evening. Lugano is essentially an Italian town, but belongs to the Swiss canton of Tecino, which here awkwardly projects

south of the Alps. In it there is nothing to interest tourists, unless they are disposed to visit the cavernous and badly paved arcades which border the streets, and wish to see other evidences of a state of things much behind the spirit of the age. In singular contrast with the antiquated buildings and thoroughfares, the town possesses a *hôtel* in the western environs—*Hôtel de Parc*—as spacious and well managed as any establishment we had seen in Italy. Many of the Italian *hôtels*, as elsewhere noticed, were originally palazzos of nobility. This one at Lugano, as I understood, had been a monastery of a superior order; and if such is its history, its accommodations do credit to the taste of the monks. Near it, there is an English chapel. We found in the *hôtel* numerous families of English tourists, and as all the *garçons* spoke English, it really may be called an establishment specially adapted as a resort for our countrymen. In the neighbourhood there is some fine scenery, with scope for mountain rambles. The lake of Lugano, though comparatively small, is environed by hills of a rugged Alpine character, which, with the villages stuck about in nooks on its shores, would afford good subjects for the pencil. A steamer goes up the lake daily, and by this we had a pleasant voyage to *Perlazzo*, where we were again in *Victor Emmanuel's* dominions. By an open *calèche* we were now conveyed across an irregular and picturesque neck of land to the shores of the lake of *Como*.

This appeared to us 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—*châlets* high among mountain recesses, and vines on trellises enriching the lower slopes on the margin of the lake; nor should we omit the many splendid mansions of the Milanese and others, which adorn the banks amidst groves of the olive, 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 secluded valley at the southern base 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 marshy valley; at different places the road 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 *Splügen*. 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 vines comes that of fir and other trees; to that succeeds pasturages for goats and a small variety of cows, and the tinkle of bells hung round the necks of these animals falls pleasingly 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 culture had ceased. At certain intervals we passed hamlets consisting of a poor order of dwellings, with usually a posting-house, on the front of which is an inscription on a marble tablet, denoting the height in

metres above the level of the sea. Ever toiling their way upward, the horses made so little progress that I got out and walked, in order 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 Dolcino*, 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 arched 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 55°. Near the top is a group of solitary 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 trifling informality, tourists have been known to be turned back on their journey. Recent changes have swept away this nuisance, for, as is well known, the Italian government exacts no passports. On the front of one of the buildings, a tablet denotes 2007 metres (a metre is 39·37 inches); and as we ascend probably 150 feet above this point, I reckon the pass of the *Splügen* to be fully 6700 feet above the level of the sea; but the snow-clad peaks around are considerably higher. On the small bit of level road at the summit, we found a string of carriers' carts heavily laden with the entire apparatus of a gas-work from an engineering establishment at *Zurich*, *en route* for a town in Northern Italy. Reaching this altitude, we had gained the frontier, and our vehicle rolled rapidly down the winding steeps into Switzerland.

According to the valedictory lines of *Rogers*, 'a parting word is due to Italy,' and that word I gladly utter, for it is a word which breathes of grateful remembrance for 'many a courtesy,' as well as for much to occupy agreeable recollection. My visit was in other respects satisfactory; for, though brief, it dispelled various illusions, and shewed me Italy as it is and as it is likely to be—a country in a state of active transition from ages of bitter wrong and suffering to the enjoyment of rational liberty. I had seen much to be amended, but also much that indicated progress under enlightened legislation and management. On the whole, things were very much better than I expected, and I had reason to feel that in ordinary society in England, the degree of advancement made by Italy is not properly understood. It is gratifying to have to say, not unadvisedly, of the country, that a long course of misusage has failed to greatly alter the naturally fine character of its people for the worse. Never, for any length of time, exposed to a grinding military uniformity, they have not lost individual character, and I venture to think that with all their buoyancy of temperament, they are more hearty, more thoughtful, and more capable of conducting a national life according to constitutional forms than the French. The advances already made wherever the Italian government has had fair-play, afford a good augury for the future. Unfortunately, there are still disturbing elements to cause the gravest anxiety for a people whose misfortunes should exempt them from further trials; but with a cordial

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 roused by my wife's voice saying, as she laid down her sewing: 'Have you thought or done anything yet, Alfred, about our 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 advise Mr Sainsbury 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 anxiously. '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 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 discoursing 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 hundreds 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 an afternoon coach, the time 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 promise you a warm reception,' 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 gloomily, that my survey was of the briefest. Still,

if you don't mind sour looks, they can, I know, provide you with a bed, and, as the village is only two miles off, with supper also.'

It seemed my wisest plan, since I could thus judge 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, within 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 most abundant: 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 cruelest murder it was too. An old gentleman used to live there—not so very old either, not much past sixty, I've heard say; but however that might be, he lived there quite alone, except for one young servant-woman, who kept his house. A pleasant-spoken lass 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 she chose that time, when she knew he could lay hold of nothing to defend himself with. An old iron box, 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 many other things scattered about 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 horrible 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 a dark steep road, and through some meadows, until, as we passed from the free air into the shadow of a wood, the boy said, in his former cheery tone: 'There, sir, now you can see the old warren through the trees.' A faint dark outline—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, bade me good-night. 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 ruts 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 that 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 moon 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 echoed through the stillness within; then silence settled down once more. I waited long, then rang again, and at length there was a sound of steps and voices; at 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 was prepared for sullenness, for his furrowed brow darkened as, still standing in the doorway, he spelled out the agent's letter.

'A strange thing,' he muttered. 'We might have had some notice, I should think; we want no gentle-folks here.' My 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 shut to the door in my face; then his mind changed, and 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. Setting down the lantern on the table, he turned round and said: 'You'll maybe see that this is the kitchen. If you're too proud to sit here, there are other rooms in plenty, but you'll find no fires or candles;' 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 least,' 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 let me go alone; then Pearce stepped suddenly forward, and harshly calling to his wife to bring the keys, caught up the light. Preceded by my unwilling guides, I traversed long passages, our footsteps sounding hollow on the stone floors, mounted staircases, and crossed landings. We stopped from time to time while the woman unlocked the doors of empty and unshut-

tered 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 the two, save in answer to my 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 drew 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 days, 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 gold 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 on in 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, half-way up, stopped 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 before you come again;' and he 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 turns and twists, 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 Pearce's to mark him as 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 snort that followed was sufficiently expressive.

The woman set about preparing supper, and presently a repast of bacon, eggs, and beer 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 them, 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 up 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 windows; but all its other furniture had disappeared, and it was bare and carpetless like the rest. At one end, a trestle 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 comfortless it looked; but 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 bolt, 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 to take 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 those surly looks 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, none 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 as 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, at 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—thinking of the little feet that might one day go dancing over these uncarpeted floors, of my wife and myself sitting together in that grand deserted drawing-room, 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 minutes or hours, 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 perils both by sea and land, and I had ever kept my courage and composure. I did not lose them now. These men below might, despite the risk, be 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 journeyings, 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—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 one many years 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, I summoned 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!'

'They! Who are *they*, and who are you?'

'I will tell—I came to tell;' and with sudden vehemence the figure seized my arm in a convulsive grasp. 'I am a poor creature, whom, for eighteen months, those wretches have kept imprisoned in this house, away from all who might have given me help. You are the first living soul who has been here; and I vowed to myself, that if I died for it, I would come to pray you to protect me; and oh, dear sir, kind sir, have pity on me!'

As she gasped out those words with passionate earnestness, yet in faint faltering tones, something seemed to tell me that this was no insane delusion, and no concerted scheme.

'My poor woman,' I said soothingly, in a whisper low as her own, 'I will help you, if I can, but you must shew me how. What is your name, and why are you here?'

'They brought me—I had seen them do it—no one else, and they dared not leave me behind to tell; so, when they had murdered him, they brought me here, and shut me into the dreadful room upstairs. I am Ann Forrest.'

The boy's tale, the Pearces' reluctance to let the house be seen, the closed lumber-room—those few words threw light upon it all, and in my horror, I could not speak at first, I could hardly even think. At last I asked how she had freed herself.

'There were three rusty broken keys—I found them one day under some rubbish in an old chest up there, and I tried them all, and one fitted; but I dared not use it while they were always down stairs, and so I hid it again. They would have killed me long ago, but she—the woman—is kinder than the others, and would never let them, and to-night she talked and cried about your being here, and her husband's anger, little dreaming how I heeded her, for they think me almost silly now. But I did heed; and I thought that you would help me perhaps; and so, when I knew that they must all be in bed, I brought out my key, and it unlocked the door; and then I listened outside every room until I found you by your breathing.' She stopped at that last word, and looked at me with a wistful searching glance. 'I found you,' she repeated, 'and now, O sir, you will not forsake me.'

'I will not,' I answered; but when I paused to think, a sense of our danger rushed upon me. Alone in this house, more than a mile from any human aid, how could I defend her or myself from men desperate, as these would be, if they only guessed that I knew their terrible secret. I, with a wife and children looking to me, had no right uselessly to peril my life. I must be cautious; and if it came to the worst, then I could but try what one strong arm in a good cause could do against two villains. So I spoke gently to the woman, holding her hand as she stood beside me, and trying to quiet her agony of terror and despair, while I said that I *would* save her, but to do it at this moment would not be possible. 'Only wait till morning. Go back now to your prison, and trust to me.' She started and shuddered.

'The key stuck in the lock; it would not come out,' she said. 'They may find it there, and then they will murder me, as they have threatened.'

'Listen!' I whispered. 'There is no sign that they have heard us yet. Go back, and try—try with all your strength to loosen the key, and lock yourself in again; then you need fear nothing, for they cannot guess. I will watch: if you need me, cry out, and I will come—if not, wait and hope for the morning that shall bring you safety and release; only go now, before they find us together.'

She seemed to understand, and moved towards the door submissively, then stopped: 'You would not deceive me?' she said. The look and tone were so imploring, so inexpressibly mournful, that my heart smote me for letting her go, for remembering

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 the tall dark form flitting 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 those 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 those sleepers, if any chance suspicion had turned 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 crossed 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 ear strained for any cry, until the first faint streak of dawn came into the east. No sound had broken the dead 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 noisily down stairs. I meant that they should hear and see me, but no one appeared; so, crossing to the kitchen, 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 grounds before I breakfast. Can you tell me the best way to take?'

'I know nought about it,' he answered: 'there's nothing worth seeing anywhere about 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 in his eyes—was it fear or doubt?

'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 here, as she should be.'

The precious minutes were slipping fast away, 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. Presently 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 done speaking when the old woman'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 *should* 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 stepped to the door: 'Meg,' he called, '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. Followed by old Pearce, I crossed 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—if 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 sauntered along the wood-path, pausing from time to time to look with seeming interest at the trees and shrubs around me and back at the old house, and still that man stood in the doorway looking after me. At last I turned my head, and he was gone; but while within sight of those windows, I dared not quicken my pace. A few steps more, and I was close to the old gate; I leaned upon it for a minute, then unlatched it, and passed through. All was still and quiet in the early morning light, save a rabbit bounding across the path, and the rooks cawing overhead. I went on a little way, then stopped, and once again looked back. The old house was hidden now, and no human figure was in sight. Another glance, and then away like the wind through fields and woods, and over the common where the low red house stood in its solitude. On I went, into the fir plantation, through more fields, and then clambering a fence, made for a white house upon the brow of a hill near. That house, my boy-guide had said, belonged to a Mr Archer; and he had said, too, that he was a magistrate. Little as I had noticed his words at the time, all—the name, 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, panted out 'Mr Archer,' and then everything reeled before me, and I staggered against a pillar. With my dizzy eyes, I saw Mr Archer—for he it was—turn his horse, and dismount; but he had stood before me for some minutes asking my name and errand before I could entreat a moment's 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 turning 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 there.'

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 myself, with two servants, stood before the door of Brocklehurst Grange. All seemed as undisturbed and quiet as when I had left it, hardly more than an hour ago. Was it as peaceful within? Were they still going about their daily work, expecting my return, while the solitary prisoner upstairs waited and watched for me in suspense that would be ended now? I rang, but no one came at first in answer to the summons. A terror seized me. Could they have murdered her, and fled, leaving the house deserted? There had surely not been time for that. No; there were steps sounding on the floor, and the rattle of the door-chain as it fell. A moment more, and I should know. The key turned, and the door was opened wide this time by old Pearce alone, quietly regarding us with the old sullen look, and no more. They had guessed nothing yet, and now it mattered little that the three men by my side must shew him all.

'You have had a long walk, sir,' he said; 'and what may this gentleman want?' as Mr Archer stepped forward.

I looked him full in the face. 'He has come to take Ann Forrest from this house.'

At that name, I thought to see him turn pale or spring upon me, but no feature altered—no change came over the dogged face. Then all at once my heart misgave me. Mr Archer looked embarrassed.

'I would not willingly,' he said, 'intrude upon you, or suspect you of the horrible crime with which this gentleman charges you; but he is so positive, that, if you can, you ought, for your own sake, to clear yourself.'

Pearce looked at him unmoved. 'You are Mr Archer of Holme Green, I think. Why you are here, and what this man means, perhaps you can tell, for I cannot.'

'This is what I mean,' I said. 'Ann Forrest, whose master you murdered two years ago, is now secretly detained in this house, lest she should accuse you as the murderers. She is in the room which you call a lumber-room, and I am going there now.'

'You are welcome to go there or anywhere, all of you, though I know no right you have to search this house. It signifies little to me what you do, and this is all of a piece with your conduct this morning;' and turning on his heel, he went back to the kitchen.

My companions exchanged looks, and I saw that the old villain's cunning words had strengthened their suspicions of me. That strange, that horrible composure, what could it mean? With a sick heart, I led the way upstairs to the locked door where I had stood the night before; it was locked now, and above it hung the key. Could I have mistaken the place? No, there was the narrow passage just before me, the winding staircase above me and below. I snatched down the key, unlocked the door, and entered a desolate room half filled with boxes and old furniture; beyond it was another room quite empty, with no sign in either of human habitation. This, then, was what the old man's calmness meant; yet I searched, searched despairingly on every side, in every nook and corner, Mr Archer looking on silently the while. All in vain! She was gone, and not a trace of her was left. I went into the other rooms; I left no spot unvisited; I groaned aloud in my bitter remorse for having left her to her fate. What had that fate been? That was the thought that lay heavy at my heart, as we went at last to the kitchen. As we were about to enter it, Mr Archer drew me aside.

'You remember,' he said, 'your own words when you brought me here. I have been patient; I have given you every chance; now comes your turn. For my sake and your own, as well as the men you have wronged, you must confess openly either to a cruel slander, or'—

'An insane fancy,' I said, finishing the sentence. 'Not yet. There are gardens and outhouses; I must search them. They may even have carried her off.'

'How could they, in 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?' he asked.

'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, 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 thought 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 roused 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 common kitchen cupboard, and 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 help so near, 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 roamed incessantly about, and she clung 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 old Pearce afterwards, 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 to her; but that afternoon, in Mr Archer's study, her hand still clasping 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 she 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; 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, and running forward with a cry 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 the end of that suspense, of the morning 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 bound and hidden her from her 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 convulsive shudders, and we did not 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 bear that our innocent children 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 sorrowful. 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 to what extent science has been advanced by the meeting of the British Association at Cambridge, and even newspaper readers will have gathered from the various addresses some notion of what savans, travellers, statisticians, and naturalists have been doing within the past twelve months. By the same period, the International Exhibition will be near its close: that marvellous 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, we are not likely to see 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 their sessions. Important papers may be expected in the Royal Society; the Linnaeans and Geographicals have interesting news from abroad, among which, alas! is announced the death of Mrs Livingstone, wife of the most enterprising of African missionaries and travellers. Many a true heart on both sides of 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 invulnerable iron ships are an impossibility, and that the days of wooden ships are not yet over. Mr Whitworth has invented 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 Mersey 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 Frankfurt. Its colour is yellowish-brown, and in general appearance it resembles saw-dust. The inventor is Mr Schultz, captain of artillery in the Prussian service, and he is shewing 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 incontestable; 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 lactiferous vessels (*vasa lactea*) in the vegetable kingdom? Another—Required an anatomical examination of the diseases of one of the most important cultivated plants, accompanied by a criticism of the principal theories concerning those diseases, and an indication 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 spheroidal 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 mammifera; required 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 the

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 not only a chemical analysis, but with an examination of 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 shewed a difference of longitude between the two places which corresponds exactly with that obtained by astronomical observations. This in itself is satisfactory evidence of excellent workmanship.

We gather from the *Bulletin* of the Egyptian Institute at Paris, that an English traveller, struck by the 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 Lochias, 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 publi-

cation of descriptive catalogues of particular collections. One of these is a *Catalogue of the Contributions 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 Punjab, the North-west Provinces, Oude, the Rajpootana States, Central India, the Martaban 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 *Raw 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 Vhyndhya 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 places of their growth, and process of extracting the oil. Concerning *Roosa* or Scented Grass Oil, we read: 'It has been used, pure and unadulterated, by many 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 the finer 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 very materially in price in consequence of their being in demand for this purpose. All who feel any interest in sustaining the integrity of British manufactures must regret this process of adulteration, which, we trust, will meet with earnest remonstrance and discouragement. 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  
Round 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 *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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 461.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1862.

PRICE 1*d.*

## AN EXPERIMENT IN THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION.

I NEVER bought a slave but once. As an Englishman, I ought to be ashamed of buying one at all, and so I am; but it occurred on the other side of the Atlantic, where even virtuous people do strange things; and as there is something curious, and not altogether discreditable, in the story, I will tell it without further ceremony.

To make my own part of the transaction clear in the first place, I must be a little egotistical. Most people believed me to have come into the world with a silver spoon in my mouth, being only nephew to a successful merchant in Liverpool, as well as to a very wealthy medical practitioner in that paradise of doctors, New Orleans. My poor parents had made a love-match, got half disowned by their respective families, had a hard struggle to live, and died early, leaving me to the joint-guardianship of my two uncles, who were then getting rich, had made no matches at all, and were believed to stand in great need of heirs. They accepted the bequest with readiness. The merchant was my father's, and the physician my mother's brother; they had been early acquaintances and schoolfellows, but were never known to agree on any subject. Each had a stiff temper, which he called principle; and my education furnished them with such a bone of contention as two crusty bachelors never enjoyed before or since.

A pair of old gentlemen with business to mind, and three thousand miles of salt water between them, cannot conveniently come to blows; but my uncles did their best under the circumstances. Neither would abate one jot or tittle of his guardianship; and as I could not be divided, according to the judgment of Solomon, they divided my years, each taking a half, by which notable arrangement the full sixth of my time was spent on the Atlantic waves coming and going between Liverpool and New Orleans. On my arrival, each guardian solemnly assured me that the man in England or America, as the case might be, was bent on my destruction temporal and spiritual, and all he had authorised in manners, morals, or schooling, was forthwith to be contemned and subverted. If Greek and Latin were the thing in Liverpool, nothing but the modern languages were to be thought of at New Orleans.

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 staunch 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 infusion, 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 no good at Trinity College, except taking his degree, and left Ireland on account of a little duelling 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 great 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 descendant 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 politely intimated there was somebody asleep in the hotel. Late in the following forenoon we swore eternal friendship, and went our different ways.

I got home from that tour in time to attend the physician's funeral, and find myself turned twenty-one by a fortnight. The doctor proved as good as the merchant, and better, for he left me his practice and the savings of it for more than thirty years, with no majority to wait for, and no guardian to govern me and my legacy. He had disposed of the business in Liverpool; I disposed of the practice in New Orleans. What use had I, a gentleman brought up to do nothing but spend money, for business or practice. I was young, rich, and unencumbered; my natural vocation was therefore to fashion and flirting; I had fortunately no particular turn for anything worse. There are few such idle aristocrats to be found in American society; but wealth and chance make some, especially in the older towns; among which New York claims the first place, as it exceeds the rest in size and riches. To New York, accordingly, I removed, as a more suitable sphere for a young man of my talents and dollars. The highly recommended tutor was paid off, and I established myself in choice apartments at a select boarding-house, where ladies were expected to dress at the rate of two hundred dollars for morning costume, and five hundred for evening toilet.

I might have returned to the old country, having dollars enough, and a good inclination to spend them; but a large portion of the late physician's savings was invested in house-property both in northern and southern towns. Moreover, his allowance of pocket-money and play-going had strongly impressed my youthful mind in favour of America; and I was aware of five second-cousins and six cousins-in-law who expected me to set their boys up in business, and get their girls married, in England. I resided at a first-rate house, was known to be somebody, thought myself a great catch, was taken into the first society, and got introduced to the belles of New York; but let me candidly confess that, to a man who has seen Old England, American beauty is not dangerous. I will attempt no invidious comparisons. It may be the work of the hard winters, the hot-air pipes, or the everlasting pickles; sufficient it is for my history that my heart remained safe and in my own possession, notwithstanding the morning costumes, the evening

toilets, and all the dollars they cost. I had danced a good deal, flirted after the grave American fashion, and heard much about woman's mission in the regeneration of the race, without much damage to my peace of mind, when I went to New Orleans to consult with my uncle's solicitor about the disposal of some houses. The money gathered on both sides of the water was going out of the heir's fingers at a great rate, without a binding-link to Fifth Avenue, or any other resort of the fair and gay.

But no man remains fortunate always, much less free. I was smoking a cigar one evening in front of the Parisian coffee-house, when among the passing crowd that poured along the pavement at that one cool hour of the day, I saw a lady and a child; the lady was in widow's weeds, the child was in deep mourning. I could hardly believe it was her own, she looked so young and girlish, while it was a strapping boy of four years old at least, with a will of its own, and manifesting those mischievous tendencies so early developed in the young of mankind; for at the most crowded part, and right in the track of two coming carriages, it broke away from her guiding hand, and attempted to run across the street. Getting frightened, he stuck fast in the middle, and would have been run over; but I bolted from my stand in the coffee-house veranda, caught up the little terrified thing, and brought it safe back to the pavement and the lady. She was as white as her own cap with perfect fright, but the stiff muslin borders of widowhood never stood round a sweeter face; it was one 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 so. What music there was in that woman's voice; and may be 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, so was the widow. She had told me nothing of herself; but by diligent inquiries, I made out that her name was Madame Chaseran, 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, who of course hated her, she had captivated and caught this old gentleman, supposed to be a millionaire.

Madame Chaseran was admired, and Madame Chaseran 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 skilful 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 left Madame nothing but a small cottage situated where the last outskirts of the town met the country, and in the days of her grandeur bestowed as pension or settlement on her nurse, who now received into it her young and 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 Chaserau'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 full of flowering plants and 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 Chaserau had seized.

I made myself acquainted with these particulars, found out the cottage, lurked about it in hopes of her coming out and meeting me accidentally; but as she did not come, and I couldn't wait 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 morning 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, to 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 Chaserau 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 rich, single, and my own master; that the ladies of 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 her as much as I could have wished; but we parted 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: 'Good-evening, stranger. I understand you are from 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 up on another, while my eyes and, I am afraid, my mouth opened with astonishment. 'Every gentle-

man does; can't get on in first-rate society without something of the kind, I should say. Now, I have on sale a nigger that can do that thing a hundred and ten degrees above perfection. Let me tell you, sir, that Sambo would make any man's fortune; would git him the best match in Broadway and Fifth Avenue with hair-dressing and shirt-settling. He is up to the fashions as fast as they come from Paris; has made the grand tour with half-a-dozen gentlemen; let out on hire, you understand. Old Chaserau did things like that, being up to business.'

'Chaserau,' said I. There had been debates within myself whether this fellow should be kicked out, or told to go about his business; but that name changed the current of my intentions.

'Yes; I shouldn't have mentioned it to anybody but yourself,' drawled my new friend. 'The man belongs to old Chaserau's widow, a nice young woman, but terribly reduced. She wants to dispose of him, if she can, to a good master. He has been about the family, a sort of faithful, you understand; and it is not everybody would know his value, but a gentleman, sir, a genuine gentleman like yourself, with plenty of dollars, and a heart to spend them handsomely. I knew you were the man, the minute I heard of you. You want a valet, sir; and Julius Cæsar Augustus—that's his name—is a dead bargain at two thousand dollars.'

'Two thousand dollars!' exclaimed I; 'why that's a monstrous price!'

'Well, yes; it arn't too much for a first-rate valet, who understands hair-dressing and shirt-settling, not to speak of the fashions and the grand tour. You are too much of a gentleman to offer less, I am sure; and too much of a Christian—mind, it's the property of the widow and the orphan you are buying. Two thousand dollars, not a cent less; and won't you take the shine out of all creation under his dressing!'

It was probably one of the negroes left on the sugar-plantation, not very likely to prove a first-rate valet; and I had never felt any want of such an article; but the purchase would be doing a favour to Madame Chaserau—would doubtless thicken our acquaintance, and give me a considerable chance of insight as regarded her and her doings. Two thousand dollars was not much to pay for all that; and after some further conversation with my visitor, who gave me to understand that he was Madame Chaserau's man of business—a lawyer in good practice, and as I concluded, a native of Massachusetts—I agreed that he should send the negro early next day for inspection, and promised to give a final answer when he called in the afternoon.

On this arrangement, Mr Pericles Clutcher—such was the name the lawyer rejoiced in—rose, and took his leave with: 'I guess you'll be downright struck of a heap with the dead cheapness when you see the article.'

Early next forenoon, the article appeared. He was a negro of uncommon blackness, shining, in fact, like a pair of patent boots, but otherwise, a handsome fellow, with no trace of Africa in his straight black hair and finely cut features; of a good, and even distinguished-looking figure—a manner that made me believe in the grand tour and the knowledge of the fashions. It was respectful, nevertheless, as gentleman could desire in his valet. In short, Julius Cæsar Augustus appeared clever, keen, and sensible; likely to be useful; and acquainted with every particular about the Chaserau family. Let me confess, that the latter accomplishment was his principal recommendation; it helped me to persuade myself that a gentleman wanted a valet even at a first-rate boarding-house; and resolving to call at the cottage and inquire after his character, I sent him back to Mr Pericles Clutcher, with a message that I should be glad to see Madame Chaserau's man of business in the afternoon.



When he was gone, it struck me that the man seemed attached to the family, yet anxious 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 Chaserau'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 Cæsar Augustus was a treasure; that gold uncounted, and wine uncorked, 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 it! 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 after the cash was paid down—Madame Chaserau wanted it to foil the spiteful wine-merchant, and keep her old nurse's cottage. She and the lawyer would warrant Julius Cæsar remaining in my service, though abolitionists stood round him as thick as tiles on the roofs of New York. In short, the bargain was concluded with the above-mentioned stipulation about the right of repurchase. I paid the price in bank cheques, got a legal receipt; and in less than an hour after the man of business left me, Julius Cæsar Augustus arrived with his traps, and entered on his duties like a man determined to give satisfaction. I had never wanted a valet till then, but it was wonderful how soon my purchase made himself useful, or rather indispensable. His merits in hair-dressing and shirt-settling had not been exaggerated by the man of business; his skill in boots, waistcoats, and ties was something marvellous; he knew all the gossip and scandal of that southern town, and seemed equally acquainted with those of the northern cities. Concerning the Chaserau family, he gave me a perfect flood of intelligence; but I remarked it was all in their honour; the old gentleman had not lived afloat at all, but speculated in the safest and most creditable manner: his grandeur was perfectly legitimate; he was a nobleman by birth; it was nothing but the unreasonableness of some and the ingratitude of others that brought his effects to the hammer; his widow was an angel, and her boy a born cherub; but she would never marry again; Julius Cæsar was clear on that, no matter who might ask her. His positiveness on the point was the only fault I could find in my new valet, and it was not one to be published. I did not like the idea of the young and fair widow remaining inconsolable; in common with most men, I did not believe in it; but my vanity was piqued at the very small amount of notice Madame Chaserau had pleased to take of what might be called my attentions; young men of fortune and self-conceit will understand that one could not throw one's self and dollars away on beauty, good-breeding, and poverty, without some appreciation of the sacrifice being exhibited. I was not pleased to hear of the widow's not marrying; I took an opportunity to scold Julius Cæsar for the statement, though, of course, it was something about my boots. I went to the cottage next day to say how well I was satisfied with him, but the old nurse in her French cap opened the garden-gate to me; Madame and Alphonse were gone to visit a relative of theirs up-country, and would not return for some months. I had nothing for it but to go back to New York, having some time before finished my business about the houses; and back I went, valet and all, by the next steamer.

Julius Cæsar created a great sensation in the boarding-house. I was the first gentleman who had brought a valet to the establishment, and I must say he acquitted himself so as, in the New England lawyer's phrase, to confound creation. I don't think his presence and performance were approved of by the two ruling planets of the house, Miss Angelica Hobson and Miss Minerva Dabs: the one's father was a ship-broker, and the other's a stockjobber, but both put on fifty dollars' worth more than the stipulated sum for costume and toilet; they had made the grand tour; came out strong on woman's mission; had very sharp faces, and figures remarkably like a seven-inch deal. In right of those qualifications and abilities, Mademoiselle Hobson and Dabs governed the boarding-house with absolute sway. The landlady being a relation of the stockjobber, and a woman of the same type, who never talked of anything but principles and duties, even when making out her bills, was believed to look up to them, and take secret counsel with the two 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 were proper for gentlemen in evening-dress. I think 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 sitting-room, and sit in old coat, old slippers, and long German pipe, with a dog-eared novel or newspaper, far away from the full dresses and pianos of the drawing-room. To that choice retreat I had one evening the pleasure of bringing home 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 Brookland, 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 Chemalle. 'He is dead and gone,' said the Irishman; 'and the more's the pity, when there are so many knaves 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 look after some plantations he was 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 Chemalle. He had looked younger than myself, in such good health and high spirits when I saw him last, and so clever, good-natured, and agreeable, that, casual acquaintance as he was, I felt ready to cry as well as Dargan. 'He is in the bowers above,' said that excellent tutor and travelling companion, 'if ever a boy went there, Mr Whiteman' [I forgot to mention that such is my own designation]. 'I never knew the man who would stand by one in a scrape, or get one out of it better; many a day he helped me with old Chaserau.'

'Chaserau!' said I, the widow coming across my mind once more.

'Yes, that was his governor's name; a confounded old crust when he took the precise turn. It don't occur often, I'll allow; but when a Frenchman is

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 widow, whom people thought so fortunate—a really fine woman, Mr Whiteman, I wonder she took the old fellow with all his money—is here in a millinery establishment, working for herself and child. If I were the owner of thousands,' and Dargan looked down at his seedy garments, 'it 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 Chaserau'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 her poverty in a strange northern town, after paying off the spiteful wine-merchant, and leaving her old nurse safe in 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 particular—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-come. 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 expect I should.'

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 himself as of old with cigars, and brandy and water—the latter in a decreasing ratio—and wound up the evening by singing *The Boys of Kilkenny*, 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 confidant one could have desired. There had been many a thrust 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 terrors of Hobson and Dabs, and the landlady's principles. We were fortunately at a considerable distance from the scenes of evening grandeur: the house was large. I knew my valet was in the dressing-room, and had been warned to give notice if the noise rose above high-water mark. Dargan had got through part of his song, and was pausing to recollect the next verse; there was consequently a momentary silence, through which we could hear a low hum from Julius Cæsar, 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.'

'Your valet!' Dargan was positively getting sober.

'Yes; Julius Cæsar, a negro I got in New Orleans; and a very clever fellow in his way.'

'It's strange;' and Dargan stirred up his glass. There was deep silence in the dressing-room by this time. 'A negro you got at New Orleans!'

'Yes; you have seen him two or three times to-night. What in the world frightens you at his singing?'

'Nothing; oh, nothing,' said Dargan, trying to look careless. 'It was just a fancy—one will take fancies. I am nervous, you see, with grieving about that poor boy.' And making the glass still stiffer, he drank it off; but it did not seem to restore his spirits, and he left me earlier than I expected.

His subsequent comings were frequent; the used-up man had not many friends to call on of my standing, and Dargan had a special liking for gentility. I encouraged him chiefly on account of the widow; but all my attempts at extracting intelligence failed. So did my traversing the streets, looking into milliners' windows till they must have thought I was going to set up in opposition, and buying a dozen times more gloves and perfumery than I had any use for, in hopes of getting a glimpse of her at work or on her way. I got no glimpse, and I got no intelligence; but I observed that my seedy friend cast curious, stealthy, and half-frightened glances at my valet every time he entered the room; and I guessed there was something in Dargan's mind which he meant to keep from me as well as the widow's whereabouts. I had bought Julius Cæsar from Madame Chaserau and her man of business in the most legal and regular manner; I had found him an excellent servant—clever, careful, and attentive, given to no vice, no neglect of duty, going out only when he was allowed, to take a walk on week-days, or to the Catholic chapel on Sundays, not attempting to mix with the white servants of the house—who of course considered him inferior, as a Sambo—yet too genteel to associate with the common negroes, and bent on fulfilling my slightest wish. On that account, he had told me a good deal about the Chaseraus, as before related; but I never heard him mention the name of young Chemalle; and when questioned on that subject, though he did not seem exactly frightened, Julius Cæsar looked unusually reserved. What had he to hide regarding the handsome and early deceased boy; and what was there in Dargan's mind concerning himself? These questions puzzled me; they were vague, and could not be put in words; yet I felt that there was something mysterious about my valet, and it was soon evident that the same feeling pervaded the whole house. Julius Cæsar was good-natured and obliging, though distant with them all; he kept his own place, had a certain mode of keeping other people in theirs, was every way regular, and did nothing remarkable that I could see; yet from Hobson and Dabs downward, the entire household, landlady, boarders, and servants, were taking notes, and manifestly no friendly ones, of him.

I was little with the company within doors that winter. Partly my anxiety to discover the widow, partly the visits of Dargan, and partly a turn for going to the theatre I had taken, as idle men will, kept my evenings occupied; but I observed that the young ladies whispered mysteriously, that the old ones shook their heads, that the men looked curious, and the landlady frowned, and I can't say how I found out it was all about Julius Cæsar. What had they heard of the fellow's doings in some former time and place? In my service, he did nothing that could offend the proprieties of Fifth Avenue, high and mighty as they were. The case was too delicate for public investigation. There was no use in taking Julius Cæsar privately to task; there would be as little satisfaction got out of Dargan:

whatever the ex-tutor knew, he had reasons for keeping it close, and evidently stood in something very like fear of my valet. 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 minding the general disapprobation of the boarding-house as little as if he had been possessed of neither eyes nor ears.

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 residence.'

'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 of his skin out of them. It is unnatural, I must say, even for a negro.'

'I'll pay for the linens, madame.'

'Of course you will,' said the 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, nor of the house that harbours them. I know enough about negroes to be sure of that; and if you take my advice, Mr Whiteman, you'll sell 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 Cæsar. 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 commanded better 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 the attic closet were spent before the 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 positively uneasy. My half-yearly 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 house-keeper. 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 Cæsar had private business on hand, whether with the fetish or not; and one Sunday morning brought me an irresistible temptation to look after him. 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 had been so solemnly rebuked. The beaux of Fifth Avenue had all something to do, however unemployed 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 Cæsar doing anything particular there? It was a charming time for prying, and nobody to look after me; so up I stole on tiptoe, and without 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. Was he working one of the fetish 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 the 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 Cæsar 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 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 ghostly terrors, and ready to laugh at the story. 'Well, you see,' said Chemalle, coolly 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. I daresay he meant 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 turned 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. My mother was a lady from old France, who 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 up the river. He first ran 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 whiting, 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 keep a home for the child. She is working here in a milliner's establishment to get up the dollars. I'll be as good a valet as I have been.' He was perfectly 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.'

'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 Roulett's, in Broadway.' The very first shop I had searched for her.

'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 Chemalle, that you are free to turn your talents to better account than serving me; free 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 Roulett's private door, requesting to see Madame Chaserau. They shewed me into a little back-parlour, and she came overwhelmed with gratitude for my generosity, Chemalle having stolen out to let her know how the land lay. I was prepared to astonish and delight her still more, and I don't remember exactly in what words, but the alarming sacrifice 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 child.'

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 when the 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 Shakspeare'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 most famous of them 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 Oldminster Shakspeare Club.' At 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 meetings. Whoever 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 views' 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 Oldminster Shakspeare 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 snigger, except 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 Shakspeare 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 member 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 conceded.

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'] '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 pathos; still the characters are in the highest degree lifelike; they exhibit Shakspeare'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 Shakspeare's delight, his plaything. He loves to shew the machinery of rude passions at work, 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 with noble traits. Of such men, made more tractable, perhaps, by the public necessities, the foundation of Roman power was in an earlier day probably built up. The story of

Caius of Corioli, his triumphs and his wrongs,  
His vengeance 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 for discussion 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 a vividness which I find it now 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 remark. One or two could speak with more fluency 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 principles which would not admit of leadership.

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 the *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 ordinary tobacco about 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 famously. 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-comer would have been behind us 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 pursue each other over 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 Benedict and Mercutio, I am bound to say the tragedies pleased us best. Shakspeare'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 and wide-reaching intelligence of the dramas, and afraid of lifting up our voices in question of aught they contained. Faults were doubted to be such, were looked upon as part of the plan. Faults were not possible to the genius we so idolised. After-life has no doubt enabled most of us to form a juster estimate of what

then seemed all-perfect. In proportion as we refrained from cavil, the teachings of the 'mighty master' sank into our minds with the force of accepted truths; and where all is on the side of honour and justice, what better manual of the conduct of life could we have had? These Shakspearian readings gave us all, I believe, some broad views of the world, some safe maxims of behaviour, some insight into character, which should have served us, and probably has done so, ere now.

A subscription of a very small sum per member was sufficient to defray our modest expenses; in fact, at the end of the first six months our chancellor of the exchequer proclaimed a surplus, and it became a moot-point how to dispose of the unspent moneys. A supper was resolved on, in which, of course, the surplus funds went but a little way. Each member invited a friend, speeches were made, recitals from our beloved author given, songs and toasts, and quips and cranks, went round, and our winter entertainment was a grand success. So pleasant was it, that when the summer months came, we determined to venture on another a little more ambitious. Each member, as before, invited one friend, and every gentleman was accompanied by a lady, and we mustered in force at a pleasant village, the resort of pleasure-seekers, about three miles from the scene of our studies. When the managers of the undertaking beheld the gay party which assembled at their invitation, they were—I was on the committee, and speak from my own feelings—greatly astonished, and rather disconcerted; but when the first formalities were over, we soon got into the right vein. Our fair friends were curious as to what we meant to do; the gentlemen were well pleased to be so well attended. After outdoor games and tea, and a moderate amount of dancing, came the great business of the evening—Shakspeare. We had debated it in our wise councils, and came to the conclusion that it would not do to have a chairman for the occasion; but one of our members, who possessed the most assurance, we dubbed 'director,' and we put him at a small table by himself. From thence he made a speech about Shakspeare, and the drama, and the unities, and other similarly absorbing topics. It was considered an interesting speech; it contained an account of our society, great laudation of the same, and several meritorious attempts at humour. I suppose it had been written and committed to memory, for it appeared too good to be extempore. The speaker was rewarded with immense applause. Then followed some Shakspearian recitations; afterwards a scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, in which we had persuaded a young lady possessed of some histrionic talent to take part; and lastly came the trial-scene from the *Merchant of Venice*. This was well done. From what then took place, I should say that any one with a real love and appreciation for Shakspeare may act in that incomparable scene successfully. The lights were arranged so as to throw their full strength on the miniature stage at one end of the room, the remaining part where the audience sat being nearly in darkness. With a few alterations in dress, a manuscript for Portia, a pair of scales and a carving-knife for the Jew, were our only theatrical appliances. As the ladies were not very familiar with stage representations, the effect upon them was powerful. The parts were sustained with considerable spirit and skill. We had a depressed-looking young man for Antonio, a majestic-looking ditto for the Duke, and for Portia the most ladylike gentleman in the corps. Portia declaimed beautifully; whilst the inveterate rancour of Shylock, and the sight of his scales and knife, told wonderfully on that inexperienced audience. Once or twice, during the progress of the scene, I recollect hearing a terrified sob from the darkened part of the room, and there was tumultuous applause at the conclusion. That was a memorable night.

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 many a freak and many a pleasant night of literary amusement, our Shakspeare 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 slurred 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 over-practical 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 list of famous dramas 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 éclat, 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 shewn 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 a greater or less degree, and have taken respectable 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 to 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 descend 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 eastwards 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 unquestionably formed 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 copses, thickets of tamarisks, 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 Senegal, sinking at each an artesian-well. The Mogrebin Arabs, when they saw the Franks boring in the dry sand, were unable to restrain their laughter, but observing them persevere, shook their heads, and concluded 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 wanderers 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 steppes, 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 no sooner is the firmament, blazing with the sun's rays, exchanged for the dusky vault, sparkling with planets and constellations, or silvered by the moon, than 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 hyena's unnatural laugh, 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 spent the night in the desert; being less weary or 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 troops of gazelles, light, 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 feet in the sand, which became a 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 dib or African wolf, which, watching his opportunity, sprang forth 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 as he was still giving 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 along the desert, and vanished too rapidly to be followed by the eye. While I was regretting their departure, and reloading my piece, a new scene presented itself. From 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 dib, 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 plump 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 efreetes, 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 fallen in with them on the borders of Sennaar, had consented to accompany them for a consideration, and protect their property from the ferocious Sheigya. We witnessed with no little interest the mode in which these dealers in women 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 a limited portion of the precious fluid doled 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, shewed their laughing faces over it, to gaze at us. The children, without a rag of covering, 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 Galla 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 perhaps with a favourite woman to nurse them. If you remark to the Jellabis upon the wicked nature of their dealings, they will reply: 'What! is it not a meritorious action to snatch these wretches from the depths of ignorance and idolatry, to make known to them the truths of El Islam?'

A comparison has been often instituted between the appearance and characteristics of the great Sahara, and those of the steppes 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 steppes are 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 features. One phenomenon is peculiar to 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 tenuity and lightness, 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 level, 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, glancing, corksating, presents the aspect of a tremulous sea. Gradually the more subtle particles, 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 diameter, 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 colonnade, which put 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 so great 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 Upper Nile, when 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 Titan columns as they move before the north wind. At such times reflecting the light from their sides, which glitter like burnished 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 *echelons*, 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 porphyry, 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. Sometimes, invited by the 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 fleet 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, palm-groves, and perhaps an occasional gimany or Egyptian sycamore, towering above all the vegetation around, with cornfields, hamlets, chapels, and tombs. The Bedouins who inhabit these oases, 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, there is one feature of this phenomenon which, not being observable among us, has no name in our language—we mean the *alba* of the Romans, and the *aube* of the French. We never say the white of the dawn, because with us 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 aurora 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 wrapt 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 flocks and herds, 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 his first rays, are for the moment converted into piles of precious stones, amethysts, rubies, beryls, chalcedonies, 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 daily cursed the sun, which burned up the earth beneath them, and seethed the brains in their woolly heads, till it rendered them blasphemous. There are times, no doubt, in which the sun looks very terrible to wayfarers in the desert; but we ourselves never beheld him in his brightness without keen sensations of joy. We seemed to acquire double vitality while imbibing his glowing heat, as with scorching 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 snake-like neck, and turning its eyes proudly towards 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.

In the Asiatic desert touching upon the confines of Beloochistan, the phenomenon of the mirage is beheld in its greatest perfection. You approach a small plain, encircled by rocks, and ere you descend into it, observe with astonishment and delight a cool limpid lake, in which you soon expect to lave your limbs and quench your thirst. All surrounding objects are distinctly reflected from its surface, the overhanging rock, the stunted bush, the ruined tower, together with your camel and your own face. But as you advance, you perceive you have been gazing on an illusion—the lake vanishes, and is replaced by an atmosphere of burning dust, which the sun and air had converted into the semblance of water. Here you may notice an extraordinary feature in the civil wars of the animal kingdom. As the gazelle and the antelope are nibbling the withered grass, an eagle from the Elburz, or a great falcon from Central Asia, sweeps along the plain, knocks over the harmless grazers, and then fastening on their breasts, speedily makes a hole, through which it tears out their liver. One of these fierce birds, when greatly pressed by hunger, has been known to strike down a horse, and make him its prey. But in Africa, the gazelle's enemies are four-footed like itself—the wolf, the jackal, the hyena, the lion, the prints of whose huge feet we have often seen in the sand fresh and moist with those of its light prey, only a short distance in front. It may be doubted, however, whether the lion, in spite of his immense bounds, ever overtakes the gazelle in a fair run. We have measured the bounds, but never found them equal the space said to be cleared by the Asiatic lion at a leap—that is, thirty feet. But this was on a short grassy plain, and the bound was made over a trench; whereas the African lion whose feats we observed had to make his springs in deep loose sand, where from fifteen to twenty feet marked the limits of his leaps.

The gazelle pursued, small as it was, often on a descent cleared from eight to ten feet, and touched the 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 revenges. More enthralling, however, even than those are found to be the histories of actual retribution, the narration 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 herring—is attractive to almost every one; but a Man-hunt, the tracking of a blood-stained wretch who imagines that he has silenced his victim because he has killed him—who trusts in the fallacious 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 peruses the details of his capture with an interest not only not 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 them 'keen through subtlest snares to track Suggestion to her inmost 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 murders—and there have been several, even of late years—the perpetrators of which have remained undiscovered. The sagacity of the detective policeman is as great as his 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 conventional. 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 Dr 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 'motive'—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 trustworthy persons, and a terror to evil-doers indeed. 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 periodicals entitle the 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 impossible 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, without coming to this so far 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 countenances 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 Vidocq gained his pardon upon these conditions, and began honest (?) life with a fixed salary of L.4 a month, and a premium for each arrest.

When M. Canler was promoted to be peace-officer from his previous subordinate position in the detective force, he felt miserable without his agents, and yet there was not one sou out of the 31,200 francs, formerly at his disposal, to be expended in spies! 'I had therefore,' says he, 'to seek auxiliaries sufficiently disinterested to serve me gratuitously; but as perfect disinterestedness is rare, I sought among the individuals whom I had to watch for those who might be useful to me as informers and allies.' He engaged, therefore, in his service, by threats of continually harassing them if they did not play into his hands, the outcast women, the keepers of low lodging-houses, and the street-hawkers. Unhappily, not everybody could be coerced; some had to be bribed. 'Each day I gave away some theatrical orders out of the heap sent at that time to the police commissioners. These orders, sold for fifty centimes to persons who wished to enter without waiting their turn, secured each of my men some three or four francs a day. This sale insured a modest livelihood, and allowed them to devote all their time to me.'

When M. Canler was appointed chief detective in 1848, even the established system of informing, complete as it was thought to be, seemed to him to need extension. 'I resolved to organise a brigade of informers, whom I called my irregular Cossacks; for this purpose, I enlisted new convicts, and subjected them to regular discipline. Each of them received high pay, for the pecuniary retribution I gave my Cossacks, by preserving them from want, was intended to prevent them from seeking means of existence in crimes, and by thus binding them to the police, make them afraid of falling into their clutches again.

'They were expected to do the "dépôt" and the "St John." At four o'clock every afternoon, the detectives pay a visit to the prisoners confined in the dépôt of the prefecture. Some of my Cossacks accompanied them, to see whether there might be among them any ex-companions at the hulks or prison, who had concealed themselves under false names, in order to escape the maximum of punishment which justice allots to relapsed convicts. This visit was called by the detectives "doing the dépôt;" but the robbers, in their picturesque and figurative language, used to say that they were going to "pass the censorship." Rounds were made daily through Paris and the suburbs, where criminals lounge and spend the day in

drinking, while waiting till night allows them to slip into town and attempt some criminal trick. The informers marched ahead, and the agents followed about fifty yards behind, nothing shewing that they were in any way connected together. When the first met any escaped convict, or any man who had broken his ban, he quickly raised his hat or cap in a certain manner; then the agents walked up and arrested the man, who was completely ignorant by whom he was denounced, or how they had managed to discover him. This was called "doing the St John." My Cossacks never assisted the police agents under any circumstances; they never aided in an arrest; they were never asked to join in any important operation, and they were ever passive instruments in the hands of my agents, acting according to the orders given them, just as the ox obeys the goad, but thus composing an exclusive and most secret surveillance, intended to act as an appendix to the police, and not to represent it, as was the case under Vidocq and his successor, Coco Latour.'

Besides his Cossacks, M. Canler had a secret police, composed of liberated convicts under surveillance—ticket-of-leave men. He allowed some of these persons, who are forbidden to live in Paris, to remain there upon the express condition that they should employ their Sundays\* in his service, by taking a walk either in the city or the suburbs, and sending in a report in writing on Monday, in which they informed him 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 really very 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 cracksmen for the most part cannot pretend. French assassins are actuated by motives more sublime than those which impel our vulgar cut-throats. One unmalicious villain murders an entire stranger, a working-man, without a sou 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, but 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 for 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—it being for her murder that he is about to suffer.

To die game, 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. Lacenaire (a murderer) embraces Avril (another) on the scaffold, and proceeds to salute our author in this manner: "There you are! good-morning, Monsieur Canler: it is very kind of you to have come. Is Monsieur 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

\* *Autobiography of a French Detective.* By M. Canler, *Ancien Chef du Service de Sûreté.* Ward and Lock.

\* Those gentlemen only were employed 'into the hearts of whom it was proved that repentance had really entered.'

scaffold steps, and when he was fastened to the fatal planks, he threw his head back and cried, in a powerful voice: "Good-bye, my old Lacenaire! courage!" To which Lacenaire replied energetically: "Good-bye, good-bye!" Demarest, the executioner of Beauvais, 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 pay a homage to truth,' by explaining the contradiction between his own account of this execution and the report of it in the public papers. The authorities were of 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 shed their blood 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 equally on misrepresentation and treachery. It is permitted to intermeddle in domestic life in a manner that would never be tolerated in this country. Married ladies, whose imprudence has led them into difficulties, appeal to M. Canler with the most touching eloquence, and that gallant 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 Detective 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 writing, 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 resolved to call on the police commissioner 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 dazzled, as if by a sunbeam. I had read beneath the dirty 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 turn. 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 turning it over and over, 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." On hearing this, I fell 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 to say, 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 proceeding to work. Hence the robbery was committed *at about one in the morning*. If this was the case, the robbers, in order not to arouse the suspicion of persons dwelling in the same house as themselves, did not go home to bed; they probably spent the night in some low wine-vaults—the Courtelle, for instance—and that would explain how, in going down the 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 laces 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 as 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 neighbours talk, and obtained a description of the malefactors. On the arrival of the inspectors, I set them to watch, with orders to arrest the robbers if they went out, and at four o'clock the next morning 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 began to fear, not that I was mistaken, but that I had arrived too late, and that the watches had fled. There was in the room a large window looking out 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 so very extraordinary if that smith made the chisel, 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 were of his making.

"No, sir," he answered me; "but I put it in a handle for one of the young men with whom you now are. 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 pailasse gutted, the walls sounded, 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 tumbled pell-mell on to the bed gold and 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 yet on 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 own 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 it 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 Courier des Dames*, residing with her companion, a 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 follow: On the last day of every month, 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 rooms occupied by the old ladies. The landlady 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 heaved her last sigh several hours 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 to some extent paralysed. On regaining her senses, she dragged herself to the mantel-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. Thierry'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 exports and imports last year amounted to £30,000,000. Yet 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 ere long to be increased a thousandfold by the opening of the Yang-tse-kiang. There are, however, at present 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 intelligence from China reaches us through Russia; and Mr Reuter has lately despatched an agent *via* 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 Irtysh, 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 London in one night, and to convey the news by courier the remainder of the distance. By this means, telegraphic 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 existing in Eastern Pegu might be extended overland to Hong-Kong, an enterprise warmly advocated by Captain Sprye, who has himself been over the ground, and vouches for the practicability of the undertaking. When our mail steamers arrive at Galle, telegrams are immediately forwarded to 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 Shoe-Gyen, in Eastern Pegu. 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 despatched 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 Graine, 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 precise route 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 Lauture, 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 very 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 whate'er I have aright;  
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 unailing 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.

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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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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 462.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## OPINIONS IN THE BUD.

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 speciality 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 Pool, 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 and pernicious.'

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 Fonblanque being 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 audiences on any occasion it 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 martinets on the score of 'order.' Many a time has an eloquent harangue been ruthlessly interrupted by a majestic president, with: 'I 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 or the Secretary—and to repeat your lesson in a fine sonorous voice, beginning with: 'Sir—I came down to this house to-night with no intention of addressing it,' or any other mendacious preface that may imply 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 they 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 antecedents of Lord John Russell's career, he is not entitled to the 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 in the Oxford Union 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 1858, when he was comparatively a sucking dove. 'No radical alteration of our representative system' will be permitted by Young Oxford. What liberalism is to be done at all, must 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 the confidence of the country,' yet '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 legendary, and 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 any vested interests 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 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 I, whose fate has been the greatest blessing to debating 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—a thousand times no; or at least 47 noes to 3 affirmatives. It is astonishing how men can be found reckless enough to place such assertions upon the motion-board; but some men will propose anything; 'that Conservative principles are fallacious, and Conservatism a failure,' for instance. Have the gods no thunders? Alas, no; nothing but an amendment, 'that Conservative principles are essential to the welfare of the country,' which is, thank Heaven, carried. There are some young firebrands even who assert 'that the abolition of the present system of game laws is demanded both on the ground of justice and expediency!' Then what is one to do at home in the Christmas vacations? inquires Young Oxford indignantly, and decides by a majority of 5 to 1 against the motion. What Next, and Next? Abolish church rates without an equivalent? Never! Do away with Capital Punishments? No! Our young enthusiasm does not take that channel; for 'notwithstanding human nature's purity, we think they rather add to our security.' No Jews in parliament for Young Oxford. They may be—they *are*—pecuniarily useful, without doubt, but they are not without their recompense in hard cash. Young Oxford is prepared to endorse the opinions of the House of Lords upon that, and indeed upon most questions, even (wicked lads!) to opposing the remission of the paper-duty! An unusually full house objects to the new Divorce Bill, which is found to be a very interesting subject of debate, in spite of some opposition to its discussion upon the ground of its having a theological bearing. Among other miscellaneous opinions, Young Oxford does not consider that 'poetical genius is fostered by Civilisation;' and decides that 'prize-fighting ought to be discouraged by the British law.' It does not think Mr Disraeli undeserving of public confidence; and it believes also in ghosts.

Altogether, Oxford does not disown in her rising generation that Conservative position which she has taken up for so many ages, but at the same time she is much more inclined, if not to concession, at least to patient investigation. Young Oxford will listen complacently to theories for which their grandfathers would have placed the utterer in the pillory. The motion, for instance, 'that a more general and equal distribution of wealth (though not to be attempted by any violent or artificial means) is of great importance to the social and commercial welfare of the country,' is only negatived by the casting vote of the chairman! And, in 1860, 'that a second reform bill is called for by the circumstances of the times,' is carried without a division!

The subjects of debate at the Cambridge Union have been even more various than at Oxford, and

really exhibit considerable skill in their selection. Only one absolutely feeble motion is recorded, the proposer of which appears to have been aware of its imbecility, for we read—'The honourable mover not being present, nor a substitute for him, to open the debate at the time appointed, became amenable to chap. x. rule 7;' which signifies, let us hope, that he was fined. I regret to say that here, also, it is reiterated, 'Lord John Russell does *not* deserve the gratitude of his country.' Young Cambridge will not have him any more than Young Oxford, although it does not reject him by such a decisive majority. The principles of Mr Bright are 'viewed with disapprobation and distrust,' but he has more than two supporters. He has even more than that number of orators in his favour. And it is observable in both Universities, that when any extreme and radical measure is advocated, however ill it may come off at the poll, it is never without its share of friendly speakers. It has sometimes even more voices than votes; the revolutionary army, like that of the Macpherson, may be composed of but four-and-twenty men (and less), but it boasts of five-and-thirty pipers. Young Cambridge, not unmindful, perhaps, of a reputation for brawn and pork sausages, will not, it is true, have Jews in parliament at any price; but it is not so certain about the Dissolution of Monasteries having been such a very bad thing after all. It considers *Punch*—the paper—to be 'a public benefactor,' notwithstanding that he sometimes speaks evil of dignities. No; and it will not admit of any Amendment about 'under proper supervision,' neither. It is all for the freedom of the press; but it doesn't like the great Pooh-pooh School; it is of opinion that 'the general tone of the *Saturday Review* is subversive of the principles of true criticism.' As for Garibaldi, when (in 1861) some honourable member moves 'that this house cannot approve of the conduct of Garibaldi during the last year,' Young Cambridge hastens, by a majority of three to one, to affirm that it *does* approve of it. It will not, indeed, recognise any such novelty as homeopathy, which it (very justly) affirms to be 'irreconcilable with [its own] experience;' and not above six-and-twenty members of the Union (in a large house) are ready to marry their wife's sister, when the proper time shall arrive; but still 'This house' is not so orthodox as it might be, and has a hankering after change. Among many other miscellaneous matters, it is of opinion that 'women should be better educated,' and is not quite sure that it would not be 'desirable to return to the ancient method of disposing of the dead by concrementation.' Young Cambridge exhibits its youth unmistakably in one respect—it acknowledges the wisdom and justness of the income-tax, a decision which would not certainly have been arrived at unless 'the governor' paid it; but, on the other hand, we—the *ve* editorial—cannot but be gratified by the fact that a libellous motion asserting that 'the spread of periodical literature in this country is prejudicial to the promotion of true taste,' was negatived by a large majority.

There is a Debating Society in the university of Dublin, called the College Historical Society, of a similar nature to that of the Oxford and Cambridge Unions; but the freedom of language must, we imagine, be a little interfered with by the presence of certain magnificent persons in the Chair. The last debate of 1861, upon the coercion of 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 worthies, including the Lord Mayor. Perhaps some restraint of this sort is necessary to moderate Young Dublin in its hour of eloquence. The political questions of the day are generally chosen, nevertheless, in preference to such a subject as, 'Was the Long Parliament justified in putting

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 the 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, and 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 found 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, and will only put forth foliage, flowers, and fruits in a certain soil, and under certain definite conditions of heat, light, and moisture. In this respect, the animal and vegetable world are governed by the same laws. Even man is no exception. It is true that he is found in every part of the earth, yet he is subject to the same laws of geographical distribution as the plants and animals over which nature has given him dominion. The Esquimaux within the snowy wastes of the Arctic Circle,



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 confined 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 form of the cocoa-nut palm and the tree-fern.

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 ligneous 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 summit of the tallest trees, with the leaves and blossoms of which their foliage and flowers are 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-ferns, with their magnificent bouquet of gigantic and pendulous fronds, tower far 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 lion, the beautiful though ferocious tiger, 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. Immense crocodiles, tortoises, and serpents frequent the rivers, marshes, and moist woods. The seas teem with crustaceans and every order of molluscous 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 exciting causes of vegetation gradually diminish in intensity. The tall and graceful palm-tree, the banana and plantain, the cotton-tree and sugar-cane, are no longer visible. Vegetation is despoiled of its magnificence and variety, and takes a humbler and simpler form. Accordingly, we find that plants with ligneous 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 ligneous and persistent. Any one can speedily convince himself of this. There is visible on the cross section the same concentric disposition of the matter of the stem into pith, wood, and bark, and the same development of branches in the axils 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 autumnal bud shews beautifully the young embryo leaves and the undeveloped internodes of the next year's growth, already formed in them, and 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 herbs and ligneous 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 ligneous plants advance no further than the embryonic condition 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 wonted 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 germinate again in autumn, *as the light and heat of the sun are then 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, the individuals of this family 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 all further development. These appearances 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 ligneous 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 ligneous and persistent, and it grows into a powerful and lofty tree. It is the same with plants belonging to the natural orders Euphorbiaceæ, Labiatae, Leguminosæ, Hypericaceæ, Boraginaceæ, Rubiaceæ, Polygonaceæ, and Compositæ. These very plants which we tread 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 Leguminosæ, Euphorbiacæ, Labiatae, and Boraginacæ; or, if he be in the island of St Helena, reposes beneath the shade of forests of Solidago, Sonchus, and Echium. The herbaceous and perishable annual has become transformed 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 viper take the place of the gigantic crocodile and boa constrictor; the tortoises are small, and of medium size; all classes of molluscs are represented, but their shells are devoid of that beauty which characterises the shells of tropical climates; the patient camel and dromedary, the half-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 presents herbivorous animals 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 coniferæ, 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 on the approach of winter.

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 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. There are immense flocks of predaceous and aquatic birds, gulls, cormorants, ducks, and geese, all belonging to the lowest orders. Reptiles are altogether wanting. The articulates are represented by numerous marine worms and minute crustaceans. Insects are rare and of inferior types. Molluscs are sparsely scattered in the adjacent seas along with a few star-fishes and echini. 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 as 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 eye 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 indolently, heavily, 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 shewed plainly 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, pity, 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 Colysée. 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 instructor; but the mother passed her days in working, walking, and eating, and why should not the daughter do the same? She did: but whilst her fingers lazily drew the needle in and out, her fancy busily 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 church sermon and her mother's morality had no other effect than to provoke contempt. There were times, more and more frequent, when she lounged over her work with a mind as vacant 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, we 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 du Colysée 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-shop kind of smell. As the Whites sat at the window, they talked about their servant, their weekly bills, the passers-by, *Galignani*, and the weather.

When Annetta 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 a 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 bent lovingly over her child's cradle, ever forgotten her dignity in a romp, or ever condescended to do menial work by a sick couch.

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 notice 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 he was a modest, amiable, courageous 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, whilst she picked up books that she had purposely thrown down; thus by 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 wondering who she was, but 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, with a glance at Martha, that she and her daughter lived close by, and did not keep any society. Neither of the Whites spoke of Mr Reece, but the one felt inquisitive about the meeting, and the other annoyed at it. Mrs White did not leave 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. Every day 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 Annetta. 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 sun was shining on the fountains, 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 Annetta. 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' magnificent 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 at her ease. Her intercourse with her 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 cleverer 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 them 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 visits; her rudeness 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 her shaking in every limb, and at 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.

'O Martha, you have forgotten 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: thy people shall be 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.

Martha threw herself into her mother's arms. Both were now equally overcome. 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. But, 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 there was 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; she had never loved her, and 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 smiled so kindly or 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 might have caused her death, and there would then have been but 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 proposed 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 returning to England before his departure for India, both mother and daughter thought that their native air would do them good. Martha was pleased with the journey, amused with every novelty she saw: every red-roofed village between Paris and Boulogne, every patient or despairing sufferer between Boulogne and Folkestone, every green luxuriant meadow between Folkestone and London, diverted her mind from its sorrow. She was an uninteresting sufferer; her strong mind fought with grief as a strong body fights with disease, and she never doubted the wisdom of her choice; she had obeyed conscience, the unerring guide. They hired a furnished cottage at Linton, and a little pony-carriage to drag the old lady up the steep hills. Martha was no longer so entirely under her mother's control as she had formerly been; the days of needle-work were past; she read what books she pleased, wandered alone wherever she chose, even took lessons in drawing, and the old lady made no remark.

The pony they had hired was very quiet so long as he had little food and much work; but when he had plenty to eat and nothing to do, his character changed. He appeared to think that he had a right to decide the distance, and the pace he would go; and when Martha, fancying that his laziness must proceed from weakness, ordered him an extra feed of corn, he shied, kicked, or started at every object he met. One day, as Martha was driving carefully down the Lynmouth Hill, the pony started at a gentleman with an umbrella, got beyond his speed, and overturned the chaise. The old lady's head struck against a sharp stone, and she fainted. Martha was not hurt; she ran to the Lyndale Hotel for assistance, and the people soon placed the invalid on a bed, and fetched a doctor. The surgeon could not give much hope. Mrs White had received several severe injuries, and was not a young woman. The sufferer was in very low spirits, and in great pain, at times crying, at times delirious. Her temper was never to be depended on; one hour she would reproach Martha as the cause of the accident, and the next express the greatest anxiety about her daughter's health.

One day she called Martha to her side, and asked, with a terrified look, if she had not been delirious.

'Yes, mamma; but you have often been so before.'

'Have I? And what did I say?'

'Indeed, I hardly know.'

'Ah! that is right. People talk such nonsense when they are that way; it's better not to attend to them.'

Martha made no answer. Her mother seemed to be lost in thought; at last she said that a nurse must be hired.

'Indeed, mamma, I am quite strong; and no nurse can take so much care of you as I do.'

'My mind would be easier; I am so anxious about you, dear; and besides, a professional nurse would understand the surgeon's directions better than you can do.'

'Mr Wilson says that he would not wish a better nurse than I am.'

'Bah! bah! You nearly killed me with your bad driving, and now you want to try what bad nursing will do.'

'You shall have a nurse, mamma.'

'Ah! dear Martha, you are always good, and you must not mind what I say in my pain.'

'O no, mamma; I am sure that I should be ten times as cross, if I were as ill as you are.'

'But when can you find me a nurse, Martha?'

'I will ask Mr Wilson to recommend us one; he will be here soon.'

The invalid said no more until she heard the doctor's step, then starting hastily up, she exclaimed: 'Mr Wilson is coming; don't forget the nurse: tell him how anxious I am about you, my darling.'

Mr Wilson did not consider a nurse necessary; 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.

But Mrs White insisted that Martha was killing herself, that every day made a difference in her.

The doctor said that he could not see it.

'Perhaps not, but a mother's eyes are sharper than a doctor's.'

As soon as the nurse was hired, Mrs White proposed that Martha should live in the cottage at Linton, where the air was more bracing than in the valley. Mr Wilson would not hear of such a thing; the young lady was quite well, and very useful in the sick-room. Martha saw plainly that her presence was always an annoyance to the invalid, she therefore avoided visiting her mother's room except during the periods of delirium. Hitherto, she had paid but little attention to the patient's ravings, but now she could not resist listening to them, and sometimes speculating on their meaning. They were almost unintelligible, and they would have been quite so, but for what the major had told her of Mrs White's early life.

Martha was now much alone; often whole days would pass during which she neither left the house nor entered the invalid's room. Those lonely hours she passed in fancy with her lover in India. She felt less solitary when she thought of him; though in another quarter of the world, she seemed nearer to him than to her mother in the next room. She wondered if he regretted her as much as she regretted him, and what he would say if he could see her now, not allowed to nurse the parent for whom she had sacrificed so much. Was the sacrifice to be for ever? Would he come home some day, and tell her he had made money enough, that she had been a good daughter, and he had been a good brother, and that now they might be happy? She would not mind anything, if only she could look forward to some day being his wife, when she was an old woman of fifty-sixty. Oh, she did not mind how long she had to wait, if only one day he would come! But she never regretted that she had remained with her mother; she could not have done otherwise and been worthy of him. And how many excuses there were for the poor old woman's temper: grief changes us so much—she herself had good cause to know that; and how bitter must have been her mother's sorrow; it was now eighteen years since husband, sister, and niece had died, and the mourner had never once spoken of them to Martha, yet always raved about them in her delirium.

Mrs White must have had a wonderful constitution: the injuries or the fever alone would have been sufficient to kill most women of her age, but she battled through both. She would be a weak helpless cripple, but she would live.

Martha now discharged the nurse, and resumed her former duties in the sick-room. Mrs White made no objection to her doing so, though she still behaved to her in a very strange manner, sometimes expressing love, sometimes fear, sometimes dislike, and sometimes anxiety about her health.

'Are you sure that I shall live?' she asked one day. 'The doctors often make a mistake, and I feel so weak. Don't let me die without knowing it. But—I have been a good mother to you, haven't I, Martha?'

'O yes, mamma. I know how much you have suffered. Major Reece told me'—

'What did he tell you, child?'

'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 everything.'

'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 weak and low-spirited.

One night Mrs White was tossing on her bed, Martha lying quietly on a 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. But why do you look at me so? I'm no worse. Oh, I shall live; I'm not going to die. Does the doctor say I'm going to die?'

'Dear mamma, you will live, if you will only talk to me about your sorrow, not keep it so much to yourself. It is brooding over that which prevents your getting well, and why should you not speak freely to your own child?'

'Ah! I have been a good mother to you. Who could have been a better mother than I have been?'

'Oh, no one, poor mamma. You have been a better mother than I have been a child.'

'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 hundredfold; 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 fixedly on her face, said: 'You have done me some wrong; you yourself have told me so. 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 your own 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—what I have suffered has been enough for ten such little sins. There was that major—what I endured when he came courting 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 shut 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 should 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 busied 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 unflinching, and her nature so 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. As Martha sat 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, and 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 was the best 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 those 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 auld lang syne.'

When Martha was alone in her room, she buried her face in her hands, and wept bitterly. What a fool she had been! The man whom she had all but worshipped, who had been ever invisibly present with her, even 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 if his marriage had been happy, and if his children were well.

He rose as if to go, but when she gave him 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 sincerely. 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—I was a very ordinary, everyday man. Don't deceive yourself; don't fancy me better than I am, Martha. Perhaps you buoyed yourself up with the hope, that duty being done, happiness would still remain: that was silly; we cannot give up and keep. When first I 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, and do not be angry with me for my confidence; I relied on your constancy, 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, so probably 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 died during its mother's life, 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 or a nurse, they want 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 were 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—one 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 my 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 party 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 "fitch of bacon;" that the young man is their last-born, and has had a delicate childhood.'

'Your last guess,' replied the lady, 'is the only lucky one. I chanced to be present at their marriage. Colonel Reece was a gray-haired widower; the bride was an old maid of at least 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 CRUIKSHANK'S 'WORSHIP OF BACCHUS.'

PERSONS 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 watchmaking business, 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 trifles 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 *twice*.

† I mean a *recent* soiree, 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 teetotaler, 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 'Hear, hear' that followed that remark, which clearly pointed to the ticket-of-leave man and his novel connection with the anti-felon society. There is no greater trial, they say, to the repentant cracksmen, 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 our 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 'pewter' of iced Allsop handed 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 gasp 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 my own case be impossible. 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 oar as any of us; as any among those university crews that dart beneath Hammersmith bridge once every summer, like a couple of eight-winged dragon-flies. It is possible, although it has not yet been absolutely established, the crews in question having never yet comprised a total abstainer, any 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 enthusiasm—water, in fact—gets into the lads' heads as much as the wine, can scarcely be said to be an existing vice. A sot is shunned, and pointed 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 were, after all, merely desserts after dinner, are becoming less and less frequent, voted duller and duller by each generation of Freshmen. I mention this last libel of Mr Cruikshank's, because it is one of the few blemishes 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 Wellington 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 accordingly, and Many Happy Returns of the Day are wished to *him*. The health of the bride and bridegroom, when he marries, is drunk with all the honours, or what are considered so in intemperate society. And when Tommy is gone, 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 in the parlour 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 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 hearse and fourteen cabs; in the first two cabs or so are sorrowing relatives; in the next four are persons in decent grief; 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' sake. 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 'brandy pawnee.' Nothing escapes the stern apostle of teetotalism. The negus at evening-parties (which, goodness knows! is innocent enough) is 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 *fête-champetre* (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 Moderation 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 rags; 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 on the bench of justice, condemning 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 fore-castle is more than half-seas over. The dinner-party of Gentlemen is all that can be desired; but the Sons of Harmony conclude their uproarious 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 'gallows.' Fires upon sea and shore, shipwrecks, riots, 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 diem, and *two* pints, you know, make *one* quart, and 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 unmistakable allegory that ever was painted. Painting itself, Music, Poetry, are all personified in their professors, 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: 'Sacrificed 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-waistcoat, 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 sandwich 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 the Fool.'

I am told there are nearly a thousand distinct figures in this *Worship of Bacchus*, which is not so much a picture as a collection of pictures illustrating the same subject. There 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 lecturer may use it, or an engraving 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 his small quantity because there are others that take 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. Teetotalism has been, and is, the salvation of a class of people greatly exposed to the temptation against which it is aimed; but for the majority of respectable folks it is no more necessary than crutches 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 *Worship of Bacchus*, is it likely that the example of Belgrave 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 reformatory, is indeed another matter worthy of grave attention; but to impose total abstinence upon sane folks in order to shame him by the contemplation of the Best Society, would be about as efficacious as to take a pig for the long vacation into immaculate Holland, to teach him habits of cleanliness.

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, that 'many a fine youth is 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 missionary into our benighted universities, for its own sake, in order to gain some little information concerning them; but what affected me more than this ludicrous accusation, was the contemptuous 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 flail: the ale that has gladdened our Newton, and sobered our Porson, and still supports our Whewell, was classed in the same category as publican's gin! The ale that was sung by Barry Cornwall was spoken of in the same breath with the purl sarcastically 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. But what did I do?

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. 'Has he not,' thought I, 'been associated with the most mirth-moving books of the present century? Has he not redeemed a whole library of fiction, which but for him would have been dull? Has not his skilful hand been ever busy in 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 *Worship of Bacchus*—the culmination of his noble labours?' Then I betook myself to what I believe I may call my virtuous home—albeit, I am not a Total Abstainer—and dined; and during cheese-time, there was brought unto me, reverently, from the cellar, a bottle profusely sealing-waxed—a *pint* bottle, Mr George Cruikshank, upon my honour! Then I remembered what you had been saying about the evil 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 cashier's 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 perceive miners, furnace-men, forge-men, mill-men, puddlers, labourers, and other nondescript 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 purl.  
*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 unhealthy occupation. He claps 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, stows them away in his breast coat-pocket, and shovels a handful of sovereigns into another receptacle under his flannel shirt, in a matter-of-fact business way, that shews he is not at all unaccustomed 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 office; and, his books not being kept perhaps in the very best order, there is a good deal of haggling with his men about odd portions of time they have worked extra, and deductions for play-time, of which each party takes his own view. 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 work. The others, seeing that he is 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 mutters a word or two about the working of his furnace, and how heavy it 'throws off;' and then, gathering up the money for himself and some fellow-workmen 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 shillings. 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 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 would soon overtax the powers of any but very 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 armour upon his legs, and a metal visor over his eyes, to protect him from the splashings 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 large 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 to do, under his orders, half 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 ironwork. 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 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 women 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 employed in the same work 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 been let 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, long before any one would 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 collier, bred and born such, who has spent the greater part of his life underground. The frequent recurrence of trifling 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, he 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, squatting, 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, if that 'kench' of his is any 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 'kenched,' or inwardly sprained himself; and as sometimes such a thing really does occur, he may thus impose upon the club for a length of time. Colliery surgeons are always very doubtful of a man who has kenched himself, when there is nothing at all to be perceived externally, and the man's general health remains particularly good. Occasionally, if they feel sure deception is being practised, they will alter their tactics, and by prescribing a few active blisters, and talking very seriously of cauterising the flesh nearest the invisible seat of pain, they will restore the man to health wonderfully quick.

The next who comes for his money is an elderly man, who has been the greater portion of his life employed as a blacksmith. He comes in just as he works, with his well-worn leathern apron on, and his shirt-sleeves turned up in rolls above his elbows, for facility in handling his hammer and other tools. He is not at all stout, but when he moves his arms, you see that his muscles stand out clear and distinct, after the manner which the 'fancy' like to see in those who enter the prize-ring. There is a tough, wiry appearance about the old fellow; and when he has got the money into his horny hand, and turns that grisly countenance of his—begrimed with smoke and dust, and rough with a week's unshaven beard—upon the cash, to see that it is all right, his keen gray eyes peer at it almost savagely, and his features assume such a hard, cast-iron sort of expression, that one would almost think a cold chisel would glance off them without doing any material injury.

There are one or two of the men waiting about the door who hardly seem to belong to the rest, but look rather out of place. There is that old man, sitting on an iron carriage, and leaning his head upon his hands, which rest upon the knob of his stick—does he not look the veteran soldier all over, and would he not, with his bald head and sabre-scarred brow, look more in keeping if he was sitting among the old worthies at Chelsea or Greenwich, than here among the motley operatives of an ironwork, who are waiting for their pay? Question him, and he will tell you that when a sturdy young fellow he enlisted, and went

to the continent with the Duke of York, and that he got that ugly scar which seams 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 survived, he should have got a better 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 riddling 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 shew that, though always 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' workman; 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 saucy-looking skull-cap he wears on one side of his head rather artistically, and the trim moustache he 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 smock-frock, elaborately ornamented with needle-work, and the breeches and gaiters of other generations, would appear more in character driving his team afield through the green 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 carriage-loads 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 lark, the call of the partridge, and the gentle cooing 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 awed 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 will count over their money as they take it up; how others, not equal to such ready reckoning, will turn it over, piece by piece, as they leave the door, and you can see that they have not quite 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

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 the 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-sunk 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 shews 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 sadly brought him down, 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 a *gathering* on the reckoning-day. Beside him is a common iron bucket, and there are few indeed of the men who pass by, after being paid, who do not drop into it a piece of silver or some loose coppers. Some men address a few words to him, cheering 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 writhed 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, perhaps, by the aid of his 'glasses,' 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 a foreman; but the system 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. How soon will the paper and metal currency paid away by the cashier early to-day be distributed all over the neighbourhood! It will radiate from the office to town and country; and the cottager 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. 'Cheap John,' no doubt, will have his share, for the collier delights in the gaudy coloured vests which are to be had at such seemingly fabulous prices; and the vendors of quack medicines will have *their* modicum.

Big loaves from the baker, and heavy joints from the butcher, bring down the working-man's exchequer

considerably, and by the time the huxter'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 pocket, towards paying the rent and liquidating that long-standing doctor's bill.

#### COURT OF EQUITY AT THE ALLOA COLLIERIES, CLACKMANNANSHIRE.

PREVIOUS to the year 1775, all miners in Scotland were in law denominated *adscripti glebæ*—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 modes, manners, and accent 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 have risen 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 shews 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 serfs or slaves, as before 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 resorted to; blows were freely given, often to the effusion of blood; and as there were but few surnames amongst them, they had a clannish feeling, and extensive broils 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 plan, 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

of life was appointed officer of the court, whose duty was to attend on the bailies, and deliver verbal summonses of appearance to those who had complaints made against them. The jurisdiction of this court was exclusively confined to the miners, and to the settlement of all quarrels amongst them. The chief offence was in giving their neighbours bad names, in the ebullition of their wrath, which in general led to blows. The members of court had no written appointment under Lord Erskine's hand to constitute them legally bailies; they were common miners, and of the same grade as those who were brought before them, so that the workmen are really judged by their *peers*.

In prejudging of this very singular and simple arrangement of a court of equity, which had no legal hold over aggressors, one would have concluded that a body of individuals so rude in their modes and manners would not have submitted to the authority of the court; but it is a fact that in no instance has this ever been the case, and the court goes on at the present day with the greatest regularity and efficiency. The miners are paid their wages at the end of each fortnight, and the court is held on the Monday following, as on that day the men do not work in the mines. The bailies are respectably dressed, and no one is allowed to come into their presence in their *heugh duds*—that is, dressed in their pit-clothes.

The president of the court is always chosen by the manager of the works, and retains his office for three years; but he may continue longer, if the manager chooses to reappoint him. The four assistant-bailies are elected in the following manner: The two oldest miners who are working in the mines give the manager of the works a list with the names of twelve of the workmen whom they consider qualified for the office of bailie. From this list the manager makes his selection. The method of conducting the business of the court is as follows: If any man or woman gives offence to another, the person complaining informs any one of the bailies of it, and then he is authorised to tell the officer to summon the offender to the court, and the parties may bring forward witnesses to prove or disprove the allegation. Upon their appearing in court before the bailies, the pursuer states his complaint. The clerk writes in the court-book thus: A B against C D, for striking him with his hands on such a day. The president of the court then asks C D if this is true. If he confesses that he did so, the clerk writes C D confesses that he did so: if he denies it, A B is called to bring forward his witnesses—generally only two. They are separately asked if they saw C D strike A B; if they did, it is stated shortly and generally in one line. In this manner they will discuss a number of cases at one sitting. As soon as the libels are gone through, the court is cleared, and the bailies, on considering the cases, enact the fines, which are recorded in the court-book. The parties are then called in, and the decisions are read. In general, there is no murmuring, for they know that one chief point of the court-discipline is, that there is no appeal. The decree, like that of the Medes and Persians, is unchangeable; and every dispute is thus put to rest.

If at the court a person appears upon a charge, and if he has a relation a bailie, the latter, in this case, gives his place to any judicious workman at hand, so as to put aside any idea of partiality.

If, after a summons is given, the parties make an agreement, they jointly pay a certain sum into their Friendly Society. The regulations as to the amount of fines for sundry trespasses is from three and four pence to a guinea. This Court of Equity more than realised the views and objects which Lord Erskine contemplated, and its influence has generally tended to improve the miners in their conduct. The most striking and remarkable feature is the willingness with which they submit to the fines laid upon them by their equals. But it is this perfect equality of condition which renders them so obedient, for their fellow-labourers who work next to each other in the mines are their judges, and he who is this year brought before the bailies, may the next year sit as bailie in

judgment upon the case of a bailie retired from his office. We find in society certain points in ambition generally stimulating mankind to action, from him who aspires to kingdoms, to him who only aims at a little superiority in his station of life; and this is not wanting in the case now treating of; for it often happens, that after it is known who are the twelve in nomination from whom the four assistant-bailies are to be chosen, these candidates have a strong wish to be elected, and will promise, if they are chosen, to do their duty faithfully; yet this duty is not a sinecure, as they must sit regularly in court, and have particularly to attend to the regulation of the money belonging to their Friendly Society, and to visit every sick person who claims support therefrom.

#### L I F E I N T H E S T R E A M .

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, dimpled in small rings,  
By the light touch of insects sporting there.  
Music of murmurs from the winged throng—  
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 gray 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 musing 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 chipping sound of teeth,  
As when he nibbled, with his rapid jaws,  
The juicy bark that forms the reed's young sheath.  
The joyous bird that warbles in the sedge—  
The pallid moth 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.

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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 463.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 Eigg 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 in the choice 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 islesman 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. Heigh-ho! 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 reverend 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 biassed 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 to blame for 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 now return, 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 replacing him.

Look at Farmer Turniptop, 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 Turniptop, 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 Turniptop has a distressing consciousness that his nose is being put out of joint, so to speak, by his wealthy supplanter Newcome.

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, dressing, 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 the loam and marl contained gold, and can call 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 fair return, and frightens all Arcadia with the roaring of the steam-engines that do his winnowing and thrashing, 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 Turniptop'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, no sentiment, nothing but a fair pennyworth for a ready penny.

We cannot all be Newcomes. A whole library of works on tillage, from Tusser or Poor Richard to Mr Hoskyns's wise and clever little volume, *Talpa; or Chronicles of a Clay Farm*, cannot teach practical farming, and even Turniptop's rough traditions

are better than the dreams of Professor Flightie. Newcome has both practice and theory to help him, being usually the educated son of some farmer of more sense and forethought than his compeers. But how fares it in general with the townsman, the retired naval officer, the captain who sells his commission in the Royal Plungers, marries Miss Jane, and takes a farm? Poor man, poor man! At the very best, as Sir Walter puts it, 'the carles and the cart avers make it a', and the carles and the cart avers eat it a.' Things work round in a circle. But more usually there is a balance on the wrong side of the account at the year's end. Even if you be sensible, active, and able to govern, your men will not work as well for you as for Turniptop, to the matter born. You are not early 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 veriest clown on the land jeers at your ignorance. Then you gradually get to place more and more confidence in your bailiff or foreman, some rustic more long-headed and smooth-tongued than the rest, and your deficits grow and grow till your patience wears out, and so ends your amateur farming. There are people, town-bred, who can buy a tiny property, some very few acres, and actually make money thereof; but it must be an especial hobby, and those who ride it, wise and prudent beyond the average; while even their small profit is sure to be drawn from pigs and poultry, apples and roots, rather than from grain or sheep.

The most profitable crops are of a comparatively eccentric character, such as madder and poppies, lavender, canary-seed, roses, strawberries, and so forth, all of which only answer in particular localities. So with wood, 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 osier-bed, fast-rooted on the aits 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 water-carriage is at hand, should repay 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 rental. One great advantage the south of Europe possesses over the north, in climates favouring the vegetation which cannot endure our keener 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 deftly made in Dutch churns, in the spotless, 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, the firmest and most wholesome in all markets, comes originally from Damme or Flushing, and the value of a Dutch dairy-farm is counted by the square yard.

Mining is a dubious investment. It has always had great temptations. Men point to Cresus, 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 founded a family, and earned honours 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 yet more to gold. Until California and Australia began to pour their fountains of gold-dust into the lap of Europe, there existed an almost superstitious fear of a gold-mine among prudent folks. It was held, and not unwisely, that the best thing the finder could do was to shut it up and run away from the temptation; for the precious metals had a dreadful habit of taking sudden dips, down, deep down, through the hard igneous rocks, and the rich vein abruptly shrivelled to nothing, or sank away like a pantomimic imp through a trap-door, and could only be followed at an expense that would have beggared Rothschild. It may be briefly said of mines, that they answer well in the hands of rich men, who can afford to wait and to lose, and who have the self-command to stop when the run of luck is adverse, but that Wheal Poldyddlum shares make but a haphazard investment for a poor man's slender venture.

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 of those entitled 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 have drawn blanks. When Sir Sampson Borem, as we all know, was made Chancellor, he was asked to accept a heavy loss, in a strict pounds, shillings, and pence view. For years, his fees had averaged twenty thousand pounds. There is Lord Cramham, too, and Baron Beetlebrow, who are quite poor men in comparison with their former selves. But the bar is no El Dorado to men of middling abilities; and a great deal of severe grinding is necessary to insure even a maintenance. To be sure, local interest often goes almost as far as talent. There are generally in each circuit one or two young gentlemen on whom briefs rain quite thickly. In London, these aspirants are neglected and unknown, but on the Midland Circuit, the Northern, the Western, their clerks are perpetually pouching retainers; and plaintiff and defendant vie in struggling for the aid of native genius, of the Warwick man, the Carlisle man, the son of Squire Applecroft of Crediton, or of Dr Leech, the respected Heavtree physician.

The loaves and fishes of the church are even more unequally distributed. A barrister's difficulty is to get work. Once employed, his labour is never gratuitous, whereas a curate may be worked well-nigh to death for very slender emoluments; and many small livings are even leaner than curacies. It may be safely said that he who takes orders with no higher views than those which refer to profit, makes but a bad bargain, unless, indeed, he be a giant of learning, a bishop's relative by blood or marriage, or tutor to the son of some very great man indeed.

Physic is not a liberal patroness, and gives little more than bread to most of her votaries. Sir Balaam, no doubt, finds the spray of Hygeia's fountain turn to golden drops for him. It is curious to watch the good man as his well-appointed carriage whirls him from one stately door to another, and to compute the value of his time. They say that he has a habit of tossing 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 doctors so fortunate as Sir Balaam, and the majority of the men of healing live by their art, and no more.

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 hot from the bakehouse 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 is made—and lost—by the regular frequenters of the money-market, those who make it 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 almost 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 per 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 car of Juggernaut.

Money-lenders are not held in high esteem, and do not always earn enough solid pudding to indemnify them for so much dispraise. Their profits and risks are both very considerable, and they lose heavily if they gain much. Perhaps the smaller fry of usurers fatten better than the leviathans 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 Halles. The market-women and basket-men who vend fish, fruit, vegetables, and flowers in the great city, are not a thrifty race, and Paris is a costly place of residence, full of temptations to extravagance. 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 Parisian 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 Halle*, a stout porter, the two women are *revendeuses*, one of 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 virago of the fish-market. As for Mère Margot, *she* may be a little slippery of disposition, what Flatcap calls *louche*, 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 fruit sellers, and they revel it away in careless fashion; and next morning the borrowing is renewed. Half a franc a day—ten per cent. *per day* on an advance of money! Harpagon himself might be content with that; and there are many Flatcaps in the pay of M. Levi, the capitalist in the background; and each of these jackals to a lending lion has scores of Madeleines and Jacqueses upon his list, and hardly ever loses a centime of the sums he doles out among them, so accurate is his knowledge of the class.



Probably a half of the business which in London supplies literature to a craving public, is carried on upon a system of usury. Twelmoe 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 discounts for him an occasional bill. Sufficiently embarrassed with the speculations on hand, he yet rushes on to others, in the hope of some one of them proving such a splendid and sudden success 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 riskful a customer as he, is ruinous, and after a few years of his life, utterly misspent as far as his own true interests are concerned, he closes with obligations to a startling amount, against which there stand but a few copyrights, the speculative value of which is probably more than fully absorbed by the mortgages. Poor Twelmoe 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 trades 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 accursed 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 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 con-

sidered 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 gray hairs might lurk the contemptuous curl of the lip, and who consequently shaved clean.

This difference as to beard or no 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 clippings 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 in later days 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 that 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 consecrated 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 shaven one of ceremony and feasting, and to further enhance the occasion by having it done 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 or absence of the beard, than by a glance at the Ninevite excavations, and the Egyptian paintings? The former are represented with magnificent flowing beards, sometimes plated, 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 saw a Chinaman with a beard or whiskers? Of the 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 stout 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 the advice of a seafaring man to a friend of ours about to sail for the Flowery Land, 'Let your beard grow; otherwise they will think nothing of you.'

It cannot be 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 mark 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 all 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 nowhere do we read of a tax on beards. Yet Peter the Great—that despotic autocrat of all the Russias—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 during office-hours; but the Norman Conqueror went further than that, and to spite his Anglo-Saxon subjects, ordered them all to shave their faces—a decree so repugnant that, rather than execute it, many of them left the country.

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 when 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 words: 'Quod ut ratum et stabile perseveret in posterum, presentis scripto sigilli mei robur apposui cum tribus pilis barbæ meæ.' 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 beardless sovereign was a 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 father, 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, 'Sire, when your father of honoured 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, and after Victor Emmanuel visited us 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 prominently brought before his fellow-creatures as the criminal, from the moment that his heinous offence against society is committed, to that wherein the judge 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 which mainly derive their popularity from the materials furnished by himself and friends. On the other hand, there is nobody who is so instantaneously and completely lost sight of as the felon after condemnation. In some of our courts of justice, there is a trap-door 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 monopolises 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 sombre piles 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 on gloomy 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 desolate barren moors. Of the daily lives of the men immured in these places, we hear nothing, save when some terrible *emeute* takes place within them, and the devil shakes his chain with hideous clamour. Of felon men, I say, we know but little; and of felon women, nothing. The philanthropist, 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 sad 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 sentimentalities. She is given to be rather hard upon tender murderesses, and impressible kleptomaniacs, and even to consider them (as one of her charges used to express it) 'rubbish.' A romantic prison matron would indeed be about 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 ill at 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

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—striving, 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 unsexed, and entertains 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 sacrifice 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 hair-cutting operation—moreover, it is, in my own opinion at least, a test of character. One woman will be resigned to her fate on the instant, and, with a Socratic stoicism, will compress her lips, submit herself to the shears, 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 a long way 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 my 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!" shrieked the old woman indignantly; "*why, it's my husband's hair now*, and you daren't touch it, according to law. It belongs to my husband, not to me, and you've no right to touch it—Lord bless you, the Queen of England daren't lay a finger on it now!"

\* *Female Life in Prison.* By a Prison Matron. Hurst and Blackett.

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 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 of arms themselves, and at once 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 tigress 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 is gone through. In this case it required three men to secure her wrist, whilst her hair was cut the requisite length, she struggling and cursing, and swearing long after the operation was over—even when she was in her refractory cell, while the gas was burning feebly in the wards, the matron on night-duty gliding noiselessly along the passages, and the clock in the yard chiming the early hours of morning.’ The female hair is the subject of incessant anxiety to its proprietress, even in a prison where there is nobody (male) to look at it. ‘Seeing the doctor’ is a privilege of which they avail themselves in large numbers, and very often solely to obtain his professional advice respecting their capillary attractions. ‘Will you be so good, sir, as to give me something to keep my hair from a-coming off? It ain’t half as thick as it used to be, and I shall go out bald, sir, if you don’t do something. It’s a-coming out in handfuls.’ Or: ‘If you please, sir, I’m sorry to say that I found some gray hairs in my head last night. It never happened before, sir. It’s all this dreadful prison that’s turning me gray.’

Vanity is the last weakness to abandon the female breast, nor is it found wise altogether to prevent its demonstration, since, in some of the cases recorded by our authoress, it is not too much to say that it is the sole link that connects the Woman with the Human. Many female prisoners make use of the whitening of their walls to give a clearer appearance to their complexion. They draw out the red threads from the cotton shirts they have to make, or from their aprons, and having soaked them in water, transfer the colouring matter to their cheeks by way of rouge. They appropriate the ropes of their hammocks to serve as crinoline, or transform their sheets into full petticoats. One very uproarious young lady, who was always in the penal-class cell—when not in the ‘dark’ cell—withdrew the wires in front of the windows thereof, and made them serve as a substitute for ‘boning’—to stiffen her stays. As she only detached them here and there, the misappropriation would not have been discovered had not the ingenious fair one fainted away in chapel one morning, a victim to this extra tight-lacing.

Among the ladies at Millbank and Brixton there is an incessant and piteous appeal for hair-pins; but a stony-hearted government will make no

provision for this want, remarking that ‘string will do.’ ‘Bless your handsome face, how charming you are looking this morning, miss,’ observed one fair flatterer to our matron; ‘there’s a kind of colour on your cheeks that just sets you off like. My dear good soul,’ with a sudden drop of her voice to a hasty whisper, ‘have you got such a thing as a hair-pin to spare?’ Pieces of glass are quite as much in request as with a tribe of savages. ‘A woman will break a window for a piece of glass, secure the largest piece in her bed, and mourn over the seeming accident with a display of feeling verging on the histrionic. This accident is often excused, and the cell searched for all the pieces. As a rule, despite the most rigid scrutiny, the woman contrives to conceal one piece. With a background to her glass—a black piece of cloth filched from her work, or the smoke from the gas or candle in her cell—she contrives an apology for a looking-glass, and guards her treasure with zealous care. The possession of a trifle of this kind will often keep the worst woman patient for many weeks—the confiscation thereof will transform her into a fury.’ A threat to substitute white night-caps for the not very modish head-dresses at present in vogue at Millbank, ‘convulsed the prisoners with horror,’ says our authoress, who is by no means given to exaggerated expressions. ‘I remember once passing a cell,’ says she, ‘the outer door of which had been left open one summer night by order of the doctor, when I was startled by the appearance at the iron grating 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 candlestick 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 hooked some of the melted tallow from the candle in my hand.

“It’s only jist 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. God 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 *agrément*s 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-valves. Even the quietest natures desire some sort 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 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 retaliating upon 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 sacking-sheets stitched with string were substituted. ‘The demotion 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-can, and concealing one strip of the metal, which she sharpened during the night; with this murderous instrument she cut up the sacking 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 gas is 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 bedsteads 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 shreds 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 attractions, possessed the unusual advantage (for a female) 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 impudently in reply to the matron's remonstrance; "it's very comfortable up here, and one gets a mighty lot of fresh air, which the Lord knows is wanted. I ain't a-coming down these eight-and-forty hours."

'And Johannah Lennan kept to her 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 a bit!"

"Are you coming down, Lennan?" was the gruff demand.

"Not if I can help it," was the response; "I mean to stick here as long as I can, my fine fellows!" 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 them, but she was ready to put them off to a convenient season. 'If you say it will put you out—that 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 childishly, and, like a child, be appeased by a promise to that effect.

Sometimes, but not often, sheer wantonness rather than evil temper is the incentive to these extraordinary fits of energy. Our authoress gives us types of every class, and the pleasantest type of all is a dreadfully boisterous one of the name of Tib. 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 unreasonable 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 remonstrated with, she would be penitent for several minutes, and then have a good 'break out,' to indemnify herself for the unnatural 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 'header' into the snow-bank that fringed the exercising-ground at Millbank, and disappeared for a moment altogether. Poor Tib! It is pleasanter to linger over her rough horse-play, than to think or write of matters contrasted with which these things are innocent frolics.

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 bad woman at Millbank is a demon. No two lines, in the opinion of the prison matron, are more true to human nature than these:

For men at most differ as heaven and earth,  
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.

The commonest wisdom of the world deserts them as well as all the virtues. The male prisoners are influenced by some amount of reason and forethought, but the female prisoner flies in the very face of prudence, and acts more like a mad creature than a rational human being. Very literally, she fears neither God nor man. Let a single type of this terrible class suffice. 'One woman, named Honor 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" directly 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. The woman's stay in the "dark" had been a long one, but there was no help for it, save to submit to her continuance there. She was one of the worst characters in the prison—unteachable, intractable, and malicious. The door of the dark cell closed upon her again, and day after day passed—even week after week—without any signs of her altering her determination. The usual prison food was given her each day—I am not quite certain that even extra food was not allowed—and every inducement urged to prevail upon her to return to her customary duties. The matron in attendance had a favourite little kitten, which was accustomed 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 shewn any affection for a living thing 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, 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 these effect considerable good with their hosts, so excellent is the exercise of kindness. Nor is even tender poetic feeling banished from the breasts of these unhappy women in all cases. Our matron was once looking, in 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 daisy, which she had plucked from the patch of grass during her rounds—one of those rude, repulsive, yet not wholly bad prisoners, from whom no display of sentiment was anticipated. Yet the wistful look of that woman at her stolen prize was a gleam of as true sentiment 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 daisy must have spoken of the old innocent times—of the fields she crossed once with old friends—perhaps of daisies 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 daisies in "the books."

The desire for companionship is to some slight extent gratified among these poor creatures by the adoption of a prison 'pal,' but they can have no communication with her without getting into trouble, and the smuggling of a folded scrawl 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 extent of their friendly communion. In the prison infirmary, however, besides better diet and laxer discipline, there is society to be got, as well as that blessed thing we call 'a change;' and therefore to get placed on the sick-list is the Millbank heaven. The schemes for attaining this end are unceasing, and the women care not at what sacrifice it is gained. Self-mutilation, and wanton destruction of health, are considered as nothing in the struggle to reach the infirmary ward. 'A woman will coolly pound a piece of glass to powder, and bring on internal hæmorrhage, nay, often bring herself to the dark threshold of death's door, for the mere sake of the change. Bad hands, and arms, and feet will be studiously contrived by means of scissors, thimble, or a half-penny fastened to a wound; madness will be feigned, and stay-laces be twisted round the neck till respiration almost ceases.' They perform this feat with a piece of list, or string, or a rope from their beds—there is no keeping every implement of self-destruction from a woman—and standing on their pail, put their heads into a running nooze fastened to iron work of the ventilator in the door, and then they give a kick to the pail, which sends the water streaming underneath the door, and alarms the matron—now and then not quite in time. With the less determined, tying a stay-lace round the neck, till the eyes nearly drop out of the head, and then waiting patiently for the arrival of the next comer, is quite a fashionable amusement. Pricking the gums with a needle to feign the spitting of blood, and soap-pills to give foaming at the mouth, occur, of course, to the meanest capacities; but some will grow so stark and stiff as to counterfeit death itself, and others will self-inflate themselves like the Nassau balloon. These last, when taken to the sick ward, will recover slowly, sit up for a day or two, and then take to their beds once more, and begin gradually to expand.

In the infirmary, of course, all sufferers, whether themselves the cause of their ailments or not, meet with every kindness. It is right to state, too, that the government exhibits, in other respects, a consideration and tenderness for these prison-

women that may well be called paternal. On the day of liberty, women who live in the country are conducted to the railway station, seen into the carriage by a prison matron, and their fare paid by government to the station nearest home; if they are residents in London, a matron accompanies them home, and with a few parting words leaves them with their friends. Alas, and what friends these often are! An entire chapter of these interesting volumes is devoted to describing the various kinds of prisoners' friends. These descriptions are admirably graphic, but we have only room for one short specimen, which is unhappily the most ordinary type. The interviews take place in the presence of a matron, who sits within a wire screen that runs between the visitor and the visitée. Let a husband and wife be meeting for the first time:

*Husband.* Well, you've made a mess of it this time, Sue, by George!

*Wife.* So it seems.

*Husband.* All your own fault, you know.

*Wife.* Don't stand there telling lies, Joe. If it hadn't been for your blackguard goings on, I should never have come to this.

*Husband.* You did it all yourself—you know you did. What, do you want to make this lady (*with a jerk of his thumb to the matron on duty*) believe all your cussed stories for? &c.

There are, indeed, heart-broken mothers, forgiving fathers, and other really loving visitors, whose interviews are touching indeed; but the above is an example of the most common sort of 'friends' that pay their visits to Millbank and Brixton once in three months. Government is a far more true and tender friend than these. It devises methods by which good-conduct has its reward, not merely in remission of sentence, but in treatment within the prison walls; and when that good-conduct has extended over a certain time at Millbank, the prisoner is removed to the less severe discipline of Brixton, and from that 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 has fled in early days.

There are a vast number of various characters, of whose crimes the public were once cognizant enough, portrayed in these two volumes, from the murderess of her 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 inconsistencies. 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 to 'association,' or the right of companionship, they were considerably allowed to occupy the same cell, instead of each being placed with a stranger. Their first meeting was marked by this outburst 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. 'Ye—es, lady,' was her hesitating answer; 'it's a

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 brutish 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 into contact.' The poor creatures themselves know this. They absolutely taunt the lady-prisoners with their superior education. 'You was lar'nt 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 we do so the prison matron's occupation will not be gone. Education within the walls is found to be almost futile. With such indocile 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 have we advocated in these columns its claims to the pecuniary assistance of our readers. The authoress of *Female Life in Prison* corroborates all that we have said of it. Over her volumes many a tear will be 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 Blankshire, 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 cards to view, apply to Messrs Nockemdon, Auctioneers and Estate Agents, London; or to Mr Nathaniel Graves, 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, captain, so long as it's on the blessed dry land.'

You are both right my friends; Eyrie Towers is the very place alluded to by that advertisement, albeit

when I had learned as much from Messrs Nockemdon 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 why should there be so much of it?—further than Herne Bay; nor have I, until quite lately, ever seen Eyrie Towers from seaward, although I have been its proprietor these six months. However, I am anticipating. When I first caught sight of this advertisement, I was sitting in the breakfast-room in my villa on Wimbledon Common; my eyes wandered from the newspaper to the plate-glass window, through which was to be seen 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 of it, along 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 inartificial pleasure-grounds; 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 cad, 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 of the incessant hurdy-gurdy, and the snowy foam of the storm-stirred deep, instead of 'blacks.' As for air, I daresay 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 unparalleled odour, without which a sea-side place is as disappointing to me as that bastard scentless flower, 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 butler, Muggles—who never forgot that his late master was a baronet—had 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; but 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), but we were visited by those who were. Though we did have a house in Baker Street, we were not merely 'genteel' 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 Louisa Adelaide, 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 that unconscious 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 what is most appropriate for his offspring—the very birds of the air perform what is right in that respect: her appetite, too, is failing;

she wants sea-air : 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 concealing), 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 (whom I used to call Theodolite 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 Messrs Nockemdon to make inquiries. The clerk in the glass case, who had doubtless remarked the high stepping bays 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 Cinqueport, through which town I must needs pass to get to Eyrie Towers, was in possession of all the requisite information; but the Messrs Nockemdon had merely instructions as to price. From the photographs just taken of the mansion 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, 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 air enough. There was not much 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, comprehended 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 Nockemdon 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 headlands lying east and west of the Castle, was the property of its lord. This valuable privilege had been conceded to the founder of the ancient race, who had once inhabited Eyrie Towers, by King Stephen, on account of his having burned a village in the vicinity, inhabitants and all, because, upon being pricked with lance-heads, they had given provisions to some troops of the opposite faction. Only the queen, 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 incalculably valuable. Mr Nockemdon only 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 Cinqueport was abrogated. Still, I should 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 castellated erections, with pepper-box towers, and slits for loopholes, 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 picturesquely ivied), a drawbridge spanning what had formerly been a moat, but which was now a sunk garden, and even several bonâ-fide 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 oriels 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 Nockemdon, 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 hereditary 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 could entertain in person 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 tenantless, 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 ostentatious 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 home to my wife and family that day, was courteously acceded to, and I returned with a portfolio of them to Wimbledon, already in imagination a feudal chieftain.

One of the happiest evenings of my life was spent on that occasion. It was worth almost any money—



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 a reality which might be their own. Even Muggles, who was somehow made a confidant of this coming grandeur, condescended to express his opinion that Eyrie Towers would 'do.' It was just such an 'environ' of high-life as he 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 Louisa 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 Nockemdon 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.

I observed something of this kind at a print-shop, where I inquired my way to Mr Graves's, and the young lady behind the counter, whom I addressed, replied laughingly, and with a shake of her curls: 'Well, sir, we may not long—if all we hear be true—have the opportunity of visiting Eyrie Towers at all.'

She looked at me so roguishly, that I knew at once she suspected me of becoming its purchaser; and I set this down as being the result of my landed air. 'That young woman shall come whenever she likes,' thought I, 'whether it's Monday or Friday, or any other day. I daresay she takes me for one of those haughty aristocrats who would keep the people out of everything; but I shall let her know I am nothing of the kind.' I made a mental resolution to send her a card, with 'Admit the bearer' on it, signed Tompkins (without any Christian name, in the old feudal fashion); and I took down the address over the shop-door (H. Walker, Sharp Street) with that intention, and put it in my pocket-book.

Mr Nathaniel Graves lived only a few doors off in the same street (No. 1), but his house lay back within a courtyard, and was evidently the habitation of a man of means. What calling he professed, I had not inquired; but had I not been informed of the antipathy which the ancestral proprietor of Eyrie Towers entertained towards lawyers, I should have set down Mr Nathaniel Graves for an attorney, pure and simple—if I may make use of so great a contradiction in terms. He was the nearest approach to a terrier that the Human is permitted to arrive at under the present physical laws; he smiled upon me

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 *bonâ-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 Messrs Nockemdon 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 free warren 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 basket-weaving. It is not even a pleasant galloping-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 finer 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 bidding defiance to the ocean that chafed and roared 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 sailless sea, but on the 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 Eyrie Towers cannot expect to see such sights as a London gentleman. There is nothing to excite yourself 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 have finished the catalogue. 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.

'You ride uncommonly fast, sir,' expostulated I, 'considering how excessively near this roadway is to the cliff.'

'Why, yes,' returned the agent hastily, 'it is rather near; the fact is, 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 Eyrie 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 Eyrie 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; 'neither you nor Thomas seem 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 need not fear losing your situation.'

'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 bower, 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 garments 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— Never 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 charge you to answer this—*Is Eyrie Towers haunted?*'

'Lor' bless you, no, sir,' ejaculated the housekeeper, with a simple heartiness of negation, about the genuineness 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 flotsam and jetsam—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 Eyrie Towers were lodged at my banker's, and I found myself the proprietor of the Cheap Castle.

Why it was cheap, remains to be told.

(To be continued.)

#### THE WINESHOPS AND EATING-HOUSES OF PARIS.

WHAT the motive may be which induces so many of our countrymen to exaggerate the defects of Englishmen, and to exalt the merits of foreigners, I never could discover, but it may in some instances arise from the fact, that they know something of the English, while their experience of foreigners is derived from a few days' residence in Paris. After that sojourn, they consider themselves competent to give an opinion on the manners and morals of Frenchmen. Not many months ago an American, at a public meeting in Paris, bewailed the drunkenness he had seen in London, and added, that he had travelled through France to its capital, and during the whole journey, and his residence in that city, he had not seen one drunken individual; a statement which, according to the newspapers, was received with much cheering. The speaker omitted to say that not four days had elapsed since he had disembarked at Calais, and that the few miles which separates that port from Paris had been traversed in a railway-carriage. Drunkenness appears to be the

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 novel 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 360,000; 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 inscriptions. 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 absinthe, 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 usually 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 are workmen, *commissionnaires*, and mechanics; 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 *débits 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 possibly also not 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 was 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 *mouchard* or spy into one of these places, late at night, causes a very perceptible sensation among a good many of these gentry, and the foreigner of inquiring mind who ventures within at the same period, had better look well to his pockets. Such houses as these abounded in those narrow streets of the *cité* which have been pulled down 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*, in order that 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 alike to consolations and vexations. 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, because he gets his drink 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 Parisian custom of resorting to these places which has led Englishmen, who commonly never go outside the barriers, except in a railway-carriage, 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 *grisettes*, 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 sociability of Frenchmen is the conduct of the men you see here towards each other. Hardly a man speaks to his neighbour, or interferes with him in any way. If two half-drunken individuals quarrel, and resort to blows, the rest sit still, and regard the encounter with the same complacency as though it were a gratuitous spectacle got up for their amusement. If any interference takes place at all, it is for the purpose of keeping the waiters from checking the ardour of the combatants.

After Sunday, the customers of many of these *guingettes* are mostly thieves or *chiffonniers*, and men of similar occupations. Some are very largely patronised. I remember one house near the *Barrière Roucheonart* which offered a singular spectacle at night. The room was long and narrow, there being 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 though life had not a care; while others were engaged 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 sullenly at the table before them, and feigned unconsciousness of the enemy's presence; others, on the contrary, looked 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 far the general morality of the population was 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, Seltzer-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 dribblers 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'hôtes* 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 untempting aspect. Others style themselves *arlequin* merchants, the arlequins being fragments of cooked meat, the perquisites of cooks. There used to be an establishment of this humble kind over which was written *à l'hasard de la fourchette*, and they may be common now, for aught I know to the contrary. The speculative person who preferred the chance of getting a dinner cheap or going without it altogether, paid his two sous to the proprietor of an 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 stuck 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 gold-fields recently discovered in Nova Scotia. The reports from the colony are not nearly 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 advantages over the latter colony. The country is settled, and a large portion well cultivated, the necessaries of life are plentiful and cheap, while communication with the mother-country 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 Tangier diggings attracted many people. Since then, however, gold has been discovered at New Tangier, 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 lie 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 glistening 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 for miners' lodgings have been built. 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, as 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 seizes 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. There are many patents and inventions 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, Laidlaws 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 shewed 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 L.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 'prospecting' or searching for gold, the miner generally uses a tin or iron pan, circular, about fifteen inches in diameter, with sides two inches deep, sloping from the bottom outwards. When earth is found likely, 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 sides, carrying out with it the top surface of 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 being slightly 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 is caught and detained, 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 often 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 88 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 cures 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 passèd 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 morrow Memnon  
bids  
In fabled accents to the morn,  
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 so 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 aright,

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 passèd near.

All communications to be addressed to 47 Paternoster Row, London, accompanied by postage-stamps, as the return of rejected contributions cannot otherwise be guaranteed.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 464.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 trolls 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 raid of John Brown was a special providence, 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:

Perish with him the folly  
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-ridg'd hills  
The Northern rifle 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 lyricist, 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* monthlies 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 types appear to have been smeared with shoe-blackening, 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 despised theory into a detested effect, 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 high-ways, 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, there are times when nations,  
Must, like battle-worn men,  
Leave their proud, self-builed quiet,  
To do service once again.  
When the banners, blessed by fortune,  
And by blood and brain embalmed,  
Must rethrob 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 Faderland and adopted land have been named incongruously, in adaptations of Korner and Schiller. The Germans, however, are thoroughly Americanised, while the Irish have preserved their national individuality amidst all mutations.

When the news came that war had actually been commenced by the investment 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-fourth 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 host, or die!  
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 inwrought 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 abolitionised, 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 neither the duration of the war nor 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 RAISING.

Here, where our fathers came,  
Bearing the holy flame  
To light our days;  
Here, where with faith and prayer,  
They reared 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;  
Shew 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 Hempden Cravat*, &c.—we

select a pithy fragment relative to the swindling of contractors and army-agents:

From top to toe, from head to foot,  
Our politics 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 progress, blankets, brief—  
The roguery'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 storm 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 woe,  
By the heavy flags, that fall  
Trailing, from the bastioned wall,  
*Miserere, Domine!*

By our country's common blame—  
By our silent years of shame—  
By our curbed and bated breath,  
Under dynasties of death—  
*Miserere, 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 writer has heard

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave, shouted by a whole brigade of soldiers on the march, and that is probably the ballad that will be associated most directly with the contest. A committee of merchants and literary men offered, in the year 1861, L.100 for the best national war-song. Some thousands of compositions, more or less wretched, were submitted, and the committee finally decided that they could recommend none to the attention of the people.

Three songs have become favourites in the South—*The Bonnie Blue Flag, Maryland, my Maryland, and Dixie's Land*. The Alabama *Dixie* used to be roared by the guard at the Libby prison, Richmond, and we present a specimen verse :

Away down south, in the Carolina,  
They have guns and the ready rhino ;  
Look away ! look away ! look away ! Dixie land !  
They 've the men to do the fighting,  
There 's no use in scratchin' and bitin' ;  
Hooray ! hooray ! hooray ! Dixie land !

CHORUS.

Oh ! I 'm glad I am in Dixie ! hooray ! hooray !  
In Dixie 's land I take my stand,  
To live and die in Dixie !  
Away ! away ! away down south in Dixie !  
Away ! away ! away down south in Dixie !

The southern state of Alabama  
Will try her hand before they larn her ;  
Look away ! look away ! look away ! Dixie land !  
So will our Mississippi brother,  
And Georgia too, our mortal mother,  
Hooray ! hooray ! hooray ! Dixie land !

And Louisiana then will come,  
And Texas, too, will help us some,  
Look away ! look away ! look away ! Dixie land !  
And Arkansas, with her toothpicker,  
Will help us out a little quicker,  
Get away ! get away ! get away ! Dixie land !

And next old North Car'lina state,  
And after that what 's good and great,  
Hooray ! hooray ! hooray ! Dixie land !  
When Lincoln gets on a southern brake,  
We 'll give him a touch of the rattlesnake !  
Get away ! get away ! get away ! Dixie land !

Among those who have contributed more or less extensively to the lyrics of the war, are Mr Thomas Buchanan Read, author of the *New Pastoral*, who has written perhaps the best Northern war-song; Mr Bayard Taylor, the celebrated traveller, and an editor of the *Tribune*, whose ballads have been marked by much happiness of pathos and depth of sentiment; Mr George H. Boker, author of *Calypso*, and other tragedies; Mr James Russell Lowell, whose *Biglow Papers* are the best of the few attempts to delineate the humour of the war; Mr George D. Prentice, the most sententious of American wits, and editor of the *Louisville Kentucky Journal*; General George P. Morris of the *Home Journal*, who has contributed several songs; Mr Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose *Voyage of the good Ship Union*, and other lyrics, have been immensely popular; Mr William H. Newell ('Orpheus C. Kerr'), author of some witty recruiting ballads; Mr William Cullen Bryant, whose latest ballad—*Three Hundred Thousand More*—has been set to music, and sung in camp and court; and Messrs R. H. Stoddart, T. B. Aldrich, E. C. Stedman, Fitz-James O'Brien, and Augustine H. Duganne, all of whom have done something to maintain their previous high reputations.

The songs that swell up from the border states are 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 property. We find in one of the St Louis (Missouri) journals a ballad, so 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 thronged.

She shudders, 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.

Ever 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 inter-sectional struggle, and some dozen histories have been projected. 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 7000 dollars, or more than L.800. Mr Lossing travels with the army, provided with photographic instruments, and all the material requisite to perpetuate the battles, sieges, 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 bureaux 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 established a courier system that defies the interference of government, or the mutations of steam, wind, and tide. 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 correspondent is present at every battle; and these gentry have not only kept pace with the Federal troops, but have entered the domains of the Confederates, and beheld, pilfered, and eaves-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. Pryor, printed in pamphlet at Richmond. It has been necessary, on the part of the Federal authorities, to imprison several of these '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 in Fort M'Henry, Baltimore, and others in the coal-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 Halleck threatened to put them to work on fortifications if found within camp limits after a specified day. Ubiquitous, irrepressible, slippery, and observing 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 civil wars is thus being transcribed, and the chroniclers keep pace with the events. The continent that was, three years ago, boundless, void, and uncommemorated, is now studded with the remarkable, the imperishable, and the grand. The Mississippi, that went sluggishly toward the sea, through three thousand miles of unnoted territory, margined by no historic plains, pillars, or populaces, 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 *Carondelet* dashed by in the darkness, with eight batteries belching close beside 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, booms, chains, torpedos, 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 *Acelandama*:

The rills obscure, that sang the livelong year,  
So lonesomely, that none were known to hear;  
The millroad, where the weeds choked up the tracks,  
And clogged the ox-cart; and the patch of pines,  
Where never within memory rang 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;  
The sleepy cross-road, where the sign-post gleams,  
And boors beside 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 naps;  
These have been made world-famous; populaces  
Shall visit them for aye, as storied places;  
The czar shall mention them upon his throne,  
And seamen, that keep watches of cold nights  
Couple them with long marches and great fights;  
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 unfledged bards, and terrible invectives 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 Dupont, or M'Clellan!  
What is the right worth? Have they not the power?  
Make Fairfax a pirate, a fiend, and a felon,  
And hang him in chains at the peak of the tower!  
If the lion should roar, hold 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 over-ruled 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 lyrists, 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 knelt '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-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 is this 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 muniment-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.

'Lor, 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 coupled 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, thought I, I wonder whether 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.

'Insured! 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 fire.'

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 uncommonly cheap? I protest 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 Baronial 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 knick-knacks, so as to make it livable-looking and cosy 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 got 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 Theodolite 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 duck-pond; the terrace and little strip of lawn-garden 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 luggage 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, over which extended my rights to Flotsam and Jetsam—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 shewn 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 Mrs 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 sighed 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 Saturday, as I was riding over the sand-hills, 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 stiff enough, and of course he knew the reason of it. I 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 deuce 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 drawing-room to the kitchen. 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, grasping 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 peal of thunder, much worse than what we heard on that occasion.'

'Is it not therefore plain, my dear,' said I smiling, 'that Nature herself is inimical'—

'O pray, 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 plume and a helmet 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 people he doesn't want, how 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 dissipate what in a less good-natured man might be called ill-humour; presently, I began to walk slower, 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 senses.

'Where did you say there used to be ten or a dozen beds?' inquired I.

'There, sir,' groaned the ancient retainer, pointing straight out to sea. 'Where 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,' and wiped 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 silence.

'What an exceedingly odd 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 spade, and forbore to cut them through. 'What an exceedingly odd 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, I pity you; you have been and put your foot in it, heel 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 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 'scarcely expect' that the castle-flag would fly over Mrs Tompkins's head 'for many, many years!'

Well might that felonious Mr Nathaniel 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 my 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 subterranean 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 scoundrel 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 Chane 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 disparity 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 boudoir 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 old 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 dishonourable 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 sagacious 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 answer for building you such a breakwater as shall keep Eyrie Towers for your great-grandchildren; and if there be Portland stone within a reasonable distance'—

'There *is*,' cried I, interrupting the young man hilariously; 'there's a blessed quarry of Portland stone on my own land.—Look here, Theodolite: if you will stop these noises, prop up the eastern tower, build the breakwater for five thousand pounds, and save me my Cheap Castle, I tell you what I'll give you—I'll give you Louisa Adelaide.'

'Then, that's a bargain,' quoth Mr Theodosius 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 Noodell 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 call. 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 have 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 soothe the 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. Last spring, John became a little 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 a good deal, and ascertained at full length what we shall state in brief.

Setting aside the commissions of a permanent character, such as the Enclosure, the Ecclesiastical, and the Patent Commissions, and others of like nature, there were nineteen commissions of inquiry appointed in the sessions 1859, 1860, and 1861. Speaking roundly, these commissions were representatives of the two questions—What ought we to do? And how shall we do it? 'How shall we recruit our Army?' The commissioners were a year and a half considering this question; then made their Report; and then 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.: a dismal subject, on which it is 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 Laws 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 Chancery,' 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 inquiring into the Defences of the Country; and three thousand by the Salmon Fisheries Commission. But the most vexing of all these commissions are those for inquiring into 'Corrupt Practices at Elections.' It really is too bad that we poor tax-payers should be called upon to pay several thousand pounds because the voters at Gloucester, 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 ended until 1859 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 Punctual Delivery Company.' This commission spent sixteen thousand pounds sterling, not 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'll try our best to believe (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 genteel expression 'Civil Contingencies.' This commission has been one of the most remarkable ever appointed. It was nominated on the 22d of November 1841, with the late Prince Consort as its chairman; and in the subsequent period of twenty-one years, has lost by death an extraordinary number of persons who, by birth or position, by fortune or by intellect, had become celebrities. Look at the list: Prince Consort, Duke of Sutherland, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Aberdeen, Earl of Ellesmere, Earl Canning, Viscount Melbourne, Lord Ashburton, Lord Colborne, Lord Macaulay, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Sir Robert Inglis, Mr Wyse, Mr Gally Knight, Mr Hallam, Mr Rogers—all dead, seventeen out of thirty-one.

Some of the other commissions have been rather costly affairs. The 'Popular Education' commissioners ran through thirteen thousand pounds in three years. A very annoying affair was the commission for inquiring into the doings at the military clothing dépôt at Weedon; poor John had actually to pay eight thousand pounds to Messrs Quilter and Ball the accountants for overhauling the account-books at that establishment, and ascertaining that the debit and credit accounts did *not* agree; that is, he knew that he had been wronged, and he paid eight thousand pounds to find out *how much*. Some of the commissioners are too high in position, or too wealthy, to receive payment for their services; but yet a good deal of money is licked up in various ways. Thus the 'Lights, Buoys, and Beacons Commission' put down an item of sixteen hundred pounds for 'travelling and personal expenses' of the commissioners. The 'Jersey' inquiry was an exception; the three commissioners took a thousand pounds each. The 'National Defence' Commission spent no less than four thousand pounds in surveying, conducted by the topographical department of the War Office. In the wretched 'Election Bribery' affairs, it appears that the usual number of commissioners for each inquiry is three, and that the three commissioners get five guineas a day each; of course, they are all 'honourable men,' but there is a great temptation to spin out the proceedings to an undue length, as is shewn by the Blue-books of evidence collected, in some instances amounting to a thousand closely printed

folio pages! Eight hundred guineas paid to three persons for listening to details of roguery told by Berwick people against each other—alas, alas!

These temporary commissions of inquiry the reader will understand are fluctuating. Some 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-eight 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 functionaries. They are poked 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 for the accommodation of 'boards,' 'commissions,' and 'departments,' which have no other home to go to. Earl Russell, for instance, at the present time, must hang up his hat in 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 Cornwall Lewis is theoretically supposed to be always running to and fro between Pall Mall and Parliament Street, because the two halves of the War Office are thus severed; and the Duke of Somerset has the same sort of double existence between the two halves of the Admiralty 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 PENSIONERS.

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 expatiate. 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 strung upon the thread of narrative as thickly—excuse the meanness of the simile—as onions on a market-woman's rope.

But, when once the sun has fairly entered *Scorpio*, then, just 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 scantly still. Archery, picnics, al-fresco 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 practicable 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 pedestrian and pony-chaise locomotion equally unpleasant; and as for town acquaintance, those are by no means so ready to drive ten miles out, and ten miles in again, for the sake of our society, as when we have nightingales in our woods, and 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 on their own resources for all those interests and pleasures which enliven daily life. Now, these it 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 these winter pensioners. Those who already practise this charity—which need not interfere the least with that which our fellow-creatures now demand of us so urgently—will like to compare our observations with their own, and others may lay up a true pleasure to lighten the dark days that are even now beginning.

First on our list, then, because by far the first in numbers, stands the sparrow-family, 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 'the great gift of chit-chat.' They chatter over their loves and their quarrels, over their own affairs and those of their neighbours, in such an open fashion, putting 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 come the rightful owners with every disposition to oust 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 tiles, and what perching on eaves, and preening of feathers, and flirting of tails, till the whole house-top shewed as lively as a borough in election-time! Conspicuous above all was the successful candidate. If we only had had that vizier of the *Arabian Nights*, who understood all bird-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 neat quotations of the 'pro aris and focis' quality brought down that chatter 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 sleep again.' The first lark wakes him; and in turn, he wakes his wife with a patter 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-ash and bay markings are certainly like those of the female *Passer domesticus*. It belongs to the warblers, a genus entirely different; is a soft-billed bird; and pipes a sweet short plaint of a song very early in the year. Our east-country rustics call it 'cuckoo's nurse,' and with good reason, for that intruder lays 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 thus laid 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 once 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-crumbs, but if you wish to attract a variety of guests to your table-d'hôte, you must of course offer a more various bill of fare. Perhaps your establishment, my friend, boasts a nesting-place; some room with fittings warm and cosy for the tender human brood. Now, supposing the nursery looks out on the garden, a pleasure for its inmates in heavy winter-days, which their elders will be pleased to share, is easily created. A small round or melon-shaped wire-cage, set up about three feet from the ground, is all that is necessary. From the middle of this cage hang a lump of suet, and this soon brings the tit-mice. We have the wires placed just far apart to admit them, but not wide enough to allow the crow to play harpy at the feast: children never seem weary of watching these graceful little fellows run up and down the birch-stem, which supports the cage, creep with mouse-like movements round the wires, or hanging from these by their claws, head downwards, strike with their beaks at the suet like proficient at the old game of Bob-cherry. We entertain three members of the family—the handsome black-headed tit-mouse, the marsh-tit, and our favourite blue-cap, which, as the readers of Gilbert White already know, is 'a vast admirer of suet.' This bird, with his cap of Prussian-blue velvet, the soft colouring, yellow-shaded into green, of the body, tail and wings that match his cap—only the wings have a white cross-bar—is one of our handsomest small birds. On sharp mornings, even while the snow under the shrubs shews gray in the winter twilight, we count as many as five, six, seven of our plump little suet admirers, blithe and busy over their breakfast. It is worth while observing that they break off fragments which they hold in their claws to feed upon with precisely the action of parrots and cross-bills. Two or three pairs build every spring on our premises, and no birds choose such eccentric nesting-places. A large pink-shell on rock-work, the scare-crow's hat, a deserted bee-skep, the kitchen soap-box left by chance on a wall, of all these odd crannies we have known the blue-cap take possession. I once saw their nest most skilfully fixed in a wide-mouthed preserving-bottle, which had been left to drain neck downwards. In this the pigmy hen reared ten young ones; and the brood, when half-fledged, offered a most curious sight as we saw them through the glass come, half-fluttering, half-creeping, down their slippery path to be fed at the bottle's neck by the old birds.

So much for our winged mice. One fine spring-day, in 1860, we found a four-footed visitor at their feeding-place, picking up sun-flower seeds. It must have made its autumn burrow somewhere near, and had been disturbed, or perhaps tempted out early

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 under-side of its body a silvery white, it had the prettiest tail, almost as long as itself, the prettiest tiny ears sticking upright out of its short fur; the prettiest 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 prehensile tail, it would sport and 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 Selborne 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 his hips and haws grow scarce along the hedge. He is then glad of canary-seed. A bird of sprightly mien and airy bachelor-ways, you are not surprised to find him called 'Cœlebs' by ornithologists. As February goes on, he wears his gay coat—a bit of natural patchwork with curiously blended colours it is—with increased jauntiness; 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 song neat and sprightly like his person. If we walk beneath the elms, 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 Cœlebs is now in search of a wife, and fixes his wedding-day somewhere about St Valentine's. The pair have built their elegant nest, studded with lichens, 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 friendly confidence which is, methinks, the most exquisite tribute man can receive from the animal creation. The thrush 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 north 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 *viva 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 things in the district, our gardener was not troubled with them; and allowing, on the other hand, that the little rogues do indulge in occasional mischief, I say, what are a few flower and leaf buds, or a little fruit, compared with the pleasure we find in watching all their ways? Just think of the thousand fancies, grave and gay, of the elevating influences, the kindly sympathies, to which glimpses into this bird-world about us waken 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 throughout 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 time 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, he can produce in abundance; but all that made 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 sunshine and the breeze into his pages.

But while we digress, another pensioner waits for his dole—hemp and canary 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 larder, 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; and it might have been one of these, had not nature toned it down with some subtle shade known only to her palette. Elsewhere, she shews 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, deepening as soon as the sun has gone down into a glossy lurid crimson. An old shepherd, quite as high an authority on weather matters within the village precincts as Admiral Fitzroy himself, first drew my attention to this 'bullfinch sky'—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 missel and song, and the black-bird—all birds which do not resort to plantations, but keep in open fields and hedges, and consequently, bear the full brunt of wind and frost. Through the terrible frosts of 1860-1, this starving population flocked to a sheltered place, where they found a plentiful provision of rape, hemp, and linseed, berries, ant-apple, bread-crumbs, and egg. The melancholy silence of the party, including, as it did, some of our best song-birds, which, under happier skies, fill the air with music, was very touching. Very touching, too, was their appearance—drooping, scared, forlorn; the plumage 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 painful anxiety which accompanies human suffering. Among his congeners, the black-bird 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 black-bird 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 somewhat paradoxical treatment. French writers 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 country. Buffon exactly puts the case when he winds up his genial description of the robin with the very practical direction, 'this affectionate little songster should be served up with 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 bread crumbed fine. Spread his table upon your window-ledge, and he feeds under your eye with all the nonchalance of a gentleman plying knife and fork at a public dinner, with a gallery full 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 cheery 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 pleases. 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 earnest 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-porch 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 his wife under our protection. The young couple interested us, and as they had fixed their quarters in a distant shrubbery, we hoped there would be no scandalous 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 terms with each other, which ladies 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 muses. One instance of this sort of intuition, which refers to the robin, will suffice the reader, 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 eye the delver'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 shewn 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 the cradle's head, 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 one story of this sort—I had it from an eye-witness—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 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 the life within it was ebbing fast. 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 Ishmael 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 *bonne bouche* in his beak, he perches on the shoulders of the Parian Cupid who obligingly holds my wax-matches, pinches the head of the annelid, 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.' Among his congeners, let Rob be more pugnacious than any Irishman at Donnybrook—in the domestic circle, let his conduct be such that, were he a London sparrow instead of a country robin, he might be better known in Bow Street than the worst husband on whom the police keeps an eye—let him, I say, be all this, yet my readers and I will never think ill of him while he is Robin Goodfellow to all the human race; while we find him what Izaak Walton found him in his day—'our honest Robin, that loves mankind, both alive and dead.'

#### C A B S A N D C A B M E N.

AT no time were cabmen a popular class in London. Since the opening of the International Exhibition, 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 refractory, they are anything but nice about the choice 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 bilking cabmen.' This system of abuse succeeds, or the public are more generous in their dealings with cabmen than with any other class of the working community, or there is a general feeling that the scale of fares is an insufficient one; for the Jehus 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 'four-wheelers' and 'Hansoms,' there are nearly five thousand in London. Each cab is obliged to have a number, for which the owner pays one shilling a day. Thus, if the cab is licensed to ply 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 licensed owner of a cab is liable for any infraction of the law committed by means of the vehicle. 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 responsibility in case of misconduct.

A new four-wheel cab costs about forty pounds; a second-hand one may be had for ten or twelve pounds; but any owner who can afford it, thinks it the better economy to purchase a new article. A new Hansom may be had for about thirty-five pounds; but if it be a 'spicy' one, and made to order, it will cost 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. The tires on the front wheels wear out sooner than those on the hind wheels. 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 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 have not height, 'blood,' 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 ground. They purchase racers 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 to bits.' 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 cannot be well worked without a couple of horses. There are men who have only a single horse, but they are obliged to work at a great disadvantage. They must be very economical of their horse-power, and the system on which they act

is to pull up on the nearest 'rank' after discharging their fare, so that they may go over as little ground as possible when not earning money. Those who have two horses, usually take out one in the morning, and work it up to three or four o'clock in the afternoon; put it up then, and take out the other for the evening; or give each horse a rest every alternate day. Owners of a single cab are, in nearly every instance, their own drivers; and they are the most steady and civil men connected with the occupation. If they are not sober and careful of their horses and cab, they cannot make a living out of the business. It is your mere driver, generally, who is reckless and a rogue; but it is right to say that there are very many exceptions.

The system on which these men work is a bad one, and goes far to account for the numerous police-court cases in which cabmen figure as defendants. They are like the unfortunate organ-grinders; they do not receive wages from their masters, but pay them so much a day. In order that this sum and the driver's own profit may be secured, horses and the public are made victims. A careful owner, driving his own cab and keeping a pair of horses, calculates on earning fifteen or sixteen shillings a day throughout the whole year, except during the autumn vacation and the two or three weeks after Christmas. These are his dull times. The same amount is about the sum paid by a driver for the hire of a cab and two horses. This pays the large cab-owner very well, even though the horses be overworked. The driver has no interest in easing the animals, or obtaining a good character for the owner: his object is to get as many fares as he can in the day, and bully his riders out of as much money as possible. These men drink a good deal, at their own expense, and are frequently 'treated' by their customers. They go through much hardship in the way of exposure to wet and cold, and long waits on the ranks. To these causes may be ascribed the habits of dissipation into which too many of them sink. It is to be hoped that the efforts of Lord Shaftesbury and other philanthropists, who have turned their attention to the establishment of cabmen's clubs, may work a reformation.

Cab-horses are fed well on good oats and chopped clover. If they were not, they would very soon be unfit for work. To keep one, costs about fifteen shillings a week; and a cab-owner who is his own driver, and who receives five or six pounds a week, calculates his profits—allowing for wear and tear of cab and horse, and stable expenses—at from two pounds ten shillings to three pounds, for the six days: not an inordinate profit surely, considering how hard he works, and the capital which he has embarked in his horse and rolling stock. A great proportion of the small cab-owners do not work their cabs on Sunday, concurring as they do with Mr Bianconi, the extensive Irish car-proprietor, that giving horses one day's rest in the week is a saving of money in the long-run, to those who have purchased the animals, and will have to replace them when used up. The night-cabs are worked by the worst description of horses: there is scarcely one of them that is not spavined or partially blind, or both. To see one whose fore-legs are not looped and palsied from falling down and breaking his knees, is an exceptional curiosity. No cab-horses are worked day and night. Many cabs are. Seven shillings a night is considered a sufficient payment by a driver for the hire of a horse and cab. In some cities, Dublin, for instance, the fares between twelve at night and six in the morning are double. In London, this is not the case; and it seems a hardship on a cabman that he should be obliged to take a rider at sixpence a mile, within the four-mile radius, 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 sum, varying at the different stations, of 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 with its fare, 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 issued with the licence at Somerset House, but one painted on the side of the cab in proximity with the initials of the company. Passengers arriving by trains are afforded protection for their luggage and a precaution against imposition by the regulations in respect of the privileged cabs. As has just been observed, a policeman at the exit-gate takes down the number of each cab as it passes out; and in addition, the driver must every evening fill up a return of the number of fares he has had during the day, and the places to which he has conveyed them. When the privileged cabs have all been hired up, the cabs on the rank nearest to the station are admitted to the railway on the *à la queue* principle.

I have found no cabman to deny that the Exhibition enormously increased his profits. Owners charged drivers as much as one pound a day and more for the hire of a cab; but the latter at that time were taking their two pounds ten shillings and three pounds a day, and only for what they call the tyranny and worry of the police-constables at South Kensington, they would have made a great deal more. They state that as soon as the police observed an argument as to the amount of the fare, they would step forward, ask the distance travelled, tell the rider the proper amount, and order the cabman off. No higher testimony can be paid to the efficiency of the officers whom the commissioners of police stationed at the Exhibition. Men who drive their own horses have not reaped quite so large a harvest, but their profits have been proportionally increased. Cabmen do not like lady-fares; they have a horror of an 'unprotected female;' because, if any dispute arises, a sympathetic crowd assembles, and imposition is stopped. The theory of cab-management in the metropolis on the part of the authorities is admirable—in the regulations regarding the deposit in the police-stations of left property, for example—but in practice it is found to be very defective. A cabman may give you all sorts of insolence, and make off before you have had time to take his number; or you may not have a pencil about you. In Paris, the driver must hand you a ticket on which his number is inscribed, when he takes you up. The introduction of that plan would be a great improvement here. On the other hand, something may be said for the cabbies. For instance, is sixpence sufficient payment for the carriage of two passengers, and as much luggage as they can stow inside, for a full mile from a railway station, at which man, horse, and cab have been standing for an hour or two awaiting the arrival of a train?

#### A LUNATIC PLEASURE-PARTY.

MAD 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 those whose afflictions were already of the heaviest and saddest. Civilisation, however, has changed all that. Where formerly all was gloomy and forbidding, it is now light and cheerful; restraint 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.

At one asylum, which represents only half the poor of the county of Middlesex, the expenses of absolute necessities, though administered with the most rigid economy consistent with the welfare of the patients, approach L.25,000 a year for provisions, L.8000 for house expenses, L.5000 for clothing, L.10,000 for salaries, and so on. The authorities very properly 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 recognised that, in ministering to minds diseased, 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 free 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. All, however, are free to work or 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, is, according to popular notions, rather that of a poor man's club than of a public lunatic asylum. Besides all this, at Christmas, a ball is held in the great hall of the asylum, and in the summer an entertainment to which we had lately the honour of an invitation, and which has given rise to these remarks.

The effect of these public entertainments is most beneficial. It gives the poor creatures something to look forward to, and makes them feel that they are a part and parcel of the outer world, and not outcasts from their kind, like the lepers of old. They are also much delighted at the presence of the 'ladies and gentlemen.' This is a remarkable fact, for the appearance of strangers within the wards is generally found to cause prejudicial excitement. Lastly, when it is explained that, contrary to the general impression, lunatics have considerable powers of self-control, it will be understood how the knowledge that only those who are quiet and well-conducted will be allowed 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.

The first intimation of the coming Fête is afforded by the arrival of two 'Perseverance' omnibuses, laden with the amateur band of the S 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 entertainment, are assembled in 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 committee of visitors, consisting, on this occasion, of some fourteen of the county magistrates, with white favours—as though they were the grooms of humanity. Next come the female patients, numbering over six hundred.

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, ere the procession reached the grounds, a heavy thunder-shower threatened to damp the enjoyment of the day. It was evident, even to persons of the unsoundest mind, that fourteen 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 jolly.'

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 propensity 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, 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 catarrhs not prevail for the next few days, but that such disorders were hardly known among the insane; and that lunatics are, as by 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 ourself for admission into the Utopia where it is all 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 of long duration. We noticed that, though a uniform is provided for the patients, they are not compelled (conformably to the system of non-restraint) to wear it; and several having clothes of their own were, on the score of dress at least, undistinguishable 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 close of the afternoon, and closeted within the walls; 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: 'Hollo! 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 outward semblance to lemonade. 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 field 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 Terpsichore tread the sward. Several of the attendants—male, belonging to the male side, and female, to the female side—join the mazy dance, which is rendered more mazy than usual from the occasional irruption of the hornpipists 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 the 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, kiss 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 at skittles, others at three 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. The 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, owing to the uncertainty as to the ownership of some of the articles of virtu when knocked off. Disputes were amicably settled by the good genius of the pole, who authoritatively awarded the trophy, and who, 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 one could without difficulty foresee 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 a distinct eye to the main chance, and here we 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 efforts of sartorial genius. He displayed a placard 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 let me kiss your wife or darter;

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 seemed at one time imminent, owing to the non-appearance of Punch and Judy, who had been specially retained. Whether the proprietor of the dolls thought the invitation was a plan of Mr Babbage's to get him down to the asylum, and keep him there, and therefore repented 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 band 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 450 pages, contains a geological description

of all the solid stratified rocks so far as they are yet examined, with their geographical distribution, and with figures of many of their characteristic fossils. The 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-waters of Canada, and on the drift or diluvium, 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 *Climactichnites*, casts of which were exhibited a few months since at a meeting of the Geological Society, and at one of the *conversations* 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; *climax* in Greek signifying ladder. Nothing positive can 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-marks, about an inch and three-quarters apart, arranged transversely between two narrow, continuous, parallel-beaded sinuous ridges, six inches apart, so that the whole impression has very much the appearance of a ladder of ropes. In looking through the volume, we have found more 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 subtle 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 hectic that veils its decline.

The forest has no summer charm that compares  
With the fever of glory it afterwards wears,  
With the flushes 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 pile.

In perfection of beauty the rose meets its doom,  
And dies in the fulness and flush 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  
these;

The stem has more promise, the rose has more buds—  
There is morn to the sky, there is spring to the woods.

But a beauty more radiant we sadly deplore,  
Which passeth like these, and then bloometh no more—  
More dear to our hearts, and more glad to our eyes,  
Than the blossoms of spring or the light of the skies.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH.  
Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 465.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 Thinskins—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 feeblest 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 Nassau 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?'s 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 Hurts live within half-a-dozen miles of the locality we have chosen, a distance which, in their ignorance of the science of projectiles, they term a 'stone's throw.' Under such circumstances, is it not rather strange (they hint to a common friend), that Edward and his wife have only been once 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 fusty fly over twelve miles of straight white road would be a more agreeable relaxation than making dick-duck-drakes in the sea with flattish 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 Hon. Mrs Snuphkins, 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 on the sand and plays with the children. In a few days after that act of self-devotion, she gets a letter from the Hurts that makes her cry. Why, in the name of good-manners, they demand, did not Edward return the Snuphkins'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 Hurts—had been placed by this uncivilised conduct. The major was a person of the greatest good-nature, 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 Snuphkinses never *did* call upon mere visitors—they were so excessively (and justifiably) exclusive—and now they, the Hurts, had laid themselves under that 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 Hurts live in the same town as yourself, let us trust that it may be London. In that gigantic city it is possible that your 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 asked *them* to do. In all the years they have known you, since you were *That* high [as if boys of two feet two inches could ask people to dinner], 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 hospitalities 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 a man 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 any member of the Hurt 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 cauliflower—great Heavens, no cauliflower!' were the last words ever uttered to me by Richard Hurt, M.D., my godfather, who having been invited to our table in a hurry, was so offended by the absence of his favourite vegetable, that he took himself off incontinently in a Hansom, and passed the time which should have been devoted to wine and walnuts in cutting me out of his will.

It is not, however, to be imagined that sensitiveness is the cause of the impracticability of the Hurt family; they are only egotistically irritable, or to express it in one word without any synonym, they are Touchy. They do not shrink, as sensitive people do, from every description of fracas; but, on the contrary, delight in the same. The female Hurts are attracted to a misunderstanding just as a fighting butcher-boy is drawn towards a street row. They amplify it, they complicate it, they endeavour to ward off any reasonable explanation of it, exactly as the butcher-boy swells the tumult, and endeavours to divert the attention of the police. When they have got themselves well offended, they rise majestically, they sweep from the scene of action with imperial scorn, they waver upon the staircase, they burst into floods of tears in the four-wheeled cab, and arrive at their own house outraged and happy. The frame of mind which suits their natures best is that which is called 'a Huff.' They are conscious of indignity, of unspeakable wrong, of having experienced the basest ingratitude; but, on the other hand, how their heart yearns toward the wretches whom it is its duty from henceforth to forget! If it had only been an enemy that had done this—but Edward—well, they only most sincerely hope that it will not make his poor dear father turn in his grave!

The Hurts, who are really excellent people, have a very large circle of friends who are constantly being lost for ever to their bosoms—'I may forgive, my dear, but I can never, never forget the behaviour of those Robinsons'—or being received back again with the most affecting ceremonies. To keep on good terms with them, and at the same time to be intimate, is not, I believe, in the power of man, and certainly not in that of woman. Total and immediate flight from their neighbourhood may indeed offend them mortally, but I think this course to be less dangerous than the living in the same town, or metropolitan district. Even in this case, however, the perils of letter-writing to the Hurt family have to be encountered.

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 packers and carriers, we may be curious to know how far the provincials, especially the artisans and labourers, have made themselves acquainted with its contents.

Nearly all the visitors arrived by railway. In 1851, this was not so much the case; for there were then nearly four thousand miles of railway *less* in the United Kingdom than at the present time. There is

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 transit from place to place is more easy than at any former period.

We shall perhaps be correct in saying that, so far as concerns excursion trains, the Midland Company—though by no means as being more benevolent than any of its neighbours—has most benefited the 'young men from the country,' with their fathers, mothers, wives, sweethearts, and sisters; 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 very far short of the point of recklessness—should exist between railway companies. When the Midland company offered to bring country-folks, at convenient times and very low fares, from Nottingham, Sheffield, Lincoln, Doncaster, Leeds, Bradford, &c., 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, what the one does the other must do in regard to excursion trains; and this was pretty well shewn during the recent season. Link the third: the North Western and the Great Western companies both accommodate Oxford, Leamington, Warwick, Birmingham, Dudley, Wolverhampton, Wellington, Shrewsbury, Chester, Birkenhead, Warrington, Liverpool, and Manchester; and whenever the one company politely invites the inhabitants of those busy towns to make an excursion to London, the other is sure to do the same thing, at the same fares, generally on the same days and hours, and with the same privileges, whether the profit be great or small. Thus it happens that in all these excursion matters, much depends on the nature of the plan *first* started, for whichever company chooses 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 freights 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. It really was a very convenient arrangement, elastic enough to suit the necessities of a wide range of persons, in regard to time; while as to expense, the placards so abundantly distributed shewed that there was not 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 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, boxed 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 price of five shillings 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 at four the next morning. But a school-excursion 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 hard work; 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.

Londoners knew little about these things until they saw the country-folk after their arrival, or until a promised visit to London friends was about to be made; for these exhibition trains (as they were called) were seldom advertised or placarded except in and near the towns from which they started, or which they accommodated on their way; but whoever was called, by business or pleasure, to any country town having a railway-station belonging to it, from Berwick and Carlisle in the north, to Ramsgate and Penzance in the south, would have had ample opportunity, during last summer, of seeing how numerous and how cheap were the Exhibition trains. Whether there were as many country visitors at the Exhibition as were expected, is a matter of opinion; but the railway facilities, as soon as the 'Shilling-days' began, were certainly on a liberal scale.

Much more difficult than to determine how the country-folk came to London, would be to determine where they lodged and slept when in London. The metropolis is not happy in its arrangements in this respect. After saying all that can be said for and against hotels, inns, public-houses, coffee-shops, and lodging-houses, there is a great gap in our means of accommodating a large number of strangers of one class, coming to London at one time. In 1851, two or three capital arrangements were made in this matter. Messrs Garrett, the eminent agricultural implement makers at Leiston in Suffolk, chartered two vessels to bring all their work-people to London. These were fitted with sleeping-berths, cooking apparatus, and all available accommodation for making them the homes of the visitors until their return to Suffolk. A shipowner at Westminster allowed the vessels to be drawn up by the side of



his quay or wharf, with free ingress and egress. Four bullocks, ten pigs, the materials for a large number of plum-puddings, several barrels 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 superintended everything and everybody; 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 humbler dependents 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 days 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 Brentford, 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' Visitors' 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 places, times, 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 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 midland 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.

It was chiefly for the mid-counties' 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 persons who had no London friends prepared to lodge them. 'Not many hundred miles,' as story-tellers say, from the Exhibition, is a large cluster of model dwellings, lodging-houses 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. This 'Exhibition Visitors' Home' 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 entrances; so that a family or 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 sallies 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 Hamburgers were not insensible to the advantages of a quiet, respectable, temporary home, where they knew exactly what they would have to pay, and 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 shewn herself to the world, gliding into sight from behind a dark rolling bank of cloud, and like a stately dowager presenting herself to her levée, 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 bats were twinkling round the cliffs in a ghostly manner, and from time to time the thrushes 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 Seaford, 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 parchment 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 Fitzcarder's Mortgage,' a sweeter view than the moonlight ever shone on from Seaford 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 bribe-receivings and present-takings 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 on his bald cerebrum what he, noble pedant, was pleased to call 'Heaven's benediction.' Why, then, should not Wedger, imitating that great example, and having, perhaps, that morning got his parchment-chains well 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 lanes, the white-frilled 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 kiss on an old man's cheek.

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 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 writ over the cliff somewhere, and was trying to find it. Well, on Lawyer Wedger went along the cliff-path, dogged by that untiring bailiff, his black shadow, for all the world like a blood-hound on the trail, scratching here, nosing there, stopping at this place, hurrying over 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 ploughed up the turf at his very feet, then fell on his knees, and crouched in the shadow of a chalk-pit, 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 at last.'

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 it to any one who knew anything of 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 *dépôt* of smugglers, 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 then return and enter the tavern as if for 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-story, but I stuck to it, it was not, and I'm right.'

Wedger was a lean, shrunken man, with a yellow puckered face, with little spiteful 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 kettle, as if they were watching a tardy chemical experiment. They all rose and bowed, like automatons, 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 stolid 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, d'ye see, if you'll credit Ben and me,  
It blew away the wig of our brave old commodore.

But even the applause given to this song seemed formal and mechanical, and there was nothing hearty in it at all.

'Rum and milk, Mr Wedger, sir; and how do you do? Any news at 'sises? Here, Polly, run and heat the milk at the kitchen-fire; it'll do sooner there. Take a seat, sir. Here; there's room between Muster Jobson and Muster Wilkins.'

'Thank you, friends—thank you, Davison,' said Wedger, bowing coldly and grandly, 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 assizes, 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.'

'Pack 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 aback, 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 proof of it.'

And, as he said this, he drew a large posting-bill out of his pocket, and moistening four wafers, which had been previously attached to the four corners, he stuck it, with a slap of his bony hand, on the parlour-wall, just over Jumper Davison's head.

It read thus:

'GUINEA SMUGGLING.

'This is to give notice to seafaring men and others, that a reward of L.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 guineas to France. *Vivat Rex.*

WHITEHALL, April 1, 1812.'

'Look you here, Mr Wedger,' said the landlord, starting up, quite red in the face, 'I'll not 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 peel 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, L.20; second offence, L.30.

'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 thus abruptly 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.

'Stand 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; 'and as the fools in Lunnun 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 beseeching 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 sneak 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 his 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 away, lawyer, 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 Zebec Inn.'

'And I warn you,' said Jumper 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 every one, 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 smugglers 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 Zebec 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 sleep seizes on such places at an early hour, probably because in the daytime it is never very far away from it. There was no sound but 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 slut 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: 'Pru, is my son in?'

Pru faltered 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 fortnight. Mind—d'ye 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, suitors, 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 confabulation with a local magistrate, a pompous and tremendous person, who prided himself much on the circumstance of his having once been in 'the City Light-horse Volunteers.'

There sat the great men, opposite each other, at a table crowded with bundles of papers, depositions, and other magisterial machinery. Now the great man bowed to the right-hand bundles, now to the left—the town-clerk now tugged with his teeth at obdurate red-tape knots, now split up quill pens in the hurry of fretful nibbling.

'Good-morning, Mr Wedger,' said both gentlemen, as Mr Wedger entered, took a seat, and pulled out a paper.

'And what is this—what is this information you have to give us, Mr Wedger? Smuggling, of course,' said the magistrate. '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 perpetrating such a blunder.'

'Not so imaginary, I fear, Mr Damerham,' said the lawyer calmly, 'as you will allow, when I tell you what happened to me only yesterday eve.'

The town-clerk looked up in astonishment at an attorney who could actually contradict a live Seaford magistrate.

'To smuggle guineas, sir,' said the magistrate pompously, putting his two thumbs rhetorically into the two arm-holes of his plum-coloured velvet waist-coat, and shaking his large gold seals with indignation at the lawyer's want of logic—'is the act of fools. How can Bonaparte hope to drain a country like ours of gold? What are guineas fit 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 guinea has never been at a premium anywhere. Turn to the 1st Geo. I. 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 I was in the City Light-horse Volunteers, there were'—

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 chief-magistrate of Seaford! He was astonished—nay, 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 suborned fisherman, I suppose, again, who swears he has met a great white boat brimming with loose guineas. Tut, 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 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 magistrate's valuable time with rumours, 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 give 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 every Tuesday; the last was yesterday. 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 vacant.

(Signed) GEORGE WILSON, *alias* JOHN BELTON.'

'George Wilson, are you the person herein 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, cozy 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 dépot 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 Zebec!' 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 pull 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 trawl 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 Seaford, out of sight of the Zebec, at nightfall. Directly the signal I saw goes up again, one 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 (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 thanked him for his 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.

'Curious! Well, now, it makes me work better, good sherry. And, before we part, let me ask you, my dear sir, how you get on with your son that you once consulted me about; not so wild, I hope? Why not send him to sea? No school for wild youths like a man-of-war.'

Wedger shuddered 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 solace, 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 I 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 Cragford 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 Cragford 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 ever was, at Cragford Waste, top of Cragford Cliff, when I sees 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 of "Godsend," as we folks call it. The men were in white round frocks, and every one seemed to carry pistols or cutlashes, and they were led by a man on a big black mare, riding between two brandy-tubs. "We shall be soon at home, men," says he, as they passed us.'

'Well, never mind what he said, but get on,' said the Solon. 'And then you stopped them?'

'What! stop two hundred horses and fifty men, your honour? Not I; I knows better. But I flashed my pistol as soon as they were out of sight, and up comes Bill Davis here, to where I lay hid, and we watches.'

'So you watches?' said Mr Damerham sneeringly.

'And we watches, your honour,' said the stolid witness, quite unmoved at the keen sarcasm. 'Presently up goes a rocket—whiz, and who come by but three men, the prisoners and one other.'

'And where is the other? It doesn't do, sir, to let prisoners go!'

'Flat as ninepence, your honour. Ran away, and fell over Cragford Cliff. Got him outside, sir, on a stretcher. Well, as I was observing, these three men begin fastening a rope with hooks to run tubs on to the top of the cliff, when we leaps up. They out with cutlashes, and to it we went, one up, another down, for ten minutes. At last I fetches that black fellow a wipe that cuts him from his nose to his chin.'

Here the black fellow obligingly pointed out on himself the 'cutlash' slash alluded to.

'And he ups and cuts my hat through from crown to brim.' Here he produced the severed hat.

'And but for the blessed iron in it, had sent you after poor Tom Jackson,' said the wounded smuggler.

'Eventually we overpowers them, and puts on the darbies; and that is the long and short of it.'

'Your name, prisoners?' said Mr Damerham impressively.

'Matthew Walker' and 'Davy Jones' were the answers.

The magistrate wrote the names down deliberately in a royal hand.

'Lor love you, sir, don't put down that gibberish,' suggested the custom-house officer under breath. 'Them's only make-believe names.'

'Rig in the booms, and coil away the gear, Jack, for we're coming to anchor,' whispered one smuggler to another, as they saw they were about to be examined.

'I think it right to inform you, prisoners,' said the magistrate, 'that your future treatment will depend very much on your present behaviour. And now we want to ask you a question. Have you heard anything about the Seaford guinea smuggling? Do you know anything of it?'

The men looked at each other. The wounded man answered saucily: 'No more than a monkey knows of the bagpipes.'

'Impertinent fellows,' groaned Mr Damerham. 'Oh, you're making pretty rods for your own backs. This is not to be borne. It is no use, officers. Take the men away, and put them both in irons.'

'Lor, it's never no use asking smugglers questions,' said the preventive-men to each other, as they jostled their prisoners into the next room.

'They do say,' said the town-clerk to the magistrate, 'that these guinea smugglers are encouraged and led by some young man of good family.'

'Impossible!' said the great man—'impossible! Young men of family don't take up with smugglers and thieves. Impossible, Mr Town-clerk!'

Mr Wedger, having received many congratulations at his success in unearthing the conspirators, now left the room with many bows and much hand-shaking.

'And now he is fairly gone,' said Mr Damerham,

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, come, speak fairly—remember we are friends.'

'A low, mischievous, dangerous attorney, Mr Damerham, who foments quarrels, inculpates innocent persons, and preys on the widow and orphan; but with much power at head-quarters, ever since he helped Lord Traneover at the last Seaford 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 Zebec. 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—contradictory 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 smugglers 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 Zebec, and two crews of eight strong, sinewy men, each armed to the teeth, hidden in the same place, prepared, the instant they saw the Zebec's rocket, to run down with the boats, launch them, and pull off after the guinea smugglers. The men were eager for smugglers as half-starved greyhounds for a hare. They had heard that the guinea-boat was painted white, so as to best 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 cleaning their pistols, for they swore, whether dead or alive, no guinea smuggler 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 Zebec window, a rocket rose up with a swift hiss into the air, and scattered its golden sparks in a momentary shower over the Zebec 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. 'I think there must be two on 'em,' said a gray old officer, peering intently into the darkness through a diamond hole in the planks of the shed, 'for I hear the oars at the Zebec 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, stealing 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 row-locks, 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-gray colour, evidently to better escape detection at night; and a long, sharp-nosed, white centipede—a sort of boat built specially 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 enemies, and with a shout of defiance and a blaze of small-arms at the approaching boats, put out to sea, aided by a wind just then blowing freshly from the land. The lugger tacked,

and putting out sweeps that moved like two great wings, bore off in a contrary direction from the attendant boat, that shot across the sea swift as an arrow, and straight for the French coast. At that moment, the moon shone full upon the smuggler as it left the shadow, and shewed 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 Seaford lads board the lugger. Pull away with a will, boys—with 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 boatswain 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 bent 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 Knocker 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, as a movement in the guinea-boat was now clearly perceptible.

'Hand-grenades, be hanged, Jack!' said the boatswain; '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 spadaes 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 opponents; in another twenty, their boat was out of sight, faded away into the inner brightness of the moonlight.

'If old Harry hasn't had a trick as coxen in that craft to-night, I'm a Dutchman,' growled the boatswain, 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 men, encumbered with their heavy coats, 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 smugglers, 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, crowding 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 dulness 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 as 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. At sunset, a cordon 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 unchangeably against them. 'The gibbet 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 pickets, and the night being so stormy, that the whole gang were surprised sleeping, drinking, or half disarmed. The blockaden-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 wounded and manacled, and four lay dead upon the cabin floor under a pile of broken chairs, bottles, and benches. Three or four only of the victorious party were put *hors de combat*.

Into the stifling room, still choked with powder-smoke 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 forelock, 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 cap'in, I think, who was very spiteful with his cut-lash, 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 lantern here, one 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, pulling 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, imbecile 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 Sierra 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 *Coniferae*, 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 feet 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, resembling those of the Weymouth Pine (*Pinus strobus*); whilst the *Auracauria*, 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 diminitiveness. 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 there has been already considerable discussion with regard to the age of this tree,' says Dr Bigelow, 'I may state that when I visited it in May last, at a section of it eighteen feet from the stump, it was fourteen and a half feet in diameter. As the diminution of the annual rings of growth, from the heart or centre to the circumference or sap-wood, appeared pretty regular, I placed my hand midway, roughly measuring six inches, and carefully counted the rings on that space, which numbered one hundred and thirty, making the tree 1885 years old.

'A verbal or written description of this tree, however accurate, cannot give one an adequate idea of its dimensions. It required thirty-one of my paces, of three feet each, to measure thus rudely its circumference at the stump. The only way it could be felled was by boring repeatedly with pump augers. It required five men twenty-two days to perform the operation. After they had succeeded in severing it at the stump, the shoulders were so broad, and the tree so perfectly equipoised, that it took the same five men two days in driving wedges with a battering-ram, on one side of the cut, to throw it out of its equilibrium sufficiently to make it fall. The mere felling of the tree, at California wages, cost the sum of five hundred and fifty dollars, or one hundred and ten pounds.

'A short distance from this tree was another of yet larger dimensions, which apparently had been overthrown by accident, some forty or fifty years ago. It was hollow for some distance, and when I was there, quite a rivulet was running through its cavity. The trunk was three hundred feet in length, the top broken off, and by some agency (probably fire) was destroyed. At the distance of three hundred feet from the butt, the trunk was forty feet in circumference, or more than twelve feet in diameter. Fragments of the same kind of tree, which had apparently been exposed to the vicissitudes of climate and the weather the same length of time, and supposed to be from the individual tree that lies prostrate, are to be found projected in a line with the main body, one hundred and fifty feet from the top, proving to a degree of moral certainty that the tree, when standing alive, must have attained the height of four hundred and fifty or five hundred feet! At the butt, it is one hundred and ten feet in circumference, or about thirty-six feet in diameter.

'These mammoth trees, by their stately and majestic bearing, strike the beholder with awe and wonder, and cause him almost involuntarily to bow before them, as the kings of the forest. Their whole number does not exceed five hundred, and all are comprised within an area of about fifty acres. Only eighty or ninety of them are of gigantic size. Their extremely limited locality and number forcibly impress the traveller with the belief that the species will soon be extinct, as is further evinced by their slow reproduction. Indeed, these giants of the forest are so marked in their rusty habits from their present associates, that we can hardly view them in their present relations except as links connecting us with ages so long past that they seem but reminiscences of an eternal bygone. They seem to require but the process of petrification to establish a complete Paleontological era.'

The above opinion, advanced by Dr Bigelow, that the species are about to become extinct, has received confirmation by the recent discovery of a fossil sequoia in England. In vol. xi., No. 47, *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, November 21, 1861, page 453, there is a communication from Sir Charles Lyell, in which it is stated, that in the Miocene formation at Bovey Tracey, Devonshire, among the lignites and clays, an extinct form of the Sequoia has been found. It is called the *Sequoia Couttsia*,

after Miss Burdett Coutts. 'A conifer which can be illustrated by the remains of branches of every age, by cones and seeds. It supplies a highly important link between *Sequoia Langsdorfi* and *Sequoia Sternbergi*, the widely distributed representatives of *Sequoia sempervivens* and *Sequoia gigantea* (*Wellingtonia*), 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 Couttsia*—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 Couttsia*. This bed was probably formed in autumn, and the plants it contains are due to the driftings of that season. Higher up, follows the bed 25, with fern rhizomes, and occasionally pinnules of *Pecopteris lignitum*; the latter appears in great abundance with branches of *Sequoia Couttsia* 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, however, 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 double 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 dog was living merrily upon post-obits.

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 therefrom any practical advantage. The Trevors 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 canon 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 low 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 owes, 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 generous fellow who had but 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 'overleaps 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 advertisee is coming to an end; I cannot much longer prolong it without exciting some morbid suspicion that I do so for their sake, whereas, 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 took up my quarters on coming to town; the thought of the patronage of that head-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 approach of indigestion, 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 effect its sale. Perhaps it is an ancestral place—for Martin is a good name—which it 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 *entrée* of a friend's house *there* 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 legs, 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 anything 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 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 apparently extensive body descending the staircase. 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 benevolent mission with 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; that 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, the cause of which he partly perceived, continued: '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 early, and is doubtless now in possession of his circumstances. While he was the squire, and in possession of the big house, the parson 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 which had a great reputation 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! Al-l-l—mack's!' exclaimed Y, drawing out the word as though it were a telescope; 'my dear Morumbidgee, what *do* you mean! 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 rid'—

'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 are not fitted—either of us, believe me—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 advertisee, 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 unflinching hand. What an effort it cost you to keep on your gloves 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 these 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 abduction 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 us, you likened to an ancient bird 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 one indeed.'

'You should not have remarked it, however,' continued Y reprovingly; 'for Humour and Music are deadly enemies. Moreover, three-fourths of your time was occupied in the study of the libretto. You could never find out the place at which the performance had arrived. You complained because *Alice* never descended slowly from the mountain.'

'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 the sake of a libretto. But, worst of all, 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 ices, recollect 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 nuns singing, appositely enough—

*Già nelle rete  
Caduto è il forte.*

Now in the snare  
The brave shall fall.

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 *fête champêtre* given in a nobleman's grounds on the river-side. 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 get tickets?'

'Leave that to me,' replied Y. 'Only bring with you a willing mind.'

At three o'clock, we found ourselves in Villiers Street, Strand, which, now that Hungerford Market is 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 vocabulary 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 chucked them half-a-crown. The white coin shimmering for a moment in its velvet bed, 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 indiscreetly 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 unpicturesque, 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 Hermit's 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 Gaff*—a name probably 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 yonder bowers to all who wish to dine *al fresco*.

'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 comprehended cold chickens, veal, and ham (pronounced by his retainer 'am), pie, lobster salad, and some custards of a character quite unknown to me. Beneath the bowers 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 Schottisched. 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 reproof: 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 Hermit's Cave was appropriately left 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 admission to which, 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 a show at a fair. It must certainly be true 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 uncrowded.'

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 fronting 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 other end of the rope, however, was an ancient negress, out of whose head it most undoubtedly grew. It was impossible for her to have counterfeited the shriek of agony with which she resented my conduct.

'This is the only instance,' the grave man went on quite calmly, 'of the hair of one of the negro race attaining such lux'—

I heard no more; I fled. I felt convinced that I had irreparably 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 gray hair of their female slaves with such cruel irreverence. What if I had really loosened it, so that the lock should presently come off, and leave her not only much disfigured—although I cannot say the hair, as hair, was to be admired—but without the means of gaining her livelihood; for it was that single lock that alone made her attractive, the rest of her head being like that of any ordinary negro lady who 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 machines cleave the viewless fields of air, while their fellow-mortals quietly partook of sherry-cobler beneath them, in the happy confidence that if they fell they would do so on the spring-board. I saw a 'ballet d'action'; I shot wild game and even deer, in a scene forest, with a rifle and a tenpenny 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, whereby we avoided a gentleman who took toll at the exit, and deprived, I fear, the unfortunate Smith of a couple of sixpences; I watched the Sensation Contortionist tie himself in knots, till I thought he would never come undone again. But the charm of that *fête champêtre* was gone for me, and I demanded to go home. I had read in works of history of savages such as Alaric, without attaching any peculiar meaning to the phrase, 'he spared neither sex nor age'; but now I knew what it meant. And yet I suppose, even Alaric never tugged with brutal energy at the gray hair of an exiled negress of 105. To any personal explanation or apology, as I frankly confessed to Y in the cab, I felt myself wholly unequal; but if his lordship could be got to convey to the venerable female my very deep regret at what had occurred, I should feel, I said, in some degree comforted.

'By the by,' said I, 'what is his lordship's name?' 'Same name as the gardens,' returned Y hastily; 'it's a territorial title: but it will never do to write to him about the Woolly Woman. He has nothing to do with the lady whatever. He would wash his hands of the whole concern. This *fête*, he would very justly observe, was entirely for the benefit of the man of the name of Smith.'

'There is something I don't understand about the matter altogether,' returned I. 'I cannot feel entirely convinced that I have been his lordship's guest at all.'

'My dear Morumbidgee,' said Y soothingly, 'you are tired and unnerved. You are encouraging a ridiculous hallucination; go to bed.'

I did go to bed, but the Sensation Contortionist threw somersaults upon my chest in consequence of the collation, and I awoke from a night-mare, in which the Woolly Woman was a conspicuous feature, grasping the bell-pull with both my hands.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WE again hear of electro-motive machines, one by an inventor at Bury St Edmunds, the other by M. Bonelli, the well-known mechanic, to whom the electric telegraph in Italy owes much of its efficiency. The solving of the electro-motive problem has been so often announced, that we must wait for further proofs before believing that a machine has really been constructed which will draw a load. It appears

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, he causes the machine 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 pharmacopœia there shall be no other weight than pound, ounce, and grain. The scruple 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 pharmacopœia, 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 especially interesting to all persons 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 Ransome of Ipswich, 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 of the mass to be operated on, and then applying 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 materials neither costly nor 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 concerning the weather, embodying a series of predictions, which we repeat here, to afford observers in this country an opportunity of verifying his conclusions. We should premise that M. Mathieu bases his calculations on the occurrence of meteors: he sees a connection between them and the weather; and he states as follows: 1. The period from the 7th to the 16th October will be very rainy. More than 50 millimètres of water will be registered at the Observatory, Geneva. 2. The rains of this period will occasion certain disasters in France, par-

ticularly to the south of the forty-seventh degree of latitude. 3. The period from the 23d to the 28th will be rainy at Geneva, and in the neighbouring countries. 4. The period from the 28th October to the 8th November will be rainy in all the south of Europe, but much more in the east than the west. More than 75 millimètres of water will be noted at the Observatory of Turin. There will be great floods in France and Italy, to the south of a line drawn from Cette to the Black Sea, and across to the southern extremity of the Crimea. This is the sum of M. Mathieu's predictions for the thirty-nine days in question. So far as England is concerned, the first was verified, for the period from the 7th to the 16th October was 'very rainy.' In the second and third of M. Mathieu's predictions, England is not concerned; as to the fourth, in which it perhaps is, we have all possible reason for saying it was confirmed by the event, as some of the earlier days of November were decidedly marked by 'Much Rain.' It would obviously be of great advantage to obtain even an approximate knowledge of the weather for five weeks in advance.

The list of little planets now numbers seventy-four, and it would appear that increase of the number depends only on the diligence of observers. But as every fresh discovery only adds to the work of astronomical observatories, to keep the record of the annual movements of the little worlds, it is proposed that the observatories of Europe should divide the work among them, each observatory being responsible for a certain number of the planets. The nineteenth century is as active with astronomical science as with the other sciences which it has so wonderfully advanced. We appear to be on the eve of fresh discoveries as to the constitution of the sun, and the nature of its light and heat. Professor Rodolph Wolf of Zurich has just communicated to different scientific bodies on the continent his observations of sun-spots for 1861. They will now be compared with the magnetic observations of the same year. Lord Rosse's further researches into the far-remote nebulae are published with highly finished illustrations in the *Philosophical Transactions*; and while his lordship pursues the investigation from our side of the globe, we hear that arrangements are making for the establishment of a large reflector in one of our Australian colonies for the observation of southern nebulae. This project has our best wishes for its success, and we hope it will be speedily accomplished, for with a great telescope at work in each hemisphere, the subjects for comparison would be so greatly multiplied, that large additions to our knowledge of the interesting subject might be hoped for. Under circumstances such as these, it seems only fitting that astronomers should receive due honour, and we are glad to see that a statue is to be erected to the memory of Kepler. He died two hundred and thirty-two years ago, and now the observatories of Europe are joining in the contributions towards the proposed memorial, which is to be set up in the little town of Weil, about a dozen miles from Stuttgart, the famous astronomer having been born in that neighbourhood.

A method of staining wood or ivory rose colour has been described before 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 in the proportion of 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 beautiful rose 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 applicable to 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 sulphhydrate of ammonia upon a salt of tin—protochloride, for example. To obtain this dye, two baths, as in the former case, 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 danger of using 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 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 shewn in Paris, which, judging from first experiences, has some important advantages over ordinary paint. It is the invention of M. Oudry of Auteuil, 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 porphyrised 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 coating is perfect, it dries quickly, and is free from the unpleasant smell of ordinary paint, after the lapse of twenty-four hours. It becomes lustrous in drying, and may be made to assume the appearance of bronze, either bright or 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 these 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 Neufchateau 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 breed 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 fatten. 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 assured me, one 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 weakens 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 of 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 started for 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 St John's, 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 Leopold M'Clintock, is a question which we may hope will be answered at some coming meeting of the Geographical Society. In addition to the relics above 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 Landsborough, a 'bold and dashing explorer,' 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 tending thoughts, and dreams divine,  
To feed with perfect joy the wife  
Whose happiness is mine.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 466.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 civilised 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 1861, 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 1860. 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 expatriated 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 1861, 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 'bail up.' Instead of obeying this order by reining in his horse, the stockman dug the spurs in rowel-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, &c., 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 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 them, who was a few hundred yards 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 persuaders (spurs), they galloped full speed right at the gang. The latter named gentry 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 different directions. Unfortunately for some of them, horsemanship was not one of their accomplishments; so before the chase had lasted for more than a couple of miles, two of the gang were thrown from their horses, and were immediately secured. The other three escaped for that time; but the two who were captured were tried, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' hard labour on the roads.

The next man who distinguished himself in this line was 'Jack-in-the-boots.' He had been sent to Cockatoo Island (the penal establishment of New South Wales), under a sentence of ten years; and on the occasion of a serious disturbance there, thirty of the ringleaders were sent in irons to Darlinghurst jail. Jack was one of these; and on a certain day, whilst in the exercising-yard, and under the very eyes of two warders, the prisoners contrived to get out two or three stones from the main wall, and were coolly walking out. The governor of the jail happened to be passing by, and he was thunder-struck at beholding the men in gray suits and irons at large. Of course, the alarm was given at once. Seventeen prisoners had escaped; but they were all retaken almost immediately, with the exception of Jack-in-the-boots. It chanced that a gentleman, who was visiting at a house in the vicinity of the jail, had left his horse fastened to a gate-post, so Jack jumped on it, and disappeared. In a few days after this, two Jews who were hawking jewellery about on the Tumut (about 300 miles from Sydney) were stopped and robbed. Then every day came news of fresh robberies; the mail was stopped, and several stores and public-houses plundered by the same man, who from a peculiarly rough voice was identified as Jack, until nothing was talked of in the Southern district but Jack-in-the-boots and his exploits. At last, however, his race was run; a large reward had been offered for his apprehension, and he was taken by some bullock-drivers whom he had plundered. He was tried at Gundagai, in the latter

part of last year, convicted, and sent down to his old quarters for eight years longer.

After him, 'Dido' and his party plundered every one who straggled away from the main diggings; so that it was dangerous even to go and look for a horse unless there were three or four in company, and with arms in their hands. This, however, continued for only a few weeks, for there was a great land-sale to be held at Burrowa (about seventy miles off), and the gang started off in that direction, in the expectation of getting some large sums of money from those who were intending to purchase land there. However, they were too late, and their intended prey escaped them; so, by way of consolation for this disappointment, they stopped and plundered every one they met on the road until they reached Bowning, the township next to Yass on the Southern Road. They took charge of the inn there, plundered it, and then sat down to enjoy themselves. The assizes were just being held up-country, and, as one of the district judges and the crown prosecutor were riding along the Yass Road, the bushrangers gave chase to them; but the legal gentlemen were well mounted, so they galloped on into Yass, and informed the police there. The troopers mounted in hot haste; but before they got to Bowning, Dido and his friends had got so very drunk, that the constables had only the trouble of lifting them up and conveying them to jail. This party was also convicted, and sentenced to ten years on the roads.

Meanwhile, to the westward, Peazley and Gardiner kept the police in constant employment. They had a haunt amongst the mountains, and made constant descents on all the roads near Bathurst. Peazley, especially, had a celebrated black blood-mare, and used to laugh at all 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 the hut just as it had been described to them, and they quietly dismounted; then, with revolvers in their hands, they crept up to the door. It happened that Peazley was away, and Gardiner was alone in the hut. 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 den, until his revolvers were emptied; then out 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 him, and whilst one kept 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 Peazley galloped up; the troopers fired on him immediately, and the next instant both of their saddles were emptied by two shots from Peazley'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 *os frontis*—and after this, nothing was heard of Gardiner for some months. This was not the case with Peazley, for he shifted his camp to the Abercrombie Mountains, where a sister of his 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 patrol and police constables professed to be constantly searching 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 poor man, 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 arose between them. The next day, news was sent into Goulburn that Peazley had shot them both. Of course, he was at once denounced as a murderer; but as it was allowed that it was with their 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 Murrumbidgee river at the Mundarlo Inn; but on his road from thence to the Tarcotta Creek, he was met by one of the mounted troopers, who, after exchanging a few words with him, suddenly challenged him by name. Peazley at once let go 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; it had one barrel only, and, seeing that Peazley was getting out his revolver, the other relinquished the chase, and went in search of further assistance. Peazley then rode back by the same road which he 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 asking him if he had not passed in the morning leading a second horse, he replied that he had; 'but as it had broken away from him, he intended to stop that night at Mundarlo, and go in search of it in the morning.' He then remained lounging about the bar and tap-room. There happened to be at the inn on that day the overseer of a neighbouring cattle-station, and his suspicions as to Peazley's identity were aroused; accordingly, he closely observed his demeanour, and whilst standing at a window, overheard some expressions of Peazley's which made him almost sure of his man. He therefore 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 of Peazley'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, Peazley 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 Peazley's chair, he suddenly seized both his arms; others sprang instantly to his assistance, and in a moment Peazley 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 at 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.

Shortly after Peazley's capture, Gardiner was again heard of: he had pitched on the Levels and the Wedding Mountains as his head-quarters, and from thence he made excursions to the Lambing-flat gold-field. Gardiner, like Peazley, 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 beginning of 1862, an innkeeper on Lambing-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 rode up to him; a revolver was pointed at his head, and he was compelled to surrender his arms and his 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 had occurred, they, 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 its 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 found that these were 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 ELLERAY.

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 Ellera, 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 Crichton. 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 greatest possible impression, while they live, upon all who come ever so indirectly within their personal influence, or even within hearsay of them; but they leave no enduring monument behind them. From 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—Gothic, Elizabethan, 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 were 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 men would find who should be given the *Ise of Palms*, the *Noctes*, *Homer and his Translators*, and *The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay*, as keys to discover Professor Wilson. It is more necessary that the biography 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 disciple 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 upon it; and when he could tempt 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 deil o' 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 tug—a tug! 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 gowans and the green-sward, 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 corruption, his eyes brighten 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 out of the baggy's maw; and at night, "cabined, cribbed, confined," 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 eulogistic letter nine pages long to William Wordsworth. The poet is unknown to him, but his young soul ardently 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, worships the god of his idolatry from afar; the former pats him on the back, and bids him go in and win. It is very vulgar, of course, to ascribe the self-confidence of a great 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 fast and the reading man. He was a steady, and even methodical 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 *Angel Inn* about midnight, when many of the up-and-down London coaches met; there he used to preside at the passengers' supper-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 *Angel* to the *Fox and Goose*, an early purl and gill house, where he found the coachmen and guards, &c., preparing for the coaches which had left London late at night; and there again he found an audience, 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. On one occasion, having been absent a day or two, we asked him on his return to the common room, where he had been. He said in London. "When did you return?"—"This morning." "How did you come?"—"On foot." As we all expressed surprise, he said: "Why, the fact is, I dined yesterday with a friend in Grosvenor (I think it was) Square, and as I quitted the house, a fellow who was passing was impertinent, 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 to 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 at 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, when disappointed in the mail 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 rejoiced as 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 half-past 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-discipline by this time.

to Mr Wilson, and as yet pretty nearly a stranger to the country, has taken up his abode in Grasmere, and has strolled out at this early hour to that rocky and moorish common, called "the White Moss," which overhangs the Vale of Rydal, dividing it from Grasmere. Looking southwards, in the direction of Rydal, suddenly he became aware of a large beast, advancing at a long trot, with the heavy and thundering tread 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 fleeing from some unseen enemy in his rear. As yet, however, all is mystery; but suddenly three horsemen double a turn in the road, and come fleeing into sight with the speed of a hurricane, manifestly in pursuit of the fugitive bull; the bull labours to navigate his huge bulk to the moor, which he reaches, and then pauses, panting and blowing out clouds of smoke from his nostrils, to look back from his station amongst rocks and slippery crags upon his hunters. If he conceived that the rockiness of the ground had secured his repose, the foolish animal is soon undeceived; the horsemen, scarcely relaxing their speed, charge up the hill, and speedily gaining the rear of the bull, drive him at a gallop over the worst part of that impracticable ground down into the level ground below. At this point of time the stranger perceives, by the increasing light of the morning, that the hunters are armed with immense spears fourteen feet long. With these the bull is soon dislodged, and scouring 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 morass. After plunging together for ten or fifteen minutes, all suddenly regain the *terra firma*, and the bull again makes for the rocks. Up to this moment, there had been the silence of ghosts, and the stranger had doubted whether the spectacle were not a pageant of aerial spectres, ghostly huntsmen, ghostly lances, and a ghostly bull. But just at this crisis a voice—it was the voice of Mr Wilson—shouted aloud: "Turn the villain; turn that villain, or he will take to Cumberland." The young stranger did the service 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 high-road; they doubled the cape which shut them out of sight; and in a moment all had disappeared, and left the quiet valley to its original silence.

Even more than playing the Torridor, however, did John Wilson delight in water-pastimes. 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-oared Oxford barge, called *Nil Timeo*. 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 stamp-master'; 'a genial, open-hearted human creature, and with nothing like pride about him,' say they, was Christopher in his Sporting Jacket, and we can well believe it. The chances 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 respect. The beautiful lady whom 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 relative, does not go into hysterics, but packs up the trunks, and departs from beautiful Elleray (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 as much as five-and-twenty miles a day, and that district, be it remembered, was a very different one from the tourist-haunted, inn-abounding locality which it now is. On their way to Glenorchy, 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 on 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 of time elapsed ere he called 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 felt so grateful 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, whereof the most frequent are the pugilistic; '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 fisticuff 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. The pre-eminence in literature 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 them Whigs. They formed a brilliant circle; but shut in amongst themselves for years by Tory antipathy, they had acquired habits somewhat exclusive. John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart, two young men of the highest talent, starting together at the bar about 1816, found themselves but coldly received by the Edinburgh Whig notabilities, Mr Jeffrey 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 course of party action, 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, a very unscrupulous warfare, which nobody can now look upon without condemnation, was carried on. There was, however, a great difference between the two chief combatants. What Lockhart was, need not be particularised; but of Wilson, it may be asserted that, however indefensible many of his writings were, his was not a heart either cold to friendship or which naturally cherished malice. All his ferocity against Cockney poets, and liberals in general, was never more than half real, or anything more than an ebullition 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 elder Mr Blackwood was called, would sometimes decline to print his articles, and he was not a particular editor, by any means. 'When I first read your terrible scraping of —, I enjoyed it excessively,' writes he; 'but now that one can look at the article coolly, 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 profligate 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 have expected 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 *Isle of Palms* and the *City of the Plague* original poems (in design), and unborrowed and unsuggested, 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 Withers (the *City Remembrancer*) excepted, and some drivelling of Taylor the Water-poet. 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 of 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 isolation, 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 *Rimini* in the *Edinburgh*,' an action which the fastidious author of the *Indicator* would have cut his own right hand off rather than commit.

Neither he nor Lockhart liked personalities, however true, when directed against themselves, as we gather from their eager anxiety to catch, and shoot, the anonymous author of *Hypocrisy Unveiled*. Let us quit, however, this sad subject. It largely proves 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 the view opens, and the glorious mountain breeze sweeps 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 steadied 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 lark,' 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 unfrequently 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 from the loin, were the materials 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 duchess, 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 additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise; so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation, and prevent me from attending to matters 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 touches 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 these volumes, that after the Reform Bill was passed, 'the only comfort' of a certain lady-partisan of Wilson's faction, 'was that she had lived in the times of the Georges.' But for that unhappy fact in the case of the Professor himself, we believe that we should have had little to blame in him. The violence and vulgarity of party-warfare in those times were such as we of the present day can scarcely conceive. Periodical literature was in its infancy, and highly spiced articles were necessary to procure a circulation. These articles, too, had to be furnished red-hot from the brain, at the shortest notice. *Maga* seems to have existed from hand to mouth, in a fashion that would now be truly astonishing in any magazine. It had no reliable contributors whatever

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 interred with his bones. 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, for 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 to rest—there was no one to work for, care 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 wisely in striving to grow familiar with the future: we often fancy ourselves wisest 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 buds 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 river was still called the Wood Ford, 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 ridges in every steep meadow; the hedges were blue with scented violets; cowslips, in close neighbourhood, nodded to each other in the fields, of which the butter-cups 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.

The Manor House crowned a gentle eminence, overlooking valley, wood, and water; the church stood close beside it. The only sounds that reached Miss Woodford, save the singing of birds and of the brook hurrying to the river, freighted with snow-white and pinky petals from the orchard, were from the Great Farm, half a mile distant. It was the clang of the noonday bell at the Great Farm that at length

roused Margaret from her sombre musing; she rose, gave a dreary 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 or joy, or hope or happiness! 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 straggling 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 dining-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 had done in the morning. She started, when, by and by, the comb slipped from her loosened hair, and fell to the ground. Neatness was habitual enough to be mechanical; the luxuriant 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 smelt 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 dappled the sky north, south, and east; in the west, long streaks of gold and crimson lay quiet on a ground of pearly gray. 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 faded one by one, whom Margaret had nursed and tended unweariedly, 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.

To-night, 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 on 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 throbbing 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 expression 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-pitying smile, as 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—any 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 rough, 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 tenderness 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 indispensable 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 same subject. She wondered if James 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 in Clara's affections. She thought that it must be inexpressibly 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, enjoying 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 II.

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 incrustated with mosses and lichens. It was older than the Manor House, stood on a higher hillside. Without, it had a somewhat dreary look, but within it was very cozy—cool in summer, warm in winter. The 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 witch-elms; 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 removed 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 nash and peaky-looking.'

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'd a hard time of it in Madam Woodford's life, and through the squire's sickness. They were none too well to do, neither, when there were such a many of them.'

'That's true. It was nothing but a sweet, purty face of her own Miss Clara had when the tall gentleman 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 handsome decaying oak, which some tasteless Madam Woodford had discarded from the best rooms of the Manor House.

'I should have made bold to step up 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 always busy,' 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; the kitchen clock warned her that it was time 'he' had his medicine. She came back with a mournful look on her pleasant face.

'Is the gentleman worse?' asked Margaret, who had looked from 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 roses were already in blossom.

'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, Miss Woodford, so patient and so grateful for the least kindness; and who could help being kind to him, I wonder? Let me see, it was just after Miss Clara's wedding he came; he was taken dangerously ill next day.—Miss Woodford, ma'am,' she went on, after a brief pause, 'I have it in my mind to ask a favour of you: may I make so bold?'

'I shall be very glad if I can do anything for you, Mrs Hale.'

'Do you think now'—and the farmer's wife spoke coaxingly—'that you could come up now and again, of an afternoon—that's his best time—and read to the sick gentleman a bit? He's always a wearying his poor head trying to read to himself.'

Margaret looked blank, and visibly shrank from compliance.

'It's troubling you too much, and taking up your time!' Mrs Hale said regretfully.

'It is not that,' said Margaret; 'my time is of no value; but for an entire stranger! I shouldn't like to do it, Mrs Hale.'

'I am sure you would not mind *him*; he is quite a gentleman.'

'The gentleman might not like it—might not wish it,' said Margaret, secretly hoping such might be the case.

'May I mention that a lady I know could come and read to him now and then, and ask if he would like it? I won't mention who you are.'

Margaret said 'Yes,' because she was ashamed to say 'No.'

Mrs Hale went upstairs at once. 'She returned with an answer, delicately and courteously worded, expressing the invalid's gratitude for the charitable offer, and his eagerness to avail himself of it.'

Mrs Hale asked Margaret to come on the next day; she had no notion of delay. As, soon after, she stood at the gate watching her guest out of sight, the farmer's wife smiled to herself in a complacent manner.

Margaret's interest had not been awakened; her homeward step was weary and listless. She wondered, just a little, if Mrs Hale's request were not a strange one; then she thought: 'I am middle-aged now; I look older than I am. I may use the privileges of mature years. I ought to be glad to be of use to any one, but it will be very disagreeable.'

She woke next morning with a sense of something impending; but a letter came from Clara and drove the matter out of her head.

Probably she would altogether have forgotten her engagement, had not a message from Mrs Hale in the course of the afternoon reminded her that she was expected. It was already rather late. She put on her shawl, bonnet, and gloves hastily, and walked fast to the farm.

Mrs Hale was on the watch.

'I am very glad you are come, ma'am,' she said. 'Sick folks are like children; it's very hard for them to give up anything that's been promised them. He'd have been terribly disappointed if you hadn't come.'

Leading the way upstairs, Mrs Hale continued: 'He has the two big south rooms. He's dressed, and on the sofa in the sitting-room to-day. He fainted right off when all was done, but he's had a good sleep since.'

Mrs Hale paused to take breath before she knocked at the door. Margaret felt very shy: she was glad to find the room dim. It was large and low; the small lattice-windows, shaded by creepers and set deep in the massive wall, did not admit much light, and the afternoon was cloudy.

A wood-fire burned on the hearth; but the head of the couch on which the invalid lay was drawn back into a 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, sir, unless you lie quite quiet. We won't have no politeness, if you please—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 set a low chair and a footstool for her. The light fell on her, but she had not removed her bonnet and veil.

After a few moments—after 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 sat 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 with me.'

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 deathly 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 weak to-day; but it is nothing,' 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 confidingness. 'Pray, come again, whatever Mrs Hale says,' he added; 'promise me 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-tree.'

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 I 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 no longer as strangers.

Mrs Hale entered with the tea, and Margaret tried to slip quietly away; but the invalid saw her movement.

'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 dusky 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 wanting 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 are not found, alas! 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 an average of one baby every seven weeks is left on the door-step of a single workhouse in the

east of the metropolis. I read in the same paper that the interesting young woman in whose arms that babe was left by its 'unnatural parent' in an excursion-train upon the Bristol Railway, is by no means so interesting as she was last week; since the guardians of the poorhouse to which she had consigned 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 the 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, notwithstanding the garroters, render our streets as safe as those of any city on earth, and our houses as secure, yet it must be confessed that some of them are very hard swearers. 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 magistrate is prepared for them, and washes their evidence in his own mind until all 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 his own mind, 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 the box as though it were a place of 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 it were with his coat off. 'I was a-standing, your wushup, 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 be the reader's boy in a printing-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 of nervous temperament has been induced by that look and voice to consider whether there might not be something 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 *volens volens*, and generally *volens*—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 fined 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-sovereign, as I perceive by your appearance, is no very great loss to you.'

Excessive familiarity with the witness-box produces, if not contempt, at least considerable indifference; it is impossible that a man can give his evidence under the same moral influence for the thousandth time with which he gives it the first time. Respectable witnesses for the defence ought, therefore, to be credited in preference to policemen, and they generally

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 a matter trumpery in itself, but most important as involving these contradictions. As the affair is undecided, it would be improper to comment upon it here; the magistrate has very rightly declined to adjudicate summarily, 'it being evident 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 police divisions. 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-five minutes of 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\*, 'or it might be at 1.45' (as the policeman, no doubt, subsequently observed), he was waking the echoes of Westbournia 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 werry, werry little one,' returned one of the myrmidons of the law sarcastically.

'You looks 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 'bounce,' 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 broke out into the most profuse apologies. His myrmidons, he explained, had been misled by the excessive lateness of the hour; the 'pal' of an already captured 'cracksman' was expected (though not by invitation) at a house in Westbourne Terrace between one and two A.M. 'That was how it was, bless you!' So the man of 'bounce' was suffered to depart.

This, of course, was a case of pure accident, which might have occurred (and did so) to the most innocent, fashionable, and talented of human beings. But there are cases of police misadventure, I am afraid, with which accident has nothing to do.

A gentleman of the highest respectability, who has dined, but has not wined to any undue extent, is humming aloud as he walks home. You may not spin a top on the pavement, but you may hum, I suppose. Policeman X 7045, or so, thinks not, and expresses that opinion, with some gruffness, to the offending party.

'You police,' retorts the wayfarer, quoting indignantly from some letter of *Paterfamilias* in the *Times*, 'are always busy where you are not wanted, and never to be found when you are required.'

'Never to be found when we are required, eh!' cries X 7045, or so; 'we will soon see that;' and he executes a peculiar bar with his lips, probably from the air of *Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad*.

Immediately, as a pigeon for bread-crumbs, swoops down from some unseen station X 7046. They take the astonished gentleman arm and arm, and proceed to lead him away. The captive being powerful, and strengthened by recent food, 'floors' one of them by a movement of the elbow; but the next instant they have their staves out, and he has cause to regret the blow he has struck for liberty; they take him to the station-house, where the officials decline to let him write word of this unprecedented misfortune to his family, or to send out for bail. The next morning he finds the two Xs in the witness-box, giving evidence with the most admirable unanimity.

'The prisoner was very drunk, your wushup, was in company with four disorderly persons of the opposite sex, and assaulted us most savagely in the execution of our duty.'

The look of astonished horror with which the prisoner receives this intelligence does not fail to be perceived by the magistrate.

'Now, what does the inspector say to this? In what state did the prisoner appear to be in, Mr Lynx, when you took the charge?'

'Well, sir, he was excited—certainly' ('I should rather think I was,' interpolates the accused person); 'but I cannot say that he was exactly in liquor.'

The prisoner states his own case lucidly, and with every appearance of truth. Of his respectability, there is no doubt. His habits are declared by a host of friends to be quite incompatible with the present charge. The magistrate, however, observes: 'You must be guilty, sir, unless there has been the grossest perjury committed by these two men. I will either fine you, or, if you wish the matter to be fully investigated, I will remand the case.'

'I wish the case to be remanded by all means,' replies the accused person.

Now, between this and the next hearing the captive, now on bail of course, unhappily takes counsel of a gentleman in the law accustomed to defend 'after-dinner' cases, and the results of illusion among the higher classes.

'You may be innocent or not,' says he ('I am innocent,' interposes the Bailed One); 'but in either case, the magistrate must abide by the evidence. No good can possibly result from protracting these proceedings. You had better confess that there may have been something in it, and just apologise. Then you will pay your pound, and it will be all over.'

The weak-minded Bailed One gives in to this insidious advice. Upon the next hearing of the case, he remarks (doubtless with considerable sullenness), 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 worst crime that people in their situation can commit, and that with an air of innocence that almost deceived myself. No,

\* A discussion upon the Duality of Being had detained him at my house until that hour.



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 Xs 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 Truefit 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 prosperous garb in which their enemies (and ours) are often found.

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 cabs and porters. You cannot see much of the scene because of the fog, but what is visible is calculated to terrify and confuse 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 eggs, and waiting for her husband, 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 babel and dimness, 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 hat-box 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 Soanso, and my luggage is all labelled with that name.'

'My name is also Soanso,' 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 *trousseau* was bought, and therefore with a certain sentiment about its leathern 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 Canterbury 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 he perhaps but a precursor of the threatened policeman. The situation grows terrible indeed.

'This woman' (referring to Laura Isabella) 'persists in sitting upon my luggage, porter;' drones the lady; 'it is all marked with the name of Soanso, 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 irreproachable 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 them, 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 and the brougham were too much for him: he shouldered the luggage, and the footman shouldered Laura Isabella out of the way. The brougham with its wicked inmate drove off with the nuptial travelling-trunk and all the rest of the plunder; and when, half an hour afterwards, the Rev. Augustus came out of the tunnel with his four-wheeled cab, he might just as well have brought a Hansom, for there was nothing to carry away save Laura Isabella herself.

Now, here there 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 Golconda of old, or California of to-day. As in those subterranean discoveries, however, so is it in 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 let down his lines as he passed along that 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 immediately. Again, again, and again, 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 existence of the rock and sand-bank was not altogether unknown to mariners, but lying out of the common track of most vessels, was known only to 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 moved away from the place, and 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, however, that any fishing was then attempted, 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 of the discovery; and 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 means 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 so 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 bent on the same expedition. Two 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 slowness 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 unpropitious for fishing operations. On what may probably have been in London a beautiful day, with a slight refreshing breeze, over the surface of the wild North Atlantic the fitful storm was howling, and along the rock-bound coast of Orkney immense billows were rolling in and dashing against the shore. Standing on some lonely promontory, as I often did, and, 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 intense was the anxiety of the managing director, as the vessel neared the land and moved into Westray Bay. Up went the signal-flag from our friend Dr Dawson's 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 had now to be narrated: those 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 *even in calm 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 take 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 it is to have 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 Farøe, 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 among them. It was then 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 doubt and uncertainty stand at the entrance of 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.

The habits and movements of the cod are not much more unintelligible for the present than are those of the smack-masters. 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 Farøe. 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, Farøe, and Greenland, and so far as I am aware, not one 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 oldest and hardiest sailor. Even, therefore, though good fishing were expected, it is something in the mind of a captain to overcome this repugnance. Whilst at Farøe and Greenland, shelter can 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-accustomed places; and, besides, no small amount of merchandise is there carried on, if report speaks truly, that adds to their profits as much as do their most successful fishings.

On 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 of 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 etait 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 stare at the grass, and hope that the ball will come his way. The worse player a cricketer is, the shorter are his innings, and the less he has to do in fielding. On a very cold or very hot day, an hour's fielding is dull 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 even on 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 traveller, who saw the Algonquins playing it 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 Delawares—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 Troquois of Caughnawaga, and already the Beaver Club of Montreal boast of players who can beat the Indians who taught them.

Lacrosse is a game so wild and exciting, so varied, and so dramatic, that it interests the spectator as much as the player, and this cannot be so truly said of any other game. It is also a simple game, and one easily understood. Above all, in lacrosse the muscles of the body are brought into exertion equally and at the same time, and there is no danger of losing an eye, or splitting off a thumb. Unlike cricket, lacrosse is a game suited for girls, and might be introduced into girls' schools with great advantage, as the crosse bat is scarcely heavier than a battledore, and there is plenty of healthy running, without any danger of blows.

Lacrosse is generally played by twelve competitors on a side. The players wear flannel shirts and caps, belts or sashes, and light shoes or deer-skin moccasins, which leave the feet unconstrained and pliant.

The crosse, or bat, requires careful description. It may be either of ash or hickory; the former bends easier, the latter is stronger. It is generally about three feet long, but its size and weight may be proportioned to the height and strength of the player. It is bent into a shape resembling an unbarbed fish-hook or a bishop's crozier; a net of catgut, or strings of moose-skin, is then strained across the curve to the width of a racket-bat. The netted surface is made rather baggy in the centre, in order to better catch the ball and carry it when required. The ball used at lacrosse is of solid India-rubber, as it can be thrown further, and is harder to stop than the less elastic sponge-ball. The ground needs no preparation, but it is better when level, and where the grass is short and stones are few.

The goals through which the ball has to be driven are generally about six feet high, and consist of poles bearing coloured flags, placed about six feet apart. The rival goals should face each other, and be about half a mile apart. The game consists in a struggle of the one party to pass the ball through the goal of the other. The party that first drives the ball through the opposite goal is victorious.

The excitement and fun consist in the alternate attack and defence. If there are twenty-four players present, twelve for each side, the two 'captains,' or leading-men, toss up for the first pick. They then choose their men, and post them over the field, selecting for each his place according to age, strength, skill, and peculiar faculty.

The following rules are enforced: 'No swiping' allowed. No tripping or holding your adversary. No throwing the ball with the hand; though in a

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 crosse of the goal-keeper, 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 wall 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 cool and imperturbable, to ward off the ball from the little gateway between the flags. *Point*, who should be a skilful checker in dangerous moments, stands twelve feet in front of him. *Cover-point*, who should be a very good player, should never leave 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 specially prompt, yet cool men. The *facers* are the 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. Sometimes 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 centre man.

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 instant the ball starts in the air, there 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 rudely 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 is 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, beating 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 quickest way between the flags.

The skilful player can catch the ball at full flight, by holding his crosse almost perpendicular; then by a dip and rise again he turns the crosse to a horizontal position, and runs off with the ball towards the goal. 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 nurses 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. An Indian dodger will put up 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 it 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 to 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 towards 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 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 which 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 undeviatingly 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, and 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 unintermittent 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 marquees required, no grass rolling, no expensive bats or balls, no spiked shoes, and no padded leggings to preserve you from the cannon-shots of fast bowlers, who seem determined to maim or lame somebody; above all, there is not that tiresome and wearisome waiting 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 steeples 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 boating-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; and then as the ball was shot 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 *parvenu* 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, 1494 have been wrecked, and of these men 884 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 unseaworthiness, 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 perused with melancholy interest. The districts are thus classified:

	Lives lost.
Farn Islands to Flamborough Head, . . .	670
Flamborough Head to the North Foreland, . . .	1068
North Foreland to St Catherine's Point, . . .	514
St Catherine's Point to Start Point, . . .	82
Start Point to the Land's End, . . .	460
Land's End to Hartland Point, including Scilly, . . .	353
Hartland Point to St David's Head, . . .	473
St David's Head and Carnsore Point to Lambay Island and Skerries, Anglesey, . . .	969
Skerries and Lambay to Fair Head and Mull of Cantire, . . .	1597
Cape Wrath to Buchan Ness, . . .	257
Buchan Ness to Farn Islands, . . .	280
All other parts of the coast, . . .	922
Total lives lost, . . .	7645'

This fearful list tells us, indeed, that man cannot avert the storm, nor prevent the occurrences 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 *four 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.

With 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 cling 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 have 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.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 467.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 gorn out. I don't know where he's gorn to; but I saw him turn that corner, and that leads to 'Yde Park; so p'rhaps he's gorn 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 gorn 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.

'Bread!' exclaims the straightforward Buttons; 'why, I gave him one big piece.'

Doubtless he did; no 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 ordinary Buttons has broken anything, he conceals the fact as long as possible; and when at last it is known, keeps 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 candour, far from being taken in alleviation of the disaster, only increases 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 another place—say Mrs Glapps's—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 only use he makes of those experiences is to refer constantly to Mrs Glapps's arrangements, and to draw invidious comparisons between her domestic economy and your own. You tell this Buttons to stand on the left-hand side of a person when handing a dish; the Buttons tells you that he will if you wish it, but Mrs Glapps used to let him stand on whichever side he liked; and this custom, 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 Glapps always had fish?

You order your Buttons to fetch a cab; he says: 'Yes, sir,' coughs, and adds that Mrs Glapps 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 Glapps.

Well, having requested this pretty page to look out afar for a new place, you look out for another Buttons. Applicants for the office arrive, and at last, tired of rejecting some dozen, you engage a youth who has had the misfortune, he says, to knock his face against a lamp-post, thereby causing a contusion under the left eye. This boy, on being asked what his father does, replies, as you understand, that he keeps a harp. You suppose that this fact is given in proof of the refined character of the paternal tastes; but anxious for more definite information, you again inquire what his father is. The boy replies that he

is a professor, and gives lessons. Putting these answers together, you conclude that the boy's father is a music-master, and gives lessons on the harp; and thinking you have hit upon a youth of a rather superior kind, you hasten to engage him, never suspecting that you are engaging the pugilistic 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 sparring; 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 key-hole for ten minutes afterwards. A single offence 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 advisable not to inflict personal chastisement upon this Buttons, out of consideration for the feelings of his accomplished parent, Thomas is stripped of his livery, and dismissed. He receives his dismissal with perfect equanimity, is sorry he does not suit you, walks out of the house whistling the latest popular air, and before he gets to the end of the street, is engaged in a spirited fight with a newspaper-boy.

The pugilistic Buttons, although a nuisance, has many good points. His faults are the faults of his education, his virtues all his own. Can it be expected 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 gave for his livery? Such taunts must be sufficiently galling to the most peaceably 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 is 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 with a bad memory, or a stupid boy with a clever manner. Nothing can exceed his look of intelligence when receiving his orders, or his utter stupidity when proceeding to execute them. Your opinion of him goes through several 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 dimmed his lustre; 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 instructions to take it to a house a quarter of a mile off. Buttons declares he understands, departs 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, just as it happened, for if he had for one moment stopped to think which way he should go, he would, in all probability, have remembered which 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 ordinary things of life, 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 a great wish to improve himself, and 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 some easy book 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 you your life will be a burden to you.

'Thomas,' you say, 'I particularly told you not to forget such and such a thing; why have you not done it?'

'If you please, sir,' replies the Buttons, 'I was doing my jography.'

'Dinner was very late to-day,' you say to the cook; 'what was the 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 jography. A person can't be a cook and a national schoolmissis as well. If a person's expected'—and so on.

'Is that a fact?' you say to your friend at dinner.

'Is that a fact!' replies your friend. 'Is the world round?'

'Not quite, sir,' says the Buttons promptly from the sideboard—'not quite, sir; being flattened at the poles like a horange.'

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 thirsty student likes to get as near as possible to the fountain-head. Let your measures now be short and sharp. For taking a book therefrom at all, I should say thrash him. If that book 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 annoying. 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 livery 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 annoying; 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 though.'

'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 mornin' a pair o' partidges,' 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.



'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 pugilistic 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 daresay 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 daresay,' I continued, thinking I saw it—'I daresay 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 mania 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 say 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 to 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 pugilistic 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 forests which clothe the lower region of the mountains; whilst giddy precipices front the sea, of from 1000 to 3000 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 palis, 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 midmost ocean, as though they struck on ground. Marine geysers not unfrequently occur, in the neighbourhood 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 retreating 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 naked 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 aptitude of the people for civilisation, 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 without a single chimney—a 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, the spreading roofs of the houses and stores; the flags on the fort and at the consulates flutter in the fanning breeze; and the sound of hammers—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 Polynesians, are represented here, busy with commerce, with politics, with dinner at the very excellent hotels, or in that rest-inviting climate, busy doing nothing. The Queen's Hospital is to be visited; or a salute from the battery on Punch-bowl Hill announces that a foreign man-of-war—in the neater American form, a national ship—has arrived. Numbers of Hawaiians, more or less in European dress, fill the streets, giving a smile, and the cheerful aloha or greeting, as they pass you.'

The Royal Hawaiian Theatre is open this evening, and brilliant theatrical stars are announced; though, like those of the Southern Cross, they are unknown in our northern hemisphere. The Equestrian Circus also invites to its new and amazing 'acts;' and it will not be left empty by a people devoted to horse-flesh, and among whom that animal is so plentiful that a mare and two fillies have been actually sold for a quarter of a dollar, or one shilling sterling! The full particulars of these amusements may be ascertained by consulting the advertisement-sheet of the *Polynesian*, the government official organ—a paper of many years' standing—published weekly. There are three other newspapers published in English, two of which are devoted to the interests of the American missionaries; and there are two in the vernacular, the *Hae Hawaii*, weekly, and the *Hokulooa*, 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-marshal. His usual court-dress is, however, the Windsor uniform. The royal palace is tastefully ornamented 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 very graphically, 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 bowers,  
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 simply to 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 administration is distributed in three portfolios—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 the 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 Hewahewa! The women and the priest were very determined, but the king, although yielding to them, was alarmed at his own impiety, 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 superstitious 'taboos,' which had been a long time abhorrent to the whole nation; among others, a very ungallant 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 shewed 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, and the relics of ages were consumed in the flames. The high-priest, Hewahewa, having resigned his office, was the first to apply 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 forever 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 scepticism. 'In the vast and wild region, occupied by the great mountain, Monna 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 a 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 fibrous substance, resembling threads of flax, 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 name given to these fibres found so near the dwelling of that most dread divinity.

Yet even hither did Kapiolani, a converted chiefess, dare to penetrate in 1825, and against the threats and vaticinations of the assembled priests, and against traditions 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 heaving lava; and having there praised God aloud, amidst the most stupendous instances of His power, she reascended to reprove the idolatry of the amazed 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, had perished in a moment near that dreadful spot. The rest of the troops imagined they had but halted—'some of them apparently sleeping on the ground, whilst 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 Hercules, whose arrival had been promised from generation to generation. 'Heralds announced his approach, and opened a way for him through the crowds that thronged him. Those 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 assemblage covered their faces, and those nearest to him prostrated 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, got trodden 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 going 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, Kalaniopuu, heard of the death of Kahniu, the chief who was shot in the canoe, it became clamorous 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. A general contest began, and Cook struck a chief named Kalaimano-Kahoowaha 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 believed him incapable of death. Cook, being about to fall, cried out, which dispelled the chief's belief in his divinity, and he therefore

killed him. The seamen in the boat fired on the natives, many of whom were cut down, and ~~was~~ were discharged from the ship, by which more of the people were killed. The king then fled inland to take precipice with his chiefs and people, taking with them the bodies of Cook and four of his slain companions. The king presented Cook's body in sacrifice. The flesh was afterwards removed from the bones in order to preserve them, and the flesh was consumed with fire. Three children, whose names are known, found the heart, and mistaking it for that of a dog, ate it. Some of Cook's remains were returned to the ship; the rest were retained by the priests, and worshipped.

Vancouver seems to have been a man infinitely superior to Cook, and his memory is held dear among the islanders to this very day. In token of the king's great love for him, he was intrusted with the royal war-cloak, pierced with spear-holes, as a present for George III. 'A bird inhabits the mountainous parts of the islands having under each wing a single feather of yellow colour, one inch in length. The birds were caught by means of a viscous substance smeared on poles, and the two precious feathers were secured. Of such feathers alone was the *maui*, a war-cloak, of Kaméhaméha composed. This invaluable mantle was four feet long, and eleven feet and a half in width at the bottom. Its formation occupies nine successive reigns.' When this Kaméhaméha died, there perished a king who, in his limited sphere, was worthy to be ranked with Alfred or Peter the Great. It was his boast that no man had suffered injustice beneath his rule. The whole nation mourned for him as for a father. As soon as he had drawn his last breath, a consultation of chiefs was held in the chamber of death, and one of them, in the agony of his grief, proposed that they should eat the deceased monarch—raw! This method of testifying respect was rejected, but its proposition evidences how far even the Hawaiian court must at that time (1819) have been removed from good-manners.

In the next reign, however, civilisation made astonishing strides. While yet a young man, the king and his favourite wife visited England with the most unhappy results. On reaching London, they occupied apartments at Osborne's Hotel, in the Adelphi. Their time was occupied in sight-seeing and receiving visits. The nobility shewed them many attentions; their likenesses were found in the picture-shops; they dined, they travelled, they saw sights; in fact, they lived in a whirl of engagements and excitement, which a delicate London girl might bear, but which was destructive to the robust denizens of the Pacific. Before an opportunity took place for an introduction of the king and queen to George IV., one of Liholilo's household was attacked by measles. Next day, the king sickened, and by the end of a week, the whole party were suffering from the same malady. The queen became seriously ill. She was attended by Dr Henry Halford, Dr Ley, Dr Holland, and Mr Pennington; but, in spite of every care, the original disease degenerated into inflammation of the lungs. The chief, Boki, and two more of the suite, recovered rapidly; the king, too, made some progress, and, on the 4th of July, was able to give audience to the newly appointed English consul to his kingdom. On the 8th of July, the interesting queen, Kamamahua, was seen to be sinking. Her parting with Liholilo was very touching. All that her sorrowful soul had prophesied when she bade farewell to her native shore, had come to pass: she was dying—far from her land and her beloved country. The royal pair held one another in a long last embrace, their tears flowing unrestrained. In the evening, the queen died. The king is described as standing by the lifeless body, and apparently receiving some comfort from the new religion, of which he had been but a partial scholar. Lifting upward 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 feathered 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 æsthetic 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 superlatively 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 wild-fire. Men left their anvil and their *poi*, and crowded round the lovely 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 interfere; and even then a fate like that of the late Miss Verey, 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 tariff on her ruby 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 bringing up families, and they desire above all things to preserve their charms, which the nursing of children diminishes. They are very far from cruel. 'Every woman has a pet animal; and 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 unclean 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 denuded 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 depopulation of the Sandwich Islands increases with fearful rapidity. 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.

## M A R G A R E T.

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—infinately 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—if she were 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 were something to him—that she had a right to lay her hand caressingly 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-affected, 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, as Mrs Hale relieved her of her wet cloak and hood.

They went upstairs; the look that welcomed Margaret would have repaid her for a walk in far worse weather. Just as her hand was in the invalid's, Mrs Hale said: 'It was her, you see, sir, and don't she look like the garden, all the better for a shower?'

The weak, slight fingers detained Margaret's in a close clasp. Her downcast glance met a fuller assurance than his words gave from Mr Whityear's eyes. She blushed again, turned away, sat down near the window, played with the pages of a book, and felt as if she had lost her own identity: happy, bewildered, ashamed, and proud.

That evening, Mrs Hale was called away, just as she was about to give the invalid his tea. 'May I trouble you, ma'am?' she said to Margaret, and bustled off.

Margaret went to the table: she was pouring the thick yellow cream into the cup, when—

'Margaret!' a voice behind her cried—a low voice, deep, yet tremulous. A feeling of the unreality of all around came over her. She was young again; she stood by the brook in her father's garden at evening; inhaled the fragrance of new-mown hay, and was startled by James Grant's voice pronouncing her name. She set down the cup she held, and leaned upon the table, faint and bewildered.

'Margaret!' The voice was weaker, more tremulous; she waited to hear it a third time; it was sad and plaintive then. She turned: it was Mr Whityear who spoke; he had half risen from his couch; 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 hand in his, she said simply, and yet so perplexedly: 'Who are you?'

When he answered, 'James Grant,' she knelt down beside his couch, and let herself be enfolded closely by his arms.

Mrs Hale returned; the tea was cold and unpalatable. Margaret sat in Mrs Hale's chair, close to the couch; the patient clasped Margaret's hand with both his and his face was turned towards her. Margaret disengaged 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 weeping; such tears as are only shed once in a lifetime—overflowings from a deep cup of blessedness.

'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 eleven.

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 whole landscape. It was nothing to Margaret; she had a summer in her heart—she knew that she was loved, that she had been loved, first, last, and best, most 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, eternity, religion, and love, were words with other significations than they had had for her a month ago. Yet she was not joyous. 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 so new and deep 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 core of her heart, as sunshine had never done before. Happiness had roused her early. Misery and indifference 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 by herself.

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'—

Silence once broken, they talked much; the history of thirteen years had to be told.

'But how came you by any other name than that of James Grant?' asked Margaret.

'The other name was my uncle's. He was James Grant Whityear; I am James Whityear Grant. His name is in many of 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 asked 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, divining 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 beside it, ready for her.

A westeria in full blossom covered the wall close to which they sat; the warm sunshine brought out its delicate fragrance to mingle with 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?' James seldom 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 smiling 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 life and hope; but I wanted the truth, and I 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.

'If we never meet after we part to-night, and if I live on and on, you have done me no wrong—you have done me infinite good. You would leave me better and happier than you found me; and I should thank God night and morning for having given you to me. It was you who told me that those who love cannot lose each other. I feel it now. You have done, and you can do, me nothing but good. My heart has never been drawn so much towards Heaven as since it began to love you. Oh, stay with me a little, James—God will not take you yet—not till you have made me more like yourself.'

'I trust that He will not take me for many years. When He does, you will submit yourself to Him, not only with patience, but with such passionate force of love as you have for me—not the passion of mere impulse, but steadfast, enduring passion, that will become life itself.'

A few days later, there was a wedding at the little gray church; the bride was neither young nor beautiful, the bridegroom was plain and weakly-looking. It was a truer and more beautiful marriage than ninety-nine out of a hundred—such a marriage as is for eternity.

In the afternoon, James and Margaret left Sunnyslope for West Cove. They were to return to the old house in the autumn, only for a few weeks, before leaving England for the winter.

#### CHAPTER VI.

James and Margaret sat on the natural breakwater which runs out into West Cove Bay; they sat at its extremity, and close to the water's-edge; a projecting ledge above them shut them out from the rest of the world; they faced the breeze and the setting sun.

'So we go home to Sunnyslope to-morrow,' said James. 'I am glad and sorry, or rather I am neither. I have been happy here; but I shall be happy anywhere.'

'I owe a great deal to West Cove. I shall always like it; let us come here often.' Margaret gazed in her husband's bronzed face, rejoicing in the comparative vigour it expressed.

'This broad, broken path of ruby light on the field of green is very lovely! But it looks stormy to-night,' James said.

'Summer is gone; no matter, we go after it, and take it with us,' replied Margaret. 'I think we ought to go to the house now, James; it is not warm.'

'Just a few moments more, till the sun is quite under.'

Margaret threw part of her own shawl round her husband, and they sat, clinging close, as if the sinking of the sun were to be signal for their parting.

'I could almost fancy that our rock trembles,' said Margaret presently; 'and that wave, sweeping under us, made such a strange hollow sound! See the breadth of the billow of green crystal coming towards us; it looks as if it had force enough to sweep the rock away. The sun is gone now—let us go.' Margaret shuddered.

They rose—lingered one moment yet—each leaning against the other.

Above the sound of the water they heard a child's

merry laugh, followed by a shrill cry of warning; then something fell from above, close past them, into the water; a shriek of horror rang out. They looked up—a woman stood right above them, with a blank white face; they looked down, and saw a gleam of golden hair; saw it for a second, then it was washed underneath the rock on which they stood.

James began to take off his coat. Margaret made an effort to detain him, while she said to the woman above, in a tone of agonised appeal: 'Is no one there? Is no help near?'

'No one. For Heaven's sake! For pity's sake!'—James plunged into the water.

'Run up the breakwater—make them put a boat round!' Margaret said to the woman.

She was obeyed. The woman's frantic haste and wild face attracted people to the spot from which she had started. Presently a group of idlers stood above Margaret. She did not know that she was not still alone—she did not hear their questions—she leaned over the water, her whole soul in her eyes.

Twice she saw her husband—the child in his arms—gain a footing on a sunken rock, clearly visible under the transparent water, only to be swept off by the force of a wave.

She turned her face back at last to see if no help came. 'Hold me!' she said to those who had scrambled down to where she crouched. A man took her firmly round the waist, clasping the rock himself. 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 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.

'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?'

'I do not know. I thought only of you. I will send and ask,' she answered.

'Do love.'

He closed his eyes, and was silent a short time. Presently he said:

'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.

'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.

'All, my dear madam; and I see no reason for apprehension.'

'If you thought my husband in danger, could you do nothing more?'

'Nothing. Pray, be easy; you are overexcited and

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 stiff to-morrow. I dare say I am bruised,' said James, when Margaret returned to his bedside. 'Won't you write a line to old Hannah, to prevent her being uneasy?'

'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 inquiry for its deliverer, and to say that the child was sleeping quietly, and seemed quite uninjured.

'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 overexcited 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 beg her to 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 approached him again, 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. 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 throbs 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 she started back from them; 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 shout 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 are '*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 envied, 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 her 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 unchanging serenity of her countenance, 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.

No one 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, truculent lion this, horrent 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 mushroom rapidity of growth, and the depth and tenacity of their clinging roots, which seldom fail to find congenial soil in even the rudest 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 property than its 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 allodial claims have undoubtedly been recognised, from the time of Naboth'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 pinch 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 free-born 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 convent hungering for lands. Exemption from toll and subsidy, freedom from arrest, licences to beg granted to the mendicant friar, an authorised market for pardons, 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 ecclesiastical.

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 suzerain. Did 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 Homfray—he could think of no better plan than drawing for cash upon the purses of his leal and loving burghers. Did the king determine to raise a mercenary army, and to put down turbulent count

and troublesome duke, once and for all—he, too, asked a 'benevolence' from *his* leal and loving burghers. And the townsmen got parchment and sealing-wax in return for their coin, and slipped their necks out of the collar of servitude.

As for the mighty feudal pyramid, with the crown for its apex, its vested interests all trended downwards. The king's interests were in his fiefs, in the service, military or civil, paid for their enjoyment and in the heirs and heiresses of the great vassals. Though royalty seemed lavishly generous, and most old grants resemble practical jokes, with their pepper-corn rents, their July snow-balls, red roses at Christmas, green geese and green rushes, there was a sharp claw hidden beneath the velvet of the leonine paw. When County Guy died, leaving no successor but his daughter Sibylla or Joan, majesty assumed the auctioneer's hammer, and knocked down the well-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 minor, 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 attainted traitor, Duke Homfray, the confiscated fief paid tribute ere a new favourite had it.

As for the vested interests of the nobles, they were legion. The commonalty on their lands owed them suit and service. Knights, esquires, yeomen paid rent in money and kind, followed them to court and battle, gave marriage-gifts, christening-gifts, all sorts of gifts. The serfs and villeins paid in labour, kind, and money; paid kain and toll, multure and poundage; paid infang and outfang, feoffment, usage, cess, and fifty other claims, in North and South Britain, in Ireland, and in continental Europe. In Ireland, the feudal taxes of the conquerors were adroitly added to the old assessments of the primitive Brehon Law, and duty-hens and duty-turkeys, coshering, booting, and other queer Milesian mulcts, were levied along with rent.

In Wales, Germany, Savoy, and especially in France, rights much more oppressive and insulting, in some cases barbarous and fantastic, were attached to the lord's supremacy over his vassals and their families.

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 colonies with other sufferers from his own dread disease, had 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 Reformation, 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 barons 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 softened into courtiers, most were destroyed or impoverished, and it is now two hundred years since the English statutes against watching and warding were passed, and since wardship and knight-fee were abolished. In the courts-leet and courts-baron of the lords of manors, in the royalties they claim, and in the crown-rights of treasure-trove—shadows of a shade—we see the last vestiges of feudalism.

The rights of the church were not so easily dealt with. Abroad, the old system lingered till 1792 and its earth-shaking convulsion. In England, the Reformation left many immunities intact. Not only priests, but any thief or footpad who could write his name, could, till the other day, claim benefit of clergy. It 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; worse still, were the abused sanctuaries of London, where knaves and ruffians held garrison, in defiance of the outer world.

But the wealth of the clergy aroused the covetousness, as the privileges of the clergy provoked the wrath, of the lay community. Not only did reformers and Jacobins, Henry's courtiers and Marat's pupils, pounce upon the spoils of the church, but most Catholic sovereigns could not deny themselves the pleasure of a bite at the juicy peach of clerical property, or the satisfaction of humbling clerical pride. In one case, that of the Templars, pope and king combined to plunder and murder 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 preserved 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-councils, equalled anything that Front de Bœuf himself could have devised. Only freemen could vote, exercise a calling, or keep a shop, within the walls; the rule of the city, the gains of its traffic, were for the sons of natives alone. Every set of craftsmen had their banners, their chiefs, their by-laws and restrictions, and all combined in keeping down, as an inferior race, the country-folks 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, flourished nobly in every city and borough. Those were jovial days for the privileged caste who furnished mayor and aldermen, jurat and high-bailiff; jovial days for the select vestry, the exclusive town-council, the comfortable little Court of Requests. Many are still alive who sigh for those pleasant times of snug jobs, endless banquets at the public cost, old port, and plentiful places for those born in the scarlet of office. No wonder that the high burghess-class of hereditary civic magnates—a class as proud and tenacious as 'blue-blooded' Castilians could be—bitterly felt the sweeping change which docked them of their prerogative. The Druids did not suffer more when the sacred oaks of Mona fell crashing about their ears, than some nineteenth-century Britons at the reform of corporations.

Miscellaneous interests are sometimes found to be vested in a very high degree. Take the case of that very black sheep, the Rev. Sessimus Skamp. He has offended in many ways; he dare not shew himself in the pulpit; his living is under sequestration for the benefit of the creditors he has robbed and laughed at. But bishop and patron, and Court of Arches to boot, could never get the Rev. Sessimus out of the living itself. It is his freehold, and safer from writs than a lay freehold; and as the dingy defaulter sips his brandy at Boulogne, he may with perfect truth call himself rector of Shearingham.

The next parish has another tale to tell. There, the grievance is the parish-clerk, Daniel Bellows, a sulky, boozy fellow, of whom the vicar and congregation are justly anxious to be rid. But Daniel is an incubus not to be shaken off. The vicar can't discharge him; the churchwardens cannot give him a month's notice. Daniel, in a hazy sort of way, is rather thought by the most erudite proctors in Doctors' Commons to have a freehold, or at the least a copyhold, claim to his desk and salary.

Still linger among us a very few sinecures, the last survivors of their race. They sprang up once like rank weeds, bearing strange titles. Deputy-chaffwax, groom-porter, clerk of the hanaper, were among the

small fry; while the assessors, the six clerks of Westminster, and other monster inutilities, had to be bought out at an enormous price. To be bought out is the common, and not altogether unenviable fate of most sinecurists. We are kinder than the bees, and give our drones honey enough to yawn away their span of life withal. To be sure, the bargain is a final one, and the last of the chaffwaxes 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 payment of as much compensation-money, that negroes might be free, appeared the maddest Quixotism or the most transparent juggling 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 despite of the revolutions which have mowed them down. Protection, the embodiment of such principles, was, till lately, a keystone of French legislation. M. Prudhomme was fenced in at all points, lest intrusive John Bull should undersell him in his own market. Iron, woollen, cutlery, Staffordshire china, could not reach the French consumer without encountering as many hardships, delays, and obstacles as Sir Amadis de Gaule when breaking into an enchanted castle. Longacre might not send a carriage to compete with the Rue St Honoré, unless the price were doubled by the duty; and a Frenchman's gouty foot could not be wrapped in Welsh flannel, save at huge cost, and by the smuggler's help.

One vested interest of modern France is that of the abattoir, or public slaughter-house. There are in Britain those who profess, with somewhat boastful bluntness, to 'kill their own mutton.' In France, they would have to send for the accredited butcher of the commune, who by law must have his fee for each animal slaughtered. In Belgium, the communal surveyor ought to be the busiest, and not the poorest of officials. In strict law, you cannot widen a path, build a wall or a house, run up a cow-shed, repair, heighten, or patch any edifice adjoining a public road, without his presence and sanction. At quaint Bruges, a small guild of coal-porters exists, to whom tribute must be paid if you would have fire in your stove. These privileged and grimy persons drag little trucks by means of ropes, in mediæval style, but every wagon or cart that rolls along the paved streets with its black load, travels on sufferance, and pays the hereditary coal-whippers their due.

The Post-office, almost the last of government monopolies, is a vested interest. So is the Mint, whence issue certain metallic discs of white and yellow colour, which the queen's lieges are forbidden to imitate, even in purest gold and virgin silver. So is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, with her invaluable promises to pay, printed on the toughest and choicest of paper, and called 'fimsies' by the flippant. So are turnpikes, the establishment of which cost blood, and whose tolls have been productive of heartburnings, down to this very time.

Inns of court, medical colleges, universities, and all bodies corporate and chartered companies, are vested interests. The grand old eastern despot, John Company, was the most royally sumptuous of them all, splendid even in decay, when parliament had stepped in between a hundred and twenty millions of turbaned heads and brown faces, and the old ladies and gentlemen who claimed to rule over them by virtue of a star or two against their names in India stock. Railways, vested interests of the first magnitude, had to struggle through the obstacles that beset them in

committee, 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, sportsmen, and old ladies, 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 the meagre dividends of to-day tell 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 somewhat 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 roaring dragon, was to exterminate the breed of English horses, with all manly sports and the best of our national qualities, that wicked 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 than whale-oil and tallow.

Gas and steam merely fought the battle which coal and cotton had fought before them, and which port-wine 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 consulship, the battle has been renewed, with claret for the assailant, and certain fiery cordials, most of which were innocent of a Peninsular origin, for the vested interests attacked. The brewers' interests, the publicans' interests, have been sufficiently paraded before the country at large, as were those of furriers and trappers when silk hats took the place of beaver, or when the hatting 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 furious that wheeled carriages should compete with the sedan; the twopenny-post, the parcels-delivery companies, created riots among the porters of the period; and the illegal combinations to break stocking-frames, mules, jennies, 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 myriads who now have cause 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 potwallopers, freemen, 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-boroughs of pre-reforming days—that fair white mansion of Gatton, smiling out from its green park on the South-eastern line, the mouldering 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 ordeal 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 elude 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 if it 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, perquisites, Christmas-boxes to postmen, waits, original bellmen, and the acolytes of baker and butcher, are vested interests that cling to life like so many polypes, two heads bursting forth when one is cut off. It was but the other day that guard and stage-coachman craved 'remembrance' at our hands; and now the railway-porter who hails a cab for us, who inquires after our luggage with affectionate 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 instant, and found Chambermaid on the top step, Waiter on the second landing, and Boots in possession of the door-mat. Attendance is now charged in the bill, but if the customer understands the mute 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 tremendous subject, on which folios might be written; and if there be a moral contained in it, it is, that the public should in prudence be very chary of permitting the growth of a vested interest. The germ once planted, it may take the toil of generations to 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 smoke 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 afresh, 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 unslumbering 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 troublous 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 canoe could venture out 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, saddest 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 us was to defend our citadel to the uttermost; and many a time during the days of that terrible leaguer, 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 shriek 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 tree with 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 maze of snow, right over our heads.

'It cannot be 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 triumphant 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 feint 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 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 rioting in fearful revelry upon the roof, while the thick juniper smoke, with its overpowering fragrance, filled every chamber to suffocation, and the so lately inclement blockhouse almost scorched us as we stood.

It was but 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 they were powerless to save. 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 but lead to capture, 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; so 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, grazed 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 sternly for life; even the little ones without a murmur groping 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 glowed like gems as they flitted 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 sap not having yet risen, the trees were at the driest. The vengeance of our ruthless assailants had reverted

on their own heads, and we could hear, above the turmoil of the fire, the affrighted shrieks and yells of the incendiaries as they fled before the swiftly-pursuing flames.

The Indian leaguer 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, as it sped on, 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 unpromising 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 heaved blue and cheerily in the sunlight. But that tumultuous sea of fire, in all its fearful 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 fish 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 till 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 toiled 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 Mackinac, 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 Mackinac, 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.

#### EVENTIDE.

Do you remember the calm evening-time,  
The worn old seat beneath the cherry-tree,  
The double blossoms in their spotless prime,  
The ivied stem rich in green fligree,  
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 lisp 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 unalloyed?  
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 past 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,  
Among their branches, at the tranquil time,  
When, in subdued converse straying late,  
The evening long had passed its ruddy prime?  
Thus, in thine 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.

#### DEGENERACY OF BOOKS IN REPRINTING.

It is the fate of some books to degenerate after the death of their authors. The first edition of Gwillim's *Heraldry* is said to be by far the best, 'the rest having been almost spoilt, by ignorant persons taking care of it'—*Hearne*.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON, and 339 High Street, EDINBURGH. Also sold by all Booksellers.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL OF POPULAR LITERATURE

Science and Arts.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS.

No. 468.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 hardy 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 Elsan Ketler was also reigning over her own *gard*; that is to say, farmhouse and steading, and over the village of Karlscoopen, conducting its gossip, supervising its manners and morals, and firmly intending never to abdicate at all. The village of Karlscoopen 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 Elsan

Ketler reigned and ruled without a rival or a gainsayer. It was true that Dame Elsan had a husband, but honest Hams 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 Elsan 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 Elsan 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 Karlscoopen; their farm was the largest and most fertile, their stock of cattle and sheep was the best, their *gard* 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 china, the cream, and the flower of the valley; and having talents equal to her position—for in spinning, brewing, and sausage-making, Dame Elsan could give the most accomplished of her neighbours lessons—the spouse, and decidedly better-half of Hams Ketler took the lead, and kept it. Moreover, what does not generally happen to chiefs and leaders anywhere, was the case with her: Dame Elsan 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; Hams went in the way she chalked out for him; son and daughters followed his dutiful 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 Elsan'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 kine-life. Old and censorious people—there were such even in Karlscoopen—ventured to whisper by their own firesides 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 must have been something unlucky about her 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 headstone in the village churchyard. Dame Elsan 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 Elsan'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 Ketlers' cows were henceforth to be strangers, not reared on their own farm; very unlucky, the dame thought; all Karlscopen 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 washed away; but the dame was at her wits' 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 breezeless air and downward-sloping sun, was broken by a coming step, and looking up, the dame saw what was not common in Karlscopen, 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-cloth 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. The deacons in those days were the poor scholars of Sweden, known to be college-bred, and therefore in high esteem among the northern peasantry, who, though rustic enough themselves, have always respected learning; known also to be poor, and therefore ready to accept, or rather to expect, hospitable entertainment. Thus Dame Elsan 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 spring-water to spare a thirsty traveller?'

'Come in, sir,' said the dame.

Prudent though she was, the Ketlers' 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 Elsan brought in her spinning-wheel, and sat down opposite to enliven his repast with her conversation. Its chief subjects were of course Karlscopen and the Ketlers. The deacon inquired kindly after the whole village; Dame Elsan, being the head woman, was able to give him a good account of them, including her own household. Hams was a good sort of a man on the whole, though rather stiff-necked and hard to advise at times; young Hams was like his father; but she did her best

to manage them both. Emma and Elda would be good housekeepers, she must say, though they were her daughters: she hoped they would get good husbands, and manage them well. The deacon appeared deeply interested in the whole family, as the new cheese disappeared before his knife. The dame entered into a more particular statement of household affairs—their crops, their cattle, the linen she had in store for the girls against their wedding-days, her great successes in all domestic achievements, and the causes of thankfulness the Ketlers had in general.

'You are a very fortunate woman, mother,' said the deacon. 'In all my travels, I have not met with any to whom Providence has been more kind; and I am glad to see you acknowledge it with a thankful heart.'

'I do, sir, to the best of my recollection, in church on Sundays, and every night at my prayers; so does Hams, poor man, when I remind him of it. But, sir, there is one thing that troubles us both, principally me, because it is a housewife's concern, and Hams has scarcely sense enough;' and Dame Elsan made a full disclosure of her trials and regrets in the matter of the dying calves. It was not merely in hopes of sympathy that the good woman spoke; the belief in spells and charms to secure human wishes and ward off misfortunes was strong among the Swedish peasantry at the time, as it was among those of our own England, then under the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. Learned men of any profession were supposed to know, if they did not practise, them. The deacon, though intended for the ministry, had studied at Upsala; a vague tradition of the pagan temple it had supplanted still hung round that university; and nothing could persuade the populace that occult learning was not cultivated there. Might not the deacon, then, in return for her hospitable entertainment and friendly confidence, be able to assist Dame Elsan out of her difficulty, and give her some charm to keep death from the cow-house? It was not indeed consistent with his holy office and expected call to the pulpit; but then he was a learned man, had been at Upsala: she would pay anything he pleased to ask, and keep the secret all her life. The spinning-wheel was stopped, and her requests and promises made in a low hurried tone, as the deacon rose to go, for the cheese was finished, and the sun wearing down. He stood leaning his arms on the back of the chair for a few minutes, as if in earnest consideration, while the dame pressed her suit, and plied him with every argument she could think of, the last being ten rix-dollars in hard silver. At length, he looked up with a sort of smile; it was a good omen; Dame Elsan's courage rose. 'Do, sir, for pity's sake, take them, and give me the charm. I know you can do it; you learned men can do anything of that kind. It will take the disgrace off our house. No mortal shall ever hear a syllable about it from me; and I am sure the ten dollars will be of use to you.'

'We never take money for such things, mother,' said the deacon; 'but if you make me a present of five dollars, as my gown is rather thin, and my shoes nearly worn out, I won't refuse it. Leave me alone here, and I'll write something which will be of service to you and the calves;' and taking out his pocket-book, ink-horn, and pen, he began to write something on a blank leaf, while Dame Elsan hurried out to the porch, turned her face to the east, and piously repeated her prayers, to keep off the evil spirits who might be at hand on such an occasion. While thus engaged, however, she chanced to lift her eyes, and saw her maid Roskin coming in from the field as she had been ordered, to assist in preparing 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 deacon were seen writing or giving that paper, the secret must be known to all Karlscopen. In flew Dame Elsan with: 'O sir, for goodness' sake, stop; there's Roskin coming.' But the maid had observed her mistress, guessed there was something in the wind, and 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 impress of a ring he wore, put up his ink-horn and pocket-book, and whispered: 'Come out with me, and I will tell you what to do.' Out went the stranger, and out went Dame Elsan, to the great amazement of her maid, who got a frowning 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-day, 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 kirtle, came back to the house, and fell to getting the supper ready, with a long account of the catechising and good counsels which the pious young deacon had given her. It was repeated with variations and enlargements to her household when they came in from work, and to all her neighbours in turn. Indeed, it was thought Dame Elsan made rather too much of the subject. 'One would think a deacon had never come to a house in Karlscopen before,' remarked the most censorious, of course very privately; but all the Ketlers were edified, except Roskin, who never could find out, and dared not inquire what had been given and taken at the corner of the cow-house.

It could not be expected that the maid would keep such a problem for her private meditation. All the housewives in the village heard, and endeavoured to solve it with conjectures more or less charitable; but as they also stood in awe of Dame Elsan, no inquiries could be ventured on. If honest Hams 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 Karlscopen, and the one eye-witness, Roskin, got married in the following year to a peasant living in a distant village. The tale of the cow-house corner died out, or was kept alive only by tenacious memories, yet from the time of its occurrence, all her neighbours remarked that Dame Elsan'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 Elsan Ketler, and generally bringing presents in their hands. They came and they went, to the wonder of Karlscopen; 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 Elsan'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: England was changed from a commonwealth to a kingdom; Sweden lost her Queen Christina, and got two successive kings instead; and Dalarne got a duke of its own, who governed the province prudently, and made a deal out of its mines. There were revolutions in the Ketler farmhouse, too, quite as important to

its inhabitants, though they came more slowly and with less report. Dame Elsan's daughters grew up, married, and got the provided linen; honest Hams went to reside beside his oft-accused mother in the village churchyard; Hams the younger reigned or rather served in his stead, for, like a discreet Dalecarlian, 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 Hams 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 Hams could live through the perpetual broil!

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 a cross, anxious, uneasy old woman; her prudence had narrowed into perfect parsimony, though she was known to be the richest dowager in Karlscopen. Besides her part of farmhouse, stock, and land, nobody in the village could boast so much fine linen, or so many silver spoons, rings, and buckles, mostly paid in tribute by those far-coming visitors. But Dame Elsan's reign was over; the poorest cottage in Karlscopen disdained 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 endeavouring to make out what the visitors wanted, and claiming share of their presents, averred that there must be something particularly bad 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 Dalarne, whence or how no man could tell, for who can trace out the spring of a popular ferment, a mighty dread of witchcraft, and a general discovery of witches in every quarter. The strange sufferings and troubles of the people in consequence would fill a volume of very grotesque reading; they saw everything, from talking-dogs to pigs drawing barrels full of fire; they heard all manner of sounds in the air, in the village churchyards, and in the dark corners of their own houses. Scores of people were accused, and confessed their guilt, with wondrous and most circumstantial tales of their nightly flights on broomsticks and dead pine-branches, carrying children with them to Blakulla, a rocky and desolate isle in the Baltic, many a mile from the nearest land, where they were received by the enemy of mankind in person, under whose superintendence they baked, brewed, feasted, and initiated the children into his special service. Ridiculous as these tales may seem to nineteenth-century readers, they fill the law records and parish registers of the period, and appear to be but a northern and later edition of the doings inquired after and legislated for by our own Long Parliament. The executions were far more numerous, though the ferment lasted only five years; eighteen persons in the parish of Mora were known to have been put to death in one day for witchcraft; and the number of the accused was so great, that Duke Charles refused to sign many of the death-warrants, for fear of depopulating his province. Either owing to its remote situation, or the less excitable character of its inhabitants, Karlscopen was the latest in all Dalarne to find out a witch, but it came to the discovery at last.



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 dame was a witch; that she had seen her, at unaccountable times and places, gathering hemlock, and otherwise singularly employed; and triumphantly referred to the unexplained visits as proofs of her accusation. 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 boiling 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 crosier was at that time wielded by a scion of the Svedburg family, newly promoted to the see, but known to be a conscientious and zealous bishop. His preferment was said to have been owing to his preaching before Duke Charles against the sins of the times, particularly the black 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 Ketter was the first name on the list of those to be tried before him. Her position in Karlscoopen, 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 deacon 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 it a minute leather-bag, 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 deacon 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 Mantecoras,' said Dame Elsan—'to keep the charm in the lining of my right-foot shoe, and strike every calf 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 deacon in the village of Karlscoopen. 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's not living, it must be dead.

This nonsense the poor woman has carried in her right-foot shoe, believed herself to be doing wonders with it for twenty years, and might have been executed on her 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 peaceable 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 her time, the Countess de la Gardee, to put down the persecution. 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.

THIS has been called an age of revivals. We have had revivals in the church and in the theatre, in fashions and in arts. The hoops of our great-grandmothers have been resumed, 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 worth saying, doing, 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 past.

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 supremacy of cotton. The manufacturers thought it was easier and more profitable to devote themselves to cotton; and the farmers, engrossed with the cultivation of cereals, and the breeding of stock, lent a willing ear to calumnies 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 exhaustive a crop, and that if they once admitted it upon their acres, it would be years 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 makes at least his 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 about as high as wheat.

The agricultural objection to flax, science, which now a days governs the farm no less than the factory, has disposed of. It has been lately shewn, that if the crop has been of a peculiarly exhaustive nature, it has been only because the farmer, having no machinery for crushing the seed, allowed it to rot with the plant, instead of converting it into cake for the cattle, and thus returning it to the land. The water, too, in which flax has been soaked is good for manure; and cattle are passionately fond, not only of linseed itself, but of the grass on which the flax has been laid out. The cultivation of flax certainly offers the temptation of a large profit. An outlay of from L.10 to L.14 per acre will yield a net profit of from L.3 to L.10, and even L.15. The seed is of value as well as the stalk. At present, it forms one of our chief imports; and Hull, its chief port of entry into England, is spreading its bounds, and building large new docks on the strength of the trade.

Under the pressure of the cotton famine, the manufacturing objection to flax is also subsiding. A very sensible saw, which is to be found in the proverbial philosophy of nearly every nation, tells us, that when we cannot get what we want, we must do with what we have. Just now, we are at a sad loss for cotton; and as that is, for the time at anyrate, out of our reach, we must inquire whether no substitute can be found for it. There is flax, for instance—we can grow the plant on our own soil if we choose: Europe produces it in abundance. Cannot flax be made to serve instead of cotton? Just now, this question is a very urgent one, but it is by no means new. In the middle of the last century, efforts were made in this country to prepare flax so as to resemble cotton; and Lady Moira, an enthusiastic supporter of the scheme, got some of the flax-cotton, as it was called, woven into stuff for waistcoats and petticoats. The weavers, however, had a prejudice against the material; and it was only as a great favour, and in very small quantities, that her ladyship prevailed on them to use it. Thirty years later, similar experiments were made in Austria and Prussia, not merely with flax, but with tow, and it is said that they were successful. It does not appear, however, that the process sur-

vived the experimental stage. In the beginning of this century, the capabilities of flax were much discussed in France. The First Napoleon, with his keen practical eye, fully appreciated the importance of the question, and offered a reward of a million francs for the discovery of a method by which flax might be spun as fine as cotton. One Philippe Girard of Vacluse solved the problem just as the Empire was tottering to its fall. His claim for the reward came before the government of the Restoration, which, with short-sighted shabbiness, refused to fulfil the decree, offering, however, a loan of some 7000 or 8000 francs to carry out the invention. Indignant at such treatment, Girard quitted his country, and settling in Poland, established a cotton-mill, which prospered so well, that in time a little village (now called Girardon) rose around it. Among other *idées Napoléennes* which the present Emperor of the French has fulfilled has been the payment of compensation to the family of Girard.

Of late years, a number of other ingenious persons have devoted themselves to the subject of flax. Conspicuous amongst these, on account of the excellence of his invention, and the misfortunes of his career, is the Chevalier Claussen. His sad story has lately been made public. Having received a high scientific education, Claussen at an early age conceived a strong predilection for the study of applied chemistry, and devoted himself especially to those branches connected with the manufacture of textile fabrics. After years of patient, earnest labour, and innumerable experiments, he arrived at the conclusion that 'the fibre of flax, if rightly manipulated, is 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 serf or slave.' In order to render the flax fit for use in this way, he devised a very ingenious and effectual process, of which we shall speak presently. First of all, he brought the matter under the notice of the Danish government (he being a Dane by birth), and next he went with his scheme to the French government. From the one he received the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour; from the other, the empty title of Chevalier. Both were profuse enough in promises for the future; but as Claussen was in want of something more substantial and immediate, he came to England. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was then the wonder and admiration of the world; and the enthusiastic young Dane was confident that in the temple of industry, to which the genius of all lands had been invited to contribute, and to which visitors from every nation were thronging, his invention would meet with due appreciation. He exhibited specimens of flax-cotton in a manufactured condition, which were highly commended; and when he explained the processes by which he derived such beautiful materials from the straw of the flax plant, they were pronounced by competent persons to be of a thoroughly practical character. A company was formed, under a parliamentary title, to work the patent. Nearly L.50,000 was expended in efforts to develop it, but the manufacturers were shy and apathetic. Cotton was cheap and plentiful. The supply had continued down to that time, and it was idle to think about its being interrupted. When cotton grew scarce, it would be time enough to consider to what account flax could be turned. Such was the argument of the spinners. So the company gave up the enterprise in despair. Claussen had received a certain sum in cash, when his patent was first taken up, but the royalty to which he was entitled upon the flax-cotton manufactured by the company proved a mere Will-of-the-wisp. Poor and heart-sick, the unfortunate chevalier strove to better his fortune in America, but soon after was brought back to England in an unsound state of mind, and

consigned to a madhouse. In that dismal asylum, we understand, he still remains.

And now a word as to the process of manufacture. The stalk of the plant consists of a wooden core, called the shove 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 lengthy. 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 'skutcher' 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 Claussen 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 'fibrilia' 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 dépôts should be established in flax-growing districts for the reception and preparation of the fibre.

#### HOME FROM THE COLONIES.

##### LOOKING DOWN ON THE WORLD.

'HAVE we nearly got to the top, Morumbidgee?' 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 earth, 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 smelt 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, proportionally to the space descended 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 spoiled my gloves with this abominable railing, shiny with fifty thousand pairs of dirty hands.'

'Nay, not *pairs*,' said I laughing; 'people only use one hand in going up.'

'And do they not use the other in coming down?'

inquired Y sardonically.

'No,' said I; 'they descend next the wall, to permit the passage of those they meet.'

'Morumbidgee,' exclaimed Y solemnly, seating himself in one of the clammy 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. Listen.'

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 giggling.

'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.

'Morumbidgee,' cried Y, 'this is eaves-dropping. There is no knowing what one may hear; let us make another effort to proceed. If these young people overtake us, I shall betray myself; I shall shriek with irrepressible 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 *nil admirari* 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 proposition, 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 even 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 on 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 to the Three Tuns 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 hither, and seeing the rope hanging loose, which was presently to be stretched for the achievement, he slid down by it into Monument Yard, "the stairs (he explained) being inconveniently crowded."'

'I sympathise deeply with that boy,' said Y. 'Let us come out into the open.'

What a change was that 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 below us lay that street and bridge more densely thronged 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 active little men and women, with their toy omnibuses and Liliputian wains, 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 brick-work; 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 Eastcheap, for instance, expose to the eye of the aeronaut, 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 (and is smoked); some are pointed; some are dome-shaped; but all have a little hole in them somewhere, through which members of the Human family occasionally emerge, to the consternation of the Feline. 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 barley-sugar basket; one is solid as 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 apparently a mosque or two, whose existence I was previously unaware of. In the church-towers hang the bells, quite visible, and around them eddy innumerable flights of pigeons, as though they really roosted under those iron tongues, which once a week at least must make the top of the Monument unsuitable, as a mathematical retreat, for Mr Babbage. The bridges lose their individuality, their arches, 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.

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 at 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 acoustics; but the gentleman—he's a baker—has not the least suspicion that we are in possession of his soft secret. He looks as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth.'

If nature ever made an innocent 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 innocent simplicity which pervaded 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-of-promise transactions with an untarnished reputation.

His politeness to the young woman was cold almost to stateliness. He remarked that the wind was easterly, and that the pigeon was a pretty bird. I am not a bad judge of character, but I should have taken him for a serious young man, by whom baking was felt to be a snare, and who contemplated missionary enterprise in the Tonga Islands. The evidence of one's own ears, 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 hypocritical 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 originated, or at least corroborated, by Leigh Hunt, that there is no street of any size in the city from some part of which a tree 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 kinsfolk, 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—every description of awful cat was there. Cats, too, as I have said, formed the majority of the population of the roofs; stalking noiselessly over leads in search of prey; expressing with bent back, and rigid as if they had taken strychnine, their antagonistic sentiments towards their fellows; or sitting, demure as Bathsheba, upon the topmost tiles, engaged in cleansing operations, but not without an eye to the pigeons. Birds 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 autumn breeze, were 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 telescope which is '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 I cannot but believe, in charity, that they are 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 commanding position to eastward, so they put a stack of chimneys between it and the area of their operations. Only they never think of looking up at the Monument, where there are at least two couple 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 mosques 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.

When the carpet-beating 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 summit. 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 sombre man, who had never ceased cracking walnuts 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 railings 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 walnuts!'

'Well, they can't do it any more,' remarked I cheerfully, pointing to the iron bars that engaged us overhead.

'A *thin* man could squeeze himself through *them*,' replied the walnut-cracker sighing; 'but not even him with any comfort. What a pack o' nonsense it is of government 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 myself, as though he and I were the only persons upon that solitary height capable of the communication of ideas.

'The fust 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 heagle kept up here, and in reaching round to look at *him*, he over-balanced hisself; and a lot of gammon of that kind. But he did 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 *fust*.'

'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 skinned and devoured its contents with the greatest deliberation, he continued as follows:

'The second was a baker; not a twopenny-half-penny journeyman fellow—such as that who was stannin here a while ago, and would never dream of doing such a thing, not *he*—he ain't got the pluck for it—but a *master* baker—name of Cradock: 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. Then there was a Jew gentleman: now, listen. He got a-top of these 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 as 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 warmint.'

'But he seems such a very miserable 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 Monument-man 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 stale lamentations over the illiberality 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 Shakspeare 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, Hazlitt 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 admitted 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 indelicacy, 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 puerility 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 laments that Roscius is no longer Roscius; while as for his companions, they sink to criticism'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 the place of wrong;  
Where ignorance prevails, with boundless pride,  
And talent, which might please, is misapplied.

The manager, Colman,

In nought but human Fantoccini dealing,  
Wages fell war 'gainst genius, sense, and feeling.

The author of the *West Indian* is quite as unmerciful; his brother-playwrights, however, are the objects of his diatribe:

Various the shifts of authors now-a-days  
For operas, farces, pantomimes, and plays.  
Some scour each alley of the town for wit,  
Begging from door to door the offal bit;  
Plunge in each cellar, tumble every stall,  
And send, like tailors, 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 snip-snap changes, witches, demons, paltry 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. Sadlers' 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 joys,  
But doat on mimicry and toys.  
Thus when a dance is in my bill  
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 Shakspeare, 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 sonorous 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 ashes 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 Shakspeare! 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 outrageous nature, chooses to exhibit the ridiculous *outré* 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 blunder, while he eloquently 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 re-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  
Tore 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 Shakspeare and tagging 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 arch-poet Jonson died,  
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskin's pride,  
Together with the stage's glory, stood  
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.  
The cirque profaned was, and all postures racked,  
For men did strut and stride and stare, not act!

Sir Richard Baker, the chronicler, has recorded his belief that no age can hope to see such actors as Burbage, Alleyn, and Tarleton, again; but an indignant poet, less inclined to admire the actors of Bankside and Blackfriars, probably from the contempt bred out of familiarity, vows:

Not a tongue  
Of the untuned 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 gamester, captain, knight, knights-man,  
and in his noble lines on Shakspeare, despairingly apostrophises his dead friend and fellow-labourer, thus:

Shine forth thou star of poets, and with rage  
Or influence, chide 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 dwellers on its banks assuring us, the waters are foul and muddy compared with the current higher up. Shakspeare and his contemporaries, we 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 travelling 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 vetturino. This latter is a person who obstructs the view as aforesaid, and pronounces to be impracticable whatsoever you have most set your heart on doing. You must halt 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 fourteen hours 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 fortnight that he can be spared from the establishment in the City.

experience all degrees of fustiness—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: to be whirled from one town, in which you have rushed through a picture-gallery, to another where there is a cathedral to be glanced at, is what the majority of persons seem to understand by 'foreign travel.' They thus possess themselves of the most interesting national characteristics, and become authorities when they return home upon the Schleswig-Holstein question, and that of the Danubian Principalities. Still you do miss 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 good 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 wheresoever 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 superseded. Mr Charles Allston 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 Jura* 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 places visited. 'The forsaken road, the wayside inns, the obsolete mode of travelling, 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 in their 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-broken brute, with a temper spoiled by ill-treatment—beware of me, young man, beware of me." No. 2 would administer the same caution, but from a different motive, with a small and nearly closed eye, ever in movement, and an ear to match. He said as plainly as these organs could speak: "I am a nervous wretch; I shy at everything the least suspicious, and sometimes bolt, though not from vice, but fear." 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, sir—a confirmed kicker; 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 Malaise—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 shews 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 eager 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 if there was not room. It was in vain, in short, that he raved, and roared, and perspired; in vain that he wiped his brow and appealed to Heaven. Mr Fudge and his friend were firm, and would not have anything to say to the gig. "Let us see the cariole," said Mr Fudge. "Ah," said the eager 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 glove." The bystanders moaned a soft assent; and the eager man rushed off in search of a certain brother-in-law, 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 eager 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 eager man, "who possesses an animal without its equal on the surface of the globe." "Is it quiet?" asked Mr Pinchbold. "Quiet! Ha, ha! an infant in arms might drive it with a rein of darning-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 eager man, and, as if to render further questioning unnecessary, he stopped short in the middle

\* *A Cruise upon Wheels. The Chronicle of some Autumn Wanderings among the Deserted Post-roads of France.* By C. A. Collins. Routledge.



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 strong, 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 you 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 ate violently, he breathed violently, he spat violently, he pushed back his skull-cap from a low retreating forehead, and scratched his head violently. He was so alive, so huge, so goggle-eyed, and his long cassock covered so gigantic a frame, that he seemed, as Mr Pinchbold gazed in horror upon him, to expand and fill the whole apartment.

Mr Fudge, indeed, such was the panic-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 table, and entreating him in their 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 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 carriage 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: all the English are rich: only the Irish are poor. They suffer, and remain in poverty because they are faithful. Are you cold?" "No, not particularly." "Is that gentleman cold?" pointing 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 carriage, did you bring it over from England with you? No? But the horse doubtless?" "No, neither horse nor carriage." "You have travelled in France before?" "Yes." "You have been at Paris, at Boulogne, at Lyon, at Dijon, no doubt?" "No doubt." "Have you 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 both English; and we are travelling 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 metropolis, attributing to the French priesthood the custom of asking incessant questions, are founded on fact; and so now you know all about it."

Whatever discomforts the travellers met with, however, these were more than counterbalanced by their joys, and after a little, they learned how to remedy much that was unpleasant for themselves. What was very unpleasant, indeed, was the French tea. 'In the first place, there is something discouraging about a large square china tea-pot; depend upon it, no good ever comes of such a vessel. It was filled with a liquid the exact counterpart of which may at any time be produced by pouring two quarts of tepid water on half a handful of chopped hay, adding a *souppon* of tallow, and one black currant.' But the travellers got to know how to make tea for themselves in time, and do it as they journeyed in the cariole. Their failures and misadventures afford food only for mirth and sociality; and we mourn with our tourists when, upon the fourth day, at Amiens, 'the Pearl' falls dead lame, and the *Cruise upon Wheels* must, to all appearance, come to a full stop.

Messrs Fudge and Pinchbold, however, having tasted of the joys of this method of locomotion, determine to persevere. They sell 'the Pearl,' take the cariole to Paris by train, and at the French Tattersal's procure another steed, with which they recommence their unprecedented expedition. They meet with no 'adventures,' in the melodramatic sense, at all, although Mr Pinchbold is always conceiving that such are about to befall them; that landlords in wayside inns are plotting their destruction, and that their bedroom door has not a lock to it, for certain sufficient reasons.

All French villages are alike, it seems, and there is nothing comparable to them for depressing the human mind. 'The first person you meet with on entering one of these hamlets is invariably an idiot; and the second, who is always a hideous old woman, you would set down as the most ancient inhabitant, if it were not that you go on meeting still older ones as you advance. Old women, idiots, and children everywhere, till at last you conclude that all the younger portion of the peasantry must have gone up to Paris to figure in that tremendous corps of impostors who come capering on to the stage to assist at the nuptials of the faithful Pierre and Pauline, the pride of that stage-village which has no existence upon earth.' The country population resemble that of England only in their love of staying indoors, and abhorrence of fresh air. Water is rather difficult to be got among them, and milk almost impossible, except in the morning, when there is a demand for *café-au-lait*. Mr Pinchbold is delicate, and requires tea, and therefore milk; and Mr Fudge's first mission upon arrival anywhere is to perambulate the place with his basket-bottle and tin funnel in order to procure this necessary. At Poligny, the search seemed hopeless, until at last he met with a philanthropic tailor, who guided him to an out-of-the-way spot, where, sure enough, were a quantity of earthenware basins full of milk, and a man and a woman dispensing it to such customers as came to this out-of-the-way place in search of it.

Mr Fudge tendered his bottle. The man who dispensed the milk looked at it, and then at his large tin measure, which had no lip, and he shook his head. It was then that Mr Fudge, with excusable triumph, drew from his pocket his sparkling tin funnel, and stuck it on the neck of the bottle. A burst of approbation came at once from the man who dispensed the milk, from the woman who assisted him, and the customers who were waiting to be served, and who, of course, had all gathered round in an acutely sympathising condition, while the tailor, with the air of a proprietor and of one responsible for the stranger's actions, good or bad, looked proudly

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 pretext for feeing the tailor.'

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 horrible inn, and the food thereat so vile that our travellers could touch nothing. They therefore sally forth in the dusk, and purchase 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 produce a dish of boiled mutton. A kind of 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 how *do* you begin?"

"I thought you knew," said Mr Pinchbold wildly.

"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 *simmering*," 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 over the moment that it 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 cunningly balanced on the edge of the chafing-dish and the rim of a washing-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 fiftieth time: "I wonder if it is done?"

"Probe 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 spirted 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 end of another quarter of an hour, Mr Fudge probed once more, and at the expiration of twice that time the mutton was decidedly considerably harder than ever.

"Perhaps it has boiled too much," suggested Mr Pinchbold.

"It seems highly probable," said Mr Fudge, who had just scalded 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 dexterous 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.

"Hollo!" 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 Mazard (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 cariole. Mr Fudge walked by its 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 made no answer, and 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 cariole 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 either 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? What is 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? And over it, in the remoter 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 Alps."

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 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 obliged 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 profit—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 shying, and those stumbings 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 swallows up the remembrance of thy faults. For, besides that thou wert so strong, and so capable of labour, more than many a larger animal than thyself, thou wert gifted with the gentlest nature and the sweetest temper that ever horse possessed. Those 'flaws' and 'starts' 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 hands, 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 *manège*, Blinkers, and you are going to spend your life in ambling round and round a riding-school, with small urchins and little ladies on thy back."

'Blinkers was now occupied in affectionately chewing 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 emotion to consider their clothes.

"Heaven send that they may be kind to thee!" Mr Fudge went on, as he took the poor beast's head in his hands, and drew it towards him. "I would that I were able to keep thee; but I am poor, and may not afford it; and I have business to attend to; and I must not spend my life in rambling up and down the world with our friend Francis Pinchbold, with Mazard and thee. Heaven send that they may be kind to thee!" said Mr Fudge again, as he raised Blinkers's soft nose to a level with his own face, and pressed his lips against the velvet skin.

'When Mr Fudge left the stable, with Mazard 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 chaise 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 no more delightful method of foreign travel than that 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 there is a Master of the Rolls; but that learned functionary is puzzled to his wits' end how to deal with the treasures intrusted to him, seeing that he never knows what new (or old) bundles may 'turn up.' Government departments send him cart-loads of parchments and papers relating to their affairs, and say: 'Take care of these.' He replies: 'I can't.' They respond: 'You must.' Whereupon they both appeal to the Treasury, as a general arbiter among all the departments of the state; and the Treasury smooths down the difficulties as best it may. It civilly tells the Master of the Rolls: 'Now, really you ought to try, for we built you a Record Office.' 'Yes,' says the Master, 'but it's crammed full already; you must build another wing, as you promised.' 'We have got no money,' returns the Treasury. 'Well then,' concludes the Master, 'I will see what can be done.' And he *does* see, in a manner which shews Sir John Romilly to be a very valuable public servant.

The Public Records relate to *unprinted* matter. If it were printed, and if one or more printed copies were declared to be official, the whole might be compressed within a comparatively limited space; but such is not the case. Various pleadings and judgments

require to be kept for the courts of law. Registers, declarations, treaties, conventions, tables, lists, and reports of various kinds, relating to the several departments of state, are in like manner ordered or expected to be retained in the written state—some on parchment, some on paper; some rolled up, some folded, and some bound into register volumes. There are three reasons assigned for retaining these documents—they may *certainly* be wanted for future reference; they may *probably* be wanted for future reference; or they may possess historical value for literary men and statesmen. Several important documents under the last of these three headings are separately 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 opposite 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 gunpowder-magazine at the Tower; close to a working steam-engine in the same ancient fortress; in the Rolls Chapel, where divine service was performed; in dark, damp cellars under Westminster Hall and Somerset House; in a stable; and in private houses, liable to various contingencies.' Besides the above-named places, Records were deposited in Lancaster Place, in Chancery Lane, in Whitehall Yard, and in Palace Yard. As long ago as 1800, a committee of the House of Commons reported on the general character of the various Records belonging to the nation; and six different Record Commissions examined the old documents more fully between 1801 and 1837. These Commissions 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, behind 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 Records; and proposals were made for 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 and his assistants did their best 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 Common Pleas alone (without which, those 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 rooms and vaults could not contain all the gradually accumulating Records, and that great inconvenience resulted from 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 Fetter 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 requirements 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, War 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 Records sent into him *not* contemplated in the measurement and estimates for the building; in 1852, eight hundred more, besides several large chestfuls and bundles; in 1853, eleven hundred volumes and two hundred boxes; in 1854 and 1855, more than forty thousand volumes of manuscripts, weighing a hundred and sixty tons, from the War Office alone! Neither human nature nor Mr Pennethorne's building could stand this; and therefore 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, and looks rather ridiculous in its incomplete state, in the middle of a waste piece of ground. Mr Pennethorne's plan was for a very large building, which might be constructed in blocks or separate portions at different times; and the edifice now existing is only one of those portions. The interior comprises eighty rooms, or rather cubical spaces, fireproof, and fitted up with shelves or racks protected by wire-doors. All the shelves of all the rooms are so closely packed with Records, that there is very little space left for searchers, copyists, or the officers of the establishment.

Now for the result. What does our Master of the Rolls say to our brand-new Record Office? Let us go back a little to the time of the Crimean War, when all the government departments were at high pressure, and not on very good terms one with another. The storekeepers at the Tower said to the Board of Ordnance: 'Before the year 1736, the White Tower was at our disposal for military purposes; it has been lent to the Record officers for more than a century, and now we want it again; for we have four times as much to do as usual. Give us back the White Tower.' Whereupon the Board of Ordnance said to the Treasury: 'Give us back the White Tower;' and the Treasury in like manner said to the Rolls: 'Give us back the White Tower.' The Rolls replied (and here we give Sir John Romilly's veritable words): 'The new Record Office is wholly inadequate to contain all the Records at present under my charge, without taking into account the constant regular annual addition, which, under the statutes now in force, increase this number. Besides, I am frequently called upon to take charge of, and find space for, other public documents of a bulky nature; as an instance of which, I may mention that, in the course of the last month, I have had to take charge of the documents in the Pension Office, Whitehall, the contents of which were a hundred and twelve cart-loads.' Sir John mentioned other huge masses that were

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 Ride 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), gave way to war; and the Treasury said, 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 Estate; 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 an archway into 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 on 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 next house are multifarious documents from the War Office; comprising militia pay-lists, militia accounts and vouchers, foreign corps pay-lists and accounts, old regimental accounts, military hospital accounts, &c.; besides, 'over the stable' (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 musty old bits of paper and parchment: are they of any real use? The Treasury asked this very question in 1859. 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 the 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 after all the weeding and sifting to which they have been subjected. The Treasury will not give the Master any money to complete the building; and his hopes have been dashed, too, in another direction; for there was once a time when the magnificent Victoria Tower of the new Houses of Parliament was regarded as a promising Record depository. The Tower contains sixty-four rooms, on eight stories; thirty-two of these are nineteen feet square each, and the other thirty-two are each about sixteen feet by twelve. Here is certainly a splendid temptation. But the drawbacks appear to be insurmountable. Sir Charles Barry made no arrangements for warming this Tower; the ascent to the upper stories is frightfully fatiguing (the Tower is as high as St Paul's), and there is no possibility of making any of the rooms suitable for the officials and the literary men who consult the Records. Poor fellows! they wrote to the Master of the Rolls some months ago, telling him of the hundred and seventy steps from the ground to the lowest story ('without the slightest provision for resting'), and the four hundred and thirty-six steps to the upper story; but all he could say was, that if it rested with *him*, he would gladly make them more comfortable. To make matters worse, the State Paper Office has been consigned to the dealers in old building materials, to make room for the new Foreign Office; and the State Papers, as well as the persons who consult them, have had to be provided for by the Master of the Rolls as best he could. The Admiralty and the War Office, meanwhile, are saying to that distracted official: 'Mind, don't let our papers suffer from the damp, or be in danger from fire.' If Sir John Romilly were the personification of all that is wise and good in human nature, he could not please the whole of these exacting heads of departments: a bushel of corn in a peck-measure *will* run over.

#### SYMPATHY.

FELLOW-WORKER, toiling 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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No. 469.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1862.

PRICE 1½d.

## 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 shewing that he felt his late escape from the uncertainties of hobbledehoyism. 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 uncoiling 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 mastership. 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 boa-constrictor which had swallowed a guncase. I spent many odd hours and half-holidays in that tree. Who has not had some similar pet retreat, the favourite cliff, the familiar bridge, the bend in the stream, the wood, the beach, the cave? Mine was a tree. I invited my friends to see me there; we hauled up capfuls 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 law of cause and effect, 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 cased 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 lying about in the house an irregular block of cheese, about a pound or so in weight, I suppose, I climbed to the seat on the beech-tree, and fell to. After a quarter of an hour, a large fragment was still unconsumed; I believe I buried 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 follies often teach more than the most elaborately illustrated lesson in print.

How sharply some things stand out in the past! On what does your eye rest in the dim background as you peer into the twilight 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 shingle beach. I can see it now, close to my eyes. 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. Before that, I suppose, I had possessed a marble or so, and prized them with the exaggeration of youth, but here were round pebbles without stint. To this day, looking back, 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 search 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 impressible 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 old 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 a spring bubbled up out of a heap of 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 dark 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 morning signal to the gleaners (such was our custom there) to start for the new carried fields of wheat. It touched and loosened a new world of thought to me. I knew not what it said, but the voice I had heard so often had now a mystic power it never had before.

Who first chose great bells to summon men to prayer? There was a throb of inspiration in that thought.

I try to recall my first sense of the purpose of a church, and feel it very indistinct. Perhaps the growth of my ideas was stunted 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 had retained its colour only in the shade; elsewhere, the hot summer sun and cold winter light had changed it to a dingy yellow. Just beneath the top edge ran 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 tried, I suppose, a hundred times.

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 an office for one of them to push it to with his crutch. 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 hobbledehoys cut their names, and muffled the sound of cracking nuts. There was a man, however, who crept about with a stick; it was a long peeled hazel wand, 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 loosened hands, and stepped back at 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 confess, pleased me most was the belfry, where I was sometimes allowed to 'help chime.' 'Raising the bells' was a feat of after-years. Oh! how grand, though it was merely to see it done, when the ropes all poured down through the slippery auger-holes in the beams above, twisting and coiling up upon the floor like the tangled heaps of macaroni which you see in the grocers' shops. Each ringer has a pyramid at his feet; there is a moment's pause, and then it lashes up like a fountain through the roof. Woe! if you set your foot on that sudden heap! No mortal hand can check the return-swing of the bell. Up you must go, to be smacked 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—say at a marriage-festival—and caused the sounding only of a passing bell. I remember, however, once seeing my little brother whipped up thus by a bell-rope, and his head stop within two inches of the beam. Perhaps 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 starlings were laying. What a charming place it was, the very bell-chamber itself, with its huge rough beams, and the upper surface of the bells spotted with white birds' dung, while an unconsecrated dove-cot sort of air filled the sense. Not but that the belfry was ventilated too; those wooden cross-barred windows which shewed the map of the country beneath, in little squares, were always played on by the wind, which soughed and swept around the metal rims, making them, I thought, hum in harmony, like bells 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 thinking of cats—a gable-end with a doorway in it 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. There, on 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 Pussy. Pincher—that was my terrier—always expected it, and used to wait below. I have the scene before me: Pussy asleep, or looking at her finger-nails in half a doze; thud comes a pippin; Grimalkin vanishes, a moment occupied in the descent of the ladder, then the invisible but not inaudible alighting on Pincher. Out they both come, cat with a tail as big as a muff, ventriloquating past with spangs a yard and a half long, Pincher trundling after her, all teeth and hair, till they reach a tree, whence she curses him till he tires of capering round the trunk, and barking upwards. I had a good reason for disliking 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 bars, 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 accomplice. This was his account of the matter, and I can well believe it; for Argus—a red-eyed, evil-favoured Newfoundland we had—was once detected lamb-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 learn of man, but shew such natural cunning, should 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 their progress. 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, it must be almost impossible for the senior 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 constantly worrying the authorities to get a boat 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-

gular box, like a large spittoon, forming the bows, nailed in front. But I pitched it, got it down to the pond, stepped in, made a small cruise, came back, tied the ark up to a post, and met public opinion with confidence. Sir, the next day the bottom of that craft was broken all to smash by the gardener with the back of an axe. I saw him doing it, and set my teeth. The joints, over which I had bent my brain and pitched my clothes, were violated; the breach was hopeless, the whole fabric being rendered so shaky that it clearly could never float again. I don't think the boat ought to have been thus rudely wrecked, though I somehow felt it was doomed. Of course, had I been humoured, I should have been drowned. Probably there was some material compensation arranged at the time. I know I had but one—the short, but, as I believed, the thoroughly satisfactory trial of my boat.

Would it not be an excellent thing if there were a national head-gardener always prepared to smash rickety craft before any harm was done? Going about with the back of his big axe, now dropping it on the green-board of an aspiring joint-stock company, before the widows and the orphans had begun to pour upon it the precious savings of their toil or wreck: now cracking the shell of an addled bill, ere yet the heat of the great parliamentary hen were wasted in trying to hatch it into life: now cutting through a growing tie before it grew too strong for any but Sir Cresswell Cresswell's fingers to unloose: now knocking a hole in the bottom of a *casus belli*: now letting daylight through a hollow irritating law; making dangerous projects and silly schemes impracticable.

No, we must go to sea in our own craft, otherwise we should blame the hinderer, and never allow that we were at the edge of loss. We must burn our own fingers and scald our own throats, or be content to leave a gap in our education far worse than the loss of all the Greek whipped into the system. Your tenderly protected boys can hardly learn to be men.

But if I was disappointed about the boat, I remember having some very enthusiastic but erroneous notions corrected by indulgence.

Of course every boy has wished to be Robinson Crusoe, and probably tried to realise his independence in one way or another, building huts, and, most especially, cooking some raw provision of his own. Regular meals, bedtime, and lessons certainly mar the effort to produce the solitary's life, especially if you make the attempt in company with three or four boys. Even a half-holiday hardly allows time enough for the full flavour of the scheme to ripen. Still, the thing must be tried. We had our fit of resistance to the conventionalities of life, chafed at civilisation, and set up the savagest establishment practicable under the circumstances, and within sound of the dinner-bell. We built a hut, with a fireplace, cut cabbages of our own planting, and shot small birds for meat. With an old iron pot, and a string for a bottle-jack, we despised the cumbersome apparatus of the household hard by.

But I may now confess that the cabbage was not only gritty, but tough, and the birds, when done, were sometimes as hard on one side as they were soft on the other. They were not improved, either, by the occasional burning through of the string, and tumbling down into the cinders, just when the development of gravy made their surfaces adhesive. Though they were uncommonly nice, we didn't indulge to excess; and by degrees we gave Robinson Crusoe up, though we pronounced the experiment perfection.

Oh, how much of what is blamed in children as too childish is tied down till mistakes are like to mar a life! The young beer must be set to work, and sputter if need be. What is the use, Mr Squaretoes, of your having tried so much of life (as you phrase it), if you can't distinguish between vice and utter gladness of heart, between mischief and high spirits?

O man, or madam, with tall high-backed children's



chairs, and wretched unseasonable narrow tests of good-behaviour, how should you like Methuselah to fiddle about after you, and see that *you* didn't get your feet wet, or eat pastry, or lounge in company, or go to sleep in church?

Doctors and sanitary inspectors say there are no more delicate tests of the healthiness of air than little children. What is depression to a man, is death to a babe. So, depend on it, demonstrative little boys and girls, instead of being set down *ipso facto* troublesome, and excommunicate, are themselves often the truest gauge of what is wholesome in Mentor's society. They cling to those who are simple, frank, unselfish. The best compliment is the confidence of a child. I never was more pleased with myself than once when sitting, not in the best of humours, by the Lake of Geneva smoking a pipe. At the other end of the seat was a poor woman, with a child some four years old. The little foreign thing toddled about while its mother knitted. Presently, I was roused from my sulks by a chubby little hand coming timidly on my knee with a little dirty piece of paper, on which the child had drawn a scrawl. 'Voilà!' said the little trot, putting its stump of pencil in my hand. So I drew magnificent faces, for which the mother sent her back to courtesy. I tapped the ashes out of my pipe, and walked back more cheerily than when I had set out for my stroll from the Hôtel des Bergnes.

#### 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. Bare and uninteresting as the statements seem, it 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 railway cannot have 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 1860 by fourteen millions sterling.

Leaving statistics for a moment, let us glance at what is as 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 hives of industry in the West Riding; and have made the watering-places on the Lancashire and Welsh coast but as so many suburbs to cottonopolis, all England rushes to the coast 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. Whilst 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 equalises the prices of different commodities, by making them accessible alike to all the ends of the kingdom. In this way, the system helps to break down local jealousies and monopolies, but only to bind society together again in the spirit of a healthy industry. Whilst doing all this good service, railways further enable all classes to travel, and thus to acquire the new ideas and funds of information imbibed with novelties of scene.

On the score of public safety, railways, notwithstanding the havoc they occasionally make with life and limb, are in advance of all other means of conveyance. 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 coach and carriage accidents, or more 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, of 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 *part* 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 few regular returns to the Board of Trade, 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 surely government supervision should not begin and end here. 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 demand that searching and public 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 unsafely 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 and railway management, which goes far to throw the *onus* back from railway officials to the moneyed 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 fruitful sources of railway accidents, yet these are the misadventures most easily prevented. The hideous Clayton-Tunnel accident last year, and another equally horrid which followed it in the course of a few days, might have been avoided if a sufficient interval had been allowed to elapse between crowded 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 shewn to be) to overtasked or incompetent hands. The same remarks will apply entirely to the recent serious accident at Market-Harborough. The Helmshore 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 by one guard, 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; and as a consequence, the arrangements are almost invariably characterised by a mingled system of parsimony 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-signals or signal-men, and the importance of both cannot be overestimated. For ordinary purposes, perhaps, the new semaphore signal with indicator always at 'danger,' for both stations and junctions, is the best; and for signal-men let us have trustworthy men, less worked 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 lives and 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 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 frosts on the wheels of railway carriages. From the frequent 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 by 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 chance 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,

which is not only unpleasant to the passenger, but destructive to the railway stock. Now and then, the apathy of railway companies is startled into something like carefulness by the news of a fresh description of railway accident, but this new phase of feeling has its day, and ceases to be, without leaving behind it many signs of any real amendment. Such an accident has lately occurred at Winchburgh, on the Edinburgh and Glasgow line. In this case, a most destructive and appalling collision takes place when each train is at its proper time, and when unusual precautions are taken, or are supposed to be taken, to avoid any such catastrophe. Carelessness in this sad affair seems to have reigned rampant. The engine-driver of the Glasgow train especially ought to have had the most explicit instructions not to go on the wrong line unless in the company of a pilot-engine. Numerous, however, as are the charges against a number of the officials of the line, the great evil lies in the system of false economy. It is purely monstrous for anything like three or four miles of railway to be in repair at the same time, and the up and down traffic of two important companies to be restricted to one line of rails. We have frequently travelled in Scotland under such circumstances, almost unknown in England, and we confess to considerable apprehension of danger from this source. If the traffic must be so diverted, though the line may be repaired without this being necessary, let it be seen in future that it is for shorter distances, and that in all cases there is a properly organised system of pilotage for additional security. A government code of regulations to apply to all railways, and a set of government inspectors (on the same plan as we have inspectors of mines and factories), to see that these regulations are faithfully carried out, are desiderata for which this and other late lamentable accidents call loudly.

#### ASTRAY AT RAPPAHANNOCK.

WE talked again of Brock Edmunds. His strange disappearance had been the theme of the mess, 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 to 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 forswear 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 comrade, 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 trampled 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 Edmunds. 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, eighteen 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-fire, still further on, complaining in the latter case, that his horse was a trifle lame. He was, to all appearance, sober, and expressed himself as resolved to get back to head-quarters by midnight. But subsequently, no man in the army had encountered him, and traces 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 lines were considered to be impervious. No bodies of Southern troops were contiguous; and though the Virginians within the lines were sullen and hostile, 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 Edmunds, knowing the location of our pickets, had avoided them, and escaped in the darkness to his Southern friends. The Richmond newspapers, however, which our out-riders brought in daily, made no mention of Captain Edmunds, 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 Bigswig, 'that I shall resume the old "biz," and throw up my commission.'

Bigswig 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 Chockmer, ever anxious to exhibit his vocal powers.

'I pray ze,' said Saint Pierre, with a supplicatory grimace, 'do not, Monsieur Chockmâre.'

'Go on,' said Wicklowe, drinking again: 'any affliction is preferable to this horrible silence.'

As Chockmer'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 rustle of leaves overhead, and I saw in the dimness the cloaked and stalwart sentry striding before the general's tent. A horse stood saddled in one of the broad gravelled aisles, and I could hear the 'tick, tick, tick' of the telegraph instrument in a Sibley 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 pencillings upon the walls of the fine old mansion. The furniture had been

broken and used to feed Vandal cook-fires. Desolation, following in the wake of armies, had despoiled alike the fertility of nature and the improvements of man. How soon might retaliation affect our Northern homes as we had ruined these?

'Left'nant Mintlin!'

I turned toward the voice, at the repetition of my name, and recognised a tall, athletic orderly. As I faced him, he respectfully saluted, and said: 'The general nades ye, sir, immadiately, at his quarters.'

The mess broke into a loud laugh, anticipating that some onerous duty would devolve upon me.

'There 's twenty pages of a report to copy,' said Bigswig.

'I'll lend to you my leetle *cheval, mon ami*,' said Saint Pierre; 'you take one dam journéy!'

'Hadh't you as well worry down another "smile" before you go?' said Wicklowe, copiously imbibing himself.

I replied carelessly, refilled my pipe, and following the sergeant across a grass-plot 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 halls of the Montezumas, when employed at clerk-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 colonel, early in the civil war, he had brought this picture across four thousand miles of plain and prairie.

'Sit down, Lieutenant Mintlin!' 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 fulnesses of the fine indurated form, and the severe and wrinkled countenance before me; and from the starred shoulder-bars and silvered beard of this hero of a score of battles, my eyes wandered magnetically to the pensive, melancholy picture of the Madonna—his companion in triumph, 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 beat of hoofs, and beheld my pony, led by my own servant.

'I would not trouble you till it was necessary, but gave you 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 Rappahannock.'

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 commonly take my *aides* into 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 H., to 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 retire to-night. You will be back at three.'

'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 Rappahannock.

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. Camp-fires 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 hillsides, 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 Edmunds disappeared? His route to Rappahannock 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 unencumbered by the slush 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 eery 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 through their great windowy 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 eleven o'clock, I answered the challenge of a patrol, and found that I had almost reached my journey's end, I drew a sigh of relief, and reining my horse into 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 loomed away in battalion. The multitudinous camps had folded themselves noiselessly, and were off.

I resolved to return with my own pony, for he seemed yet fresh and unwearied, 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 called out 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 countersign just at this hour of the night, and he took some spirits, as you have done, before departing.'

'Pardon me a moment, general,' I replied, 'but as a matter of curiosity, will you tell me the countersign for that evening?'

'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, as I turned my face toward Warrenton 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 had tallied, 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 fitfully 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 amid 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 unwelcome summons—but one by one these cheerful themes faded away, and the fate of Brock Edmunds resumed its place in my fancies. His face, like a spectre, glided 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 clustering picket, my hollo of 'Crown Point' seemed to provoke a thousand dismal 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 that hard travel was beginning to tell upon him; so I beat the ashes out of my pipe, buttoned my coat close to the throat, and chirping encouragingly, pushed forward gallantly, though not at headlong speed. But the flush and exultation 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 agitatedly upon my sword, and once halted with drawn pistol at the shriek of a frightened night-hawk. Ashamed of these unmanly weaknesses, I thought to compose myself by singing a cheerful stave, but my voice was so hollow and unreal, that I shuddered and ceased. At last, with a loud 'Woa,' and a chill, quick quiver, I stopped in the middle of the road, and felt the perspiration standing like night-dew on my forehead.

I too was lost!

For more than an hour, I had failed to recognise 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, I should have been at Warrenton 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 had missed my way. 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 cedars, 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 fear that I had emerged upon a stretch of Virginia forest, wherein the traveller might wander for months, in dreary circles, finding neither outlet, guide, nor subsistence.

My first impulse was to retrace my steps, but after-thought suggested that I might go still further astray, turning in the darkness into some more devious and dangerous path. I then bethought me of resting for the night, wrapped in my saddle-blanket, and waiting for daylight to assist me; but my horse was weary and hungry, and should have provender and shelter. While thus doubtful and perplexed, I heard a tread among the pines to the left, followed by a crash, and a hard, heavy breath. My hand reached nervously for my pistol. I stood erect in the stirrups, 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 wearily onward. There was a chance, at least, that I should reach some secluded farmhouse or negro-hut. 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 dismounting 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, enclosed it in front and in rear, while the brick 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 I saw at a glance, two wells, one modern 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 even 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 crotched upright, and tied at its short or 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 my faithful pony.

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 a hideously deformed boy opened the door. 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 shivered and rattled in a fearful 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 appeared to have been paralysed in the act. 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 wimmin?'

At this one of the girls began to sob, and the eyes of the cripple dilated with rage.

'Compose 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 wearied, and willing to pay for a bed by your fire, and a little corn for my horse.'

'We ha' nayther bed nor corn for Yankees. You ha' overrun our farms, and murdered our boys. Beggary and tears 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. Shew the soldier to the cowhouse. Gi' him twelve ears and a rick o' hay. Marth'-Ann, do you spread a counterpane yer in the corner. Nancy, fetch up a pail of cider. Stir yer trotters!'

Settling 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 pleasanter reception, and asked the old gentleman to tell me his own name in return.

'Lightfoot, sir,' said he, in a tone of mingled bragadocio and sullenness. 'The Lightfoots ha' been one o' the fust families. Jeems Lightfoot was the best speaker that ever sot in the legislator of Virginny. Neal Lightfoot belonged to the Wiggins branch o' the family, and owned the best Piedmont horses 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 blackly and half-defiantly, flung open the door, and muttering that I was to 'look alive arter my hoss,' 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 not 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 palmy time of '76, when South and North stood shoulder to shoulder at *Ticonderoga*?'—

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 nervelessly upon his chair. From bold maniacal defiance, he had changed to cowed, 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, astounded at the effect of my oratory, 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 extenuating circumstance of the younger Lightfoots' 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 leering darkly upon me. Out of all patience with the fellow, I called to him in no very amiable voice: 'My man, haven't you a face in your *répertoire* less devilish than that you are wearing to-night?'

He grinned contemptuously, but did not speak.

'I shall be under the necessity of tossing 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 plentifully, I threw myself upon the spread in the corner, and resumed my contemplations. Why were these people out of their beds at so late an hour? Had they expected visitors? Why had they alternately shuddered and vaunted? 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, disarmed, 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 unmanned myself thrice to-night; should I become again a prey to childish terrors?

I tossed my sword contemptuously upon the table, spurned my holsters with my foot, and leaning 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 out upon the two porches. A rough mantel-piece surmounted the chimney, ornamented with a stuffed coon-skin and a pair of unsightly candlesticks. I contrasted the boorish denizens 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 cider that troubled me; at any rate, my slumber was broken by dreams and quick awakenings; and, curiously enough, the old well in the yard recurred again and again among these fancies. If my visions turned, during any moments, upon the companions of my mess, the associates of my boyhood, the incidents of my night-journey, the affianced 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 shaft and well had resolved themselves into the hideous cripple, who sat leeringly 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 panes, 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 holster 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; my throat had become parched, and my lips were glued feverishly together. Staggering rather than walking across the creaking porch, I turned towards the well. The great 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 outlying boards. The ploughshare rang funereally as I heaved 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 stubbornly upward. Surely 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 swaying to and fro.

I dropped the rod with a cry and a curse, for as God is my judge, Brock Edmunds' face, all leprous and bloody, and shrouded in matted hair, had appeared to me, caught in the grappling-hook of the bucket!

For a moment, I lay nerveless and breathless upon the cold ground. The weird incidents of the night developed themselves in all their horrible relations to the murder of my friend. I now comprehended the terror of my host—his trepidation at the utterance of 'Ticonderoga,' 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 stall where my horse yet remained, and discovering something that stood motionless in a far corner, pressed 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 halter, and almost instantly I heard the beating of hoofs in front of the house. Four horsemen rode up in the starlight, and dismounting close to the porch, slipped quietly into the dwelling. A minute more, and I should be discovered; another, and I should be cold and dripping, like the heap of mortality that lay in the well.

I caught at my bridle frantically, dragged my beast to the door, and mounting, dashed over gate

and bar. I left all to my horse. I shouted maniacally to drive him forward. I leaped ditches and fens, bruised my limbs against the keen edges of cedars, and, clinging by mane and pommel, 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 that he could not keep his pace. Then it was that the memories of the past, the sanguine anticipations of the future, the sins and shortcomings unrepented of, the promises unfulfilled, the prayers unsaid, came rushing agonisedly upon me. I was about to realise the glory of war—a pass of steel or a pistol-flash, 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 continue 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! O for my naked sword, 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 mad hullo of 'Crown Point! 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 stiff and pallid in his bed, and the saddles of his sons had all been emptied. These worthies had run the gantlet of our pickets for the last time. We discovered their bridle-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, to raise 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 Edmunds and I had similarly 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 memorable password, 'Ticonderoga.' 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 bitter-

ness of the civil struggle which now devastates our unhappy land. May God, in his good Providence, abate 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 Dulness, which has credit for the exclusive possession of Wisdom and Morality, is also understood to monopolise the best of our sentimental feelings. Chastened 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 fellow-men 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 mars 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 Y 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,' replied he, '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 ever 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 advertisee, 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 it 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 sympathised with by one's solicitor, you see; just as the eels did not relish the pathos of the cook who was skinning them.'

'Are you never going down to the place again?' inquired I.

'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.

'You have pushed him too hard, Morumbidgee,' observed Y grimly; 'he has wished her good-bye, you see, and shrinks from meeting her any more. The papa 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.'

'I am 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,' quoth Y; 'there is no occasion to bite your nails. 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 not be done in a hurry.'

'I have thought of it, sir, for weeks—for months,' replied I vehemently.

'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 that lad as though he were my son.'

'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 Convictolitanus, 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.'

'Then let us say the night after: I shall spend the intervening time in selecting boomerangs and other necessaries for the Australian outfit.'

\* White man's kidney-fat is the *pâté de foie gras* of the Australian savage.

'The sequel of those days unsolders 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 Londoners, as in the days that were.'

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 advertisee. 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 dote and maunder upon this matter, let it be remembered who I was—how wifeless, 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 will 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, 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 they do 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 glimmered in the distance; on the village side there were a few roof-tops coated with snow, peering through elm-trees.

'What desolation!' exclaimed Y with a shiver. 'Does 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 mouldy. 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 have tried your luck among the savages, and returned enriched and uneaten?'

'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. Arabella 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 this charming old gentleman (or some satisfactory words to that effect) would never have misled them in a matter so near to all their hearts, she felt quite sure.

'Thank 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 could take the roof off 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 me 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,' groaned X; 'do not tempt me, my dear kind friend; I cannot accept fortune at 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 noiseless 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.'

'Don't you be disturbed, my dear Arabella,' cried I—for she had jumped away from me, on his sudden appearance, as though I had been stinging nettles—'this is only a diplomatist, a thing that nobody cares for now a days. The use of language to gentlemen of his profession is to conceal their thoughts; I have not the least idea of what he means by the baker.'

'My dear Y,' exclaimed X, 'this is Mr Trevor of Trevarton, whom I once heard my aunt speak of as having disgraced his family by taking to some useful pursuit in a part of the world where there was no Society. He affirms that he is my near relative, and one shouldn't look a gift-horse—I mean one shouldn't look for a gift-uncle in the Tables of Affinity. He insists upon my becoming his heir.'

'Very good,' said Y; 'capital.'

'And marrying this young lady.'

'Very pretty,' said Y—'very pretty. Has he any commands of the same nature to lay upon me? My dear Morumbidgee, I have always been attracted towards you in a very unaccountable manner. Do you not think there must be some consanguinity between us?'

'I am certain,' said I frankly, 'that there is at least some very warm regard. There is plenty of room at Trevarton, remember, for all that were in Half-moon Street, and a good many more besides. Please to consider this your country-house, as long as you please, and whenever the exigencies of your profession will admit of your being in England.'

'Whenever continental Europe is sufficiently tranquil to permit of the suspension of my personal supervision of her movements,' replied Y with the gravest prolixity, 'I will either be here or at the house you mean to have in London—which I shall prefer. However, as I am here now, and the political horizon is tolerably clear, I think I will stay a good long time.'

And he *did* stay a good long time; long enough not only to see X married and settled, but to form an attachment with syren No. 2, who is only less charming than my dear little niece Arabella. Negotiations have already been entered into by the high contracting parties, and it is more than probable that when His Excellency Angus Layton does leave for the court to which he is accredited, it will be as a Benedict. Charles Martin is as lively as ever, but steadier and stronger also—as XX, in fact, is to X single.

As for me, I have come *Home from the Colonies* indeed; and I think there is no place like home.

#### 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 palæontologists have been roused to excitement by the newly discovered fossil which is now deposited in the British Museum. The *Archeopteryx macrurus*, or ancient, long-tailed bird, as Professor Owen calls it, 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. 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 fact, that it has twenty vertebrae, which must in the living state have presented a remarkable appearance, as each one was furnished with a pair of spreading feathers. The fossil was found at Solenhofen, 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 belonged, 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 archeopteryx and a reptile. In leaving this subject 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, Wolfe's drawings of some of the fossil feathers were handed round, which are such perfect copies of the originals, that, even on close 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 Engihoul, in the province of Liège, 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 shewed 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 geologists; and as geologists in all parts of the world are keenly watching for fresh evidence, 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 Rumford medal was awarded to Professor Kirchhoff, of Heidelberg, for his well-known

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 recognises foreign as well as native merit. An eminent Irish astronomer, the Rev. Dr Robinson of Armagh, got the royal medal, for his astronomical labours, 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 civilisation 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 Irkutsk in the course of next year, and onwards to the furthest Russian station on the frontier, Kiatcha. From the latter place, the messages will be sent on to Pekin by the couriers who convey the official correspondence of the government, until the time comes when the wires shall be stretched all the way to Pekin.—Among the news from India, we find that the introduction of the tallow-tree (*Stillingia sebifera*) from China has proved successful. Plantations of the tree are now growing in the Punjab and North-western 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 shewn, 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 comprising 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 traveller 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 Landsborough's exploit has had time to cool, we hear of another crossing of Australia by Mr M'Kinlay, who, like his predecessors, 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 pushing their way up the Cambodia river. We shall perhaps meet them some day on the confines of Burmah.—The Greeks, amid political excitement, are talking of cutting a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Corinth. It would be a great commercial benefit, and would shorten by more than half the voyage from the Ionian Islands to the Ægean Sea.—Other geographical facts of unusual 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 at the London Institution the 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 Henry Worms, a work every way remarkable, being an exposition 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 account of the various proofs 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 completest 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 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 Téléphe Desmarts 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 *Système d'Inoculations curatives*, 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 Desmarts has been applying, and which he desires to extend, and as his experiments on venomous inoculation have been carried on for fifteen years, he does not speak without experience. They have been tried on plants as well as animals, and with similar results. He observed that plants inoculated with the virus of syphilis produced small cryptogamia 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 animalculæ 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 alteratives 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 Desmartis, 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 Desmartis, 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 buy living hymenoptera, hemiptera, or aptera, 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 the small-pox, 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 *Saracenia purpurea*, 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 variolous 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—  
Meenie, Meenie!

In the sweet spring of her day,  
We gave her to the lonely clay,  
From our tear-dimmed eyes away.  
How we love her, none can tell;  
They who have loved like us, as well,  
Loved and lost, alone may tell—  
Meenie, Meenie!

Wistful 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—  
Meenie, Meenie!

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—  
Meenie, Meenie!

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—  
Meenie, Meenie!

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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 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.

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END OF EIGHTEENTH VOLUME.

