ALL THE WORLD GOING TO SEE

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.


# 1851:

## OR, THE ADVENTURES OF Mr AND Mrs SANDBOYS AND FAMILY, WHO CAME UP TO LONDON TO "ENJOY THEMSELVES", AND TO SEE THE GREAT EXHIBITION

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# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS,

## DESIGNED AND ETCHED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

# 1851:

OR,

## THE ADVENTURES

OF

## MR. AND MRS. CURSTY SANDBOYS.

"Come, Nichol, and gi'e us thy cracks,
I seed te gang down to the smiddy,
I've fodder'd the naigs and the nowt,
And wanted to see thee—'at did e.
Ay, Andrew, lad! draw in a stuil,
And gie us a shek o' thy daddle;
I got aw the news far and nar,
Sae set off as fast's e could waddle."
*Nichol the Newsmonger.*—ROBERT ANDERSON.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION was about to attract the sight-seers of all the world—the sight-seers, who make up nine-tenths of the human family. The African had mounted his ostrich. The CRISP of the Desert had announced an excursion caravan from Zoolu to Fez. The Yakutskian SHILLIBEER had already started the first reindeer omnibus to Novogorod. Penny cargoes were steaming down Old Nile, in Egyptian "DAYLIGHTS;" and "MOONLIGHTS," while floating from the Punjaub, and congregating down the Indus, Seindian "BRIDESMAIDS" and "BACHELORS" came racing up the Red Sea, with Burmese "WATERMEN. Nos. 9 and 12," calling at the piers of Muscat and Aden, to pick up passengers for the Isthmus—at two-pence a-head.

The Esquimaux had just purchased his new "registered paletot" of seal-skin from the great "sweater" of the Arctic Regions. The Hottentot Venus had already added to the graceful ebullitions of nature, the charms of a Parisian *crinoline*. The Yemassee was busy blueing his cheeks with the *rouge* of the backwoods. The Truefit of New Zealand had dressed the full buzz wig, and cut and curled the horn of the chief of the Papuas. The Botocudo had ordered a new pair of wooden ear-rings. The Maripoosan had japanned his teeth with the best Brunswick Black Odonto. The Cingalese was hard at work with a Kalydor of Cocoa-Nut-Oil, polishing himself up like a boot; and the King of Dahomey—an ebony Adam—in nankeen gaiters

and epaulets, was wending his way towards London to tender his congratulations to the Prince Consort.

Nor was the commotion confined alone to the extremes of the world—the metropolis of Great Britain was also in a prodigious excitement. ALEXIS SOYER was preparing to open a restaurant of all nations, where the universe might dine, from sixpence to a hundred guineas, off *cartes* ranging from pickled whelks to nightingales' tongues—from the rats *à la Tartare* of the Chinese, to the "turkey and truffles" of the Parisian gourmand—from the "long sixes, *au naturel*," of the Russian, to the "stewed Missionary of the Marquesas," or the "cold roast Bishop" of New Zealand. Here, too, was to be a park with Swiss cottages, wherein the sober Turk might quaff his Dublin stout; and Chinese pagodas, from whose golden galleries the poor German student, dreaming of the undiscoverable *noumena* of Kant, might smoke his penny Pickwick, sip his Arabian chicory, and in a fit of absence, think of his father-land and pocket the sugar.

St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey ("in consequence of the increased demand") were about to double their prices of admission, when M. JULLIEN, "ever ready to deserve the patronage of a discerning public," made the two great English cathedrals so tempting an offer that they "did not think themselves justified in refusing it." And there, on alternate nights, were shortly to be exhibited, to admiring millions, the crystal curtain, the stained glass windows illuminated with gas, and the statues lighted up with rose-coloured lamps; the "Black Band of his Majesty of Tsjaddi, with a hundred additional bones;" the monster Jew's harp; the Euhurdy-gurdychon; the Musicians of Tongoose; the Singers of the Maldives; the Glee Minstrels of Paraguay; the Troubadours of far Vancouver; the Snow Ball Family from the Gold Coast; the Canary of the Samoiedes; the Theban Brothers; and, "expressly engaged for the occasion," the celebrated Band of Robbers from the Desert.

BARNUM, too, had "thrown up" Jenny Lind, and entered into an agreement with the Poor Law Commissioners to pay the Poor Rates of all England during one year for the sole possession of Somerset House, as a "Grand Hotel for all Nations," under the highly explanatory title of the "XENODOKEION PANCOSMOPOLITANICON;" where each guest was to be provided with a bed, boudoir, and banquet, together with one hour's use *per diem* of a valet, and a private chaplain (according to the religious opinions of the individual); the privilege of free admission to all the theatres and green-rooms; the right of *entrée* to the Privy Council and the Palace; a knife and fork, and spittoon at pleasure, at the tables of the nobility; a seat with nightcap and pillow in the House of Commons, and a cigar on the Bench with the Judges; the free use of the columns of "*The Times*" newspaper, and the right of abusing therein their friends and hosts of the day before; the privilege of paying visits in the Lord Mayor's state-carriage (with the freedom of the City of London), and of using the Goldsmiths' state barge for aquatic excursions; and finally, the

full right of presentation at the Drawing-room to her most gracious Majesty, and of investiture with the Order of the Garter at discretion, as well as the prerogative of sitting down, once a week, in rotation, at the dinner-table of His Excellency General Tom-Thumb. These advantages Mr. Barnum, to use his own language, had "determined upon offering to a generous and enlightened American public at one shilling per head per day—numbers alone enabling him to complete his engagements."

While these gigantic preparations for the gratification of foreign visitors were being made, the whole of the British Provinces likewise were preparing extensively to enjoy themselves. Every city was arranging some "monster train" to shoot the whole of its inhabitants, at a halfpenny per ton, into the lodging-houses of London. All the houses of York were on tiptoe, in the hope of shaking hands in Hyde Park with all the houses of Lancaster. Beds, Bucks, Notts, Wilts, Hants, Hunts, and Herts were respectively cramming their carpet bags anticipation of "a week in London." Not a village, a hamlet, a borough, a township, or a wick, but had each its shilling club, for providing their inhabitants with a three days' journey to London, a mattrass under the dry arches of the Adelphi, and tickets for soup *ad libitum*. John o'Groats was anxiously looking forward to the time when he was to clutch the Land's End to his bosom,—the Isle of Man was panting to take the Isle of Dogs by the hand, and welcome Thanet, Sheppy, and Skye to the gaieties of a London life,—the North Foreland was preparing for a friendly stroll up Regent-street with Holy-Head on his arm—and the man at Eddystone Light-house could see the distant glimmer of a hope of shortly setting eyes upon the long looked for Buoy at the Nore.

Bradshaw's Railway Guide had swelled into an encyclopædia, and Masters and Bachelors of Arts "who had taken distinguished degrees," were daily advertising, to perfect persons in the understanding of the Time Tables, in six easy lessons for one guinea. Omnibus conductors were undergoing a Polyglott course on the Hamiltonian system, to enable them to abuse all foreigners in their native tongues; the "ATLASES" were being made extra strong, so that they might be able to bear the whole world on top of them; and the proprietors of the Camberwell and Camden Town 'Busses were eagerly watching for the time when English, French, Prussians and Belgians should join their Wellingtons and Bluchers on the heights of "WATERLOO!"

Such was the state of the world, the continent, the provinces, and the metropolis. Nor was the pulse that beat so throbbingly at Bermondsey, Bow, Bayswater, Brixton, Brompton, Brentford, and Blackheath, without a response on the banks of Crummock Water and the tranquil meadows of Buttermere.

He, who has passed all his life amid the chaffering of Cheapside, or the ceaseless toil of Bethnal Green, or the luxurious ease of Belgravia,—who has seen no mountain higher than Saffron Hill,—has stood beside no waters purer than the Thames—whose eye has rested upon no

spot more green than the enclosure of Leicester Square,—who knows no people more primitive than the quaker corn-factors of Mark Lane, and nothing more truthful than the "impartial inquiries" of the *Morning Chronicle*, or more kind-hearted than the writings of *The Economist*,—who has drunk of no philosophy deeper than that of the *Penny Cyclopædia*,—who has felt no quietude other than that of the City on a Sunday,—sighed for no home but that which he can reach for "threepence all the way," and wished for no last resting-place but a dry vault and a stucco cenotaph in the theatrical Golgothas of Kensal and of Highgate;—such a man can form no image of the peace, the simplicity, the truth, and the beauty which aggregate into the perpetual Sabbath that hallows the seclusion about and around the Lake of Buttermere.

Here the knock of the dun never startles the hermit or the student —for (thrice blessed spot!) there are no knockers. Here are no bills, to make one dread the coming of the spring, or the summer, or the Christmas, or whatever other "festive" season they may fall due upon, for (oh earthly paradise!) there are no tradesmen, and—better still—no discounters, and—greater boon than all—no! not one attorney within nine statute miles of mountain, fell, and morass, to ruffle the serenity of the village inn. Here that sure-revolving tax-gatherer —as inevitable and cruel as the Fate in a Grecian tragedy—never comes, with long book and short inkhorn, to convince us it is Lady-day—nor "Paving," nor "Lighting," nor "Water," "Sewers," nor "Poor's," nor "Parochials," nor "Church," nor "County," nor "Queen's," nor any other accursed accompaniment of our boasted civilization. Here are no dinner-parties for the publication of plate; no *soirées* for the exhibition of great acquaintances; no *conversaziones* for the display of your wisdom, with the full right of boring your friends with your pet theories; nor polkas, nor schottisches, nor Cellarii, for inflaming young heirs into matrimony. Here there are no newspapers at breakfast to stir up your early bile with a grievance, or to render the merchant's morning meal indigestible with the list of bankrupts, or startle the fund-holder with a sense that all security for property is at an end. Here there are no easy-chair philosophers,—not particularly illustrious themselves for a delight in hard labour,—to teach us to "sweep all who will not work into the dust-bin." Here, too, there are no Harmonic Coalholes, or Cyder Cellars, nor Choreographic Casinos, or Cremornes, or other such night-colleges for youth, where ethics are taught from professional chairs occupied by "rapid" publicans, or by superannuated melodists, with songs as old as themselves, and as dirty as their linen.

No! According to a statistical investigation recently instituted, to the great alarm of the inhabitants, there were, at the beginning of the ever-to-be-remembered year 1851, in the little village situate between the Lakes of Crummock, and Buttermere, fifteen inhabited houses, one uninhabited, and one church about the size of a cottage; and within three miles of these, in any direction, there was no other habitation whatsoever. This little cluster of houses constituted the village called

Buttermere, and consisted of four farm-houses, seven cottages, two Squires' residences, and two Inns.

The census of the nine families who resided in the fifteen houses of Buttermere—for many of these same families were the sons and nephews of the elders—was both curious and interesting. There were the Flemings, the Nelsons, the Cowmans, the Clarks, the Riggs, the Lancasters, the Branthwaites, the Lightfoots—and The Jopson, the warm-hearted Bachelor Squire of the place. The remaining Squire —also, be it said, a Bachelor—had left, when but a stripling, the cool shades of the peaceful vale for the wars of India. His name was but as a shadow on the memory of the inhabitants; once he had returned with—so the story ran—"an Arabian horse;" but, "his wanderings not being over," as his old housekeeper worded it, with a grave shake of her deep-frilled cap, he had gone back "t' hot country with Sir Henry Hardinge to fight t' Sikhs," promising to return again and end his days beside his native Lake of Buttermere.

Of the families above cited, two were related by marriage. The Clarks had wedded with the Riggs, and the Cowmans with the Lightfoots, so that, in reality, the nine were but seven; and, strange to say, only one of these—the Clarks—were native to the place. It was curious to trace the causes that had brought the other settlers to so sequestered a spot. The greatest distance, however, that any of the immigrants had come from was thirty miles, and some had travelled but three; and yet, after five-and-twenty years' residence, were spoken of by the aboriginal natives as "foreigners."

Only one family—Buttermere born—had been known to emigrate, and they had been led off, like the farmers who had immigrated, by the lure of more fertile or more profitable tenancies. Three, however, had become extinct; but two in name only, having been absorbed by marriage of their heiresses, while the other one—the most celebrated of all—was utterly lost, except in tradition, to the place. This was the family of Mary Robinson, the innkeeper's daughter, and the renowned Beauty of Buttermere, known as the lovely, simple-hearted peasant girl, trapped by the dashing forger into marriage, widowed by the hangman, amidst a nation's tears, and yet—must we write it—not dying broken hearted,—but—alas, for the romance and constancy of the sex!—remarried ere long to a comfortable farmer, and ending her days, the stout, well-to-do mother of seven bouncing boys and girls.

Mr. Thornton, the eminent populationist, has convinced every thinking mind, that, in order that the increase of the people may be duly regulated, every husband and wife throughout the country should have only one child *and a quarter*. In Buttermere, alas! (we almost weep as we announce the much-to-be-regretted fact) there are seventeen parents and twenty-nine children, which is at the frightful rate of one child and *three-quarters and a fraction*, to each husband and wife!

Within the last ten years, too, Buttermere has seen, unappalled, three marriages and nine births. The marriages were all with maids

of the inn, where the memory of Mary Robinson still sheds a traditionary grace over each new chambermaid, and village swains, bewitched by the association, come annually to provide themselves with "Beauties."

The deaths of Buttermere tell each their peculiar story. Of the seven who have passed away since the year 1840, one was an old man who had seen the snow for eighty winters lie upon Red Pike; another was little Mary Clarke, who for eight years only had frolicked in the sunshine of the happy valley. Two were brothers, working at the slate-quarries high up on Honister Craig: one had fallen from a ladder down the precipice side—the other, a tall and stalwart man, had, in the presence of his two boys, been carried up bodily into the air by a whirlwind, and dashed to death on the craigs below. Of the rest, one died of typhus fever, and another, stricken with the same disease, was brought, at his special request, from a distance of twenty-one miles, to end his days in his mountain-home. The last, a young girl of twenty, perished by her own hand—the romance of village life! Mary Lightfoot, wooed by her young master, the farmer's son, of Gatesgarth, sat till morning awaiting his return from Keswick, whither he had gone to court another. Through the long, lone night, the misgivings of her heart had grown by daylight into certainty. The false youth came back with other kisses on his lip, and angry words for her. Life lost its charm for Mary, and she could see no peace but in the grave.*

Nor are the other social facts of Buttermere less interesting.

According to a return obtained by two gentlemen, who represented themselves as members of the London Statistical Society, and who, after a week's enthusiasm and hearty feeding at the Fish Inn, suddenly disappeared, leaving behind them the Occupation Abstract of the inhabitants and a geological hammer,—according to these gentlemen, we repeat, the seventy-two Buttermerians may be distributed as follows: two innkeepers, four farmers, (including one statesman and one sinecure constable,) nine labourers (one of them a miner, one a quarrier, and one the parish-clerk), twelve farm-servants, seventeen

* The custom of night courtship is peculiar to the county of Cumberland and some of the districts of South Wales. The following note, explanatory of the circumstance, is taken from the last edition of "The Cumberland Ballads of Robert Anderson," a work to be found, well thumbed, in the pocket of every Cumbrian peasant-girl and mountain shepherd:—"A Cumbrian peasant pays his addresses to his sweetheart during the silence and solemnity of midnight. Anticipating her kindness, he will travel ten or twelve miles, over hills, bogs, moors, and morasses, undiscouraged by the length of the road, the darkness of the night, or the intemperance of the weather; on reaching her habitation, he gives a gentle tap at the window of her chamber, at which signal she immediately rises, dresses herself, and proceeds with all possible silence to the door, which she gently opens, lest a creaking hinge, or a barking dog should awaken the family. On his entrance into the kitchen, the luxuries of a Cambrian cottage—cream and sugared curds—are placed before him; next the courtship commences, previously to which, the fire is darkened and extinguished, lest its light should guide to the window some idle or licentious eye; in this dark and uncomfortable situation (at least uncomfortable to all but lovers), they remain till the advance of day, depositing in each other's bosoms the secrets of love, and making vows of unalterable affection."

sons, nine daughters, fourteen wives, three widows, one 'squire, and one pauper of eighty-six years of age.

"But," says the Pudding-Lane reader, "if this be the entire community, how do the people live? where are the shops? where that glorious interchange of commodities, without which society cannot exist? Where do they get their bread—their meat—their tea—their sugar—their clothing—their shoes? If ill, what becomes of them? Their children, where are they taught? Their money, where is it deposited? Their letters?—for surely they cannot be cut off from all civilization by the utter absence of post-office and postman! Are they beyond the realms of justice, that no attorney is numbered amongst their population? They have a constable—where, then, the magistrate? They have a parish-clerk—then where the clergyman?"

Alas! reader, the picturesque is seldom associated with the conveniencies or luxuries of life. Wash the peasant-girl's face and bandoline her hair, she proves but a bad vignette for that most unpicturesque of books—the Book of Beauty. Whitewash the ruins, and make them comfortable; what artist would waste his pencils upon them? So is it with Buttermere: there the traveller will find no butcher, no baker, no grocer, no draper, no bookseller, no pawnbroker, no street-musicians, no confectioners, and no criminals. Burst your pantaloons—oh, mountain tourist!—and it is five miles to the nearest tailor. Wear the sole of your shoe to the bone on the sharp craigs of Robinson or of the Goat-gills, and you must walk to Lowes Water for a shoemaker. Be mad with the toothache, caught from continued exposure to the mountain breeze, and, go which way you will—to Keswick or to Cockermouth—it is ten miles to the nearest chemist. Be seized with the pangs of death, and you must send twenty miles, there and back, for Dr. Johnson to ease your last moments. To apprise your friends by letter of your danger, a messenger must go six miles before the letter can be posted. If you desire to do your duty to those you may leave behind, you must send three leagues to Messrs. Brag and Steal to make your will, and they must travel the same distance before either can perform the office for you. You wish to avail yourself of the last consolations of the Church; the clergyman, who oscillates in his duties between Withorp and Buttermere, (an interval of twelve miles,) has, perhaps, just been sent for to visit the opposite parish, and is now going, at a hard gallop, in the contrary direction, to another parishioner. Die! and you must be taken five miles in a cart to be buried; for though Buttermere boasts a church, it stands upon a rock, from which no sexton has yet been found hardy enough to quarry out a grave!

But these are the mere dull, dry matters of fact of Buttermere—the prose of its poetry. The ciphers tell us nothing of the men or their mountains. We might as well be walking in the Valley of Dry Bones, with Macculloch, Porter, Macgregor, or the Editor of the *Economist*, for our guides. Such teachers strip all life of its emotions, and dress the earth in one quaker's suit of drab. All they know of

beauty is, that it does not belong to the utilities of life—feeling with them is merely the source of prejudice—and every thing that refines or dignifies humanity, is by such men regarded as sentimentalism or rodomontade.

And yet, the man who could visit Buttermere without a sense of the sublimity and the beauty which encompass him on every side, must be indeed dead to the higher enjoyments of life. Here, the mountains heave like the billows of the land, telling of the storm that swept across the earth before man was on it. Here, deep in their huge bowl of hills, lie the grey-green waters of Crummock and of Buttermere, tinted with the hues of the sloping fells around them, as if the mountain dyes had trickled into their streams. Look which way you will, the view is blocked in by giant cliffs. Far at the end stands a mighty mound of rocks, umber with the shadows of the masses of cloud that seem to rest upon its jagged tops, while the haze of the distance hangs about it like a bloom. On the one side and in front of this rise the peaks of High Craig, High Stile, and Red Pike, far up into the air, breaking the clouds as they pass, and the white mists circling and wreathing round their warted tops, save where the blue sky peeps brightly between them and the sun behind streams between the peaks, gilding every craig. The rays go slanting down towards the lake, leaving the steep mountain sides bathed in a rich dark shadow—while the waters below, here dance in the light, sparkling and shimmering, like scales of a fish, and there, swept by the sudden gust, the spray of their tiny waves is borne along the surface in a powdery shower. Here the steep sloping sides are yellow-green with the stinted verdure, spotted red, like rust, with the withered fern, or tufted over with the dark green furze. High up, the bare, ash-grey rocks thrust themselves through the sides, like the bones of the meagre Earth. The brown slopes of the more barren craigs are scored and gashed across with black furrows, showing the course of dried-up torrents; while in another place, the mountain stream comes leaping down from craig to craig, whitening the hill-side as with wreaths of snow, and telling of the "tarn" which lies silent and dark above it, deep buried in the bosom of the mountain. Beside this, climbs a Wood, feathering the mountain sides, and yet so lost in the immensity that every tree seems but a blade of fern. Then, as you turn round to gaze upon the hills behind you, and bend your head far back to catch the Moss's highest craigs, you see blocks and blocks of stone tumbled one over the other, in a disorder that fills and confounds the mind, with trees jutting from their fissures, and twisting their bare roots under the huge stones, like cords to lash them to their places; while the mountain sheep, red with ruddle, stands perched on some overhanging craig, nipping the scanty herbage. And here, as you look over the tops of Hassness Wood, you see the blue smoke of the unseen cottage curling lightly up into the air, and blending itself with the bloom of the distant mountains. Then, as you journey on, you hear the mountain streams, now trickling softly down the sides, now hoarsely rushing down a rocky bed,

and now, in gentle and harmonious hum, vying with the breeze as it comes sighing down the valley.

Central between the Waters, and nestling in its mountains, lies the little village of Buttermere, like a babe in its mother's lap. Scarce half-a-dozen houses, huddled together like sheep for mutual shelter from the storm, make up the humble mountain home. On each side, in straggling order, perched up in the hill-side nooks, the other dwellings group themselves about it. In the centre stands the unpretending village inn. Behind it stretch the rich, smooth, and velvety meadows, spotted with red cattle, and looking doubly green and soft and level, from the rugged, brown, and barren mountains, that rise abrupt upon them. To stand in these fields, separating as they do the twin waters, is, as it were, to plant the foot upon the solid lake, and seem to float upon some verdant raft. High on the rock, fronting the humble inn, stands sideways the little church, smaller than the smallest cottage, with its two bells in tiny belfry crowning its gable end, and backed by the distant mountain that shows through the opening pass made by the hill on whose foot it rests. Round and about it circles the road, in its descent towards the homesteads that are grey with the stone, and their roofs green with the slate of their native hills, harmonious in every tint and shade with all around them. Beside the bridge spanning the angry brook which hurries brawling round the blocks of stone that intercept its course, stands the other and still more humble inn, half clad in ivy, and hiding the black arch through which the mountain "beck," white with foam comes dashing round the turn.

In the village road, for street there is none, not a creature is to be seen, save where a few brown or mottled "short-horns" straggle up from the meadows,—now stopping to stare vacantly about them, now capering purposeless with uplifted tails, or butting frolicsome at each other; then marching to the brook, and standing knee-deep in the scurrying waters, with their brown heads bent down to drink, and the rapid current curling white around their legs, while others go leaping through the stream, splashing the waters in transparent sheets about them. Not a fowl is to be seen scratching at the soil, nor duck waddling pompously toward the stream. Not even a stray dog crosses the roadway, unless it be on the Sunday, and then every peasant or farmer who ascends the road has his sharp-nosed, shaggy sheep-dog following at his heels, and vying with his master in the enjoyment of their mutual holiday. Here, too, ofttimes may be seen some aged dame, with large white cap, and bright red kerchief pinned across her bosom, stooping to dip her pail into the brook; while over the bridge, just showing above the coping-stone, appears the grey-coated farmer, with drab hat, and mounted on his shaggy brown pony, on his way to the neighbouring market. Here, too, the visitor may, sometimes, see the farmers' wives grouped outside one of the homestead gates—watching their little lasses set forth on their five-mile pilgrimage to school, their baskets filled with their week's provisions hanging on their arms, and the hoods of their

blue-grey cloaks dancing as they skip playfully along, thoughtless of the six days' absence, or mountain road before them. At other times, some good-wife, or ruddy servant girl, sallies briskly from the neighbouring farm, and dodges across the road the truant pig that has dashed boldly from the midden. Anon, climbing the mountain side, saunters some low-built empty cart, with white horse, and grey-coated carter, now, as it winds up the road, hidden by the church, now disappearing in the circling of the path behind the slope, then seen high above the little belfry, and hanging, as it were, by the hill side, as the carter pauses to talk with the pedlar, who, half buried in his pack, descends the mountain on his way to the village. Then, again ascending, goes the cart, higher and higher, till it reach the highest platform, to vanish behind the mountain altogether from the sight.

Such, reader, is a faint pen-and-ink sketch of a few of the charms and rural graces of Buttermere. That many come to see, and but few to appreciate them, the visitors' book of the principal inn may be cited as unquestionable evidence. Such a book in such a scene one would expect to find filled with sentiments approximating to refinement, at least, if not to poetry; but the mountains here seem more strongly to affect the appetite of Southerners than their imaginations, as witness the under-written, which are cited in all their bare and gross literality.

"Messrs. Bolton, Campbell and Co., of Prince's Park, Liverpool, visited this inn, and were pleased with the lamb-chops, but found the boats dear. June 28, 1850."

"Thomas Buckram, sen., Ludley Park;
George Poins, sen., Ludley Bridge;
Came to Buttermere on the 26th, 12mo., 1850; that day had a glorious walk over the mountains from Keswick; part of the way by Lake Derwent by boat. Stayed at Buttermere all night. Splendid eating!!!
"26, 12mo., 1850."

"Rev. Joshua Russell and Son,
Blackheath.
The whiskey is particularly fine at this house, and we made an excellent dinner."

"Oct. 7th, 50.
Philipps Kelham, Manchester;
John F. Philipps;
Miss Margaretta Philipps.
The Fish a most comfortable inn. A capital dinner. Good whiskey. The only good glass we have met with in the whole Lake district."

"Mr. Edward King, Dalston, London, and 7, Fenchurch-street, London: walked from Whitehaven to Ennerdale Lake, calling at the Boat House on the margin of the Lake, where, having invigorated the inward man, I took the mountain path between Flootern Tarn and Grosdale, passed Scale Force, and arrived in the high mountain which overlooks Crummoch and Buttermere: here, indeed, each mountain scene is magnificently rude. I entered the beautiful vale of Buttermere: was fortunate enough to find the Fish Inn, where all were extremely civil; and from the landlady I received politeness and very excellent accommodation. Had a glorious feed for 1s. 3d.!! Chop, with sharp sauce, 6d.; potatoes, 1d.; cheese, 1d.; bread, 1d.; beer, 5d.; waitress (a charming, modest, and obliging young creature, who put me in mind of the story of the Maid of Buttermere, and learnt me the names of all the mountains), 1d.; total, 1s. 3d. Thursday, April 18, 1850." *

* The reader is requested to remember that these are not given as matters of invention, but as literal extracts, with real names and dates, copied from the books kept by Mrs. Clark, the excellent hostess of the Fish Inn, Buttermere.

## CHAPTER II.

"There's been nae luck throughout the lan'
Sin' fwok mud leyke their betters sheyne;
The country's puzzen'd roun' wi' preyde;
We're c'aff and san' to auld lang seyne."

*North Country Ballad.*

HARD upon a mile from the village before described lived the hero, the heroine, and herolets of the present story, by names Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys, their son, Jobby, and their daughter, Elcy. Their home was one of the two squires' houses before spoken of as lying at the extremes of the village. Mr. Christopher, or, as after the old Cumberland fashion he was called, "Cursty," Sandboys, was native to the place, and since his college days at St. Bees, had never been further than Keswick or Cockermouth, the two great emporia and larders of Buttermere. He had not missed Keswick Cheese Fair for forty Martinmasses, and had been a regular attendant at Lanthwaite Green, every September, with his lean sheep for grazing. Nor did the Monday morning's market at Cockermouth ever open without Mr. Christopher Sandboys, but on one day, and that was when the two bells of Lorton Church tried to tinkle a marriage peal in honour of his wedding with the heiress of Newlands. A "statesman" by birth, he possessed some hundred acres of land, with "pasturing" on the fell side for his sheep; in which he took such pride that the walls of his "keeping-room," or, as *we* should call it, sitting-room, were covered on one side with printed bills telling how his "lamb-sucked ewes," his "Herdwickes" and his "shearling tups" and "gimmers" had carried off the first and second best prizes at Wastdale and at Deanscale shows. Indeed, it was his continual boast that he grew the coat he had on his back, and he delighted not only to clothe himself, but his son Jobby (much to the annoyance of the youth, who sighed for the gentler graces of kerseymere) in the undyed, or "self-coloured," wool of his sheep, known to all the country round as the "Sandboys' Grey"—in reality a peculiar tint of speckled brown. His winter mornings were passed in making nets, and in the summer his winter-woven nets were used to despoil the waters of Buttermere of their trout and char. He knew little of the world but through the newspapers that reached him, half-priced, stained with tea, butter, and eggs, from a coffee-shop in London—and nothing of society but through that ideal distortion given us in novels, which makes the whole human family appear as a small colony of penniless angels and wealthy demons. His long evenings were, however, generally devoted to the perusal of his newspaper, and, living in a district to which crime was unknown, he became gradually impressed by reading the long catalogues of robberies and murders that filled his London weekly and daily sheets, that all out of Cumberland was in a state of savage barbarism, and that the Metropolis was a very

caldron of wickedness, of which the grosser scum was continually being taken off, through the medium of the police, to the colonies. In a word, the bugbear that haunted the innocent mind of poor Mr. Cursty Sandboys was the wickedness of all the world but Buttermere.

And yet to have looked at the man, one would never suppose that Sandboys could be nervous about anything. Taller than even the tallest of the villagers, among whom he had been bred and born, he looked a grand specimen of the human race in a country where it is by no means uncommon to see a labouring man with form and features as dignified, and manners as grave and self-possessed, as the highest bred nobleman in the land. His complexion still bore traces of the dark Celtic mountain tribe to which he belonged, but age had silvered his hair, which, with his white eyebrows and whiskers, contrasted strongly and almost beautifully with a small "cwoal-black een." So commanding, indeed, was his whole appearance, though in his suit of homespun grey, that, on first acquaintance, the exceeding simplicity of his nature came upon those who were strangers to the man and the place with a pleasant surprise.

Suspicious as he was theoretically, and convinced of the utter evil of the ways of the world without Buttermere, still, practically, Cursty Sandboys was the easy dupe of many a tramp and Turnpike Sailor, that with long tales of intricate and accumulative distress, supported by apocryphal briefs and petitions, signed and attested by "phantasm" mayors and magistrates, sought out the fastnesses of Buttermere, to prey upon the innocence and hospitality of its people.*

It was Mr. Sandboys' special delight, of an evening, to read the newspaper aloud to his family, and endeavour to impress his wife and children with the same sense of the rascality of the outer world as reigned within his own bosom. But his denunciations, as is too often the case, served chiefly to draw attention and to excite curiosity

* To prove to the reader how systematic and professional is the vagrancy and trading beggary of this county, a gentleman, living in the neighbourhood of Buttermere, and to whom we are indebted for many other favours, has obliged us with the subjoined registry and analysis of the vagabonds who sought relief at his house, from April 1, 1848, to March 31, 1849:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Males, (strangers) . . . . . | 80 |
| Males, (previously relieved) . . . . . | 73 |
| Females, (strangers) . . . . . | 10 |
| Females, (previously relieved) . . . . . | 41 |
| Total . . . . . | 204 |

This is at the rate of two beggars a-week, for the colder six months of the year, and six a-week in the warm weather, visiting as remote, secluded, and humble a village as any in the kingdom. It is curious to note in the above the great number of females "previously relieved" compared with the "strangers," as showing that when women take to vagrancy they seldom abandon the trade. It were to be desired that gentlemen would perform similar services to the above in their several parts of the kingdom, so that, by a large collection of facts, the public might be at last convinced how pernicious to a community is promiscuous charity. Of all lessons there is none so dangerous as to teach people that they can live by other means than labour.

touching subjects, which, without them, would probably have remained unheard of; so that his family, unknown to each other, were secretly sighing for that propitious turn of destiny which should impel them where fashion and amusement never failed, as their father said, to lure their victim from more serious pursuits.

The mind of Mrs. Sandboys was almost as circumscribed as that of the good Cursty himself. If Sandboys loved his country, and its mountains, she was lost in her kitchen, her beds, and her buckbasket. His soul was hemmed in by "the Hay-Stacks," Red Pike, Melbrake, and Grassmoor, and hers, by the four walls of Hassness-house. She prided herself on her puddings, and did not hesitate to take her stand upon her pie-crust. She had often been heard to say, with extreme satisfaction, that her "Buttered sops" were the admiration of the country round—and it was her boast that she could turn the large thin oat-cake at a toss; while the only feud she had ever been known to have in all her life, was with Mrs. Gill, of Low-Houses, Newlands, who declared that in her opinion the cakes were better made with two "backbwords" than one; and though several attempts had been made towards reconciliation, she had ever since withstood all advances towards a renewal of the ancient friendship that had cemented the two families. It was her glory that certain receipts had been in her family—the heir-looms of the eldest daughter—for many generations; and, when roused on the subject, she had been heard to exclaim, that she would not part with her wild raspberry jelly but with her life; and, come what may, she had made up her mind, to carry her "sugared curds" down with her to her grave.

The peculiar feature of Mrs. Sandboys' mind was to magnify the mildest trifles into violent catastrophes. If a China shepherdess, or porcelain Prince Albert, were broken, she took it almost as much to heart as if a baby had been killed. Washing, to her, was almost a sacred ceremony, the day being invariably accompanied with fasts. Her beds were white as the opposite waters of "Sour-Milk Gill;" and the brightness of the brass hobs in the keeping-room at Hassness were brilliant tablets to record her domestic virtues. She was perpetually waging war with cobwebs, and, though naturally of a strong turn of mind, the only time she had been known to faint was, when the only flea ever seen in Hassness House made its appearance full in the front of Cursty Sandboys' shirt, at his dinner, for the celebration of a Sheep-Shearing Prize. If her husband dreaded visiting London on account of its iniquities, she was deterred by the Cumberland legend of its bugs—for, to her rural mind, the people of the Great Metropolis seemed to be as much preyed upon by these vermin, as the natives of India by the white ants—and it was a conviction firmly implanted in her bosom, that if she once trusted herself in a London four-post, there would be nothing left of her in the morning but her nightcap.

The son and daughter of this hopeful pair were mere common place creatures. The boy, Jobby, as Joseph is familiarly called in Cumberland, had just shot up into hobbledyhoyhood, and was long and thin, as if Nature had drawn him, like a telescope, out of his boots. Though

almost a man in stature, he was still a boy in tastes, and full of life and activity—ever, to his mother's horror, tearing his clothes in climbing the craigs for starlings and magpies, or ransacking the hedges for "spinks" and "skopps;" or else he terrified her by remaining out on the lake long past dusk, in a boat, or delighting to go up into the fells after the sheep, when overblown by the winter's snow. His mother declared, after the ancient maternal fashion, that it was impossible to keep that boy clean and however he wore out his clothes and shoes was more than she could tell. The pockets of the youth —of which she occasionally insisted on seeing the contents—will best show his character to the discerning reader; these usually proved to comprise gentles, oat-cake, a leather sucker, percussion caps, a short pipe, (for, truth to say, the youth was studying this great art of modern manhood), a few remaining bleaberries, a Jew's-harp, a lump of cobbler's wax, a small coil of shining gut, with fish-hooks at the end, a charge or two of shot, the Cumberland Songster, a many-bladed knife with cork-screw, horsepicker, and saw at the back, together with a small mass of paste, swarming with thin red worms, tied up in one of his sister's best cambric pocket-handkerchiefs.

Eley, or Alice Sandboys, the sister of the last-named young gentleman, was some two or three years his elder; and, taking after her mother, had rather more of the Saxon complexion than her father or brother. At that age when the affections seek for something to rest themselves upon, and located where society afforded no fitting object for her sympathies, her girlish bosom found relief in expending its tenderness on pet doves, and squirrels, and magpies, and such gentler creatures as were denizens of her father's woods. These, and all other animals, she spoke of in diminutive endearment; no matter what the size, all animals were little to her; for, in her own language, her domestic menagerie consisted of her dovey, her doggey, her dickey, her pussey, her scuggy, her piggey, and her cowey. In her extreme love for the animal creation, she would have taken the young trout from its play and liberty in the broad lake beside her, and kept it for ever circling round the crystal treadmill of a glass globe. But the course of her true love ran anything but smooth. Jobby was continually slitting the tongue of her magpie with a silver sixpence, to increase its powers of language, or angling for her gold fish with an elaborate apparatus of hooks, or carrying off her favourite spaniel to have his ears and tail cut in the last new fashion, at the farrier's, or setting her cat on a board down the lake, or performing a hundred other such freaks as thoughtless youth alone can think of, to the annoyance of susceptible maidens. Herself unaware of the pleasures of which she deprived the animals she caged and globed, and on which her sole anxiety was to heap every kindne ·, she was continually remonstrating with her brother (we regret to say with little effect) as to the wickedness of fishing, or, indeed, of putting anything to pain.

Such was the character of the family located at Hassness House, —the only residence that animated the solitary banks of Buttermere—

and such, doubtless, would the Sandboys have ever remained but for the advent of the year 1851. The news of the opening of the Great Exhibition had already penetrated the fastnesses of Buttermere, and the villagers, who perhaps, but for the notion that the whole world was about to treat itself to a trip to the metropolis, would have remained quiet in their mountain homes, had been, for months past, subscribing their pennies with the intention of having their share in the general holiday. Buttermere was one universal scene of excitement from Woodhouse to Gatesgarth. Mrs. Nelson was making a double allowance of her excellent oat-cakes; Mrs. Clark, of the Fish Inn, was packing up a jar of sugared butter, among other creature comforts for the occasion. John Cowman was brushing up his top shirt; Dan Fleming was greasing his calkered boots; John Lancaster was wondering whether his hat were good enough for the great show; all the old dames were busy ironing their deep frilled caps, and airing their hoods; all the young lasses were stitching at all their dresses, while some of the more nervous villagers, who had never yet trusted themselves to a railway, were secretly making their wills—preparatory to their grand starting for the metropolis.

Amidst this general bustle and excitement there was, however, one house where the master was not absorbed in a calculation as to the probable length and expenses of the journey; where the mistress was not busy preparing for the comfort of the outward and inward man of her lord and master; where the daughter was not in deep consultation as to the prevailing metropolitan fashions—and this house was Hassness. For Mr. Sandboys, with his long-cherished conviction of the wickedness of London, had expressed in unmeasured terms his positive determination that neither he himself, nor any that belonged to him, should ever be exposed to the moral pollution of the metropolis. This was a sentiment in which Mrs. Sandboys heartily concurred, though on very different grounds—the one objecting to the moral, the other to the physical, contamination of the crowded city. Mr. Sandboys had been thrice solicited to join the Buttermere Travelling Club, and thrice he had held out against the most persuasive appeals. But Squire Jopson, who acted as Treasurer to the Travelling Association for the Great Exhibition of 1851, not liking that his old friend Sandboys should be the only one in all Buttermere who absented himself from the general visit to the metropolis, waited upon him at Hassness to offer him the last chance of availing himself of the advantages of that valuable institution as a means of conveying himself and family, at the smallest possible expense, to the great metropolis, and of allowing him and them a week's stay, as well as the privilege of participating in all the amusements and gaieties of the capital at its gayest possible time.

It was a severe trial for Sandboys to withstand the united batteries of Jopson's enthusiastic advocacy, his daughter's entreaties, his son's assurances of steadiness. But Sandboys, though naturally possessed of a heart of butter, delighted to assure himself that he carried about a flint in his bosom; so he told Jopson, with a shake of his head, that

he might as well try to move Helvellyn or shake Skiddaw; and that, while he blushed for the weakness of his family, he thanked Heaven that he, at least, was adamant.

Jopson showed him by the list he brought with him that the whole of the villagers were going, and that Hassness would be left neighbourless for a circuit of seven miles at least; whereupon Sandboys observed, with a chuckle, that the place could not be much more quiet than it was, and that with those fine fellows, Robinson and Davy Top, and Dod and Honister around him, he should never want company.

Jopson talked sagely of youths seeing the world and expanding their minds by travel; whereat the eyes of the younger Sandboys glistened; but the father rejoined, that travel was of use only for the natural beauties of the scenery it revealed, and the virtues of the people with whom it brought the traveller into association; „ and where," he asked, with evident pride of county, "could more natural beauty or greater native virtue be found, than amongst the mountains and the pastoral race of Buttermere?" Seizing the latest *Times* that had reached him the evening before, he pointed triumphantly to some paragraph, headed "Ingenious Fraud on a Yokel!" wherein a country gentleman had been cleverly duped of some hundreds of pounds paid to him that morning at Smithfield; and he asked with sarcasm, whether those were the scenes and those the people that Jopson thought he could improve his son Jobby by introducing him to?

In vain Jopson pulled from his pocket a counter newspaper, and showed him the plan of some monster Lodging House which was to afford accommodation for one thousand persons from the country, at one and the same time, "for one-and-three per night!"—how, for this small sum, each of the thousand was to be provided "with bedstead, good wool mattrass, sheets, blankets, and coverlet; with soap, towels, and every accommodation for ablution;" —how the two thousand boots of the thousand lodgers were to be cleaned at one penny per pair, and their one thousand chins to be shaven by relays of barbers continually in attendance—how a surgeon was "to attend at nine o'clock every morning," to examine the lodgers, and "instantly remove all cases of infectious disease"—how there was to be "a smoking-room, detached from the main building, where a band of music was to play every evening, gratis"—how omnibuses to all the theatres and amusements and sights were to carry the thousand sight-seers at one penny per head—how "cold roast and boiled beef and mutton, and ditto ditto sausages and bacon, and pickles, salads, and fruit pies (when to be procured,) were to be furnished, at fixed prices," to the thousand country gentlemen with the thousand country appetites—how "all the dormitories were to be well lighted with gas to secure the complete privacy of the occupants" —how "they were to be watched over by efficient wardens and police constables"—how "an office was to be opened for the security of luggage"—and how "the proprietor pledged himself that every care

should be taken to ensure the comfort, convenience, and *strict discipline* of so large a body."

Sandboys, who had sat perfectly quiet while Jobson was detailing the several advantages of this Brobdignagian boarding-house, burst out at the completion of the narrative with a demand to be informed whether it was probable that he, who had passed his whole life in a village consisting of fifteen houses and but seven families, would, in his fifty-fifth year, consent to take up his abode with a thousand people under one roof, with a gas-light to secure the privacy of his bed-room, policemen to watch him all night, and a surgeon to examine him in the morning!

Having thus delivered himself, he turned round, with satisfaction, to appeal to his wife and children, when he found them, to his horror, with the newspaper in their hands, busily admiring the picture of the very building that he had so forcibly denounced.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Sandboys, with Jobby and Eley, went down to the Fish Inn, to see the dozen carts and cars leave, with the united villagers of Buttermere, for the "Travellers' Train" at Cockermouth. There was the stalwart Daniel Fleming, of the White Howe, mounted on his horse, with his wife, her baby in her arms, and the children, with the farm maid, in the cart,—his two men trudging by its side. There was John Clark, of Wilkinsyke, the farmer and statesman, with his black-haired sons, Isaac and Johnny, while Richard rode the piebald pony; and Joseph and his wife, with little Grace, and their rosy-cheeked maid, Susannah, from the Fish Inn, sat in the car, kept at other times for the accommodation of their visitors. After them came Isaac Cowman, of the Croft, the red-faced farmer-constable, with his fine tall, flaxen, Saxon family about him; and, following in his wake, his Roman-nosed nephew John, the host of "The Victoria," with his brisk, bustling wife on his arm. Then came handsome old John Lancaster, seventy years of age, and as straight as the mountain larch, with his wife and his sons, Andrew and Robert, and their wives. And following these, John Branthwaite, of Bowtherbeck, the parish-clerk, with his wife and wife's mother; and Edward Nelson, the sheep-breeder, of Gatesgarth, dressed in his well-known suit of grey, with his buxom gude-wife, and her three boys and her two girls by her side; while the fresh-coloured bonnie lassie, her maid, Betty Gatesgarth, of Gatesgarth, in her bright green dress and pink ribbons, strutted along in their wake. Then came the Riggs: James Rigg, the miner, of Scots Tuft, who had come over from his work at Cleator for the special holiday; and there were his wife and young boys, and Jane Rigg, the widow, and her daughter Mary Ann, the grey-eyed beauty of Buttermere, in her jaunty jacket-waisted dress; with her swarthy black-whiskered Celtic brother, and his pleasant-faced Saxon wife carrying their chubby-cheeked child; and behind them came Ann Rigg, the slater's widow, from Craig House, with her boys and little girl; and, leaning on their shoulders, the eighty-years-old, white-haired, Braithwaite Rigg and his venerable dame; and close upon them was seen old Rowley Lightfoot, his wife, and son John. Squire Jobson's

man walked beside the car from the Fish Inn, talking to the tidy, clean old housekeeper of Woodhouse; while the Squire himself rode in the rear, proud and happy as he marshalled the merry little band along;—for, truth to say, it would have been difficult to find in any other part of England so much manliness and so much rustic beauty centred in so small a spot.

As they moved gently along the road, John Cowman, the host of the Victoria, struck up the following well-known song, which was welcomed with a shout from the whole "lating:"—

"I's Borrowdale Jwohnny, just cumt up to Lunnon,
Nay, gurn nit at *me*, for fear *I* laugh at *you;*
I've seen kneaves donn'd i' silks, and gud men gang in tatters;
The truth we sud tell, and gi'e auld Nick his due."

Then the gust rushed down the valley, and the voices of the happy holiday throng were swept, for a moment, away; as it lulled again, the car, familiar to the song, could catch the laugh and cheers that accompanied the next verse:—

"'Keep frae t' lasses, and ne'er luik ahint thee.'
'We're deep as the best o' them, fadder,' says I.
They packed up ae sark, Sunday weascwoat, twee neckcloths,
Wot bannock, cauld dumpliu', and top stannin' pye;".

Again the voices were lost in the turning of the road, and presently, as they shot out once more, they might be heard singing in full chorus—

"Ca' and see cousin Jacep, he's got a' the money;
He'll git thee some guver'ment pleace to be seer."

At last, all was still—but scarcely more still than when the whole of the cottages were filled with their little families, for the village, though now utterly deserted, would have seemed to the stranger to have been as thickly populated and busy as ever.

## CHAPTER III.

"Heaste, Jenny! put the bairns to bed,
And mind they say their prayers.
Sweet innocents! their heads yence down,
They sleep away their cares!
But gi' them furst a butter-shag;
When young, they munnet want,—
Nor ever sal a bairn o' mine
While I've a bite to grant."

*The Happy Family.*

THE younger Sandboys took the departure of the villagers more to heart than did their mother; though, true to her woman's nature, had the trip been anywhere but to London, she would have felt hurt at not making one of the pleasure-party. On reaching home, she and

Mr. Sandboys congratulated one another that they were not on their way to suffer the miseries of a week's residence amidst either the dirt or the wickedness of the metropolis; but Eley and Jobby began, for the first time, to feel that the retirement, which they heard so much vaunted every day, and which so many persons came from all parts of the country to look at and admire, cut them off from a considerable share of the pleasures which all the world else seemed so ready to enjoy, and which they began shrewdly to suspect were not quite so terrible as their father was in the habit of making out.

Thus matters continued at Hassness till the next Tuesday evening, when Mrs. Sandboys remarked that it was "*very* strange" that "Matthew Harker, t' grocer, had not been to village" with his pony and cart that day; and "what she *s'ud* do for t' tea, and sugar, and soft bread, she didn't know."

Now, seeing that the nearest grocer was ten miles distant, and that there was no borrowing this necessary article from any of their neighbours, as the whole village was then safely housed in London, such a failure in the visit of the peripatetic tea-man, upon whom the inhabitants of Buttermere and Crummock Water one and all depended for their souchong, and lump, and moist, and wheaten bread, was a matter of more serious importance than a townsman might imagine.

It was therefore arranged that Postlethwaite their man should take Paddy t' pony over to Keswick the next day, to get the week's supply of grocery, and learn what had happened to Harker, in whom the Sandboys took a greater interest from the fact of their having subscribed, with others of the gentry, when Harker lost his hand by blasting cobbles, to start him in the grocery business, and provide him with a horse and cart to carry his goods round the country.

Postlethwaite—a long, grave, saturnine-looking man, who was "*a little*" hard of hearing, was, after much shouting in the kitchen, made to comprehend the nature of his errand. But he had quitted Hassness only a short hour, when he returned with the sad intelligence—which he had picked up from Ellick Crackanthorpe, who was left in charge of Keskadale, while the family had gone to town,—that Harker, finding all the folk about Keswick had departed for the Great Exhibition, and hearing that Buttermere had done the same, had put his wife and his nine children inside his own van, and was at that time crawling up by easy stages to London.

Moreover, Postlethwaite brought in the dreary tidings that, in coming down from the top of the Hause, just by Bear's fall, Paddy had cast a shoe, and that it was as much as he could do to get him down the Moss side. This calamity was a matter of as much delight to the youngsters as it was of annoyance to the elder Sandboys; for seeing that Bob Beck, the nearest blacksmith, lived six miles distant, and that it was impossible to send either to Cockermouth or Keswick for the necessaries of life, until the pony was armed against the rockiness of the road, it became a matter of considerable difficulty to settle what could be done.

After much serious deliberation, it was finally arranged that Postlethwaite should lead the pony on to the "smiddy," at Loweswater, to be shod, and then ride him over to Dodgson's, the grocer's, at Cockermouth.

Postlethwaite, already tired, and, it must be confessed, not a little vexed at the refusal of Mr. Sandboys to permit him to accompany his fellow-villagers on this London trip—the greatest event of all their lives—started very sulky, and came back, long after dusk, with the pony lamed by a stone in his foot, and himself savage with hunger, and almost rebellious with fatigue; for, on getting to the "smiddy," he found that Beck the blacksmith had ruddled on his door the inscription—

"GEANE TO LUNNON FOR TO SEE T' GIRT 'SHIBITION!"

and, worse than all to Postlethwaite, he discovered, moreover, on seeking his usual ale at Kirkstile, that Harry Pearson, the landlord, had accompanied the Buttermere travellers' train up to town; and that John Wilkinson, the other landlord, had followed him the day after; so that there was neither bite nor sup to be had in the place, and no entertainment either for man or beast.

In pity to Paddy, if not in remembrance of the farmer's good cheer, Postlethwaite, on his way back, turned down to Joe Watson's, at Lanthwaite, and there found it impossible to make anybody hear him, for the farmer and his six noble-looking sons—known for miles round as the flower of the country—had also joined the sight-seers on their way to the train at Cockermouth.

This was sad news to the little household. It was the first incident that gave Mrs. Sandboys an insight into the possible difficulties that their remaining behind, alone, at Hassness, might entail upon the family. She, and Mr. Sandboys, had hitherto only thought of the inconveniences attending a visit to London, and little dreamt that their absence from it, at such a time, might force them to undergo even greater troubles. She could perhaps have cheerfully tolerated the abdication of the Cockermouth milliner—she might have heard, without a sigh, that Mr. Bailey had put up the shutters of his circulating library, and stopped the supply of "Henrietta Temples," "Emilia Wyndhams," and "The Two Old Men;" she might not even have complained had Thompson Martin, the draper, cut short her ribbons and laces, by shutting up his shop altogether—but to have taken away her tea and sugar, was more than a lady in the vale of years, and the valley of Buttermere, could be expected to endure, without some outrage to philosophy!

The partiality of the sex in general for their morning and evening cup of souchong and "best refined," is now ranked by physiologists among those inscrutable instincts of sentient nature, which are beyond the reach of scientific explanation. What oil is to the Esquimaux, what the juice of the cocoa-nut is to the monkey, what water is to the fish, what dew is to the flower, and what milk is to the cat—so is tea to woman! No person yet, in our own country, has propounded any sufficient theory to account for the English washerwomen's all-absorbing

love of the Chinese infusion—nor for the fact of every maid-servant, when stipulating the terms of her engagement, always making it an express condition of the hiring, that she should be provided with "tea and sugar," and of every mistress continually declaring that she "would rather at any time go without her dinner than her tea."

What sage has yet taught us why womankind is as gregarious over tea as mankind over wine? Sheridan has called the Bottle the sun of the table; but surely the Teapot, with its attendant cups, may be considered as a heavenly system, towards which all the more beautiful bodies concentre, where the piano may be said to represent the music of the spheres, and in which the gentlemen, heated with wine, and darting in eccentric course from the dining-room, may be regarded as fiery comets. We would ask any lady whether Paradise could have been a garden of bliss without the tea-plant; and whether the ever-to-be-regretted error of our first mother was not the more unpardonable from the fact of her having preferred to pilfer an apple rather than pluck the "fullest flavoured Pekoe." And may not psychology here trace some faint transcendental reason for the descendants of Adam still loving to linger over their apples after dinner, shunning the tea-table and those connected with it. Yet, perhaps, even the eating of apples has not been more dangerous to the human family than the sipping of tea. If sin came in with pippins, surely scandal was brought into the world with Bohea! Adam fell a victim to his wife's longing for a Ribston, and how many Eves have since fallen martyrs to the sex's love of the slanderous Souchong.

Mrs. Sandboys was not prepared for so great a sacrifice as her tea, and when she first heard from Postlethwaite the certainty of Harker's departure, and saw, by the result of this second journey, that there was no hope of obtaining a supply from Cockermouth, there *was* a moment when she allowed her bosom to whisper to her, that even the terror of a bed in London would be preferable to a tea-less life at Hassness.

Mr. Sandboys, however, no sooner saw that there was no tea or sugar to be had, than he determined to sweeten his cup with philosophy; so, bursting out with a snatch of the "Cumberland Lang Seyne," he exclaimed, as cheerily as he could under the circumstances—

> "Deuce tek the foil-invented tea;
> For tweyce a day we that mun' hev;

and immediately after this, decided upon the whole family's reverting to the habits of their ancestors, and drinking "yale" for breakfast. This was by no means pleasant, but as it was clear she could do nothing else, Mrs. Sandboys, like a sensible woman, turned her attention to the contents of the ale-cask, and then discovered that some evil-disposed person, whom she strongly suspected to be Master Jobby—for that young gentleman began to display an increasing enjoyment in each succeeding catastrophe—had left the tap running, and that the cellar floor was covered three inches deep with the liquid

intended to take off the dryness and somewhat sawdusty character of the oat-cake, which, in the absence of any wheaten bread, now formed the staple of their morning meal.

Now it so happened, that it wanted a fortnight of the return of Jennings' man, the brewer, whose periodical circumgyrations with the beer, round about Buttermere, gave, like the sun, life and heat to the system of its inhabitants. In this dire emergency, Postlethwaite, whose deafness was found to increase exactly in proportion to the inconvenience of the journeys required of him, was had out, and shaken well, and bawled at, preparatory to a walk over to Lorton Vale, where the brewery was situated—only six miles distant.

But his trip on this occasion was about as successful as the last, for on reaching the spot, he found that the brewer, like the grocer, the farrier, and the publicans, had disappeared for London on the same pleasurable mission.

The family at Hassness was thus left without tea, beer, or bread, and, consequently, reduced to the pure mountain stream for their beverage, and oaten cakes and bacon for their principal diet. Their stock of fresh meat was usually procured from Frank Hutchison, the butcher of Cockermouth, but to go or send thither, under their present circumstances, appeared to be impossible. So that Mrs. Sandboys began to have serious alarms about two or three pimples that made their appearance on Cursty's face, lest a continued course of salt meat and oat-cake should end in the whole family being afflicted with the scurvy. She would immediately have insisted on putting them, one and all, under a severe course of treacle and brimstone, with a dash of cream of tartar in it to "sweeten their blood;" only, luckily, there was neither treacle nor brimstone, nor cream of tartar, to be had for twenty miles, nor anybody to go for it, and then, probably, nobody at Mr. Bowerbank's to serve it.

Sandboys, seeing that he had no longer any hope in Postlethwaite, was now awakened to the necessity of making a personal exertion. His wife, overpowered by this addition of the loss of dinner to the loss of tea, did not hesitate to suggest to him, that perhaps it might be as well, if they consented to do like the rest of the world, and betake themselves for a few days to London. For her own part, she was ready to make any sacrifice, even to face the London dirt. But Sandboys would listen to no compromise, declared that greatness showed itself alone in overcoming circumstances,—and talked grandly of his forefathers, who had held out so long in these self-same mountain fastnesses. Mrs. Sandboys had no objection to make to the heroism, but she said that really Elcy's complexion required fresh meat; and that although she herself was prepared to give up a great deal, yet her Sunday's dinner was more than she was inclined to part with, and as for sacrifices, she had already sacrificed enough in the loss of her tea. Mr. Sandboys upon this bethought him of John Banks, the pig-butcher at Lorton, and having a young porker just ready for the knife, fancied he could not do better than despatch Postlethwaite with the animal to Lorton to be slaughtered. This, however, was sooner

decided upon than effected; for Postlethwaite, on being summoned, made his appearance in slippers, and declared he had worn out, in his several foraging excursions about the country, the only pair of shoes he had left. Whereupon his master, though it was with some difficulty he admitted the excuse,—and this not until Postlethwaite, with a piteous gravity, had brought out a pair of calkered boots in the very worst possible condition,—began to foresee that there was even more necessity for Postlethwaite to be shod than Paddy, for that unless he could be got over to Cockermouth, they might be fairly starved out. Accordingly, he gave his son Jobby instructions to make the best of his way to the two shoemakers, who resided within five miles of Hassness, for he made sure that one of the cobblers at least could be prevailed upon to put Postlethwaite in immediate travelling order.

It was long after nightfall, and Mrs. Sandboys had grown very uneasy as to the fate of her dear boy, when Postlethwaite was heard condoling over the miserable plight of Master Jobby. His mother rushed out to see what had happened, and found the bedraggled youth standing with one shoe in the hall, the other having been left behind in a bog, which he had met with in his attempt to make a short cut home on the other side of the lake by Melbrake.

Nor was the news he brought of a more cheerful nature. John Jackson the shoemaker was nowhere to be found. He had not been heard of since the departure of the train; and John Coss, the other shoemaker, had turned post-boy again, and refused to do any cobbling whatsoever. Coss had told him he got a job to take some gentlefolks in a car over to Carlisle, to meet the train for London, and he was just about to start; and if Jobby liked, he would give him a lift thus far on t' road to Girt 'Shibition.

This was a sad damper for Sandboys, for with John Jackson the shoemaker seemed to vanish his last hope. Postlethwaite had worn out his boots, Jobby had lost his shoes, and John Jackson and John Coss, the only men, within ten miles, who could refit them, were both too fully taken up with the Great Exhibition to trouble their heads about the destitution of Hassness.

Postlethwaite almost smiled when he heard the result of Jobby's twelve-mile walk, and drily remarked to the servant-maid, who already showed strong symptoms of discontent—having herself a sweetheart exposed, without her care, to the temptations and wickedness of London—that the whole family would be soon barefoot, and going about the countryside trying to get one another shod.

Sandboys consulted with his wife as to what was to be done, but she administered but little consolation; for the loss of her tea, and the prospect of no Sunday's dinner, had ruffled her usual equanimity. The sight of her darling boy, too, barefoot and footsore, aroused every passion of her mother's heart. Jobby had no other shoes to his feet she told her husband, for the rate at which *that* boy wore his things out was quite terrible to a mother's feelings; but Mr. Sandboys had no right to send the lad to such a distance, after such weather as they

had just had. He might have known that Jobby was always taking short cuts, and always getting up to his knees in some mess or other; and he must naturally have expected that Jobby would have left both his shoes behind him instead of one—and those the only shoes he had. She should not wonder if Mr. Sandboys had done it for the purpose. Who was to go the errands now, she should like to know? Mr. Sandboys, perhaps, liked living there, in that out-of-the-way hole, like a giant or a hermit. Did he expect that she or Elcy were going to drive that pig to Lorton?—And thus she continued, going over and over again every one of the troubles that their absence from London had brought upon them, until Sandboys was worried into excitement, and plumply demanded of her whether she actually wished to go herself to the Exhibition? Mrs. Sandboys was at no loss for a reply, and retorted, that what she wanted was her usual meals, and shoes for her children; and if she could not get them there, why, she did not care if she had to go to Hyde Park for them.

Sandboys was little prepared for this confession of hostilities on the part of his beloved Aggy. He had never known her address him in such a tone since the day she swore at Lorton to honour and obey him. He jumped from his chair and began to pace the room—now wondering what had come to his family and servants, now lamenting the want of tea, now sympathizing with the absence of ale, now biting his thumb as he contemplated the approximating dilemma of a dinnerless Sunday, and now inwardly cursing the Great Exhibition, which had not only taken all his neighbours from him, and deprived him of almost all the necessaries of life, but seemed destined to estrange his wife and children!

For a moment the idea passed across his mind, that perhaps it might be better to give way; but he cast the thought from him immediately, and as he trod the room with redoubled quickness and firmness of step, he buttoned his grey coat energetically across his breast, swelling with a resolution to make a desperate effort. He would drive the pig himself over to John Banks, the pig-butcher's, at Lorton! But, as in the case of Postlethwaite, Mr. Cursty Sandboys soon found that resolving to drive a pig was a far different thing from doing it. Even in a level country the pig-driving art is none of the most facile acquirements,—but where the way to be traversed consists at every other yard of either a fell, a craig, a gill, a morass, a comb, a pike, a knot, a rigg, a skar, a beck, a howe, a force, a syke, or a tarn, or some other variety of those comfortable quarters into which a pig, with his peculiar perversity, would take especial delight in introducing his *compagnon de voyage*—the accomplishment of pig-driving in Cumberland partakes of the character of what æsthetic critics love to term "High Art."

Nor did Mr. Sandboy's pig—in spite of the benevolence and "sops" administered during his education by the gentle Elcy, who shed tears at his departure—at all detract from the glories of his race. Contrary to the earnest advice of Postlethwaite, founded on the experience of ages, who exhorted his master to keep the string loose in his hand—

Sandboys, who had a theory of his own about pig-driving, and who was afraid that if the animal once got away from him in the hills, he would carry with him the family's only chance of fresh meat for weeks to come—made up his mind to keep a safe hold of him, and so, twisted the string which he had attached to the porker's leg two or three turns round his own wrist.

Scarcely had Elcy petitioned her brother for the gentle treatment of her pet "piggy," than, crack! Jobby, who held the whip at the gate, while his father adjusted the reins, sent a flanker on the animal's hind-quarters. Away went "piggy," and we regret to say, away went the innocent Sandboys, not after, but with him—and precisely in the opposite direction to what he had intended. "Cwoley," the dog, who had been dancing round the pig at the gate, no sooner saw the animal start off at score, than entering into the spirit of the scene, he gave full chase, yelping, and jumping, and snapping at him, so that the terrified porker fetched sharp round upon Sandboys, and bolted straight up the mountain side.

Now, to the stranger it should be made known, that climbing the fells of Cumberland is no slight task—even when the traveller is allowed to pick his steps; but, with a pig to lead, no choice but to follow, and a dog behind to urge the porker on, the operation becomes one of considerable hardship, if not peril. Moreover, the mountain, over which Mr. Sandboys' pig had chosen to make his course, was called "the Moss," or "Morass," from its peculiar swampy character. Up went the pig, through bracken, and furze, and holly-bush, and up by the stunted oaks, and short-cut stumps, and straight on, up through the larches, over the rugged clump above Hassness; and up went Mr. Sandboys, over and through every one of the same obstacles, making a fresh rent in his trousers at every "whin-bush"—scratched, torn, panting, slipping, and—if we must confess it—swearing; now tumbling, now up again, but still holding on to the pig, or the pig holding on to him, for grim death.

But if it were difficult to ascend a Cumberland fell with a pig in front, how much more trying the descent! No sooner had "Cwoley" turned the pig at the top, than Sandboys, as he looked down the precipitous mountain up which his porker had dragged him, "saw his work before him." It required but a slight momentum to start him; then, away they all three went together—in racing technology "you might have covered them with a sheet"— the dog barking, and the pig squeaking, and dragging Mr. Sandboys down the hill, at a rate that promised to bring him to the bottom with more celerity than safety. Unfortunately, too, the pig took his course towards the beck formed by the torrent at the "Goat's Gills;" and no sooner did it reach the ravine, than, worried by the dog, it precipitated itself and Mr. Sandboys right down into the foaming, but luckily not very deep, waters.

But, if it were not deep, the bottom of the beck was at least stony; and there, on his back, without breath to cry out, lay the wretched Sandboys, a victim to his theory, his coat skirtless, his pantaloons torn to shreds, and the waters curling white about him, with the

driving string in his hand, cut by the sharp craigs in his fall—while the legs, the loin, the griskin, and the chine—that were to have consoled the family for weeks, were running off upon the pettitoes which he had privately set aside for his own supper on some quiet evening.

Eley, who, throughout the whole chase, had been bewailing the poor "piggey's" troubles, and exclaiming to her father not to hurt it, screamed with terror as, from the gate, she saw the plunge and splash; while the wicked Jobby, who had been rendered powerless by laughter, and the want of shoes, and Postlethwaite, who also had been inwardly enjoying the scene, now rushed forward to the reseue, in company with the whole household, and dragged out from the beck the bruised, tattered, bedraggled, bespattered, bedrenched, and wretched Sandboys—the more annoyed, because the first inquiry addressed to him by Mrs. Sandboys, in a voice of mingled terror and tenderness, was, "Whatever *has* become of the pig?"

That was a mystery which took some hour or two to solve; for it was not until Eley and Jobby, in Postlethwaite's old shoes, had explored both Robinson and the Moss, that they caught sight of "Cwoley" on the slope beside the foot of Buttermere Lake, dancing, in wild delight, round the shaft of a deserted mine, known as "Muddock," where, as became evident from the string twisted round the bushes, the pig, like Curtius, had plunged suicidally into the gulf, and was then lying, unbaked, unroasted, and unboiled, in twelve foot water!

Sandboys, when the news was brought him, was, both metaphorically and literally, in hot water. He sat with his two feet in a steaming pail, and wrapped in a blanket, with a basin of smoking oatmeal gruel in his hand, Mrs. Sandboys by his side, airing a clean shirt at the fire, and vowing all the while, that she should not wonder if his obstinacy in stopping down there, starving all the family, and denying them even the necessaries of life, to gratify his own perversity, were not the death of herself and the dear children. If he caught *his* death, he would only have himself to blame; for there was not a Dover's Powder within twenty miles to be had for love or money; and as for tallowing his nose, it was more than she could afford to do, for the candles were running so short, and there was not a tallow-chandler remaining in the neighbourhood, so that in a few days she knew that, all through his fine management, they would be left not only tealess, beerless, meatless, and, she *would* add, her dear boy shoeless, but also in positive darkness.

This second outbreak on the part of the generally placid and anti-metropolitan Mrs. Sandboys was superinduced by a discovery she had made that morning, when about to give out the soap for the next day's monthly wash. She then remembered that the stock, which she had ordered of Harker had not come to hand; and there being no opportunity of getting to Dodgson or to Herd—supposing either of them to be at Cockermouth—or of reaching any other oilman or tallow-chandler—even if such a character existed in the neighbourhood within a circuit of fifty miles—she began to see that by remaining at Hass-

ness, she and her children would positively be reduced to a more horrible state of dirtiness than the metropolis could possibly emulate, even taking for granted the truth of all the reports concerning the Thames water, which Mr. Sandboys delighted in reading to her from the newspapers.

Scarcely had Mrs. Sandboys given vent to this "bit of her mind," than the forms of long Postlethwaite and little Ann Lightfoot appeared at the door, to give the miserable Cursty "warning." Ann Lightfoot begged to state, that the coals were beginning to run so short, and the large fire Mr. Sandboys had just made up to dry his clothes and shoes had so reduced their small stock, that they would be left without a spark in the range below stairs; and they had made up their minds to leave the very next day, for the kitchen was so damp, that, without a fire, they knew it would be the death of them.

Sandboys remonstrated, saying, that some of the slate-carts from the quarries at Honister would be sure to be passing the house on their way to Cockermouth, and they might order them to bring him a return cargo of coals from Great Southern. But Postlethwaite, with a pertinacity the reverse of pleasant, replied, that he had thought of all this before, if his master had not; and had watched two days consecutively, without seeing a single cart; Master Jobby, besides, had told him he knew there was no one working at the quarries, for he had not heard the sound of the blasting during the last fortnight. Without beer, without meat, without tea, without sugar, without coals, and, what was more, without tobacco—as he had been for the last ten days—Postlethwaite observed, he thought it was hard his master should expect him and Ann to stop, when the lassie was almost starved; it would be far better that they should leave the family to share amongst them the few provisions remaining.

Here Ann Lightfoot began to wipe the tears from her eyes with the corner of her apron—an action that produced a series of sympathetical sobs from Mrs. Sandboys, who hysterically gurgled out, that it was impossible to tell what would become of them all in that dreadful lonely, damp place,—without medicine—or doctor—or dinner—or even the means of warming, or lighting, or cleaning themselves!

It was at this juncture that Eley entered the room, her blue eyes bathed in a flood of tears, to pour into her father's bosom the fate of her beloved "piggy!" Overpowered with this battery of hysterics, and the accumulated distresses and disaffection of his united household, Sandboys would have rushed from the apartment—and, indeed, did make an effort to do so; but remembering the paucity of his attire, he plumped rapidly down again, wrapping his blanket round him with the dignity of an Indian chief.

It was impossible, however, after a fortnight's low living, to maintain for a length of time anything like grandeur of soul, so Sandboys soon got to participate in that depression of spirits which, owing to the spare diet, had begun to pervade the whole household at Hassness. In a few minutes the would-be stoical Cursty was melted, like the rest of them, into tears. Now blubbering, now

snivelling, now sobbing, he proceeded to appeal to the generosity of Postlethwaite and the feelings of Ann Lightfoot, he spoke of their long services, and how the affection between the master and the servant was the pride of their native county, and imploringly besought them not to leave him in his present position, but to wait only a few days longer, when their friends and neighbours could not fail of returning; for he was convinced London wickedness must pall, after a brief experience, upon the pure and simple minds of the people of Buttermere; and he wound up by pointing to his children, and begged of them not to force him to drag those dear innocents into the foul contamination of a London life.

This appeal had *not* the desired effect. Postlethwaite, although he had been with Sandboys since a boy, and looked upon Jobby, from long association, almost as a child of his own,—and although in the most lively period of the village, he had never been known to take part in the festivities, nor had made his appearance at a "Merry Night," for the last fifteen years—nevertheless, felt himself, after the departure of the Excursion-train of his fellow villagers, lonely and ill-used, in not being allowed to participate in the general holiday. The consequence was, that Mr. Sandboys' eloquence was utterly lost upon the surliness that had usurped the place of his usual regard and respect for his master.

Moreover, Ann Lightfoot had been unable to get over the loss of her "Jwohnny," whom, with a jaundiced eye, she saw clattering away, in calkered boots, at all the merry nights of London, now standing up in many a square-eight reel, or now kneeling at the feet of some "fause-feaced fair," in the sly vagaries of the Cushion-dance. Under these circumstances, she had passed her evenings unusually lonely, even for Buttermere; and having no lover to sit up for at night, she had usually spent her leisure time with Postlethwaite, mutually grumbling by the kitchen fire, and filling his mind with ideas and desires for London enjoyments, to which he would otherwise have been an entire stranger. Accordingly, Ann Lightfoot was as little inclined as Deaf Postlethwaite, and Deaf Postlethwaite as little inclined as Ann Lightfoot—for the grumblings of the one were echoed in the growlings of the other—to be in any way modified by their master's appeal to their feelings. So Postlethwaite murmured out that they had made up their minds to go the next day, without further warning.

Sandboys, shuddering, saw the coming desolation of his home, and for a moment had serious thoughts of calling in the constable to make them fulfil their engagements. But, alas, his next remembrance was that the constable, like the grocer, and the blacksmith, and the cobblers, had gone up to London to see the Great Exhibition.

The wretched Cursty resigned himself to his fate. But Fate had still something worse in store for him. No sooner had the servants discharged themselves, than Mrs. Sandboys unmasked a new grievance, and opened a full battery upon him, as he sat dismal and desponding, in the blanket, sipping his gruel in deep despair. She told him, as she handed him the clean shirt she had been airing, that she would ad-

vise him to take great care of it—that was the last their stock of soap would allow him to have—it might be for months—and she would advise, too, him to do, as he had read to her from the newspaper the other day, the nasty, filthy Russians did—and grease it all over well, so that he might wear it until it dropped off his body, for she could tell him he wouldn't have another until he went to fetch *that* Harker from the Great Exhibition. She did not mind, she told him, so much about the loss of her tea—severe trial as that was to her, and requiring all her Christian fortitude to bear—the want of beer was little or no privation to her—it was the servants—the poor, hard-working servants that she felt for. The dearth of fresh meat did not affect *her*—it was her dear Eley's complexion that she looked at; she could have gone barefoot all her life herself, but the idea of her children going about the earth shoeless, realized a wretchedness that she never could have imagined when she left her father's home.

Still this was nothing—wretchedness was nothing—starvation was nothing—shoelessness was nothing, compared with the want of soap—she could bear anything but dirt. It was the terror of that had kept her from going to London, and now she saw that, in spite of all her efforts, Mr. Sandboys' obstinacy about his trumpery wickedness would bring upon her those very horrors which she had made so many sacrifices to avoid. She did not care about any of his Great Exhibitions, only all she knew was, that she would rather go through any wickedness than live in the dirt that she could see he was forcing her into. Stay in Hassness she would not; and she had made up her mind, as Mr. Sandboys would not leave it, that she would throw herself on Messrs. Brag and Steal, and trust to them—for they were her father's lawyers—to make him provide her with a separate and comfortable maintenance. Dearly as she once had loved him, she loved cleanliness more, and it remained for him to say whether they were to continue any longer together in the same wholesome state in which they had lived for thirty long years. And having given vent to her feelings, she seized the bed-candlestick and marched indignantly into Eley's room, where she declared her resolution to pass the night.

Sandboys, in the enthusiasm of his excited feelings and the sad prospect of his threatened widowerhood, would have jumped up and followed her; but again remembering the paucity of his attire, sank back into his chair. In a few minutes it struck him that he had been sitting with his feet in the pail until the water had become as cold as that of the brook into which he had tumbled, and he began to think that, by remaining in his present position, he was perhaps adding another cold to the one he had already caught, in his fatal attempt at theoretical and practical pig driving.

For the first time since his wedding-day, Cursty Sandboys was left to monopolize the amplitude of the matrimonial feather-bed, and no sooner had he rested his nightcap on his pillow, than there began to pass before his mind a dismal diorama of all the incidents of the day. As he looked upon the picture of the destitution, and desolation, and devastation, and denudation of his home, he half-relented of his stern

resolve. For himself and Mrs. Sandboys he feared not the infection of the Great Metropolis; but it was the young and trusting Eley, and the too-adventurous Jobby—that caused the trepidation of his soul. First he thought of the sufferings and the privations around him—and then he asked himself whether he were making his children and his household suffer these for what was a mere whim on his own part. Was not the sacrifice he required too much for youthful minds, and was he not once young himself? The reply of experience was, that he certainly *had* been young, but that he never had felt any wish to travel further than ten miles from his native valley. And as the conflict of affection and determination went on in his brain, he now felt assured it was all selfishness on his part to keep his children locked up in abstemious solitude—and the next moment was declaring that he should be a woman, and worse than a woman, if he were weak enough to allow them whom he loved best in all the world to be exposed to the vicious allurements of the Great Metropolis. Now he was all ice—and now the ice was thawing with the brine of his tears—now he was rock—and now, like Hannibal, he was cutting a way towards London through his bosom with the vinegar of repentance.

The first thing that met Mr. Sandboys' eyes in the morning was the pair of trousers in which he had driven the pig on the previous day. Again and again he gazed upon the ruins, for, until that moment, he had no definite idea as to the tatterdemalion state of his nether garments. The legs hung in long strips down the chair-back, more like shreds of list than human pantaloons; and, as he looked at them, he bethought him, for the first time, that his other pair, which he had just had made of his own grey, had been sent a fortnight previously to Johnson, the Loweswater tailor, to be altered, by Mrs. Sandboys, who took a great pride in her Cursty's appearance, and found fault with the cut of them, declaring they were not sufficiently tight at the knees, or wide enough over the boot, for the last new fashion.

Sandboys felt it was in vain for a man to talk of independence, who was destitute of pantaloons, and, fearing even to speak of the subject to his wife, lest a repetition of the previous night's scene might be enacted, sent a private message to his son Jobby, requesting his attendance to a conference in the bed-room.

Jobby, when informed of the primitive and paradisiacal condition of his parent, chuckled inwardly as he foresaw the dilemma in which the disclosure he had to make would place the nether half of the old gentleman. Accordingly, when Sandboys confidentially solicited him to put on his father's shoes, and make the greatest possible haste over to Johnson for his father's best trousers, it was with some difficulty that his son could inform him, with that respect which is due to a parent, that, on his last fruitless visit to Brackenthwaite, John Coss had told him he was going to call at Loweswater, on his way to Carlisle, and take up all the Johnsons, both uncle and nephew, for the mail train to London.

This was more than poor Sandboys expected, and a heavy blow to

him, for he foresaw that the proprieties of life would compel him to keep between the sheets, until such time as he could venture to broach the subject of his denuded and destitute state to his better half. To lie in bed was his only resource; but to lie in bed was to make him more and more sensible of the utter destitution in which he was involved. He had received no newspapers for a fortnight, and of all things he loved his newspapers the dearest. The loss of them in such a state, at such a time, he felt more than all. He might, perhaps, have borne the absence of his pantaloons with all the pride of martyrdom; but to be cut off from connexion with the outer world of wickedness, in which he took such extreme interest, was more than human philosophy or mountain stoicism could bear—for what is solitude without a newspaper! Here was he, three hundred and one miles from London, in a lonely house, without a single "daring robbery" to comfort him, or a "diabolical murder" to put life into him! All the "successful swindling" of the metropolis was going on without his knowledge; and the excursionists from his native county were, he felt satisfied, being plundered, one and all, without his being, as he longed to be, in any way privy to it!

In this situation, thus contemplating, Mr. Sandboys passed the day—a Zimmerman between the blankets. At last, as the shades of night began to shut out Melbrake from before his bed-room window, and when Mrs. Sandboys came to his bedside for the basin which had contained his thin meal of gruel, as he sat up to receive her he humbly petitioned her, with a melancholy shake of the tuft on the top of his white cotton night-cap, to allow him one of the old newspapers and a light, so that he might relieve his mind by perusing some of the trials at the Central Criminal Court; if he might be allowed to choose, he would prefer that *Observer* and supplement which contained those charming twenty columns of the last frightful London murder.

But to make the request was to open afresh the vials of Mrs. Sandboys' wrath; for she gave him plainly to understand that, coal-less as they were below, Postlethwaite had been obliged to fell some of the trees, and that the holly was so green that she had been forced to burn every newspaper in the house in her struggles to make a fire. Indeed, were it not that they had mustered all hands, and taken turn and turn about at the bellows, every fifteen minutes, all the day through, the family would not have been able to have had a mouthful of anything warm to eat; and now that the last double *Times* had gone, she had left Postlethwaite and Ann and Elcy and poor Jobby seated round a fireless grate, in the circular drawing-room, partaking of oatmeal mixed in cold water by way of tea.

Bitterly conscious of his deficiency as regarded pantaloons, and feeling acutely the privation as well as the destruction of his newspapers, the otherwise benevolent soul of Sandboys reverted for a moment into the primitive selfishness of savage life; and, seeing no other sorrows but his own, he angrily glared on Mrs. Sandboys, and burst out, "How dar'sta, Aggy, burn t' papers?"

Mrs. Sandboys recoiled! It was the first time she had ever heard her dear Cursty address her in such a tone. Her woman's heart fell, and she whimpered out, as she threw herself on the bed, "I cuddent help it, Cursty, an if I cud, thar was nae a candle in t' house for tha to read by."

Cursty fell back upon his pillows, and putting his hands over his eyes, saw vividly pass before his imagination, his house without candle, his servants without fire, his wife without soap, his boy without shoes, and himself without breeches!

In that one moment he perceived that it was useless to think of holding out any longer—London lost its horrors compared with the privations of Hassness; so gulping down the cup of bitterness, he told his wife he had made up his mind to be off to the metropolis the next morning.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when there again rose up before his eyes the direful gashes of his inexpressibles—the barefooted state of his boy! But Mrs. Sandboys soon put an end to all suggested difficulties, and that evening saw the happy Aggy sitting by the bed-side of her beloved Cursty, and, by the light of a lamp made out of fat bacon and darning-cotton, sewing away at one of the lacerated legs of the trousers, with a light heart, and the strongest black thread; while Elcy was taking the bows off a pair of her mother's shoes, which, at a family consultation, it had been arranged would serve to equip Jobby, at least for the walk to Cockermouth, where he and his father might, perhaps, be able to provide themselves with necessaries for the voyage to London.

Previous to leaving Hassness the next morning, Mr. Sandboys summoned the whole of his family together into the dining-room, and addressed them in a cheerful though solemn manner, saying he regretted to see that, under their late trials, they had evinced an unphilosophical want of vivacity, which he considered to be utterly unworthy of the hardy natives of Cumberland. He wished it, therefore, to be distinctly understood, that he accompanied them to London upon a single condition only, and that was—that they one and all made up their minds, come what might, to enjoy themselves.

How the Sandboys got to Town—the misadventures that happened to them on the road—the difficulties that the family experienced in obtaining shelter when they reached the metropolis—how they were glad to accept of any wretched hole to lay their heads in for the night; and when they *did* obtain a bed, the trouble that Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys found in their endeavours to get their two selves fairly into it—the dire calamity that befel them while reposing in it, and how excessively hard they found it under these, and many other circumstances, to carry out the principle of enjoying themselves,—all this, and much more, remains to be told in the succeeding chapters of this eventful history.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Han' me that peype, weyfe! I'll smnik an' think.
Nay, dunnet cry, we ne'er did wrang;
The truth I'll state, whate'er teks pleace,
To Carel sizes when I gang;
We plenty hev, we'll dui what's reeght, weyfe,
An' whop (hope) beath lang may happy be.
Now supper's ruddy, weep nae mair, weyfe,
Ay fain I'd see a smeyle frae thee."—*Bad News.*

Mr. Sandboys prided himself on being a "bit of a philosopher." His great weakness consisted in his imaginary strength of mind. In his college days at St. Bees he had been charmed with the classic chronicles of Grecian stoicism and Roman fortitude, and, ever since, had been endeavouring to talk himself, out of all feeling and affection, into the hero. To his great self-satisfaction, he now believed he could bear any stroke of Fate, however severe or unexpected, without so much as a wink of his "mind's eye," and he flattered himself that he had arrived at that much-to-be-desired state of insensibility which would enable him, like a Buttermere Brutus, to hand his own son Jobby over to the Carlisle hangman with no more compunction—as he delighted to tell that young gentleman, much to his horror—than he would take one of his "lean sheep" to Lanthwaite Green Fair.

And yet, truth to say, the heart of the heroic Mr. Sandboys was as soft as new bread, though he would have had the world believe it was as hard and dry as sea biscuit. If Cursty had any *mettle* at all in his constitution it was that particular kind of "fusible alloy" which melts at the least warmth, and loses all consistency immediately it gets into hot water.

No metaphysician has ever yet explained why poor perverse human nature always fancies it has a special talent for doing something the very opposite to that in which it happens to excel. Doubtlessly, if the truth could be known, we should find Sir John Herschel secretly regarding himself as a small astronomer, but taking great pride in his imitation of frying sausages; and Faraday thinking little of his discoveries in diamagnetism, but flattering himself that he could palm a pea better than any thimble-rigger in the kingdom. Professor Owen, for what we know, may despise himself as a comparative anatomist, but think far from meanly of his abilities as a player on the bones, and Archbishop Whately in his own eyes shine less in logic than in the mixture of a lobster salad, or the brewing of whiskey punch.

Even so was it with Mr. Cursty Sandboys! Naturally kind-hearted, and weak almost to an extreme, he conceited himself that he was firm and immoveable, amid the storms of life, as a human light-house, or as light-hearted and lively in the midst of all his "ups-and-downs" as the celebrated old Buoy at the Nore. Nothing he coveted more than

decision of character, and yet no man was more undecided. Theoretically he was steel, but practically he was only case-hardened with a surface of philosophy.

As he journeyed along the road to Cockermouth, he was busy revolving in his own mind the incidents of the previous week. Had he allowed himself to be conquered by circumstances? Had he permitted the loss of his nether garments to wrest him from his purpose? Had he, because deprived of the distinctive feature of his "outward man," been led to play the woman? Had he forgotten all that he had been so long teaching himself, and lost all that made Man admirable when he lost his breeches? "True," he said, "Man was but a savage without such things—but then," he asked himself, "might he not become effeminate with them?"

And as he trudged along the winding Hause, chewing the end of his thoughts, the Buttermere philosopher got to look upon the ineffable part of Man's apparel as one of the many evils of civilized life—the cause of much moral weakness and social misery. If such garments were not naturally effeminate, why," he went on inquiring of himself, "should all women have so great a desire to wear them? Were they not," he said, "the cause of more than half of the conjugal contentions of the present day?—Was not matrimony, generally, one long struggle between man and wife as to who should possess these *insignia* of the domestic monarchy?"

And thus the unconventional Mr. Sandboys proceeded in his sartorial catechism, until he got to convince himself that Sin originally came into the world with breeches, and that the true meaning of the allegory of the apple was, that the Serpent had tempted the great Mother Eve with a pair.

While Mr. Sandboys was thus philosophically reviewing his conduct, the more domestic partner of his bosom was mentally "looking after" the luggage that she had left behind in charge of Postlethwaite and Ann Lightfoot, until she could send a suitable conveyance for it. Though it had been agreed that the family were but to stay a week in the Metropolis, and Mr. Sandboys, knowing that women, when on the wing, want the Peacock's faculty of packing up their fine feathers in the smallest possible compass, had given strict injunctions that they should take only such things as were absolutely necessary. But, primitive as were the denizens of Buttermere, and far removed as its mountain-fastnesses seemed from the realms of fashion, the increased facilities of intercommunication had not failed to diffuse a knowledge of Polkas and Crinolines among the female portion of its pastoral people; so that what with "best bonnets," and "dress caps," that had to be stowed away in square black boxes kept expressly for them—and gowns, with so many breadths and flounces, that, to prevent being crushed, they required nearly a whole trunk to themselves—and morning dresses and evening dresses—and cardinals and paletots—and belaced and be-frilled night-caps and night-gowns—all equally incompressible—and muffs and tippets—and whiskers and artificial flowers and feathers—and bustles and false fronts, that did not admit of any

more compact stowage—and bottles of bandoline and perfume—and pots of cold cream and lip salve—and writing-cases and work-boxes—all and every of which the ladies declared to be positively indispensable for the trip;—what with these things, we say, it was found that by the time the packing was done, the boxes, and trunks, and portmanteaus, and carpet-bags, and hat-cases, and band-boxes, and umbrellas, that constituted the family luggage, amounted to no less than three-and-twenty different articles. Each of these the careful Mrs. Sandboys had duly set down and numbered on a card which she carried with her, and which she kept continually drawing from her bosom and reading over as she journeyed along.

Jobby and Elcy walked in the rear; the former thinking of nothing, but full of what are called animal spirits, skittish as a colt, and unable to continue long at any one thing,—now throwing up a stone and endeavouring to hit it as it descended through the air, to the imminent peril of his mother's bonnet—then making "ducks and drakes" along the lake with small pieces of the mountain slate—the next moment aiming at some bird as it skimmed across the water—the next, scampering up the hill-side with his sister Elcy's miserable-looking and most unsportsman-like Italian greyhound at his heels, starting the mountain sheep—and then descending with several sprigs of the "whin" or furze bushes in his hand, and stealthily dropping them into his father's coat-tail pocket, in the earnest hope of seeing the old gentleman shortly sit down to rest himself by the way on some neighbouring crag.

Elcy, with her eyes moist with tears—though she hardly knew why—was too sad to talk, or mind the tricks that her brother played with either her father or her poor little shivering pet dog. It was the first time she had ever left her home; and though her woman's curiosity made her long to see London, of which she had heard so much, the departure from Hassness was like leaving some dear old friend. The mountains, which for so many years she had seen, flushed with the young light, "first thing" when she opened her eyes in the morning, she had got to know and almost love like living things. She had watched them under every aspect,—with the white snow lying on them, and bringing them so close that they looked like huge icebergs floating towards her—or with the noonday sun lighting up their green sides, and the shapes of the opposite peaks and crags painted in black shadow upon them—or with the million stars shining in the grey sky above their heads, like luminous dust, and their huge dim forms sleeping in the haze of the moonlight, and looking like distant storm-clouds rather than solid masses of rock.

Each of the hills round about had its own proper name, and so had assumed a kind of natural personification in Elcy's mind. Every one, to her fancy, was a different being associated with a different feeling; for some she had the same reverence as for the aged, while some, woman-like, she half loved for the sense of power they impressed her with. And as she journeyed along the banks of the lakes they surrounded, and each fresh turn brought some new mountain

form into sight, a dark train of melancholy thoughts swept across her mind like the shadows of clouds flitting along some peaceful meadow, and she trod the path with the sound of an ideal bell droning in her ears.

Thus the Sandboys travelled on to the house of John Coss, the cobbler post-boy, in the hopes of getting some sort of a conveyance over to Cockermouth. But though John Coss was nowhere to be met with, they were, luckily, just in time to catch the Loweswater post-master, who, finding that all the correspondence in that part of the country had come to an end, had stuck up a notice that the letter-box at his office would be closed till after the Great Exhibition, and was then on his way, in the empty mail-cart, to the Cockermouth railway station.

Once at Cockermouth, the necessary preparations were soon made for the Sandboys' journey to the great metropolis. Jobby was shod, Cursty himself was breeched; Postlethwaite, Ann Lightfoot, and the "things" were duly removed from Hassness, and everything seemed to promise that the family really *would* enjoy themselves at last.

They were but just in time for obtaining their outfit. All the principal gentry and tradesmen had already left the town, and the smaller fry were making ready to follow the examples of their bigger brethren. The shutters of the Castle were closed, the mail-coach of "the General" had been put on the rails and carried to London, with "the Lord Paramount" shut up inside of it. At Derwent House the blinds had all been papered, and the gilt frames and chandeliers put into brown holland pinafores, while Lawyer Steel himself had pleaded a set-off, and moved himself, by writ of some kind or other, to the capital. The little grey pony, upon whose "body" Coroner Brag had so often "sat," had been put upon board-wages at the Globe Inn. Doctor Bell and his brother "Dickey," the cheerful, smiling, good-natured "medical men" of the town, had for a time ceased that friendly interchange of commodities which consisted in the giving of physic and the taking of wine with their several patients, and finding that their invalids had all taken to their "last legs,"—that the consumptions had gone galloping off—and that the declines had suddenly got out of "the last stage," and jumped into the first train, the Esculapian Adelphi had felt each other's pulse, and respectively prescribing a few weeks' change of air for their complaints, had both started after their patients, as lively as return hearses.

Even Jonathan Wood, the quondam Boniface, who, like Atlas of old, used to have the whole weight of "THE GLOBE" on his shoulders, and had supported it till he had positively got red in the face—even jolly Jonathan himself had disappeared from the town. "THE SUN," too, had lost all attraction to its attendant planets, who, no longer gravitating towards it, had flown off at a tangent to the metropolis.

But though there was neither heat nor light in the "Sun," at Cockermouth, still in the interior of the "Globe" there was a small fire, and here beside the grateful hobs of the cosey hostelry, Mr., Mrs., and the younger Sandboys located themselves until such time as all was ready for the start.

The journey from Cockermouth to Workington per rail is by no means of an agreeable character. The line being in none of the most flourishing conditions, every means for economizing the "working expenses" have been resorted to. The men engaged upon it have been cut down to boys; so that the establishment has very much the look of a kind of railway academy, where the porters on the platform are ever playing at marbles or leapfrog, where the policemen all wear pinafores, and where the clerks are taken to the station in the morning, and "fetched" in the evening by the maids of their anxious parents. We *have* heard the united ages of the entire staff, but fear to mention the small amount, lest a too incredulous public should accuse us of magnifying, or rather parvifying the tenderness of their years. Suffice it that not a razor is used by the whole establishment; and that the "staff,"—we have it on the best authority—are allowed to give over work an hour earlier every Saturday evening, in consideration of its being "tub-night."

With a further view to effecting that financial reform which is so popular at the present moment, the coal bills of the company recently underwent a minute scrutiny, and the important discovery made—after working several very difficult sums—that the heavy amount of eighteen shillings and a fraction weekly could be saved by using coals instead of coke; whereupon a resolution was immediately passed by the frugal directors, declaring that nothing but the "best Lord Mayor's" should thenceforth be put into the company's fires. The result of this wise economy has been, that the engines on this line are perpetually smoking in the faces of the passengers, and pouring forth so lavish a volcanic eruption of "blacks," that by the time the ladies and gentlemen reach the end of their journey, they are generally as dark-complexioned as if they had been unconsciously working or reading by the light of the very best—patent—warranted infumible —camphine lamps.

At Workington, the Sandboys, who, on their arrival, much to the horror of the cleanly Mrs. S., might have been taken for a family of Ethiopian serenaders, having bleached themselves as well as possible with their pocket handkerchiefs—Mrs. Sandboys standing on tiptoe the while to wipe the nasty, filthy blacks from out the wrinkles and dimples of her dear Cursty's face—proceeded to make the necessary inquiries touching the continuation of their journey to London.

At the station, all was confusion and bustle, and noise and scrambling, and bewilderment. Porters in green velveteen jackets, with the shoulders worn white with repeated loads, were hurrying to and fro—some with carpet-bags in their hands—others with boxes on small-wheeled trucks, rattling over the flooring through the office. Impatient groups were gathered close round the pay-clerk—steam-engines, eager to start, were fizzing violently, as if a thousand knives were being ground at once—and large bells were ringing quickly to announce the arrival of some train which presently came bumping heavily alongside the station. Mrs. Sandboys had pursued some porter who, much to her astonishment and indignation, had, without

a word, walked away with the united luggage of the family, immediately on its being deposited outside the station door; while Mr. Sandboys himself had gone to learn how he and his party were to proceed.

"Where are you going to?" rapidly inquired the good-tempered and bustling station-master, as he squinted at the clock.

"T' Bull and Mouth, Holborn Hill, London," answered Mr. Cursty Sandboys, giving the whole address of his proposed resting-place in the metropolis.

"Don't know any Bull and Mouth at Holborn Hill," replied the busy official, who, called off by the guard, had not caught the last word of Mr. Sandboys' answer.

"Dustea say tha dunnet ken t' Bull an' Mouth," exclaimed the anxious Cursty, lifting up his bushy eyebrows with evident astonishment. "I thowt aw t' warl was kenning t' Bull an' Mouth, Holborn Hill."

Mr. Sandboys having, during his first and only visit to London (whither he had been summoned on a trial concerning the soundness of some cattle that he had sold to one of the dealers who yearly visited Buttermere), resided with the rest of the witnesses for some ten days at the Bull and Mouth Inn, and knowing that it was a place of considerable reputation, could not help expressing his surprise that a person filling a situation which brought him into almost daily communication with the metropolis, should be unacquainted with one of the most celebrated of its public inns.

The Workington station-master, however, unfortunately for Mr. Sandboys, referred to a different quarter of the world. The Holborn Hill he spoke of, as possessing no Bull and Mouth, was not the well-known metropolitan acclivity, so trying to the knees of cab and omnibus-horses, where coal waggons and railway vans are continually "sticking" half-way—where "bachelors' kettles" are perpetually being boiled in less than five minutes, and where sheets of gutta percha, like hard-bake, and tubing of the same material, like rolls of German sausages, for ever meet the eye. No; the Holborn Hill which the Workington official alluded to was an obscure point of land situate at the extremity of the county of Cumberland, on the banks of the Duddon, and with not even so much as a village nearer than half a dozen miles. Well therefore might the station-master, thinking only of that Holborn Hill to which the Workington trains daily travelled, make answer to the poor unsophisticated Mr. Sandboys, that he had never heard of any Bull and Mouth in that quarter.

"But if you're going to Holborn Hill, sir," he added, squinting at the clock, "you'd better be quick, for in another moment the train will be off."

"Odswinge! whilk be t' carriages, man?" hastily inquired Mr. Sandboys, who had been given to understand at Cockermouth that he should have to remain a good half hour at Workington before he could proceed on his journey. No sooner was he told where to take his seat, than hurrying after his wife and children, he dragged them from

the other side of the platform, whither his "good lady" had followed her "things," and scrambled them, despite all remonstrance, into the conveyance indicated.

In an instant after their being seated, the terminus resounded with the slamming of the carriage doors—the large dustman's bell was shaken—the whistle was blown—the engine gave two or three long-drawn sighs—the carriages creaked with the incipient motion, and their intermediate chains rattled loudly as they were successively stretched to their utmost length—a kind of hysteric chuckle from the engine succeeded, as the wheels slipped round upon the rails—then its gasps got shorter and quicker—and then, panting hurriedly, the whole train was borne rapidly along on its way to Whitehaven.

In a few minutes Mr. Sandboys began impressing upon the partner of his bosom how fortunate it was that he had taken the precaution of checking the information that he had received from those mischievous boys at Cockermouth by the statements of the respectable station-master at Workington. Mrs. Sandboys, however, was in a reverie concerning the fate of her luggage. She had seen that impudent fellow of a porter who had seized it and carried it away from her, place it, she was confident, in the carriages on the other side of the station, for, as she said, she had never taken her eyes off it after the man had set hands upon it.

But Mr. Sandboys assured her that she must, in the flurry and the noise, have made some mistake, and that she need be under no apprehension, for the boxes, being all labelled "LONDON," would be sure to have been placed in the London train. Mrs. Sandboys, in reply, however, begged to inform her husband, that the porter had declared that the other train was going to London; upon which Mr. Sandboys observed, that surely the station-master must know better than any one else, and it was from that person's lips he had received the information upon which he had acted.

In little more than three hours from the time of their leaving Workington, the railway-train came to a stoppage in front of an humble little station, along the platform of which a porter in a north country dialect, almost as strong as his corduroy suit, went crying, "Wha's fwor Hobworn Heel?"

"Here!" shouted Mr. Sandboys, wondering at the rapidity of the journey, as he let down the window of the carriage in which he was seated, and stared at the surrounding fields in astonishment at the extremely rural and uninhabited character of the said Holborn Hill. It was nothing at all like what it was when he was there, he said, half to himself; nor could he remember any place in the neighbourhood of London in any way similar to the desolate district at which he and his family were about to be deposited.

"Haista ony looggidge?" inquired the porter.

"Yes, indeed," observed Mrs. Sandboys, sidling up to the porter; "three-an'-twenty packages—three-an'-twenty packages there owt to be, young man."

Mr. Cursty Sandboys kept twisting round about to try and discover some object that he could call to mind, and so assure himself of his presence in the Metropolis. At last, feeling convinced that, from the apparent absence of houses and people, it must be some suburban station, he ventured to ask the porter, as he and Mrs. Sandboys accompanied him forward to the luggage-van, how many *minutes'* walk he called it to London.

The porter stood still for a moment, looked in the face of Mr. Sandboys, and then, without saying a word, burst out laughing.

Mr. Sandboys, far from pleased at the man's manner, modified his question, and requested to know how many *miles* he called it to London.

"Two hundred an' feafty, if 't be an inch," was the laconic reply.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys both heard the answer, and stared transfixed, as if electrified.

Then came the explanation.

It was, as Mrs. Sandboys had dreaded, their boxes, trunks, and bags had gone in the direction of Holborn Hill, London, while they, poor unhappy mortals, had been carried some fifty miles out of their road to Holborn Hill, Cumberland.

There was, moreover, a matter of two pounds to pay for the provoking journey—but it was useless complaining: besides, as Mr. Sandboys reminded them, they had all come out to enjoy themselves, and, therefore, notwithstanding the unpleasantness of their position, he trusted they would one and all put a smiling face on the matter.

This, of course, was easier said than done, for on inquiry it was found that they must remain in that quarter some few hours before any train would arrive by which they could get back to Carlisle—the way they had booked themselves to London.

Having, however, found out where they could get some eggs and bacon cooked, they retired to dine away the time, and were soon so well pleased with their cheer, that they were able to laugh at their own mishap.

Mrs. Sandboys, nevertheless, was too intent upon the probable fate of her luggage to see much to laugh at in the mistake, while Elcy —whose pet Italian greyhound had been locked up in the canine department of the London train—could think of nothing but her lost darling. Her whole study of late had been to fatten the miserable, shivering, scraggy, half-starved looking little animal upon which she had placed her affections. All her benevolence, however, had been wasted on the wretched creature. She had put it into flannel jackets, but still, to her great annoyance, it was perpetually trembling, like a "*blancmange*," or a Lascar beggar. She fed it on the most nourishing food, for it cut her to the heart to see the dear look such a mere "bag of bones," but the fat of the land was utterly thrown away on it. It was impossible by any means to give it the least tendency to corpulence. Despite all her efforts, its nose continued as sharp as a bayonet—its legs had no more flesh on them than a bird's—its ribs were as visible as if its body were built out of wicker-work—while

its tail was jointed and curled like the flexible tube to a cheap imitation of hookah.

Still there was one consolation: "Psyche" could not well be thinner—had it been a martyr to tight lacing, its waist could not have been smaller; but what effect starvation might have upon such an animal, was more than poor Eley dare trust herself to conjecture. She felt convinced in her own mind that the skeleton of the poor dear dumb thing would be all that she should find of it when she reached the Metropolis.

No such thoughts, however, troubled the brain of her brother, who, what with playing practical jokes upon Postlethwaite—teazing his sister—coaxing his mother—and exploring the river Duddon, found plenty to occupy his time.

At length the hour for the arrival of the "up train" at the Holborn-hill station came round, and in a few minutes after, the family were being carried swiftly along the road to Carlisle.

It was night when they reached the Car'el station; but the Sandboys, unused to travelling, and tired out with the misadventures of the day, were all fast locked in sleep. Postlethwaite was the only one belonging to them whose eyes were open, but he unfortunately was—what he termed, with a natural desire to take the best possible view of his infirmity—a "*little* hard of hearing;" so that when the train stopped, and the porters paced the platform, shouting "Change here for Lancaster! Change here for London!" not one of the party heard the important summons; but, still dozing, were whirled away, in blissful ignorance, towards the capital of Scotland instead of England.

It was past midnight when the train halted for the collection of tickets, a little way out of Edinburgh. The letting-down of the carriage-window by the railway officer on the platform roused the still slumbering Mr. Sandboys.

"Tickets please! Tickets!" shouted the official, as he turned his bull's-eye full into the face of the yawning, dazzled, and bewildered Cursty. That gentleman proceeded with as much alacrity as he could, under the circumstances, to draw out from the bottom of his purse the several pieces of card-board which had been handed to him on paying his fare to town.

The collector no sooner glanced his eye at the tickets delivered to him, than he exclaimed, quickly, "These wont do, sir!—these here are for London, and this is Edinburgh."

"Edinburgh!" echoed Mr. Sandboys, his jaw dropping like a carriage dog's at the sound of the word.

"Edinburgh!" repeated Mrs. Sandboys! "Oh, Cursty—Oh, Cursty, what iver 'ull become of us aw."

"Edinburgh!" cried Jobby, waking up. Oh my! here's a lark, Eley."

"Yes, sir, it's Edinburgh, sure enough," returned the railway official. "You should have changed carriages at Carlisle." Then, holding out his hand to the amazed Mr. Sandboys, who kept rubbing his eyes to rouse himself out of what he fancied must be a continua-

tion of his dream, the collector added, "Three pound fifteen shillings, and a quarter-past nine, sir."

"What dustea mean, man, by three paund fifteen shilling, and a wharter-past nine?" angrily inquired Mr. Sandboys.

"I thought you asked me, what you had to pay, sir, and when the next train left for London."

"I did nowt of t' kind, man; and I tell tha plain, I wunnet pay nae mair. I'se paid aboon twa paunds, an' been carrud twa hunderd meyle out of t' way awruddy."

But Mr. Sandboys soon found all opposition was useless. On his leaving the carriage, he was taken between two policemen to the station, and there plainly given to understand, that if the money were not forthcoming, he would have to finish the night in durance vile; and though Cursty was ready to become a martyr, rather than submit to be "imposed upon," still Mrs. Sandboys was of a different way of thinking, and reminded him of his determination to enjoy himself under all circumstances.

Mr. Sandboys, after some further expostulation, was prevailed upon to do as his wife desired; and accordingly, having paid the three pounds demanded, he and his family made the best of their way to the nearest inn, there—"without a thing to put on," as Mrs. Sandboys expressed it—to slumber away the hours till morning.

At a quarter-past nine the Sandboys family proceeded to make a third attempt to reach the Metropolis, and for some time nothing occurred to interfere with the progress of their journey. Mr. Sandboys, who, on leaving Edinburgh, had been inclined to believe that the fates had declared he was *never* to get to London, finding matters proceed so propitiously for so long a period, had just begun to take a more favourable view of his destiny, when, on their arriving at Lancaster, a strange gentleman entered the carriage, which he and his wife and children had previously enjoyed all to themselves.

For awhile all parties remained silent,—the strange gentleman being quietly engaged in examining the Sandboys, while the Sandboys, one and all, did the same for the strange gentleman; and truly the gentleman was so *very* strange, that the curiosity of his fellow-travellers was not to be wondered at. The lower part of his face was muffled up closely in comforters, his eyes perfectly hidden behind a pair of green spectacles, while his body was enveloped in a large Spanish cloak. On entering he took off his hat, which was one of the patent Gibus folding kind, and, pressing in the sides—much to the Sandboys' amazement—brought the crown down to the level of the brim. He next proceeded to remove the hair from his head, in the shape of an intensely black wig—disclosing, as he did so, not a bald, but a closely-shaven crown—and to put a seal-skin cap in its place. After this, he slid the green spectacles from before his eyes, carrying with them the large bushy pair of whiskers which were fastened to their sides, and which the moment before had half covered his cheeks; then, discarding his comforters, he unhooked the clasp of his cloak, and revealed the black japan leather of a policeman's

stock, and the tight stand-up collar of a superintendent's undress uniform.

As the strange gentleman saw the whole eight eyes of the family riveted upon him, he smiled good-humouredly at their amazement; and, turning round to Mr. Sandboys, observed that he perceived they were from the country. Receiving a short reply in the affirmative, he told them they needn't be alarmed at his making so different an appearance from when he entered the carriage, for it was part of his business to assume a variety of characters.

This set the Sandboys wondering more and more at their fellow-traveller; and the more they marvelled, the more pleased he became, smiling and simpering with evident self-satisfaction. At last, having kept them on the tenter-hooks for some short time, he informed them that he belonged to the Metropolitan Detective Police, and proceeded to give the delighted family a vivid and exciting sketch of his duties.

Impressed as Mr. Sandboys was with the utter wickedness of the city to which he was now rapidly journeying, this one adventure was sufficient, in his mind, to atone for all the previous mishaps of the trip, and he eagerly shifted his seat to that immediately opposite to the strange gentleman, so that he might get, from one so experienced in crime, as full an account of the corrupt ways of London as was possible, in the brief space of time that he and his fellow-traveller had to remain together.

In a few minutes Mr. Sandboys, with open mouth, eyes, and ears, was listening to an enumeration of the several descriptions of thieves common to the metropolis.

"You must know, sir," said his communicative companion, "there are almost as many kinds of bad people as there are good in London; so that I can hardly tell which way to begin. Well, then, let me see," he continued, "the several descriptions of London thieves are—cracksmen, or housebreakers; rampsmen, or footpads; bludgers and stick-slingers, or those who go out plundering with women; star-glazers, or those who cut out shop-windows; snoozers, or those who sleep at railway hotels; buzzers, or those who pick gentlemen's pockets; and wires, or those who do the same kind office for ladies—(and here he bowed to the alarmed Mrs. Sandboys); thimble-screwers, or those who wrench watches from their chains; dragsmen, or those who rob carts and coaches; sneaksmen, or those who creep into shops and down areas; bouncers, or those who plunder by swaggering; pitchers, or those who do so by passing off one thing for another; drummers, or those who do the same by stupifying persons with drink; macers, or those who write begging letters; and lurkers, or those who follow the profession of begging. These include the principal varieties of 'prigs,' or light-fingered gentry, belonging to the Metropolis," said the strange gentleman.

"Odswinge!" exclaimed Mr. Sandboys, but the rogues a' gotten comical neames of their ane. They'd wheer keynd of godfathers, m'appen."

"Aye, I shouldn't wonder! I shouldn't wonder!" returned Mr.

Sandboys' companion. "But many of the classes I've just mentioned have several distinct kinds of roguery belonging to them, and the generality of them seldom or never attend to more than one branch of the profession. For instance, those who devote their attention to robbing houses, rarely give their minds to picking pockets.

"Odswinge!" exclaimed the delighted, though intimidated Cursty.

"Then, again, the buzzer, or gentleman's pickpocket, is either the stook-buzzer, that is, the purloiner of pocket-handkerchiefs, or the tail-buzzer, seeking more particularly for sneezers (snuff-boxes), or skins and dummies, (purses and pocket-books.) Occasionally the same person *may* turn his hand to nailing props—that is, stealing pins or brooches; but this, I can assure you, is not considered professional—any more than it is for a physician to bleed."

Mr. Sandboys lifted his eyebrows in evident wonderment.

"So, too, the sneaksman," continued his experienced informant, "who is the lowest-class thief of all—and a creature with whom the cracksman and mobsman (or tail-buzzer) would no more dream of associating, than a barrister would think of visiting an attorney."

Cursty's delight increased as the villanies of each particular class were described to him.

"These same sneaksmen, I must tell you," the chatty and sociable strange gentleman went on, "comprise many different characters; among whom I may mention, not only the snoozers or railway sleepers, as we call them, and the deud-lurkers, or those who steal coats, &c. out of passages, but also those who go snow-gathering, or stealing clean linen off the hedges; and bluey-hunting, or pilfering metal—especially lead from the tops of houses; and cat and kitten-hunting, or abstracting pewter quart and pint-pots from area railings; and sawney-hunting, or removing bacon from cheesemongers' doors; and going on the noisy racket, or purloining crockery and glass from China-shops; and the lady and gentlemen racket, or stealing cocks and hens from the markets; and bug-hunting, or looking out for drunken men. Belonging to the bouncers and pitchers, or those who cheat you out of your property instead of positively robbing you of it—if you can understand the difference, sir—there are the showful-pitchers, or those who live by passing bad money, and the charley-pitchers, or thimble-riggers, besides the fawney or ring-droppers; and the flat-catchers, or those who live by bouncing or besting, that is to say, by getting the best of country gentlemen, either by threats, swaggering or cheating."

Here Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys exchanged glances of mutual horror.

"Hence you see, sir, there may be strictly said to be only three classes of thieves, namely, the cracksman and the rampsman, who constitute what may be termed the thieves' aristocracy—there being usually a certain amount of courage required in the execution of their depredations. Then the tail-buzzers and wires may be said to belong to the skilled or middle-class of thieves; while the sneaksmen or lurkers, who display neither dexterity nor bravery in their pecadilloes, may

be regarded, with the exception of beggars, as the lowest class of all."

Mr. Sandboys was charmed to find his theory of the wickedness of London confirmed by so extensive a catalogue of criminals, and he got to look upon his informant with a feeling almost amounting to reverence.

"For the pure beggar," continued the strange gentleman, "every kind of thief has the most profound contempt—even the sneaksman would consider himself mortally insulted if placed in the same rank with the "shallow cove," that is to say, with the creatures that stand, half naked, begging in the streets. The bouncers, and pitchers, and flat-catchers are generally ranked as a kind of lower middle-class rogues —and certainly they are often equal, in ingenuity at least, to the buzzers."

Mr. Sandboys, who had been drinking in every word of the strange gentleman's discourse with the greatest avidity, proceeded to thank him at its conclusion very warmly for his most interesting statement. "Well, I thowt," he said, "'twas nae guid that seame London; but odswinge if it doan't bang t' Auld Gentleman hissell, that it dui. Thee'st seed some feyne geames an' wickednesses now in thy tyme, I suddent wonder."

"Why, yes," replied his companion, "persons in our position have great opportunities truly. There are more ways of getting money in London than earning it, I can tell you, sir. Indeed, to say the truth, industry seems the very mode which succeeds the worst of all there."

"I thowt so!—I thowt so!" cried Cursty.

"But still, things aren't quite as bad as they used to be either. Why I remember the days when, regularly every Monday morning, there used to be a bullock hunt right through the principal streets of London got up by the prigs—and very profitable it was, too. You see, the pickpockets would stop the drovers on the road, as they were bringing their beasts up to Smithfield on the Sunday night—take one of the animals away from them by main force, put him into the first empty stable they could find, and the next morning set to and worry the poor brute till they drove him stark raving mad. Then out they used to turn him into the public thoroughfares—start him right away through London, and take advantage of the confusion and riot caused by his appearance in the crowded streets of the Metropolis, to knock the hats of all the gentlemen they met over their eyes, and ease them of their watches or purses."

"Well! well! well!" cried Mr. Sandboys, throwing up his hands in horror at the profundity of the wickedness; "Dustea hear, Aggy," he continued, turning to his better half, "Dustea hear, weyfe! and we be gangin' to the varra pleace. But tha wast sayin that t' fwok beant white so bad now-a-days, sir."

"No! no! not quite," observed Mr. Cursty's companion, "but still bad enough, I can tell you. Now, I'll just repeat to you a trick I saw played the other day upon a simple country gentleman like yourself."

"Varra guid! but they wunnet catch me, I can tell 'ee."

"It's what is called the Toothache Racket, and far from uncommon. Two men, you see, one of whom is provided with two small paper packets of salt exactly alike, go into the parlour of a tavern which they know countrymen are in the habit of using. The one with the salt, who enters some few minutes after the other, pretends to be suffering greatly from the toothache. The company, observing him to be apparently in extreme pain, begin to recommend different cures for the complaint. One advises him to rub the gum with brandy—another advocates the holding of a little cold water in the mouth—a third has never known the oil of tobacco to fail, and so on. The sufferer, however, is much obliged to them all, but declares that nothing gives himself relief but a little salt, in a paper similar to what he is then applying to his cheek."

"The wicked hyp'crite!" involuntarily exclaimed the simple-minded Cursty.

"Shortly after this he quits the room, leaving his paper on the table. During his absence his "jolly," that is, his accomplice, who, as I said, came in a little while before the other, begins to laugh at the idea of some salt, held outside the face, doing any good to the toothache, and says, of course, it's all the man's imagination. He then proposes to have a bit of fun with the absent invalid, and proceeds to empty all the salt out of the paper on the table, and fill its place with sawdust."

"What's he gangin' to be at," interrupted Mr. Sandboys, deeply interested in the tale.

"In a few minutes the gentleman with the toothache returns, almost raving, and he pretends that the cold air has increased his pain to an intolerable degree. He makes a rush to the paper that he had left behind, and no sooner applies it to his cheek than he declares the salt gives him instantaneous relief; whereupon the whole room begin to titter, and the jolly, or accomplice, as I told you, is well nigh dying with laughter as he informs the simpleton it's nothing but faney that's curing him, and that there's no salt at all in the paper. But 'the simpleton' declares he knows far better, for he filled it himself out of the salt-cellar just before he quitted home. The jolly then offers to wager him a sovereign that there's not so much as a pinch in it, but the gentleman with the toothache is so certain about the matter, that he says it will only be robbing a man to take a bet on such a subject."

"The rwogue's gettin' honest aw of a sudden," cried Mr. S., with a chuckle.

"At last the rest of the company, finding the gentleman so positive over the business, get to say they don't mind being robbed on the same terms, and accordingly agree to bet him a sovereign or a crown all round, that the paper has no salt in it; whereupon the gentleman with the toothache, who has managed during the laughter at his expense to substitute the other packet from his pocket for the one

lying on the table, proceeds to unfold the paper—exhibits the salt contained in it to the astonished company, and then robs them—as he candidly confessed he would—of their money."

Mr. Sandboys had now heard so much, that he began to shudder at the idea of trusting himself within several miles of such wickedness, and felt strongly inclined to propose to his wife that they should return. However, not liking to confess his weakness, he again thanked his experienced companion, declaring that he considered their meeting one of the luckiest adventures in his life. What he had heard, he told him, would at least have the effect of putting him on his guard, and he would take good care, now he knew the artful ways of the rogues, that none of the London rascals should have an opportunity of imposing upon him.

"Now, there's another very common trick practised by the flat-catchers upon countrymen in London, with the greatest success," continued the loquacious strange gentleman. He should just have time to put Mr. Sandboys up to this, he added, before they reached the next station, where, he regretted to say, he should be compelled to leave him and his charming family. He expected, he said, as he poked Mr. Sandboys in the ribs, and winked his eye at him, to fall in with a party there whom he had been looking after these many months, for nailing a prop with a spark in it.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys were both extremely sorry to be obliged so soon to part with a gentleman from whom they confessed they had derived so much pleasure and profit.

The strange gentleman bowed, and proceeded with the promised information. "Well," said he, "as I before observed, one of the most common and most successful of the flat-catchers' tricks is, to pretend to put a countryman on his guard against the rogueries of the light-fingered gentry in town. They will tell him long stories, as to how the London thieves are taught to practise upon pockets with bells attached to them, so that they will ring with the least motion; and how it really is not safe for any one to walk the streets with even a sixpence in his possession."

"Now, beant it keynd of the villans, Aggy, eh?" said Mr. S., jocularly, to his better half.

"When they have thus disarmed the chawbacon of all suspicion, they will begin to show him—as a great secret of course—where they keep *their* money."

"Nae, will they now!"

"Some will let him see how they've got it stitched in the waistband of their trowsers, while others will pull theirs from their fob, declaring they were told by one of the most experienced police-officers that it was quite as safe, and even safer, there than if it were sewed to their breeches, provided—and on this, sir, I would impress upon you that the trick mainly lies—it is rolled up quite tight, and then slipped into the watch-pocket edgewise, in a peculiar way. Whereupon they very kindly offer to put the countryman's money in his fob, and to stow

it away for him as safely as the experienced police-officer had done theirs."

"Yes, varra keyndly! varra! and preyme and seafe they'll staw it awa', I'll be bannd."

"Now, if you'll allow me your purse, sir, for one moment, I'll show you how the whole affair is managed."

Mr. Sandboys drew forth from the pocket of his trowsers the little red cotton bag in which he carried his stock of gold and notes, and handed it over, as requested, to his fellow-traveller, saying, "Ise varra 'bleeged, I'se sure; an' how I'll ever pay tha for all thy guidness, I dunnet ken. Beant it keynd of t' gentleman, now, Aggy?"

But that lady made no reply; she merely watched, with intense interest, the operations of the strange gentleman.

"You see," said that person, as he took Mr. Sandboys' purse in his hand, and commenced rolling it backwards and forwards on his knee, "it's all done by what we call palming. If I intended to deceive you, now is the time I should do it; for while you fancied I was reducing the contents of your purse to the smallest possible compass, I really should be substituting another for it; and then, I should proceed to place it all safe for you, thus—"

Here the strange gentleman proceeded to lift up the long-waisted waistcoat of the grateful Mr. Sandboys, and introduced the small red-cotton bag, in which his money was contained, into his fob; after which he gave the purse a peculiar twist round,—for in this, he said, the London rogues made out that the whole virtue consisted. In reality, however, he told him, there was little or nothing at all in it, and it was only upon the very simplest people that the trick was ever attempted to be practised now-a-days.

"Well, I sud say as much, for onie mon cud see through t' trick wi hawf an eye," exclaimed the Buttermere philosopher.

"With such a gentleman as yourself, of course, a man would not stand the least chance," continued the stranger; "especially after all I've put you up to; still the trick, common as it is, and extraordinary as I've not the least doubt it must strike a man of your discernment that it ever can succeed—still, I say, it has one thing to recommend it, which is, that the fob is perhaps, after all, about the most secure place for keeping one's money. In crowds or lonely places, nothing is more easy than for one man to pinion the arms behind a gentleman, while another rifles his breeches-pockets; and as for carrying either a purse or a pocket-book in the coat-tails—why you might as well invest it in one of King Hudson's railways at once! Whereas, in the fob, you see, it takes so long to get at it, that it is not possible to be extracted in that short space of time in which street-robberies require to be executed. So, if you take my advice,—the advice, I think I may say, of a person of no ordinary experience,—you will continue to keep your purse in your fob as I have placed it!"

Mr. Sandboys again expressed his deepest gratitude for all the

valuable information he had received, and promised to carry out the injunctions he had given him. If ever the strange gentleman's business should lead him to visit Cumberland—though, Mr. Cursty said with a half laugh, there weren't much call for the likes of him in that "wharter of t' warl"—still, if ever he *should* be coming towards Buttermere, he could only say there would always be a bed and a dish of sugar'd cruds and a hearty welcome for him at Hassness.

The hospitable Cursty had scarcely finished extracting a pledge from the strange gentleman to come and spend a month with him at the earliest opportunity, when the pace of the carriages began to slacken, the panting of the engine ceased, the break was heard grating on the wheels, sending forth that peculiar odour which invariably precedes the stoppage of all railway-trains. The whistle sounded—and amidst the ringing of bells, the Sandboys and their companion reached the Preston station.

Here the strange gentleman having slipped on again the several articles of disguise with which he had dispensed on entering, shook Mr. and Mrs. Cursty violently by the hands, and promising to call and see them some time or other, he made an extremely low bow to the ladies, and in a few minutes was lost in the crowd.

On his departure the conversation of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys related solely to the agreeable manner and vast experience of their late companion. Cursty's enthusiasm knew no bounds. His darling Aggy, however, was a little more circumspect in her praise, and did not hesitate to confess—that there was something about t' gentleman she didn't half like—she couldn't exactly tell what; but there was something so peculiar in his manner, that for her part, she was not *quite* so much taken with him. He was a very pleasant, agreeable man enough, but still—she could not say why—all she knew was—she did not like him. And then, as the discussion on their late companion's merits rose rather high, she begged her husband to mark her words, for she felt convinced in her mind — indeed, she had a certain kind of a presentiment—a strange kind of a feeling that she couldn't describe—and it was no use Cursty's talking—but her impression was—and she hoped Mr. Sandboys would bear it well in mind—that they should hear of that gentleman again some fine day; and that was all she wished to say about the matter.

With this slight discussion to enliven the tedium of the journey, the distance between Preston and Manchester passed so quickly, that when the collector at the Manchester station called for the tickets, Mr. Sandboys could not help expressing his astonishment at the rapidity of their travelling.

"Now, sir, if you please—quick as you can—show your tickets;—tickets—tickets."

Mr. Sandboys instinctively thrust his hand to the bottom of his trowsers' pocket, but then, remembering that the red cotton bag in which he had securely deposited the precious vouchers had been shifted to his fob, he began a vain attempt to fish up his money-bag,

from the depths of the narrow little tube of a watch-pocket in which the strange gentleman had so kindly inserted it.

"*Now*, sir, if you please!" again shouted the impatient collector. "*Now*, sir!"

But the more impatient the man became, the more nervous grew Mr. Sandboys, and though he worked his fore-finger round and round, he could not, for the life of him, lay hold of the desired red cotton receptacle.

At length, with the united aid of Mrs. Sandboys and the collector, the fob was emptied of its contents, and then, to Cursty's great terror, it was discovered that the strange gentleman, and assumed member of the Detective Police Force, had practised upon the unsophisticated native of Buttermere the very trick against which he was pretending to put him on his guard. The purse was to all outward appearances the same—the interior, however, consisted of a congregation of whist counters and Bank of Elegance notes.

The mere possession of such articles was in itself suspicious, but coupled with the absence of all tickets on the part of the Sandboys family, the circumstance appeared to assume so dishonest a character, that the collector made no more ado but called a policeman and gave the whole family into custody; saying, they had neither tickets nor money in their possession, and that he found on the old one a whole purseful of sham notes and sovereigns; and that he had not the least doubt it was a deep laid scheme on his part to defraud the Company.

Mr. Sandboys raved, and Mrs Sandboys wept; Miss Sandboys intreated, while wicked Master Jobby could hardly contain himself for laughter.

The united battery of the family, however, proved of no avail, and the whole six of them, including Postlethwaite and Ann Lightfoot, were dragged off to the Town Hall, there to give some account of themselves, and urge every reason in their power why they should not, one and all, be committed as rogues and vagabonds, for a month, with hard labour, to the New Bailey.

## CHAPTER V.

"Hout, man! what signifies repeynin',
Owr grankin', snifteran', twistin', tweynin',
If down leyfe's hill we be decleynin',
We cannot slack,
Then gang on decent without wheynin',
Or hingin' back.
Leyfe, mak' the best on't 's nowght owr pleesin',
As every day some fash comes teasin',
An' oft eneugh the wheels want greesin'
To keep them ga'un,
Then bronce about nor tek see preesin'
To nate our awn."
*The New Year's Epistle.*

"There's sic a gang in our town,
The deevil cannot wrang them,
And end yen gat 'em put i' prent
Aw England cuddent bang them.

* * * * *

Cheat who cheat can's the common rule,
Fwoaks a' cheat yen anither;
For he that's nowther kneave or fuol,
God seake! what brought him hither."

MR. SANDBOYS, when he had time for reflection, began to see that he was very unpleasantly situated. The circumstances against him, he was obliged to confess, when he came to review them judicially, *did* look particularly black.

In the first place, as he said to himself, he had not only been detected travelling without a ticket, and without money; but, what he felt was equally suspicious, without so much as a box, bag, or parcel among the whole half-dozen members of his family. If he accounted for the possession of the counterfeit coin and notes by declaring that he had been imposed upon, still, how was he satisfactorily to explain to any unprejudiced mind that combination of mischances that had deprived him of his luggage?

Then, supposing, he went on arguing with himself, he could sufficiently prove his innocence to the authorities, to induce them to abandon the charge against him, what was to become of him?—in a strange town, without a friend, without a shilling—or without a change of linen for himself or any of the miserable members of the wretched family that looked up to him for protection.

If he escaped the prison, there was nothing that he could see left for him but the workhouse; and, unsophisticated as he was, still he was man of the world enough to know that the workhouse was much the worse of the two.

"Waistomea! Waistomea!" he inwardly ejaculated, as he thought of his many troubles.

To enliven the terrors of his position, Mrs. Sandboys obliged him, on the road to the Police-office, by now sketching an imaginary picture of the whole family at work on the treadmill, and now painting in the darkest colours portraits of herself, Elcy, and Ann Lightfoot in the female ward of the union, picking oakum, and Cursty, Jobby, and deaf Postlethwaite, in the yard of the same wretched establishment, engaged in the gentlemanly occupation of cracking stones.

The only hope, she gave him to understand very plainly, that she could see for them was, to get the parish to pass them to their own county; and then, in the depths of her misery, she wished to "guidness" they had remained contented at Buttermere, and never made up their minds to enjoy themselves.

But no sooner had the entire six been crammed into the dock at the Police-office, and the Inspector cast his eyes towards the chief prisoner, than, suddenly recognising him as a fellow countryman, he asked him whether he remembered one Johnny Wren, who had left Buttermere some ten years before, and "listed" in the Life Guards.

This was a piece of good fortune which Mr. Sandboys, seeing how uncivilly the fates had lately treated him, was in no way prepared for; however, Johnny soon removed his fellow-countryman from the dock to a seat by his side; and when he had listened to the series of misadventures that had befallen his old friend, he begged of him not to worry himself any further about his troubles, as he had a few pounds by him, and should be most happy to place the money at his service.

When this bit of good luck had dispelled all the melancholy of the family, Johnny himself proceeded to tell Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys how, after 'listing in the Guards, he had received an injury while riding, and how he had then been presented with a berth in the London Police, whence he had been promoted to the post he at present filled in Manchester.

In a short time Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys had in a measure forgotten all their previous troubles and distresses, in the kindness and hospitality of Inspector Wren.

After partaking of such fare as his establishment afforded, Mr. Sandboys proceeded, under the guidance of the Inspector, to take a glance round the town.

Manchester at any time is, perhaps, one of the peculiar sights that this country affords.

To see the city of factories in all its bustle and all its life, with its forests of tall chimneys, like huge masts of brick, with long black flags of smoke streaming from their tops, is to look upon one of those scenes of giant industry that England alone can show. As you pace its busy streets, you hear the drone of a thousand steam-engines, humming in the ears like a hive. As you sit in your home, you feel the floor tremble with the motion of the vast machinery, whirling on every side.

Here the buildings are monstrous square masses of brick, pierced

with a hundred windows, while white wreaths of steam puff fitfully through their walls. Many a narrow thoroughfare is dark and sunless with the tall warehouses that rise up like bricken cliffs on either side. The streets swarm with carts and railway-vans, with drivers perched high in the air, and "lurrys"—some piled with fat round bags of wool, others laden with hard square stony-looking blocks of cotton, and others filled with many a folded piece of unbleached woven cloth. Green covered vans, like huge chests on wheels, rattle past,—the bright zinc plates at their sides, telling that they are hurrying with goods to or from some "calender," "dyer," or "finisher."

At one door stands a truck laden with red rows of copper cylinders, cut deep with patterns. This basement or kitchen is transformed into the showroom of some warehouseman, and as you look down the steps into the subterranean shop, you can see that in front of where the kitchen range should stand, a counter extends, spread with bright-coloured velveteens, while the place of the dresser is taken up with shelves, filled with showy cotton prints. The door-posts of every warehouse are inscribed with long catalogues of names, like those of the Metropolitan Inns of Court; and along the front of the tall buildings, between the different floors, run huge black boards, gilt with the title of some merchant firm.

Along the pavement walk bonnetless women, with shawls drawn over their heads, and their hair and clothes spotted with white fluffs of cotton. In the pathway, and at the corners of the principal streets, stand groups of merchants and manufacturers—all with their hands in their pockets—some buried in their coat-tails—others plunged deep in their breeches, and rattling the money—and each busy trafficking with his neighbour. Beside the kerb-stones loiter bright-coloured omnibuses, the tired horses with their heads hanging low down, and their trembling knees bulging forward—and with the drab-coated and big-buttoned driver loitering by their side, and ready to convey the merchants to their suburban homes.

Go which way you will, the whistle of some arriving or departing railway-train shrieks shrilly in the ears; and at the first break of morning, a thousand factory bells ring out the daily summons to work—and then, as the shades of night fall upon the town, the many windows of the huge mills and warehouses shine like plates of burnished gold with the myriads of lights within. The streets, streaming with children going to or coming from their toil, are black with the moving columns of busy little things, like the paths to an ants' nest.

Within the factories, the clatter and whirr of incalculable wheels stuns and bewilders the mind. Here, in long low rooms, are vistas of carding-engines, some disgorging thick sheets of white, soft-looking wadding, and others pouring forth endless fluffy ropes of cotton into tall tin cylinders; while over-head are wheels, with their rims worn bright, and broad black straps descending from them on every side, with their buckles running rapidly round, and making the stranger shrink as he passes between them. On the floors above are mules after mules, with

long lines of white cops, twirling so fast that their forms are all blurred together; while the barefooted artisan between draws out the slender threads as from the bowels of a thousand spiders. Then too there are floors crowded with looms all at work, tramping like an army, and busy weaving the shirts and gowns of the entire world, and making the stranger wonder how, with the myriads of bales of cotton that are here spun, and with the myriads of yards of cotton that are here woven, there can be one bare back to be found among the whole human family.

But Manchester, at the time of Mr. Sandboy's visit, was not the Manchester of every-day life.

The black smoke no longer streamed from the tall chimneys of its factories—the sky above was no longer swarthy, as if grimed with the endless labour of the town, but clear, and without a cloud. Not a cart, nor a van, nor a railway wagon, nor a lurry, broke the stillness of the streets, and the tramp of the policeman on his rounds was alone to be heard. The mills were all hushed—the fires were out—the engines were motionless—not a wheel whirred—not a loom clacked—not a cop twirled, within them. The workers, young and old, had all gone to take their share in England's holiday. To walk through the work-rooms that a little while ago had trembled and clattered with the stir of their many machines, impressed the mind with the same sense of desolation as a theatre seen by daylight. The mice, startled at the strange sound of a footstep, scampered from out the heaps of cotton that lay upon the floor, and spiders had already begun to spin their webs in the unused shuttles of the looms. At night, the many windows of the mills and warehouses no longer shimmered, like gold, with the lights within, but glittered, like plates of silver, with the moon-rays shining on them from without. The doors of the huge warehouses were all closed, and the steps grown green from long disuse. Not a cab stood in front of the infirmary—not a vehicle loitered beside the pavement in Market-street.

In the morning, not a factory bell was to be heard; nor a "bus" to be seen bringing from the suburbs its crowds of merchants piled on the roof and packed on the splash-board in front of the coachman. Not a milkman dragged through the streets his huge tin can suspended on wheels; nor was a scavenger, with his long loose blue woollen shirt and round-crowned hat, to be met with.

On Saturday night, the thoroughfares clattered not with the tread of the thousands of heavy-booted operatives on the pavement; not a grocer's shop was brilliant with the ground-glass globes of its many lamps; not a linendraper's window was stuck over with bills telling of another "Tremendous Failure" or "Awful Sacrifice!"

In Smithfield, there was neither light nor sound. The glossy crockery and glittering glass no longer was strewn upon the ground, and no impatient dealer was there jingling his cups and tumblers, and rattling his basins to bring the customers to his stand. The covered sheds, spread with bright-coloured handkerchiefs and muslin, and hung with long streamers of lace, had all disappeared;

Looking for Lodgings.

the long narrow alleys of old-clothes stalls, decked with washed-out gowns and brown stays, and yellow petticoats and limp bonnets, were gone; the old-boots stalls, bright with the highly-polished shoe, were nowhere visible; nor the black hardware, nor the white wicker-baskets, nor the dangling hairy brooms, nor the glass cases glittering with showy jewellery. The booth-like cook-shops were shut up, and not a boy was to be seen within them enjoying his cheap basin of steaming soup or plate of smoking pie; and the sheets of tripe, like bundles of shammy leather, and the cow-heels, white and soddened, like washerwomen's hands, had disappeared from the stalls.

In Victoria Market the oranges were no longer to be seen piled up in pyramids, and glittering like balls of gold against their white-papered shelves. Not a sound of music was to be heard in any of the harmonic taverns. The piano of "THE HEN AND CHICKENS" was hushed. The fiddle and violoncello sounded not in "THE COTTON TREE." At Ben Lang's the lights were all out, and the galleries empty—not a seriously-comic song, nor comically-serious ditty disturbed the silence of the "Saloon."

The shutters of the Exchange, too, were closed—none sat at the tables, or stood at the desks scanning the papers. At Milner's, the patent iron safe that, laden with gold, had stood the attack of twenty desperate robbers, was hidden for a time by the shutters. Barton the stationer had eloped to London with his Love. Nathaniel Gould and his brother from London had both returned to the metropolis to see the Exhibition, and his mother. Binyons and Hunter had given over desiccating their coffee, and had gone to air themselves instead, in the metropolis. At Crowther's Hotel, the pretty barmaid was no longer to be seen, for "THE ANGEL" had retired to London. At the Commercial Dining Rooms, Bell's joints had ceased to be hot from twelve till three, for he, like the rest, had gone, legs and shoulders and all, to the Great Exhibition; while Mrs. Ja. Stewart, ("professed cook,") no longer recommended those gentlemen who wanted a relish to try her chops. Mrs. Lalor, having exhausted "her winter supply of fancy shirts, braces, cravats, &c.," had availed herself of the opportunity of seeing the Exhibition to provide herself with a summer stock. Mr. Albert, the dentist, of George-street, whose "artificial teeth, he assures us, are such perfect imitations of nature, that it is confidently predicted they will speedily supersede *every other kind*," had started for the metropolis, leaving his incorrodible teeth behind him; and J. Casper, the tailor, of Market-street, having "invented a cloth with two distinct faces, which may be worn on either side, and suitable for trowsers," as well as coats and vests, had turned his coat like the very best "double-faced," and gone up in a pair of his own patent pantaloons, with the intention of using the outsides for week days, and the insides for Sundays. At the City Mourning Establishment, the young ladies of the shop had given over sorrowing for the deceased friends of their customers, and, substituting lively pink glacés for their sombre bombazins, had suddenly changed, like lobsters, from black to red, and gone up with the

chief mourner of "the establishment," determined to have a few weeks' pleasure, like the rest of the world; while Beddoe, of the opposition depôt for grief, had, "in consequence of the mildness of the season," (coupled with its general healthiness) "not only reduced all his stock of the previous winter's weeds and weepers, but finding the mortality much below the usual average, had put up the black shutters of his shop, and affixed a hatchment, with the motto of "RESURGAM," over his door, as a notice that he would turn up again shortly.

Not a shop but had some announcement pasted on the shutters. In the principal thoroughfares chickens scratched at the unremoved dust, while the crowing of rival cocks sounded shrill in the silent streets. Corpulent old ducks waddled along the kerb-stones to bathe themselves in the gutter. In Market-street the grass was already beginning to sprout between the stones. The cats, left to take care of themselves, wandered about as thin as French pigs, and lay in wait for the birds, that no longer scared by the noise, now began to flock and twitter loudly in every thoroughfare. In the People's Parks, pigs roamed among the flowers, while geese and donkeys nibbled at the grass.

There was, however, one quarter of the deserted town where the people were not holiday-making, but still labouring—for what was to them, indeed, dear life—one district where the toil knew no cessation—where the workmen had no money to spend on pleasure, getting barely enough—slave as they might—to keep soul and body together.

Round about the wretched purlieus of Rochdale-road the clicking of the shuttles of the handloom weavers might still be heard. Early, long before the light, and long after the dark, the weaver's dim lamp might be seen in the attic or cellar, and where some five-and-twenty were styed together under one wretched roof, Mr. Sandboys was led by Inspector Johnny Wren.

At the top of the house he found the rooms crowded with crazy old looms, so that it was scarcely possible to move between—and here, with beds of sacks of straw, and nothing but their own rags to cover them by night, were a band of grim, hollow-cheeked, and half-starved men, toiling away for a crust—and nothing more.

Mr. Sandboys started back in horror as he looked at the pinched faces and gaunt figures of the workers. He asked why they were not, like the rest of the town, at the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out one with a week's beard on his chin—"last week I earnt three and ninepence, and this week I shall have got two and a penny. Exhibition of Industry! let them as wants to see the use of industry in this country come and see this here exhibition."

"I warrant it'll beat all nations hollow," cried another.

And then the man laughed again, and so did all his fellow-workers, in a grim, empty-bellied chorus.

Mr. Sandboys grew somewhat alarmed at the man's manner, and

not finding much gratification in the contemplation of misery that he knew it was out of his power to mitigate, beckoned Inspector Wren away, and made the best of his road back to the house of his fellow-countryman.

Mrs. Sandboys had been anxiously awaiting his return for some time. During the absence of Cursty, she had half made up her mind to return to Hassness; and would have decided upon doing so immediately had it not been for the loss of the luggage.

Mr. Sandboys, however, now that he had wholly forgotten his late troubles, was in no way desirous of giving way to what appeared to be simply a small concatenation of adverse circumstances. Besides, now that he saw matters were taking a more propitious turn, he began to feel all his heroism returning; and having made up his mind to enjoy himself for a short period in the metropolis, why he would not allow it ever to be said that he was weak enough to be wrested from his purpose by a few mishaps.

His darling Aggy, however, thought far less of the heroism than she did of her boxes; and seeing the imminent peril in which she stood of being deprived of the entire three-and-twenty packages which contained the family linen and all their best clothes, besides a sufficiency of notes to cover, as she and Cursty had calculated, all their expenses in town, why she agreed with her lord and master that, under all circumstances, it *might* perhaps be advisable to avail themselves of the kind offer of Mr. Johnny Wren to advance them money enough to carry them on until they could obtain their boxes from the railway station.

Mr. Sandboys, being of the same opinion, consulted privately with his friend Johnny Wren as to the amount he could conveniently spare them; and all the money-matters having been satisfactorily arranged, the Sandboys family started once more on their journey, determined this time, at least, to enjoy themselves.

## CHAPTER VI.

"Now fifty shwort years ha'e flown owre us,
Sin' first we fell in at the fair,
I've monie a teyme thowt, wi' new pleasure,
Nae weyfe cud wi' Aggy compare;
Tho' thy nwose has gi'en way to the wrinkle,
At changes we munna complain;
They're rich whea in age are leet hearted,
An' mourn nit for days that are geane."

*The Days that are geane.*

"We us'd to go to bed at dark,
And ruse agean at four or five;
The mworn's the only teyme for wark,
If fwok are hilthy and wou'd thrive.
Now we git up—nay, God kens when!
And nuin's owre suin for us to deyne;
I's hungry or the pot's half boiled,
And wish for teymes leyke auld lang seyne."

*Lang Seyne.*

At length the Sandboys reached the Metropolis, without any further misadventure than being informed, on their arrival, that there was not a bed to be had within five miles for love or money.

On reaching the Bull and Mouth, to their great astonishment they found a large placard exhibited, inscribed with the following terrible announcement—

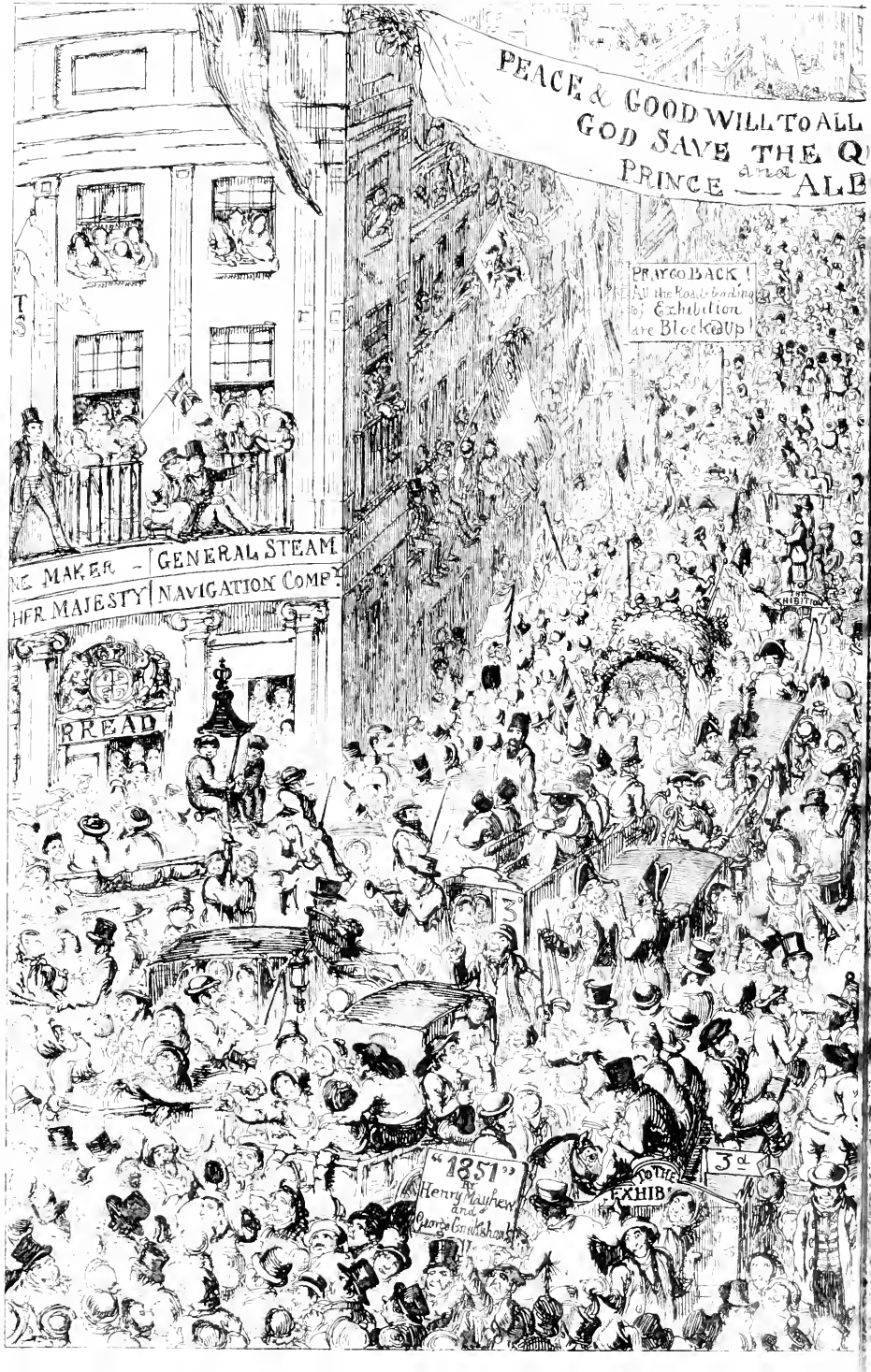
"THE BEDS HERE ARE QUITE FULL."

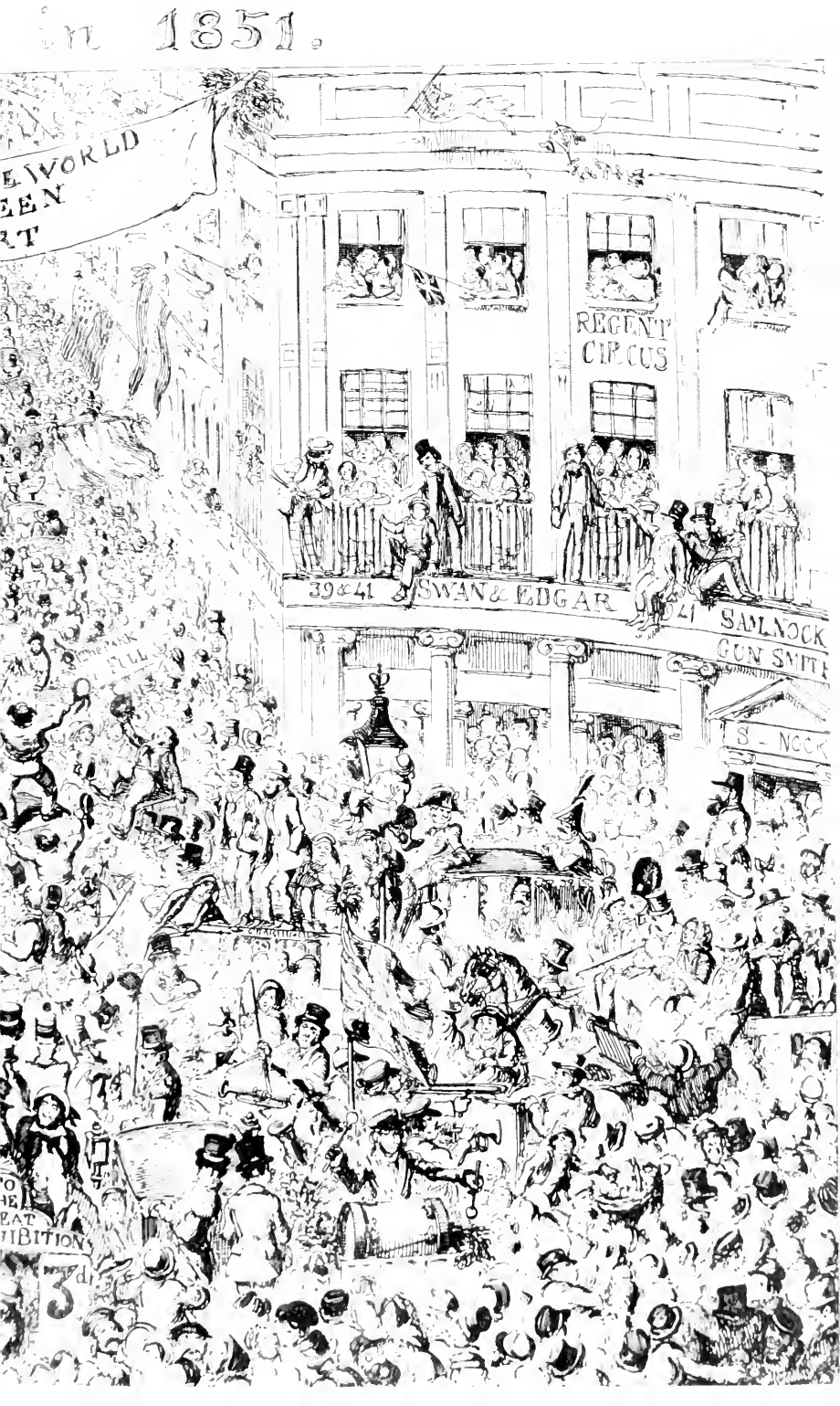
Mr. Sandboys, however, was not to be deterred; and, entering the establishment, he sought for some one whose face he might remember having seen on his previous visit. The head waiter no sooner entered the coffee-room in answer to his summons, than he recognised the face of the old attendant, and besought him to recommend him to *some* place where he might obtain a bed for a night or two at the least.

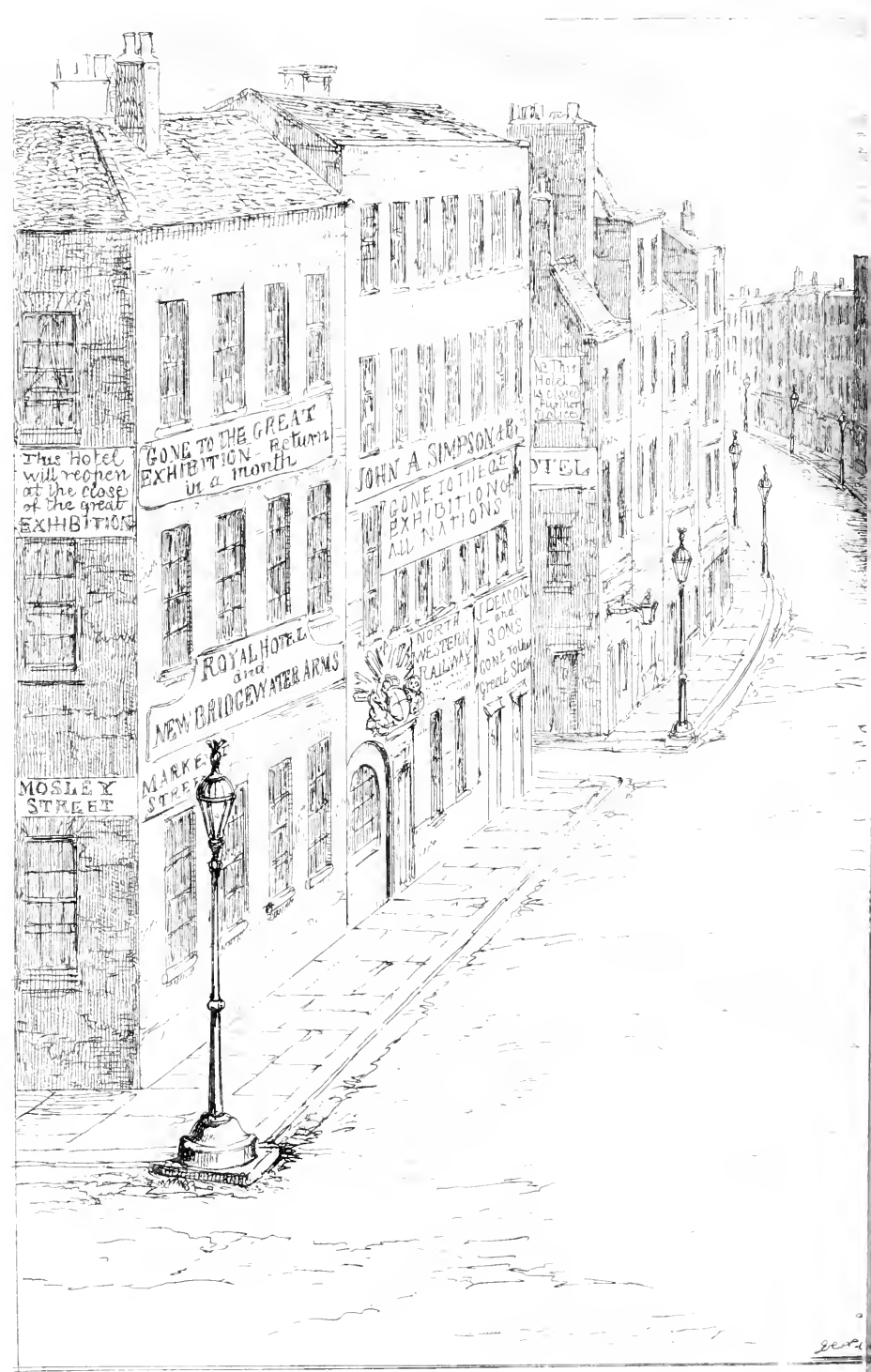
The only place that the waiter knew, as promising the remotest chance of accommodation, was at the residence of a lady who, he was informed, had been recently extending the conveniences of her establishment; and then, handing to Mr. Sandboys the lodging-house-keeper's address, he whisked his napkin under his arm, and, pulling his front hair, departed with all the elegance of a head-waiter at an old-fashioned establishment.

Arrived at the residence of the lady indicated by the gentleman who superintended the supply of provisions to the inmates of the Bull and Mouth, Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys were asked to step into the passage (the lady apologizing for the parlours being both full), and there Mrs. Fokesell, whose husband, she was happy to say, was at sea, informed them, to their great horror, that she had only one hammock left unoccupied; and if the lady and gentleman thought they could make

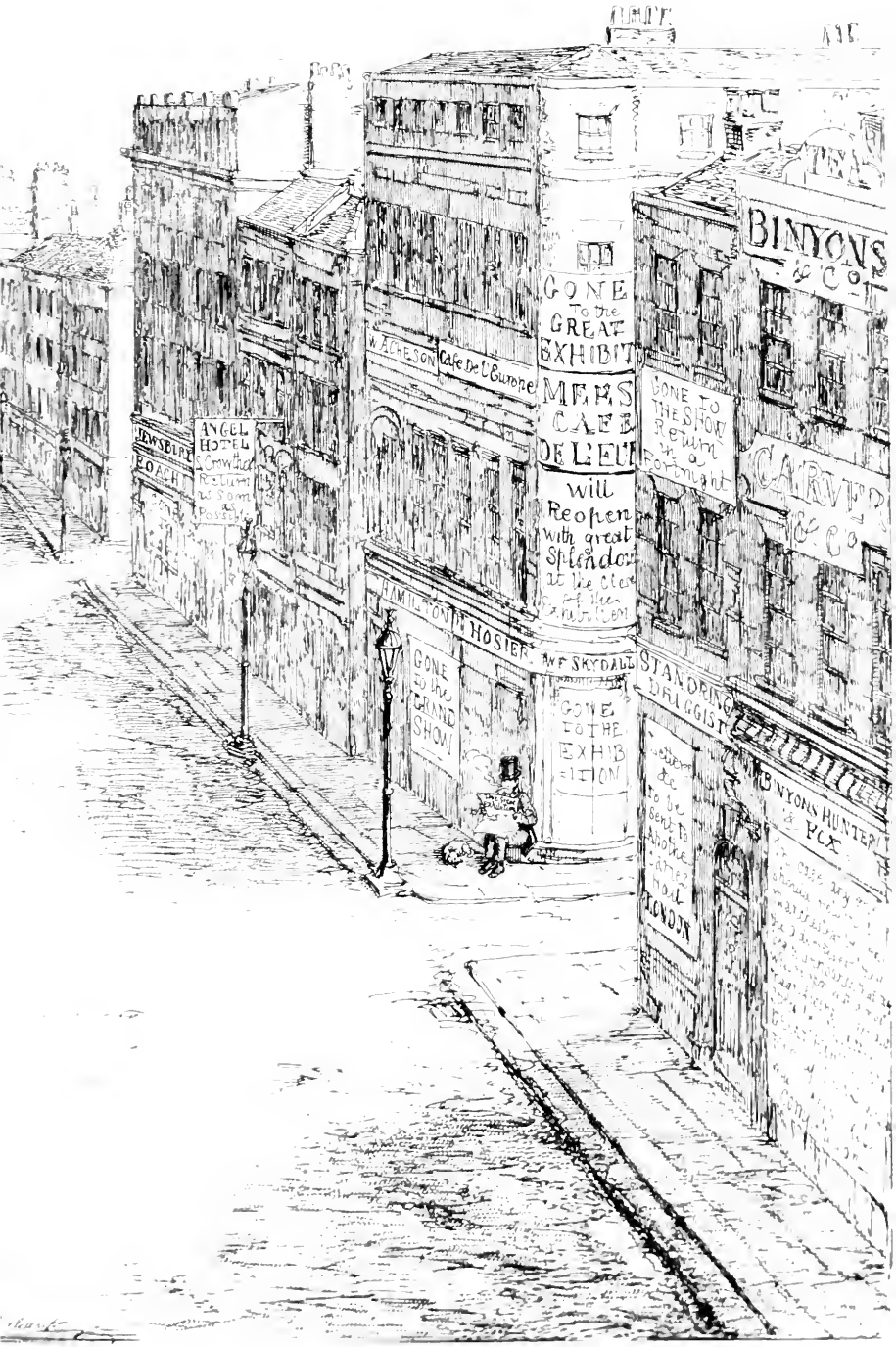
# LONDON


PEACE & GOOD WILL TO ALL
GOD SAVE THE Q
PRINCE and ALB
PRAY GO BACK!
All the Roads leading to the Exhibition are Blocked Up!
GENERAL STEAM
NAVIGATION COMP.Y
HER MAJESTY
"1851"
Henry Mayhew
and
George Cruikshank
3d.


in 1851.
REGENT CIRCUS
39&41 SWAN & EDGAR
SALNOCK
GUN SMITH


This Hotel will reopen at the close of the great EXHIBITION
GONE TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION Return in a month
ROYAL HOTEL and NEW BRIDGEWATER ARMS
MARKET STREET
MOSLEY STREET
JOHN A SIMPSON &C
GONE TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS
NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY
DEACON and SONS
HOTEL

MANCHEST


BINYONS & Co
GONE To the GREAT EXHIBIT
MEES CAFE DE L'EST
will Reopen with great Splendor
GONE TO THE SHOW
M. ACHESON Cafe de l'Europe
ANGEL HOTEL
JENSBURY ROACH
HAMILTON & HOSIER
W.F. SKYDALL
GONE TO THE GRAND SHOW
GONE TO THE EXHIBITION
STANDRING DRUGGIST
BINYONS HUNTER & Co

R. in. 1851

shift in that until such time as they could meet with anything better, why it was at their service for five shillings a night. The young lady and the female servant Mrs. Fokesell might perhaps accommodate in her bed, and if the footman wouldn't mind lying on the knife-board, and the young gentleman thought he could pass the night comfortably on the top of the grand piano, why she would do everything in her power to make them comfortable.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys said that, under the circumstances, they must consent to avail themselves of whatever they could get; whereupon the landlady politely informed them, that if they would follow her down stairs, she would show them the only apartment she had to spare.

But, as she was about to descend, a loud single knock was given at the street door, and, begging their indulgence for a minute, she returned to the passage to ascertain the business of the new-comer. On answering the knock, she found that it was merely the coal-merchant, who wished to be informed when she would like to have in "them there coals as she ordered."

Mrs. Fokesell hastily told the man, that if they weren't delivered the first thing in the morning, there wouldn't be a bit of fire to "bile the dozen pots of shaving-water as was wanted by eight o'clock for her lodgers."

On closing the door, and rejoining Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys, who still stood on the top of the kitchen stairs, Mrs. Fokesell led the way to the basement, and, opening the kitchen door, stepped across the area. Stopping in front of one of the two doors that led to what the landlady was pleased to dignify by the name of a humble apartment on the basement floor, she unfastened the padlock, and revealed the interior of a cellar, from the arched roof of which was slung a sailor's hammock, while on the floor was spread a small square of dingy carpet. In one corner, on top of a beer-barrel, stood an apparatus that did duty for a toilet-table. Against the whitewashed wall hung a small sixpenny shaving-glass; while, immediately beneath it, there was placed a dilapidated chair.

Mrs. Sandboys, who until that moment had never set eyes on that peculiar kind of naval contrivance for obtaining a night's rest under difficulties, could not refrain from expressing her firm conviction that it was utterly impossible for any woman of her size to deposit herself safely in the interior of that thing, which people were pleased to call a bed.

Mrs. Fokesell, however, begged to assure her that she had passed many—many very pleasant nights in that very hammock, and with the aid of the trestle which she had placed on the floor, and an assisting hand from her husband, she was sure the lady would be able to manage very well.

Mr. Sandboys himself was anything but pleased with the arrangements of the proposed dormitory, and, secretly in his own mind, he was inquiring of himself how, when he had lent the said assisting hand to his better half, and safely lodged her within the depths of the

suspended hammock, he himself was ever to join her there, for who, he wanted to know, was there to perform the same kind office for him?

However, even if they had to take the bed down, and spread it on the carpet, it would, thought Mr. Sandboys, be far preferable to none at all, so he told Mrs. Fokesell that he and his good lady would avail themselves of the accommodation, at least for that one night.

"It's all I have, ma'am," said the landlady; "I have just let the last tent on the tiles to a foreign nobleman, and seven shillings a night is what I has from him. I assure you it's a fact, ma'am. There is not a foot in a respectable house that is not worth its length in sovereigns, ma'am. Why, if you'll believe me, ma'am, there's my next-door neighbour, she's put a feather bed into her warm bath, and let it off to a young East Injun at a guinea a week, for a month certain.

Mr. Sandboys, exhausted with his journey, made no more ado, but closed the bargain with Mrs. Fokesell; and, having partaken of some fried chops, by way of supper, in the kitchen, he and his beloved Aggy withdrew to the privacy of the cellar which was to constitute their bed-chamber for the night.

After a brief consultation, it was agreed that, to prevent all chance of taking cold in so damp a dormitory, they should retire to rest in their clothes; and Mrs. Sandboys having disengaged herself of her hood and cloak, prepared to make the perilous ascent.

By the aid of her Cursty's hand she mounted the little trestle of the beer-barrel, which she previously placed immediately under the hammock, and then, turning her back towards the suspended bed she managed, with a slight jump, to seat herself on the extreme edge of the sacking. Her figure, however, being rather corpulent, the weight of her whole body no sooner rested on one side of the oscillating couch, than the whole apparatus slid from under her, and she was suddenly plunged down on to the corner of the temporary toilet-table. Fortunately for the good lady, the top of the artificial wash-hand-stand consisted of a board merely laid across the head of a barrel; so that immediately she touched the ricketty arrangement, the board, basin, and pitcher were all tilted forward, and the entire contents of the water-jug emptied full into her face, as she fell to the ground.

What with the crash of the crockery, the splashing of the water, and the bumping of poor dear Mrs. Sandboys on the carpet, Cursty was almost paralyzed with fright. He was afraid even to raise his darling Aggy from the ground, for he felt that something serious must have happened to her.

But Mrs. Sandboys luckily was sound in her bones, though severely bruised in her flesh; and as Cursty helped her up from the floor, she shook the water from her hair, and vowed that she would rather sleep on the carpet all night than make another attempt to enter that nasty, deceitful, swinging, unsteady thing of a bed.

Mr. Sandboys used all the endearing arts of which he was master to induce the partner of his bosom to make a second attempt,

but his entreaties were in vain; for Mrs. Sandboys, whose body still tingled with the failure of her previous essay, was in no way inclined to listen to his solicitations.

But the persevering Cursty pleaded so hard that at last he got her to consent, that provided he would first get into the hammock himself, and would lift her into it after him, she wouldn't mind obliging him in that way—for she could see no other plan by which she was ever to be safely deposited within it.

Accordingly, Mr. Sandboys, when, after a few unsuccessful but harmless endeavours, he had managed to get his entire body fairly into the sailor's bed, leant over the side in order to assist his better-half to join him within it. But on his putting out his arms to lift the lady up to the required height, the delusive, bendable bedstead turned inside out, and shot him, mattrass, blankets, and counterpane, together with his Aggy, plump on to the ground.

The fall shook Mr. Sandboys almost as much as when the pig had laid on his back in the brook, and it was long before he could bring himself even to propose to his wife to make another attempt to enter the wretched wabbling, swingy substitute for the substantial security of a four-post.

At length Mrs. Sandboys, who two or three times had just saved herself from falling almost flat on her nose while dozing in the dilapidated chair, began to be fairly tired out; and Cursty, who had sat on the top of the beer-barrel till his legs were nearly cut through with the sharp edge of the hoop, found that it was impossible to continue his slumbers in so inconvenient a posture, so he took his fat and dozing little wife in his arms, and standing once more on the trestle, fairly lifted her into the hammock; after which, seizing the chain that hung from the iron plate in the pavement above, he with one desperate bound swung himself by her side into the hammock.

In a few minutes they were both fast locked in slumber; but Cursty's repose was destined to be of short duration; for soon Mrs. Sandboys, shaking him violently, roused him from his rest.

"Up wi'thee!—up wi'thee! thar be summet beastes a-crawling ower my face, Cursty. Ah, these Lon'on beds! We'll be beath yeeten up, aleyve, if thee staps here, Cursty!"

And so saying, she gave her lord and master so stout a thrust in his back, that drove his weight to the edge of the hammock, and again brought him rapidly to the floor.

Mrs. Sandboys in her fright soon followed her husband; and then nothing would satisfy her but she must have the whole of the bedding and clothes turned out on the ground, and minutely examined by the light of the rushlight.

But Mr. Sandboys, already deprived of the half of his night's rest, was in no way fit for the performance desired by his wife; and, in order to satisfy her qualms, he proposed that the mattrass alone should be replaced in the hammock, and *then* she need have no fear.

Mrs. Sandboys was herself in no humour to hold out against so apparently rational a proposal; and, having consented to the compro-

mise, there began the same series of arduous and almost perilous struggles to ensconce their two selves once more in the interior of the hammock.

After several heavy tumbles on both sides, and breaking the rusty iron chain which served to hold down the circular trap in the pavement above, the worthy couple did ultimately manage to succeed again in their courageous undertaking; and then, fairly exhausted with their labours, they closed their eyes just as the blue light of day was showing through the cracks of the coal-cellar door.

The Cumberland couple had continued their rest undisturbed some few hours, when Mrs. Sandboys was aroused by hearing the circular iron trap moved above her head. She woke her husband with a violent shake, telling him, as soon as she could make him understand, that she was sure some of her friends, the London thieves, were preparing to make a descent through the pavement into their subterranean bed-chamber.

Mr. Sandboys was no sooner got to comprehend the cause of her alarm, than he saw the end of the chain lifted up, and the trap removed from the pavement above them.

Instinctively the couple rose up in their bed, and leant their heads forward to ascertain the precise nature of the impending danger. Suddenly they were startled by a gruff voice from above, shouting "Bee-elow," and immediately there descended through the round hole at the top of the cellar a shower of large and small coals, the noise of which completely drowned their cries, and beneath which they were almost buried alive.

Before they could extricate themselves from the black mass, that nearly filled their hammock, a second shower of Walls' End was poured down upon them; and had it not been for the landlady observing from the kitchen that the coal-porter was about to shoot the half ton she had ordered on the previous evening to be delivered early that morning into Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys' hammock, that worthy couple assuredly must have perished in the dusty, grimy avalanche.

Mrs. Fokesell rushed into the area, cried out loudly to the man to hold back the third sack, which he had just poised over the hole on his shoulder, previous to discharging its contents on the bodies of the unhappy Sandboys, and tearing open the door, delivered the blackened and the bruised couple from the perils of their wretched situation.

## CHAPTER VII.

"But if we wullent be content
Wi' th' blessings see as heav'n has sent,
But obstinately wad prevent
Wise fate's decree,
See fwoak mun just pursue the bent
I' their own bree.

"What if the hand of fate, unkind,
Has us'd fremly, need we peyne?
Tho' you've lost your sight an' me meyne,
We cannot mend it.
Let us be glad the powers deveyne
Nae war' extendit.

"Let us—sen leyfe is but a span—
Still be as canty as we can,
Rememb'ring Heaven has ordered Man
To practise patience,
An' not to murmur 'neath his han',
Leyke feckless gations."

*John Stagg.*

Now, it so happened, that in the house where the Sandboys had taken up their residence, there was located on the second floor one of those *malades imaginaires*, in a white robe-de-chambre, who are so popular and pretty at the present day.

Mrs. Blanche Quinine certainly dressed the part of the invalid to the life—or, rather, to the death. Robed from head to foot in the purest white, she managed to look extremely well and ill at one and the same time. She was got up with the greatest possible regard to medical effect; for, although Mrs. Quinine was naturally a plump and strong-built woman, she was costumed so artistically, and looked, as she languished on the couch, so perilously delicate, that one could not help fancying but that, with the least shock or jar to her nerves, every bone in her body would fall asunder, like the skeleton in the Fantoccini, at the sudden "bomb" of the drum.

Her complexion—which could not have been called florid even at her healthiest moments—was rendered still more pale by the "bloom" of "babies'" powder, with which she never failed to indue it, previous to leaving her chamber. Her eyes—they were of the Irish grey kind—she always kept half-closed, as if from long want of rest—but then Nature had blessed Mrs. Quinine with long, dark, sweeping eyelashes, and these were never seen to such perfection as when brought into contrast with her white skin. Her upper lip was drawn up slightly, as if in continual pain—but then Mrs. Quinine was gifted with a "remarkably fine set of teeth," and was sufficient "woman of the world" to know that there was no use in her having such things unless she showed them. Moreover, the favourite, because the most touching, posture, of Mrs. Quinine, was with her head slightly drooping,

and her cheek resting on her hand—but then the lady prided herself on the smallness of her extremities (the tips of toes could be just seen at the end of the couch, peeping from beneath her robe); and, with her arms raised, she knew that the blood could not circulate so freely in her fingers, and, consequently, that she would be saved the trouble of continually rubbing them, in order to improve their whiteness.

And, truth to say, the illness of Mrs. Quinine was as agreeable to herself as it was interesting to her doctor and acquaintances, and inconvenient to her husband. Mrs. Blanche's prevailing belief was, that she was suffering from extreme debility, and that if she had not the very best of food to live upon, accompanied with continual change of air and scene, she felt satisfied she had but a short time to remain in this world.

In this conviction Mrs. Quinine was fully borne out by the profound opiniou, most gravely delivered, with the lady's pulse in one hand, and his gold repeater in the other, by her medical adviser—that "dear, loveable old man," Doctor Twaddles—who added, that unless she *would* keep herself quiet, and refrain from making the least exertion, and could at the same time be secured perfect peace of mind at home, without being thwarted in the slightest wish—as he said this, the doctor knitted the grey, bushy brows which hung down about his eyes like a Skye terrier's, and looked death-warrants at the husband of the lady—he would not take it upon himself to answer for the consequences.

Now, Doctor Twaddles was a gentleman who had fortunately been blest with a remarkably imposing appearance.

Nature had been most bountiful to the Doctor. He had an intensely "fine bald head of his own"—rouud and hairless as an ostrich's egg; and this attractive exterior had been worth a thousandfold more to him than the interior ever could have been, even had it been as full of brains as every egg is said to be full of meat. Had the Doctor depended for his advancement in life on his skill, he might have remained without a patient and without a crust; but, so to speak, standing on his bald head, he had been able to drink his wine daily, although he certainly was "no conjuror."

The head, to which Doctor Twaddles owed so much, and which had won for him such a number of hatbands from departed patieuts, was fringed with silver, for the little hair that still lingered round it was white as driven snow. His features were prominent and statuesque. His coat, which was always scrupulously clean and dustless, was black and glossy as that of a mourning-coach horse; and he so far clung to the manners of the old school, as to allow his nether garments to descend only to his knees, where they were fastened by a pair of small gold buckles. His legs, which—to do Doctor Twaddles justice—were exceedingly well shaped, and perhaps accounted for the Doctor's still clinging to the obsolete fashion of exhibiting them, were veiled by a pair of very thin gossamer-like black-silk stockings, through which the flesh showed with a pinky hue; so that

the medical gentleman's calves, as he sat with them crossed one over the other, so as to give the foremost an extra plumpness, bore a strong resemblance in colour to black currant jam.

The only ornaments that the Doctor wore, were a diamond pin "set transparent," and so pellucid as to be scarcely visible on the white neckcloth that it fastened; and a series of mourning rings on his third and little fingers, as ostentatious marks of respect from some of the most illustrious and wealthy patients he had buried; while from below his waistcoat there dangled a bunch of gold seals, almost as big as the tassel at the end of a bell-rope, and these the Doctor delighted, as he leant back in his chair, to swing up and down, like a muffin-bell, while delivering his opinion.

Doctor Twaddles was wont to increase the importance of his opinion by multiplying himself into many, and substituting, in his discourse, for the plain, humble, and honest I, the pompous, imposing and presumptuous We,—the special prerogative of monarchs and editors. Certainly this style of discourse was fraught with some few attendant advantages, even beyond that of leading the hearer to believe that the verdict pronounced was not the judgment of one solitary individual, but the unanimous opiuion of an indefinite number; for when the Doctor, after due feeling of pulse and knitting of brows, said to his patients that *we* must take a blue pill and black dose, it appeared to the invalid as if the generous Physician intended to swallow half his own medicine.

But, on the other hand, some of the Doctor's plural edicts had a particularly singular sound with them; for when he told his lady-patients that *we* must put *our* feet in hot water, it seemed as if he intended indulging in a joint foot-bath with them. Equally strange and startling did it sound when he said, that "*we* really must go out of town;" or, stranger still, when in a mysterious manner he declared, that "*we* really must go to bed as quick as possible."

Dr. Twaddles was a great favourite with the ladies, by whom he was invariably described as a "loveable old man." His manner was gentle and polite as a well-fee'd pew-opener. His voice he always subdued to a complimentary sympathy, and he was especially tender in his handling of his fair patients' pulses. He was, moreover, "remarkably fond of children," for whom he generally carried in his pockets a small canister filled either with acidulated drops, "refined liquorice," or "black currant lozenges." In his habits, too, he was quite a family man, and never failed, if in his visits he found the more healthy members of the family at a "hot lunch," of seating himself good-humouredly at the table, and declaring that he *must* really have a bit of the pudding, for he was happy to say that he was still quite a boy in his "love of sweets."

Nor was the "advice" usually given by Dr. Twaddles of a less attractive character.

The Doctor invariably acted upon the apparently disinterested plan of objecting to the use of physic—excepting of course in the most urgent cases. Formerly, according to the old fable, curriers were

prone to insist there was nothing like leather, but of late the contrary, and far more lucrative, practice has sprung up among us; and now-a-days lawyers counsel their clients on no account to "go to law,"—with the greatest possible success; and physicians rail at the exhibition of physic—to equal advantage.

With Doctor Twaddles, "diet was everything"—all maladies proceeding, according to his popular pathology, from the stomach; for patients, he had long ago discovered, never objected to being fed into good health, however strong an aversion they might have to being dosed into convalescence.

Another mode of insinuation that the Doctor adopted was to explain to the invalids, in language that they could not possibly understand, the cause of the malady for which he was prescribing, and the reason for the remedies he adopted: this he did in short family physiological lectures, which he loved to illustrate by the most ordinary objects. He would tell the astonished and half-affrighted patients how the greater part of the food taken into the system acted simply as coals to the vital fire,—how the lungs were, if he might be allowed the expression, nothing more than the grate in which the alimentary fuel was being consumed, and keeping up a continued supply of caloric for the human frame, for, that the selfsame operation was going on in the human chest as in the stove beside him.

As he said this, the bald-headed Doctor would lean back with evident self-satisfaction in the easy chair, and swing his watch-seals round and round like a watchman's rattle. Then he usually proceeded to explain how every human creature was burning away, in the process of respiration, at the least one pound of charcoal per diem; that every meal was, when viewed with the philosophic eye, nothing more than throwing another shovelful or two of coals on to the ever-consuming fire; and that for himself, he did not care in what form the charcoal was introduced into the system, but one pound of it he must really insist upon being swallowed daily.

Mrs. Quinine—who, by-the-bye, never lost an opportunity of impressing upon strangers that her name was pronounced Keneen, even as the Beauvoirs, the Cholmondeleys, the Majoribanks, and the Cockburns, insist upon being called Beavers, Chumleys, Marchbanks, and Coburns—Mrs. Quinine, we repeat, agreed with the rest of the female world in her estimation of the dear old Doctor Twaddles. Nor was it to be wondered at, for the Doctor certainly did his best to make the lady's indisposition as pleasant and profitable as possible to her.

True to his dietetic discipline, the loveable old Physician gave the lady to understand that all she required was nourishing food, and accordingly his prescriptions consisted of a succession of the most agreeable and toothsome delicacies; so that the fair invalid having merely to submit to a course of high feeding, gave herself up to the care of the dear Doctor with the most exemplary patience.

At six in the morning, Mrs. Quinine began her dietetic course with a cup of homœopathic cocoa, that was kept simmering through the night

in a small teapot, resting (heaven knows why!) on the turrets of a china castle, in the porcelain donjon of which burnt a melancholy spirit lamp. This it was her husband's duty to give the lady immediately her eyes were opened. Her breakfast, which was mostly taken in bed, consisted of coffee, procured, according to the express injunctions of the Doctor, from a house where analysis had proved it to be unadulterated, and made, after Doctor Twaddles' own receipt, entirely with milk, obtained from an establishment where the Doctor could vouch for its being genuine. The coffee was sometimes accompanied with the lean of a mutton-chop, "cut thick," and "done with the gravy in it;" sometimes with a rasher or two of "Dr. Gardner's digestive bacon," and sometimes with the wing of a cold chicken; while the bread of which she partook was of the unfermented kind, had fresh every day from the Doctor's own man in the City. At twelve the invalid rose, and descended to a light lunch of either oysters, a small custard pudding, or some calf's-foot jelly made palateable and strengthening with wine; and with this, and an egg or two beaten up with milk, and flavoured with a glass of Madeira, the delicate lady was enabled to linger on till the more substantial meal of the day.

Mrs. Quinine's dinner, for the most part, was made up of a "little bit" of fish and a "mouthful or two" of game; for the lady condescended but seldom to partake of butcher's meat, and, when she did so, it was solely of the more delicate and expensive kinds, known as Southdown or Welsh mutton; while the digestion of these was assisted either with "Rumford ale," or "India pale," or "Guinness';" or some other agreeable and stimulating form of dietetic medicine, procured from establishments which were noted for supplying only the very best articles.

Her supper was usually eaten in bed, for the invalid was strictly enjoined to retire to rest at an early hour; and long before she did so, a fire was lighted in her bed-room, so that she might not suffer from the shock of going into a cold apartment: for the same reason, the lady's bed was well warmed previous to her entering it; and when she had been comfortably tucked up by her maid, a hot water bottle swathed in flannel was placed at her feet. Here the invalid was consoled either with a glass of warm white-wine-whey, or a posset, or arrowroot bought expressly for her at Apothecaries' Hall; and thus the poor delicate lady was enabled to keep body and soul together until the morrow.

But the course of diet followed by the lady was far from settled, for Doctor Twaddles paid great attention to what he termed "the voice of Nature," and consequently gave strict orders that whatever his patient fancied she was to have. Accordingly, Mrs. Quinine continually felt convinced that her system required change, and that she needed some most expensive and agreeable article of diet. Now her mouth was parched, and nothing but strawberries, though they cost a guinea a pint, or a bunch or two of hot-house grapes, could relieve her; then she would give the world for just a taste of spring lamb and

new potatoes; and then nothing would satisfy her but a mouthful or two of turbot, even though it were impossible to buy less than a whole one.

All these little fancies Doctor Twaddles dignified by the name of "instincts," and declared that they were simply the out-speakings of exhausted Nature.

Mrs. Quinine was, of course, too weak to walk abroad, so Doctor Twaddles enjoined a daily airing in the park, when the weather was mild, in an open carriage; or, if the lady preferred it, he would advise a little horse exercise; and as Mrs. Quinine thought she looked extremely well in a habit and "wide-awake," she seldom stirred out unless mounted on a "palfrey" from the neighbouring livery stables.

Now these and other similar prescriptions of Doctor Twaddles made illness so pleasant, that, coupled with the interesting character of the invalid costume (Mrs. Quinine wore the prettiest of nightcaps, trimmed with the most expensive of lace, when she received visitors in her bedroom), the lady naturally felt disposed to feel indisposed. And it was odd how the several complaints to which she professed herself subject, came and went with the fashionable seasons. In winter she was "peculiarly susceptible" to bronchitis, so that this necessitated her being in town at the gayest period of the metropolis. Doctor Twaddles would not take upon himself to answer for the consequences if Mrs. Quinine passed a winter in the provinces: and—what was a severe calamity—the poor lady could go nowhere in the summer for change of air, but to the fashionable and lively watering-places, for she was always affected with the hay fever if she visited the more retired and consequently duller parts of the country.

The prevailing afflictions of Mrs. Quinine, however, were neuralgia, and "a general debility of the system"—indeed, she was always suffering from her "poor poor nerves;" and though subject to the greatest depression of spirits in the presence of her husband, (for that gentleman seldom remonstrated with her, but she burst into a flood of tears, and declared he was "throwing her back,") still, before company, she was always lively enough, excepting when the visitors made tender inquiries after her health, and *then* no one certainly could be more severely afflicted.

Nor was the "debility" under which the lady laboured less eccentric in its nature, for though it prevented her taking any exercise in the open air—but in a carriage or on horseback—still, when an invitation came to a dance, it in no way interfered with her polking in an "extremely low" dress half the night through.

Mr. Quinine was an eminent painter of "still-life;" and though his braces of partridges on canvas, and his dead hares, and his grapes and pine-apples "in oil" were highly admired, and fetched large sums, it was nevertheless as much as he could do to pay the physician's fees by his game and fruit pieces. While his wife was breakfasting or supping off her dainties in bed, or "doing" the elegant and interesting invalid in white cambric on the sofa in the front room, or riding out

in the Park, he, (poor man!) was painting away for dear life in his studio at the back of the house. This the clever little artist (for he stood but five foot five in his high-heeled Wellingtons) did without a murmur; for, truth to say, he doated on his dear Blanche, and strove, by making "studies" of the "birds" prescribed by Doctor Twaddles before they were cooked for his wife's dinner, somehow or other to lessen the expenses of "the housekeeping;" for not one of the Doctor's delectable dietetic prescriptions was ever sent to Covent Garden or Leadenhall Market to be "dispensed," but the economic Quinine was sure to use it as a model before administering it to the patient.

But even if the little man had felt inclined to raise his voice against the course pursued, he would immediately have had the united battery of Twaddles and Blanche opened against him; and while the lady overpowered him with tears, the Doctor would have impressed upon him, in the most solemn manner, that unless Mrs. Quinine could be allowed to enjoy the greatest tranquillity of both mind and body, and be assured the gratification of her slighest wish, it was beyond the highest talent in the kingdom to undertake to say what distressing event might happen.

The opening of the Great Exhibition had operated almost as magically upon the nerves of the susceptible Mrs. Quinine, as an invitation to a *Thé Dansante*. Her bronchitis, and the "short hacking cough" which accompanied it, had almost disappeared under the influence of the delicious *pâte de Guimauve*, prescribed by Doctor Twaddles; the lady's neuralgia had been dissipated by her steel medicine (and she had swallowed enough of that metal in her time to have admitted of being cut up into "magnum bonum" pens for the million); the "weak state of her nerves" no longer required the carriage-way in front of her house to be strewn with straw, nor the iron-hand of the street-door knocker to be embellished with a white kid glove; for the lady had grown suddenly "so much better," that on requesting permission of Doctor Twaddles to visit the Exhibition, she declared that she felt herself quite equal to the task of exploring even its "five miles of galleries."

Doctor Twaddles did not hesitate to confess himself delighted at the favourable change that had so evidently set in, saying it was due solely to the wonderful constitution of Mrs. Quinine; but, like a prudent man, he wished to "see how matters went on" for a short time, before he became a consenting party to her walking out—a thousand little things as he said might happen to throw her back again.

The consequence was that the lady made up her mind to take the Doctor by surprise at his next visit, and not only to be ready in the sitting-room to receive him when he called, but to be able to say that she had breakfasted down stairs, and felt herself in no way fatigued with the exertion.

Accordingly, Mrs. Quinine, for the first time since the coronation of

Her Majesty Queen Victoria—when she had been obliged to be down in Parliament-street by six in the morning—had risen at day-break. She had dressed herself with great care, so that she might be able to make the most favourable impression upon Twaddles. She had put on a clean white cambric robe-de-chambre, and left off applying the baby's powder to her complexion; she had, moreover, such a delicate tinge of pink upon her cheeks, that it was difficult to say how the colour had got there in so short a space of time. Yesterday, she was as pale as if she had been white-washed—to-day, her cheeks were as pinky as the inner lining of a shell. Whether the change arose from the contrast of her white dress, or from the absence of the wonted "violet powder," or whether from the faintest touch of the hare's-foot that her prying maid had once discovered secreted in the lower tray of her dressing-case, must for ever remain one of those mysteries of the toilet that it is base presumption in Man to seek to unravel. Suffice it, Mrs. Quinine, even in her severest illness, never looked better; and as she left her bed-room, and gave a parting glance at herself in the long cheval-glass, she smiled with inward satisfaction at the appearance she made on her sudden restoration to health.

Now as the lady was slowly descending the stairs on her way to the breakfast room, Mr. Christopher Sandboys was rapidly mounting to an upper apartment, whither he had been directed by Mrs. Fokesell as the only convenient place where he could cleanse his face, hands, and clothes, from the dust of the "half-ton" of coals, in which he and the partner of his bosom had been almost smothered.

The more "particular" Mrs. Sandboys had retired to the nearest "baths and washhouses," convinced that nothing but a warm-bath could ever restore *her* to her pristine purity.

The less fastidious Cursty, however, as we said before, was hastening up the stairs, two at a time, with a jug of warm water in his hand, intent upon a good wash and effecting that physical impossibity of scrubbing the blackamoor white; for, so intensely sable with adhering coal-dust was the complexion of Mr. Sandboys, that, truth to say, the most experienced ethnologist would, at the first glance, have mistaken that gentleman for one of the Ethiopian tribe. The lady in white had descended the first flight of stairs, and was just preparing to turn the corner of the second, when the black gentleman darted sharply round, and bounced suddenly upon her.

The nervous Mrs. Quinine was in no way prepared for the sight of a "man of colour" in such a place or at such a time. Had even her own husband pounced so unexpectedly upon her, the shock would have been sufficient to have driven all the breath out of the body of so susceptible a lady; but to find herself, without the least preparation, face to face with "a black"—as Mr. Cursty Sandboys appeared to be—was more than the shattered state of her nerves was able to bear.

The lady no sooner set eyes upon the sable monster than she screamed like a railway engine on coming to some dark tunnel, and fainted off dead into the arms of the astonished and terrified Sand-

boys; and as the lifeless body of the invalid fell heavily against the wretched Cursty, the dusty, grimy, coaly garments of that gentleman left their deep black mark not only upon the white cambric robe but imprinted a large black patch upon the cheek of the poor unconscious Mrs. Quinine.

The industrious little artist who called that lady his wife was busy in his studio, transferring a brace of wild ducks to canvas, previous to their being cooked for his wife's dinner, when he heard the piercing scream of his dear Blanche. With his palette still upon his thumb, and his wet paint-brush in his hand, he darted forth, and discovered his lady insensible, in the arms of a man who, at first sight, struck him as being nothing more refined than a London coal-heaver.

Guarding his face with his palette, like a shield, the little artist rushed at the amazed Sandboys, and began attacking him with his paint-brush, as with a broadsword, while every stroke he made at the wretched Cursty's head, left a dab of paint upon his cheeks; so that by the time the indignant Quinine had broken the brush in his repeated blows, the complexion of Mr. Sandboys was as dark and many-coloured as that of a highly tattooed Indian chief.

In such a situation it was impossible for Cursty to defend himself; to have done as much he must have let the strange lady in white drop to the ground. His gallantry bore the vigorous attack of the enraged husband for some few minutes, but when the little painter had discarded the impotent weapons of his art, and Sandboys saw him about to belabour him with his fists, his Cumbrian blood could put up with it no longer. Cursty impulsively withdrew his arm from the lady's waist, to throw himself into an attitude of self-defence; and, as he did so, the figure of the unconscious Mrs. Quinine fell heavily on the floor.

The fall had the effect of bringing the lady to her senses, when she immediately clung to the legs of the little artist so firmly as to prevent his continuing the attack. Then, as that gentleman stooped to raise his wife from the floor, and Sandboys advanced to explain and apologize for, the misadventure, the lady no sooner set eyes on the black face that had before deprived her of her senses, than she fell into a violent fit of hysterics, and made the whole house ring with her laughter.

The noise brought the hundred-and-one lodgers from their apartments to the stairs, and, from the top to the bottom, at every landing-place, was a bunch of heads "of all nations,"—bearded, whiskered, and moustachio'd,—some in turbans, others in Greek caps, fez-caps, and nightcaps—all enjoying the scene, and mightily taken with the piebald state of Mrs. Quinine's face and robe de chambre, and the party-coloured character of Mr. Sandboy's complexion.

Nor was Mrs. Sandboys less fortunate in her endeavours to free herself from the black of the coals. Having removed the superficial grubbiness from her skin by a hasty rinse of her face and hands at

the sink in the back kitchen—the only available place—but which merely had the effect of diluting her complexion down to the swarthiness of a neutral tint, she "jumped" into a cab, and, as we said before, made the best of her way to the nearest public baths.

Here she was delayed some considerable time in procuring her ticket, owing to the "rush" of Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, and Poles, congregated round the building, for the London lodging-house keepers had come to a resolution not to receive any foreigners into their establishments unless they came prepared with a certificate from some of the metropolitan washhouses. Her ticket, once obtained, however, Mrs. Sandboys proceeded to make her way down the long narrow passage, between the two rows of little bath rooms, on the "ladies' side" of the establishment. At the end of the corridor she was met by the female attendant, who, in answer to her request for a bath, informed her that all the "warms" were full, but that she expected there'd be "a shower" shortly.

Now, the innocent Mrs. Sandboys, having never heard of such a style of bathing as the last mentioned, was naturally led to believe that the attendant alluded to nothing less than the unsettled state of the weather; so casting her eyes up to the skylight, she observed in reply, that she dare say they *would* have a shower before long, adding, that it was just what country people wanted.

"Perhaps, then, you wouldn't object to that there, mum?" returned attendant, as she arranged the pile of towels in the cupboard.

"Whya, as Ise here, I dunnet mind, if 'twill be ow'r suin," replied the simple-minded Mrs. Sandboys, still referring to the rain. "I dare say 't'ull dui a power of guid to ewuntry fwoke."

"Oh, yes, mum! always does a vast deal of good, and is sure to be over in no time," returned the bath-woman, still harping on her baths.

In a few minutes the shower-bath was at liberty, and Mrs. Sandboys seated herself in a chair in the passage, while the attendant went to prepare the room for her use.

Presently the woman returned with the heavy-looking wet towels of the departed bather in her hand, hanging down like paunches; letting them "flop" on the floor, she requested Mrs. Sandboys to follow her, as the room was quite ready. Mrs. Sandboys did as desired, and was shown into a small apartment, into which she was no sooner ushered than the attendant withdrew, saying, that if the lady wanted anything there was a bell and she would please to ring.

The room was a small cabin-like apartment, with a narrow little bench against one side of it, while above this a few wooden hooks projected from the wall. A tiny "shaving-glass" hung against the partition, and the uncarpeted floor was dark-coloured with the drippings of the previous bathers. In one corner was what appeared at first sight to be a long upright cupboard, but which in reality was "the second-class" shower-bath. The door of this apparatus was placed wide open, and inside there stood a chair, while a small cord dangled from above.

Mrs. Sandboys observing nothing that appeared to her primitive mind to bear the slightest resemblance to a bath in the room, conjectured that the hot water would be brought to her in a large pan immediately it was ready.

Accordingly, she set to work to divest herself of her bonnet and cloak; and having arranged those articles on the bench, she proceeded, in her simplicity, to seat herself in the chair immediately under the shower-bath, in the corner of the little apartment, there to await the coming of the expected pan.

Her patience endured the imaginary delay for some few minutes, but at length growing wearied of her solitary situation, she got angry at the non-appearance of the attendant, and starting from her seat, seized the cord which dangled above her head, and which she—poor innocent dame!—mistook for the bell-pull.

Determined to put up with the neglect no longer, she gave a vigorous pull at the rope. Thump went the catch, and instantly down, through the colander above, came a miniature deluge, consisting of two pailsful of "cold pump," suddenly let loose, in the form of a thousand watery wires, upon the head of the luckless Mrs. Sandboys.

What with the unexpectedness of the catastrophe, and the coldness of the water—rendered still more cold by the minuteness of its division—and the rapidity of its descent through the air, together with the perfectly novel character of the bath to the unsophisticated native of Buttermere, the poor lady was so perfectly paralysed by the icy torrent, that she was unable to escape from it; and it was not until a few moments after the cataract had ceased that she rushed out of the balneatory cupboard, gasping for breath, and fighting the air; while her clothes, shining with the wet, like a tarpaulin clung about her as tight as if she had been done up in brown paper, and her hair hung in skeins over her face, so that she had very much of the soaked appearance of a Polish hen on a rainy day.

As soon as she could fetch sufficient breath to scream, she gave a series of shrieks, and capered about the apartment after the manner of the war-dance of the wild Indians.

The peal of screams were echoed and re-echoed as they rattled against the bare walls of the building, and spread an instant alarm among the entire corps of ladies then in the bathing-rooms. One and all they imagined, from the piercing tone of the shrieks, that nothing less could have occurred than that some brute of a man—some impudent Frenchmen, or a wretch of a Turk perhaps—through accident or design—had found his way to the ladies' side of the establishment, and taken some poor dear by surprise. Accordingly they, one after another, repeated the screams of the original screamer—shouting, "It's a man! It's a man! It's a man!"

In an instant the female attendant came rushing down the corridor. Such of the lady bathers as were dressed suddenly opened the doors of their little apartments, and stood with them ajar, so that they might slam them to again in case of danger; while those who were unable to make their appearance, jumped upon the bench within, and

popped their bald-looking heads, encased as they were in yellow greasy-looking bathing-caps, over the doors, and squinted into the passage like so many birds from the house-tops; and as they saw the male authorities come hurrying towards the point of alarm, they each uttered a sudden "Ho!" and bobbed down again into the privacy of their cabins, as jauntily as so many "Jacks-in-the-box."

The female attendant endeavoured to explain to the infuriated Mrs. Sandboys that "it was all a mistake;" but that lady felt convinced that the whole affair was nothing more nor less than a preconcerted trick, and that a cistern full of water, at the very least, had been emptied upon her, through a trap-door in the ceiling, by some wicked wretch secreted over head; and that this had been done simply because the people saw she was—like the railway milk—fresh from the country.

In vain did the authorities—who with difficulty were able to sustain that solemnity of countenance which is so necessary a part of the duties of all public functionaries—beg to assure the lady that the apparatus in question was really a form of bath—a shower—belonging to the establishment, much approved of, and highly recommended by the faculty.

But Mrs. Cursty was fully satisfied that no person in his senses would dream of coming to such a place to *enjoy* a shower, when, if they were that way inclined, they might, on any wet day, have one for nothing. Moreover, she begged to be informed, with an air of triumph,—just to let the Londoners see that she was not quite so simple as they seemed to fancy her,—"if showers were so highly recommended by the faculty, what people carried umbrellas for?" and as she made the overpowering inquiry, she, in the ardour of the discussion, gave so self-satisfied a shake of her head, that she sprinkled the water from her hair all over the by-standers, like a Newfoundland dog just emerged from a river.

It was impossible even for the grave functionaries to keep serious any longer, but their smiles served only to make the assurance of Mrs. Sandboys "doubly sure" that a wicked trick had been played upon her; so, putting on her bonnet and cloak—wet as she was—she left the establishment, vowing that she would have them all up before a magistrate, and well punished for their shameful conduct towards a poor lone countrywoman like herself.

A cab soon conveyed the wretched, and shivering, and moist Mrs. Sandboys back to her lodgings. There she and her dear Cursty once more endeavoured to console one another—but consolation was bootless in the state of the Sandboys' wardrobe.

Accordingly, while Aggy borrowed a "change" of the landlady, and proceeded to squeeze her corpulent figure into the thin Mrs. Fokesell's "things," Jobby was dispatched to the railway station to see after the three-and-twenty boxes that constituted the family luggage, with full instructions (given at Mrs. Fokesell's advice)—provided no tidings of the missing packages could be obtained at the "goods department"—

to scour the whole country round, by means of the electric telegraph, in search of them.

To prevent accidents, however, Eley was made to write down all that was wanted, together with an accurate description of all that was missing; and, as she did so, the tender-hearted girl did not fail to include a graphic account of her dear pet Psyche, whom, she felt convinced, must be reduced to a positive "bag of bones"—a canine "living skeleton"—by this time.

The youth, as directed, took the Hungerford omnibus, and made his way, without much difficulty, to the railway station. There, he could hear nothing as to the whereabouts of the family boxes; accordingly he proceeded to the Telegraph Office, and having handed in the written instructions, he set out on his return home.

As he passed under the archway of the station, it so happened that "a school of Acrobats" were exhibiting their feats within the open space in front of the two large railway hotels. Jobby, with his mouth wide agape, stood outside the gates watching the posturers pile themselves, three men and a boy, high on one another's shoulders.

The exhibition was as new as it was exciting to the lad. With a thrill of pleasurable amazement the youth saw for the first time in his life the "pole balancer" in his suit of spangled cotton "fleshings," and the tawdry black velvet fillet round his well-oiled hair, lie on his back on a small handkerchief of carpet, and balance and catch and twirl the heavy pole on the soles of his feet. Then, almost breathless with ecstasy, he beheld the "bending tumbler" slowly bend his body back till his head reached the ground, and proceed to pick up pins with his eyelids. Next, he witnessed "the equilibrist" balance, spinning plates high in the air, and burning paper-bags upon his chin, and catch huge cannon balls from a height in a cup upon his head—and as all this went on, and he heard the sound of the music, and looked at the glittering costumes of the performers, Jobby was entranced with positive rapture. He had never seen, never heard, never dreamt of anything half so beautiful.

Nor could he scarcely credit that they were human like himself, till he saw the men put their shabby black coats over their spangles, and as one shouldered the pole, and the other carried the box, stroll off in close conversation with "the drum and pipes," and a troop of pinafored boys at their heels, to some fresh quarter of the town.

Jobby stood for a moment looking after the crowd, longing, but fearing, to follow them. The temptation, however, of once more beholding their marvellous feats was too much for him—so, as he saw them turn the corner, he took to his heels, and hurried after the troop.

There for the present we must leave him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"The lasses o' Carel are weel-shap'd an' bonny,
But he that wad win yen mun brag of his gear,
You may follow and follow till heart sick and weary—
To get them needs siller and fine claes to wear.

"They'll catch at a reed cwoat leyke as monie mack'rel,
And jump at a fop, or even lissen a fuil,
Just brag of an uncle that's got heaps of money,
And de'il a bit odds if you've ne'er been at schuil.

*The Lasses of Carel.*

"Deuce tek the clock! click-clackin' sae
Ay in a body's ear,
It tells and tells the teyme is past,
When Jobby sud been here.

* * * * *

"But, whisht! I hear my Jobby's fit;
Aye, that's his varra clog!
He steeks the faul yeat softly tui—
*Oh, hang that cwoley dog!*"

*The Impatient Lassie.*

If as Mr. Sidney Herbert has informed us this nation be suffering from a glut of females—if as the commercial editor of the *Economist* would say, the extreme depression of our matrimonial markets be due to an over-production of spinsters—if the annual supply of marriageable young ladies in this country be greater than the demand for the same on the part of marriageable young gentlemen—if virgin loveliness is becoming as cheap as slop shirts in the land, and the market value of heiresses has fallen considerably below their real value—if Cupid is compelled to dispose of the extensive stock he has now on hand of last season's beauties, at an "ALARMING SACRIFICE," on account of the "TREMENDOUS FAILURE" of Hymen—assuredly the Great Exhibition of all Nations was a wise means of restoring the matrimonial markets of the metropolis to a healthy equilibrium.

When the philogynic mind—which we take it is a thousand-fold better than the mere philanthropic commodity—is led to consider the vast influx of susceptible natures that will occur at that eventful period—when we remember that the most eminent statisticians have calculated, that "a wave" of a hundred thousand pairs of mustachios will be tossed upon our shores every week—when we recollect that monster trains, filled with every kind of "hairy monster," will deposit, at the London Bridge terminus, their daily thousands of gynolatrous Frenchmen, with very large beards, and very small carpet-bags, together with their hundreds of polygamic Turks, hirsute as handsome, and with turbans as bewitching to the ladies, as that of the black cymbal-player in the Guards,—when we reflect, moreover, that as if this superabundance of amatoriness was not a sufficient boon to the "women of England," the Iron Duke had, with a view of creating an *embarras de richesse* for the ladies, given

orders that an extra body of soldiers—all picked men—should be marched up from the country, and bivouacked in the neighbourhood of the ladies' schools, embellishing the outskirts of the capital—when, too, we call to mind that the active and vigilant Commissioners of Police have, as a grand captivating climax to the whole, come to the noble resolution of adding no less than eight hundred pairs of whiskers to the already strong amatory power of "the force,"—when, in fine, we come to think upon the turbans of the Turks—the beards of the Frenchmen—the mustachios of the soldiers—and the whiskers of the police, that will be all congregated within the Bills of Mortality, into one vast focus of fascination,—what maid, what widow shall not be wooed—shall not be won—and after all, count herself extremely lucky if she's wed.

While Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys and Miss Eley sat by the kitchen fire, anxiously awaiting the return of Jobby from the station, or the arrival of some tidings from the telegraph, touching their missing boxes, Major Oldschool was in the parlour, wondering when he should have any news as to the whereabouts of that "ungrateful young hussy," his niece, who, after he had sent for her home from Miss Wewitz's establishment at Wimbledon, had returned his kindness by going off with a foreign Count, with a beard like a Scotchman's philibeg, and a portmanteau not much bigger than a sandwich-box. However, he had given information to the police, and a couple of their most active officers had been despatched after the fugitives.

At this juncture, one of the Detective Force called at Mrs. Fokesell's, to apprise the Major that they had already tracked the runaway Miss. The maid went out into the area to answer the knock and learn the business of the visitor. In a few minutes she returned, saying, it was a strange kind of a man, and that he had a strange kind of a way with him, and had whispered something to her down the railings that he wanted to see a gentleman about "summat as was missing."

The Sandboys no sooner heard this, than they, one and all, started from their seats, declaring it was the man from the telegraph with news of poor Psyche and their boxes.

The maid was despatched with directions to bring the messenger down into the kitchen immediately, and in a minute a pair of heavy boots were heard descending the stairs.

"Tha's come about that thar baggage of ourn, haista?" inquired Mr. Cursty.

The term "baggage" was quite sufficient to assure the Detective that he was in the presence of the gentleman whose female relative had eloped with the foreign Count.

"Yes, sir; we've got some clue as to what you allude to—we've discovered their whereabouts, at least"—and the cautious and mysterious Officer winked his eye, and nodded his head knowingly.

"Oh, thar's a guid man! a guid man!" cried Mrs. Sandboys, with extreme joy. "So tha'st heard on t'things at last."

"True, ma'am," replied the Officer, "when last we heard on—you know—the things"—and he winked again—"they wasn't a hundred miles from"—and here he looked cautiously round the room, and added in a whisper—"Gretna Green, ma'am."

"Gertna Gern!" exclaimed Mr. Cursty; "whar on yerth be that?"

"Why, I should think it's about, as near as may be, three hundred and fifty miles," added the Detective, nodding his head knowingly, "from where you're a sitting on."

"Waistoma! waistoma! we shall set e'en on t'things never nae mair," shouted Mrs. Sandboys, wringing her hands, as she thought of the "changeless" state of the family.

"And my poor pet! oh, dear!" interjected Eley.

Mr. Christopher inquired whether they were in safe custody.

"Why, no, sir, we can't say as how we've got 'em in custody, yet. You see its raythor nasty work making mistakes in matters of this kind."

"Then wha in t' neame of guidness had got how'd of t' guids," asked the wife, in a half-frantic state of alarm.

"Oh, you needn't be under no fears, ma'am; its the same foreign party," returned the officer, with another familiar jerk of his head, "as bolted from London with the 'bit of goods,' as you says, ma'am." And here he gave another wink.

"Oh, then it be as I 'spected, Cursty," added Mrs. S., "and I suddent wonder but t' nasty, filthy wretch has got on, at this verra teyme, yen of t' new shirts I bought thee."

"And what ever will become of my poor, poor pet?" ejaculated Eley, with tears in her eyes, for she could think of nothing else but Psyche. "You don't happen to know—do you, sir—whether that horrid, horrid foreigner is treating the dear thing well, and whether he gives her plenty to eat?"

"Why, for the matter of that, Miss, I think the party a'nt got over much for hisself," and as if the information was very important, the Detective nodded and winked at the young lady several times in succession.

"Ah, I thought it would be so," sobbed the young lady, bursting into a flood of tears, "and after all the pains I had taken to fatten the darling. Perhaps you might have heard whether that brute of a foreign gentleman, sir, allowed the dear to continue her flannel jackets; for if he's only made her leave them off, I'm sure the poor creature must have shivered herself all to pieces by this time.

"Indeed, ma'am!" exclaimed the astonished Detective, who began to think, from Eley's description, that the missing young lady couldn't be much of a beauty—and, like the gallant members of the force, he flattered himself he was a bit of a judge that way; then, as he heard the broken-hearted girl sob aloud at the thoughts of the sufferings and appearance of her darling Psyche, he said to Mr. Sandboys, "The young lady seems to have been wery much attached to t'other one, sir?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Sandboys, "she a'ways wud hev her to sleep at t' fut of her bed, even though I set mey feace again it, lest there might be a few stray fleas about t' creatur', you ken."

The Detective stared with astonishment, and began to think that the family were all very strange. However, it was easy to tell by their conversation that they were fresh from the country, and *that*, in his mind, made allowance for a great deal. If he had not felt convinced, however, that he had made no mistake in the number of the house, he might have had some slight suspicion as to his blunder, but as it was, he attributed the peculiar character of their conversation to an ignorance of London ways and manners.

"Oh, sir," Eley broke out again, "do—pray, do, sir—try and get my poor, poor pet back for me."

"Well, Miss, I think we shall be able to oblige you by and by," returned the officer, twiddling his bushy whiskers with self-satisfaction; "I came to tell you——"

"Yes! yes!"

"That we had just had news up by telegraph from one of our men down in the North, that she was seen yesterday in company with a queer-kind of a foreign gentleman—the same party, from all as I can learn, as ran away with her—that is to say, if the description we've got is correct. It says here,"—and he drew from his pocket a paper, which he began reading,—'female—small and elegant figure.'"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir!" interrupted the anxious Eley. "She was an Italian, sir; and one of the most perfect animals ever seen, sir."

"Well, my instructions don't say nothing, Miss, about her being of Italian extraction; but if she came from that there country, it's quite sufficient to account for her being what you says, Miss. But my advices runs merely—'female—small and elegant figure,'" continued the officer, reading.

"Wheyte reet," interrupted Cursty.

"Rayther fresh colour," added the Detective.

"Yes, sir, we used to call her foxy—and she had one of the most beautiful coats of her own you ever saw."

"No, there ain't a word here about her having any kind of a coat. But I know, Miss; you means one of them there kind of hairy coats we sees the females in Regent Street in, now-a-days."

"And what was very remarkable about her, sir," continued Eley, intent upon the perfections of her lost pet, "was her nose—it was a beauty, I do assure you—so long and sharp, and then always so nice and cold, even in the height of summer."

The Detective could not help smiling at the country girl's idea of a beautiful nose, and again referring to his paper, said, half to himself, "They've got it down here as Grecian, but I suppose that'll do."

"Then again, sir, she had one of the smallest waists, and, I really think, the very thinnest legs you could see anywhere."

The Policeman started with wonder at what he thought the young lady's extreme simplicity, and merely observed, "Our people don't say nothing about her legs, Miss;" then, turning to Mr. Sandboys, he inquired whether he had ever known the Italian to go astray before.

"Why, noa," returned Cursty; "I never kenned her run after owt,

with t' exceptiou of a young hare yence, as she fell in wi', down Buttermere way."

"Ah, that's what they'll all do," observed the Policeman; "they are all ready enough to run after the young heirs, sir, in town and country, too," he added, smiling at his self-conceited severity on the sex; "and them Italians, I'm told, sir, is shocking warm-blooded creatures."

"Warm-blooded!" echoed Cursty; "I'se sure, she always seemed cold enough wi' us, for she were sheevering and sheeking away from mworning tull neet, for aw the warl' as if she was a loomp of penter's seyze, (painter's size.) But they be ongracious things to kip; food seems aw thworn away on 'em."

"Yes!" said Mrs. Sandboys, indignantly, "though I 'lowanced her as much as twa pennywuth of meat every day, forby aw the screps from our tebble, she never did yen onny justice. If yen had hawf starved her, she cuddent a bin mair thin than she were."

The larder-loving Policeman could not help thinking to himself that the allowance was far from being anything to brag about, nor was he much astonished, now that he was made acquainted with the diet she had been used to, at the disappearance of the imaginary young lady.

"If it wer'n't for puir Elcy, here, I meysel suddent car' sa varra much if t' creature never kem back nae mair, for there beant much 'ffection in them thar Italians. Now it were on'y last year, she'd twa young ones."

The Detective started back with astonishment, and began to think that such a circumstance fully accounted for "the party" having gone off with the French gentleman on the present occasion.

"Yes, it's a fact, she had twa young ones, and didn't sim to car' a bit when I drowned them baith in our pond."

The Policeman no sooner heard the confession of what he believed to be a case of infanticide, than he exclaimed "Did I understand you, sir, that *you*—you yourself drowned the poor little things?"

"Yes," continued the innocent Sandboys, "I thowt she wuddent be yable to 'tend to them, you ken; so, for her seck, I 'termined on putting them out of t' way as whietly as I cud."

The Detective here assumed a solemn tone, and proceeded to caution Mr. Sandboys after the custom of his craft, telling him that he was not called upon to criminate himself, and that whatever he might say on the painful subject would be used in evidence against him on a future occasion.

It was now Mr. Sandboys' turn to stare with the same astonishment at the Detective, as the "man of peace" had a few moments before looked at him.

"What dost tha mean, man, by t' painful subject, and yens words being yused in yevidence against yen?" he hastily inquired.

The Policeman made no more ado, but straightway drew his staff from his hinder pocket, and told Cursty that he arrested him and the whole family in the Queen's name; and, to give additional weight to the announcement, he added, that he was a Detective Officer, in connexion with her Majesty's Metropolitan Police.

The words were no sooner out of "the Authority's" mouth than Mr. Sandboys, vividly remembering his railway adventure with a pseudo member of the same respectable body, seized the kitchen poker, which happened to be in the fire at that moment, and, without a word, proceeded, with it in his hand, to chase the startled Official round the kitchen table; but finding it impossible to get within arm's length of the Policeman while that article of furniture stood between them, Cursty stopped, after a few turns, and placed himself before the doorway, with the red-hot weapon still in his hand, and vowed that the Detective should not leave the house until he had given him in charge. Mr. Sandboys told him he had been taken in by that detective trick once before; and though he and his family *might* be fresh up from the country, and the Londoners *might* think they could impose upon them as they pleased, still he'd let them see he was a match for them, this time, "for aw that."

The self-possessed policeman, finding himself imprisoned, stepped back a few paces; and, drawing his rattle from his coat-pocket, proceeded to spring it with all his force in the middle of the kitchen, amid the shrieks of Mrs. and Miss Sandboys.

In a minute down came the lodgers "of all nations," in ready answer to the summons; and scarcely had the "whir-r" finished, before the kitchen was filled with the "drawing-rooms," "the second and third floors," and "the garrets" from every quarter of the globe; and among the number was Mr. Quinine, who was heard to declare that the sudden alarm had thrown Mrs. Quinine back—it was impossible for him to say to what extent.

Then, of course, came the humiliating explanation in the presence of the assembled multitude; and there, amidst the laughter "of all nations,"—for the foreigners, one and all, would have the circumstance translated to them,—Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys had to make known the whole of the mistake, and to tell how Cursty was about to be taken into custody on a charge of infanticide, for having drowned a couple of puppies. By the time he had finished what theatrical critics term "the *éclaircissement* of the *contretemps*," a body of police, attracted to the spot by the well-known buzz of a distant rattle, swarmed round the door like blue-bottles round a butcher's shop, and there they kept dabbing at the knocker, very much after the same persevering manner as belongs to beadles accompanying the parish engine to a chimney on fire.

As we said before, while the Sandboys were in the kitchen, anxiously looking for some tidings touching their luggage, Major Oldschool was, immediately overhead, impatiently pacing the parlour, and vowing all manner of vengeance against his niece for having gone off with a "dirty, beggarly, skinny vagabond of a Frenchman." The Major was what is termed a "good hater" of foreigners.

Major Oldschool was a portly little man, who had left one of his legs behind him in India, where the better part of his life had been spent, and where, while attacking one of the bamboo forts of the

Burmese, he had been wounded in his knee-cap in such a manner as to necessitate the amputation of the limb. In figure he was far from commanding; for the high living of India had given him so strong a tendency to corpulence, that he had lost sight of his boot for many years. This obesity was a great annoyance to the Major, and, to keep his fat within due bounds, his braided blue surtout was made to fit so tight, that you could not help fancying but that, with the slightest puncture, he would shrivel up to a mere bit of skin, like an India-rubber ball. Major Oldschool, withal, had that "highly respectable" appearance which invariably accompanies the white hair so peculiar to Bankers, Capitalists, and Pomeranian dogs. It was the Major's continual boast, that he was grey before he was thirty; and so proud was he of his silver locks, that he wore them half over his face, in the form of whiskers and moustachios, which met at the corners of his mouth, and gave him very much the look of a gentleman who had been called away in the middle of shaving, and had the lather still clinging about his lips and cheeks.

Another striking peculiarity of the Major was, that he *would* wear tight black stocking-net pantaloons, and *a* Hessian boot—for the place of the other boot, ever since he had been wounded, was supplied by a wooden leg. And it sounded not a little strange to hear him, as the night drew in, call for his slipper, or, if he fancied he had taken cold, talk of putting his *foot* in hot water; and equally curious was it when his old housekeeper informed him that really his leg was getting so shabby, he *must* have it fresh painted. In his bedroom, against the wall, stood a range of old boots and shoes—all rights and no lefts—one Hessian, one dancing-pump, and one carpet slipper; and when he sat down in his chair, his wooden leg stuck out at right angles to his Hessian boot, so that it had somewhat the appearance of a gun protruding from a ship's side.

The Major had no fixed residence, (he had to come up from Bath within the last few weeks, to be present at the opening of the Great Exhibition,) but continually floated about the country in the company of an old housekeeper, who knowing all his ways, and all his whims, had grown to be quite indispensable to him. Mrs. Coddle was the lady of a defunct twopenny-postman, and since the death of the respected twopenny, she had "took to nussing;" but not liking the dormitory accommodations usual in "the monthly line," she had been only too glad to avail herself of the Major's offer, after having attended him during a severe bilious fever, to continue in his service in the capacity of housekeeper. And so effectually had she performed her duties, and so necessary had she made herself to his comfort, during her short residence with him in that capacity, that—having a true sense of her value to him—she always made a point, when she could not get the Major to do just as she pleased, of threatening to leave him, saying she could see plainly she was not wanted, and that he could do well enough without her now; and adding, as she wiped her eyes with the corner of her white apron, that it might be a severe struggle for her to leave so kind a master as he'd always been to her, but, at least she'd have the

satisfaction of knowing, when she was gone, that she wouldn't be a wherreting on him then, no longer.

Mrs. Coddle was a particularly clean-looking, motherly body. She wore the whitest of caps, with very deep borders, and the cleanest of aprons, while her cotton gowns were of the neatest of patterns; and though she was close upon sixty, her cheeks were almost as rosy as baking apples. To do her justice, she certainly was a mightily pleasant old dame to look at, and she was just one of those persons who, by saving a gentleman every kind of trouble in life, and seeing that he has not to make the least exertion to gratify a single want, manage to beget such a habit of indolence and dependence in those upon whom they attend, that their excess of servitude soon gets to assume the character of the greatest tyranny.

It was the especial care of Mrs. Coddle that the Major should not be able to stir his foot, or know where to lay his hands upon the least article of his own property, without first consulting her—not that she ever allowed him, indeed, to want for anything that he was in the habit of requiring. His clean linen, well-aired, and his one sock turned down, were always ready for him to put on, the morning they were due—and never, since she had been in the house, had a button been known to be missing, or to come off in the operation of dressing. His pipe was on the table ready filled for him, so that he could put it in his mouth the very moment he had finished his breakfast. When he was ready to take his morning walk, there was his hat well brushed, and a clean pair of buckskin gloves, resting on the brim — and when he returned, the bootjack was on the rug, and his slipper nice and warm, inside the fender, so that he might not suffer from a damp foot. She never troubled him about what he would have for dinner, for having made herself acquainted with all his little likings and dislikings, she knew well what to provide, and how to tickle his palate with a daily change, or to give an extra relish to the meal with some agreeable surprise; indeed, it was a creed with her—as with most ladies—that all men were pigs, and that, like their brother animals at the Zoological Gardens, the only way to prevent them being savage was to feed them well. And certainly, it must be confessed, that the Major, like corpulent gentlemen in general, was particularly fond of what is termed "the fat of the land."

At night Mrs. Coddle brewed his toddy for him, and knew exactly the point in the glass up to which to pour the spirit; and when he had taken his three tumblers, there stood his bed candlestick at his elbow, to light him to his room; while on his pillow were his night-cap and night-shirt, ready for him to put on, with the least possible trouble, and when the bell sounded to tell Mrs. Coddle that the Major was in bed, the motherly old dame would come and take his candle—light his rushlight—and see whether he was quite comfortable, before leaving him for the night.

Mrs. Coddle, moreover, made herself useful to her master as a kind of invisible mistress of the ceremonies. Major Oldschool's long absence from England, and the alteration of many of the points of politeness, since he was a "blood upon town," placed the officer in considerable

doubt as to how he ought to behave in the presence of company. Mrs. Coddle had "nussed," to use the lady's own words, "in the fust of families," for her connexion, as she said, being only among carriage people, she had helped to bring no less than four cornets into the world in her time, and, she was happy to say, as there weren't one child among all her babbies (she had, in her own peculiar language, had as many as nine confinements every year since poor dear Mr. Coddle's death), she was happy to say, as "there wasn't one child of her nussing what could be called wulgar born." Accordingly, Mrs. Coddle considered herself so well versed in all the social etiquette of the day, that she acted in the capacity of fashionable governess to the Major, paying particular attention to his "manners," and taking care that he made what she termed "no holes in 'em afore wisitors." If the Major had a friend to tea with him, she was continually bobbing in and out of the room, with some excuse or other, just to see how he was "behaving hisself;" and as she passed behind his chair, she would whisper in his ear, "Don't drink your tea out of your sarcer,—you know I told you scores of times it aint perlite." At dinner, while waiting upon him, she would say at one moment, as she saw him commit one after another the several little improprieties of the table, "There you are again, eating your fish with your knife—how often am I to tell you it's wulgar?" at another, she would exclaim, "Now, Major, why will you keep scraping your plate round and round in that there manner, when if there's one thing that is more ongenteeler than another, that's it;" then as she saw him about to lift the glass to his lips, she would take hold of his arm, and beg of him to swallow his "victuals" first, saying, he had a dreadful habit of drinking with his mouth full, and that was the most wulgarest trick of all the tricks he had.

Now, while the scene previously described was going on down stairs in the kitchen, another single knock "came" to the door. It was one of the under-clerks from the railway station who had just "stepped on" to inform the gentleman from the country that his boxes had come safely to hand. The Official, however, had no time to deliver his message; for the Major, who occupied the parlours, and who had just returned from his morning's walk, overhearing some one in the passage say that he had come about something that was missing, popped his white head out of the parlour door, and making sure that some clue had been obtained to his runaway niece, requested the young man to step that way.

"So, I suppose you've come to tell me, you've got hold of that precious baggage of mine at last, eh?" said the Major, as he paced up and down the room with delight, and made the floor shake again with the tread of his wooden leg.

"Yes, sir; they was bwought up by the fust twain this morning, sir," said the little gent, as he sucked the horse's hoof that did duty for a handle to his short stick. "And a ware lot you have, sir!" added the young man, smiling, half in joke, at recollection of the three-and-twenty packages.

"Ah! a rare lot, indeed!" returned the Major, between his teeth, as

he sighed, and thought of the disgrace brought upon the family by the conduct of his niece. "Never was such a lot, I think."

"Why, certingly, sir," replied the "fast" young clerk, who thought it "spicy" not to be able to sound the r's properly, "it ain't the wegular caper, certingly. But your lady, like the west of them, sir, pewaps likes to twavel well pewided. You know, sir, when they're coming up to the metwopolis, the ladies always will have a change or two."

"A change or two! hang me, if I don't think they're always changing!" exclaimed the Major, alluding to the inconstancy rather than the love of dress, which even the advocates of the "rights of women" allow to be a distinguishing feature of the sex. "Now, I shouldn't wonder but what, with all these foreigners here, you have many 'missing' cases at your place!"

"Oh, sir, vewy many cases missing, indeed; and some of 'em woth a good sum. Why, there was one wun off with, the other day, chock full of jewels, sir," added the communicative little clerk, who was delighted to show off his importance.

"I don't doubt you, my good sir; those foreign beggars are devils after the tin," returned the French-hating Major.

"Oh, yes, most of the missing cases with us are tin cases, I can assure you, sir; the others, sir, are hardly worth the fellows looking after, you know; and the worst of it is, sir, that fwequently they bweak their heads, and plunder them of all that's valuable belonging to 'em; and then, maybe, they chuck 'em into the first river they come to."

"Bless my soul, you don't say so!" cried the horrified Major; "and these things going on about us in the nineteenth century!"

"But you need be under no alarm about your lot, sir; we've looked well to 'em, and seen that they're pwoperly secured."

"Well, come, that's right—that's some little consolation, at any rate," exclaimed Major Oldschool, rubbing his hands.

"Yes, sir," proceeded the loquacious railway clerk, "we've had the biggest done up in stout cords—'cause we were wather afwaid of him, on account of his twemendous size and weight."

"Oh, indeed! What, he's one of your big heavy fellows, is he?—and covered with hair, of course?"

The railway official, fancying the Major referred to one of the boxes, replied, glibly, "A wegular hair twunk, sir, and no mistake!"

"Well, I only hope you'll keep the foreign puppy tied up safe, until I can give him in charge to those who will take good care of him, I warrant," remarked the Major, still referring to the mustachioed Count.

The clerk, however, took the word puppy in its literal sense, and alluding to the greyhound, said—

"Don't make yourself uneasy on that score, sir; we've got a cord wound the animal's neck, and its quite impossible for the cweature to get away. We've given him some bwead and water, sir, so that he wont hurt for a little while."

"That's all right, then," responded Major Oldschool; "bread and water's quite good enough for him."

"I can assure you, sir, he's considered such a handsome dog by all the ladies as has seen him since his awival, that it's been as much as we could do to get some of them away fwom him, for they, one and all, declare that he's the most beautiful Italian they've ever beheld, and that they've half a mind to wun away with the pet."

"Well," exclaimed the Major, "hang me if I can see what the women can find to admire in the filthy hairy brutes."

"They say, sir," replied the official, "he's so wemarkably elegant, and such a beautiful foxy colour. A lady of title, I can assure you, sir, told me this vewy morning, that if the beautiful dog was hers, the pet should have nothing but chickens to eat, because meat, she said, always made their bweath foul."

Here the Major raved and stormed against the fair sex in general, and his niece in particular, in such a manner as made the youthful Official stare again in wonder, at the apparent unmeaningness of his conduct.

When the gentleman had grown a little calm, the clerk ventured, before taking his leave, to say he was instructed to wequest him to send for that baggage of his as soon as possible.

Now, the Major, however irate he might have felt against his runaway niece, was in no way inclined to permit a stranger to apply such a term to a female member of his family. The consequence was, that the words were no sooner uttered, than the exasperated soldier rushed at the terrified young clerk, and shaking him violently by the collar, demanded to know what he meant by "baggage."

The youth was only able to stammer out that he alluded to his "heap," up at their place.

The term "heap," applied to a lady, only served to increase the fury of the Major; so releasing his hold of the young gentleman's collar, he proceeded to kick him round and round the room with his wooden leg.

At this moment, the sound of the policeman's rattle, and the shrieks of the ladies, were heard from below, and the astonished Major stood for a minute with his wooden leg suspended horizontally in the air, while the terrified young clerk for an instant ceased to fly before the enraged "man of war." The Major, forgetting his anger in the alarm, hurried down stairs as fast as his wooden leg would carry him; while the little railway official no sooner saw the Major turn the corner of the kitchen stairs, than he retreated rapidly to the street-door, and once safely on the step, proceeded to make the best use of his heels.

The neighbouring policeman, however, who, in answer to the sound of the rattle, came streaming in all directions towards the spot, observing the youth flying from the premises, and naturally viewing the circumstance as of a most suspicious character, raised a cry of "Stop thief!" and gave immediate chase to the terrified little Clerk. For a minute, the railway hobbledehoy was undecided as to his course of action. As he scampered along, he knew not what to do; to go back was to brave the terrors of the Major's wooden leg—while to proceed, was to be hunted through the London streets as a pick-

pocket. However, his mind was soon made up, for seeing in the distance a fashionably dressed young lady, whose acquaintance he had made at Cremorne, he could not bring himself to pass her at full speed, with a crowd at his heels, so he turned back and ran into the arms of the posterior policeman, by whom he was instantly collared, and dragged towards the house he had left, with a crowd of boys in his wake.

The scene that followed has already been half described. The explosion of the double-barrelled blunder was soon over; and then the little railway clerk was welcomed by the Sandboys as heartily as he had been kicked by the Major, while the Detective was as well received by the Major, as he had been insulted by the Sandboys.

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## CHAPTER IX.

"Oh, man! oh, man! what pity 'tis,
That what we whop our heeghest bliss
Sud disappoint us; nay, what's worse,
Sae oft turns out a real curse.
It shows man's want o' fworeseeght truly,
In not consideran' matters duly."

*Tom Knott.*

THE delight of the Sandboys at the recovery of their luggage was not altogether unbroken. If Mrs. Cursty was overjoyed at the prospect of a "change of linen," still her joy was considerably alloyed with fear at the continued absence of her dear Jobby. If Eley rejoiced exceedingly at the discovery of her pet Psyche, she was, nevertheless, deeply afflicted at the thought of some misfortune having befallen her brother.

The same family consultation as had been previously held concerning the discovery of the missing luggage was now renewed, as to the best mode of finding the absent boy. Mrs. Sandboys requested to know whether she couldn't have him cried.

Cursty, however, was for putting an advertisement in the *Times* such as that newspaper-loving gentleman had seen continually in the same column of the leading journal, running—

"IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE OF J. S., OF BUTTERMERE,

he is requested to return to his disconsolate parents immediately."

But Mrs. Fokesell suggested that, according to all accounts, the boy would be but too glad to come back directly, if he only knew the way.

This was more than the philosophy of Mr. Sandboys had calculated for. He saw the force of the argument, and, consequently, modified his plan of action into a proposal to have a hundred or two of bills printed, headed—

"MISSING—A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,"

And, after giving a full and flattering description of the lad, to wind up by announcing that any one who should bring him to Mrs. Fokesell's house, should be HANDSOMELY REWARDED for their trouble.

The latter proposition being considered to be unobjectionable by Mrs. Fokesell, Postlethwaite was had in, and the copy of the wished-for bill having been written out, amidst considerable altercation on Mrs. Sandboy's part as to the personal characteristics of the youth, the deaf serving-man was, after much shouting, made to understand that he was to take the document to a printer's in an adjoining street, and leave it there with the note that Eley, to prevent accidents, had written to the head of the establishment, requesting him to have the bills printed and circulated throughout the metropolis, with as little delay as possible.

Postlethwaite was again shouted at so as to make him understand the road he had to follow; but from the odd jumble that, owing to his imperfect hearing, he made of the names of the different streets, it was deemed advisable that the several turnings he had to take, and the names of the various thoroughfares he had to traverse, should be written down for him, and *then* he could make no blunder.

The list having been prepared, the poor deaf man was started on his errand. But no sooner did the wretched individual emerge into the Strand, than the crowd and hurry of the dense throng that streamed along, half in one direction and half in another, so bewildered him, that, as he stood to look at the names of the streets, he was twisted round and round, first this way and then the other, by the impatient passengers; so that, what with the novelty of the scene he felt at the sight of so many vehicles whose approach he knew he could not hear, and what with the jostlings of the people, and the vertigo superinduced by the continual gyrations that he was forced to make by the crowd, the poor man got so confused in his mind, that in a few minutes it was impossible for him to tell which way he had come or whither he was going, and the consequence was that, with the best possible desire to go right, he proceeded in the very opposite direction to that which he had been instructed to follow.

It was useless for the poor deaf beetle-like countryman to ask his way of any of the strangers; for even in the stillness of home it required the lungs of a Surrey tragedian to make him comprehend what was said; but, amid all the roar of the commercial tide of London, it was sheer waste of breath to endeavour to make the least impression on his leathery tympanum. Moreover, like the generality of people who are a "little" hard of hearing, he was so eager to hide his infirmity, and to put those addressing him to as little extra trouble as possible, that he was always ready to catch at half a meaning, and consequently, from some faint analogy in the sound, was continually putting constructions on what was said that were diametrically different from what was intended.

Hence it was but natural, when poor Postlethwaite requested of the passers-by to be put in the right way towards his destination, that he

was, owing either to his own infirmity, or to the wickedness of the London boys, invariably sent in the wrong.

And here, in the midst of the London crowd and London roguery, tossed about from street to lane, from lane to square, and from square again to park, we must for awhile leave the bewildered and melancholy serving-man wandering—like Mr. Leigh Hunt's memorable pig—up "all manner of streets."

Postlethwaite had not been gone long when a policeman brought Jobby back to his temporary home, but in a very different state from that in which he had left it. Mrs. Sandboys herself had to look at him twice before she could make up her mind that another shameful trick was not about to be practised upon her in the form of a false case of affiliation.

The new suit of clothes which his mother had purchased for the youth at Cockermouth was gone, and in its place he now wore a man's ragged old pea-jacket—once blue, but now foxy with age—and a pair of trousers as wide as windsails, and smeared with tar, so that they bore a strong resemblance to coal-sacks; while on his head was a dirty old straw-hat, with a low crown and broad brim, that reminded one strongly of an inverted soup-plate. The jacket was tied together at the button-holes by bits of rope-yarn; for the miserable young gentleman had no shirt to his back, nor had a shoe or a stocking to his feet.

The truth was, as the policeman proceeded to explain to his terrified mother, Master Jobby had been what in the eastern districts of the Metropolis is technically termed "skinned."

The lad's story was soon told. Led on by the delight of the posturers' performance, he had followed the "School of Acrobats" for miles. Then he had suddenly lighted upon a Punch and Judy Show, and this had so tickled his boyish fancy, that he wandered with it half over London. After this, a street-band of Ethiopian serenaders had bewitched him; their lamp-black faces, their white-paper wristbands and collars, and their fuzzy horsehair wigs, together with the banjos and kettle-drums, and the rattle of the bones, and the chuckle of the nigger-laugh,—all were so new and strange to the boy, that he travelled after them in all directions. Then, as he was growing footsore with his long rambles, an engine at full speed, with the horses galloping, and the firemen in their shiny helmets seated along each side of the machine, went tearing past; and when Jobby saw the people hurry after it, he, too, joined in the crowd. As he ran along, he asked some of the mob who accompanied him, what it all meant; and learning that a fire was raging down at Shadwell, he hurried on the quicker and the lighter to see the sight. But though he kept up with the crowd through many a street and past many a turning, yet, when he reached the Docks, he began to feel so weary, while the sight of the forest of masts showing above the walls and roofs, so took his boyish fancy, that he came to a dead halt, and letting the engine go on its way, entered the gates of the London Docks.

Here he strolled about, now stopping to listen to the song of the

labourers as they tramped round the wheels that lifted the goods from the vessels alongside the quay; then he wandered to the sugar-houses, and watched the coopers within mending the broken casks; and stood some time at the door, placing his foot stealthily on the sticky floor, coated, as with tar, with the drainings of the casks. Hence he sauntered to the bridges, and there he loved to stand while the iron viaduct was swung back with him and the other loiterers upon it, to make way for some huge emigrant ship, that presently glided through, with its decks littered with ropes and packages, and the passengers grouped at the stern, nodding and waving their handkerchiefs to their friends down upon the quay. Thus Jobby passed the time till the hour came for all to leave; and then, following the stream of labourers, he reached the gates, and there, having watched the workmen pass one by one, in a long file, through the narrow doorway, while the officers hastily searched each as he went past, the youth turned out into the streets once more, ignorant where he was, or which way to go to reach his home.

Now, too, the excitement being over, the youth began for the first time to feel how tired and hungry he was, and to think of the distance he had travelled. It was impossible for him to remember the road by which he had come, so he asked a boy to direct him back to the Strand. The London lad, seeing that Jobby was fresh from the country, made up his mind to have a bit of fun with him, and directed him down some of the many courts and alleys which abound in that locality, and which generally end in "no thoroughfare."

The unsuspecting Jobby went on his way as he was bid; and when he found, on coming to the end of the last court, that a trick had been played upon him, weary and famishing as he was, the poor lad could not help seating himself on the door-step of the nearest house, and bursting into a flood of tears.

Here the wretched youth was soon espied by one of the female inmates, who, seeing that he was well dressed, invited him in, and drew from him, without much difficulty, the whole story of his troubles. She offered him some ale, telling him that a draught of it would be sure to refresh him, and help him on his journey. The simple lad thankfully received a mug of the drink, but had scarcely swallowed it, before his chin fell with a sudden drowsiness upon his bosom; and though he started up and tried to shake the sleepiness off, it was too much for him; and in a few minutes he was dead asleep in the chair.

Jobby could remember no further, save that, on waking, he found himself in a wretched, damp, dirty room, lying on the sacking of a bare bedstead, and on looking for his clothes, he discovered that they had been stolen, and the ragged ones he now wore left in their place. He was too frightened to recollect how he had got away from the house, or found his way out of the courts. All he knew was, that on reaching the open street, he had placed himself under the protection of the first policeman he could meet, who returned with the boy to see if he could find out the house again, but in vain. The many windings and turnings of the courts so confused the country lad, that

it was impossible for him to reeal the way he had gone. After this, the policeman had taken him to the station, where the superintendent had given orders to one of the men to accompany him home.

Mrs. Sandboys was too glad to have her darling boy with her once agaiu to feel inclined either to grieve or scold overmuch about his adventures; besides, she now knew the luggage would arrive in a few hours, and then he and the rest of the family could be made clean and sweet, which, she began to think, they were far from being at that present moment.

Mr. Sandboys, too, was not so much annoyed at the occurrence as might have been expeeted. Not only was he delighted at the boy's return, but he felt a kind of inward satisfaction to find that his long-cherished theory as to the wickedness of the great Metropolis was being, in all its particulars, so fully borne out. He had foreseen, he said, every occurrence that had happened, but they had only themselves to blame. He had fully warned them of all they had to undergo; and, in his opinion—if he knew anything at all about the rogueries of London—they had not yet gone through one tithe of the troubles that were in store for them.

Cursty's sermonizing was at last cut short by the arrival of the long looked-for luggage. Then Mrs. Sandboys was in her glory. If ladies delight in the synthetical operation of packing, they certainly find an equal delight in the analytical process of unpacking—even as children take pleasure in building up their card-houses, and a like pleasure in blowing them down again.

It was not long before Mrs. Sandboys, with Elcy at her elbow, was down on her knees in the kitchen, in front of a long open box, counting the several articles enumerated on a piece of paper gummed to the lid, to satisfy herself that none had been abstracted during their absence. And as she examined the state of her best caps and bonnets, she found them so tumbled, that she felt thoroughly convinced they had been worn by some parties—the wives of the railway men, she had no doubt—or why, as she said, should they have kept them so long on the way?

Nor was the pleasure of going over "her things" confined to Mrs. Sandboys alone, for even the maid and Mrs. Fokesell, though in no way concerned, seemed to experience a similar delight in the operation; for there they stood by her side, watching and admiring every article as she took it from the box.

At length, having looked out the much-wished-for, or rather, according to the lady, the much-wanted "change," for the whole family, she gave them each their bundle of clean clothes, and having arranged with Mrs. Fokesell that they might be allowed the use of the back attic, as a temporary dressing-room, during the absence of the German Baron and his lady, Cursty was started up stairs and told by his wife to make as much haste as possible, for really she was getting alarmed about Postlethwaite, and she wanted Mr. Sandboys immediately that he had "tidied" himself to step round to the printer's and try and learn whatever had become of the poor man.

In a few minutes Mr. Sandboys returned to the kitchen, clad in his best suit, to receive the opinion of his wife as to the improved character of his appearance. Mrs. Sandboys twisted her "guidman" round and round, tried to pull the wrinkles out of his coat behind, pinched up the frill of his shirt, and ultimately pronounced that she thought he would do—at least, thank guidness, she said he was clean and sweet once more. Then, having kissed him, she despatched him on his errand after the deaf Postlethwaite.

Mrs. Sandboys was still engaged in the interesting process of unpacking her trunks in the kitchen, when a hawker of flowers, with a basket of all colours on his head, stopped before the railings, and observing the lady down stairs, immediately commenced crying—"Fine flowers! sweet-scented flowers! handsome flowers! — all a-blowing—all a-growing!"

Eley, observing the bright scarlet blossoms of the geraniums, and the long crimson drops of the fuchsias swinging backwards and forwards in the wind, and the pink balls of roses, nodding at every motion of the huckster's head, called out to her mother to come and see what beautiful plants the man had got.

The street-seller no sooner caught sight of Mrs. Sandboys, than he shouted again—"Fine flowers! sweet-scented flowers. Take any old clothes for 'em, ma'am. You may have the pick of the basket for an old coat."

Mrs. Sandboys shook her head, but the street-seller seeing her still look up, put his basket down on the pavement, and began trying to have a deal with her down the area railings.

"Now's your time, ladies," he cried, "you can have this here moss-rose for an old weskit, or a pair of satin shoes. Now's your time, ladies; all a-blowing! all a-growing!"

Eley, at her mother's request, stepped out into the area to tell the man that they didn't want any.

But the cunning dealer having once got the girl into conversation, handed her down a pot of mignionette, and begged her just to put her nose to that there. As she sniffed at the fragrant flowers, the man said he'd accept of anything, he didn't mind what it was, how old or how dirty, for he had not taken a penny all that day. Any old trowsers, Miss, if you'll tell your ma, or an old hat, or a pair of boots —it's all the same, Miss; though they a'n't no use to you, they're as good as money to us. Take that there pot in to your ma, Miss, and ax her just to put her nose to it, and then say whether she doesn't think such a nosegay as that there a'n't worth an old straw bonnet, or some white linen rags."

Eley trotted in with the plant, vowing that she had never in all her life seen such beautiful flowers as the man had in his basket,—the geraniums quite made her eyes ache to look at them; and then she told her mother that the man said he would take anything for them, even old rags.

The novelty of the transaction, the beauty of the plants, and the seeming wonderful cheapness of them, all produced such an effect upon Mrs. Sandboy's mind, that she began to consider what useless

article she had with her that she could offer the man in exchange for one of them.

After much cogitation, they both came to the conclusion that the trowsers which Mr. Sandboys had worn in the morning were too shabby for him to put on in London; they were the "old things" said his wife, "which he had split to pieces in going after that tiresome pig, and which, on second thoughts, she had considered quite good enough for him to travel in; and now, as the new ones she had bought him at Cockermouth had come to hand, why, there was no necessity for her keeping the others any longer; and she knew very well, unless she got rid of the nasty, shabby old things, Cursty would be making his appearance in them some day; whereas if she took them out in flowers, it would prevent his ever wearing them again.

The determination once formed, Mrs. Sandboys motioned the flower-seller to the street-door, while Eley was despatched to fetch the trowsers that her father had recently taken off.

The street-seller, on seeing the garments, declared that they were hardly worth putting in his basket, and carrying home. "If the lady had got an old coat, he'd let her have that there handsome fuchsia for it, 'cause the skirts was valuable—let it be ever so much worn—for making cloth caps for boys, and the officers in the army; or, he wouldn't mind chucking in that partic'lar fine 'artsease for an old weskit, for *they* came in handy for parsons' gaiters, but trowsers was no account at all; however, he didn't like to be hard with the ladies so he'd give 'em that there lovely Chaney rose for the trowsers and a silver sixpence."

Mrs. Sandboys, however, was woman of the world enough to be a good bargainer; so, as fast as the huckster decried her husband's old breeches, she did the same for the street-seller's flowers. In due commercial style each professed to be equally careless about dealing with the other, and yet each was equally anxious for the bargain.

At length, after much haggling, it was agreed that Mrs. Sandboys should have a pot of mignionette and a couple of cut moss-roses for the garment; whereupon the old trowsers were transferred to the flower-seller's long black bag, and the flowers to the care of Mrs. Sandboys.

Immediately the man had closed the door, the native of Buttermere hastened to Mrs. Fokesell to show her the bargain she had effected; and while the ladies were engaged in sniffing one after another at the delicious perfume of the blossoms, a violent knock came to the door, and in a minute the breathless Mr. Sandboys stood panting before his wife.

Presently he explained, by snatches between his gasps, how he had got into an omnibus on his way to the station house to which Jobby had been taken by the policeman, for, as he said, he considered *that* would be the best place to obtain tidings of any missing party—and how, after having ridden a short distance, he had put his hand into his pocket to feel for his money, and discovered to his horror that he had come out without any. The consequence was, he proceeded to say, that he had to stop the 'bus and acquaint the conductor

with his misfortune; whereupon the man abused him in the most shameful manner, and collared him in the middle of the road, saying he was a hoary-headed old cheat, and it would serve him right if he knocked his head off his shoulders, as a lesson to him for the future—and Mr. Sandboys wound up by declaring he verily believed the fellow would have done it, too, if it hadn't been that, as luck would have it, he had taken his silk umbrella with him; which, after a good deal of trouble, he had got the man to consent to hold as security for the fare.

When Mr. Sandboys had finished his story, his wife asked him how he could be such a simpleton as to leave his money behind him, and requested to be informed where he had it.

"In t' pockets of mey auld breeks," responded the innocent Cursty.

The words came upon his dear Aggy like a thunderclap. As the lady said afterwards, "any one might have knocked her down with a feather." Eley stared at her mother, and the mother stared at the daughter, in a maze of bewilderment. Neither liked to confess the truth to Cursty, and yet to delay doing so was every minute to diminish the probability of obtaining possession of the precious garments again.

At length Mrs. Sandboys *did* venture to break the matter to her husband. She told him she had disposed of his trowsers only a few moments before his return for a pot of mignionette and a couple of moss roses.

"Well, Aggy," cried Cursty, when he had recovered from the first shock, "thee'll have to suffer for't as well as meysel for forty t' notes I'd got in t' pocket book, thar was thy marriage lines that thee wud mek me bring up wi' me, to show thee wast an honest woman, if ever thee sud want as much."

"Waistoma! waistoma!" cried poor Mrs. Sandboys, when she heard of this, to her, the greatest loss of all. At first she raved against London, and London people, and London wickedness. Then she declared it was all Cursty's fault, and owing to his nasty idle habits of never emptying his pockets, when he changed his clothes, but leaving everything to her to do. Next, she vowed she would go back to Buttermere that very night, for nothing but misery had befallen her ever since they had made up their mind to enjoy themselves.

However, when her anger had somewhat exhausted itself, she entreated her own dear Cursty to hasten after the flower-seller. The man could not be far off, unless he had discovered the prize he had got, and decamped with it to some other part of the town; but she was almost certain he had not felt anything in the pockets at the time he was looking the trowsers over in the passage, or else he would have been more anxious to have purchased them than he was.

Mr. Sandboys she directed to go one way, and Jobby another; for if her marriage lines were really gone, it was impossible to tell what might happen.

In obedience to her commands, Cursty and Jobby were soon out of the house, exploring every street and corner in quest of the flower-seller.

And here, we must, reader, for the present drop the curtain.

## CHAPTER X.

"Here mirth and merchandise are mix'd,
There trick wi' tumult rages;
Here fraud an' ignorance are fix'd,
An' sense wi' craft engages.
* * * * *
"Here pedlars frae a' pairts repair,
Beath Yorkshire beytes and Scotch fwoak;
An' Paddeys wi' their feyne lin' ware,
Tho' a' deseyned to botch fwoak.
* * * * *
"Here's Yorkshire impudence, d'e see,
Advancin' for a brek,
Just askin' threyce as much as he
Kens he'll consent to tek.
'Here, maister, buy a coat cloith here,
Ye's have it chep, believe me;
'Tis of the foinest 'ool, I swear.
Mon, think ye I'd deceive ye?'"

*Rosley Fair, by John Stagg.*

We left Mr. Sandboys engaged in the interesting occupation of hunting after his lost inexpressibles—the very inexpressibles which his wife had mended previous to his departure from Buttermere, and which that lady had since exchanged, together with forty pounds in bank notes and her own marriage certificate in the pockets, for a pot of mignionette and a couple of cut roses.

His son Jobby, too, was employed upon the same agreeable mission; but the researches of the youth were neither vigorous nor profitable, for remembering the unpleasant issue of his previous wanderings in the metropolis, he feared to travel far from the domestic precincts of Craven Street, lest his rambles might end in his being flayed; stripped of his cloth cuticle—his sartorial integuments, once more; the timid boy therefore kept pacing to and fro within view of his own knocker, or if he allowed the domestic door-step to fade from his sight, he did so only when at the heels of the proximate Policeman.

Mr. Cursty, however, was far more venturesome. He thought of his lost bank notes and missing marriage certificate, and what with the matter o' money and the matrimony, he rushed on, determined not to leave a paving nor a flag-stone untrodden throughout the streets of London, till he regained possession of his lost treasures. So away he went, as the north country people say, "tappy lappy," with his coat laps flying "helter-skelter," as if he were "heighty-flighty."

Up and down, in and out of all the neighbouring streets he hurried, stopping only to ask of the passers-by whether they had met a hawker of flowers on their way. Not a public-house in the neighbourhood but he entered to search and inquire after the missing flower-seller; and when he had explored every adjacent thoroughfare, and bar, and taproom, and, after all, grown none the wiser, and go

none the nearer to the whereabouts of the floral "distributor," he proceeded to unbosom himself respecting the nature and extent of his losses to the police on duty, and to consult with them as to the best means of recovering his notes and "marriage lines."

All the "authorities" whom he spoke to on the subject, agreed that the only chance he had of ever again setting eyes on his property, was of proceeding direct to the Old Clothes Exchange in Houndsditch, whither the purchasers of the united "left off wearing apparel" of the metropolis and its suburbs daily resort, to get "the best price given for their old rags."

Accordingly, Mr. Cursty Sandboys, having minutely copied down, in order to prevent mistakes—for his care increased with each fresh disaster—the name and description of the locality which he was advised to explore, called a cab, and directed the driver to convey him, with all possible speed, to the quarter in which the left-off apparel market was situated.

He was not long in reaching the desired spot. The cabman drew up at the end of the narrow passage leading to the most fashionable of the Old Clothes Marts, and Mr. Sandboys having paid the driver well for the haste he had made, proceeded at once to plunge into the vortex of the musty market.

Outside the gateway stood the celebrated "Barney Aaron," the hook-nosed janitor, with his hook-nosed son by his side—the father ready to receive the halfpenny toll from each of the buyers and sellers as he entered the Exchange, and the youth with a leathern pouch filled with "coppers," to give as change for any silver that might be tendered.

As Cursty passed through the gate, the stench of the congregated old clothes and rags and hareskins was almost overpowering. The place stank like a close damp cellar. There was that peculiar sour smell in the atmosphere which appertains to stale infants, blended with the mildewy odour of what is termed "mother"—a mixture of mouldiness, mustiness, and fustiness, that was far from pleasant in the nostrils.

Scarcely had Cursty entered the Mart before he was surrounded by some half-dozen eager Jews, some with long grizzly beards, and others in greasy gaberdines—each seizing him by the arm, or pulling him by his coat, or tapping him on the shoulder, as they one and all clamoured for a sight of whatever he might have to sell.

"Ha' you eot any preaking?" asked one who bought old coats to cut up into cloth caps—"eot any fushtian—old cordsh—or old pootsh?"

"I'm shure you've shometing vot will shoot me," cried another.

"You know me," said a third—"I'm little Ikey, the pest of puyersh, and always give a eood prishe."

Such was the anxiety and eagerness of the Israelites, that it was more than Mr. Sandboys could do to force his way through them, and it was not until a new-comer entered with a sack at his back, that

they left him to hurry off and feel the old clothes-bag, as they clamoured for first peep at its contents.

Once in the body of the Market, Cursty had time to look well about him, and a curious sight it was—perhaps one of the most curious in all London. He had never heard, never dreamt of there being such a place. A greater bustle and eagerness appear to rage among the buyers of the refuse of London, than among the traders in its most valuable commodities.

Here, ranged on long narrow wooden benches, which extended from one side of the market to the other, and over which sloped a narrow, eaves-like roofing, that projected sufficiently forward only to shelter the sitter from the rain, were to be seen the many merchants of the streets—the buyers of hareskins—the bone-grubbers, and the rag-gatherers—the "bluey-hunters," or juvenile purloiners of lead—the bottle collectors—the barterers of crockery-ware for old clothes—the flower-swoppers—the umbrella menders—and all the motley fraternity of petty dealers and chapmen. Each had his store of old clothes—or metal—or boots—or rags—or bonnets—or hats—or bottles—or hare-skins—or umbrellas, spread out in a heap before him.

There sat a barterer of crockery and china, in a bright red plush waistcoat and knee breeches, with legs like balustrades, beside his half-emptied basket of "stone-ware," while at his feet lay piled the apparently worthless heap of rags and tatters, for which he had exchanged his jugs, and cups, and basins. A few yards from him was a woman done up in a coachman's drab and many-caped box-coat, with a pair of men's cloth boots on her feet, and her limp-looking straw-bonnet flattened down on her head, as if with repeated loads, while the ground near her was strewn with hare-skins, some old and so stiff that they seemed frozen, and the fresher ones looking shiny and crimson as tinsel. Before this man was a small mound of old cracked boots, dappled with specks of mildew—beside that one lay a hillock of washed-out light waistcoats, and yellow stays, and straw-bonnets half in shreds. Farther on was a black-chinned and lantern-jawed bone-grubber, clad in dirty greasy rags, with his wallet emptied on the stones, and the bones and bits of old iron and pieces of rags that he had gathered in his day's search, each sorted into different piles before him; and as he sat waiting anxiously for a purchaser, he chewed a piece of mouldy pie-crust, that he had picked up or had given him on his rounds. In one part of the Exchange was to be perceived some well-known tinker behind a heap of old battered saucepans or metal teapots, side by side with an umbrella mender, in front of whom lay a store of whalebone ribs and sticks. In another quarter might be seen the familiar face of some popular peep-showman, with his "back-show" on the form on one side of him, while on the other were ranged the physic phials and wine bottles and glass pickle jars that he had taken of the children for a sight at his exhibition; and next to him was located a flower-seller, with his basket emptied of all its blooming and fragrant contents, with the exception of one

or two of the more expensive plants, and the places of the missing flowers filled with coats, waistcoats, boots, and hats.

To walk down the various passages between the seats, and run the eye over the several heaps of refuse, piled on the ground like treasure, was to set the mind wondering as to what could possibly be the uses of each and every of them. Everything there seemed to have fulfilled to the very utmost the office for which it was made; and now that its functions were finished, and it seemed to be utterly worthless, the novice to such scenes could not refrain from marvelling what remaining purpose could possibly give value to "the rubbish."

The buyers, too, were as picturesque and motley a group almost as were the sellers—for the purchasers were of all nations, and habited in every description of costume. Some were Greeks, others were Swiss, while others were Germans. Some had come there to buy up the old rough charity clothing, and the army grey great-coats, for the "Irish" market; others had come to purchase the hareskins or old furs, or to give "the best price" for old tea-pots and tea-urns. One man, with a long flowing beard and greasy tattered gaberdine, was said to be worth thousands; thither he had come to add another sixpence to his hoard, by dabbling in the rags and refuse, strewn about the ground in heaps, for sale: others were there to purchase the old Wellingtons, and to have them new-fronted or their cracks heel-balled over, and then vended to clerks, who are "expected to appear respectable" on the smallest salaries. That Jewess is intent on buying up the left-off wardrobes "of the nobility," so as to dispose of the faded finery to the actresses of the minor theatres, or the "gay" ladies of the upper boxes. Yonder old Israelite, who goes prowling between the seats, is looking out for such black garments as will admit of being "clobbered" up, or "turned" into "genteel suits" for poor curates, or half-paid ushers of classical academies. Nor does he reject those which are worn even threadbare in parts, for he well knows they will admit of being transformed into the "best boys' tunics;" while such as are too far gone for *that*, he buys to be torn to pieces by the "devil," and made up again into new cloth, or "shoddy," as it is termed; and others, which his practised eye tells him have already done that duty, he bids for, knowing that they will still fetch him a good price, even as manure for the ground. Some of the buyers have come principally to purchase the old silk hats—and as they wander among the heaps of old clothes, and rags, and metal, they stop every now and then, and crumple up the shapes in their hands to try whether they have been—as they call it—"through the fire or not," and those which will stand the test of their experienced touch, they buy for the shops, to have converted into the "best new hats" for the country. Some, again, are there chiefly to "pick up" the old umbrellas, which they value not only for the whalebone ribs but the metal supporters—the latter articles furnishing the material for the greater part of the iron skewers of London; while some of the buyers, on the other hand, have come to look after the old linen shirts, which they sell again to the paper-mills, to be

converted, by the alchemy of science, into the newspaper, the best "Bath post," or even the bank-note.

As the purchasers go pacing up and down the narrow pathways, and pick their way, now among the old bottles, bonnets, boots, rags, and now among the bones, the old metal, the stays, the gowns, the hats and coats, a thick-lipped Jew-boy spouts from his high stage in the centre of the market, "Hot vine a ha'penny a clarsh! a ha'penny a clarsh!" Between the seats, too, women worm their way along, carrying baskets of "trotters" and screaming, as they go, "Legs of mutton two for a penny! two for a penny! Who'll give me a handsell?—who'll give me a handsell?" After them comes a man with a large tin can under his arm, and roaring, "Hot peas, oh! hot peas, oh!" In the middle of the market is another vender of street luxuries, with a smoking can of "hot eels" before him, and next to him is a sweetmeat stall, with a crowd of young Hebrews gathered round the keeper of it, gambling eagerly, with marbles, for "Albert rock" and "hardbake;" while at one end of the market stands a coffee and beer-shop, and inside this are Jews playing at draughts, or settling and wrangling about the goods they have bought of one another.

In no other part of London—and, perhaps, in no other part of the entire world—is such a scene of riot, rags, and filth to be witnessed. Every one there is dressed in his *worst*—for none who know the nature of the place would think of venturing thither in even decent apparel.

Mr. Sandboys was the universal object of observation. What *he* could have to do in such a place, every one was puzzling his brains to think; and as Cursty hurried up and down between the seats, in the hopes of catching a glimpse of his lost inexpressibles, the buyers and sellers, one and all delighted, as he passed, to crack some rude jest upon him. The women wished to know whether he wasn't hunting after a "nice pair of stays" for his "missus;" the men would hold up some faded livery, and request to be informed whether he was looking for "an 'andsome suit for his Johnny." But, regardless of their gibes, round and round, like the hyena at the Surrey Gardens, Mr. Sandboys went, in the hope of eventually lighting on his precious nether garments. Not a flower-seller entered the place but Cursty watched him intently, until he had seen every article turned out of his bag, and satisfied himself that the anonymous part of his apparel formed no portion of the man's left-off stores.

Nor did he think of moving from the place until all the buyers and sellers had quitted it; and when the hour arrived for closing the gates, Cursty hardly knew what course of action to adopt.

At one time it struck him that it would not be a bad plan to do as Aladdin did when he lost his "wonderful lamp," and go round the town crying, "New breeches for old ones;" but, on second thoughts, he perceived that, however feasible such a plan might have been in Bagdad, it was far from practicable in London; for he felt satisfied, from the universal habit of wearing such articles of dress

among the male portion of the metropolitan population—(and, indeed, among not a few of the married females)—that the Londoners' love of a good bargain, no matter at whose cost, would render them so particularly anxious to make the exchange, that the business he would be likely to do in one street alone would be sufficient, not only to ruin him in pocket, but to break his back with the burden. If the lady denizens of the capital were to be attracted to the linen-drapers' establishments, solely by the enlivening inducement that somebody was to be ruined by their custom—if, like the Hindoo widows, they delighted in "awful sacrifices," (at any other persons' expense than their own) how eager, thought the philosophic Cursty, would wives of London be to deal with him, when they imagined that they could breech their husbands by stripping him of all he had.

After revolving in his mind many equally sagacious plans for the recovery of his precious pantaloons, Mr. Cursty decided that, perhaps, the wisest course to pursue, under all the circumstances, would be to return to his temporary domicile, and there consult with his wife as to the future mode of action. Accordingly, he hailed the first omnibus travelling Strandward, that passed him, and depositing himself within it, was once more on his way towards home.

While Mr. Sandboys, fagged out with his unprofitable and wearisome day's work, is dozing away the distance from Whitechapel to the Strand in the corner of the long "short stage," let us take advantage of that uneventful interval to communicate the circumstances that had occurred during his absence to mar again the peace and happiness of his family.

Some three or four hours had elapsed after that gentleman's departure from home, when Mrs. Fokesell "bounced" breathless into the back attic, which now constituted the sitting-room, bed-room, dressing-room, and kitchen, of the united Sandboys.

"Oh, mum," the landlady exclaimed, gasping as she wiped her forehead with the corner of her dirty pink cotton apron; "O—oh, mum! here's a man come from the Station-'us."

"From t' Station-house!" echoed Mrs. Sandboys, who had hardly had time to recover the shock of the sudden entry of Mrs. Fokesell; but, on second thoughts, imagining the messenger had brought her tidings of the missing garments, she added: "So then, thank guidness, they've caught t' man with t' flowers and t' trousers at last."

"They've caught *your* man, you means, mum," returned Mrs. Fokesell, shaking her head till the little bunch of vermicular ringlets at each side of her face swung backwards and forwards, like the "wings" of a kite in the wind.

"My man!" ejaculated the terrified Aggy, as she began to have a vague perception that "something dreadful" had occurred to her beloved Cursty. "What in t' warl' do'sta mean—what do'sta mean?"

"Why, it's just this here, mum—that your good man, as you call him"—here the circumspect landlady opened the room-door mysteriously, to satisfy herself that nobody was listening, and then closing it again,

advanced towards Mrs. Sandboys, and said, in a half-whisper, "your good man has been and got took up for being drunk and disorderly, and oncapable of taking care of hisself."

Mrs. Sandboys threw up her hands, and dropped into the nearest chair; while Eley came and leant over and tried to assure her that "it must be some shocking mistake again."

But Mrs. Fokesell would not hear of such a thing; she had made most particular inquiries of the "party" below—for at first, she herself could hardly bring herself to believe that such a thorough gentleman, as Mr. Sandboys always appeared to be, could so lower hisself as to be seen intosticated in the public streets—but there couldn't be no mistake this time, because the "party" had brought one of the "gent's" cards with him. And when she heard Mrs. Sandboys and Eley both sobbing at the intelligence, the landlady begged of them "not to go and take on in that manner," for after his last voyage, Mr. Fokesell hisself—though he was as good a man as ever walked in shoe-leather, so long as he was at sea out of harm's way—had gone and got overtook by liquor, and been skinned and robbed of everything he had, for all the world like young Mr. Sandboys was, by them painted dolls nigh the docks, and, as if that wasn't enough to ruin her peace of mind, he must get hisself fined two pounds, or ten days imprisonment, for an assault on a policeman. Here the lady digressed into a long account of Mr. Fokesell's failings, saying, that ever since their marriage she had never been a penny the better for his money, and that she didn't know what would have become of her if it hadn't been for her lodgers and the rent of a six-roomed cottage, that had been left her by her fust husband, who was an undertaker with a large connexion, but a weak, though an uncommon fine man, and who might have made her very comfortable at his death, if he had only done by her as he ought. Whereupon, wholly forgetting the object of her errand to Mrs. Sandboys, she further digressed into a narrative of the mixed qualities of Mr. Bolsh's—her poor dear first husband's—character.

Mrs. Cursty, who had been too deeply absorbed in her own family misfortunes to listen to those of Mrs. Fokesell, at length, on recovering her self-possession, requested to be informed where Mr. Sandboys had been "picked up" previous to being taken into custody.

The landlady, anxious to produce as great a sensation as she could, made no more ado, but informed her that her "good man" had been found lying on his back in a gutter in Wild Street, Drury Lane, and that it was a mercy that he hadn't been druv over by one of them Safety Cabs as was dashing along, as they always does, at the risk of people's lives.

The circumstance of the messenger having brought Cursty's card with him was sufficient to preclude all doubt from Mrs. Sandboys' mind; nevertheless she sat for a minute or two wondering how the misfortune could possibly have happened. At one moment she imagined that the loss of his bank notes had produced so depressing an effect on his spirits that Cursty had gone into some tavern to procure a glass

of wine, in the hopes of cheering himself up amid his many misfortunes, and being unaccustomed to take anything of the kind before dinner, had perhaps been suddenly overcome by it. The next minute she felt satisfied that he had been entrapped into some dreadful place and drugged, like poor dear Jobby. Then she began to ask herself whether he could have lighted upon any friend from Cumberland, and in the excitement of the meeting been induced to take a glass or two more than he otherwise would; and immediately after this she felt half convinced that Cursty had discovered the flower-seller, and been so delighted at recovering possession of his pocket-book, that he had accompanied the fellow to some "low place" to treat him, and there, perhaps, been imprudent enough to take a glass of hot spirits and water "on an empty stomach," and that this had flown to his head, and rendered him quite insensible to everything around him; or else she was satisfied that it was owing to the nasty bit of red herring which he would have that morning for breakfast.

When Mrs. Sandboys communicated to Mrs. Fokesell the several results of her ruminations, that lady was far from being of the same opinion, and did not hesitate to confess that she had long been convinced that the men were all alike, and that, for herself, she wouldn't trust anyone of them—and especially her Fokesell—further than she could see him.

Mrs. Sandboys, however, was in no humour to listen to such harangues, and starting from her seat, desired to know whether the messenger from the station-house was still below stairs, so that she might accompany him back to her husband. On being answered in the affirmative, she proceeded to "put on her things" with all speed, while Eley, with her eyes still full of tears, implored to be allowed to go with her.

When her toilet was finished, she kissed her gentle-hearted daughter previous to leaving her (for it was not fit, she said, that young girls should visit such places), and bidding her dry up her tears, for that all would yet be right, she hastened down the stairs, and in a minute afterwards she was on her way, in company with the messenger, towards Bow-street station-house.

The reader must not do poor Mr. Sandboys the injustice to imagine that he had so far forgotten himself as to have made a pillow of one of the metropolitan kerb-stones. Nor was he, at the time referred to, the temporary tenant of one of the Bow-street police cells; for that much maligned gentleman, far from being then in "durance vile," was still enjoying a disjointed kind of nap in the corner of the Mile-end omnibus.

Let us explain.

The flower-seller, immediately on handling the discarded inexpressibles of Mr. Christopher Sandboys, had discovered that one of the pockets was not wholly empty; and though he was sufficiently alive to the impositions occasionally practised upon members of his fraternity by coachmen, grooms, footmen, and others, to be well

aware that articles—especially buttons and pieces of silver-paper—were frequently inserted in the fob of cast-off pantaloons, with the view of leading them to imagine that either some notes or coin had been accidentally left in the garments by their late innocent possessors, and so inducing them to give a higher sum for the articles than they were really worth—the flower-seller was, nevertheless, we say, too fully satisfied of the thorough rusticity and consequent simplicity of Mrs. and Miss Sandboys, to believe that they could be capable of any such trick. The hawker, too, was clever tradesman enough to lead Mrs. Sandboys to suppose that he was in no way anxious to become the purchaser of the articles offered to him; and he was particularly careful, as he turned the garments over and over to examine them, never to allow either of the pockets to fall under the notice of Mrs. Sandboys.

As soon as the bargain was settled, and the street seller of flowers had got fairly out of sight of the house, he was joined by the female who usually accompanied him on his rounds, and of whose services he occasionally availed himself when any feminine article of dress was proffered for exchange. To her the hawker did not hesitate to make known his impression that he had got a "prize." Accordingly, the two retired up the first court they came to on their way from the house, to examine what it was that the pockets really contained. The pocket-book was soon had out—each compartment being carefully searched—and when the roll of notes was found, their glee knew no bounds; but the woman, who acted as interpreter on the occasion—the man himself being unable to read—was perhaps even more delighted when she discovered the certificate of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys' marriage at Lorton Vale Church, in Cumberland; for, though not attaching a particularly high moral value to the hymeneal ceremony, she thought, knowing the prejudices of society in this respect, that the possession of such a document might prove of some little service to her on some future occasion. When, therefore, the two came to divide the proceeds of their good fortune, the lady stipulated that the marriage certificate should be hers, and that in consideration of this, she said her mate might take three of the notes, and she would be satisfied with two. This appeared so advantageous an arrangement to the gentleman, that, caring nothing for the possession of the "lines," he immediately closed with the offer.

The arrangement, however, was far from being so advantageous as it appeared; for the lady, on proceeding to divide the treasure, availed herself of her "mate's" want of education, so as, while giving him the greater number of notes, to retain for herself those of the higher value. Accordingly she handed him over three fives out of the forty, keeping a twenty and a five for her own portion. It was then settled between them that the man should proceed to the Old Exchange and dispose of the contents of his bag, while his partner should return home and get a bit of "summut particular good" against his arrival.

The sense of being the possessor of so large a sum of money, was

too great a temptation for the hawker's slender sobriety to withstand; while the treasure remained in his pocket, he could hardly assure himself of its worth, for people of his grade in life have generally an utter want of faith in the value of what appears to them to be nothing more than a strip of silver paper. Besides, he thought it would be prudent to "run for gold" as soon as possible, for he well knew that the current coin of the realm, unlike bank notes, bore no numbers by which one sovereign or shilling could be distinguished from another.

A variety of circumstances, therefore, conspired to lead the man into the first public-house he came to. Here he entered the tap-room, and placing his basket of flowers on the seat beside him, called for a pint of "dog's nose"—a combination of gin and beer, to which the gentleman was particularly partial.

This had the effect of rendering the hawker indisposed for prosecuting his journey to Houndsditch. What was the use, he began to ask himself, of his going all that way to sell a few rags, when he didn't want for a pound or two? Accordingly, as the liquor got to make him feel more and more careless, he commenced tossing and raffling away the remaining flowers in his basket, among such as entered the tap-room during his stay there; and while the gambling was going on, he partook of a second and a third quantum of his favourite potion, so that, by the time he had got rid of all his plants, he felt inclined to enjoy himself, and disposed to go anywhere but home. Still, however, he entertained some little difficulty respecting his costume, which certainly was not fitted for holiday-making, for, like the rest of the old clothes' dealers, he was habited in his worst, with the view of attending the Houndsditch Exchange at the close of his day's labours; and as he ran over to himself the several places of amusement that he should like to visit, he debated in his own mind as to what he should do for a "change." To return home and put on his brown Petersham coat and bright "yellow kingsman" neckerchief, that he delighted to sport in Battersea Fields on a Sunday, was to go through a greater amount of exertion, at that precise moment, than he was inclined to undertake; and as he discussed within himself the several other modes of supplying his deficiency, it struck him that he had swopped a cactus that morning with a lady up in Clarendon Square for a "very tidy Pallytott," and "these," as he justly observed, "with the pair of breeches as he took with the pocket-book in 'em, would turn him out fit even for the 'HEAGLE.'" Accordingly, he emptied the contents of his clothes-bag on one of the tables, and having selected therefrom such articles as he thought would suit him for the occasion, he proceeded at once, amid the laughter of all present, to indue himself with the garments; then having obtained permission of the landlord to leave the basket and bag in his charge for awhile, the hawker sallied forth, determined, like the quondam possessor of the trowsers he then wore, upon "enjoying himself."

Still the flower-seller was undecided whither to direct his steps.

At first he thought of Greenwich Park and a feast of tea and shrimps; but, though Greenwich had attractions, tea had none for him. Next he turned his attention to the Red House, but he knew of no pigeon match that was to come off there that day, so *that* would not suit him. "Then he made up his mind to pay a visit to the BOWER," and the minute after he changed it in favour of "Lord Effingham's concerts." Still, what was he to do with himself till they began? He had it! he wouldn't go to any of the places—he'd be off that moment to Rosherville—and yet it was getting late in the day for a trip to Gravesend, so he'd take a run down to Hungerford instead, and go on to the roof of the Swan and have a treat of periwinkles and ale. Accordingly he turned round and proceeded in the opposite direction to that on which he was before journeying.

But the flower-seller was too fond of halting at each tavern on the way to get even that far. The money he possessed, as the street people themselves say, "seemed to burn in his pocket;" and the drink he had already taken made him crave for more, so that it would have required greater strength of mind than he was master of to have refrained from entering the next public house he came to. The liquor that he here swallowed served as usual only to increase his thirst for more of the same maddening fluid. So on he went, "dropping in" at every "public" on his way, and standing at the bar drinking, wrangling, or tossing with any one whom he could "pick up." At length, with the many glasses of raw spirit that he had taken on his road, the drink got to produce so violent an effect upon his temper, that the more respectable of the landlords refused to serve him; but this tended only to make him still more furious, so that at almost every tavern he visited, he was forced to be turned into the street before he could be got rid of. At one house, however, it was found impossible to get rid of him without closing the doors; for each time that he was thrust out, back he came staggering and offering to fight everybody at the bar. Seeing, therefore, that it was useless attempting to enter, he sat himself down on the step and went fast asleep against the door; on being roused by the pot-boy and desired to go about his business, the hawker grew so enraged that he jumped from his resting-place and strove to seize hold of the lad so that he might wreak his vengeance upon him. In the attempt, however, to catch the youth, the flower-seller stumbled and fell heavily on his back beside the kerb, and there he lay unable to raise himself, with a crowd of boys shouting and playing every imaginable trick upon him.

The arrival of the police at length put an end to the whole affair, and the hawker, with a dense crowd after him, was carried off, struggling and bellowing among four of the stoutest of the force, each holding him by one of his extremities. On being searched at the station-house, Mr. Sandboys' pocket-book was found in the hawker's possession; in one of its compartments were the cards of address belonging to that gentleman. The authorities, believing these to be the rightful property of the flower-seller, proceeded at once to enter,

among the list of offenders of that day, the name of Mr. Christopher Sandboys, of Craven-street, Strand, as having been found drunk, disorderly, and incapable of taking care of himself.

The reader knows the occurrences that followed. A messenger was despatched to the residence of Mr. Sandboys, to apprise that gentleman's family of his unpleasant position.

Mrs. Sandboys had been gone but a short while, before Cursty, who had been "dropped," as the idiom runs, by the omnibus, at the top of the street, staggered, half asleep and half awake, up to the door.

He had no sooner set foot on the door-mat, than Mrs. Fokesell, who had espied him from the kitchen window, and run up to answer his knock, threw up her hands in astonishment, and exclaimed, in a familiar way, "How in the world did you ever get out?"

The innocent Christopher was unable to comprehend either the cause of the lady's surprise, or the meaning of her question. "What do'sta mean, woman?" he said.

"Oh!" returned Mrs. Fokesell, winking her eye as she nudged his elbow; "you needn't mind telling me—I knows all about it. There's been a party up here, and told us of all your goings on."

"My gangings an!" exclaimed Cursty. "Ye may well say that, for I've been half ow'r London."

"Very well turned off!" retorted Mrs. Fokesell; "but it won't do. We're up to all your tricks, we are; so you'd much better confess at once. Oh, you're a sly old fox—though perhaps you ain't much wuss than the rest of you men. Fokesell was almost as bad—hardly a pin to choose betwixt you."

Mr. Sandboys, fatigued and vexed with the futility of his journey, felt in no way inclined for jesting; so, brushing past the unceremonious landlady, he darted up the stairs to the family garret.

Mrs. Fokesell, however, in anticipation of a "scene," which she longed to witness, hastened after him, and was just in time to behold Elcy throw herself into her father's arms, and burst into subdued hysterics at the unexpected pleasure of his return.

For a few minutes the landlady stood unobserved at the doorway, and while Cursty was wondering within himself why his daughter should receive him with so unusual an outburst of affection, and coupling her tears with the mysterious conduct and insinuations of Mrs. Fokesell, he began to ask himself, half in fear, "What fresh disaster could have befallen them now?"

Elcy kissed him again and again, telling him each time how happy she was that she had him home again. "Could she get him anything, or would he not like to lie down?" she inquired.

"Yes, Miss," interrupted the busy Mrs. Fokesell, "if your Pa will be advised by me, he'll take off his boots, and go and lie on the bed for an hour or two—and let me get him a bottle of soda water, while you puts a wet towel round his head, for if you looks at his eyes you'll see they're quite bloodshot."

"My e'en bluidshot!" ejaculated Mr. Sandboys, growing half

enraged at the apparent unmeaningness of the whole of the landlady's remarks; however he went to the glass to see if there were anything odd enough in his looks to account for the peculiarity of the landlady's behaviour. His eyes were a little red, certainly, he thought, as he scrutinized his countenance, but that arose from the "nap" he had indulged in during his ride home, and beyond this he could see nothing which could call forth so much anxiety on his behalf.

"Do, father," said Eley, "*do* go and lie down, or you'll be ill, I am sure."

"Yes;" chimed in Mrs. Fokesell, "I'm sure it's a wonder you hasn't got the '*delirious trimmings*' as it is. Fokesell, I know, once had 'em after one of these bouts, and then he fancied he was aboard his ship, in our back parlour, and that the house was agoing down, all hands, 'cause I wouldn't work the pumps. Now, come, there's a good gentleman, *do* be persuaded by Miss Eley, and go to bed for an hour or two."

"Go to bed!" echoed Sandboys, tetchily. "I'm not tired—I've had a nap."

"Oh, yes, we know," retorted Mrs. Fokesell, winking her eye and nodding her head, in a manner that is considered to speak volumes, and which was certainly meant to insinuate to the unsuspecting Sandboys that the lady was acquainted with the fact of his having tried to take "forty winks" in the gutter; "and we know *where* you had your nap too. Fine times, indeed, when you gents must needs go falling asleep in the 'kennel.'"

"In t' 'kennel,'" shouted Sandboys, in none of the mildest tones. "What do'sta mean, woman, what do'sta mean, I say?"

"Oh, you knows what I means, well enough, Mr. Slyboots—going and doing such things, thinking it 'ud be unbeknown to your missus. A nice time she'd have on it if she only knowed all, I'll be bound to say." And here Mrs. Fokesell gave herself a jerk, expressive, as she imagined, of the highest possible indignation.

"How daresta speak to me in that way?" demanded the incensed Cursty. "Leave t' room, woman."

"Father! father! pray calm yourself," said Eley, growing alarmed at what she imagined to be the lingering effect of her parent's indiscretion. "Pray be calm, and go and lie down just a little while."

"Lie down! why, what's come to you aw'? You seem to be aw' mad tegidder. But where's your mother?"

"Ah! you may well ask that," answered the pert Mrs. Fokesell—"gone to look after you; and I suppose you can remember the kind of place you've come from?"

"I come from Houndsditch, I tell tha, woman," replied Mr. Sandboys, curtly, for he was afraid to give full vent to his feeling, lest he might receive "notice to quit," and then be left without a roof to shelter himself or family.

"You must tell that to the marines, as my Fokesell used to say," retorted the landlady; "for I knows better—so it's no use your denying the tricks you have been at no longer; and all I got to say is,

the sooner you has your temples bathed with winegar, the better it will be for you in the morning. Come, now, I'm a married woman, and knows all about these matters. Bless you! my Fokesell has taken a drop too much many a time; so just let me go and get you a Seidelitz powder, or, if them's too cold for you, be persuaded by me, and take a couple of 'Cockles.'"

Poor Mr. Sandboys sat all this time almost "boiling over" with rage. He bit his lip between his teeth to prevent his saying a word, for he now began to see that not only the landlady, but his daughter, both imagined that he had been drinking. Why they should imagine as much was more than he could conceive, but it was evident that such was their impression.

"I'm sure your head must ache, father," said Elcy, observing her parent bite his lip, as she fancied, with pain. "It really burns like a fire," she added, as she laid her hand across his forehead.

"Doan't be a fuil, child!" cried Cursty, as he angrily dragged down her arm. "I shall go mad among you aw', I shall. What in t' warl's happened, to put sic notions in tha head?"

Here the girl of all-work tapped at the attic-door, and informed Mrs. Fokesell that there was a young man below stairs as wanted to speak with the lady of the house.

The landlady disappeared for a few minutes, and then suddenly darted back into the room, with cap-strings flying a yard behind her.

"Well, I *do* declare," she exclaimed, standing with her hands on her hips, "if you ain't all of a piece;—fust it's you, and then it's your missus. Ah, you may stare, but I've got a pretty set in my house, it seems. Here's a young man below as has come to say that Mrs. Sandboys has got took up for assaulting a policeman, and that she's a lying in the station-house till her case comes on for hearing."

"Heavens!" cried Cursty, "it canna be true——"

"Oh, father! father! what will become of her?" said the afflicted Elcy, as her head fell on her parent's shoulder, in terror at the thoughts of her mother being in such a place.

"What can it aw' mean?" shouted Sandboys.

"Why, the lad says, as well as I can make it out, that Mrs. Sandboys went into the Black Bull public house—of all places in the world for a lady—to ask for change—and that there some noise or other arose about the money; that then the police was called in to settle the matter, and that on his stating that Mrs. Sandboys was not a proper woman, she flew at him, and nearly tore him to bits. And the young man does tell me," continued the landlady, "that the language she used on the occasion was quite dreadful for decent people to hear—so a pretty set indeed it seems I've let into my house. Well, I always thought you was a queer lot, that I did—and I said as much to Mrs. Quinine as had my second floor. I'm sure the house has been like a common bear-garden ever since I've had you in it—what with your screams when a few coals was shot on top of you—and what with your frightening poor Mrs. Quinine nearly out of her life, and alarming the whole house with

the screams of the dear thing—and what with your threatening to murder the policeman in my kitchen with my red-hot poker—and what with the springing of rattles, and collecting a mob round my *hairy* rails — and what with your allowing your son to be brought home here by a common policeman in the disrespectable state he was; and now what with the two police reports as there will be in the paper about you to-morrow morning, there'll be fine talk about my house and my people all up and down both sides of the street. You'll bring a scandal upon me, you will. I'm sure I've never knowed a moment's peace—never since I was fool enough to be persuaded to allow you to set foot under my roof. But you'll please to provide yourself with some other lodging the moment your week is up, for not another minute after do you stay here, I can tell you."

Mrs. Fokesell, who had grown red in the face with the long catalogue of her grievances, was obliged to come to an end for sheer want of breath.

It was useless for Cursty to seek to obtain any more definite information from her in the excited state of her mind, for immediately he ventured to question her as to what had befallen his wife, it was but the signal for her to renew her vituperations. At last, putting on his hat, he hastened down stairs to the youth who had brought the intelligence, and proceeded to accompany him in search of his dearest Aggy.

Mrs. Sandboys, however, it should be made known, had been no more concerned in the occurrence above detailed than her lord and master had been the hero of the scene previously described; for the "lady" who had passed under that name was none other than the mate of the flower-seller, who had become possessed of the Sandboys' marriage certificate. Proceeding on her way home, it had struck the woman that it would be as well to convert the twenty pound note into sovereigns as soon as she possibly could, for on a closer inspection of the valuable, she had perceived that the name of the gentleman mentioned in the marriage certificate was inscribed on the back of it. Accordingly she entered a public house where she was not known, and after having partaken of a glass of gin-and-rue, and the half of a pork pie, she tendered the bank note in payment for what she had devoured. The landlord, however, looked upon the possession of a note for so large a sum by one of so mean an appearance as a very suspicious circumstance, and believing that she had not come honestly by the money, began to question her as to how and where she had obtained it. Finding that her answers were not particularly lucid or consistent on the subject, he thought it best to send for a policeman, and leave the officer to decide upon what course to take. The official, on seeing the woman, was as confident as the landlord that the note had been got hold of by unfair means, nor did he hesitate to tell the woman that he was satisfied she had stolen it from some gentleman, insinuating at the same time that she was, as the phrase runs, "no better

than she should be." The words were no sooner uttered than the woman, incensed at being foiled in her prize, flew at the policeman, and with her clenched fist beat him in the face so vigorously that before the man had time to defend himself he was covered with blood.

In a few moments afterwards she was on her way, handcuffed, to the station house, while the landlord, who had handed the note over to the officer, thought it best to send the messenger before mentioned to the address inscribed on the back of it.

On reaching the station house, the superintendent directed that the woman should be immediately taken before the sitting magistrate, so that the charge might be disposed of with the least possible delay.

His worship, on hearing the evidence of the policeman, demanded to know what proof the woman could adduce as to the note being her own lawful property, as she asserted; whereupon she drew forth the marriage certificate of the Sandboys, protesting most loudly that it was her own. The magistrate, having perused the document carefully throughout, and satisfied himself of its authenticity, said there could be no doubt that the woman was really the person whom she represented herself to be.

Finding the magistrate take this view of the case, the female flower-seller then laid a formal complaint against the policeman, declaring that he had insulted her in the grossest manner that a respectable married woman could possibly be insulted, insinuating that she was a person of immoral character, when his worship could see by the marriage lines as she had shown him, that she was as honest a woman as any in London. The man's conduct, she added, had thrown her into such a passion that she really did not know what she had done to him after he had insulted her: and she put it to his lordship whether his good lady would not have done the same.

The magistrate, though hardly inclined to take that extreme view of the case, still acknowledged that every excuse was to be made for the woman, adding that the officer had no right whatever to make any such insinuation without having indisputable proof of the fact—and that, as it was, he should dismiss the case, warning the policeman to be more cautious in future, and ordering the note to be restored to the woman, upon whose character he was bound to say there was not the slightest stain.

But to return to our lost mutton—Mr. Christopher Sandboys.

Immediately on learning from the boy of the "Black Bull," the precise part of the town in which the lady passing by the name of Mrs. Sandboys was held in "safe custody," Cursty called a cab, and having placed the lad on the box beside the driver, deposited himself within it, ordering the man to carry him with all haste whither the youth should direct.

On reaching the station-house, to Cursty's great delight, he was informed that Mrs. Sandboys had been discharged, as the magistrate said, "without the slightest stain on her character," while the policeman, who had suffered so severely from the lady's indignation, and who

now began to fear, from the presence of Mr. Sandboys, that the magistrate had been perfectly correct in his conviction as to the honesty of the woman who had been brought before him, thought it prudent to apologize for his mistake, lest an action for something or other might be commenced against him.

The consequence was, that Cursty hastened back home quite as fast, if not faster, than he had hastened from it, in the hopes of clutching his poor injured Aggy to his bosom, and consoling her under her heavy trials, with the assurance of his undoubting affection.

During the absence of Mr. Sandboys, his better half had returned from Bow-street, where she had been agreeably surprised to find that Mr. Sandboys, or rather the gentleman known there by that name, had been bailed out a few minutes before her arrival, and had left the station accompanied by his friends. In vain did she make inquiries as to the name of the bail, in the hope of ascertaining who the friends could have been that had done her husband so great a service; for she was not aware of his being acquainted with a single individual in London: nor did the names and addresses of the sureties, when read over to her, tend in the least to enlighten her on the subject; so, as she found the authorities little disposed to enter into that minute account of the proceedings which was necessary to clear up the mystery, she left the police-office, and proceeded on her way home, wondering within herself who "in t' name of guidness" the friends could be; and coming to the conclusion that they were some Cumberland people who had come up for the opening of the Exhibition, and whom her Cursty had stumbled upon in the course of his rambles through London.

On reaching home, Mrs. Fokesell, who had recognised, from the kitchen, the skirt of Mrs. Sandboys' dress as it whisked round the corner of the door-step, ran up the stairs in immediate answer to her knock; and no sooner had she closed the door after the lady, than she began wondering how she could have the impudence to show her face in that house after what had happened, and begging to assure her, with a significant shake of her cap, that she was not in the habit of letting lodgings to people who occasionally occupied an apartment in the station-house.

Mrs. Sandboys imagined, of course, that she alluded to her husband's recent incarceration, and not being particularly proud of the circumstance herself, endeavoured to calm the landlady's irritation on the subject.

But Mrs. Fokesell was not to be appeased, and she gave Mrs. Sandboys plainly to understand, that she ought to think herself highly favoured to be allowed to set foot within her door again, after her shameful, unlady-like conduct to the policeman.

Aggy, imagining that the landlady referred to her inquiries at the station-house, endeavoured to call to mind how she could possibly have committed herself.

But Mrs. Fokesell soon informed her, that it was useless her attempting to play the innocent to her, for a man had been down there and told her about her shameful goings on, and how she had beaten one of the force within an inch of his life.

Mrs. Sandboys stood aghast at the accusation. At first she wondered how such a charge could possibly be trumped up against her; then she imagined it must surely be some jest of the landlady's; but Mrs. Fokesell soon put that notion to flight, by not only repeating the aspersion, but adding, that she had been informed, on the very best authority, that she was well known to the whole of the police, as not being the most respectable person in the world.

This was more than the Cumberland blood of Mrs. Sandboys could bear; and, holding in her breath with the effort of subduing her wrath, she demanded to know what Mrs. Fokesell meant by such an assertion.

Mrs. Fokesell, who was nothing daunted, did not make the slightest attempt to minee the matter, but proceeded to tell her lodger, in the most unequivocal terms, that the policeman had declared that he knew she was not an honest woman.

Mrs. Sandboys could hardly contain herself for rage. If ever she had felt inclined to commit an assault upon any one, it was at that particular moment. Her fingers were all of a work, and it was evidently as much as she could do to keep her hands from tearing the landlady's cap from her head. She could have borne any imputation in the world save an aspersion on her virtue.

Again she demanded of Mrs. Fokesell an immediate and full explanation. How dare a low-bred woman like her tell her she was not an honest woman—when Mrs. Fokesell, herself a married female, (and Mrs. Sandboys laid a strong emphasis on both of the words,) was without so much as a husband to show for herself. It was very well to make out that he was at sea, but nothing was easier than to *say* as much.

It was now Mrs. Fokesell's turn to grow scarlet with rage, and the words were scarcely uttered before she thrust her hands in the huge pocket she wore at her side, and drawing out an old "housewife," she took from it a piece of paper, which, having torn open, she thrust into the face of the terrified Mrs. Sandboys, saying, as she shook it vigorously, "There's my marriage lines, woman! show your'n! show your'n, if you can, and prove yourself to be what you says you are."

Poor Mrs. Sandboys felt the helplessness of her position. She knew that she had parted with her certificate in the act of disposing of her husband's old trowsers. It was idle for her to think of an explanation—of course it could but appear as a lame excuse on the present occasion; so prudence made her gulp down her indignation, and try to soothe the infuriated Mrs. Fokesell, who was once more making her misfortune the laughing-stock of the whole house—for the lodgers, hearing the wrangling of the two ladies in the passage, had crept one by one from their respective apartments, and stood with their necks stretched out over the balusters, giggling at the disputants below.

But the gentle Fokesell was rather anxious to make a public case of the matter, and finding that she was getting a good audience about her, shouted at the top of her voice, "Where's your marriage lines? where's your marriage lines?—where's your marriage lines, I ask again, in the presence of all these respectable gentlemen."

This was the unkindest cut of all, and Mrs. Sandboys sought to escape up stairs, but Mrs. Fokesell was in no humour to let her off so easily. She could not forget the base insinuations that the lady had presumed to throw out respecting the apocryphal character of her absent Fokesell, and feeling satisfied of Mrs. Sandboys' inability to justify *her* character, by the production of her marriage certificate, she felt the more enraged that such a stigma should be cast upon her by such a person; accordingly, as Mrs. Sandboys endeavoured to get away from her, she seized that lady by the arms, and with her teeth clenched, proceeded to shake her violently against the wall, while the terrified Aggy shrieked "murder!" in her shrillest tones.

At this critical state of affairs, a loud double knock at the street door made the passage echo with its clamour. This had the effect of inducing Mrs. Fokesell to relax her hold of the poor trembling Mrs. Sandboys, to whose great relief, on the door being opened, no less a person than her own dear Cursty made his appearance.

Immediately that gentleman was fairly in the passage, the exasperated landlady sought to empty the vials of her wrath on the heads of the innocent couple, but Mr. Sandboys, observing the agitated state of his wife, and judging from a glance the nature of the scene that had transpired, thought it prudent to withdraw to his own apartment; though as he and Aggy ascended the stairs, they could hear Mrs. Fokesell in the passage below vowing all kinds of vengeance against them both on the morrow, and heaping on their names epithets that were not of the most choice or flattering description.

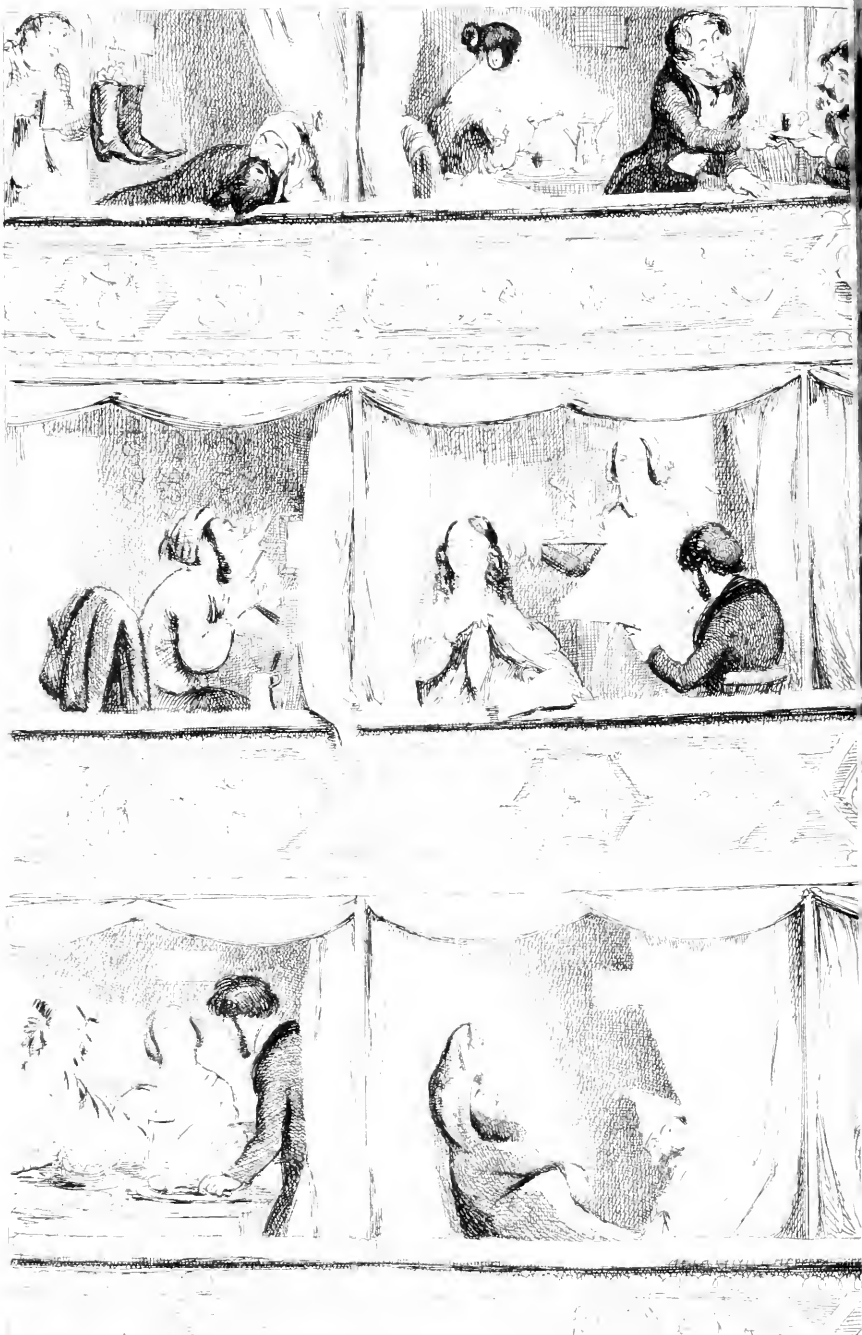
Once by themselves, each began to console the other. Cursty of course believed that his beloved Aggy had suffered imprisonment for assaulting a policeman. Aggy too, in her turn, fancied that her dear Cursty had been only just released from the station-house, where he had been confined for being drunk and disorderly, and each sought to learn from the other what circumstances could possibly have induced them so far to forget themselves. Eley, who looked upon them both as martyrs, was delighted to welcome them back again, for while each of her parents believed that the other had transgressed, she had been led to imagine that they both had been incarcerated for violating the law in some way or other.

Mrs. Sandboys was anxious that Cursty should retire to rest, for she was afraid that he must have taken cold from sleeping in the street, as she had been informed he had done; and Cursty begged that she would dismiss the whole affair from her mind until the morrow, when they would both be in a better condition to speak calmly on the subject. He was sure a glass of wine would do her good, after all the violent exertion she had gone through. But Mrs. Sandboys, alluding to her trip to the station-house after her husband, begged to

assure him that it was solely on his account that she had done what she had, and all she could say was, she'd do it again to-morrow for his sake. Cursty, however, who believed that she referred to her late assault on the policeman, felt within himself in no way anxious that she should encourage a habit of resenting any attack upon her honour, in the Amazonian manner in which she had so recently distinguished herself, lest some day or other, she might resort to the same unpleasant means of vindicating herself, when aggrieved, even with him. Then he told how he had gone off to the station-house merely out of his regard to her. But Mrs. Sandboys was unable to perceive how his falling asleep in the gutter was calculated in any way to benefit her; and thus the worthy couple went on for some time, playing at cross purposes, until at last an explanation became necessary; and then they both saw clearly that their names had been assumed by some unprincipled persons, though with what motive they neither of them could comprehend. Cursty, however, was determined to sift the affair to the bottom, and hurrying back to the station-house whither the woman had been conveyed, he obtained a minuter account of the whole circumstances than he had previously been able to receive, and soon became convinced that the woman was an accomplice of the flower-seller, who had got possession of part of the notes, and the marriage certificate that had been deposited in the missing pocket-book.

When he returned home and cleared up the mystery to his wife Aggy could plainly see through it all, and what was more, she felt satisfied that they'd many more troubles to come, for so long as that certificate was out of their possession they could not tell what might turn up against them.

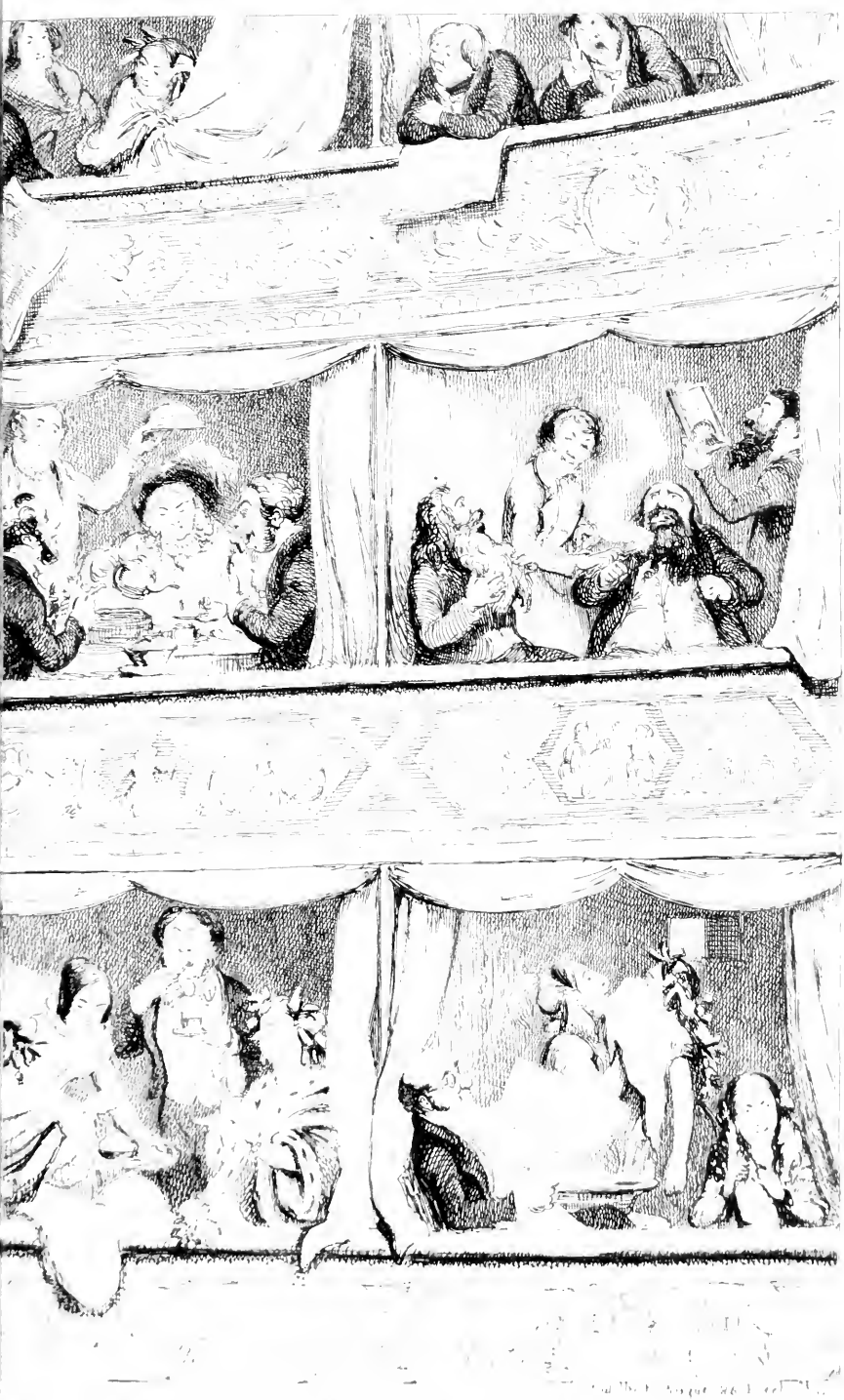
The next morning a climax was put to their distress of mind, in the shape of a long "comic" police report in all the daily papers, detailing how Mrs. Christopher Sandboys, of Cumberland, who had come up to town to see the Great Exhibition, had made a furious attack upon one of the most active members of the metropolitan police force.



George Bruce Invt.

# The OPERA BOXES during the

In consequence of the great pressure [illegible] the Proprietor [illegible] to give every possible accommodation [illegible] visit in the



me of the GREAT EXHIBITION!

## CHAPTER XI.

Hark! where th' inveytin' drum o' Mars
  Athwart the far land rattles,
It minds me aye o' wounds an' sears,
  O' bruolliments an' battles.
But Sargin' Keyte wad fain persuade
  It's but the call of honour,
Where certain fortune shall be made,
  By those who wait upon her,
    Off han' this day.

* * * * *

I leyke the king, I leyke the state,
  The kurk and constitution,
An' on their foes baith soon and late,
  Wish downfa' an' confusion.
But may nae frieu' o' mine,
  By cheats turn out that maizlin ninny,
To barter aw' the Briton's reeghts,
  For nonsense an' a guinea.
    Wi' Keyte this day.

*Rosley Fair.*

On the morrow the Sandboys received formal notice to quit the establishment of Mrs. Fokesell on that day week.

What was to be done?

Where were they to go?

London was filling rapidly. In the extensive lodging district on the southern side of the Strand, scarcely a bill was to be seen bearing the significant inscription of

APARTMENTS
TO BE LET,
ELEGANTLY FURNISHED.

and even where cards of vacant lodgings were to be seen, so enormous were the present demands, that the economical mind of Mrs. Sandboys stood aghast at the contemplation of the weekly outlay.

The Chelsea and Camden Town colonies of clerks she had explored; but there nothing was to be had but bedrooms for single gentlemen who were expected to breakfast only on the premises.

The great commercial retreats of Stoke Newington, Haggerstone, Clapham, and Camberwell, were likewise scoured in their turn, but with no better success. Attics were quoted at ten shillings; second floors were at a high premium; and very little parlours and drawing-rooms were letting at very large prices.

The day of the opening of the Grand Exhibition was fast drawing near; and the rumour had already spread over the country that the Queen intended to open the "Great Glass Hive" in state. Already did the streets swarm with straw-colour-haired Germans, and chicory-complexioned Egyptians—already was Regent Street crammed with beards, full pantaloons, and felt hats—already was the terminus

of the Dover line daily disgorging some hundreds of Parisians habited in quaint cut cloaks, with hoods like huge jelly-bags dangling at their backs—already were the thoroughfares at the West End crowded with holiday-looking folk, and streams of gaily-dressed idlers seemed to be pouring in the direction of some fair in the outskirts—hairs seemed to have sprung up on the lips and chin of every other passer-by in a night, like mustard and cress—the huge waggons, piled high as the house-tops with large wooden cases, each indorsed in bold letters,

FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS,

had ceased to appear in the streets, and all seemed to be preparing for the great fair—the world's holiday.

The Sandboys held a family council, the result of which was, that it was unanimously agreed it would be advisable, under the circumstances, for them to retire some short distance from the metropolis; and accordingly expeditions were sent out provisioned for the day, in search of the suburban regions.

After considerable difficulty, a bill was discovered pasted in a cheesemonger's window, announcing that

"ANY NUMBER OF LADIES OR GENTLEMEN MAY BE ACCOMMODATED WITH APARTMENTS FOR A LIMITED PERIOD, IN A HEALTHY SITUATION, WITHIN A SIXPENNY RIDE OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

ENQUIRE WITHIN."

This was too good news to let slip. Accordingly, Mrs. Sandboys no sooner received the information from her son Jobby, than she sallied forth, intent on ascertaining further particulars respecting the suburban domicile. On her return, she informed Mr. Sandboys that she thought it would be the "very thing" for them. The lodging was close to Wimbledon Common, at an establishment for young ladies, where the Easter vacation had been extended to a month, in honour of the opening of the Great Exhibition. Miss Wewitz herself was at present staying, on a visit, with one of her pupils in the metropolis; and Mrs. Wewitz had very properly thought it a pity to allow so large a house, making up, as it did, upwards of sixty beds, to remain unoccupied, just at a time when so many strangers were wanting a place to put their head in.

The next day, Mrs. Sandboys made an excursion to Wimbledon, and came back to Town delighted with the "ladies' establishment." Everything was so scrupulously clean,—the bed-furniture and the boards were as white as the Sour Milk Gill opposite their window at Buttermere; and the whole place was so airy and beautifully ventilated, that she believed Jobby might have flown his kite in the principal bed-room. Then the terms were so moderate, and the lady so obliging—she really thought she was one of the nicest old bodies

she had seen for many a long day;—altogether, she was quite in love with the place, and everything and everybody about it.

She had arranged, she said, to go in the very next day; for, really, that spiteful old thing of a Mrs. Fokesell did make the house so uncomfortable, that the sooner they got out of her power the better.

The next morning a cab was hired, to carry the Sandboys and their luggage to the Waterloo terminus.

The parting with Mrs. Fokesell was by no means of a pathetic character, though, when the time came for saying good bye, the landlady, who had been considerably mollified by the payment of her bill, hoped as how that bygones would be bygones, and acknowledged that she might have behaved a little "hindiscreet" on the late occasion, but her blood was up, she said, and then she wasn't her own missus.

In a few hours afterwards, the family of the Sandboys were safely landed at "Parthenon House," Wimbledon Common.

Here nothing occurred to ruffle the serenity of their retirement for some few days.

On the fifth day, however, from their entering the establishment, the French master, who was *really* a "Natif de Paris," and had published a sheet wherein the whole of the French genders were ingeniously reduced to two, called to request that a friend of his might be accommodated with a temporary apartment under that roof. His friend had come to England to be present at the opening of the Great Exhibition, and wished for a large airy room. The mother of the head of the establishment was delighted to have the opportunity of disposing of her left wing—if the gentleman would not object to the beds remaining in the apartment, for she had no other place wherein to stow them. The French master observed, that he was sure his friend and compatriot would be too happy to oblige so young and beautiful a lady (the mother had long ago taken to false fronts), and with this enchanting tara-diddle, he withdrew from the premises, leaving the old lady to declare that there was a something —she didn't know what—about French manners, that to her mind far surpassed the English.

The day after this, the French master accompanied his friend M. le Comte de Sanschemise, who came in a large cloak, an immense Spanish hat, and a small reticule-like carpet bag, to take possession of his apartment and its extensive range of beds.

Now it so happened that the day after M. le Comte had entered the ladies' establishment, three thousand of the French Gardes Nationales, who had come over to be present at the opening of the Crystal Palace on the 1st of May, were deposited in the very heart of the metropolis by a monster train from Dover.

To locate so large a colony in the foreign districts of London was impossible. The Frenchmen were already ten in a room in all the purlieus of Golden-square. Leicester, on the other hand, what with the world in the centre, and the denizens of all nations swarming on every side of it, was as full as it could well hold. The Quadrant had

become as Frenchified as the Palais Royal, and the boxes of the several cheap Restaurants round about the Haymarket were swarming with parties of poor Parisians, who invariably demanded portions for one and plates for six.

It was in this emergency that the French master of Parthenon House, who was known to some of the troop, bethought him of the many spare beds in the apartment of his friend, M. le Comte de Sanschemise, and immediately proposed that as many of them should retire to that establishment as the room could hold. For the sake of appearances, however, it was arranged that they should proceed to the house in not more than two at one time, and accordingly every conveyance that left London deposited its couple of "citoyens" at the door of the Wimbledon Establishment for Young Ladies.

By the close of the evening the arrivals had already amounted to two-and-twenty, and during the next day nearly double that number were brought to the gate.

Mrs. Wewitz had already been given to understand that two-and-twenty Frenchmen had slept the night previous in the bedroom of the young ladies belonging to the upper school, and now, to her great horror, she saw the number of foreigners under her roof increased by couples almost every half-hour throughout the day.

At dusk she thought it high time to remonstrate with M. le Comte, and on requesting to be informed how many there were at present lodged in his room, she was horrified to hear that, including himself, there were no less than eight-and-forty occupants. She begged to remind the Comte that she had let the room to him alone. But the Comte, with the greatest politeness possible, assured her that he was at liberty to do with the apartment as he pleased so long as he paid the rent for it, and that she need not be under the least alarm, for that they were all perfect gentlemen, and that many of them, like himself, were persons of title.

Mrs. Wewitz knew not what to do under the circumstances. To endeavour to put eight-and-forty soldiers to the rout was more than she dare attempt—and to call in the aid of the police would be, perhaps, not only to cause bloodshed, but to get the whole affair published in the newspapers, and so ruin the school; for what parent, as she justly observed to herself, would dream of confiding an innocent daughter to the care of an establishment where as many as four dozen foreigners were in the habit of being located in one apartment alone. Then she was in a state of continual alarm lest the Sandboys should discover the colony of National Guards she had under her left wing; and how to keep their presence a secret from them was beyond her power to conceive. If she only dare venture to break the distressing intelligence to her daughter in town, she perhaps might be able to bring the business to a happy and speedy termination; but she knew that her dearest Cleopatra would never forgive her imprudence. Then, again, how was she to get rid of the fellows, even before the young ladies returned? for if they would not go now, how was it likely that they would stir at a time when London would have

become more full, and there would then be the extra inducement of the impudent fellows remaining on the premises to make love to the young ladies? She would not have that Emily Bonpoint back while those wretches of Frenchmen were about for all she was worth. For if she and her daughter couldn't be a match for her at other times, a pretty life she would lead them with the left wing packed full of foreigners. It would break her Cleopatra's heart she knew when she came to hear of it, that the filthy, dirty fellows had been sleeping two together in those beautiful white beds of hers—though how they managed in the short, narrow slips of things, was impossible to say. Besides, if there was one thing that her daughter paid more attention to than another, it was the morals of the tender plants that were placed under her culture—and she would never forgive herself, she was sure, if with all those Frenchmen under the roof any elopement should take place—for not one of them, she was sure, had got a halfpenny to bless himself.

For a few days the Sandboys remained in a state of comparative ignorance as to the small army that was then barracked under the same roof with them. Jobby, to be sure, had noticed the number of men in red pantaloons that continually kept going in and out of the premises; but, beyond a passing remark, this had excited little or no astonishment.

Mrs. Sandboys moreover, had noticed, on the very first day of the foreigners entering the establishment, a strong smell of tobacco smoke, and a fogginess in every one of the rooms that she could in no way account for; but this had worn off, and she had since paid but little attention to the matter, for, whether from continual use her senses had become in a measure accustomed to the smell, or whether from the Sandboys being located at the other side of the house, it was difficult to say, but certain it was, that after the first evening she had not been heard to complain.

One night, however, the lady being rather nervous, after partaking heartily of a cold rice pudding for supper, she felt satisfied that she heard some noise in the house. Sandboys had been fast asleep for some time, but she thumped him on the back and confided to him her suspicions that all was not right below stairs. But Cursty was too tired to trouble himself much about the matter, so he merely murmured that it was all owing to that cold rice pudding she *would* eat, and immediately re-arranged himself for the continuation of his slumbers.

Mrs. Sandboys was too firmly convinced of the soundness of the conclusion at which she had arrived, to be able to rest quiet in her bed. She tried to close her eyes and shut out all thought of the unpleasant circumstance from her mind, but it was useless; the noise still forced itself upon her, and she could not help thinking of the lonely situation of the house, so near that wicked London as it was. They might all scream their very lives out before they could make any one hear. Nor did the stories told of the highwaymen that in the last century had infested the common, and the anecdotes she had

heard of the parties who used to wait at the road-side inn, at the corner of it, till a sufficient number of travellers had arrived to allow them to cross the deserted place in a body formidable enough to prevent their being plundered.

Mrs. Sandboys, therefore, rose from her bed, determined to satisfy herself whence the noise proceeded. At times she would declare that she heard voices at the opposite side of the building. Accordingly, slipping on her flannel gown, she proceeded with the rushlight shade to inspect the premises.

She had not gone far in the direction of the other wing of the establishment, when the smoke grew so thick that it was almost impossible for her to see her hand before her, and it was of so pungent a nature, that it almost blinded as well as stifled her. At first it smelt to her very like the fumes of tobacco, but as she was not aware of there being any one addicted to "the weed" in the "Establishment for Young Ladies"—a taste, indeed, that seemed utterly at variance with the feminine character of the institution—she got to be convinced that there was some tarry substance smouldering away in one of the rooms, and that it only required a breath of air to cause it to burst into a sheet of flame, when they would be all burnt alive in their beds.

Perhaps, thought Mrs. Sandboys, there might yet be time to extinguish the smouldering mass. Accordingly, she hurried back to her bed-room for the jug of cold water, so that she might empty its contents upon the burning body immediately she discovered whereabouts it lay.

The lady's steps grew quicker and quicker, as, led by her nose, she followed the smoke, sniffing away like a terrier at a rat-hole—while the further she advanced the thicker the cloud became, until it was as much as she could do to fetch her breath in it.

Nothing daunted, however, she proceeded with the cape of her flannel-gown to her nose, and at length reached the doorway of the apartment of the United Frenchmen, whence she perceived the fumes were issuing. She opened the door cautiously, lest the flames, that she now felt convinced were raging within, should burst out upon her—indeed, at one time, as she stood outside shivering with fright, she was confident that she could hear the "devouring element" roaring within; though, truth to say, it was nothing more horrible than the snoring of the drowsiest of the eight-and-forty foreigners.

As she entered the apartment, all was in such a fog of fume, that it was impossible to distinguish a single object. Presently, however, she caught sight of a burning mass—she knew not where or what it was—but there she could see it, growing brighter and brighter at intervals, as if the breeze were fanning it, and it wanted but a few minutes longer to burst into flame.

Without hesitating for one moment, she dropped the rushlight shade on the ground, and dashed the contents of the water-jug full in the direction of the ignited body.

Immediately after the first splash, there was heard the panting of

some one gasping for breath, and then a hoarse cry of—"Saer-r-re mille nommes de tonnerre!"

Mrs. Sandboys no sooner heard the sound of a man's voice—and that man a Frenchman—than, letting the empty water-jug fall with a loud crash, she uttered a shrill scream, and flew from the man's apartment in the direction of her own.

The astonished and drenched Frenchman, who, like the rest of his comrades, had been indulging in the Parisian luxury of a pipe in bed, and who had fallen asleep with his large "meerschaum" still alight in his mouth, hearing the shriek of a female, immediately sprang from his bed, and darted off after the lady, in the hope of making her explain and apologize for the unceremonious manner in which she had roused him from his slumbers.

Mrs. Sandboys, however, had so good a start of the foreigner, that she was able to reach her apartment before he could lay hold of her; and then rushing into it, she slammed to the door, and throwing herself upon her beloved Cursty, fell shrieking and kicking and crying, "There's a man, Cursty—there's a man!"

Mr. Sandboys, on being roused so suddenly, required to shake himself two or three times before he could collect himself sufficiently to comprehend whether or not he was finishing the nightmare that the cold rice-pudding had produced. At length, however, he had a vague, indistinct recollection of his wife having previously roused him with an alarm of thieves; so, making up his mind that this was the cause of his Aggy's fright, and that she had been actually pursued by some daring burglar, he dashed from his bed-room armed with a good stout stick.

Immediately outside the door he encountered the Frenchman, who was busy in the dark, feeling for some mark by which he could recognise the apartment in the morning. Cursty no sooner laid hands upon the strange man, than he prepared to seize him by the throat. On attempting to do this, he discovered, to his great surprise, that the supposed housebreaker was "bearded like the pard;" accordingly, he grasped, with a tight hold, the hairy appendage to the foreigner's chin with one hand, while with the other he proceeded, with his ash stick, to belabour him, in his shirt as he was, till his cries raised the whole house.

Then the ladies, maids and all, threw up the windows of their bedrooms, and proceeded, some to shriek "Police!" others to scream "Murder!" and "Thieves!" while the rest busied themselves with springing the entire battery of watchmen's rattles that were kept, for the safety of the young ladies, always at hand on the premises.

Mrs. Wewitz, when she discovered the cause of the disturbance, was more alarmed than ever; for she plainly began to perceive that the eight-and-forty Frenchmen, whom in a moment of weakness she had admitted within the sacred precincts of "Parthenon House," would ultimately bring ruin upon the hitherto unsullied reputation of her daughter's "Establishment for Young Ladies."

Mrs. Sandboys, on becoming acquainted with the fact that she and her daughter were living beneath the same roof with nearly half a hundred Frenchmen, grew extremely uneasy at not only the proverbial amatory tendency of the dispositions of *jeune France*, but the equally notorious want of cleanliness in the natives of the same enlightened country.

Not a moment would she allow Elcy to be out of her sight, for she knew that even when she herself accompanied her for a walk round the play-ground, the nasty impudent fellows were all up at their windows in a moment, and kept continually dropping notes of assignation done up as "*cornichons*" of sweetmeats on to her parasol as they passed.

But what troubled her perhaps quite as much was, the utter absence of all weekly contributions of linen for the wash on the part of the united eight-and-forty Parisians. She had made particular inquiries on this subject of Mrs. Wewitz, just to satisfy herself whether the rumoured indifference of *la belle France* for a change of linen was in any way founded upon truth, and when that lady assured her that though the four dozen had been in her house upwards of a fortnight not so much as a shirt front even, or a pair of socks, had they forwarded to the laundress.

The cleanly Mrs. Sandboys became so horrified at the idea of a small battalion being shut up in the same house as herself, without having so much as a change of linen for two entire weeks, that she did not hesitate to tell the alarmed Mrs. Wewitz that now the warm weather was coming on, they would be sure to be having a malignant fever break out on the premises; for it was the universal opinion of the best medical authorities, that all of the most dangerous diseases arose merely from dirt—and serve the people quite right too, she said; she didn't pity one of the nasty filthy things. But it was only for the poor young ladies' sakes that she spoke, for most likely they'd be coming back just in the thick of it. She would only ask Mrs. Wewitz to picture to herself what the small-pox would be among sixty young ladies, the majority of whom perhaps had nothing but their good looks to depend upon for their advancement in life; besides vaccination, she must well know, was held to be of no good after seven years, and as Miss Wewitz, her daughter, didn't receive any young ladies under that age, she might readily imagine the ravages that such a pestilence would be likely to make in such a place, and the number of poor miserable old maids that they'd have to answer for.

The urgent appeals of Mrs. Sandboys took so firm a hold on the mind of Mrs. Wewitz, that she said she would do anything that Mrs. Sandboys might think best. Whereupon, that lady suggested that, as it was Monday, she should be allowed to send Ann Lightfoot up to the Frenchmen, and desire to know whether they had any "things" for the wash—at least, Mrs. Sandboys said, it would shame them into making up some bundle, however small it might be.

Accordingly, Ann Lightfoot was dispatched on the errand, with strict orders to bring back the answer as quickly as possible.

Some considerable time elapsed, however, before the maid returned with the reply, what washing the gentlemen needed, they said they themselves did; and in proof of the truth of the statement, the maid told her mistress that on entering the room, she found the Count and some of the Officers around the wash-hand basin busily engaged in soaping and rubbing away at their dirty collars.

The message once delivered, Mrs. Sandboys began to question the girl as to the cause of her delay. The maid, in a confused manner, endeavoured to stammer out that she couldn't make the gentlemen understand her.

Mrs. Sandboys, however, observing, on a close scrutiny of the girl's appearance, that her cap was awry, desired her to come closer to her, and then taking hold of her, she turned the maid round, and to her horror discovered imprinted on her cheek a series of exact copies in "*cire de moustache*" of every shape and variety of mustachio. Then seizing the girl by the arm, she dragged her round to the looking-glass, and begged to be informed whether it was necessary for the Frenchmen's lips to be placed so near to her before they could make her understand what they meant.

Ann Lightfoot coloured crimson as she perceived that the black wax with which the Parisians were in the habit of darkening their beards, had left its mark upon her skin, and bursting into tears, she said it was impossible for her to get away from them; for first it was one, and then the other, till at last she really thought that they would have torn her to pieces among them; and if there was one, added the girl, that was wuss than another, it was the one as said he only wished he could have caught hold of you, mum, if you please, the other night.

Mrs. Sandboys gave a faint scream at the bare idea of such an accident having occurred to her; and feeling in no way inclined to continue the conversation, after the unpleasant turn it had taken, she desired the girl to go below, and take good care how she trusted herself again within a mile of those impudent foreigners.

Some two or three days after the above occurrence, Mrs. Wewitz, who now began to keep a strict eye upon all the movements of the detachment of the *Garde Nationale* quartered within her domicile, hastened up to the sitting-room of Mrs. Sandboys to inform her that she verily believed every one of the fellows had left the house for a stroll. She had counted forty-seven of them go out of the gate, and she was convinced she must have made a mistake of one somewhere, for though she had been up to their room, and listened at the door for nearly half-an-hour, she could not hear a soul stirring—and now she added, "My dear, it will be a good opportunity for us to see the state in which the room really is, for, with the exception of Ann Lightfoot, not a creature has ever been in it—no, not even to make their beds, since the first day they took possession of the place."

Mrs. Sandboys was as eager for the survey as Mrs. Wewitz herself,

and accordingly they started off together, intent upon having what the ladies called a "good rout out" of all the things during the absence of the Frenchmen.

On reaching the bedroom, they stood for some few minutes outside, listening, but hearing no sound within, they ventured to push the door open, so that they might be able to have a full view of the apartment, and satisfy themselves of there being no one in it before they ventured upon entering.

Not a creature was to be seen, so the two ladies crept cautiously in; and no sooner did Mrs. Wewitz set eyes on the coffee colour of the once white dimity bed-curtains, than she threw up her hands, as if in despair of ever seeing them a "good colour" again. Then placing the corner of the counterpane to her nose, the smell of stale tobacco was almost overpowering. How she should ever sweeten them for the young ladies, was more than she could tell.

Mrs. Sandboys next drew her attention to the state of the boards—the very boards which it was her pride to hear all who saw them say they could eat their dinner off them—and now, owing to the four dozen foreigners not possessing so much as one spittoon among them, they were stained over with the juice and ashes of tobacco. The bright bars and sides of the stove, too, were all spotted red with rust.

On a chair in the middle of the room stood the blacking bottle and brushes, and beside them, on one of the white toilet-covered tables, was a basin half full of inky water, in which the gallant sons of "*la belle France*" had recently rinsed their hands and faces—near this was a bottle of bandoline for gumming down the hair, and an old tooth-brush standing up in it—the only tooth-brush to be seen in the place. Lying next to these was a dirty, mangy-looking hair-brush, with several sticks of different coloured *cires de moustache*—looking like the ends of candles—and a bottle of lavender water. On the mantelpiece stood a pair of curling-tongs, a leaden whisker-comb, and a pot of patent polish for the boots, while above were ranged the entire pipes of the fraternity. Pinned to a string that stretched across the room from bed to bed, hung a couple of shirt fronts, left to dry, together with several dozen pairs of fresh-cleaned, lemon-coloured kid gloves, that emitted a strong smell of turpentine.

As the two ladies "poked about" the apartment, each seemed to find especial delight in dragging the other to witness some fresh evidence of filth or foppery that she had just discovered; and while they were thus agreeably engaged, speaking in whispers to one another, Mrs. Sandboys, who had ventured to stray further into the depths of the apartment than the more cautious Mrs. Wewitz, had almost reached the end of the chamber, when, to her horror, she discovered some one fast asleep in one of the beds. All that was visible above the clothes was the upper part of a head, profusely done up in curl papers.

Mrs. Sandboys no sooner caught sight of the "crackers," than, breathless with indignation, she hurried back, on tip-toe, to her com

panion, and whispered in her ear, "My dear, there's a woman in one of the beds!"

"A wo——!" Mrs. Wewitz was about to scream, when Aggy placed her hand on the lady's mouth.

"Yes, a woman, my love! I tell tha I saw her curl-papers," ejaculated Mrs. Sandboys, in a subdued tone of the deepest horror.

"The wretches!" cried Mrs. Wewitz, "they'll be the ruin of us all—they will; but I'll soon have the hussy out!" and so saying she hurried towards the bed which Mrs. Sandboys had indicated; and seizing the sleeper by the shoulders, began shaking the individual violently.

The suddenness and severity of the agitation roused the slumberer, when lifting his head up from under the clothes, he displayed to the terrified ladies a huge beard and pair of mustachios.

"Its a brute of a man, after all!" screamed Mrs. Wewitz, as she let go the shoulders of the hirsute Parisian.

"Goodness, gracious!" shrieked Mrs. Sandboys, and away they both scampered out of the apartment.

As they hastened back to their sitting-room, they met Ann Lightfoot on one of the landings, and communicating to her what had happened, the girl begged to know whether the man's beard was red?

On being answered in the affirmative, she told the horror-stricken Mrs. Sandboys that it was the same man as had run after her the other night, and who assured her yesterday that he only wished he could have caught her; he'd have served her out finely.

"He was the wust of the whole bunch," Ann Lightfoot said.

Mrs. Sandboys gave a faint scream, for, as she observed to Mrs. Wewitz, she shouldn't wonder but what the nasty hairy brute of a fellow would be imagining that she was in love with him, and then what on earth would become of her!

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## CHAPTER XII.

"Do, walk in, gentlemen, walk in,
The price is only threepence,
We're just a-going to begin—
You two step in for fi'pence.
You ne'er have seen in all your days,
So fine a show as this is;
Go where we will, it gains the praise
Of gentlemen and misses.
* * * * *
"See hurdum-durdum, dust an' din,
Wi' showman an' physician,
You'd think that they meeght Babel fin'
Class'd for a new edition."

*Cumberland Song.*

THE long-looked-for first of May, 1851, had at length arrived, and the morning was ushered in with merry peals from almost every steeple; afar off the drone of the thousand bells sounded like the

boom of a huge gong—the signal, as it were, for the swarming of the Great Hive.

For miles round all wore a holiday aspect; the work-people with clean and smiling faces, and decked out in all the bright colours of their Sunday attire, were up and about shortly after daybreak, and, with their bundle of provisions on their arms, were soon seen streaming along the road, like so many living rays, converging towards the Crystal focus of the World.

It was the great Jubilee of art and industry, to which almost every corner of the earth had sent some token of its skill and brotherly feeling, and to which the inhabitants of the most distant climes had come, each to gaze at the science and handicraft of the other. Never was labour—whether mental or manual, whether the craft of the hand or of the brain—so much honoured—the first great recognition, perhaps, of the artistic qualities of the artizan.

With the first gleam of daylight, the boys of London, ever foremost at a sight, had taken up their places in the trees, like their impudent counterparts, the London sparrows, and men and women grouped round the rails, determined at least to have a good place for seeing the opening of the World's Show. Hammers were to be heard on all sides, fastening the timbers of the wooden stages that were being set up by the many who delight in holidays solely as a matter of business. Some were pouring in at the Park-gates, laden with tables and chairs for the sight-seers to stand upon. Others again, came with the omnipresent street provisions—huge trucks filled with bottles of ginger beer—baskets of gingerbread and "fatty cakes" —and tins of brandy-balls and hardbake—while from every quarter there streamed girls and women with round wicker sieves piled up in pyramids with oranges. Then there were the women with the brown-looking trotters, spread on white cloths, and the men with their ham sandwiches, as thin as if made out of whitey-brown paper; while at the gates and all along the roads, stood men with trays of bright silvery looking medals of the Crystal Palace, and filling the air with the cheapness and attractions of their wares. Nor were the beggars absent from the scene, for in every direction along which the great mass of people came pouring, there were the blind and the crippled, reaping their holiday harvest.

As the morning advanced the crowds that came straggling on, grew denser and denser, till at last it was one compact kind of road, paved with heads; and on they went—fathers with their wives and children, skipping jauntily along, and youths with their gaily-dressed sweethearts, in lively-coloured shawls and ribbons—and many—early as it was—munching apples, or cracking nuts as they trudged on their way.

All London, and half the country, and a good part of the world, were wending their way to see the Queen pass in state on her way to open the

GREAT EXHIBITION OF ALL NATIONS,

## CHAPTER XIII.

"See frae a' quarters, east and west,
I' drwoves th' country coman,
Wheyle flocks o' naigs an' kye are press'd
By flocks o' men an' women;
Buss'd i' their best the blythesome troop
Bang forrat helter skelter,
Wheyle monny 'mang the mingled group
O' th' geat war fit to swelter
Wi' heat that day.
* * * * * * * * * *
Whist! what's yon noise amang yon crowd,
Yon ramin' an' huzzain?
Whar trumpets skirl an' drums beat loud,
An' organs sweet are pleyin."

*Rosley Fair.*

THE Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Countries is the first public national expression ever made in this country, as to the dignity and artistic quality of labour.

Our "working men," until within the last few years, we have been in the habit of looking upon as mere labourers—as muscular machines—creatnres with whom the spinning-jenny and the power-loom might be brought into competition, and whom the sense of fatigue, and consequent demand for rest, rendered immeasurably inferior "as producers," to the instruments of brass and iron.

It is only within the last ten years, perhaps, that we have got to acknowledge the artistic and intellectual quality of many forms of manual labour, speaking of certain classes of operatives no longer as handicraftsmen—that is to say, as men who, from long habit, acquired a dexterity of finger which fitted them for the "automatic" performance of certain operations,—but styling them artisans, or the artists of our manufactures. It is because we have been so slow to perceive and express this "great fact"—the artistic character of artisanship—that so much intellectual power has been lost to society, and there has been so much more toil and suffering in the world than there has been any necessity for.

Had we, as a really great people, been impressed with the sense of the heavy debt we owed to labour, we should long ago have sought to acknowledge and respect the mental operations connected with many forms of it, and have striven to have ennobled and embellished and enlivened the intellect of those several modes of industry that still remained as purely physical employments among us. Had the men of mind done as much for the men of labour, as these had done for those, we might long ago have learned how to have made toil pleasant rather than irksome, and to have rendered it noble instead of mean.

The ploughman, at the tail of the plough, has been allowed to con-

tinue with us almost the same animal as the horses in front of it, with no other incentive to work but the craving of his stomach.

Had we striven to elevate ploughing into an art, and the ploughman into an artist—teaching him to understand the several subtle laws and forces concerned in the cultivation of every plant—and more especially of those with which he was dealing—had we thus made the turning up of the soil not a brute operation, but an intellectual process, we might have rendered the work a pleasure, and the workman a man of thought, dignity, and refinement.

As yet, the art-exhibitions of this country have been confined solely to the handiworks of artists-proper. We have been led to suppose, by the restricted sense which we have given to the term *artist*, that Art was confined solely to the several forms of pleasing—pictorially, musically, or literarily. A more comprehensive view of the subject, however, is now teaching us that the different modes of operating on the intellectual emotions, of attracting attention, of exciting interest, of producing a feeling of astonishment, beauty, sublimity, or ludicrousness in others, are but one species of Art, for not only are the means of affecting the intellect, of inducing a sense of truth and causation an equally artistic operation, but, assuredly, the affection of material objects in a desired manner is just as worthy of being ranked in the same category. Whether the wished-for object be to operate upon mental, moral, or physical nature—whether it be to induce in the intellect, the heart, or the unconscious substances around us a certain predetermined state, such an end can be brought about solely by conforming to the laws of the object on which we seek to operate.

Art, literally rendered, is cunning, and cunning is "kenning," or knowing. It means, simply and strictly, intellectual power. *Ars* is the power of mind, in contradistinction to the *In-ers*, or power of matter.

Art, therefore, is merely the exercise of the mind towards a certain object—that express operation of the intellect which enables us to compass our intentions, no matter what the object may be—whether to convince, to astonish, to convulse with laughter, to charm with beauty, to overwhelm with the sense of the sublime, or even to extract metal from the ore, or weave the fibres of a plant into a covering for the body—each of these processes differs, not in the intellectual operation, but solely in the nature of the substances operated upon, every one requiring the knowledge of a different set of laws, and thus, in most instances, necessitating a distinct operator.

Such are the marvellous effects of some of the more ordinary arts of civilization. Art, it has been said, lies simply in the adaptation of the means to the end—the more cunning or knowing this adaptation appears—that is to say, the greater the knowledge, intuitive or acquired, that it evinces, or is felt to require, the greater, of course, is the art, or, in other words, the more *art-ful* the process becomes.

As yet, but few modes of industry in this country have been ren-

dered artistic; our handicraftsmen have remained pure mechanics, because wanting that knowledge which alone could convert their operation into an art; they have merely repeated, mechanically, the series of acts that others had performed before them, while such processes which had been elevated into intellectual exercises had been rendered so by mere scientific knowledge.

By means of Mechanics' Institutes and cheap literature, we had so extended the discoveries of our philosophers, that the truths of science were, in many instances, no longer confined to the laboratory, the observatory, or the library, but made to permeate the mine, the forge, the workshop, the factory, and the fields.

Still, it was only science that reached our working men.

Taste, as yet, was scarcely known to them.

A knowledge of the laws of nature might make better and more cunning handicraftsmen, but a knowledge of the laws of pleasing could alone render their works more elegant in design; and, since every material object must necessarily partake of form and colour, it is surely as well it should be made to please as to displease the eye in these qualities.

As yet we have sought to develop only the utilities of art—the beautiful, as an essential element of all manufacture, we have entirely neglected. As a stranger recently come among us, this defect appears to have forced itself deeply into the mind of Prince Albert; for, as far back as 1846, his Royal Highness urged upon a deputation that waited upon him from the Society of Arts, that the department of that Society "most likely to prove immediately beneficial to the public, was that which encouraged, most efficiently, the application of the Fine Arts to the various manufactures of the country;" and, added the Prince, after speaking of the excellence and solidity of British manufactures generally, "to wed mechanical skill with high art is a task worthy of the Society of Arts, and directly in the path of its duty."

The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry and Art of all Nations is, then, the first attempt to dignify and refine toil; and, by collecting the several products of scientific and æsthetic art from every quarter of the globe into one focus, to diffuse a high standard of excellence among our operatives, and thus to raise the artistic qualities of labour, so that men, no longer working with their fingers alone, shall find that which is now mere drudgery converted into a delight, their intellects expanded, their natures softened, and their pursuits ennobled by the process.

When mining becomes with us a geological art—when the agricultural labourer is an organic chemist—when the feeder and breeder of cattle is an experimental physiologist—when, indeed, every handicraft is made both a scientific and æsthetic operation—then, and then alone, will the handicraftsmen hold that high and honourable position in the country, which, as the producers of all our wealth—as those to whom we owe our every comfort and luxury, they ought most assuredly to occupy.

The Great Exhibition is a higher boon to labour than a general advance of wages. An increase of pay might have brought the working men a larger share of creature comforts, but high feeding, unfortunately, is not high thinking nor high feeling.

Anything which tends to elevate the automatic operation of the mere labourer to the dignity of an artistic process, tends to confer on the working classes the greatest possible benefit.

Such appears to be the probable issue of the Great Exhibition!

Nor can we conceive a nobler pride than that which must be felt by working men when they behold arranged all around them the several trophies and triumphs of labour over the elements of the whole material universe. The sight cannot fail to inspire them with a sense of their position in the State, and to increase their self-respect in the same ratio as it must tend to increase the respect of all others for their vocation.

London, for some time previous to the opening of the Great Exhibition, had been a curious sight even to Londoners. In all the main thoroughfares, especially those leading from the railways and the docks, heavy vans, piled high with unwieldy packing-cases, or laden with some cumbrous machine, and drawn by a long team of horses, crawled along, creaking, on their way towards the Crystal Palace. The greater part of the principal streets were being repaired, preparatory to the increased traffic; shops were being newly-painted and newspapers were announcing in huge placards that they proposed publishing supplements in several languages.

In almost every omnibus, some two or three foreigners were to be seen among the passengers,—either some light-haired Germans, or high-checked Americans, or sallow Turks, with their "fez-caps" of scarlet cloth. In the pit of the theatres, Chinamen, with their peculiar slanting eyes, and old-woman-like look and dress, might occasionally be perceived gaping with wonder at the scene; while from the number of gentlemen in beards, felt-hats, and full pantaloons, visible at the West-end, Regent-street had much the Anglo-Frenchified character of Boulogne-sur-Mer.

New amusements were daily springing into existence, or old ones being revived. The Chinese Collection had returned to the Metropolis, with a family from Pekin, and a lady with feet two inches and a half long, as a proof of the superior *standing* she had in society; Mr. Catlin had re-opened his Indian exhibition; Mr. Wyld had bought up the interior of Leicester Square, with the view of cramming into it—"yea, the great globe itself!" The geographical panoramas had rapidly increased, no less than three Jerusalems having been hatched, as it were, by steam—like eggs, by the patent incubator—within the last three weeks. "Australia" and "New Zealand," like floating islands, had shifted their quarters from Miss Linwood's Gallery to the Strand, while the cost of immigrating thither for half-an-hour was reduced from sixpence for each country, to "three-pence all

the way;" while those who felt indisposed for so long a journey, could make the "Grand Tour of Europe" for one shilling, or take the "Overland Route to India" for the same price, or be set down by the Waterloo omnibus at the entrance to the "Dardanelles," and see all over "Constantinople" for less than a trip to Gravesend.

The road to the Crystal Palace had for a long time been an extraordinary scene. Extensive trains of waggons stretched far away, like an Eastern caravan, each waiting for its turn to be unloaded, monopolised one side of the carriage-way. Omnibuses, with their roofs crowded with people, went dashing by, while carts laden with building materials crept leisurely along.

At almost every one of the public-houses some huge flag was flying from the upper windows, and around the doors were groups of men and soldiers either about to enter or depart. Along the edge of the footpath stood hawkers, shouting out the attractions of their wares—some had trays filled with bright silvery-looking medals of the Exhibition—others, pictures of it printed in gold on "gelatine cards"—while others had merely barrows of nuts, baskets of oranges or trucks of the omnipresent penny ginger-beer.

Groups of foreigners, their beards yellow with dust, walked along with their hands stuck in their pockets, so as to make their full pantaloons even fuller than ordinary; and as the omnibuses stopped to "pick up" or "set down" their passengers, parties of Germans or Frenchmen were heard jabbering loudly within. Along Rotten-row, endless troops of equestrians galloped noiselessly along on the soft loose ground at the rear of the Crystal Palace—in front of it an interminable line of carriages drawled slowly past, and while some of those within thrust their heads out at the windows, others leant back, so as to be able to see the height or length of the giant building.

On every side were mobs of spectators pressing close up to the rails, and standing on tip-toe, with their necks out-stretched, in the hope of getting a peep of what was going on within. All along the building were ladders, one beside each of the columns, with painters perched high upon them, busy colouring the iron-work against the opening day. On top of the huge glass arch that formed the roof of the transept, the tiny figures of workmen were to be seen, some walking along the crystal covering, and making one wonder how the fragile substance bore them.

At the end of the building were steam-engines puffing out their white clouds of steam, and amid the *débris* of a thousand packing-cases stood giant blocks of granite, mammoth lumps of coal, stupendous anchors, and such huge articles as were too bulky to be placed within the building itself.

All was bustle, life, confusion, and amazement.

Those who were not working, were wondering at those who were; and many, as they looked at what still remained to be done, shook their heads in doubt as to the possibility of completing it against the appointed time.

Nor was it difficult to read disappointment in the countenances of

the new-comers on their first beholding the building. To say the truth, the engravings and the imagination had failed to convey any adequate notion of the structure. The very name of the Crystal Palace had led people to conjure up in their minds a phantasm that could not be realized—a transparent edifice, pellucid as if built of blocks of ice instead of stone—a prismatic kind of fairy mansion, glittering in the sun, and breaking up and scattering the light all around in a thousand rainbow tints.

But how different the scene on the earliest dawn of the morrow!

Then to stand in the centre of the huge crystal pile, and cast the eye thence in any direction, was indeed to behold a sight that had no parallel in excellence. The exquisite lightness and tone of colour that pervaded the entire structure was a visual feast, and a rare delight of air, colour, and space. The vitrious material which outside was to be seen only in one point, here appeared really to form the sides and roof of the entire building, while the combined effect of the three "primary" colours of the decorations showed with what rare artistic skill and exquisite æsthetic appreciation they had been put together. It seemed more like one harmonious tone—a concert of mellifluous tints—than mere painting. A kind of coloured rainbowy air appeared to pervade the whole building, while, as the eye travelled down the long vista of galleries, and beheld the forms and tints at the end of the avenues, dimmed by the haze of distance, one was struck with a solemn sense of the majesty of the building.

Before the 1st of May, 1851, it was impossible to form an adequate idea of the magnificence of the scene which was to render its opening memorable for all time. Those who the day before had made the journey of the avenues from end to end, above and below, could not have believed it possible that in so few hours so great a change could have been wrought.

There was the glass fountain in the centre of the building, shining, as the sun's rays came slanting down upon it through the crystal roofs, as if it had been carved out of icicles, or as if the water streaming from the fountain had been made suddenly solid, and transfixed into beautiful forms. In the machine-room, with its seeming infinity of engines puffing and twirling away, were the "self-acting mules" at work, drawing out almost spontaneously their long lines of threads, as if from a thousand spiders; the huge Jacquard lace machines were busy weaving the finest embroidered "edgings;" the pumps were throwing up their huge cascades of water, while the steam printing-press was whirling its vast sheets through a maze of tapes, and then pouring them forth, one after another, impressed with a whole firmament of "signs and symbols;" the envelope machine, with its magic "finger"—the power-looms—the model locomotives—the centrifugal pumps—the horizontal and vertical steam-engines—were each and all at work—snorting, whirring, and clattering. There was the canopy above the royal seat, and adorned with its golden cornice and fringe, and with a small plume of blue and white feathers at each of its angles.

The floors were no longer strewn, but clean and matted, and at each corner of the central square, stages had been raised for the most illustrious visitors. As you glanced down the avenues, objects of exquisite texture, form, or colour, everywhere saluted the eye. From the top of the galleries were hung huge carpets and pieces of tapestry, gorgeous in their tints, and exquisite in their designs. Here was reared, high towards the crystal roof, the "Spitalfields trophy," from the top of which hung the richest silks, with their glossy colours variegated with tints and forms of surpassing beauty; and looking still farther down the nave, the eye could just catch sight of the colossal mirror, set in its massive gilt frame, and mounted on crimson cloth. At every corner were statues, made doubly white by the scarlet drapery arranged behind them, while immediately at the back of the throne were two equestrian statues of the Prince and Queen, one on either side. Behind these was another fountain, that made the stream, as it rushed up from the centre and divided itself into a hundred drops, flashing in the sun as they fell, look like a shower of silver sparks—a kind of fire-work of water; and beside this rose the green plumage of the palm-trees embedded in moss, while close at their feet was ranged a bed of flowers, whose tints seemed to have been dyed by the prismatic hues of the water-drops of the neighbouring fountain. Then appeared the old elm-trees of the park, looking almost like the lions of the forest caught in a net of glass; and behind them again was a screen of iron tracery, so light and delicate that it seemed like a lace-work of bronze.

The opposite side of the transept was filled with sight-seers, and the galleries, around and all along, as far as the eye could stretch, were dotted over with the yellow, white, and pink bonnets of the fairer portion of the company.

But it was when the retinue of the court began to assemble that the scene became one—perhaps the most gorgeous in colouring and splendour ever beheld; for it was seen in the clear light of the transparent roof above. The gold embroidered bosoms of the officers of State seemed to be almost alight with the glitter of their ornaments; and as the ambassadors of all nations stood grouped in the centre, the various forms and colours and embellishments of their costumes were a sight to see and never to forget.

There stood all the ministers of state in their glittering suits; the ambassadors of every country, some in light blue and silver, others in green and gold, and others in white, with their bosoms studded with their many-coloured "orders." There was the Chinese mandarin in his red cap, with peacock's feathers dangling behind, and his silken robes with quaint devices painted upon them in front and at the back. There was the turbaned Turk, and the red fez-capped Egyptian; and there were the chocolate-coloured court suits, with their filagree steel buttons, and long, white, embroidered silk waistcoats.

There was the old Duke, too, with his silver hair and crooked back showing most conspicuous amongst the whole. At the back and sides

of the throne, stood the gentlemen-at-arms, in their golden helmets, with the long plumes of white ribbon-like feathers drooping over them. Beside these were the portly-looking beef-eaters, in their red suits and black velvet caps; and near them were the trumpeters, in their golden coats and close-fitting jockey-caps, with silver trumpets in their hands. Near these were the Aldermen, in their red gowns of office, trimmed with fur; and the Common-councilmen, in their blue silk gowns; and the Recorder, in long, big, powdered judge's wig —the Archbishop, in full lawn sleeves, and close, curly wig—and the "Musical Doctor," in his white satin, damask robe, and quaint-looking black cap—and the heralds in their blue silk robes, emblazoned with gold-looking lions, and other silken devices—and the Garter King-at-Arms, in his gorgeous red velvet coat, becrested all over in gold—while, round all these were ranged sappers and miners, in their red and yellow uniforms; and behind them were seen the dark blue coats of the police.

It was a feast of colour and splendour to sit and gloat over—a congress of all the nations for the most hallowed and blessed of objects—one, perhaps, that made the two old soldiers, as they tottered backwards and forwards across the scene, the most noticeable, because in such a gathering for such an object, the mind could hardly help looking upon them as the last of the warriors to whom the nation would owe its future greatness.

At a few minutes before the appointed hour, the royal carriages with their bright liveries were seen to flash past the windows of the northern entrance—then darted by a troop of the Life Guards, with their steel helmets and breast-plates glistening in the sunshine, and immediately after, the glass sides and roof of the Crystal Palace twanged with the flourish of trumpets, that announced the arrival of the Queen.

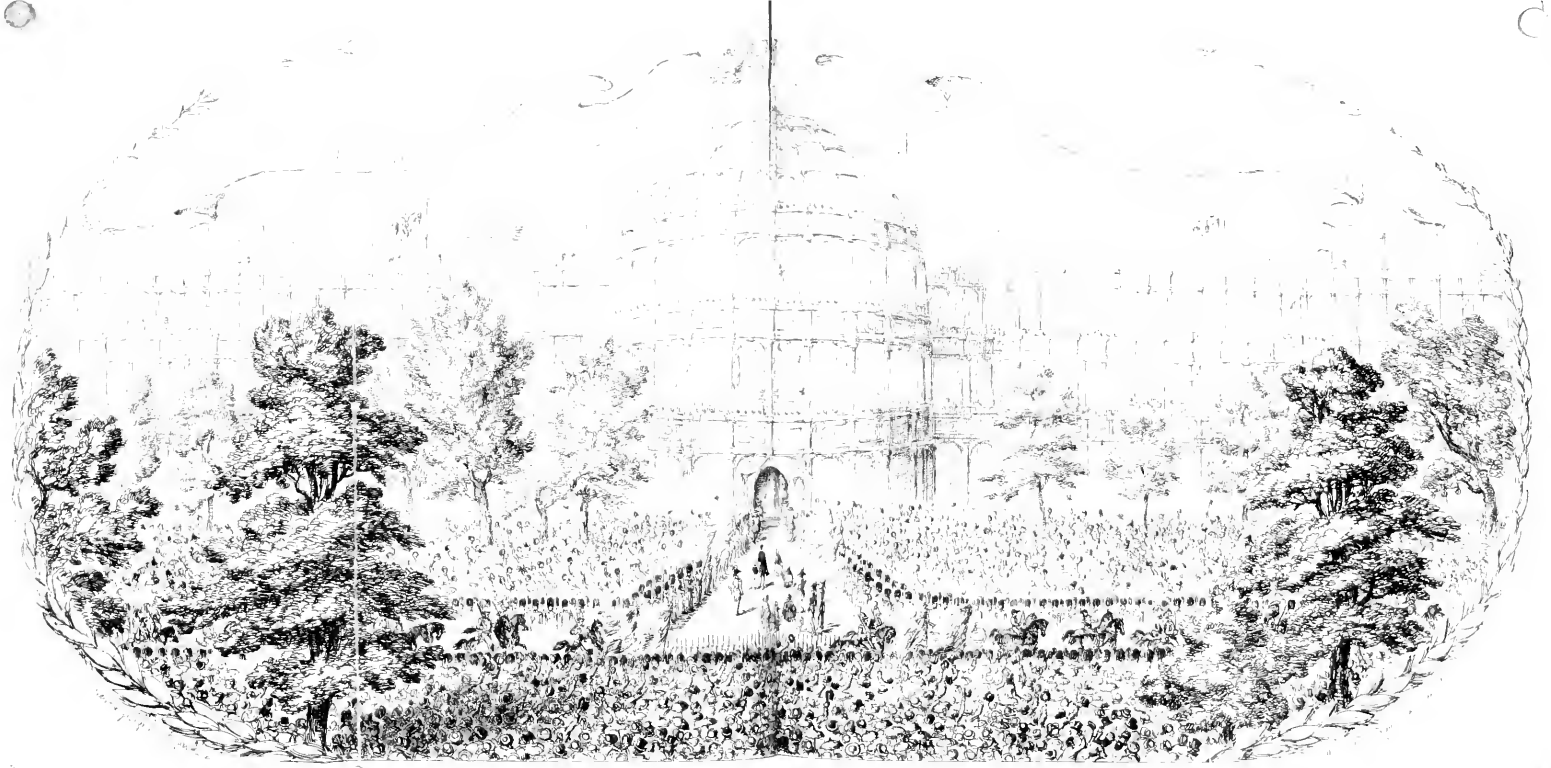
At this moment the gates were flung back, and within the crimson vestibule appeared a blaze of gold and bright colours.

Then advanced the royal retinue, with the ushers and chamberlain in front, bowing as they moved backwards towards the throne; and after them the Prince leading the Princess Royal, and the Queen with the Prince of Wales, and followed by their court.

The equerries, in their golden-striped coats and powdered hair, and the Life Guards with their glittering steel accoutrements, brought up the rear, and formed the background to such a picture as could be seen perhaps in no other country but England.

As the Queen moved onwards with her diamond tiara and little crown of brilliants scintillating in the light, the whole assembly rose, and waving their hats and fluttering their handkerchiefs, they shouted forth peal after peal of welcome.

Then was sung the National Anthem—the white head and bright blue coat of the courtly old leader appeared in the red rostrum raised above the royal entrance, and high in the air his baton might be seen waving to and fro; while, as the "melodious thunder" of the organ



rolled through the building, the choristers in their white robes chanted in the rich unison of many voices.

The Archbishop then invoked a blessing on the objects of the building—this was followed by a chorus sung in exquisite harmony by the large band of singers—and then the Queen and Prince, preceded by the officers of state, walked round the building in procession; while, as she went, the people who lined the nave and galleries saluted her and her consort with their acclamations.

On her Majesty declaring the Exhibition opened, there followed another flourish of trumpets, and the gorgeous ceremony was at an end. Immediately were heard the booming of the hundred guns without, telling the people of the metropolis that the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations had been formally inaugurated.

And well may the nation be proud of its Crystal Palace. No other people in the world could have raised such a building—without one shilling being drawn from the national resources, or have stocked it with the same marvellous triumphs of industry and art. The machine-room alone, with its thousand iron monsters snorting and clattering, was a sight to overwhelm the mind with a positive sense of awe; stories were current of many of the strongest minds having been affected to tears at the spectacle; and most assuredly, what with the noise and the motion, there was a sense of reverent humility forced upon the mind, together with a feeling of gratitude to the Almighty, who had vouchsafed to confer upon us so much of his own power, that filled the bosom with the very pathos of admiration.

You might wander where you pleased—to "France"—and see the exquisite tapestry; you might step across to "Austria"—and wonder at the carving of the furniture; but though beneath the crystal roof were ranged all the choicest works of the whole world, there was nothing in any way comparable for skill, for mind, for work—nothing so plain, so solid, and yet so eminently handsome—nothing, indeed, so thoroughly English as that iron type of our indomitable energy to be found in the machinery.

One glance was quite sufficient to account for the greatness of the nation to which it belonged!

The foreigners appeared to be in no way prepared for so overpowering an example of England's immeasurable pre-eminence in this respect. And it was curious to see the Frenchmen and Germans grouped round the several machines in operation, with their noses almost touching the wheels, as they vainly endeavoured to make themselves acquainted with their bewildering details; nor was it less interesting to notice the innocent pride which the attendants appeared to take in pointing out to the visitors of other nations the uses of the several parts of the complex tool.

But if the machinery department were especially attractive for the striking evidence it afforded of the supremacy of this nation over all others in mechanical genius and industry—exhibiting at once the cause and effect of Britain's greatness—assuredly the mineral

department, though having less surface attractions, still displayed our peculiar national characteristics. Without our coal, and without our iron, where would have been our machinery?

Watt, Arkwright, Stevenson, born in another quarter of the globe that possessed less metallic treasures, might have lived and died mere clods perhaps, removed from the minerals that were necessary both to the production and achievement of their genius; and more marvellous than all is it, after having cast the eye over the several huge lumps of ore that here are to be seen, to pass into the several branches of manufactures, and behold the things of special interest that the skill and genius of man have learned to fashion them into—to contrast the dull-looking iron ore with the glittering, bright-polished, and sharp-edged steel instruments that are made from it—to see the opaque and powdery sand, and then behold the pellucid and massive glass fountains, chandeliers, and vases into which we have learned to convert it.

## CHAPTER XIV.

"But now the lang-expected mworn
Of murriment arrives,
Wheyle helter-skelter frae a' airts
I' swarms the country drives,
The lasses in their feyne pearce claes,
The lads baith trig an' souple;
Ower hill an' knowe, thro' seugh an' sowe,
Comes tiftan many o' couple
Hauf saim'd that day.

"Frae Angerton Wheyte to Dubbmill,
Hin mist, as yen may say,
But a' wi' yae consent seem'd met
To mence this merry day.
Wheyle Allonby turn'd out *en masse*,
Ding-dang, baith man an' woman,
An' parlish pranks 'mang Silloth banks
They hed as they were comin'
To th' town that day.

"But it wad need a Homer's head
War I to tak' in han',
To sing or say what fwok that day
War there, or how they wan;
So far and near, an' God kens whare,
By common invitation,
Wi' young an' auld, an' great an' laal,
Seem'd met on this occasion,
Wi' glee that day."

*Cumberland Poem.*

In the ardour of our admiration at the Crystal Palace, we have forgotten the Hero of our story, the simple, but ill-starred individual, who quitted his native mountains with the special view of beholding the wonders of the Great Exhibition.

Like all those who could spare the money, and like many who

could not, Mr. Christopher Sandboys, at the special injunction of his beloved Aggy, had made up his mind to invest five golden pieces of the lawful and current coin of Great Britain in the purchase of a brace of admission-tickets for himself and his better half, so that he and his "good lady" might join the rest of the world in witnessing the ceremony of the inauguration.

After a series of visits, first to Mr. Sams the librarian, thence to the Society of Arts in John-street, and thence to the office of the Executive Committee, Christopher was at last permitted, as a special favour, to convert his five sovereigns into two small pieces of pasteboard, entitling himself and his wife to the right of admission to the Crystal Palace throughout the season. Having achieved this great feat, he made the best of his way back to the partner of his bosom, to gratify her with the tidings of the successful issue of his errand.

Then, of course, came the important inquiry as to what dress Mrs. Sandboys should make her appearance in at the ceremony, and it was unanimously declared, as usual, that the lady had not "a thing to put on;" woman like, she had much rather stay at home unless she could appear "decent, at least," on the auspicious occasion; she had no particular wish to go, and Cursty could take Jobby with him in her place.

Mr. Christopher Sandboys, though he found that his funds—what with the losses and expenses that he had incurred since his departure from Cumberland—were getting unpleasantly low, still, to obtain that domestic peace and quietude, which, as an aspiring philosopher, he valued above all earthly things, at length, with becoming resignation, submitted to the infliction of a new dress, a mantle, and bonnet for the occasion.

On the eventful morning, Mrs. Sandboys was up and stirring long before the sparrows, and they, according to the celebrated ornithologist (who sat up every night for a whole year, in order to discover the usual hours of getting up among the different species of the feathered race), are the earliest risers of all the early birds. Nor would the impatient Aggy allow Cursty to enjoy those extra forty winks for which he prayed, before proceeding to the operations of his toilet.

But though Mrs. Sandboys was going to take part in the opening of the Great Exhibition, Ann Lightfoot, her maid, felt in no way inclined to have her night's rest curtailed of its fair proportion, in order that Mr. Sandboys' shaving-water might be ready some few hours before the usual time.

It was in vain that Mrs. Sandboys pulled, and pulled, at the bedroom bell; for though peal followed peal in smart succession, still no Ann Lightfoot made her appearance in answer to the summons.

At length the patience of Mrs. Sandboys became exhausted; for, though it was hardly daylight, she felt satisfied they would be hours too late for the ceremony, unless the tedious operation of shaving could be immediately performed by her husband; and the lady accordingly insisted that Mr. Sandboys should slip on his trousers and

proceed to the maid's door, with the view of rousing the sluggard from her slumbers. She would go herself, she said, but swarming as the establishment was with foreigners, and considering her late perilous adventure with one of the French lodgers, she did not consider it prudent to hazard a repetition of the circumstances.

Cursty therefore proceeded to do the bidding of his wife, and groping his way in the twilight—for it was not yet morning—to the apartment of their serving-maid, he mounted the stairs as softly as he could, so that he might not alarm the other sleepers in the house.

On gaining the landing that led to Ann Lightfoot's room, the sounds of a gentle tapping caught Mr. Sandboys' ear, and in the dusk he could just perceive the figure of a man standing outside the door. He paused for a minute, and then heard the individual, as he softly repeated the tapping, request, in broken English, that the "angel" would get up and heat him a flat iron at the kitchen fire.

Now Mr. Sandboys had been informed by the partner of his fortunes and four-poster of the pattern of a huge pair of moustachios, in black wax, having been discovered imprinted on the cheek of Ann Lightfoot, after her late visit to the Frenchmen's apartment, and no sooner heard the term "angel" applied to the maid, than immediately a shrewd suspicion flashed across his mind, that the individual then at the girl's door was none other than the owner of the original moustachios, of which Ann had borne away so faithful a copy.

In an instant he made a rush at the hirsute gentleman, and, seizing him by the shoulders, proceeded to shake him violently, and to rate him in no very gentle terms, threatening to throw the scoundrel over the stairs.

The proprietor of the moustachios immediately grew as indignant as the hot-blooded native of Cumberland, and declaring, with several violent taps of his bosom, that his honour had been mortally wounded, demanded the gentleman's card, in order that he might obtain satisfaction for the insult.

Mr. Sandboys, though unused to such a mode of redressing injury, and far more disposed to use his fists than pistols as a means of settling a quarrel, still was sufficient of the gentleman to fall in upon such an occasion with the French, rather than the English mode of terminating a dispute. Accordingly he thrust his hand into his breeches' pocket, and drawing forth his pocket-book, gave the foreigner the first piece of card-board that he could lay his hands upon, and received in exchange the address of his adversary; after which, having seen the gentleman safely down the stairs, he proceeded to rouse the girl, and then returned to his apartment.

Cursty, as he descended to his room, decided within himself that it would be better not to inform his wife of the occurrence until he saw what turn the affair might take. The consequence was, that his pocket-book, once consigned to its usual abiding place, was not opened again. This was especially unfortunate, for, had he done so, he could not have failed to have discovered, that in the excitement of the moment and the darkness of the morning he had parted with his season-ticket to the Great Exhibition instead of his card of address.

At length the toilet of the Cumbrian couple was settled, and Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys proceeded forth on their way to the "World's Show," happy in the unconsciousness of the loss they had sustained, and overjoyed at the idea of the attainment of the object of their visit to London being so near at hand.

After considerable difficulty, and some hours' delay, they were at length able to procure a couple of seats in the Putney omnibus, one "in," and the other "out." While Mrs. Sandboys was stowed away in the interior of the vehicle, Cursty proceeded to mount the roof, already covered with the sight-seers as thick as a house-top on a coronation day. Mr. Sandboys, being what his dearest Aggy delighted to term a remarkably fine man, was no "feather-weight," and as he took his seat on the exterior of the long conveyance, the roofing, already considerably depressed with the load, was seen to belly downwards, very much like a fat sailor's hammock.

All went safely, however, until the omnibus reached the little bridge that spans the muddy moat alongside of the Brompton Cemetery; here, as the vehicle gave a sudden jolt in ascending the curve of the bridge, that minute increase of force which is said to break the back of the over-burdened camel, was applied to the roof of the over-laden vehicle. Crash! went the boards directly beneath the seat of the luckless Mr. Christopher Sandboys, and immediately the lower extremities of the Cumberland gentleman were kicking and plunging amidst the affrighted "insides," committing a terrible amount of havoc among the new or "best" bonnets and gowns of the ladies consigned to the Exhibition.

As Fate would have it, Mrs. Sandboys no sooner heard the crash and saw the legs, and recognised the pantaloons of her lord and master dangling in the interior of the conveyance, than with a scream she scrambled to his assistance. The consequence was that, with each fresh plunge of the intruding limbs, some fresh damage was done to the new lace mantilla, or white chip bonnet, that Mrs. Sandboys had purchased expressly for the occasion.

And when, by the united efforts of the conductor and driver, assisted by the strongest of the male passengers, poor Sandboys was lifted out of his perilous situation, the Cumberland couple presented a most melancholy spectacle: the nether garments of the wretched Cursty were almost in the same tattered condition as when he had made his first essay in pig-driving; while the flounces, the flowers, the ribbons, and laces of his beloved Aggy were nearly as dusty and ragged-looking as cobwebs.

At first, the couple felt inclined to return home, and abandon all further attempts at "enjoying themselves" as a vain and fruitless endeavour; but on second thoughts, they could hardly make up their minds, after the money they had invested in their season-tickets, to forego the opportunity of being present at a ceremony to which all the world seemed to be then flocking, eager to obtain the faintest glimpse of the show.

Accordingly the lady sought out the nearest milliner's, and the

gentleman the shop of a neighbouring tailor, there to have their garments cobbled into something like decency; and after some half hour's delay, they once more set forth on their journey, looking as respectable and happy as was possible under the circumstances.

As they neared the Exhibition, the crowd of sight-seers became more and more dense. The pathways were as black with human beings as a grocer's window with flies in the dog-days, and the carriage-ways were filled with long lines of vehicles, jammed almost as tight as the blocks in the wood pavement.

On entering the Prince of Wales Gate, dense groups of people were clustered round the south transept, clamouring and pushing their way towards the doors. Upon the top of the building were several workmen, fastening the flag-staffs of the various countries to their respective positions, while here and there were seen flying the different national ensigns.

It was as much as Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys could do to force their way towards the doors. When they had passed within the gates, and the "authorities" had demanded of the couple their tickets of admission, then the unconscious Cursty drew forth the pocket-book that through all the crowd he had grasped firmly with his hand in his pocket. On opening it, to his great dismay he discovered, for the first time since his adventure, that the ticket which he had placed securely in it among his cards on the previous evening was nowhere to be found.

For a time he was utterly at a loss to conceive what could possibly have come of the precious piece of pasteboard. At length, however, as he turned his cards over and over again, his eye fell upon the name and address of the Frenchman, and then the truth darted upon his mind.

What was to be done?

It was impossible to purchase another ticket at that time; and for Mrs. Sandboys to trust herself alone in such a crowd was more than he or she felt inclined to hazard. And yet it was hard,—after all they had gone through, in order to get to the Great Exhibition,—now that they stood on the very threshold of the building, to be obliged to return home.

Mr. Sandboys endeavoured to explain the circumstances to the officers; but many would not listen to him; those who did could hardly refrain from laughing at his misfortune.

The authorities were ruthless; and some, who were more suspicious, and consequently did not hesitate to look upon the circumstance as a trick to obtain admission to the building without payment, were more unceremonious than the rest; so, finding the gentleman still loitering in the lobby, they at length thrust him and his lady outside the gates.

When Mr. Sandboys and his wife had been ejected from the building, they stood for a few minutes looking with envy at the people showing their cards, and obtaining admission to the interior. Cursty, then, to his supreme annoyance, saw the identical Frenchman whom he had encountered that morning at his maid's door present—what he

felt satisfied was the card that he himself had given him, and pass in to the interior of the building.

Aggy, to whom Mr. Sandboys had communicated all the circumstances immediately on the discovery of his loss, was convinced, from the inquiry she had made, that the Frenchman, who had obtained admission with their season ticket, was none other than the wretch who had pursued her in the dead of the night through the corridors of Miss Wewitz' establishment.

After vowing all kinds of vengeance against the foreigner, and making up their minds to have justice done them immediately on their return home, the Sandboys began to think, when their wrath had in a measure cooled down, that, if Fate had denied them the privilege of witnessing the "pageant" from the interior, which they had paid the sum of five guineas to be enabled to do, they might as well, now that they were there, make the best of their bargain, and enjoy a gratuitous sight of the procession from without.

Accordingly, they proceeded to push their way, as well as they could, towards the north side of the Transept, where they were informed the Queen was to make her entrance. Here, on the Serpentine, a miniature frigate lay at anchor; and on board were several youths making preparations for the royal salute. Youths and men were seen climbing the trees on the south bank; some sitting astride a forked branch, and others standing on the spreading boughs; while some few urchins, who had attained the topmost part of the trees, caused the branches to bend beneath their weight. Every minute the crowd round about the building grew thicker; the pressure against the bars, and the squeezing of the masses of people, grew greater and greater; so that, when the police began to clear the road, and to make way for the carriages, that were rapidly advancing one after another with the officers of State, the crush became terrific.

Mrs. Sandboys, eager to obtain a peep at the Queen at all risks, was at first in no way daunted at the sight of the crowd, and sought, under the care of her husband, to get as near as possible to the Transept; but though Cursty was as powerful a man as any there, it was useless for him to strive to keep the pressure of the throng off his wife; they had not been in the thick of the crowd more than a few minutes before—what with the police driving back the people in front, and what with the people at the back pressing forwards—poor Mrs. Sandboys was so crammed in and jammed in, so jostled and hustled, and so pushed and crushed, that all of a sudden her senses went from her, and she fell like a lifeless lump into her Cursty's arms.

Then and then only was it possible for them to get extricated from the dense mass of human beings that hemmed them in on all sides; for immediately it was made known that the lady had fainted, a passage was made for Mr. Sandboys, so that he might carry her to some more open part.

On "coming to herself," Aggy was in no way inclined to venture into the crowd a second time; and accordingly, she and her husband proceeded, as best they could, to the other side of the Serpentine.

Here they stood for some little time on the bank, till, the multitude growing inconveniently great as the hour for the opening drew near, they both agreed that it would be far better and safer for them to take a seat in one of the boats of the watermen, who were there plying for hire up and down the river.

Their minds were no sooner made up on this point than they hailed the first boatman that passed, and entering his wherry they proceeded to seat themselves therein, and were rowed up and down the small river under the safe conduct of the sculler.

This was pleasant enough for a short time, and the Sandboys amused themselves by observing the freaks of the crowd. Across the Park, they could see the people coming in streams from all directions, like ants to a nest. There were men in flannel jackets; women with children in their arms; hawkers, some with Programmes of the Procession, others with long panoramic pictures of the Lord Mayor's Show fluttering in the wind, which they were crying as "a correct view" of the opening of the Great Exhibition by the Queen in State; countrymen some in their smock-frocks, and others in their fluffy beaver hats. Never was there such a crowd congregated in any part of London, and certainly in no other part of the world. The multitudes that had entered the Building were but as a few grains of sand collected, as it were, from the vast shore of human beings without.

It has been said that not less than half a million of people were gathered together in the Parks alone, and doubtlessly with truth, for it had been declared a general holiday, as it were by universal acclamation, throughout the metropolis.

Some few of the shops had opened for an hour or two, but finding all their customers had departed to the "Great Show," the masters had followed their customers' example, and, putting up their shutters, had started with their families to have a peep at the sight themselves. The omnibuses had many of them begun running from all parts of the suburbs to the Crystal Palace from six o'clock in the morning. The "Atlases," the "Paragons," the "Waterloos," the "King's Crosses," the "Paddingtons," the "Camberwells," &c., had all abandoned their accustomed routes, and taken to carry passengers, for the time being, to Knightsbridge—many of them being covered with large placards of "To the Exhibition," pasted over their wonted destinations. Most of the 'busses, too, had a very gay appearance, with their new reins and trappings, the large rosettes at their horses' ears, and bows on their whips, with long streamers flying, and bunches of flowers in the button-holes of the coachmen's coats.

Through the streets travelled excursion-vans, with the curtains festooned and looped up, with huge bunches of flowers and evergreens at each fastening, and filled with holiday folk, with a table in the centre, and a barrel of beer at the end.

Not a part of London but what had poured forth its countless throngs. The main thoroughfares, that were usually almost impassable at mid-day, were as still and deserted as in the dead of night. Not a cab was to be seen in the streets; and even the fruit-stalls had left their accustomed corners. The sparrows hopped and chirruped in

the middle of the causeways. A stray Jack in the Green might occasionally be seen, but though the musician blew his pipes with all his might, and beat his drum with all his force, not a boy was to be drawn after them—not a child to be attracted to the windows by the sound, even though, owing to the stillness of the streets, the drum and pipes sounded doubly as loud and shrill as usual.

Every one had gone to the Great Exhibition! and certainly the multitudes assembled in the Park were proof demonstrative of the fact.

The Sandboys, as they flitted across the Serpentine, could hear the shouts of the people, as some well-known Minister or nobleman was recognised in his carriage by the populace. Then, as they stood up in the boat, they could catch sight of the bright breast-plates and helmets of the Life Guards, as they galloped rapidly by. Next they could see the scarlet and gold coats of the royal coachmen dart along between the open spaces of the trees; then they heard the hoarse cheers of the multitude, as the Queen entered the Crystal Palace; and they saw the solitary Sapper-and-Miner, standing beside the flag-staff, on the topmost curve of the crystal roof, hoist the Royal Standard immediately her Majesty crossed the threshold.

For a short time afterwards all was still and silent, with the exception of the cries of the hawkers, who, immediately that the cheers had ceased, might be heard again shouting at the tops of their voices their "full and correct Programmes of the Procession—only a penny." Presently they could catch by gusts the faint sound of the organ, peeling forth its full rich harmonious tones within the Crystal Palace.

Then the sculler pulled the boat down towards the spot where the mimic frigate lay at anchor, so that Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys might see the signal made, telling those on board that the Queen had declared the Great Exhibition to be opened.

Once more they stood up in the boat, so as to obtain a better view of the movements of the man on the roof. In a few minutes they beheld the soldier prepare to raise the flag, and no sooner had he lifted it high in the air, than the guns of the frigate thundered forth a deafening "broadside." Poor Mrs. Sandboys was standing up in the boat with her back to the frigate, and being in no way prepared for the shock, she was so startled with the suddenness and intensity of the noise, that she staggered as if stunned by it, and fell back head-foremost into the river.

It was the act of a moment for Cursty to dive after her, and presently up the two came together.

Mrs. Sandboys, in her terror, threw her arms round about her husband's neck, so as effectually to prevent his rendering her the least assistance; and so tightly did she cling to him, that it was some considerable time before even the waterman could manage to lift either the one or the other into the boat.

In a short while, however, the men of the Humane Society were on the spot, attracted by the shrieks of the affrighted Mrs. Sandboys in the water, and the sympathizing ladies on the shore.

The wretched Mrs. Sandboys, by the time she was extricated from the flood, was, what with the fright and the water she had swallowed, almost insensible, while Cursty had been held down sufficiently long by his wife in the river to feel "far from himself."

The moist and miserable couple were immediately carried to the Society's Receiving House, where, having been stripped of their drenched apparel, and placed in warm beds, the attendants proceeded, some to rub them till they were nearly flayed, and others to inflate their lungs, by means of a pair of bellows being inserted up their nostrils.

Here they remained for some considerable time between the blankets of the Humane Society, and when they were sufficiently invigorated to be thought fit to leave the establishment, their dried clothes were brought to them, in order that they might prepare for their return home.

Mrs. Sandboys, when she saw the limp and ungainly state of her two-guinea chip bonnet, the artificial flowers of which looked as if they had been boiled,—for the colours had run one into the other, and dyed the once white bonnet like "Joseph's coat of many colours,"—Mrs. Sandboys, we repeat, when she saw the wreck of her former loveliness, could not help bursting into tears, and indulging in the feminine luxury of a "good cry." Her green satin dress, which she had bought, as they say, "expressly for the occasion," had lost all its gloss and a good part of its colour, which had run into her petticoats, till both the satin and under clothing were about as green and attractive as a gingham umbrella. Her bronze shoes she had left in the bed of the river, there to astonish and puzzle some future geologist, when examining the fossils in the miocene formation of the tertiary deposits; her auburn front, too, had been unfortunately dried by a quick fire, so that the foundation had shrivelled up, and the natural parting had been scorched into a deep brown, while the hair looked as fuzzy and rusty as cocoa-nut fibre.

At length, having made herself look as decent as she could under the circumstances, and having been provided with a pair of list slippers at the expense of the Society, Aggy was ushered into the presence of the sharer of her sorrows and her "ducking;" and after many mutual congratulations on their lucky escape, and consolations under their afflictions, the melancholy Sandboys set out at dusk on their way back to the establishment of Mrs. Wewitz; and as they rode along in the cab, they did not forget to attribute the whole of their disasters to that wretch of a Frenchman.

Before they reached "Parthenon House," they had formed the conclusion that Fate had irrevocably forbid their ever seeing the Great Exhibition; and come what may, they were determined immediately to return to the peace and happiness of their native mountains of Buttermere.

## CHAPTER XV.

"The justice flung them beath in jail—
My faith! what's duin they'll sair repent."
*Bad News.*

On reaching their temporary home, the Sandboys immediately made inquiries as to whether the French gentleman—M. Le Comte de Sanschemise—whose card Cursty had received that morning, and to whom he had given his season ticket for the Exhibition in exchange, had returned from the Crystal Palace. No tidings, however, were to be obtained of the gentleman, further than that he had been seen to leave the establishment shortly after themselves in the morning.

Cursty, when he and his dear Aggy had partaken of some refreshment, proceeded to take up his residence in one of the rooms immediately adjoining the hall; and having provided himself with a thick ash stick, sat himself down to await the coming of the Comte; for the sturdy mountaineer had made up his mind to have satisfaction for the injuries of himself and his wife in a very different way from what the Frenchman demanded or expected.

Aggy, too, who did not fail to attribute her dip in the Serpentine, and the consequent destruction of her best white chip bonnet and Sunday front, solely to the abstraction of her husband's season ticket by M. le Comte de Sanschemise, was only too glad to wait with Cursty, in hopes of seeing "the wretch" severely punished for his dishonesty.

But though the determined Mr. Christopher Sandboys sat in the waiting-room, with his thick ground-ash stick, till long past midnight, no M. Le Comte made his appearance; and when the want of sleep had got the better of the Cumberland man's indignation, he began to think that he should have many future opportunities of making the Frenchman pay the penalty of his peccadilloes.

Accordingly, when the exhausted couple heard the hall clock strike two, they considered it best to retire to rest, and see what luck the morrow would bring them.

The first inquiry of the Sandboys in the morning was, as to whether the Comte had entered the establishment in the course of the night? The answer, unfortunately, was in the negative.

What *could* have become of the man?

On descending to the breakfast-room, however, their suspense was speedily put an end to; for the first words uttered by Mrs. Wewitz, to whom they had communicated the whole of the circumstances immediately on their return, were concerning the fate of the missing gentleman. She placed that morning's paper in Mr. Sandboys hand; and there, in the police reports, the horrified and enraged Christopher beheld an account as to how a gentleman, of respectable exterior, who gave the name of Mr. Cursty Sandboys, had entered the Exhibition,

and been detected in the act of stealing a stiletto, with a silver handle, set with jewels.

Then followed a long account as to how the gentleman, on being committed for trial, had, on entering the prison, refused to put on the prison dress; and how, on being divested of his coat, he was found, although externally "got" up in the most expensive and elaborate manner, to be literally without a shirt to his back—the wristbands, of which he made so prodigious a display, being tacked to the cuffs of his coat, and the collar, apparently of his shirt, pinned to his stock. On divesting him of his patent leather boots, it was stated, moreover, that Mr. Cursty Sandboys' feet were found to be swathed, brigand-fashion, in dirty linen rags.

The veritable Mr. Cursty Sandboys knew not how to act.

From the peculiarity of the name he was satisfied that he, and none other, would be mistaken for the shirtless culprit. The inexperienced native of Buttermere was ignorant of all the ordinary methods by which the error might be rectified, and seeing no way but to sit down patiently under the stigma, he very resignedly submitted to the disgrace, consoling himself with the idea that at least the man would be severely punished for his misdemeanours.

Despite her annoyance at the use of her husband's name, Mrs. Cursty read the account of the linenless state of the pretended foreign nobleman with a kind of inward satisfaction, complimenting herself continually upon the shrewdness of her suspicions as to the extent of the Frenchman's wardrobe, and glorying over the punishment of one to whom she attributed so many of her late misfortunes.

The imprisonment of the assumed Comte was a great consolation to the Sandboys, and tended considerably to weaken their determination to quit London without seeing the Great Exhibition.

On reconsidering the matter, it began to appear to them that it would be folly, and betray great want of firmness on their part, if, after all they had gone through during their sojourn in the Great Metropolis, they should return to Cumberland without seeing the very thing which had brought them up to town.

All they wanted was to be able to *say* they had seen the Exhibition. Mrs. Cursty did not hesitate to confess, that after all she had suffered, she did not, for her part, care whether she saw it or not. All she desired was just to put her nose inside the door, so as not to be obliged to go back and acknowledge that, though they had come up to town for the express purpose of witnessing the Great Exhibition, and paying goodness knows what for season tickets and "new things" they had been "stupids enough" to go back without having had a glimpse at a single article in the Crystal Palace after all.

No, that would never do.

The accounts which they read in the papers, moreover, served to make them still more anxious to see what all appeared to consider the great wonder of the age. Besides, Cursty himself began to perceive that the Great Exhibition was not the mere gewgaw show that he had

anticipated, and the more he read about it, the more desirous he felt to make himself acquainted with its various details.

Mrs. Cursty, too, after a little while, became, in her turn, eager to see the "Mountain of Light" in its gilt cage,—and the Queen of Spain's jewels,—and the French tapestry, and the stomacher of brilliants that she had heard so much about—and the carpet worked by one hundred and fifty ladies as a present to the Queen—and the beautiful state-bed—and the poplin loom, which could make the poplin a quarter of a yard wider than usual, which, in her opinion, was one of the greatest improvements in the whole place; —and then there was that love of a glass fountain which she should not rest easy in her bed, she knew, if she went back to Cumberland without seeing,—and, better still, that delicious fountain of "*Aqua d'Oro*," which the ladies were at liberty to dip their handkerchiefs in as much and as often as they pleased.

Cursty, however, wanted to see objects of a very different character. He had heard of the splendid specimens of black lead from the Borrowdale mines in his native county; and he longed to know how it was possible to make the refuse dust into solid cakes, equal if not better than the pure article. He wanted to see the different specimens of slate, for the quarries on Honister Craig were close by his home; and he knew all about the working, and the different sizes—the "Ladies," the "Duchesses," the "Countesses," the "Queens," the "Imperials," and the "Rags." He was deeply versed in Mundic and Galena, and all the ores of lead; and he longed to see the huge specimens of those minerals that he had read of as being shown in the Great Exhibition. He knew a little of coal, too, and had just managed to get a peep at the colossal pieces of "Cannel," of "Steam," and of "Anthracite," arranged outside the building. He also wanted to see the large lump of silver that had been obtained from the lead ore by the crystallizing process. More than all, he was anxious to see the machinery-room, which everybody spoke of with such enthusiasm. There was the monster pump, with its two mouths, pouring out its river of water,—he wanted to see the steam printing-press, and the carding and spinning-machines, and the power-looms, of which he had heard such marvels.

Eager to see all these, and many more things which he had heard and read were deposited within the building of the Great Exhibition, Cursty talked the matter calmly over with his wife, and finally agreed that, as he was anxious to get back to Cumberland as soon as possible, and could not afford to wait till the prices of admission fell to a shilling, it would be better for him to buy another season-ticket directly, and then he and Aggy could go for an hour or so each day for the next fortnight, and so be able to examine every object of interest in the collection without fatiguing themselves.

Accordingly, Mr. Christopher, the very next day, applied at the office, and obtained the requisite document.

Once more, then, the Sandboys set forth on their pilgrimage to the Exhibition of the Works of Industry and Art of all Nations.

Mrs. Sandboys, having learnt experience from her previous disasters, managed to make the "things," (for so the lady would persist in calling her several articles of dress,) which she possessed suffice for her without purchasing new.

On reaching the doors at which their tickets of admission were to be presented, and where they arrived, extraordinary to say, without any particular accident, they tendered the official cards, and were handed the books in which to insert their signatures.

As the clerk observed the name of the gentleman on the card, and saw Mr. Cursty Sandboys prepare to write a similar title in the Autograph Book, he remembered that this was the very appellation of the individual who had been detected, a few days back, in abstracting a silver-handled stiletto from one of the counters in the interior.

Before the lady had time to insert her autograph in the official register, the clerk begged to be excused, saying he was called away upon important business; and, proceeding to some of his brother officials, he informed them that the impudent thief Cursty Sandboys had dared to seek admission at the Crystal Palace once more.

In an instant, the news that the expert Cursty Sandboys, the pickpocket, was about to enter the building, spread throughout the Crystal Palace, literally with the rapidity of lightning, for the electric telegraph was immediately set to work, telling the officials, one and all, to—

BEWARE OF CURSTY SANDBOYS!

No sooner did the alarming intelligence become general among the authorities, than many, anxious to obtain a peep at the singularly-named "swell-mobsman," congregated round the entrance, where he was still standing, and the innocent Christopher could observe them nudging one another, and whispering, evidently concerning himself, in a way that he did not half like, and could not possibly understand.

The clerk, on his return, proceeded to compare the signature of the present Mr. Sandboys with that of the individual who had made his appearance on the day of the opening.

Observing an evident discrepancy between the two, he beckoned a brother-official to his side, and immediately they both set to work, contrasting the one signature with the other, and looking backwards and forwards in the most mysterious manner at the unoffending Mr. Sandboys.

Christopher, who got more and more bewildered at the manner of the officials, could not for the life of him comprehend what it all meant. At length, however, he heard one of the dozen policemen, who were now grouped close round about him, whisper to another at his elbow that he, Mr. Sandboys, had shaved off his moustachios, while another-officer put his lips close to the ear of a brother official, and said, in an under tone, that he had left his beard behind him.

In an instant the telegraph was at work, communicating the fact to the authorities at each end of the building, and informing them

that Cursty Sandboys had come close shaved on the present occasion, and instructing them one and all to keep a sharp eye upon his movements.

Mr. Sandboys, to his horror, at last began to perceive that he was mistaken for no less illustrious a character than M. le Comte de Sanschemise, who had gained admission to the building on the first day by means of Cursty's season-ticket; and that the many policemen who were gathered round him had come with the confident expectation that he had repeated his visit to the establishment in the hopes of abstracting some more valuable prize than on the previous occasion.

The clerk, who had been examining the books, at last ventured to hint to the real Christopher, that there was a marked difference between the signature of Mr. Cursty Sandboys of the first day and the gentleman who now sought to gain admission; and, having previously arranged with the Detective at his elbow, that the safest plan to be pursued would be to make sure of the party then and there, while he was in their power, he proceeded to inform the wretched Mr. Sandboys that it was his duty to give him into custody on a charge of forgery. The Detective had not been able to understand how it was possible for the Cursty Sandboys, who had been committed for trial for stealing the stiletto a few days previously, could make his appearance there, unless he had escaped from prison that morning. This he strongly suspected must have been the case; for he felt satisfied that no one would ever dream of assuming so singular a name, and one, moreover, which at that moment was not in the best public odour. Under all the circumstances, therefore, it was better to secure the party now he was there.

Poor Aggy, when she heard the awful character of the charge that was now made against her darling and innocent Cursty, and saw the policeman proceed to lay hands upon him, swooned right off into the arms of the nearest inspector. The official, however, looking upon the lady as the brazen-faced partner of one of the light-fingered gentry, was in no humour to resort to any gentle restoratives as a means of bringing the lady back to her senses; so, shaking Mrs. Sandboys violently, he, in the most unceremonious manner, said that they were up to all them fainting dodges, and it was no use trying 'em on with them.

It was in vain for Cursty either to expostulate or to explain, for being looked upon as a thief, of course he was treated as one; so that when he endeavoured to make known the real facts of the case, the officers winked their eyes and grinned at one another at what they considered the extreme lameness of the excuse. After he had wasted some ten minutes in attempting to assert and prove his innocence, he was dragged off by two policemen, and being placed in a cab, was conveyed, without loss of time, before the sitting magistrate at the nearest police office.

There the charge was immediately entered upon, when, the magistrate observing that further proof was required, the Detective

prayed for a remand of the prisoner, stating he felt convinced that in a few days he should be able to bring a large body of evidence to bear against the individual, for he was perfectly satisfied that if the party was not the notorious Cursty Sandboys himself, he was at least one of his gang, and had made use of that person's ticket whilst he was in prison.

Aggy, who, on recovering her senses, had ascertained where her lord and master had been carried, entered the police-court at this precise juncture, and no sooner heard the officer pronounce her husband to belong to a well-known gang of pickpockets, than she insisted upon being heard, and was about to enter into a long family history of her husband and herself, when the magistrate informed her, that unless she would keep silence he should be compelled to have her put out of the court.

Cursty, finding himself likely to be committed to prison, sought to explain to the magistrate how he was a plain country gentleman, come up from Cumberland to enjoy himself and see the Great Exhibition; but his statement was received with no more belief than the excuses of individuals when similarly circumstanced, for the felon's dock is not exactly the place where a gentleman is likely to obtain much credit for his assertions.

The magistrate, looking sternly at the melancholy Christopher, shook his head, as much as to say that, after what the Detective had stated, the case appeared rather black against him.

Cursty, however, finding himself standing, as it were, on the threshold of a prison, protested his innocence so loudly, and persisted with such pertinacity in his statements, that the magistrate was induced to inquire of the turnkey in attendance whether he knew anything of the prisoner, whereupon the official replied that he remembered the name perfectly well, and having retired to refresh his memory on the subject, returned shortly and stated, that he found Cursty Sandboys had been charged only a short time back with being drunk and disorderly, and incapable of taking care of himself; while the wife of the same "party" had been given into custody about the same time for assaulting the police.

This was more than the blood of Aggy could bear; and immediately she rushed forward and began to enter into an explanation as to how the hussey who had been taken up had used her name at the police-office, after stealing her marriage certificate; but the manner of Mrs. Sandboys was so excited, while her whole story sounded so improbable, that she appeared to the magistrate to be just the kind of woman to commit such an act under the influence of temper.

Accordingly, all things considered, the magistrate decided upon remanding the ill-fated Cursty Sandboys till a future day, and, amid the shrieks of his distracted wife, he was dragged off by the turnkey to be locked up in his cell.


The first Shilling-day — going in.

The First Shilling-day — coming out —

## CHAPTER XVI.

"I yence follow'd Marget, the toast amang aw maks—
An Peg hed a red cheek and bonny dark e'e—
*But suin as she fan I depended on labour,*
*She snurl'd up her neb and nae mair luik'd at me.*

"This meks my words gud; nobbet brag o' your uncle,
And get a peer hawf-wit to trumpet yer praise,
You may catch whee you will, they'll caress ye and bless ye,
*It's money, nit merit, they seek now-a-days.*"

*The Lasses of Carel.*

LET us now shift the scene for awhile, and turn our attention once more to the Crystal Palace.

At last, the long looked-for shilling day had arrived. Barriers had been placed up outside the building, so as to stem the expected crush, and a double force of police had been "laid on" from Scotland-yard, and the whole of the officials had been ordered to be at their posts an hour or two earlier than usual, so that by opening the door before the appointed time, the "rush" might be prevented. Even George Cruikshank himself, confident that a moiety of the metropolis, at least, would be congregated outside the building, had prepared a most vivid delineation of the probable consequences of the rush and crush—the cram and the jam—that every one expected to take place on the eventful occasion. If twenty thousand people attend at five shillings, surely, according to Cocker, said the Executive Committee, five times as many more will come when the charge of admission is five times less.

But alas for the vain hopes of this vain world! as all the speakers at all the "May meetings" invariably exclaim; for, on the eventful day, the hundred thousand visitors "*in posse*," dwindled down to twenty thousand "*in esse*." The two policemen who had been placed outside the gilt cage of the Mountain of Light, the extra "force" that was stationed beside the Queen of Spain's jewels, the additional "Peelites" who had been quartered at every point and turn of the interior to direct the crowd which way to move, stared and grinned at one another as they saw the people saunter, one by one, into the building, instead of pouring in by tens of thousands, as had been anticipated. The Executive Committee knit their brows, and bit their thumbs, and then suddenly discovered the cause of the absence of the people. The masses are busy working for their bread, and are waiting for their holiday-time, when they always spend a large amount of their earnings in recreation and enjoyment; and if they come even by twenty thousands now, surely they will come by hundreds of thousands then.

Accordingly, the same farce, of barriers and police, is enacted again, with the same disappointment; for, to the inscrutable wonder of the

Executive Committee, the number of visitors during the Whitsun holidays is even less than the week before, and then ensue various speculations as to the cause, and the following reason is, after much cogitation, gravely propounded in explanation of the anomaly :—"The self-denying patience of the people, their habitual tendency to postpone pleasure to business, and their little inclination to rush madly forward in quest of what can be seen as well, or better, a week or a month hence—these seem to be the natural and truest solutions of the result."

Now, unfortunately for this pretty compliment, a trip to Greenwich Fair or Hampton Court, on this same Whit-Monday, would soon have convinced the Executive Committee that "the shilling folk" were neither remarkable for self-denial nor extreme patience in their enjoyments; while the general observance of "Saint Monday" by the operatives might have assured any one, in the least acquainted with their characters, that, far from being distinguished by any habitual tendency to postpone pleasure to business, they are peculiarly prone to make business give way to pleasure.

But it was necessary, in order to account for the disappointment, to put some sentimental gloss on the occurrence; and, therefore, men whose lives were passed in toil, and to whom pleasure is therefore the highest possible luxury—merely as rest to the body and recreation to the faculties—were made to prefer work to enjoyment; while patience, self-denial, and every virtue under heaven, were ascribed to people, who, as contra-distinguished from the moneyed classes, are ignorant of the advantages of saving, and who, getting their money hardly, are ever ready to taste the delight of spending it. This disposition to cant, and varnish matters over with a sickly sentimentality, angelizing or canonizing the whole body of operatives of this country, instead of speaking of them as possessing the ordinary vices and virtues of human nature,—as being the same patchwork of black and white,—the same chequered chessboard, fitted for the game and moves of life,—this tendency to put high and heroic motives on everyday conduct is the besetting sin of the age.

None admire the simple sturdy honesty of the working men of England more than ourselves; but to say that they like work better than pleasure, would be to chime in with the rhodomontade of the time, and make out that there is an especial delight in industry,—that is to say, in continuous labour; whereas this is precisely what is repulsive to human nature, and what all men are striving, and, indeed, paying large sums of money to avoid. If industry be such a supreme enjoyment, as the idle rich ever rejoice in declaring, then where is the virtue of it? where the merit of doing that which we have a natural bias to do? Let those who think work a pleasure try a week's mental or manual labour, and then, feeling what a negative bliss there is in mere rest, get to know what it is to yearn, like a schoolboy, for a day's leisure, ease, and amusement. It is well for fat and phlegmatic citizens to call people "lazy scoundrels," and bid them "go and

work;" but let these gentlemen themselves try their soft hands at labour, even for a day, and then they will feel how much easier, and, as the world goes, how much more profitable, it is to trade on others' labour than to labour for oneself. No man, says the adage, makes a fortune by the work of his own hands. "Oh, sir!" replied the "valiant" Spanish beggar, when asked by the rich merchant why he did not go and work, "You don't know how lazy I am." The rich merchant was, of course, disgusted with the reply, but then he was not aware how lazy he himself naturally was. He was one of those who felt satisfied that industry is a special delight (though but rarely known to be industrious themselves), and who, consequently, believed that the honest poor always prefer labour to enjoyment, having, in the words of the Executive Committee, an habitual tendency to postpone pleasure for business.

But the reason why the shilling folk absented themselves from the Great Exhibition at first was, because none of their own class had seen it, and they had not yet heard of its wonders, one from the other. But once seen, and once talked about in their workshops, their factories, and—it must be said—their tap-rooms, each gradually became curious to see what had astonished and delighted his fellows.

They soon began to see that the Great Exhibition, rightly considered, is a huge academy for teaching the nobility of labour, and demonstrating the various triumphs of the useful arts over external nature.

It may to the unreflecting appear to require but a small exercise of skill to grow their food, weave their garments, or construct their houses; but set your "*independent*" gentleman to do either one or the other, and what a poor useless wretch he immediately becomes. We have, indeed, too long been taught to think, that an independent man, like an honest man, is "the noblest work of God;" as if it were not the noblest thing a man could do to labour for the food he eats, and as if what we are led to call an independent gentleman were not the most dependent of all animals in creation. Put such an one on an uninhabited island, and would he not be as helpless as an infant? What could he—this *independent* man—do, when he had really to *depend* on none others but himself for his living?

Far be it from us to assert that manual dexterity or muscular labour is the *summum bonum* of human existence; but what we wish to say is, that, owing so much of our comfort and happiness to both, we should honour them more than we do; and that, above all, if society would really have the world progress, it should do away with the cheat, which makes those men the most "*respectable*" who do the least for the bread they eat. If we wish to make gentlemen of our working men (we use the word "gentleman" in its highest Dekkerian sense, and certainly not in its mere conventional signification), our first step must be to assert the natural dignity of labour. So long as we look upon work or to it as a meanness, so long will our workers and toilers remain mean. Let industry be with us "respectable"—as it is

really in the natural arrangement of things—and the industrious poor instead of the idle rich will then be the really respectable men of this country.

Let those who doubt the respectability of labour, consider for one moment what years of thought, and study, and patience, are involved in even the commonest industrial process. "A man would be laughed at," says Mandeville, in his "Fable of the Bees," "that should discover luxury in the plain dress of the pauper, in the thick parish coat, and coarse workhouse shirt beneath it. And yet what a number of people, how many different trades, and what a variety of skill and tools must be employed to have the most ordinary Yorkshire cloth! What depth of thought and ingenuity, and what length of time must it have cost, before man could have learned from a seed to raise and prepare so useful a product as linen! Must not that society be vainly curious among whom this admirable commodity, after it is made, shall not be thought fit to be used *even by the poorest of all*, before it is brought to a perfect whiteness, which is not to be done but with the assistance of great chemical knowledge, joined to a world of industry and patience? Can we reflect," he continues, "not only on the cost laid out in this luxurious invention, but likewise on the little time the whiteness of it endures (in which great part of its beauty consists), so that at every six or seven days, at farthest, it wants cleaning, and is, consequently, while it lasts, a continual charge to the wearer—can we, I say, reflect on all this, and not think it an extravagant piece of nicety, that those who receive alms of the parish should not only have whole garments made of this operose manufacture, but likewise, that as soon as they are soiled, we should make use of, in order to restore them to their original purity, one of the most judicious, as well as difficult compositions that chemistry can boast — a composition with which, when dissolved in water, by the help of fire, the most detersive and yet innocent lixivium is prepared, that human industry or ingenuity has been able to invent?"

But if these arts are sufficient to excite our wonder, especially when made to contribute to the happiness of the most destitute of our race, and to confer on our paupers comforts and luxuries, formerly unknown to our princes, surely the art of working in metal—the manufacture of the buttons on the workhouse coat, the making of the nails on the bottom of the workhouse floor, is a thousand times more wonderful. Who can look at the commonest pocket-knife or padlock, and not feel an intense reverence for the art and artists that could fashion those most useful instruments out of a lump of stone? To become conscious of the skill displayed in the various processes, we should have a knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome; and nothing will give us so profound a sense of these as to endeavour to make one or other similar instruments for ourselves. Or if we wish to have a just appreciation of the intellect required for the discovery and perfection of the metallurgic arts, let us imagine ourselves placed on an uninhabited island—another Juan Fernandez—and then fancy

how we, even though we have lived among the very arts all our days, should set to work. Let us think whether we could make a pin or a needle out of a piece of rock to save our lives.

Is there any more skill to put words together than to manufacture a razor out of a lump of iron-stone? We know which seems to us by far the easier occupation of the two. Nevertheless, without any wish to indulge in that mock humility which seeks to disparage our own productions, when, if there be an innate propensity, it is to value our own work immeasurably beyond its true worth, we must confess that the one craft appears no more worthy of respect than the other; so, we say again, the Great Exhibition, where all these matters are forced upon the mind, rightly considered, is a huge academy for teaching men the true dignity of even what are thought the inferior grades of labour.

The great fallacy—the most pernicious error of the present day—is the belief that a knowledge of reading and writing constitutes education. "Reading and writing," it has been well said, "is no more education than a knife and fork is a good dinner." To teach a man how to read and write is, as it were, to confer upon him a new sense. All our senses differ one from another in having various *telescopic* powers—that is to say, of perceiving external objects at greater or less distances. For touching and tasting, it is necessary that the object should be in immediate contact with the body; for smelling, the object may be slightly removed from us; for hearing, it may be still more remote; and for seeing, it may be the most distant of all. Nevertheless, it is necessary in all these cases that the object of perception should be *present* with us: with reading and writing, however, the telescopic power is immeasurably extended, and we are made cognizant of phenomena occurring hundreds of miles distant, and hundreds of years ago. As our senses, therefore, are merely ducts of knowledge, so are reading and writing merely the means of acquiring information. We might as well believe that the addition of a nose, or a pair of eyes or ears—that the faculty of seeing, hearing, or smelling, in short, should make creatures wise or good, as that the arts of orthoëpy and orthography were the great panacea for all social and moral evil.

No! if we would really make people wiser and better, we must make them acquainted with the laws of the material, mental, and moral universe in which they are placed, and upon which their happiness is made to depend. A knowledge of the laws of *matter* enables a man to promote the physical good—of the laws of mind, the intellectual good—of the laws of the heart, the moral good, both of himself and his fellow-creatures. According as we become acquainted with the various substances and circumstances existing and occurring in the material world, and thereby come to understand their relation to each other as well as to ourselves, so are we enabled to give a particular direction to the succession of events without, and so to alleviate the wants and increase the pleasures of ourselves and

others. According, too, as we get to know the links which bind thought to thought, as well as the ties which connect our perceptions with certain classes of relations—with our feelings of beauty, sublimity, or ludicrousness—so are we enabled to induce pleasant trains of ideas, and to promote the delight of those around us. And thus it is in the moral universe. According as we study the connexions between our acts and emotions, and become convinced of the felicity which attends the contemplation of any benefit disinterestedly conferred, and the uneasiness which accompanies the remembrance of any wanton injury, so are we the more anxious to encourage the good and restrain the evil impulses of our nature.

Now, the Great Exhibition, looked at in its true light, is, we say once more, a huge academy for teaching men the laws of the material universe, by demonstrating the various triumphs of the useful arts over external nature.

One great good the Exhibition assuredly must do, and that is to decrease the large amount of slop or inferior productions that are flooding the country, and which, in the rage for cheapness, are palmed off as equal to the handiwork of the most dexterous operatives. Were the public judges of workmanship — had they been made acquainted with the best work of the best workmen, and so possessed some standard of excellence by which to test the various kinds of labour, it would be impossible for the productions of the unskilful artisan to be brought into competition with those of the most skilful. Owing to the utter ignorance of the public, however, upon all such matters, the tricky employer is now enabled to undersell the honourable master by engaging inferior workmen, while the honourable master, in order to keep pace with the tricky employer, is obliged to reduce the wages of the more dexterous "hands." Hence, we see the tendency of affairs at present is, for the worse to drag the better handicraftsmen down to their degradation, instead of the better raising the worse up to their pre-eminence.

The sole remedy for this state of things is greater knowledge on the part of the public. Accustom the people continually to the sight of the best works, and they will no longer submit to have bad workmanship foisted upon them as equal to good.

To those unversed in the "labour question," this may appear but a small benefit, but to those who know what it is to inculcate a pride of art—to make the labourer find delight in his labour—to change him from a muscular machine into an intellectual artist, it will seem perhaps as great a boon as can be offered to working men. At present, workmen are beginning to feel that skill—the "art of industrial occupations"—is useless, seeing that want of skill is now beating them out of the market. One of the most eminent of the master shoemakers in London assured us that the skilled workmen in his business were fast disappearing before the children-workers in Northampton; and, indeed, we heard the same story from almost every trade in the metropolis. The bad are destroying the good, instead of the good improving the bad.

The antidote for this special evil is a periodical exhibition of the works of industry and art. Make the public critics of industrial art, and they will be sure to call into existence a new race of industrial artists—but as it is, both the public and the workmen are the prey of greedy, tricky tradesman.

It was some time before "the shilling folk" could be got to see these things, and therefore they did not go down in a body, and besiege the doors of the Crystal Palace, clamouring for admission all of them together, immediately the price was brought within their means. Gradually, however, they have come to see the true uses of the Great Show, and they now attend in almost the same vast concourses as the sanguine Executive Committee were led to believe they would on the first day.

The consequence is, that the groups within the building have already assumed a very picturesque appearance. To those who have watched the character of the visitors since the opening—the change in the dresses, manners, and objects of the sight-seers has been most marked and peculiar.

The alteration, too, has been almost as striking outside the building as it has in the interior. For the first week or two, the road within a mile of the "Glass Hive" was blocked with carriages. From the Prince of Wales' Gate to Apsley House there stretched one long line of cabs, omnibusses, carriages, "broughams," "flies," now moving for a few minutes, and now stopping for double the time, while the impatient visitors within let down the blinds and thrust their heads out to see how far the line extended.

At every intersecting thoroughfare stood clusters of busy policemen, seizing horses by the reins, and detaining the vehicles till the cross current had in a measure ceased. And here might be seen persons threading between the blocked carriages, and bobbing beneath the horses' heads, in order to pass from one side of the road to the other. To seek to pass through the Park gates was about as dangerous an experiment as "shooting" the centre arch of "Old London Bridge."

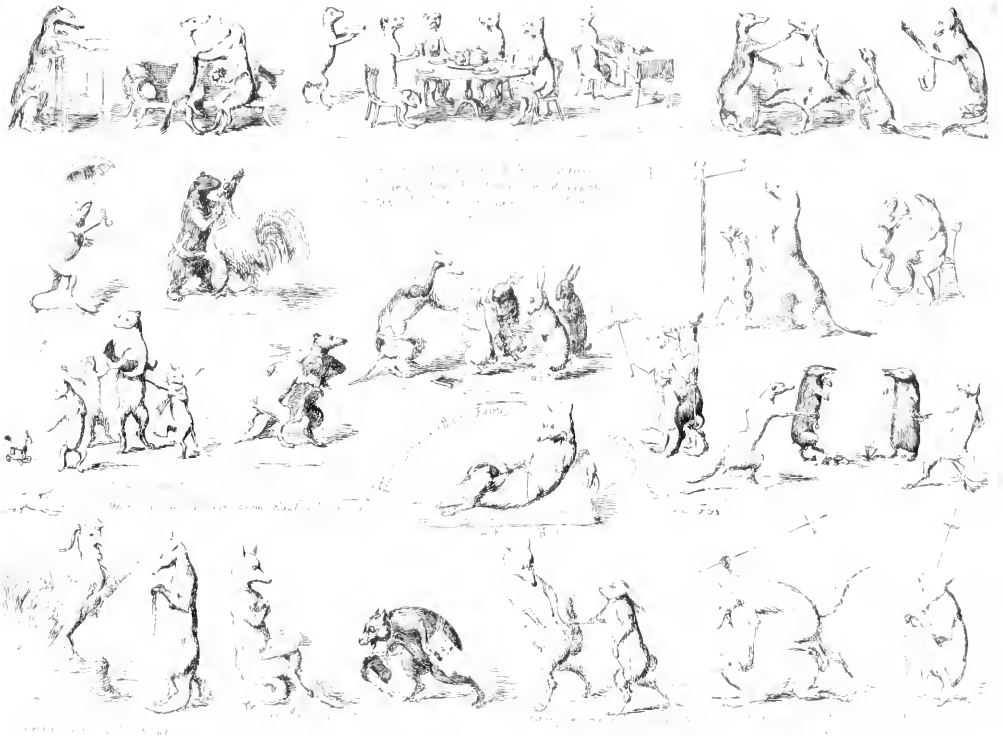
*Then* the journey to and from the Great Exhibition consumed some hours of the day, but now there is scarcely a carriage or a Hansom cab to be seen. The great stream of carriage visitors has ceased (except on the more expensive days), and the ebb and flood of pedestrians set. The "southern entrance" is no longer beset with broughams, but gathered round it are groups of gazers, too poor or too "prudent" to pay for admission within. The public-houses along the road are now filled to overflowing, for outside them are ranged long benches, on which sit visitors in their holiday attire, resting on their way. Almost all the pedestrians, too, have baskets on their arms, evidently filled with the day's store of provisions. The ladies are all "got up" in their brightest-coloured bonnets and polkas, and as they haste along, they "step out" till their faces are seen to glow again with their eagerness to get to the Grand Show; while the gentlemen in green or brown felt "wide-awakes," or fluffy beaver hats, and with

the cuffs of their best coats, and the bottoms of their best trowsers turned up, are marching heavily on—some with babies in their arms, others with baskets, and others carrying corpulent cotton umbrellas.

And inside the Great Exhibition the scene is equally different from that of the first week or two. The nave is no longer filled with elegant and inert loungers—lolling on seats, and evidently come there to be seen rather than to see. Those who are now to be found there, however, have come to look at the Exhibition, and not to make an exhibition of themselves. There is no air of display about them—no social falsity—all is the plain unvarnished truth. The jewels and the tapestry, and the Lyons silks, are not now the sole objects of attraction. The shilling folk may be an "inferior" class of visitors, but at least they know something about the works of industry, and what they do not know, they have come to learn.

Here you see a railway guard, with the silver letters on his collar, and his japan pouch by his side, hurrying, with his family, towards the locomotive department. Next, you come to a carpenter, in his yellow fluffy flannel jacket, descanting on the beauties of a huge top, formed of one section of a mahogany tree. Then may be seen a hatless and yellow-legged Blue-coat boy mounting the steps of one of the huge prismatic lighthouses, to have a glance at the arrangements of the interior. Peeping into the model of the Italian Opera are several short-red-bodied and long-black-legged Life-Guardsmen; while, among the agricultural implements, saunter clusters of countrymen in smockfrocks. On the steps of the crimson-covered pedestals are seated small groups of tired women and children, some munching thick slices of bread and meat, the edges of which are yellow with the oozing mustard. Around the fountains are gathered other families, drinking out of small mugs, inscribed as "presents for Charles or Mary;" while all over the floor—walk where you will—are strewn the greasy papers of devoured sandwiches. The minute and extensive model of Liverpool, with its long strip of looking-glass sea and thousands of cardboard vessels, is blocked round with wondering artisans, some, more familiar with the place, pointing out particular streets and houses. And as you pass by the elaborate representation, in plaster, of Underdown Cliff, you may hear a young sailor—the gloss upon whose jacket indicates that he has but recently returned from sea—tell how he went round the Needles last voyage in a gale of wind. Most of the young men have catalogues or small guide-books in their hands, and have evidently, from the earnest manner in which they now gaze at the object, and now refer to the book, come there to study the details of the whole building.

But if the other parts of the Great Exhibition are curious and instructive, the machinery, which has been from the first the grand focus of attraction, is, on the "shilling days," the most peculiar sight of the whole. Here every other man you rub against is habited in a corduroy jacket, or a blouse, or leathern gaiters; and round every

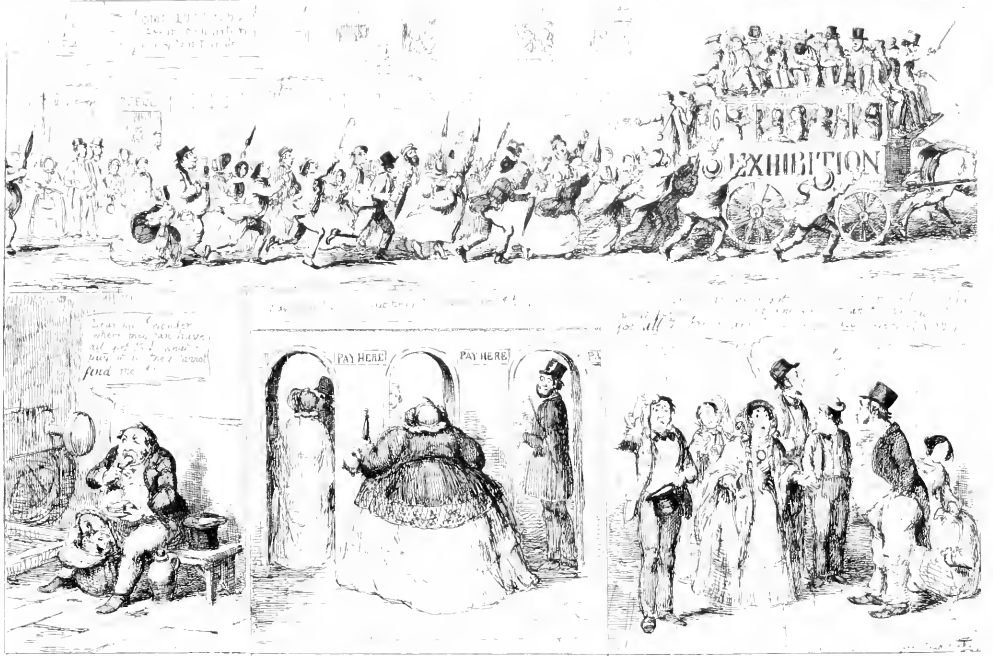


object more wonderful than the rest, the people press, two and three deep, with their heads stretched out, watching intently the operations of the moving mechanism. You see the farmers, their dusty hats telling of the distance they have come, with their mouths wide agape, leaning over the bars to see the self-acting mills at work, and smiling as they behold the frame spontaneously draw itself out, and then spontaneously run back again. Some, with great smockfrocks, were gazing at the girls in their long pinafores engaged at the doubling-machines.

But the chief centres of curiosity are the power-looms, and in front of these are gathered small groups of artisans, and labourers, and young men whose red coarse hands tell you they do something for their living, all eagerly listening to the attendant, as he explains the operations, after stopping the loom. Here, too, as you pass along, you meet, now a member of the National Guard, in his peculiar conical hat, with its little ball on top, and horizontal peak, and his red worsted epaulettes and full-plaited trowsers; then you come to a long, thin, and bilious-looking Quaker, with his tidy and clean-looking Quakeress by his side; and the next minute, may be, you encounter a school of charity-girls, in their large white collars and straw bonnets, with the mistress at their head, instructing the children as she goes. Round the electro-plating and the model diving-bell are crowds jostling one another for a foremost place. At the steam brewery, crowds of men and women are continually ascending and descending the stairs; youths are watching the model carriages moving along the new pneumatic railway; young girls are waiting to see the hemispherical lamp-shades made out of a flat sheet of paper; indeed, whether it be the noisy flax-crushing machine, or the splashing centrifugal pump, or the clatter of the Jacquard lace machine, or the bewildering whirling of the cylindrical steam-press,—round each and all these are anxious, intelligent, and simple-minded artisans, and farmers, and servants, and youths, and children clustered, endeavouring to solve the mystery of its complex operations.

For many days before the "shilling people" were admitted to the building, the great topic of conversation was the probable behaviour of the people. Would they come sober? will they destroy the things? will they want to cut their initials, or scratch their names on the panes of the glass lighthouses? But they have surpassed in decorum the hopes of their well-wishers. The fact is, the Great Exhibition is to them more of a school than a show. The working-man has often little book-learning, but of such knowledge as constitutes the education of life—viz., the understanding of human motives, and the acquisition of power over natural forces, so as to render them subservient to human happiness—of such knowledge as this, we repeat, the working-man has generally a greater share than those who are said to belong to the "superior classes." Hence it is, that what was a matter of tedium, and became ultimately a mere lounge, for gentlefolks, is used as a place of instruction by the people.

We have been thus prolix on the classes attending the Great Exhibition, because it is the influence that this institution is likely to exercise upon labour which constitutes its most interesting and valuable feature. If we really desire the improvement of our social state, (and surely we are far from perfection yet,) we must address ourselves to the elevation of the people; and it is because the Great Exhibition is fitted to become a special instrument towards this end, that it forms one of the most remarkable and hopeful characteristics of our time.




A Gentleman who has unfortunately lost his party.

An Extra ... arrangement made in view to the ... Exhibition ...

A Party who have unfortunately lost the Gentleman who ... the Key of the Street door ...

Odds & Ends, in, out, & about, The Great Exhibition of 1851.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"But if Misfortune's han'
We plunge an' feel her smartin' wan',
Let us wi' fortitude withstan',
The lash extended.
As a' things come by Heaven's comman',
An' whea can mend it."
*A New Year's Epistle, by John Stagg.*

ALREADY had the customary advertisement in the daily papers announced to the world that—

THE YOUNG LADIES OF PARTHENON HOUSE, WIMBLEDON COMMON, will resume their studies on the 1st of August, 1851,—

and still, to Mrs. Wewitz's great horror, those "filthy, hairy monsters of Frenchmen" remained located in the best bed-room. She had tried entreaties, threats, compliments, and abuse—everything by turns, and nothing long—but still all her efforts had been in vain. Unfortunately, she had, in an unguarded moment, revealed to the Count de Sanschemise (who had returned to Parthenon House after a short mysterious absence), that she required the room which he and his friends occupied, as the young ladies of the school would arrive in the course of a few days; but the Count no sooner heard the news than he declared, in as good English as he was master of, that he always understood the apartment had been let to him and his friends for a twelvemonth, and that he could not think of leaving under a quarter's notice.

This so terrified the poor old lady, that knowing the partiality of the younger members of her own sex for those "impudent wretches of Frenchmen," and having had proof positive, in the case of Ann Lightfoot and her mistress, "poor dear Mrs. Sandboys," that the Frenchmen were similarly inclined towards the ladies, she thought it would be better, under all the circumstances, to acquaint her daughter with the worst.

Now, it so happened that Miss Wewitz was at this period on a visit with Miss Chutney (an East Indian pupil, who had been sent over from Quilon by her parents to be educated in England) to one of her dear, good girls, a parlour boarder, who loved Miss Chutney with "something more than a sister's love." Miss Wewitz was partaking of a dish of macaroni boiled in milk, by way of a slight lunch, when the letter from her respected parent arrived, informing her of what had happened. The lady, so that her macaroni might not grow cold while she read the epistle, placed it by her side on the table, and swallowed a spoonful and a sentence at one and the same time. She was in the act of swallowing one of the long, limp, white tubes that

she had fished out of the basin with her spoon, when her eye fell upon the passage which informed her that the bed-room of her first class was occupied by a colony of Frenchmen, and that they had resolutely refused to quit the premises. In the horror of the moment, she gave a gasp, and instantly the long slippery tube was hurried down her throat so rapidly and unexpectedly, that what with her anguish and the macaroni, she was nearly choked on the spot. Her two "dear girls," seeing Miss Wewitz turn a light plum colour in the face, immediately flew to her aid, and by dint of several severe thumps on the back, ultimately succeeded in shaking the macaroni down the lady's throat.

It was in vain that the young ladies requested to be apprised of the cause of her sudden alarm, for Miss Wewitz knew well enough that it would not be safe to make them acquainted with the real state of the case; accordingly, she excused herself by saying that she was called home suddenly, and begged that Miss Chutney would prepare to return to Parthenon House as soon as possible.

During the whole of the journey home, Miss Wewitz was arranging in her own mind what course of action she should adopt—that her mother had been imprudent enough to act as she had, hardly surprised her, for she was continually doing the most peculiar things "for the best," as she called it, which invariably turned out for the worst. A few months back, she had consented to receive the daughter of a neighbouring milkman, as a pupil on the "reciprocal system;" and no sooner was it discovered by the attorney's daughter that there was what they were pleased to call a milkmaid in the establishment, than she lost no less than six of her pupils, and "all carriage people," the very next vacation; and now Mrs. Wewitz had let off "one of her wings" to a swarm of dirty Frenchmen, in the hopes, as she said, of getting the taxes out of them.

What was to be done with Chutney, thought Miss Wewitz to herself, under the distressing circumstances, was more than she could tell; she only knew *that* girl's morals had cost her more trouble than all her other pupils put together. To trust her out of her sight was more than she dare do, or else she certainly would have left her at her schoolfellow's until the Frenchman had been got out of the house. But while the girl was under her own eye no harm could possibly come to her, though, with a swarm of horrid Frenchmen on the premises, it would be as much as she could do to look after her, she was such a giddy, weak thing, ready to fall in love with the first man who looked at her. However, Miss Wewitz had made up her mind to one thing—and that was, to keep her in the music-room so long as these men were in the house.

Thus ruminating, Miss Wewitz passed the journey. On reaching Wimbledon Common, she was horrified to find that, in front of her best bed-room windows, immediately above the long board which stretched across the entire length of the house, and on which was inscribed, in large gilt letters,

"ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG LADIES,"

there dangled some dozen of newly-washed shirt-collars, and about half the number of dickeys, while, lolling out of the windows, appeared two or three long-bearded Frenchmen, puffing away huge meerschaum pipes, and enveloped in clouds of smoke, as they amused themselves by spitting at the sun-dial.

No sooner did the gate-bell announce the arrival of Miss Wewitz and her pupil, than the Frenchmen, who could just distinguish the bonnets of the ladies above the top of the boards before the railings, began whistling, and making that peculiar noise with the lips which is supposed to be especially agreeable to birds and babies.

This was more than the discreet schoolmistress could tolerate; she thought all the eyes of all the mothers of Europe were directed towards Parthenon House at that moment; so, before the gate could be opened, she commenced shaking the end of her parasol between the railings with considerable violence at the Frenchmen, who appeared to be mightily taken with the mysterious lady's menaces, for no sooner did they perceive the mystic parasol waggling about, apparently by itself, between the railings, than they—one and all—set up a loud roar of laughter, while the more they laughed, the more the parasol shook with rage—the one merely serving to increase the excitement of the other.

Now, Miss Wewitz was a lady of almost Roman virtue. She was, or rather she *had been*, in the heyday of her youth, what little men delight to term a remarkably fine woman; that is to say, she stood so near the "regulation height," and her upper lip was shaded with so delicate a *moustache*, that, in male attire, she would have found little difficulty in 'listing in the Life-Guards, had she felt so inclined. She was, however, one of those ladies upon whom food is said to be thrown away; for, though she made a special point of taking the most nourishing things—little and good, and often, was her dietetic rule of life—still, eat as she would, her figure remained as long, as thin, and as angular at all the joints, as a Dutch doll. At an early age—as the lady herself delighted to tell her pupils—she had made a resolution never to marry, but to dedicate her life to study and her dear mother; for, soon after she had turned up her back hair, she formed so bad an opinion of the male sex, that not if Plutus himself, with all the gold that Lempriere tells he was possessed of, had come and thrown himself at her feet, would she have condescended to have become the partner of his handsome fortune. But, if Miss Wewitz was not exactly a Venus in her "outward woman," (as she termed it,) at least she was very nearly a Minerva within; and, as if to label herself "a woman of mind," she dressed in the approved costume of feminine genius. Her hair was turned back *à la Chinoise*, as if to stretch her forehead up as high as possible, and behind each ear there dangled a solitary ringlet, that a discarded cook had been heard to declare was "never her own." And, to be candid, there certainly was an intensity in the blackness of Miss Wewitz' raven tresses, coupled with a ruddy rustiness at the roots, that raised up before you a vivid picture of the lady's head done up in cabbage-leaves once a

month; while, as she smiled, and showed her front teeth, which she was a little proud of, there might occasionally be seen a small prong of gold twinkling at the corner of her mouth; but this was only when the lady forgot herself, and was foolish enough to smile with unfeigned pleasure. Her invariable dress was black satin, and this of the glossiest description, so that she shone as if done up in court-plaster. But though the lady looked as dry and stiff as schoolmistresses usually are, she was not without her genial qualities; and many a tale was told of girls educated and put out in the world by her, whose parents had placed them under her charge, and disappeared shortly afterwards. Moreover, it was whispered that her father, having squandered a large property, had died suddenly in his chair after dinner, leaving her mother and herself to fight their way through life, without resources and without friends. The young girl, so the story ran, had first gone as teacher, and afterwards become partner, in the school, of which, by the death of the late mistress, she was now sole proprietress.

Immediately the gate was opened, Miss Wewitz took Miss Chutney by the arm and hurried into the house, where the smell of stale tobacco nearly overpowered her, while the thought of her hard-earned reputation being sacrificed in so cruel a manner made the tears rush in a flood to her eyes. The house never could be got sweet again—that was certain; and what would the mothers think on bringing their daughters back to an establishment, reeking of tobacco smoke worse than a common taprooom! and, in the excitement of her feelings, she upbraided her mother bitterly for her indiscretion, telling her that she had brought ruin upon their heads.

Then suddenly recollecting that she was giving way to her feelings before Miss Chutney, she retired with that young lady to the music-room, and gave her strict injunctions on no account whatever to stir from the spot.

After this, she begged her mother to make her acquainted with the entire transaction, from beginning to end; and when that lady had confided to her the whole of the circumstances, Miss Wewitz, who had by that time resumed the natural calmness of her temper, observed, that it was no time for bickering, and that before taking off her bonnet, she would just step on to that remarkably civil young man, the inspector at the police station, and ascertain from him what she had better do, situated as she was.

Miss Wewitz had no sooner closed the outer gate, than the Count de Sanschemise, who had all the time been leaning over the banisters, and watching every movement of the ladies below, crept softly down the stairs, and moved on tiptoe towards the room in which he had seen Miss Chutney placed.

Opening the door, he entered the music-room, as though he was unaware of any one being in it, and pretended to start back with surprise on finding it occupied by a stranger.

The Frenchman bowed, and apologized with all the superlative gallantry of a Parisian, and said in broken English, that he had come to seek a piece of music which he had mislaid.

Miss Chutney could hardly speak for the first few minutes after the gentleman's entrance—she was lost, half in terror and half in admiration of the Count's moustachios—he was the very image of that love of a brigand that she had worked, "last half," on a kettle-holder! At length she did manage to stammer out a request that he would leave her *that instant*; for if Miss Wewitz were to return and find him there alone with her, she would never forgive her.

The words were barely uttered, before a loud and impatient ring at the gate-bell assured Miss Chutney that it could be none other than Miss Wewitz herself come back, and again she hurriedly entreated the Frenchman to be gone.

The cunning foreigner, however, told her it was impossible for him to escape unseen, alleging that the servant had already opened the hall-door on her way to the gate, so that for him even to attempt to cross the passage now, would be to publish that which she was so anxious to keep secret.

"But you cannot remain here, sir!" exclaimed the terrified girl—"Miss Wewitz will be sure to look into this room, and if she catches you with me—oh, dear!—oh, dear! Please *do* go; there's a good man—do, please."

"*N'ayez pas peur, mon ange! ma déesse!*" cried the hyperbolic *Natif de Paris*, kissing the tips of his fingers as he spoke; and then, as he heard the gate close, he looked hurriedly round the room, exclaiming, "Vere vill I go—vere vill I go? Mese, vere vill I go?"

But there was not in the whole apartment a cupboard, nor a screen, within or behind which the Count could secrete himself; and he flew round the room, as he looked wildly about, like a cat in a strange house. "Vat vill I do?" he cried again and again; and then, as he heard the footsteps in the passage approaching the music-room, he suddenly raised the stiff leathern cover from off one of the large globes that stood at opposite corners of the room, and, hastily putting it over his head and shoulders, knelt down beneath it, so that it concealed his whole body.

The Frenchman had scarcely had time to settle himself under the huge cover when Miss Wewitz entered the apartment hastily—saying, "A thought has just struck me, my love. You know, my dear Chutney, you are not a child, and I can speak to you as I would to a sister. Mine, my good girl, is a delicate position. You are far away from your parents, and an orphan, as it were, placed under my charge; and if anything were to happen to you your papa and mamma would never forgive me, and I'm sure I should never be able to hold my head up again. Now you know, my love, mamma has been imprudent enough to admit a number of those horrid foreigners under our roof, and you must really be aware how necessary it is, both for your and my sake, that I should take every precaution, so that there may be no possibility of your being insulted by the creatures. Now promise me, dear Miss Chutney, you'll keep this door locked until I return. Directly it struck me that I had left you alone here, with all

those men on the premises, I couldn't go a step further until I had assured myself of your perfect safety. Now you'll lock yourself in the moment I've quitted you, and not open the door again till I come back to any one, under any pretence. You'll promise me, now—wont you, there's a dear girl?"

Miss Chutney stood close in front of the globe, trembling lest the cover should move and discover one of the much-dreaded foreigners to be hidden beneath, and stammered out, as well as she was able under the circumstances, that she would be "sure and do as Miss Wewitz desired."

Miss Wewitz was about to take her departure, and, indeed, had closed the music-room door after her, when she suddenly opened it again, as the affrighted Miss Chutney jumped once more in front of the heavenly sphere.

"Oh!" exclaimed the schoolmistress, "upon second thoughts, my dear child, I should be far more easy and comfortable in my mind, if I were to lock you in myself, and take the key with me in my pocket; for then, you know, my love, I should be sure no harm *could* come to you."

Chutney turned as pale as a young lady of East-Indian extraction could turn, and replied: "I'm sure—it's—a—very good of you, ma'am—a—to take care of me, but—a—I can assure you I shall be safe—a—indeed I shall, ma'am."

"No, no, my dear child!" returned Miss Wewitz, with her blandest smile, "you think so, I dare say—giddy, foolish thing as you are; for how can *you* be expected to know the ways of the world at your time of life. But I shall not be gone above half-an-hour at the utmost, so you can easily find something to amuse yourself for so short a time. You can play over some of your pieces, you know; and you're far from perfect in your Battle of Prague, as yet. Your 'cries of the wounded' were anything but well marked, the last time I heard you——"

Suddenly the schoolmistress' eye caught the uncovered globe in the corner of the room, and, advancing towards the spot, she said: "Why, there's the cover off the celestial globe, I declare, my dear! It will be all scratched, and covered with dust. What ever have you been doing with it?"

Miss Chutney was ready to drop with fright; for a minute she was so confused that she could make no answer, and only sought to interpose herself between Miss Wewitz and the leathern case.

"What ever have you been doing with it, child?" inquired the schoolmistress, once more.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," stammered out the terrified girl, "I was studying the position of the 'Great Bear' when you came in."

"Oh, indeed! Well, I don't want to interfere with your studies; but I had no idea you had any taste that way," returned the schoolmistress, delighted in the belief that her pupil was astronomically given, and that she could henceforth lengthen the list of her extras by the item of "the use of the globes."

"Well, proceed! proceed! I shall be back in less than half an hour, and then I'll come and sit with you—for I dare say you will feel it lonely here for awhile. Now, I know you'll excuse me, my dear; but really I *do* think it would break my heart if I were to know that one of those horrid, horrid foreigners had been saying a word to you;" and then, having hastily arranged her bonnet at the pier-glass, she simpered, and withdrew once more.

Miss Chutney stood still, horror-stricken, for a few minutes, and when she heard the key turned in the door with a sharp snap, it sounded as awful to her as the click of the trigger of a highwayman's pistol.

Her first impulse was to rush to the door and assure herself that it was really locked, and when, after pulling impatiently at it, she became impressed with a full sense of the awkwardness of her position, Miss Chutney thought at first that she would stand still and scream; but then, it struck her immediately afterwards, that by so doing, the whole would be discovered, and Miss Wewitz would be certain to believe that it was all her doing, especially as she had been silly enough not to acquaint her with what had happened directly she entered the room. She had it on the tip of her tongue two or three times, but *that* Miss Wewitz was so severe, and took such strange views of things; then, again, she always expected the young ladies to be so discreet and circumspect, as she called it, in their behaviour, though she dare say she liked to have a bit of fun as well as they did, in her younger days; "only," she added to herself, as she grew half vexed at her position, "perhaps that's so long ago, that it's quite slipped the old thing's memory."

Then, throwing herself into the easy chair, she put her hands up before her face, and indulged in what young ladies are pleased to call "a good cry."

The sound of the young lady's sobs no sooner reached the ears of the secreted Count, than he started up, with the leathern cover still over his head and shoulders, and stood for a few minutes vainly endeavouring to extricate himself from beneath it.

Miss Chutney hearing the smothered exclamations of "tonnère!" and "parbleu!" that involuntarily escaped from the struggling Count, suddenly ceased her sobs, and turned round to see what was the matter, and no sooner did she set eyes on the ludicrous figure of the Frenchman, with his legs alone showing beneath the yellow cover, than she could not refrain from bursting, half hysterically, into a loud fit of laughter; and so irresistible was the impulse upon her—for the more the foreigner struggled and swore, the louder she laughed—that it was not until a sense of her position had forced itself upon her, and she had half bitten her lips through in dread of Mrs. Wewitz overhearing her, that the young lady was in any way able to control herself.

At length, however, by dint of much struggling, the Count succeeded in ridding himself of the leathern extinguisher, and then followed a "love-making" scene between the artful and bombastic

Frenchman and the simple, credulous school-girl, that may easily, and, for the matter of that, must be imagined.

The Frenchman of course flattered the poor girl, who, too ready to think well of herself, like the best of us, and wanting the worldly skill to detect his motive for the adulation, drank in at her burning and tingling ears every word of his honied phrases, till, liking the words, she grew gradually to like the wretch that uttered them; and it was not long before she got to think the Count de Sanschemise one of the most polite and amiable gentlemen she had ever met with. Once or twice the Frenchman, pretending to be struck with the exquisite beauty of her hand, seized it, and was about to press it in feigned admiration to his lips, when a sense of the impropriety of her conduct burst upon the girl, and she indignantly snatched it from him; but the expert trickster soon knew how to heal the wound he had inflicted, and in a few minutes, by some dexterous mode of pleasing—by some infallible appeal to her self-love—had made himself appear to her the same charming, agreeable man as ever. Thus matters progressed, until, at the expiration of the half-hour that was to constitute the term of Miss Wewitz's absence, the weak-minded and warm-hearted school-girl had told him, the Frenchman, in approved maiden language, that she certainly must confess she liked him a little bit; but it was impossible for her to say she loved him, when she had only known him for so short a time. She shouldn't wonder but he only wanted to make a silly of her, after all; and then to go and tell all the other gentlemen up stairs what a simpleton she was, and how she had believed all the many fine things and the soft nonsense he had been whispering in her ear—though, for the matter of that, she had not paid the least attention to a single word he had said—it had all gone in at one ear and out at the other, she could tell him; for she knew well enough what a pack of deceitful things the French gentlemen were,—they were all general lovers; and she dare say that he'd go and repeat the very same things—silly things—that he'd been telling her, to the first poor girl he met after leaving.

Of course, M. le Comte de Sanschemise threw his eyes up to the ceiling, and gazed steadfastly at the pink, pickled-looking Cupid that was painted in the centre of it, and supposed to be supporting, while in the act of flying, the heavy ormolu lamp that dangled from his hand; then he whispered, in subdued recitative, an impassioned French "roman," commencing,—

"Vous le savez! je vous adore!"

all the while gesticulating in the most theatrical manner: now he extended his arms out, and leaned far forward towards her; now he suddenly threw back the lapel of his surtout, and tapped quickly and repeatedly the left side of his embroidered waistcoat; then, as the sentiment of the "chanson" grew more desperate, he clasped his forehead with his two hands, and rolled himself backwards and forwards, exclaiming,—

"Un seul mot pour me satisfaire!
Dites le moi (ange du ciel), je vous en pr-r-r-ie! dites le moi!"

after which he tore his wig for a few minutes, and then dropped, exhausted, into the nearest chair. Unfortunately, however, for the pathos of the Count, the nearest chair happened to be a "devotional," and the seat being lower, and the back less substantial than those of the ordinary style, and the Frenchman, being unprepared for the extra distance that he had to descend, fell with such force on the cushion, that the back gave way with a crash, while M. le Comte himself was thrown with his head backwards, and his legs up in the air, with such violence, that the buttons of his braces and straps were heard to burst with a loud explosion.

At this particular juncture, the gate-bell was again heard to sound in the same authoritative manner as that in which Miss Wewitz was known to delight by way of announcing her advent.

The Count was instantly on his feet, while the terrified Miss Chutney—suffering the double fright of the Frenchman's fall and the schoolmistress's return—begged and prayed of him, if he really *did* adore her only half as much as he had been making such a noise about, that he'd return that minute to his former hiding-place.

M. le Comte was busy in trying to shake his trousers down over his patent-leather half-boots, so that the stockingless state of his feet might not be discovered, and he stamped on the floor, apparently with the energy of his devotion, but really in the hope of forcing down his pantaloons; he exclaimed that he was her slave for life, and, hearing the gate close, proceeded, with all possible haste, to ensconce himself once more beneath the leathern cover of the celestial globe, kissing his hand passionately several times to the young lady before finally disappearing from her sight.

Miss Chutney had only time enough to place the devotional close against the wall, and to arrange the back so that it would not immediately appear to have been broken, when she heard the key placed in the door, and in a minute afterwards Miss Wewitz made her appearance.

To Chutney's great horror, on looking at her a second time, she discovered that Miss Wewitz had positively brought her work, and had evidently made up her mind to sit with her the whole time.

What ever should she do? The poor dear Count would be smothered, even if he could remain quiet in his hiding-place all that time. Would it not be better to tell her all that had occurred—but then she would be sure to scold so—besides, it never would be possible to tell her all that the Count had said—and really she'd have to make up so many fibs, if she confessed, that perhaps, after all, it would be more honest of her to keep the whole affair secret from her.

Miss Wewitz merely observing that she thought she had not exceeded her half-hour by many minutes, and that Miss Chutney had not been *very* lonely during her absence, sat herself down in the easy chair, saying that she had ordered the servant to bring the tea in there, and that they would have a nice long evening's chat together.

As soon as Miss Wewitz had settled herself fairly down to her work—she was busy fresh trimming one of her old last year's bonnets for her dear mother—she commenced informing Miss Chutney, in the most confidential manner, as to the issue of her visit to the inspector. That gentleman—and a perfect gentleman he certainly was—for he was always exceedingly civil to her, though, for the life of her, she couldn't tell why—well, that gentleman had been kind enough to advise her to get rid of the Frenchmen as rapidly as she could, saying that they were all a pack of swindlers together, and that there was one whom the Detectives had traced to her house—a Count de Sangshimmy, the inspector called him, and whom they well knew to be nothing more nor less than a *Chevalier d'Industrie*, or, in plain English, a common pickpocket.

Here the cover of the celestial globe betrayed evident symptoms of internal uneasiness, and Miss Chutney, attracted by the motion of the cover, could not help casting a side glance towards the spot.

Miss Wewitz, however, was too deeply concerned in what she was relating to pay any attention to other matters; and though her pupil kept continually interjecting "Indeed!" and "Dear me!" and "Really, you don't say so!" it was evident that her thoughts were otherwise occupied, and that she had really not the slightest idea of what Miss Wewitz was talking about.

"And would you believe it, my love?" continued the schoolmistress; "the inspector tells me I have no means of getting quit of the wretches but by an action of ejectment, and that will take a year at least; so, do you know, he advises me"—and here the lady looked towards the door, to satisfy herself that no one was within hearing—"do you know, my dear, he advises me, I say"—but, to satisfy herself that the communication she was about to make could not be overheard, the lady rose from her seat, and opened the music-room door to see whether any one were in the passage listening—"he advises, I repeat, if I find I cannot get them out of the house by any other means, to offer them, first, ten pounds to go, and even to go as high as fifty, rather than allow them to continue under the roof; though of course, my love, for obvious reasons, I don't want this to be known to a soul beside ourselves, for, if it should get to the ears of any of the gang, why of course they wouldn't stir a foot until I had given them the whole fifty. And you'd hardly credit it, my dear, but the inspector—he really is a very nice, agreeable man, and the poor fellow lost his wife last Easter holidays—he tells me that the wretches of Frenchmen might, if they chose, open a show in my best bed-room. Oh! my dear child, think of that! So pray, for gracious sake! do be cautious not to let a word of this escape your lips; for, should they but come to hear, by any accident, what lengths the law will allow them to go to, they would never leave the place until they had succeeded in draining me of my last penny.

Here again the cover of the celestial globe was seen to shake its side violently, as if internally convulsed with laughter—when Miss

Wewitz, observing the glances of her pupil to be turned in that direction, suddenly perceived that the globe still remained uncovered.

"My dear Miss Chutney!" she exclaimed, "how forgetful you are—do you see that you have left the case off the globe; and are you aware that those things cost a great deal of money."

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," stammered the East Indian, "a—a—I was—em—a—waiting for you just to show to me which was the dragon that is so near the bear, if you please, ma'am."

"That will do another time, Miss Chutney," answered the schoolmistress, pettishly; "for really I have something else to think of just now—so pray put the cover on—there's a good child."

"But I shall only want to be taking it off again directly, if you please; for as to-night promises to be very fine, I'm going to see if I can learn the stars by the aid of this globe," exclaimed Miss Chutney, starting from her seat, so as to be ready to prevent Miss Wewitz going towards the cover.

"Very well, my dear girl, just as you like," added the schoolmistress; "but as it wants some hours yet till night, it will surely be as well to cover it up. Are you aware that those globes cost me £15 at Miss Peabody's sale, just after her bankruptcy; and that if by accident they got scratched, they would not be worth one penny. Now pray don't let me have to speak again, but *do* put on the case immediately."

"Yes, ma'am; but really it is so heavy, that I shall only be obliged to come and trouble you to take it off for me again in an hour or two; and you needn't be alarmed, I will see that no harm comes to the celestial globe;" and then, perceiving Miss Wewitz about to get up from her chair, Miss Chutney hurried towards her, and leaned over, with pretended regard for her, but really and truly to keep her close fixed to her seat.

Miss Wewitz was too shrewd a woman not to perceive, by her pupil's manner, that she had some secret motive for wishing the globe to remain uncovered; so, laying her work down, she said, in her most dignified manner, "If Miss Chutney has not strength enough to put the case on the globe, after having had quite strength enough to take it off, why Miss Wewitz must do it for her, I suppose;" so saying, the lady made an effort to rise; whereupon Miss Chutney clung round her neck more tightly than ever, and the tighter she clung, the harder Miss Wewitz struggled to get from her. At length, however, she succeeded in freeing herself from her embraces, when the terrified girl gave a loud shriek, and immediately, to Miss Wewitz's inexplicable horror, she beheld the dome-like cover of the globe heave and heave, and finally rise up and rush out of the room, with a pair of black pantaloons dangling beneath it.

It was now Miss Wewitz's turn to scream, which she did louder and sharper than Miss Chutney had screamed before her—crying frantically, "There's a man in the house!—there's a man!—there's a man!—there's a man!" and then, determined to solve the mystery, she set off after the two-legged cover of the globe as fast as her own

legs would carry her. The first object of M. le Comte de Sanschemise was to make for the stairs that led to his bed-room; but with the huge leathern cover of the globe over his head, and reaching nearly to his knees, it was impossible for him to tell the direction in which he was going. In his eagerness to escape detection, he ran towards the top of the kitchen stairs, instead of the bottom of those that led to the upper part of the house; and Miss Wewitz had just reached the music-room door when she saw him precipitated headlong down the flight; and heard him afterwards, as he got near to the bottom, go bump, bump—rolling heavily from stair to stair, almost like the globe whose place he had taken.

Miss Wewitz shrieked involuntarily at the sight of the catastrophe—Miss Chutney shrieked sympathetically—and Mrs. Wewitz, who came rushing from the housekeeper's room—and the servants, who came hurrying from the kitchen—all shrieked, they hardly knew why or wherefore, but principally because they heard the others shriek.

Then came all the Frenchmen, tearing down the stairs—two and three at a time—some with their hair in paper, and a silk handkerchief thrown hastily over their heads—others with the curling-tongs still in their hands, and half their locks curled, and the other half hanging in matted hanks about their faces—while others had one of their moustachios and whiskers bright red, and the other jet black—others, again, were in their paper collars, and others in embroidered slippers and no socks.

When Miss Wewitz saw the human avalanche descending from the first landing, she uttered a piercing "Oh!" and, suddenly closing the door, turned the key, so that she and Chutney at least might be safe. Then she threw herself into the *fauteuil*, and buried her face in her handkerchief—first tittering and then sobbing, and ultimately screaming, and pattering her feet upon the carpet like two drum-sticks doing the "roll" upon a drum.

The alarmed Chutney threw herself upon her neck, and begged her not to "give way" so, for that she'd be sure to make herself ill—and that her eyes would be red and swollen for hours afterwards.

"Indeed! indeed! Miss Wewitz, if you'll only believe—it was no fault of mine—indeed—and *indeed* it wasn't."

Miss Wewitz "came to" for a moment, and exclaimed—"Oh, you bad, bad, base girl—after all the attention I've paid to your morals, too! How you dare stand there and say such a thing, and not expect the floor to open under you, is a mystery to me! Oh, you wicked, wicked story, you! Where do you expect to go to, Miss? But you'll write out the first chapter of Telemachus before you have any supper to-night—and it's that cold rice pudding that you're remarkably fond of."

Then Miss Chutney, in her turn, gave vent to her feelings. "I'm sure, ma'am, it wasn't my fault, sobbed the girl—it was you yourself that would lock him in the room with me, though I begged of you not to lock the door—but you would do it, and what could I do?"

"Do!" retorted the angry Miss Wewitz—"*Do!*" (and this she

pitched at least two octaves higher)—"you could have screamed, couldn't you—or you could have pulled the bell—or even broken the windows,—it wouldn't have mattered to you, they would have all gone down in the bill, you know. Don't you think I would have raised the whole house, and the whole neighbourhood, indeed, if I had been in your place. I'd have torn all the beard off the creature's face by handfuls, that I would;—but you, of course, must hide the wretch away from your best friends, and pretend you had been looking out for the Great Bear—the Great Bear, you might well say, indeed—and the impudent monkey, too. But you'll bring a scandal upon my school, you will—you wicked, wicked girl."

"Well, I don't care how much I'm punished for it, Miss Wewitz—but I'm not to blame. If you were to stop my puddings for the whole of next "half," it wouldn't make me think otherwise. I didn't want to be shut up with the man, but *you* would do it."

"How dare you say I did it, Miss," asked the schoolmistress, in her most authoritative manner, "when I didn't?"

"I'm sure you did, Miss Wewitz."

"How often am I to tell you not to contradict, Miss? I tell you I didn't."

"I'm sure I don't wish to contradict, ma'am, but I'm quite certain you did."

"There, you are contradicting again, Miss,—for I say, once for all, I didn't."

"Well, then, I say you did."

"Hold your tongue, Miss Chutney, and remember whom you're speaking to. Have I not informed you, Miss, that I did no such thing?"

"Well, I don't care, but I'll stand to it as long as I've got a word to say—you *did* lock me up alone with the Frenchman,—so there!" cried the headstrong East Indian.

Miss Wewitz drew herself up as erect as she could, and said, in her very mildest tones, as if she were in no way annoyed by what the young lady had spoken, though inwardly she could scarcely contain herself for passion,—"Very well, Miss; we will see who is mistress in this establishment; so, if you please, you will come with me, and I shall lock you up in the linen-room at the top of the house until you are willing to acknowledge your fault, and beg my pardon. There, go along with you, do! I'm quite astonished at your bad behaviour,—and after all I've done for you!" And with these words Miss Wewitz pushed the sobbing and muttering girl up the stairs before her.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

"True friendship, when fwok throw aseyde,
What then are riches, preyde, or power?—
Vain gewgaws! Mekin see their gueyde,
May sair repent lang ere deeth's hour.

"True friendship that can ne'er cause streyfe,
But e'en keep frae distress and pain,
An' show what bliss it gie's thro' leyfe,
In every bwosom still sud reign."
*Friendship. Ballad, by Robert Anderson.*

We must leave Miss Chutney for awhile imprisoned in the linen room, and return to Mr. Sandboys, imprisoned in the police cell; for it was during the absence of himself and wife from Parthenon House, that the incidents detailed in the previous chapter had taken place.

Mrs. Sandboys soon began to perceive that feelings were quite foreign to a police office; and after her first outburst of indignation, she set herself to work, like a shrewd woman of the world, to discover some means of procuring bail for her poor incarcerated Cursty.

The question was, whom could she send to? Strangers in London, to whom could they apply for assistance under the distressing circumstances? She was half-ashamed to send to Mrs. Wewitz, and acquaint her that Mr. Sandboys was locked up on suspicion of being a common thief; but there was no one else that she knew who could vouch for their respectability. This was all that was required, and, appearing so little to ask, she summoned up all her courage, and scribbled a hasty and pathetic appeal to the lady.

Jobby, who had accompanied Eley to view the outside of the Crystal Palace, while the father and mother were inspecting the interior, and who had seen his father carried off by the police, and followed him, with his affrighted sister, to the police office, was ready at his mother's call to hurry with the note she had written to Wimbledon Common. Eley was but of little use; for though Mrs. Sandboys was too much occupied with the thoughts of releasing her husband to display at present much concern for his painful position, the girl could think of nothing else, and sat in the waiting-room of the police court, sobbing aloud, and trembling with fear, lest her father should be injured in any way.

The dutiful lad started off at a rapid pace; and though hailed by many an omnibus that was wending his way, they were by far too slow for him; for on he ran, as youths only can run, with his handkerchief tied round his waist, and racing with every cab that came up with him. At length, however, when he had reached Brompton, he was fairly beaten, and was glad to avail himself, spent and out of breath as he was, of the first omnibus that passed him.

Scarcely half-an-hour after this, he was pulling violently at the gate-bell of their temporary lodgings.

The impatience of the summons brought Miss Wewitz rapidly down from the linen-room, wherein she had safely locked Miss Chutney, having this time assured herself, by carefully examining every cupboard and hole and corner in the place, that she was "all alone."

Mrs. Wewitz had no sooner made herself acquainted with the purport of the letter, than she informed her daughter of the shocking news it contained.

"Here! Mr. Sandboys is in prison, on suspicion of robbery, and wants us to come and speak to his respectability! Well, really," exclaimed the old lady, "I can't think what's come to all the people of late! What do you think, my dear Di?—would it be prudent, now, for us, situated as we are, to mix ourselves up in the matter?"

"Pr-r-rudent!" echoed Miss Diana Wewitz, who was certainly not in the humour to grant favours—"in the first place, pray let me ask you what we know of the Sandboys? They say they have come from Cumberland; but what proof have we of the fact? How, then, could you, dear mother, lay your hand on your heart, and swear before a magistrate that you believe Mr. Sandboys to be a perfect gentleman? And very respectable it would be, indeed, to have it published in all the morning papers, that the lady of Parthenon House Establishment for Young Ladies had appeared at a police office to speak to the character of a person detained on suspicion of robbery, and of whom it turned out, on cross-examination (for the counsel would be sure to cross-examine you severely) she knew nothing whatever, and very probably, under the excitement of the moment, you would get so confused, that you'd swear to almost anything that was asked you, and so lay yourself open to be indicted for wilful and corrupt perjury."

"Oh, my dear child! don't say another word," cried Mrs. Wewitz, horrified at the picture which her talented daughter had given her of the probable consequences attendant upon her assenting to Mrs. Sandboys' simple request. "Well, my love, I'm sure I should have done it, if you had not been by me to advise me; and it would have been with the best of motives, too."

"Yes, mother; and, as usual with you, with the worst possible results," replied Miss Wewitz, with a triumphant smile. "Besides, dear mother, do just reflect for one minute! Here have we a gang of French swindlers already located in the house—of that we are certain, for we have it on the very best authority—that nice civil young man, the inspector, told me as much only this very day, you know, mother; and isn't it very likely that you may have been imprudent enough to admit into this establishment some similar characters belonging to this country. I shouldn't wonder at all now but they're only part and parcel of the same gang."

"Well, my dear Di," said the old lady, with a most reverential shake of the head, "I'm sure, with the education I've given you, you ought to know much better than I do about such things. But Mrs. Sandboys was such a nice homely body, and the gentleman himself

appeared the last person on earth to be guilty of anything mean or bad."

"Ah, my dear mother! you don't know the wickedness of the world, and if you did, you wouldn't be at all surprised to find out that the nice homely body, as you call her, was only part of a deep-laid scheme, and it's only a wonder that the place was not stripped. But how I go through it all is far more than I can tell—if I was an ordinary-minded woman it would kill me. Here, this morning, I return to my home, on the eve of receiving my pupils—the daughters of some of the first families—and I am informed that I have a gang of swindlers under my roof; and this afternoon I learn that another party, who has been residing in my house, is now detained on suspicion of robbery. However it is that my mind doesn't give way under it, is to me incomprehensible." And then, fetching a deep-drawn sigh, she added, "but a single straw extra will break the over-burthened camel's back. However, go you and write a note to the woman, saying, that you regret you cannot *conscientiously* comply with her request, and adding, at the same time, that you would thank her to send for her luggage at the earliest opportunity, as, after what has transpired, you cannot think of allowing the family to continue their apartments at PARTHENON HOUSE."

## CHAPTER XIX.

"Of a' the scenes in leyfe's lang round,
Sweet youth! leyke thee nin can be found;
With plizzer thou dost meast abound—
Threyce happy teymes!
Wi' joys wheyte parfit fair an' sound,
Unclogg'd by creymes.

"Or when of luive the kittlin' dart
Furst whithers i' th' unconscious heart,
Wi' a' the pleasin' painfu' smart
See passions awn;
An raptures dirl thro' every part,
Befwore unknown."

*A New Year's Epistle, by Stagg.*

WHILE Master Jobby Sandboys is on his road back to his parents at the Police Station, we will avail ourselves of the uninteresting interval, and continue our narrative of the course of events at Parthenon House.

We left Miss Chutney, with Miss Wewitz, in the linen room, at the top of the Establishment for Young Ladies.

The key had no sooner been turned upon the young East Indian, than the pride which had borne her up till then gave way in her solitude; and, now that nobody could see her, she sat down on the inverted clothes-basket, and indulged in a "good cry." This, however, served but little to mollify the stubbornness of her spirit; for in a few minutes she started up again from her seat, and biting her lips, as if annoyed with herself for her weakness, said between her teeth, as she tossed her head till her ringlets shook again—"Beg her pardon, indeed!—no! not if she was to starve me to death up here, I wouldn't!—and, what's more, *I* wont be the first to make it up, I can tell her. I'll let her see I can sulk as well as she can." And then suddenly she burst out singing, ascending and descending the "chromatic scale" in as loud a voice as she possibly could, till the whole house seemed to echo again with the notes.

Presently she stopped abruptly, and said, as she laughed to herself, half in triumph, "There! that will just let the old thing know I'm not very miserable!" After this, she amused herself by thinking how nice and savage Wewitz would be to hear she was so happy—and how she would scold the maids.

The next moment, to pass the time, she pulled all her hair down, and began plaiting it in a series of tails, to see how she would look with it "crimped" in the morning; but, in a few minutes, the thought struck her that she would wear it like that affected old thing, Wewitz—just to tease her. "She would let her see," she murmured, as she passed her comb through her long tresses, "that other people had got foreheads as well as herself."

At last, by dint of pulling all her front hair nearly from the roots, and tying it back tight with the ribbon from her collar, she managed to make it keep as she wished. Whereupon she went to the window, and looked into one of the panes, to see how it became her.

"Ha!" she exclaimed, as she caught a faint sight of a reflection of her face, "it makes me look just like a cockatoo. I declare to goodness, too, it quite hurts me to shut my eyes, and my nostrils are both drawn up, for all the world as if I'd got under them a cup of that filthy senna and prunes that Miss Wewitz will force us to take once a month—to sweeten our blood, as she calls it, though it's only to make us cat less, I'm sure!"

As there was no bearing the torture of what Miss Chutney termed the cockatoo-style of *coiffure*, she proceeded forthwith to arrange her locks in a series of those hairy black puddings, which are known by the name of sausage curls;—this done, she threw up the window, and looked out into the gravelly and deserted playground, her arms resting on the sill. In a few minutes she began singing, or rather humming to herself thoughtlessly, the finale to "La Cenerentola," and immediately, to her great alarm, she saw the head of the Count de Sanschemise thrust from one of the lower windows, and his face turned up towards her. Miss Chutney stopped in the middle of one of her runs, and started back from where she was standing. "Well, if that isn't the French gentleman! and he'll be sure to fancy I did it on purpose," she inwardly exclaimed. "Oh, what ever will he think of me! I'd have given anything rather than it should have occurred. It will be putting such silly notions in the man's head; making him think, I dare say, that one's quite taken with him, and *that* I'm sure I'm not. He's got very fine expressive eyes of his own, certainly—but, oh dear! Frenchmen are so deceitful! His countenance is the very image of that love of a head that Miss Tatting did in crayons last 'half.' I wonder if he's gone in yet."

The latter remark Miss Chutney uttered in a half whisper, as if afraid to let herself hear it; and then she crept softly back towards the window, where she stood beside the shutters, stretching herself forward by degrees, and raising herself on tiptoe, so that she might look down without thrusting her head so far out as to be visible. Unfortunately, however, just as she had got to the point of seeing the tassel of the Count's smoking cap, she lost her balance, and, tipping suddenly forward, was thrust, head and shoulders, half out of the window. In the fright of the moment she uttered a suppressed scream, and immediately disappeared. "Gracious! gracious! and it's impossible to let him know I didn't mean it," she cried;—"it must have seemed to him for all the world like as if I was calling to him. Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!" and, in the flurry of her emotions, she sat herself down on the top of the screw-press for the table-cloths, that stood in the extreme corner of the room, and hiding her face in her hands, beat a tattoo with her feet on the floor in vexation at what had happened.

In this position she remained, thinking over her past conduct with the Frenchman. Perhaps she had been too forward with him

from the first. He must think her a very bold, rude girl,—oh, yes, that he must. She ought never to have been a party to his secreting himself in the music room. Yes! yes! she had behaved very imprudently and wrong all through, though she would never acknowledge as much to Miss Wewitz;—no! not if she was to be torn to pieces by a thousand wild horses. Then the young lady only wished she could go over it all again; she'd be as cold and distant with him as ever that prosy old methodist preacher of a Mentor, in that horrid Telemachus, could have desired any young lady to be.

Suddenly, she was awakened from her reflections by a gentle tapping at the window. Had the noise been louder, Miss Chutney would have favoured the inmates of Parthenon House with one of her best shrieks; but as it was, the sound was so slight, that it was not until repeated several times that the young lady even noticed it. It was like the beak of a bird pecking against the glass, or the twig of an adjacent tree blown against the window,—and yet there was nothing to be seen.

Miss Chutney rose from her seat and moved a few steps towards the casement, when there suddenly appeared outside the top joint of a fishing-rod. Instinctively she drew back, and, still watching the mysterious implement, she saw it swing to and fro, while presently the line which dangled from the tip of it was jerked into the room, and deposited on the floor a three-cornered pink note, fastened to the hook. Without a thought, and almost mechanically, as it were, Miss Chutney ran forward and put her foot upon the letter, when, the line being detained, the top joint of the rod outside was seen to bend, until at last the hook tore its way through the paper, and being suddenly released sprung back again out of the window.

For some little time Miss Chutney stood still, looking at the epistolary triangle, half afraid to raise it. It was from the Frenchman, she felt assured, and she ought to have nothing to do with it; it would only be encouraging him. She'd send it back to him—but how? thought she, the moment afterwards. If she threw it from the window, it must fall into the playground, that was certain; and then Wewitz, with her hawk's eyes, would get hold of it, and be sure to blame her all the more; and if she went to the window and made signs to the man that she wanted him to take the letter back, of course he'd pretend he didn't understand her, and would be certain to get kissing his hand to her, and all that nonsense; so it would be better to let it lie where it was—and lie there it might for her, for she wasn't going to read it, she was sure.

Accordingly, she resumed her seat on the edge of the inverted clothes-basket, and taking her crochet needles out of her pocket, set to work at the pincushion-cover she had half finished, with the view of dismissing the subject entirely from her mind. She had, however, made but half-a-dozen loops when she paused, and stretching out her foot, drew the letter towards her along the boards; then she made two or three more loops—all wrong—and then looked down sideways, like a bird, at the note, to read the address on the floor; but, unluckily,

the letter was face downwards, so, upon second thoughts, she began to think that, as the thing was there, she might as well see what was in it; for, whether she read it or not, the Frenchman, of course, would make certain that she *had*,—and so would Miss Wewitz, for the matter of that, if she came to find out anything about it; so, as she wasn't going to be suspected unjustly, she'd just have a peep, and see what ever he could want in writing to her?

Miss Chutney took up the letter—read it—and, as she did so, the blood mounted to her cheeks, suffusing her ears with her blushes. It was filled with the same high-flown and voluptuous sentiment, and the same exaggerated terms of admiration, as the Count de Sanschemise had poured into her ear only a few hours before. It was grateful, nevertheless, to the weak girl to think she was so much admired; she contrasted in her own mind the difference of the terms in which the Frenchman addressed her from those in which Miss Wewitz had spoken of her, and it was no little consolation to her, in her punishment, to believe that there was one who thought well of her. But still he could not possibly mean all he said. How could he know enough of her to tell what kind of a girl she was in so a short time? Oh, it was merely what every Frenchman said to every girl, and she was foolish, very foolish, to fancy otherwise.

As this varying train of reflections was passing through Miss Chutney's mind, the fishing-rod again appeared at the window, and again, after the same movements had been gone through, the hook was jerked into the room, with a slip of paper attached, on which was written, in large French characters—

*"Responde, vite, mon souris adorable!"*

Miss Chutney could not help ejaculating, "Well, what impudence! Besides, I've got nothing to say to the man," she added; "and even if I had, I'm sure I've got nothing to say it with up here." Then the thought suddenly struck her, that if she were to give the gentleman to understand as much, he might remain quiet, for he'd soon get tired of writing to her when he found that he could get no answer; "and if he goes on in this way, with that fishing-rod continually being poked up to my window," she added, "old Wewitz is sure, before long, to find it out somehow, for I do believe she's got eyes in her back hair."

Accordingly, she went to the window, and made signs to the Frenchman that she had no writing materials at her command. This she expressed by first moving her fingers, as if engaged in a rapid act of penmanship; and then, shaking her head and lifting up her hands, expressed, in the most intelligible pantomime she was mistress of, that it was impossible for her to perform the operation—after which, she smiled, bowed, and withdrew.

She had, however, scarcely settled down to crochet again, when the fishing-rod once more made its appearance at the window, and imme-

diately afterwards a pencil and a sheet of paper were whisked into the room.

"Well, I never!" cried Chutney, though by no means so displeased at the circumstance as she tried to persuade herself she was—"though I certainly must say he's very persevering. But I'll offend him—I'll scold him well for daring to send me such things. No, I wont; it would look so unkind after all the trouble he's taken. Oh, no! I'll tell him I'm locked up here, and beg of him to desist, as it's all through him that I've been punished." So, seizing the paper and pencil, she hastily proceeded to indite a communication to the gentleman to that effect.

In a few minutes after the fishing-rod had disappeared with her note, it returned, carrying a letter of intense condolence, and a cornichon of chocolate drops.

Now, if one thing in the world could have made Miss Chutney think more highly of the Frenchman than another, it would have been the present he had chosen—for, of all the young ladies in the "first class," she was the most renowned for her love of "sweeties." So she immediately proceeded to devour the love-letter and the *bonbons* at the same time, and both with all the ardour of a boarding-school miss.

"Oh, how kind of him!" she exclaimed, as she crunched between her teeth the little white sugar-plums that ornamented the top of the drops—"and it's really so thoughtful. Well, I *do* think he's one of the nicest-mannered Frenchmen I've ever known. He must be very good-tempered—and he writes such beautiful letters, and sympathises with me so warmly. Oh, how glad I am I paid such attention to my French last 'half.'"

Having finished the drops, she tore off the back of the letter last conveyed to her, and scribbled, with the paper on her knee, a brief expression of thanks for his commiseration and confectionery.

This, of course, was followed by a third epistle—still more impassioned than the last—and with it a long stick of candied angelica, both of which were so extremely gratifying to the young lady, that she was puzzled in her mind to know which pleased her the most.

Thus matters went on till long past dusk, so that, when her supper of bread and water was brought to her by Miss Wewitz's orders, Miss Chutney had already had such a feast of sweatmeats and gingerbread, that she felt delighted her appetite would allow her to tell the maid to take the supper back to Miss Wewitz, with her compliments, and say, that as her parents paid for something a *little* better than bread and water, she would rather go without food altogether than submit to be imposed upon; this message the maid, who had suffered from the schoolmistress's ill-humour, was only too glad to have it in her power to deliver faithfully—and the consequence was, that Miss Wewitz felt herself called upon to pay a visit to the young lady.

On entering the linen-room, the schoolmistress, who had carried

the bread and water back with her, placed it on one of the shelves, in her most dignified manner, and, telling Miss Chutney that she was utterly astounded at her bad, bad behaviour, begged to inform the young lady that she would get nothing else in that establishment, until she had partaken of the wholesome, though frugal meal that had been provided for her; adding, that if she went on in the way she was now going, it would not be long ere she would jump to have a meal of good white bread and water before retiring to rest. There was not a more proud, dainty girl in the whole establishment, she regretted to say, than Miss Chutney, nor one that left more orts on her plate. Miss Wewitz had long thought she wanted a good lesson on this point, and now she should have one that she would carry with her through life. And then the schoolmistress proceeded to narrate to the young lady how her dear, dear mother had once had occasion to punish her for her daintiness; for that, in her early days, boiled rice-pudding was not good enough for her; and how her dear mother had locked her up in her bedroom, for three whole days, with the plate of boiled rice pudding by her side; at the end of which time she was glad enough to eat up every scrap of it, and had really enjoyed it so much, that now she verily believed she preferred that kind of pudding to any other, and never partook of it without blessing her parent for the wholesome lesson she had taught her.

Miss Chutney said not a word, but tossed her head haughtily, and smiled, as she mentally contrasted the story with the schoolmistress's total abstinence from her favourite dish on their "horrid rice-pudding days."

Miss Wewitz, finding that her moral lecture on the beauties of boiled rice-pudding did not produce that solemn impression on the young lady's mind which she had been induced to expect, requested to be informed whether Miss Chutney meant to partake of the repast that had been provided for her, or not?

Miss Wewitz paused for a reply, but Miss Chutney condescended to make no answer, and proceeded with the crimping of the lace round the edge of her apron, as if she had not even heard the question.

Miss Wewitz smiled, as she bit her lips with suppressed anger, and, bowing in her politest manner, said, perhaps Miss Chutney would wish her to go down on her *bended* knees, and beg of her to partake of some nourishment; adding, that of course *she* was nobody in that establishment—and there was not the least respect due to *her*—oh, no! to be sure not!—she wasn't even worthy of being answered, not *she*—it wouldn't make the slightest difference to *her* if Miss Chutney was seriously to injure her health by her perverse conduct—no! not the slightest in the world!—and here she simpered sarcastically, as if the bare idea of her want of sympathy with one of her parlour-boarders was an excellent joke.

The irony of the schoolmistress, however, was wholly lost upon Miss Chutney; for though Miss Wewitz continued simpering for some few minutes, the young lady did not so much as turn her head,

but went on measuring the border of her apron over her middle finger.

Miss Wewitz could endure the *nonchalance* of Miss Chutney no longer; so, seizing her by the arm, she desired her to be off to bed that moment; and, as she dragged the young lady up from the inverted clothes-basket on which she was seated, she bade her take her bread and water with her; for long before daylight she knew she would be only too glad to have it, and feel thankful for it, too.

Miss Chutney walked as leisurely as she possibly could towards the shelf on which the tray was placed, and had just raised it in her hand, when the exasperated Wewitz seized her by the arm, and began shaking her, saying, "Do move, girl, as if you had some little life in you, *do!*" In the warmth of her indignation, however, she agitated the young lady so violently, that the contents of the tray—bread, plate, glass, water and all—were dashed to the floor and deposited at her feet, splashing the front breadths of Miss Wewitz's black satin dress, much to the annoyance of the schoolmistress, and the amusement of the pupil.

As the pedagogue in petticoats stooped down to wipe the liquid from the bottom of her skirt, she vowed all kinds of vengeance against the delighted Chutney, and among other threats she declared that, before she laid her head down on her pillow that night, she would pen a letter to the young lady's guardian, and desire him to fetch her from the school immediately, or she would be sure to destroy her hard-earned reputation. In this manner Miss Wewitz continued to threaten and rail at Miss Chutney, as she followed her down the stairs to her bedroom.

The young East Indian, however, said not a word in reply: all that passed her lips was an occasional sarcastic simper; and though Miss Wewitz begged to assure her, on leaving her bedroom, that she would have no breakfast in that establishment on the morrow, provided the slice of bread that she had picked up and brought with her down stairs remained uneaten, Miss Chutney merely bowed in answer, for she was determined not to give way. She had said at the beginning that she would not be the first to make it up, and she would let the sour old thing see that she was no longer a child, to be kept under lock and key, indeed.

When the enraged schoolmistress had quitted the apartment, slamming the door after her, and Miss Chutney was left alone, she could not help thinking how desolate and friendless she was, without a soul near her to share or soothe her sorrows. As her head lay upon the pillow, she thought how all her schoolfellows were with their friends at home, enjoying themselves, while she was thousands of miles away from every one that cared for her. The only kind word she had received all that day was from a stranger, and if it hadn't been for the sweetmeats he had given her, she really didn't know what would have happened to her. All she *did* know was, she would have starved before she had touched that horrid bread and water. Still, she could not help thinking how odd it was that the French gentleman should trouble

himself so much about her! what could he see in her? His whole manner had been so strange, and he had seemed so anxious to make her acquaintance from the very first! Of course, she could tell very well that all he had said about the piece of music he had lost was a little white fib, just as an excuse to introduce himself to her. It was very impudent of him, though, and she ought to be very much vexed with him for daring to take such a liberty with her, but—she knew not how it was—she really couldn't.

Then she wondered *who* he was. She had heard he was a French Count, and he himself had told her he was single. He'd make a very good husband, whoever had him; for if he could be so good to one whom he scarcely knew at all, what wouldn't he do for one whom he had sworn at the altar to "love and cherish." (Miss Chutney, and the whole of the first class, had the marriage-service by heart, it being their usual custom to pass the time in church by reading it during the sermon.)

Thus the school-girl continued ruminating and ruminating upon the more pleasant part of her day's adventures, until she gradually glided into sleep.

In the morning, the self-willed Miss Chutney woke as determined as ever, and though the first thing that met her sight was the piece of dry bread on the chair at her bedside, she chuckled triumphantly, as she said, "I wonder which of us will be tired out first?" Then, as she once more turned over in her mind all the occurrences of the previous evening, and remembered Miss Wewitz's threat of sending for her guardian, she grew red in the face, and bit her lips with vexation, for he'd be sure to read her one of his long prosy lectures, and write a solemn account of the whole affair to her papa, by the very next mail to India. The moment after this, however, she was laughing the threat to scorn, and saying to herself, that old Wewitz was too fond of parlour boarders to think of expelling one—and especially one who remained at the school all the holidays, as she did.

All of a sudden it struck her that, just to let Wewitz see she didn't mind about being locked up, she'd dress herself that minute, and be off up into the linen room, so that when the old thing got up, she would find that she had gone up there of her own accord, and then she'd be ready to bite her fingers off with vexation—which would be such fun.

Accordingly, the young lady "slipped on her things" as rapidly as she could, and, having done so, crept stealthily up to her place of confinement. Then it struck her that she would open the window, and just let Wewitz know that she was already in the linen room, and, what was more, that she wasn't breaking her heart about it either, by singing over that lovely—

"Tyrant! soon I'll burst thy chains."

To tell the truth, too, though Miss Chutney did not dare confess as much to herself, and would doubtlessly have shrieked had any one ventured to hint as much to her—the young lady had a secret wish

to let the kind French gentleman know that she was still incarcerated at the top of the house.

Miss Chutney had just got to "chains," and was inwardly congratulating herself on the excellent quality of her lower notes that morning, when the head of M. le Comte de Sanschemise, done up in a Bandana silk neckerchief, bobbed suddenly out of the best bedroom window.

The head of Miss Chutney bobbed as suddenly in; and then she went through the same course of timid doubts and fears as she had indulged in on the preceding day. Again she felt satisfied that the Count would fancy she had commenced singing only to attract his attention; again she asked herself, for about the hundredth time, "What ever would he think of her?" and again her girlish reveries were put to flight by the appearance of the fishing-rod, which the Count used as the postal arrangement for "dropping her a line."

The billet that it now conveyed was, if possible, penned in a more superlative strain than those of the preceding day, and Miss Chutney, after having read it, her ears burning with her blushes the while, scribbled a hasty reply with the pencil that accompanied it—thanking the Count for his tender inquiries, saying she was afraid she was unworthy of the high eulogiums he was kind enough to heap upon her, and informing him that she was undergoing a short term of solitary confinement, and bread and water, for having been imprudent enough to permit him to secrete himself in the music room during the absence of her schoolmistress.

The reply had not been despatched many minutes, when the piscatorial post brought back a second communication from the Count, and this time it bore *substantial* proofs of the Frenchman's sympathy for the tender prisoner, for attached to one of the hooks that dangled at the end of the line was a *petit pain*, while hanging to another was a bunch of grapes. The bread and fruit alone would have been sufficient to make a deep and lasting impression on the very impressionable Miss Chutney, even had they been unaccompanied by any verbal expression of commiseration or attachment; but when she found, on breaking the roll in two, a letter secreted in the crumb, vowing everlasting affection, and protesting that he would be her slave for life if she would but fly with him to *La belle France*, her delight knew no bounds.

Miss Chutney had only just finished perusing the proposal, when she heard the sound of Miss Wewitz's foot upon the stairs. Hastily dashing the line out of the window, she ran to her accustomed seat on the edge of the inverted clothes-basket, and, pushing the roll and grapes and letter under her apron, sat there, waiting the coming of her tyrant, as calm, and almost as lifeless, as a vegetarian.

Miss Wewitz was lost in astonishment to find Miss Chutney so utterly hardened, as she termed it. However, she had written to her guardian, and the tone of her letter was such, that she felt confidently he would be with them the next day, so Miss Chutney could do as she pleased; from that moment Miss Wewitz washed

her hands of her—though she could not help observing that, after the unremitting attention she had paid to her morals, such conduct was a most heart-rending return. With this pathetic sentiment she closed the door, and, having turned the key, descended the stairs with it in her pocket.

Miss Chutney could hardly contain herself for passion when she found that the cross, spiteful old thing, as she termed Miss Wewitz, had *really* sent for her guardian. She never thought she would have carried matters to that length. She had half a mind to, and it would just serve Miss Wewitz right if she *did*, accept the French gentleman's offer, and place herself under his protection. "*Then*," she added, exultingly, "how nicely Miss Clever would be caught in her own trap, when Miss Chutney's guardian *did* come down, and find that that young lady had eloped with a Frenchman to the Continent. Where would her trumpery hard-earned reputation, that she was always making such a fuss about, be then, she would like to know?—for of course," continued Miss Chutney to herself, "the news wouldn't be very long in travelling to all the mothers' ears, who would be sure to take fright, and leave her without a pupil in the house."

"Oh, wouldn't it be a game!" she exclaimed, "and I should *so* like to do it, just to be revenged upon her; for if there's one thing I can bear less than another, it is for persons to show their ill-temper, as she has been doing to me for these last two days. And I'm sure that nice, good-tempered creature of a Count would behave *so* differently to me. It's quite evident, from all he says and does, that he would go down on his knees to be allowed to gratify my slightest wish; and, after all his kindness, it really would seem quite cruel to reject him. Besides," she said to herself, "he was just the kind of man to take it seriously to heart, and perhaps commit some rash act; for it was evident that he was quite smitten with her—though she was sure she couldn't tell why; and if anything were to occur to the poor man, she felt convinced she should end her days in a madhouse."

While Miss Chutney was ruminating after this fashion, the postal fishing-rod again made its appearance, bearing a small slip of paper, on which were printed the well-known epistolary initials—

R V S V P.

At the sight of the request for a reply, the young lady's courage failed her; and after some little reflection, she decided in her own mind that the best course to adopt would be to put it to the Count's own good sense as to how it would be possible for her to quit the house with him, when she was kept in that room all day under lock and key. This, she said, would not be a positive refusal to the poor man, but it would be a nice gentle way of breaking to him what she felt he would take as a very severe disappointment.

Accordingly, having written as much, she threw the line out of the window, and sat down once more to reflect on what had occurred.

An answer was quickly returned, entreating the young lady, in the warmest possible language, to trust to the Frenchman's honour and ingenuity, promising, that if she would but faithfully follow his directions, he would not only liberate her from her confinement on the morrow, but ensure her boundless happiness for ever after.

Miss Chutney's curiosity was piqued. However was it possible for the Count to get her out of that room—much less the house—with Wewitz's eyes continually watching both him and her: and then she ran over several of the best means of escape among heroines similarly situated. She thought of secret doors and sliding panels; but in that unromantic linen-room she felt satisfied that charming pieces of mechanism were hopeless: then she fixed her mind for a moment on a rope; but, on looking cautiously out of the window, she soon convinced herself that even if she could get down one, it would be utterly impossible for him to get one up such a height; next she turned her attention to tying Wewitz's clean sheets together, and descending from the attic, as she had read of young ladies doing by means of their scarves; but, oh dear! that would never suit her, and she would much prefer a fire-escape, if there were such a thing handy. After this, her thoughts took a higher flight, and she dwelt for a moment on the delightful convenience of signet-rings, and of flinty-hearted keepers mollified by pathetic appeals, together with pampered menials, bribed by "purses of gold;" but these were all equally hopeless; and as she saw no other mode of escape but through the door, the windows, or the panels, and had exhausted every possible method of making her exit by any such means, she felt satisfied that the Count spoke without weighing the difficulties of the task that he proposed. However, as it was certain that there was no chance of his succeeding in such a project, why there *could* be no harm in just letting the poor man have a try—besides, it would save her the unpleasantness of telling him that she could not listen to his request.

Accordingly, after some little cogitation, Miss Chutney wrote in pencil on the blank leaf of the Count's note—

"I will do as you direct;"

and hooking it on to the line, flung it from the window.

In less than five minutes there was another delivery by the piscatorial post, bringing instructions for the young lady as to how she was to proceed.

For the present she was not to speak a word to a living creature, but to feign sulkiness with everybody, and return no answer to any question that might be put to her. Upon this the success of the whole plan depended.

Moreover, it would aid the plot greatly if, when any one entered her place of confinement, she appeared sitting with her face buried in her hands, and her apron thrown over her head, as if in deep grief.

What could it all mean?

She really began to feel half frightened. The instructions were so very odd—to pretend to be in the sulks, and to hide her face!

Where *could* be the good of that? How could that get her out of the room? She had tried the sulks ever since yesterday evening, and she was not a bit nearer the other side of the door than when she was first locked up, she was sure. However, as that was all the Count required her to do, and she felt just in the humour to carry out that part of the instructions to the letter—for she had declared from the very beginning that she wouldn't be the first to make advances, and she wasn't going either—why, she didn't mind acting as the Count desired, if it was only just to see what would come of it all.

Shortly after Miss Chutney had come to the above determination, she heard the key turned in the door; and immediately, in compliance with the Frenchman's directions, she threw her black silk apron over her head, and buried her face in her hands.

Miss Wewitz, as she saw the girl's figure bent down, her head almost resting on her knees, apparently overcome with sorrow, smiled with satisfaction, regarding the assumed attitude as evidence of that penitence which she was so anxious to bring about.

Finding that her presence was unheeded by her pupil, the schoolmistress gave one or two slight coughs, to apprise the young lady that she was in the room, and fidgeted rather noisily about the "presses," pretending she had come up to put out some linen.

Miss Wewitz, however, was too gratified with what she was pleased to call a great alteration for the better, to think of interfering with the natural workings of Miss Chutney's better nature, as she termed it; and accordingly stole out of the room again, satisfied that everything was going on so well, that when she again visited her pupil, she would find the piece of dry bread had been eaten, and the young lady dissolved in tears of shame and repentance.

Immediately the schoolmistress had quitted the apartment, Miss Chutney burst into as loud a titter as she felt it safe to give vent to under the circumstances, and again began wondering whatever would come of it all.

Then, to relieve her tedium and appease her hunger, came another packet from the Count, filled with affection and "goodies," in the shape of a slice of a German sausage, a *petit pain*, and a small dab of mortar-like *Pâte de Guimauve*, accompanied by a tender epistle, informing her that all was progressing most favourably; that he and his friends had come to terms with Miss Wewitz, and had consented to take £20 as a small compensation for the inconvenience they would be put to in leaving, and that they intended to quit the establishment early the next morning: concluding by entreating her to be discreet, and carry out to the letter the instructions he had given her.

The *Pâte de Guimauve*—to which Miss Chutney was particularly partial—was a fresh force brought to bear against the heart and stomach of the susceptible young lady; and as she devoured the sugared words, and sucked the sweetmeat, she had a twofold reason for thinking the Count the kindest and most polite person she had ever known.

Still, the notion of leaving on the morrow was far from being

agreeable to her. She wished the Count had made it a day or two later. And yet, how stupid she was; there was not the least chance of her being able to get out of the house—so, of course, it would be all the same to her;—and, perhaps, after all, it would be better, as it would put an end to a very silly transaction on her part: not that she wished to break off her acquaintance with the Count, but the misfortune was, she had not been formally introduced to him. And people did make such a fuss if a girl even looked at a stranger. On that account alone she knew she never could be happy with him.

At this juncture, the key again sounded in the door, and again Miss Chutney hastily threw her apron over her head, and hid her face in her hands.

This time, the visitor was Mrs. Wewitz; for the old lady, hearing that the dry bread still remained untouched, had grown alarmed at the fancied stubbornness of the girl, and had come to see whether she could not prevail upon her to comply with her daughter's injunctions.

But Mrs. Wewitz had what is called an unfortunate way with her, and although, as usual, she did everything for the best, she unluckily dwelt so long and so forcibly on the coming of Miss Chutney's guardian, that the girl grew more sulky than ever, and maintained a solemn silence, notwithstanding the old lady's entreaties and threats; so that, on her quitting the room, Miss Chutney, who before had felt inclined to waver in the course she was pursuing with the Frenchman, was now most anxious to embrace any opportunity that presented itself of avoiding an interview, which, as the time drew near, she got positively to dread.

Thus matters progressed until dusk, and then came a letter from the Count, informing her that on her retiring to rest that night, she would find secreted between the mattresses of her bed the garb of a Sister of Charity—(it would become her admirably, he said)—and requesting that she would favour him with her own clothes in exchange for the others. He would be in the playground after dark, and construe the extinguishing of her candle as a signal that she was about to drop them from her window, when he would place himself immediately below the balcony ready to receive them.

"Dear! dear!" exclaimed the anxious Miss Chutney, "how mysterious he is. What ever is he going to do! If it wasn't for the dress of the Sister of Charity, I'm sure I should never consent to do what he asks me; but everybody tells me I look well in black, and I *do* think the costume of those dear good creatures is so interesting, and, what's more, so very becoming to persons of a dark complexion.

Then she thought it would be a good bit of fun, and how the other girls in her class would laugh over it when they came to hear of it; besides, she assured herself nobody could kill her for doing it: and she seemed to derive no little consolation from the assurance. But why was she dressed up in such an odd way? that was what she wanted to know; and though Miss Chutney amused herself by framing

many reasons for the masquerading, none, upon reflection, seemed sufficient to account for the strange proposal.

The remainder of the evening she passed in considerable suspense, anxious for the arrival of Miss Wewitz to conduct her to her bedroom—for she was longing to make her first appearance as a Sister of Charity; and to while away the time, she kept turning back her hair, and making a cap of a pocket-handkerchief, by way of trying how her new costume would suit her.

Nor did Miss Chutney utter one word to Miss Wewitz when that lady unlocked the door, previous to escorting her to her bedchamber; for the girl had now made up her mind to quit the house, if possible, before the coming of her guardian, and was desirous of strictly fulfilling the instructions of the Count.

The schoolmistress, who was growing alarmed at what appeared to her the extraordinary firmness of the young lady, but nevertheless, too proud to think for one moment of giving way to her, as she descended the stairs did not forget to tell Miss Chutney that, on the morrow, her guardian would take her under *his* care.

On being left alone, the first act of Miss Chutney was to lock the door, and look between the mattresses for the promised dress, and, to her great delight, there it was, rosary and all. She was not long in exchanging her own for that of the "*chère sœur*," and as she put on each fresh portion of the costume, she stood for several minutes before the *cheval* glass, examining the effect of it, and laughing to herself at the novel appearance it gave her; and when she had finally arranged the cap and veil, she placed the candle on the ground, the better to see herself from head to foot, remaining no little time in front of the glass, now kneeling down and crossing her hands upon her bosom, and now telling her beads, with upturned eyes, with all the affectation of excessive devotion.

Suddenly, as she heard the rain-drops pattering like shot against the window-panes, she thought of the poor Count, whom she was keeping out in the wet all the while she was admiring herself; so, putting the extinguisher hastily on the candle, she seized the clothes she had recently discarded, and making them into a bundle, she opened the window as noiselessly as possible, and dropped them into his arms.

She had no sooner closed the sash than she began to look with considerable trepidation on what she had done, and proceeded to divest herself of the disguise, lest Miss Wewitz should return and discover all. Nor was it until she began to take off the clothes she had so imprudently received in exchange for her own, that she thought to inquire what she was to do with them on the morrow. To be seen by any one but the Count in them, would be to "let out" the whole affair. "What a great big silly she was!"

The exclamation had barely escaped her lips, when her fingers ran against the sharp point of a pin inside the bosom of the dress, and she discovered fastened there a three-cornered note. This was some

little relief to her; but in the dark, as she was, how was it possible for her to know what was in it? It was just like her thoughtlessness —why didn't she examine the dress well before putting it on?—she might have known the Count, after all the consideration he had shown, would never have dreamt of leaving her in such a predicament. And thus she went on talking to herself—reflecting and imagining the future—now regretting her imprudence, and now viewing the coming adventure as a "good bit of fun"—then glorying in the discomfiture of the schoolmistress when her flight was found out—and then thinking over all the Count's kindnesses to her, and assuring herself of his extreme goodness, until sleep put an end to her reveries.

## CHAPTER XX.

"Luok, whar i' th' nuok o' yonder tent
Yon crew are slyly smugglin'.
I warrant ye now thar gang are bent
To tek fwoak in by jugglin';
Some cut-purse dow-for-nought, nae doubt,
That deevilments hev skill in,
An' some'at com' weel leaden out
May gang widout a shillin'."

*Rosley Fair, by J. Stagg.*

THE intimate friend and bosom companion of M. le Comte de Sanschemise was ADOLPHE SHEEK, *Peinteur et Philosophe*, and a recent addition to the small French colony that had located itself in the best bed-room of Parthenon House.

Adolphe was, by profession, an artist in hair—ingeniously forming weeping willows out of auburn tresses, and baskets of flowers out of chesnut, or, indeed, any other kind of locks. His hairy nosegays, he boasted, were the admiration of all who had seen them; and his flaxen roses and raven lilies he prided himself upon being the perfection of imitative art. Still, the hairy art was *merely* an imitative one, and the talented Sheek had a soul for nobler things. He had occasionally soared as high as a fancy composition in hair, and had executed an elaborate hairy marine piece, displaying a hairy sea and a hairy ship in the distance, with a hairy cottage, thatched with hair, in the foreground, and a small hairy pond in front of it, with two hairy ducks swimming among a thicket of hairy weeds.

But, alas! there was no encouragement for genius in hair, so the magnanimous Adolphe had determined—in an artistical point of view at least—to cut his hair, and devote himself to what he was pleased to call the sister art. This consisted in taking portraits in black paper by means of the "machine"—and adding the additional attraction of gold hair and whiskers, for a small extra charge. But Sheek, in his heart, despised the means of living that prudence compelled him to adopt—though he occasionally indulged in a full, or three-quarter face, executed in crayon, water colours, or oil, whenever he was fortunate enough to obtain a sitter; and though he had already produced several highly natural "larder pieces," in the shape of quartern loaves, gammons of bacon, pots of porter, and wedges of double Glo'ster, each having the same small mouse nibbling at the corner; and though his moonlight pieces had been highly admired, especially the reflection of the moon on the water, and the light in the cottage-window beside the water-mill, still Sheek longed to signalize himself in higher branches of the pictorial art, and was now devoting his leisure to the completion of an historic production, that he hoped might link his name with the great artists of the age.

At the time we write of, M. Adolphe was busily engaged upon an

elaborate allegory, commemorative of the cosmopolitan character of the Great Exhibition.

In this great work of high art, Britannia, who is attended by the four quarters of the globe, has thrown one of her boxing-gloves to the ground, in token that she invites all nations to a friendly trial of skill; while France, in the garb of a Sister of Charity, is, in the same friendly spirit, pointing with one hand to the retreat of the English from the field of Waterloo, and, with the other, extracting the thorn from the foot of the British Lion.

For the true perfecting of this grand, and, according to M. Sheck's friend, national work of art, the dress of the Charitable Sister had been hired expressly from a masquerade warehouse, and the lay figure, which the talented Adolphe used to guide him in the arrangement of the drapery for his half-lengths, appropriately costumed for the occasion. It was this dress that the Count had prevailed upon his friend Adolphe to permit him to forward to Miss Chutney, as a means of facilitating her escape the following day, on the understanding that the painter should share with him any property that the girl might be entitled to on her marriage.

At daybreak on the morning appointed for the Frenchmen's departure from Parthenon House, the Comte de Sanschemise and his friend, Adolphe Sheck, were preparing for the perilous adventure they were about to enter upon. Having assured themselves no one was yet stirring in the house, they proceeded to dress the lay figure of the artist in the apparel of Miss Chutney; and, the toilet of the dummy being finished, the two Frenchmen crept stealthily up the stairs without their shoes, carrying the wooden model between them.

On reaching the linen room, they bent the legs of the huge Dutch doll in such a manner, that it could be made to sit upon the edge of the inverted clothes-basket; then, depressing the back, they threw Miss Chutney's black silk apron over the face of the model, and, raising the arms, forced down the head until the face appeared to be buried in the hands.

This done, they retired a few paces to observe the effect, and when they perceived how closely it resembled the description the young lady had given of the attitude she had adopted, in compliance with the Count's request, it was as much as the pair of them could do to repress their laughter. Then, to assure themselves that the deception was as perfect as possible, they retired from the room, and, closing the door gently after them, retreated a few paces along the passage, after which they returned, and entered the room suddenly, so as to judge what effect the figure would be likely to produce upon a stranger, on first coming into the apartment.

In suppressed whispers they both pronounced it to be "Soopairb!" and in the ardour of their admiration proceeded to embrace one another.

They then noiselessly descended the stairs, and, returning to their rooms, began to arrange their toilet against the coming

of Miss Chutney—the Count being engaged in the gentlemanly operation of taking his hair out of paper, while M. Sheek was busy removing the cabbage-leaves, and brushing the lime-powder from his whiskers, in which elegant occupations we will for the present leave them.

Miss Chutney was awake long before daylight, anxious to learn the contents of the note, and growing more and more timid as the time for her departure drew near. Even before there was sufficient light whereby to decipher the characters in the letter, she was standing by the window with the note in her hand, poring over each word in the dusk, and so making out the wishes of the Count, as it were, piecemeal. In this manner she found out that, before Miss Wewitz was stirring, she was to descend to the Frenchmen's apartment in the disguise of the Sister of Charity, when she would be apprised of all the arrangements that had been made for her safety.

It was impossible now to retract—with her guardian coming in a few hours. It would be a nice story for Miss Wewitz to tell him—and a very pretty tale she would be sure to make out of it. So, come what might, she had made up her mind to throw herself on the Count's protection. Accordingly, she proceeded to dress herself in the disguise the Count had provided for her, her hand trembling the while so violently, that she could scarcely fasten the clothes; and though she strove to make as little noise as possible, there was not a brush nor a glass she touched without knocking it against some neighbouring thing, and then was nearly ready to faint at the noise.

At last, however, her toilet was completed, and she opened the door as gently as possible on her way to the Count. As the handle still remained in her hand, she heard, to her great horror, the voice of Miss Wewitz calling to her from her bedroom—for the schoolmistress, knowing that it was the day for the Frenchmen's departure, and expecting that there would be a scene of some kind or other before she got them clear out of the house, had herself been awake since daylight; and having caught repeated sounds of glasses jingling, and other noises, proceeding from Miss Chutney's room, had felt satisfied that all was not right, and had been sitting up in her bed for some little time, listening attentively to what was going on, when she was convinced she heard the door of that young lady's bedroom opened.

Miss Chutney no sooner heard the voice, than she felt it was no time for her to hesitate; so, descending the stairs as rapidly as she could, she hurried to the Count, begging of him to hide her, for Miss Wewitz was following her.

The Count did not take long to tell the terrified girl how well he had arranged matters in the linen-room, and that she need be under no fear of detection if she would but do as he requested her; and then he explained that he intended her to take the place of the lay figure of his talented friend, Adolphe, and to have her removed immediately from the house in that character. All she had to do was, to keep every limb perfectly rigid, and not to move a muscle of her body on any account.

The schoolmistress, who now grew considerably alarmed for the safety of the wayward girl, hastily threw on her dressing-gown, and hurried as quickly as possible to the linen-room. To confess the truth, however, she had little hope of finding her in that place; and as she mounted the stairs, she panted with trepidation, lest she should discover that the young lady had sought protection from that wretch of a Frenchman.

It would be impossible to picture Miss Wewitz's astonishment and joy at perceiving, on opening the linen-room door, the figure of the girl, bent down in the same attitude of penitence and shame as she had observed her in on the preceding day; she felt like a female Atlas, with the weight of the world suddenly taken off her shoulders. Then, noticing that the despised crust of dry bread was no longer there, (the fact was, M. Adolphe Sheek had eaten it that morning, with the view of keeping the wind off his stomach,) Miss Wewitz threw up her hands with delight, to think all was progressing so favourably, and again congratulated herself that, if the girl was only left to the workings of her better nature, she would have her at her feet before dinner-time.

With this consolatory reflection the schoolmistress closed the door, and having locked it securely, placed the key in her pocket, exclaiming to herself as she did so, "Thank goodness, my lady, you're all safe!"

Miss Wewitz descended the stairs with a much lighter step than she had mounted them a few moments before, comforting herself with the reflection, that precisely the same change was taking place in Miss Chutney as had been wrought in her own nature, on the memorable occasion of her refusing to eat that delicious boiled rice-pudding.

On reaching her bedroom, however, she thought, as she overheard the Frenchmen on the move, that it would be advisable just to "pop down," and assure herself that all was right; "for she could not rest easy," she said, "until she had seen the last lock of their back hair." Notwithstanding she felt satisfied she had got her parlour boarder safe under lock and key, there was no telling what tricks the creatures might be at—they were such a set!"

Accordingly, having adjusted her cap and patted down her front hair, she tripped down the stairs with one of her most amiable smiles on her countenance, and putting her head in at the door, said in her softest tone, and in a mixture of English and French, "I am ready to pay you *votre argent*, Monsieur le Comte, whenever you please." (Miss Wewitz was to be numbered among the many ladies who understand the language perfectly, but cannot speak it.)

The Count and M. Adolphe had just finished "posing" Miss Chutney in the same attitude as the model, and had retired a few paces back to admire her, as she stood with her hands crossed on her bosom, and her head bent down, as if at her devotions, and were congratulating one another on the perfect resemblance the young lady bore to the "lay" sister, when the head of the schoolmistress was discovered peeping round the door.

Miss Chutney no sooner heard the voice of Miss Wewitz, than she

felt all the rigidity she had been throwing into her limbs suddenly leave her, and her legs become as limp and bendy as sugar-stieks in hot weather; and it was merely the conviction that they would all be ruined if she moved a joint, that sustained her in her statuesque position.

The Count ran to the door, and bowing in the face of the schoolmistress, so as to obstruct her view, thanked her for her polite information, and excused himself for shutting her out, by saying that some of his friends were not yet dressed.

Immediately the schoolmistress had left, Miss Chutney, who began to feel in no way equal to the task she had undertaken, entreated of the Count to allow her to return to the linen-room. But this, of course, was a proposition that the Frenchman, now that he had obtained possession of the girl, felt in no way inclined to listen to; so, by dint of compliments on her charming appearance in her new character, and protestations of the most fervent devotion, and assurances of the unceasing happiness that awaited her in Paris, he at length succeeded in calming the young lady's perturbation.

Miss Chutney, however, had not much time to think over the consequences of the step she was about to take, for scarcely had the Count finished his exhortation and eulogium, when the servant announced that the cab was at the door, and the men were ready to carry down the luggage.

It was then arranged that Adolphe should escort the rest of the Frenchmen out of the house as soon as possible, so that the girl might not be flurried by the presence of so many. And as soon as this part of the operations had been executed, the Count, who had remained continually by the side of the wavering girl, exhorting her to have "courage" but for a few moments longer, quitted her for a few minutes, in order to come to a settlement with Miss Wewitz.

He had scarcely left the room when the cabman and his companion, in obedience to the instructions of M. Adolphe Sheek, stepped up from the hall to remove the lay figure, with the greatest possible care, to the cab.

On entering the apartment, the men were mightily taken with the figure of the Sister of Charity, and declared to one another that if they hadn't been given to understand it was an artist's model, they should have taken it for a living woman.

For some little time they amused themselves by merely contemplating the model, and wondering what character it could be intended to represent. The sombreness and peculiarity of the costume seemed to take their fancy vastly. In a few minutes, as the novelty of the impression began to wear away, they commenced handling the rosary, lifting up the white apron, and, ultimately, the black crape veil.

This was a severe trial for the nerves of Miss Chutney; but with her teeth firmly set, and holding her breath, she remained with her eyes upturned, and with every feature and limb as rigid as if they were petrified.

The men grew more pleased than ever with the life-like appearance of the figure, and could not keep from laughing at the apparent intensity of the model's devotion. Presently, the cab-driver drew the short clay pipe from under the band of his hat, and saying to his companion, "I say, Jem, here's a lark!" thrust the end of it into the corner of poor Miss Chutney's mouth.

The girl, though ready to shriek with horror and faint with disgust, still, by a violent effort, held the "dodeen" between her lips. The Count, she said to herself, would be sure to return directly, and then she would be free from all further insult and persecution.

The friend of the cab-driver, determined not to be outdone by his companion, and discovering on the hob a lump of the charcoal that the Frenchmen had used to heat their bachelor's kettle, seized it, and, approaching the alarmed Miss Chutney, began tracing on her upper lip a huge pair of black mustachios.

This drollery tickled the driver of the cab to such a degree, that, spurred on by the comical appearance of the "model," he ran to the grate, and having provided himself with another piece of the dingy material, began, in his turn, to adorn the lady's cheeks with an equally enormous pair of whiskers.

The wretched Miss Chutney felt every minute that she *must* give way under the accumulated insults she was enduring, and had it not been for her reliance on the Count's immediate return, she would have startled her tormentors by taking to her heels; but every minute she consoled and sustained herself with the assurance, that the next moment would bring her protector to her relief. "Oh!" she thought to herself, as she felt the cabman charcoaling her eyebrows, "if I had only known half I should have to go through, I'm sure I should never have dreamt of making such a silly of myself."

The embellishment of the "model's" countenance being finished, the cabman and his "buck" retired a few paces to examine the effect of their handiwork, and burst into a suppressed fit of laughter at the extreme incongruity of the lady's appearance—and certainly the extraordinary hirsute character of Miss Chutney's countenance at that moment, embellished, as it was, with the most extravagant hairy appendages, was sufficient to burst the waistcoat-strings of any gentleman gifted with the slightest sense of the ridiculous.

The cabman and his companion were roused from their mirth by the sound of footsteps on the stairs. In their fear of discovery, it was the work of a moment for the driver to pull his wash-leather from his pocket, and endeavour, by rubbing at Miss Chutney's face, to remove the black marks from it. This, however, had the effect of distributing the charcoal evenly over the whole of the young lady's countenance, so that the operation served merely to transform her into a negress.

But there was no time for the men to resort to more effectual means of cleaning the face of the model, so, letting fall the black crape, they began to prepare for the removal of the "figure" down stairs; and

then Miss Chutney, to her indescribable horror, heard the men propose that one should take the "old gal" by the head, and the other by the feet. A dispute, however, arose as to the practicability of that measure, owing to the peculiar construction of the staircase, whereupon it was suggested by the driver, that the best way perhaps, after all, would be to have up the rope from the foot of the cab, and lower the thing down out of the window; and no sooner was this course agreed upon, than the men retired together for the cord with which to put it into execution.

Immediately the driver and his companion had quitted the apartment, the terrified Chutney lifted up the long black robe of the Sister of Charity, and scampered off as fast as her legs, under the circumstances, could carry her. She had just reached the door, when the Count, who was hurrying back to her with all possible speed, ran bump against her, and, seizing her by the arm, exclaimed in as good English as he was master of—

"*Mon petit chou!* vot go you to do? *Reste tranquille,* je t'en prie! In von minoot you sall be mine for nevare!"

"Oh, if I could tell you all!" she cried, falling into his arms; "take me away!" she whispered—"take me away! if you would not have me die!"

"Silence! silence, mon ange! von leetel minoot more, and you sall be mine for nevare!" he said in her ear, as he lifted her in his arms, and proceeded to carry her down the stairs.

In the passage, to the great discomfort of himself and the alarm of the girl, stood Miss Wewitz beside the door, determined to see the Frenchmen safe off the premises. Placing the girl carefully in the corner of the hall, with her face turned towards the wall, he whispered in her ear, "*Courage! courage! ma souris;*" and then requested to speak a word with the schoolmistress in the music-room, so that he might there occupy her with some little matter, while he returned and placed the trembling girl in the cab.

The men no sooner perceived that the figure was in the passage, than they began arranging which was the best place to stow it in the cab; whereupon the half-dead Chutney was doomed once more to hear the driver and his companion discuss the most effectual plan of removing her from the premises.

The cabman was for laying her at full length on the roof of his vehicle, and lashing her down with the cord, so that, as he said, "there wouldn't be no chance of the thing's rolling off."

The "buck," however, hinted that, in going over the stones, "some of her j'ints might get broke, so he was for tying her up on the board behind the cab; but this proposal was quickly overruled by the cabman, who observed that "that there would never do, for them boys would be sartin to get pelting the thing with stones and mud on the road, and a pretty pickle it would be in by the time they got to town. No! no! he was for shoving the old gal right across the foot-board; she could lay there very heasy under their feet; and where was the hodds, if so be as her legs did stick out a little bit; there wouldn't

be no danger of their getting broke off, with them right under his hi."

The last proposition being considered quite unobjectionable by the cabman's companion, Miss Chutney heard the heavy boots of the men moving across the passage towards the corner in which she stood. She made up her mind to give a good shriek immediately the fellows laid hands upon her again, and, indeed, had just got her mouth wide open, ready to utter one of her most piercing, when, to her unbounded delight, she caught the voice of the Count de Sanschemise at the end of the passage, shouting—

"*Ne la touchez pas!* Toosh it not! toosh it not!"

Hurrying towards the girl, the Frenchman seized her in his arms and carried her to the cab;—there he pretended to adjust the joints of the imaginary figure, much to the delight of the cabmen, so that it might be made to assume a sitting posture, and occupy the cushion beside him in the interior of the vehicle.

He had but barely completed the pretended adjustment, when Miss Wewitz emerged from the music-room, bearing the receipt in quittance of all claims upon the Count de Sanschemise, which that gentleman, as a means of keeping her out of the way for a few minutes, had requested her to write for him.

The Count hastened back to the schoolmistress, thanking her for her kindness, raised his Spanish hat from his head, and then, making her a profound bow, he saluted her with the greatest possible respect, and jumped into the cab, with his leathern reticule of a portmanteau in his hand.

In another minute the vehicle was whirling across Wimbledon Common; the driver and his companion turning round on the "box," as they dashed along, to make signs to the servants, who still loitered about the gate, indicative of the novel character of their fare, and folding their hands across their bosom, in imitation of the attitude of the fancied model within.

## CHAPTER XXI.

" Them that's fash'd wi' nae bairns iver happy mun be,
For we've yen, and she's maister o' baith thee and me.

" I can't for the life o' me get her to work,
Nor aw the lang Sunday to go near a kirk;
Nor frae week en' to week en' a chapter to read,
For the Bible ligs stoury abuin the duir-head.

" She yence cud ha'e crammel'd and writ her awn neame,
And Sunday and warday was teydey at heame:
Now to see her whol'd stockin's, her brat, and her gown,
She's a shem and a byzen to all the heale town.

" O wad she be guided, and stick to her wheel,
There's nane kens how fain I wad see her dui weel."

*" O Wife," by Anderson.*

THE house once cleared of the Frenchmen, Miss Wewitz's first act was to throw up all the windows of the best bed-room, amid an infinity of lamentations as to the state of her property in that apartment—and endless doubts as to the possibility of ever getting the smell of that horrid tobacco-smoke out of the curtains, or restoring the place to its wonted cleanliness and sweetness.

This done, she mounted the stairs towards the linen-room, congratulating herself on having got rid of the fellows without something dreadful occurring between them and Chutney, the bare thoughts of which had prevented her having a wink of sleep for the last two nights.

On entering the linen-room, there sat the figure in the same dejected attitude as that in which Miss Wewitz had found it in the morning. The schoolmistress began to grow alarmed at what she imagined to be the extreme stubbornness of the girl; and addressing the figure in her most impressive manner, said—

" I hope and trust, Miss, you have by this time been awakened to a sense of the impropriety of your conduct."

Miss Wewitz paused a moment or two for a reply, and obtaining no answer, she continued, raising her voice—

" I did hope, Miss Chutney, I repeat, that you had become sensible of the shameful manner in which you have been behaving for the last two days."

Here she paused again.

" But," she continued, finding no notice taken of her observation on the subject of Miss Chutney's penitence, " from your silence I am led to believe that you still require some few hours more self-communion, to bring you to a perfect consciousness of the wickedness of your ways."

Miss Wewitz made another pause in her discourse, believing that

the girl's sulkiness could not possibly hold out much longer; and then proceeded to inform her, that, in consideration of her attention to her French last "half," if she chose to ask her pardon for all she had done, she might leave her place of confinement, and go down stairs immediately.

Still, to Miss Wewitz's horror at what she could not but consider as an instance of stubbornness unparalleled in the whole annals of scholastic misdemeanours, not a syllable was spoken by way of reply to her liberal offer.

"What am I to think of you?" she exclaimed, in the depth of her indignation. "Are you aware what will become of you, if you persist in your present line of conduct?" (Here she stopped once more.) "Are you aware, Miss," she cried, in a loud voice, as she grew angry at the continued inattention to all she said—"that your behaviour is most insulting to those whom it is your duty to respect? In all my long experience, I never knew such wicked, wicked sulkiness on the part of any of my pupils before. Well, Miss," she added, as she bowed sarcastically to the lay figure, "all I have to say is, that as it is not my place to play the suppliant to you, I must leave you until such time as your guardian arrives, and then we shall see, perhaps, whether *his* authority can make any impression on your stubborn nature."

With this dignified remonstrance, Miss Wewitz turned round to leave the room; and as she grasped the handle of the door, she thought she would try one more appeal.

"Now, come, there's a good thing," she said, appealing tenderly to the figure, "do give over your sulks, and come down stairs with me, like a dear."

But finding that neither remonstrances, upbraidings, nor entreaties produced the least effect upon the object of her discourse, she turned haughtily upon her heel and slammed the door after her, mentally observing, as she descended the stairs, that she wouldn't take it upon herself to say what would be the end of that wicked, obstinate thing.

It was not long after Miss Wewitz's visit to the linen-room that a loud ring at the gate-bell, making it sound half across the Common, announced the arrival of Miss Chutney's guardian.

Miss Wewitz received the gentleman with great joy, for she was growing quite alarmed at the peculiar and unaccountable conduct of the young lady, and wished to consult her "friend" as to the best means of dealing with her.

The schoolmistress was not long in detailing to her visitor all the occurrences of the last two days, and concluded by informing him that the young lady had partaken of no nourishment but a small piece of dry bread during the entire forty-eight hours; and that she would really take it as a personal obligation if he would exert his influence in bringing her to a right sense of her conduct.

The guardian, who was a shipping agent in a "large way," and had a habit of talking of his ships on every possible opportunity, in

such a manner, that, christened as they mostly were after private and public individuals, it was often difficult to understand whether he was alluding to a thing of flesh and blood, or merely wood and iron.

"You astonish me, my dear madam," he said, in as pompous a tone as possible—for the gentleman was particularly anxious at all times to produce an impression upon strangers—"Miss Chutney's conduct reminds me forcibly of our 'Maria of North Shields.'"

"Indeed!" cried Miss Wewitz, judging from the name that the gentleman alluded to some young lady-friend of his resident in that quarter of the kingdom, and smiling blandly at the bare idea of the chance of adding the said Maria to the list of her parlour-boarders.

"Yes," returned the shipping-agent; "our 'MARIA' was as pretty a little thing as ever you set eyes on; but, you see, she was so queer about the head, we couldn't get her to steer the right course any how."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the astonished Miss Wewitz, "you don't say so."

"Yes," continued the shipping-agent, leaning back in the easy-chair, and swinging his seals round and round; "but that's a very common fault. Why, there was our 'ELIZA,' that's being overhauled now, she was so cranky, that I'm sure she wanted ballast enough for six; but then, you see, she was so long in the back, that she was always a-missing her stays."

"Dear me!—poor thing! she found them a great support to her, I dare say," observed the ingenuous Miss Wewitz, fancying that the said Eliza was none other than a daughter of her visitor, and a young lady suffering under weakness of the spine.

"But gentlemen in my way of business," continued the shipbroker, "always expect these kind of casualties. Now, only this last season, there was my 'Saucy Jane,' that was coming from Russia with as much tallow and hides as she could carry, when, hang me, if she didn't go ashore at Portsmouth; and the captain didn't do his duty to her, and so she was abandoned there."

"Lord bless my heart, how shocking!" exclaimed the moral Miss Wewitz; "but those seaport towns are dreadful places for all young persons; and maybe, sir, there was not that strict attention paid to her in her early days, that is so necessary to future well-being."

"Oh, yes; but my Saucy Jane, you see, had every attention paid to her that was requisite," responded the pompous shipping agent. "She was splendidly victualled, and, what was more, she had her full complement of hands."

"Her full complement of hands!" echoed the astounded schoolmistress. I suppose he must mean that she wasn't deformed; "but maybe your poor Jane, sir, went astray through temptation; for, you know, it is said we cannot serve two masters."

"Not serve two masters!" exclaimed the man of ships; "why, I've several masters, and I know many that would jump to serve them. But my time's precious; so if you'll just let me step up to

this young lady, I'll just give her a bit of a talking to, and see what can be done with her."

Miss Wewitz, who was too glad to put an end to a conversation that was far from interesting to her, owing to the apparent oddity of the characters to which it referred, rose from her chair, and requesting the gentleman to follow her, proceeded to conduct him up the stairs to the linen-room.

The schoolmistress held back the door as she pointed to the figure of the young lady, with her face still buried in her hands, and whispered in the ear of the gentleman, "that she had been in the same attitude a good part of the previous day, and the whole of that morning."

The shipping agent advanced pompously into the room, and, as he stood in the centre of the small apartment, he addressed himself to the figure, saying—

"I have been requested to speak to you, in the name of my old friend, your father, on the perverseness of your late conduct to your preceptress, Miss Wewitz, and I have now to command you, in the name of your parents, to leave your present position, and follow me and your schoolmistress down stairs."

To the ineffable astonishment of the guardian, not a limb of the form before him moved.

"Do you hear, miss!" he exclaimed, stamping his foot on the boards, as if to give additional force and authority to his commands,—"do you hear me, I say! Get up this minute, when I command you!"

The semi-nautical gentleman was so unused to this utter disregard of his orders, that when he saw not the least effort made to stir, even at the end of his second appeal, he stood, as it were, dumbfoundered for a moment, at the determination of the fancied school-girl.

Then he shouted sharply, and in a tone of extreme anger, "Miss Chutney, I say!—Miss Chutney!—do you mean to rise from your present position, or do you wish me to degrade you so far as to force you to do so?"

Still no movement was made; whereupon the impatient guardian, unable to brook the slight any longer, seized the figure roughly by the arm, and began shaking it violently.

In the act of so doing, the hands were forced down, and the black silk apron fell from before the face, revealing the wooden features of the artist's model.

The schoolmistress no sooner discovered the trick that had been played, and thought of the pains she had taken to expose her misfortune to the young lady's guardian, than she uttered a piercing shriek, and swooned into the arms of the shipping agent.

"D——n it, madam!" cried the city gentleman, who had but little belief in hysterics, fainting fits, or, indeed, any other of the feminine arts of producing an impression, "this will never do;" and seizing the glass of water that had been originally placed there, with the

bread, for the imprisoned Chutney, he dashed the whole contents into the lady's face.

Miss Wewitz started up suddenly, and shaking the water from her hair, till the sprinkles flew about as from a twirling mop, she hurried down the stairs, shrieking, in her shrillest voice, "She's gone! she's gone! she's gone!"

In a minute the whole establishment were in the hall—staring in mute astonishment at one another—and endeavouring to pacify the frantic Wewitz.

No sooner did the schoolmistress set eyes upon her respected mother, than she rushed madly to her, and told her that she had been the ruin of her, and that if it hadn't been for her, Miss Chutney would still have been in the house: this so affected the elder Wewitz, that she began, in her turn, to tear her hair; but, unfortunately, each time she clasped her head, as if distracted, the front of her wig was seen to move gradually round, until the natural parting stood right over one ear, while the top-knot was seen projecting above the other.

The schoolmistress, who, notwithstanding the intensity of her agony, observed the eyes of the shipping agent fixed upon the wig of her respected mother, ordered her parent to retire to her room immediately, and then endeavoured to apologize as best she could, for the disappearance of his ward, to the shipping agent.

That gentleman was not to be appeased by any such means, however, and left the house, vowing that he would commence an action at law against her immediately for damages, and publish the transaction to the whole world.

What poor Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys, their son and daughter, had been doing all this while, must be reserved for the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XXII.

"And is it thee, my Jobby lad—
And safe return'd frae war?
Thou'rt dearer to thy mother's heart
Sin' thou hast been sae far.
But tell me aw that's happen'd thee,
The neet is wearing fast;
There's nought I like sae weel to hear,
As dangers that are past."

*The Sailor Lad's Return.*

WE must now return to our poor lost muttons, "Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys, their son and daughter."

The journey of Master Jobby to Wimbledon and back was sufficiently long to try the patience of poor Mrs. Cursty. Though the youth was fleet of foot, the "busses" on that road were unluckily on the most amicable terms, and being unopposed, the "CELERITIES" drawled along at little better than hearse-pace, as if they belonged to the "Mors omnibus" species, and had no great inclination to "look alive."

Mrs. Sandboys, after having been dragged by the authorities from the presence of the magistrate, at the commencement of an oration, in which she was about to tell his Worship a "bit of her mind," and torn in the outer office from the coat-tails of her beloved Cursty, passed the time—when her paroxysm of conjugal sympathy had in a measure subsided—by inquiring of such of the officers as she could seduce into conversation, what wretched fate awaited the ill-starred Christopher, in the event of Jobby not arriving in time with the expected witnesses to character. When the lady was informed, to her indescribable horror, that the police van, under such circumstances, would remove Mr. Sandboys that evening to the nearest prison, she drew a vivid but melancholy picture in ideal black-lead upon imaginary paper, of the partner of her bosom ushered across the flagstones, between files of giggling unsympathetic boys, to become an inside passenger in that dismal-looking, mulberry-coloured bus, which runs daily between the Police Offices and the Houses of Correction—"nothing all the way." And when Mrs. Cursty learnt, moreover, in answer to her numerous queries as to the treatment of the inmates of the Metropolitan Prisons, that there was a special costume and *coiffure* set aside for such persons, and to which every one, on conviction, was made to conform, she commenced executing a series of mental cartoons in unsubstantial crayons, portraying her lord and master with his hair cropped as short as the plush of a footman's bree— ahem!—that is to say, gentle reader, trouserets, picturing him done up in pepper and salt, and looking like a representation in Scotch granite of one of the very lowest of the "lower orders." Then, as the scenes of her visionary diorama glided dreamily along, she

beheld the phantasm of the wretched man, whom she had taken for better or worse, at one moment busily engaged in the arduous process of mounting a spectral treadmill, or "everlasting staircase," and now reduced to the not particularly honourable nor lively occupation of picking phantom oakum—for as the authorities described the manners and customs of prison life to Mrs. Cursty, there popped up immediately before the eyes of the excited lady an air-drawn picture of each discreditable scene, with a phantasmagoric Mr. Sandboys figuring prominently in the foreground.

The long hand of the official clock moved on as slow and unconcerned as a government clerk; but in the eyes of the anxious Mrs. Sandboys, it seemed to be spinning round like the index to a pieman's gaming-dial; Time, to her, appeared to have parted with his scythe for a reaping machine, and to be mowing down the minutes as if they were incipient bristles on a chin undergoing "a clean shave for a halfpenny." It wanted but a short time to the appointed hour for the arrival of the dreaded van; and Mrs. Sandboys, with the weeping Elcy at her side, sat trembling in her Adelaides, and experiencing at each fresh opening of the door the same breathless and "sinking" sensation as is peculiar to steamboats on pitching deep down into the trough of the sea. To her ineffable relief, however, the red-faced Jobby at length darted into the office, carrying the reply from Parthenon House in his hand. The boy was unable to speak for the speed he had made (for he believed the letter he bore would be sufficient to gain his father's liberty), and stood panting—now wiping his forehead, and now, to cool himself, tearing open the collar of his shirt.

His mother, in her anxiety, had not sufficient patience to wait till the boy had breath to tell the issue of his journey, but snatching the letter from his hand, tore it eagerly open. She had, however, no sooner run her eyes over its contents, than she uttered a faint cry, and fell back against the wall. Jobby and Elcy were instantly at their mother's side, endeavouring to comfort her, and seeking to know what fresh catastrophe had befallen them; and when Jobby learnt that Mrs. Wewitz had declined vouching for the respectability of his father, the effect of the news upon the lad, who had made certain that all was right, was almost painful to contemplate. For a moment, he turned pale as marble, and stood as if half incredulous of what he heard; then the blood crimsoned his face, and the tears filled his eyes, as he fell on his mother's neck, and sobbed like a child with her. Elcy, however, seemed to gain new courage from their combined distress, and as she loosened the strings of her mother's bonnet, and entreated Jobby, in a whisper, to remember where he was, telling him all the people were looking at him, she suddenly recollected Mrs. Fokesell, who she felt sure would willingly come and speak for her father. As the thought flashed across her mind, she turned hastily to the clock, and then, bending over her mother, told her in a low voice to be of good heart, for she still saw a way of obtaining her father's liberation. Mrs. Sandboys no sooner caught the words, and learnt from Elcy the

course she meant to pursue, than she became as confident as the girl of success, and bidding her take a cab, she told her that there might be yet time, if she departed with all possible speed.

Eley had forestalled her mother's injunctions, and before Mrs. Sandboys had finished what she had to say on the subject, had quitted the office, and was hastening along on her way to Craven-street. Winged by her anxiety, she was but a few minutes in reaching their former residence; but there, alas! a new disappointment awaited her.

The partner of the hand and lodging-house of Mrs. Fokesell had suddenly returned from a long voyage, and after having passed a week in a state of almost helpless intoxication, and been deprived of his boots on the previous day by his superior moiety, with a view to prevent the possibility of his leaving the premises for more drink, and so reducing him to a state of sufficient sobriety to accompany her to the Great Exhibition, the sailor and his wife had left the house early that morning for the World's Show, intent upon making a good long day of it.

The maid of all work—and something more—had just been called away from the week's washing, in which she was busily engaged, to brush the highlows of the Baron de Boltzoff, who occupied the drawing-rooms, and had been obliged to throw them aside to give the newsboy the *Times*—which she was in the act of doing when Major Oldschool, in the parlours, desired her to bring up the tea-things; and no sooner had she filled the urn, than Mrs. Quinine, in the second floor, "touched her bell" to know whether she had got the hare down yet for her dinner; and while the maid was making up her fire for roasting it, down popped the medical student from the back attics with a request that she would just run up the street and get him half-an-ounce of "bird's-eye," for which she was about to start when Eley's double-knock "came to the door."

The girl, who had hurried up to answer the summons, and still held the knob of the street-door in her dirty hand covered with her apron, had no sooner informed the young lady of the absence of Mrs. Fokesell, than Eley, who had borne up bravely against the previous misfortunes, suddenly lost all hope and courage, so that when she heard that there was no probability of the landlady returning home till late that evening, she could control her feelings no longer, and the pent-up tears burst from her eyes with double anguish.

The maid, who had always been partial to Miss Eley, and had taken a liking to her from the first, when she found that the young lady, "though she were a real lady bred and borned," was not above thinking of how she could save a poor girl's legs, was moved not a little by the sight of Miss Sandboys' distress—and declared, as she led the staggering girl into the passage and helped her to the hall chair, that she "couldn't abear to see her take on so."

But Eley's misery did not admit of consolation. Her last chance of saving her father from prison had vanished; and now that the hope which had sustained her had gone, her grief knew no bounds. Though she strove with all a woman's pride to hide her sorrow from strangers,

and would willingly have left the house for fear of causing a "scene in such a place, she had no power to move a limb; and do what she would, there was no checking the sobs that rose, despite her every effort, louder and louder, as she thought of the utter friendlessness of them all.

In a few minutes the sound of Eley's continued sobbings attracted the attention of Major Oldschool, who was waiting in the "parlours" rather impatiently for his tea, and he popped his head out of the door as he half opened it, partly to learn what was the matter in the hall, and partly to see about the cup that cheers, but not, &c. The sight of "the British female in distress" was of course sufficient to excite a lively interest in the bosom of the gallant soldier. "The white flag hoisted in the cheek of beauty," as the gentleman engaged for "general utility" on the stage metaphorically expresses it, when done up in full regimentals, was always the signal for a truce with Major Oldschool; and though but the moment before he had felt ready to burst out like a bombshell for the want of his Twankay, he no sooner caught sight of the young lady in tears, than he became—as Mr. Braham sings—"mild as the moonbeams"—and almost as sentimental, into the bargain.

"Ods! grapeshot and canister!" of course the Major should have cried, to have kept up the character of the veteran; but like the generality of soldiers off the stage, he gave vent to no such military exclamation, and was about to advance towards the young lady, when Mrs. Coddle, his female Mentor, and tor-mentor too, detained him by the skirt of his dressing-gown, informing him that his behaviour was "exceeding onpolite," and begging to know what was the use of bells in a house if he was to go dancing after the servants in that there way—and observing, moreover, that one would imagine he had never been accustomed to genteel society in all his life.

As the unceremonious and excited Major struggled to get away from the clutches of his punctilious housekeeper, he d——d her and all her genteel society, and then with a sudden jerk that made the stitches of his duffel skirts crack again, freed himself from the grasp of the mistress of the ceremonies of his front parlour, and hobbled towards the weeping girl.

Eley, on being patted consolingly on the shoulder, looked up for a minute, and the Major no sooner recognised the features of the young lady who had so recently been an inmate of Mrs. Fokesell's establishment, than he took her by the hand, and saying *that* was no place for her, bade her step into his room and let him know all about what had happened. Then, as he raised the hesitating girl from her seat, and led her along the passage, he said, comfortingly—"There—there: you need have no foolish ceremony with me; for, do you know, I find, on talking with Mrs. Fokesell, that your papa is the neighbour of my old East Indian friend, Colonel Benson. Why, I've heard the colonel talk by the hour of Old Cursty Sandboys, and all his family, till I've known you every one without seeing you, as well as if I'd been bred and born in Buttermere. You're Eley Sandboys, I'm

certain: you're the little girl that used to be so fond of pet squirrels and doves,—oh! yes, I know all about you: and there's that hairbrained young brother of yours, Master Jobby: and Mrs. Sandboys, that cleanly and tidy mother of your own, whom Colonel Benson gave away to your father at Lan-something-or-other Green Church,—eh? There, you needn't fidget with me! You see I know all about the whole of you: and how ever I could have been so foolish as not to have guessed when I first heard your name that you were the Colonel's old friends, I can't say. I've been puzzling my head about it ever since Mrs. Fokesell told me where you came from. But, you see, London and Buttermere are so wide apart, that I never should have dreamt of your being the same people, if I hadn't learnt as much the day after you had gone."

Then, as the Major saw the girl half rise from her seat, as if she wished to depart, he exclaimed, in as tender a tone as he could manage, "Come! come! what *are* you fidgeting about there? Come, tell me now, where's your father and mother? I quite long to shake them both by the hand. But what's all this fretting about, my little one, eh? Come, now make a friend of me! Have some of those big whiskered foreign fellows been insulting you in the street. D——n 'em, I only wish I could have caught them at it, I'd have let them feel the tip of my wooden leg, I warrant them. Come, tell me about it, like a good girl; for if it were only for Colonel Benson's sake, you'd always find a friend in me."

The kindness and the friendship of the Major came so unexpectedly upon the heartbroken girl, that she could scarcely speak for very joy. The change from utter hopelessness to assurance of assistance had been so sudden, too, and the transition from one intense emotion to another of a precisely opposite character so unprepared, that the conflict of feeling was too much for Elcy. The tears now flooded her eyes with exceeding happiness, while her sobs were changed to an hysteric laugh, till at length, it became impossible for her to repress her feelings any longer, and the "scene," whose occurrence she had so much dreaded before strangers, ultimately came to pass.

The Major, unused to such events, no sooner saw the unconscious girl fall heavily back in the chair, and heard her shriek one minute, as if with intense agony, and laugh the next, as if convulsed with the wildest mirth, than believing she had become suddenly crazed, he rang every bell he could lay hands upon, and swore at his old housekeeper in a manner, as she said, that she had never been accustomed to in all her life afore, having lived only in the first of families—and which, in the vivid language of Mrs. Coddle, made her blood run quite cold down her back, as if some one was emptying buckets and buckets of spring water over her head.

At length, by the aid of cold water, and sal-volatile, and vinegar, and burnt feathers, and hartshorn, and all the other approved methods of female revivification, the young lady was restored to consciousness, and in a few minutes afterwards, was able to communicate to the open-hearted Major the many troubles of herself and family.

The old soldier was all excitement when he heard that the intimate acquaintance and early companion of one of his oldest friends was detained in custody, and about to be removed to the House of Correction, for the want of some one to vouch that he was not the common pickpocket he had been mistaken for; and the Major fumed and swore at his old housekeeper worse than ever when she whispered in his ear, while helping him on with his coat, that he had much better stop at home and take his tea, than trouble his head about other people's affairs—exciting hisself in the way he was a-doing about parties he'd never even so much as spoken to. She could see plain enough what it would all end in;—he'd go and overheat hisself, and catch cold on top of it: and then, if it only struck inn'ards, who would have to nuss and take care on him, she would like to know!

Though the Major called the dame "a suspicious old fool," and kept abusing her all the while she was fastening the hooks and eyes of his military surtout, she continued to give vent to her feelings, and begged to remind him, that it would be no fault of hern if he went and got his blood chilled, and had the cold lay in his bones to the end of his days. Nor would she let him quit the house until she had placed the cork sock in his shoe, and stowed away his comforter in the crown of his hat, saying, that there was no telling how late he might be kept on such a herrand. And as she accompanied him to the street-door, she drew her little bag of camphor from her bosom, and slipping it into his hand, bade him keep it about him; for with that in his pocket, there was no chance of his ketching any of the nasty fevers that was always flying about in such low places.

The Major, impatient as he was, could hardly refrain from laughing at Mistress Coddle's extreme care; and as they hurried up the street, he dilated on the medicinal and domestic virtues of his housekeeper—half by way of apology for the familiarity of her manner, and half as the means of diverting or alleviating the distress of his young companion.

But poor Elcy paid little attention to what was said; she was too much alarmed, lest they should reach the office when it was too late to save her father from being consigned to prison, and responding Yes and No, smiled mechanically at the Major's remarks, without understanding one word of what he was telling her. As the old East Indian warmed in his description of the valuable services of his housekeeper, he occasionally paused on the way, standing still, much to Elcy's horror, to give her a more vivid idea of the doings of his female factotum. Then the anxious girl would strive, by every gentle art, to lead him on, and when she found she could stir him by no indirect means, she would timidly remind the Major that they had little time to spare; then away they would hurry again—the Major's wooden leg sounding on the pavement, as they went, like a cooper's hammer at an empty cask.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

"True friendship leyfe's deleyte still pruives,
Nor ever flings mankeyn' to woe,
The gud whea still their brethren luives
What leads to virtue ay will shew.

"True friendship that can neer cause streyfe,
But e'en keep frae distress and pain,
An' shew what bliss it gie's thro' leyfe
In every bwosom still s'ud reign."

"*To Friendship*," *by Anderson.*

In less than an hour after the incident above recorded, Major Old-school was seated in the parlour, at the head of the table, entertaining "Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys, their son and daughter," to a "quiet cup of tea;" while Mrs. Coddle kept continually fidgeting in and out of the room—bobbing in now with a plate of muffins—and now with a pot of marmalade; and each time she did so, whispering in the Major's ear, as she placed "the delicacy" on the table, some fresh instructions as to the mode of conducting the ceremonies on such important occasions. At one time she would nudge his elbow, as she leant over the table, and say, aside, to him, "There you are again draining the tea-pot down to the very dregs!" and at another, she would exclaim, in an under-tone, "What ever are you about, filling up the cups without emptying the slops?"—until the poor Major grew so confused as to the formalities of the tea-table, that he emptied the entire contents of the cream jug into the slop-basin; and in his anxiety to hand the tea-cake to Mrs. Sandboys, and prevail upon her to take "just one small piece more," left the tap of the urn running, and was not aware of his neglect until Cursty suddenly jumped up from his chair, startled by a stream of boiling-hot pouring on to his knees.

The Sandboys, however, were all too well pleased with their recent good fortune to do other than laugh at the little mishaps of the tea-table; and Mr. Sandboys himself had been so often in hot water of late, that after the first smart of that from the urn, he could afford to chuckle over the accident almost as heartily as his son Jobby, who no sooner saw his father start up, and wildly drag the front of his trousers from his knee, than guessing what had happened, the lad was seized with a comic convulsion while in the act of drinking his fourth cup, and spurted the entire contents of it over the clean cap of Mrs. Coddle as she rushed frantically to the urn to stay the scalding torrent that was pouring from the tap.

When the tea-things had been removed, and the party had settled themselves down for a friendly chat, Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys recounted to the Major all the adventures they had gone through since their departure from Buttermere; and the Major, in his turn, when he had sympathized and laughed with them at their many troubles, ran over the several feats of arms performed by himself and their mutual friend,

the Colonel, in India. He told them how they had gouged a diamond worth several lacs of rupees out of the eye of one of the idols they had taken;—and the Sandboys on the other hand, informed him how they had been defrauded of their season ticket for the Great Exhibition by a scoundrelly Frenchman styling himself the Count de Sangshimmy. And thus they continued, each narrating to the other the several scenes in which they had figured as principal actors, till Mr. Sandboys, in summing up the long list of mishaps he had experienced in his endeavours to get a sight of the contents of the Great Exhibition, was irresistibly led to the conclusion that the whole series of events was the work of a stony-hearted Fate, and that it formed part of the records of Destiny, as kept by the Registrar-General of Calamities-to-come, that neither he nor any member of his family should ever set foot in the interior of the Crystal Palace. He began to regard himself as the hero in some Greek tragedy, which he had a faint remembrance of reading in his college days at St. Bees. Accordingly, he communicated to his dear Aggy the resolution which the recapitulation of his many trials had induced in his mind—namely, that it was sheer pig-headedness on their part to attempt to swim against the current of events, or to play the Canute of 1851, and seek to drive back the tide in their affairs.

Mrs. Sandboys did not require much persuasion to bring her to the same opinion. She was sick and tired of t'wretched place, she said, and would gladly send "t'first thing" on t'morrow to Mrs. Wewitz for their boxes, so that they might start for Cockermouth by that evening's train. Major Oldschool did all he could to laugh the Cumberland couple out of their fatalistic fancies, but his gibes and jests were of no avail. Mr. Sandboys assured him he was as immoveable as the Great Pyramid, and that Archimedes himself, even with his huge lever and the required fulcrum, would find that something more than a straw was needed to stir him. And thus the evening passed, the Major striving by every means to induce them to prolong their visit, telling them of the many wonders of the "Great Show"—at one moment describing to them the splendour of the glass fountain—and the next, picturing the beauty of the Veiled Vestal;—now speaking in hyperbolical raptures to Mrs. Sandboys of the magnificence of the silks and velvets from Lyons, and the ribbons from Coventry,—then turning to Eley, and descanting on the size and value and brilliance of the far-famed Koh-i-noor, and the admired jewels of the Queen of Spain,—and afterwards trying to excite the curiosity of Mr. Sandboys with a glowing detail of the marvels of machinery in motion—the self-acting mules, and the Jacquard lace machinery, and the centrifugal pumps, and the steam printing-press, and the envelope machine—but despite the enthusiasm of his friend, Cursty remained fixed in his determination; and so as not to allow the Major even the chance of shaking it, the resolute Mountaineer took his chamber candlestick, and retired with his family to the apartments that the Major had directed Mrs. Coddle to have prepared for them.

In the morning, Mr. Sandboys, having slept upon his determination

of the previous evening, and being several hours nearer to the time which he had fixed for his return to Buttermere, began to think what his neighbours down there would say, when they heard that he and his whole family had been up to London to see the Great Exhibition, and had come away again without ever setting foot in the place. He would be the laughing-stock of the country for miles round; there wouldn't be a keeping-room far or near but what would have some cock-and-a-bull story or other to tell about them. Besides, why should he deprive the children of the sight? If Fate had decreed *he* was never to witness it, that was no reason why Eley and Jobby should be kept away; and after all that dear girl had gone through for him, he was sure she deserved some little return for her goodness. Then again, he knew Jobby, poor boy, was mad to have a peep at the machinery room, which he had heard and read so much about; and it would be something for him to talk about when he got to be an old man, that he had seen the first Exhibition of Industry in this country: besides, the lad was naturally of a mechanical turn of mind; he had spoilt no less than three Dutch clocks out of the kitchen in trying to clean them; and then at making bird-traps and artificial flies for fishing, there wasn't a boy in the village could come near him. Who could say what effect the Great Exhibition might have on such a mind? And thus Mr. Sandboys continued inwardly framing excuses to himself why they should delay their departure to Buttermere for four-and-twenty hours longer at least.

While the preceding train of thoughts had been passing through the mind of the wavering Cursty, a like chain of reasoning had been going on in Mrs. Sandboy's brain, unknown to her husband. She, too, had been asking herself "how it would look," when the neighbours came to know that they had never so much as put their heads inside the doors of the very place they had come hundreds of miles to see; and she, like her lord and master, had been persuading herself, that at least, if she chose to keep away, it was her bounden duty to let the "dear" children see the grand sight.

Neither, however, ventured to give the least hint to the other as to the nature of their morning's reflections; and it was only when Mr. Sandboys sat in front of the looking-glass, rubbing the lather over his chin previously to shaving, till he looked like a twelfth-cake, that he communicated to his darling Aggy, while she was in the act of hunting after the grey hairs among her front curls, his doubts as to the propriety of their quitting London for Buttermere that evening. After he had exhausted the arguments in favour of the children,—to all of which Mrs. Sandboys, as she poked the top part of her head close against the looking-glass over the mantelpiece, the better to find the stray silver threads she was searching for, gave her most cordial assent,—the Cumberland gentleman touched upon the point which constituted, as it were, the fulcrum upon which his moral lever turned, and confessed that he did not like to be beaten in the object he had undertaken. If they had tried to gain admittance to the Exhibition only once, he urged, and had been prevented by

some unforeseen accident, it would not have mattered so much, and they might have returned then with even a good graee; but now that they had made so many attempts, and failed so repeatedly, they would naturally look ridiculous in every person's eyes, provided they left London without succeeding in their purpose, after all the pains they had taken, and the sufferings they had endured to accomplish it. Of course, all the neighbours would say, "Well, hang it! I wud ha' seen t' pleace, if I'd died for it!" and only laugh at them for their weakness.

Aggy, who seemed to have excellent sport that morning, and kept twitching out the grey hairs like a Thames angler does gudgeons, fully concurred with all the sapient Cursty uttered, and expressed her approbation with each fresh jerk, though with greater warmth, perhaps, than she otherwise might have done, owing to the sharp twinge which accompanied the delicate operation in which she was engaged.

But Mr. Christopher Sandboys had yet to tackle the moral part of his subject; and as, in the process of shaving, he laid hold of himself by the nose the better to accomplish the razorial fancy-work round the corners, he frankly acknowledged, that to run away from the metropolis, after what they had experienced, would betray a deficiency of moral courage on their parts, which would be utterly unworthy of the sturdy mountain race to which they belonged. Besides, it was the sure criterion of a weak mind to give way to the force of circumstances; and he asked himself and his wife, what was nobler than to see an honest man driving his head, like a moral battering-ram, against a thick wall of difficulties, and ultimately overthrowing it. Then, as he called to mind the fortitude of the Grecian and Roman heroes of his college days, he added—"Did not moral greatness consist merely in bearing and subduing the misfortunes that beset us, and certainly not in packing up our boxes and running from them by the first express train." And as Mr. Sandboys delivered himself of this heroic sentiment, he, in the ardour of his enthusiasm, gave his head so self-satisfied a jerk, that, forgetting the perilous act in which he was engaged, he inflicted a gash that put his powers of endurance severely to the test, and immediately dissipated the whole of the stock of courage upon which he was priding himself.

The upshot of the above conjugal consultation was, that there was passed that morning at the breakfast-table a resolution, proposed by Mr. Sandboys, seconded by his darling Aggy, and carried with acclamations by the Major and the entire family, declaring that one more attempt should be made to visit the Great Exhibition, and expressive of the opinion of the meeting, that the sooner such attempt was made the better. Accordingly, it was finally arranged, as the weather at that time looked particularly promising, that the whole family should "slip on their things" immediately after breakfast, and start for the Crystal Palace by the first omnibus.

Again the Sandboys were, one and all, in high glee at the prospect of witnessing the "World's Show" at last, and Elcy and Jobby immediately lost their appetite in expectation of the coming treat.

The morning meal finished, the boy flew up the stairs four at a time,

dragging his laughing sister after him, and kept bobbing in and out of her room all the while she was dressing, intent upon playing her some monkey trick or other. Now, to his sister's horror, he would seize her white drawn-bonnet, and putting it on the crown of his head like an apple-woman's, scamper off with it, sliding down the banisters; then he would bounce suddenly into her room again, and dab down a cup of sour milk on her dressing-table, telling her she would find that a plummy thing to bathe her freckles with.

Mrs. Sandboys was perhaps more fidgetty than ever over the toilet of herself and Cursty. She *would* insist upon arranging his neckcloth, and tying his waistcoat in for him; nor did she spare any pains to set herself off to the best possible advantage.

And when they were all ready, they assembled in the parlour to receive the instructions of the Major as to the precautions they should take against losing one another in the monster building. The old soldier was in the course of impressing upon the family the necessity of keeping together, and arranging to meet at the glass fountain in the transept at a stated hour, in case they should get parted from one another in the crowd—or else, as he said jokingly, they might be all the day hunting after each other through the several countries of the globe—first bobbing into China, and then scampering through Russia, and after that scouring round America, while perhaps the missing one was wandering quietly among the Channel Islands, or taking a five minutes' lounge through India; and he had scarcely completed his many injunctions as to how they were always to keep an eye upon "the party" who carried the sandwiches,—for they must remember that he was the most important member of the whole body, and that if he were lost, their dinner was lost too, when——

There was a faint tap at the parlour door, and the moment after Mrs. Fokesell, popping her head into the room, requested to speak with Mr. Sandboys.

A cold shiver passed through Cursty's frame at the mysterious nature of the summons. After so many slips 'twixt the (crystal) cup and his lip, he could not help having a presentiment that something dreadful was about to happen; and as a means of acquiring additional courage to bear up against the calamity, whatever it might be, he begged Mrs. Fokesell to step in and communicate what she had to say in the presence of the company.

The landlady coughed hesitatingly, and nodded, and beckoned to Mr. Sandboys, so as to indicate to him, in the most expressive pantomime she was mistress of, that she wished to speak with him alone.

Cursty, who was now more alarmed than ever, hurried over to Mrs. Sandboys, who had been intently watching the landlady's gestures, and requested her to see what it was the woman wanted.

Aggy stepped across to the door, and in a whisper begged to be made acquainted with the nature of Mrs. Fokesell's business; but the landlady still hesitated, saying, "in a nasty insinuating way, that Mrs. Sandboys didn't half like," that "she had rayther tell what she had to tell to the gentleman hisself." When Mrs. Sandboys, whose curiosity

was now piqued almost to a painful degree, found that it was useless trying to get out of the woman the purport of the tidings she had to communicate, she returned and intimated as much to her husband, who, though pretending to be deep in conversation with the Major, had been listening the while to what was passing at the door.

Cursty felt his heart sink heavily into his boots, like a stone in a well, and solemnly summoning Mrs. Fokesell into the room, bade her, in as firm a voice as he could manage under the circumstances, tell him then and there what it was all about.

Mrs. Fokesell, who grew angry on finding that her regard for delicacy was in no way appreciated, bounced boldly into the room, and, looking Mr. Sandboys full in the face, said, as she shook her head rapidly at him—

"Well, then, if you *will* have it! there's the beadle from the work'us has come after you."

Mr. Sandboys stood aghast;—his jaw fell like a French toy nutcracker's, and his hair stood on end till it looked a most like a grenadier's cap.

The Major, to conceal the smiles which he could not suppress, turned a half *pirouette* on his wooden leg, as if he were a pair of animated compasses describing the arc of a circle.

Mrs. Sandboys looked a whole library, or several hundred volumes, of doubt and fears at her wretched partner. What *could* it all mean? she mentally inquired, as she untied her bonnet strings, and began fanning herself violently with her pocket-handkerchief.

A solemn silence reigned for a minute or two after Mrs. Fokesell's announcement—a silence like that which succeeds a violent peal of thunder.

"T' beadle from t' workhouse!" exclaimed the amazed north countryman. "What in t' warld can t' man want wi' me?"

"Want!" echoed the indignant landlady, with a jerk of her head that made the grubby artificial flowers in her cap shake again. "Well, if your own conscience wont tell you, there's the beadle hisself in the passage, and you'd better step out and ask him; for it ain't my place to breed words in a family."

Here the shoulders of the Major, who was pretending to be looking out of the window, were seen to shake violently, while Mrs. Sandboys cried, "Breed words! What *can* t' woman mean?"

Cursty, who began to perceive that matters were assuming a very serious complexion, summoned all his little philosophy to his aid, and making the greatest possible show of it in his countenance, like a tradesman with a small stock of goods dressing his shop-window to the best advantage, directed Mrs. Fokesell to desire the parish functionary to step in.

The next moment the Terror of boys at church, and the Leader of parish engines to chimneys on fire, marched into the room in all the imposing pomp of gold lace, cocked hat, and capes, and the countenance, which was all austerity to the children in the free seats, relaxed into a pleasing benignity immediately the possessor of it discovered that the

"party" of whom he had come in quest belonged to the "respectable classes."

Mr. Sandboys, in the best style of injured innocence, inquired briskly of the officer what was the nature of his business with him.

The discreet functionary looked cautiously round the apartment, and then winking the eye that was nearest to Mrs. Sandboys, as much as to remind the gentleman that ladies were present, began fiddling with the gold lace round his cocked hat, and replied that he had been sent on to him by the Board.

"T' Board!—what Board?" shouted Christopher.

"The Board of Guardians," was the reply. And then the beadle proceeded to ask the gentleman whether his name was not Christopher Sandboys: and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he begged further to be informed whether the gentleman did not reside in Buttermere, in the county of Cumberland. Mr. Sandboys having assented, the functionary then inquired whether he had not been married at Lanthwaite Green Church: and on learning that such was the case, he told the horror-stricken Curtsy that he regretted to say he must go with him on to Marrowbone Workhouse, where the Board was a-sitting.

"But what for?" shrieked Cursty, as he stamped rapidly up and down the room, in positive bewilderment at the extraordinary character of the occurrence. There could be no mistake this time as to his being the person who was wanted, for the man had got his name and place of residence, and evidently knew all about him.

The only reply the parish officer made to the inquiry was to wink his eye a second time in a more marked manner than before, and to jerk his elbow two or three times in the direction of Mrs. Sandboys.

"Don't stand there, man!" shouted the infuriated mountaineer, "winking your d——d eye at me! But tell me what you want here?"

The parish functionary, who was anxious for the sake of the prospective perquisite, to break the matter as mildly as possible to the gentleman, replied that he had a hunpleasant hoffice to preform, and that he was hanxious to preform it in as delikit a manner as he could—and hoping no offence, if the gen'elman would step into the passage with him, he'd give him all the partieklers: but it wasn't hexactly a case to speak on afore ladies. And here the official winked his eye again, and nudged his elbow in the direction of Mrs. Sandboys.

"Ladies!" echoed the almost maddened Christopher—"that lady is my wife, and I've no secrets from her, man;" and so saying, he drew forth his hankerchief, and wiped away the perspiration that now stood upon his brow like the moisture on the inside of the windows of a hackney-coach on a frosty day.

"In coorse she is!" responded the beadle, with a knowing air; "every party I wisits says the very hidentical same thing; but it ain't no business of mine, and I'm not the keraekter to take a pleasure in ruining the peace of familiies; so, if you'll just step outside here for a minute, I'll tell you about it, and I've no doubt but what the whole

sore can be heasily 'ealed with a little palm-oil, you know." And here the functionary described a small circle inside his hand, and winked once more at the wonder-stricken Mr. Sandboys.

Mr. Cursty, on second thoughts, began to imagine that perhaps it might end the affair more quietly if he did as the man urged, and though Mrs. Sandboys was for having the whole matter explained in her presence, Cursty deemed it more prudent to retire in company with the beadle, and accordingly stepped into the passage to ascertain what on earth could be the nature of the present charge against him.

There the parish official explained to the gentleman, in as low a tone as possible, that he was wanted at the work'us on a case of desertion.

"Desertion of what?—of whom?"—shouted out the innocent Mr. Sandboys, in the height of his indignation. "I never was in t'army in all my life."

But the beadle mildly insinuated that he was afeard the matter didn't consarn the harmy, though p'raps it might have summat to do with the hinfant-ry; but whether it were a child or a wife what Mr. Sandboys had left chargeable to the parish, he couldn't say; all he knowed was, that he had horders to take the gen'elman back with him, on a charge of that naytur, and then he hoped no offence, and he axed the gen'elman's pardon, but he'd a delikit deoty to preform, and he always struv to preform it with every regard to the feelings of the ladies and gen'elmen consarned; whereupon, having looked cautiously round, and whispered in Cursty's ear that if he'd leave it all to him, it shouldn't stand him in no more than *3s. 6d.* a week, and what was more, he'd take care the papers didn't get hold on it, the officer kept touching his hair and nodding his head in a manner that plainly indicated he expected some small gratuity for the discretion he had used, and the services he had proffered in connexion with the "delikit" dooty he had to preform.

"I thought I'd keep it dark, you know, sir, from your old 'ooman," he added, as Mr. Sandboys seemed disposed to pay no attention to his hints. "Females takes these little tender matters to heart, so that many gen'elmen's told me it's been worth scores of pounds to 'em my minding my p's and q's in the presence of their good ladies. Bless you, if I was to out with all I knows, I should ruin the peace of half the families in our parish. Gen'elmen will be gen'elmen, you know, sir;" and then making that peculiar noise out of the corner of his mouth, in which the drivers of horses delight, he nudged the astounded Cursty familiarly in the ribs, while he added, "but ladies can't, for the lives on 'em, make no allowance for the secret *hammers* of the lawful partners of their buzzems." And "the authority" having delivered himself of these sentiments, went through the same insinuating pantomime as before.

But Mr. Sandboys being wholly unaccustomed to hints of such a nature, hurried quickly past the obsequious functionary, and telling his bewildered Aggy that some other misunderstanding had occurred, though what it was, and what it referred to, was more than he could

make out just then, seized his hat, and without waiting to listen to her remonstrances, suddenly left the house in company with the parochial officer.

On reaching the workhouse, the mystery concerning which the bewildered Cursty had been puzzling his brains for the last hour, was quickly explained. The Flower Hawker, who had become possessed of Mr. Sandboys' inexpressibles, had retired into the country on the "tramp," leaving his "pardner" behind to take up her abode in the workhouse until his return. On entering that establishment, however, and undergoing the change of dress customary on such occasions, the "marriage lines" belonging to Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys, which the woman had appropriated (owing to the total absence of any similar document appertaining to herself) were discovered secreted in her bosom, and the name Christopher Sandboys being recognised by the authorities as that of the pickpocket who had been arrested at the Crystal Palace, the parish officers had made it their business to track out the whereabouts of the said Christopher; and learning at the police-office that he had recently been discharged from custody, and had afterwards retired in company with his witness, a gentleman from Craven-street in the Strand, they had directed their constable to bring "the man" before them, so that he might be made responsible for the maintenance of his wife.

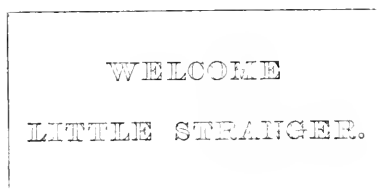
Mr. Sandboys, had no little difficulty in making "the Board" comprehend and believe the facts of the case; for though the woman denied that he was her husband, as stoutly as Cursty did that she was his wife, the ever-suspicious authorities could not help fancying but what there was some trick in the affair, and that the woman persisted in her statement of having picked up the paper in the street, merely from a desire to keep "her pardner" out of trouble, so that it was not until Mr. Sandboys had sent for Major Oldschool to speak once more to his respectability, that he was allowed to return to the bosom of his family.

Mrs. Sandboys was too delighted at obtaining possession of her marriage certificate once more to do other than laugh heartily at what had occurred, and though Cursty felt inclined to trace the finger of Destiny in the whole affair, Aggy, from the pleasant termination of the occurrence, could not consent to look upon the circumstance as a disappointment, and made up her mind to go the very next shilling-day to the Exhibition. Cursty, however, was fully persuaded that they should never set foot within the Crystal Palace, and was for going home by the first train in the morning; and it was not until Major Oldschool consented, provided Mr. Sandboys would remain his guest till the Monday following, that he himself would accompany them and see them safe through the entire expedition.

This offer was more than Mr. Sandboys could withstand; and accordingly, on the condition that, come what may, the family should leave town for Buttermere the day after their visit to the Exhibition, he at length consented to make one more trial under the guidance of his excellent friend, Major Oldschool. In this frame of mind we

must now leave the family for awhile, to revert to another member of the same establishment.

Mrs. Quinine, whose health had in no way improved since we left her, lay still stretched upon the sofa of Mrs. Fokesell's second floor, enacting the part of the interesting invalid as usual. For the last three months, however, her hand had been removed from her cheek, and her fingers busily engaged in inserting tiny embroidered crowns into tiny muslin caps—little things that seemed fit only to serve for the head-dress to an apple dumpling. Dr. Twaddles had called daily at the house for eight weeks past, to inquire "how we were getting on," and had held himself in readiness, for the same lengthened space of time, to answer the lady's summons with the least possible delay. Mrs. Pilchers had arrived with her bundle, and had been sleeping on chairs in the studio for the last six weeks. The white satin pincushion, ornamented with the well-known infantine greeting of




inscribed in pins, had been forwarded by one of the lady's "dearest" schoolfellows, so long since that it had lost much of the original delicacy of its complexion. "The basket" had been prepared for many weeks, and stood on the toilet table in the lady's bedroom, with its powder-box and puff, and its little soft goat's-hair brush stuck in the side-pockets, and the bassinet remained done up in silver paper in the corner of the room; but though all these extensive preparations had been made for the "little stranger," and its welcome had been *pinned* by a friendly hand, the lady and all her female friends were kept in a state of the most tantalizing suspense; for no "little stranger" came.

Each day some new article was added to the infantine wardrobe or furniture, in anticipation of the arrival of the long-looked-for little guest. To-day, Mrs. Pilchers was despatched for the newly-invented "artificial mother" that the lady had seen advertised, and thought it best to be prepared with; to-morrow, the same accommodating dame was hurried off after a half-guinea bottle of the immortal Mrs. Johnson's Soothing Syrup. Then Mr. Quinine would signalize himself as a "dear man," by one day presenting his wife with a "sweet pretty" coral and bells, and another, sending her home a "love" of a baby-jumper. All the preliminary arrangements were on the most extensive scale; quarts of dill-water, pound packets of "soujie," cashmere cloaks and hoods, india-rubber rings, wicker rattles, nursing-aprons, pap-warming night-

lamps—each and every of the several puerperal properties had been got ready, even down to the white glove for the knocker, (indicative of a "little kid,") together with the small five-shilling advertisement in the morning papers concerning "the lady of Fuseli Quinine, Esq." Indeed, the entire *mise en scene* of the forthcoming spectacle had been "got up," as the theatrical managers say, "utterly regardless of expense."

Suddenly, however, it struck "the lady of Fuseli Quinine, Esq.," that one thing was still wanting to complete her stock of infantine furniture. She had forgotten that time-honoured preserver of the peace of families—a nurse's chair; and felt convinced that, without the aid of the popular soporific seat, her "tiddy ickle sing" would never close its eyes; for Mrs. Quinine, enlightened by the profound experiences of Pilchers, was assured that that kind of wabbly, waggly, bobby motion which is peculiar to steam-boats, and the horror of children of a larger growth, was the delight of all those of a tender age, as if the homuncule was specially pleased in having a taste of "the ups and downs" of life at the earliest possible period in its existence.

And certainly Mesdames Pilchers and Quinine were fully borne out in their opinions by the prevailing pacific treatment adopted by mothers and nurses in general. The fashionable theory among those entrusted with the care of infants seems to be, that babies, like physic, "when taken, should be well shaken;" and, accordingly, the early existence of the poor little things is made to consist of a series of agitations in every possible direction. In the arms they are bobbed up and down—in the rocking-chair they are waggled backwards and forwards—in the cradle they wabble from side to side—on the knee they are joggled till they shake again, like lumps of *blanc-mange*—and if allowed to remain quiet for a few minutes in that position, they are continually thumped on the back, as if they had swallowed a fish bone in their pap.

"The lady of Fuseli Quinine, Esq.," was sufficiently impressed with the correctness of what may be styled "the undulating theory" of nursing, that she no sooner discovered she had overlooked what, as newspaper critics say, "should be in every nursery," than the lady began to think how she could remedy the defect.

A domestic consultation was held with the sagacious Pilchers, when it was arranged that it would be useless purchasing a new chair for the express purpose of wabbling the little stranger about, when "any old thing" could be cut down, and have the rockers put to it, at a quarter the expense; whereupon Mrs. Quinine suddenly remembered that they had a spare arm-chair in the studio, which would be "the very thing." Mrs. Pilchers having retired to try the quality of the article, returned in a few moments, saying that the legs would want cutting down about one-half, and then "it would do capital." It was accordingly arranged that "Nurse" should learn the address of Mrs. Fokesell's jobbing carpenter, and get him to come in for an hour or two, and make such alterations as were wanted.

While Mrs. Pilchers is thus engaged, we will avail ourselves of the uninteresting circumstance to return to "Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys, their son and daughter."

The day appointed for the family's visit to the Great Exhibition, under the escort of the gallant Major Oldschool, had at length arrived; and the old soldier and his friends having partaken of an early breakfast, the Sandboys retired to their rooms, to prepare once more for the eventful occasion, confident that at length their long-pent-up curiosity was about to be gratified.

Mrs. Sandboys had not only to arrange her own toilet, but to look after that of her boy Jobby, and his father Cursty as well. She had to tie the neckcloth and the waistcoat-strings of the elder Sandboys, and to sew fresh strap buttons on to the trousers of the younger male member of the family, as well as to take in a large sippet in the back of one of his father's "white vests," before *that* boy could be made to look, as his mother said, in any way decent; adding that, really he *did* grow so fast, that it was as much as she could do to keep his trousers strapped down below the top of his socks.

Elcy's toilet, too, was not a matter of a moment to arrange. There was her front hair to take out of the "crackers," which she had concealed during breakfast behind her bandeaus, and there was her "back hair" to plait, and this, even with a young lady from the mountains of Cumberland, was a good half-hour's occupation.

During the unusually long toilet of the Sandboys family, Major Oldschool fidgeted about his room for a few minutes, and then it struck him that as he should have to "beau" the ladies about, he really ought to treat himself to a pair of new gloves for the occasion; for really, as he said, he had carried his black kid about with him screwed up in his hands so long during the hot weather, that they were as stiff and crinkly as French plums. Accordingly he put on his hat, and, lest he should detain the ladies, hurried as fast as his wooden leg would carry him into the Strand, there to purchase, for the "first time these thirty years," a pair of "yellow kids."

In the meantime, the jobbing carpenter had stepped round "first thing in the morning," as he had been ordered, to cut down the arm-chair, and fix on the rockers which he had brought with him. Mrs. Quinine was no sooner informed of his arrival than she directed Mrs. Pilchers to take the chair to the man, and let him do it down stairs, for that to have him sawing in the next room to her would be more than her nerves could bear.

Accordingly, "Nurse" having called the carpenter to fetch the chair, followed him with it into the passage: there she happened to catch sight of the open door and unoccupied state of Major Oldschool's apartments, and having heard on the previous evening in the kitchen that "the parlours" were going to spend the day at the Great Exhibition, she immediately concluded that the Major had left with his friends for the Crystal Palace: so Mrs. Pilchers, being a discreet woman, and averse to "noises" and "breeding words," as she called it, in strange places, thought it would be better, since Mrs. Fokesell

was a very odd person and had very odd ways with her, if the man just stepped into Major Oldschool's room, while the old gentleman was out, and did what little he had to do to the chair in that place, without asking any favours of the landlady. Then having strictly enjoined the man to be careful and make no dirt, she told him he might go into the parlour, and there alter the chair.

The carpenter accordingly carried the arm-chair into the Major's apartment, while Mrs. Pilchers returned to "her lady." The workman, to obtain as much light as possible, proceeded with the chair to the window, and placed it down on its side, the better to shorten the legs. He was in the act of opening his basket of tools, when hearing Mrs. Fokesell's voice calling him from above stairs, he hastened away to learn what she desired. On reaching the drawing-room, the landlady requested the carpenter to bring his tools with him, saying that she wanted him to look to the lock of the cheffonier in the first floor, for that Baron de Boltzoff, the foreign gentleman who had her drawing-rooms, and was as mean as a Scotch pawnbroker, complained that the thing wouldn't fasten properly, and had even lowered his-self to that degree to accuse her and the poor girl of pilfering his trumpery tea and sugar, confessing that he actually counted the lumps, and marked where the gunpowder stood in the caddy in black-lead pencil. Mrs. Fokesell then told the man she should like him to cobble the lock up somehow, but not to put her to any expense about it, as it was only an old ricketty affair that she'd picked up in Broker's-row cheap, and to make it lock at all fast it must have a new bolt put to it, she knew, but that was more than she could afford to have done to the thing. All she wanted was just to keep the gentleman quiet by letting him see she had had it attended to.

The carpenter having hastened down stairs again for his basket of tools, hurried off, as requested, to the drawing-rooms for a short while, leaving Mrs. Quinine's arm-chair lying on its side in front of the parlour window, as he had placed it.

The man had scarcely quitted the parlour of Major Oldschool, when that gentleman returned, admiring the unusually delicate appearance of his hands, as he entered the room. The first thing that struck his attention, after having taken off his gloves, and placed them carefully on the brim of his hat, in readiness against the coming of the Sandboys family, was the "strange chair" lying on its side by the front window of his apartment.

"Bless my soul!—how extraordinary! Who on earth could have brought this thing here?—and whatever could they have been doing, for it to get thrown down on its side in this manner? It's very odd, —very odd, indeed!" exclaimed the Major, as he stood for a minute or two, eyeing it suspiciously behind his glasses.

But, nothing resulting from his profound reflections, Major Oldschool lifted up the chair from its recumbent position, and having placed it on its legs, sat himself down in it to try what kind of accommodation it might afford a gentleman of his "build."

"'Pon my soul!" he inwardly ejaculated, as he wriggled himself

into the seat, and rested his shoulders against the back; "it's deuced comfortable—just suits me, for all the world, as if it was made to measure! Precious deal better than those d—d "confessionals" that they have now, and that keep you as upright as a ramrod, and shove your knees almost into your mouth; or those cursed Yankee things, that keep you on the wabble like a rocking-horse, and make you look as rickety and short-legged as one of those Italian 'tombelas.'"

"A-ah!" he exclaimed, with great gusto, as he stretched himself far back in his new seat, "there's nothing like your good old-fashioned arm-chair, after all, with double the regulation allowance of horse-hair." Then stretching his arms above his head as he yawned, he added, "'Pon my word, if it wasn't for the swarms of flies at my bald head, I *do* think I should drop off to sleep in the chair, for really it is *so* precious comfortable, and I got up *so* plaguey early, that it's as much as I can do to keep my eyelids apart. Well, bless me, those Sandboys are long enough pipe-claying their facings; if I'd only known as much, I might have managed to have treated myself to forty winks more this morning, instead of being up with the milk."

"'Pon my life!" he cried, as he shook himself after the first drowsy nod, "if the ladies are not down soon, they'll find me driving my pigs to market when they *do* come;" then, suddenly giving a violent pat on his forehead, that 'went off' like a percussion cap, he exclaimed, "D—n the flies, how they do bite;—and I was just dropping off so nicely;—there's no resting for the sharp, needle-like things,—one would fancy my head was a small sugar-cask, from the way in which they dig their proboscises into it. D—n the flies!" he roared again, giving his cranium another and a harder slap; "they'll pick me to the bone if they go on in this way." Then, to screen himself from the flies, he seized the red moreen curtain that hung close beside the chair in which he was seated, and withdrawing it from the brass sunflower-like pin, threw it over him, so that his whole body was concealed behind its drapery, and there was no trace of him to be seen, beyond his wooden leg, which stuck straight out from the side of the curtain, and had very much the appearance of the handle of the cinder-sifter, as it projects half out of the dust-bin.

In a few minutes, what with the warmth of the day, the early rising, and the relief from the fangs of his tiny tormentors, the flies, the Major was dead asleep.

It was at this critical point that Mrs. Pilchers descended the stairs to see how the carpenter was proceeding with the transmogrification of the arm-chair, into a nurse's *ditto*—and as she bobbed her head in at the parlour door, she discovered, to her great surprise, that the room was apparently empty.

With that due regard to the interest of "her lady" which distinguishes every "monthly nuss," when in no way benefited by the defrauding of her, Mrs. Pilchers proceeded to search the house in a state of high excitement for the truant journeyman, and learning from Mrs. Fokesell that the man was engaged in the drawing-room,

at an odd job for her, the consciousness that this same odd job was being performed at "her lady's" expense, caused Mrs. Pilchers, in the height of her indignation, to give a jerk of her christening cap, that made its ultramarine geraniums bob backwards and forwards on their wire stalks like the ship in the paper sea of the clock-work pictures. The "nuss" then bounced out of the kitchen as if she were a baby's india-rubber ball, inflated with anger, mentally dilating on the "unheerd on impereence" of the act, and made the best of her way to the first floor in quest of her carpenter.

Having called the man out of the room, Mrs. Pilchers communicated to him "just a bit of her mind" on the heinousness of his allowing "any one" to take an hour of his time out of "her lady's half day;" and having lectured the carpenter in her most moral style, she desired him to take his tools down that minute and do the chair, or she would have in "somebody what would."

The poor man, who, like the rest of the "jobbing operatives," was of rather an obsequious, if not servile turn, stammered out an apology, and returned in a state of considerable flurry to the drawing-room to fetch the saw required for the operation.

For fear of giving offence to Mrs. Fokesell, the carpenter descended the stairs as softly as he could, but he had scarcely reached the passage before the drawing-room bell was rung violently, and Mrs. Fokesell, suspecting that "nuss" had been and taken the man off the job she had set him, hurried up from the kitchen.

The carpenter, who shrewdly imagined that the bell was rung to inquire into the cause of his leaving his work in the drawing-room before it was finished, and being anxious, above all things, not to give offence to the landlady, who was one of his best customers, hastened into the parlour to get Mrs. Quinine's job over as quickly as possible. With scarcely a thought as to what he was doing, the nervous man rushed saw in hand to the window, where he had left the arm-chair, and perceiving the wooden leg of Major Oldschool protruding from behind the window curtain, he, in the flurry of the moment, mistook it for the upper fore-leg of the chair that he had left lying on its side, and immediately set to work to reduce it one half.

At this moment, the united voices of Fokesell and Pilchers were heard wrangling as the ladies descended the stairs, and the carpenter, in his trepidation, sawed quicker than ever. He had nearly severed the Major's wooden limb in two, when, to his horror, he felt the leg suddenly withdrawn from his hold, and immediately he saw the curtains thrown on one side, and the face of the angry Major Oldschool glaring fiercely at him.

The man stood for a moment spell-bound, as it suddenly flashed across his mind that he had mistaken a human wooden leg for one of the lower limbs of a chair, and that he had been caught in the act of curtailing it of its proper proportions; and the old Major no sooner discovered the nature of the attack that had been made upon his artificial limb, than he remained transfixed with astonishment at the outrageous audacity of the deed.

The two stared wildly at each other, utterly tongue-tied for the instant; and before the Major could proceed to wreak his vengeance on the man, the carpenter had rushed madly from the room.

The Major, furious at the outrage, jumped from his seat, and was about to give chase to the workman, but no sooner did he place the half-divided limb on the ground, than snap went the wooden member, breaking under his weight, and he was thrown heavily on his side upon the floor; while, at the same time, the carpenter, on turning the corner of the door, ran, in his hurry, full butt against the contending Fokesell and Pilchers, who, being utterly unprepared for so sudden a concussion, were precipitated forcibly to the ground, the carpenter falling with his whole weight upon them; and as he did so, the ladies gave vent to the peculiar sound made by paviours on the descent of their heavy rammers.

It was at this alarming crisis that the family of the Sandboys came down from their respective bed-rooms, all smiles and ribbons, and on the tiptoe of expectation for the long-looked-for peep at the Great Exhibition. The first thing that met their eyes on reaching the passage were the forms of the wretched landlady and nurse buried beneath the heavy body of the jobbing carpenter.

It was no time to stand still and inquire what it all could possibly mean, so the Cimbrians at once proceeded to clear a way to the Major's room by exhuming the bodies of the ladies from beneath the superficial stratum of the bewildered journeyman; while Jobby, having stepped over the heap, and entered the parlour, shrieked to his terrified parents that the Major was lying prostrate there on the carpet, with his wooden leg broken off sharp at the calf.

Then followed the explanation, with all its disheartening results. Of course it would be impossible for the Major to accompany them to the Exhibition shorn of half his leg, while to get it mended in sufficient time was an equal impossibility. Though Jobby hinted that the glue-pot was on the fire below, the Major felt in no way inclined to trust the maintenance of his perpendicular to so weak a foundation; nor did the severed parts admit of being spliced, seeing that the limb would be reduced several inches by the operation; and as there was no such thing as borrowing a wooden leg at a moment's notice in a neighbourhood that was some miles distant from either Chelsea or Greenwich Hospitals, why it was evident that the Major must remain at home until such time as he could get his injuries repaired; for to proceed without him was more than Mr. Sandboys would consent to do.

Accordingly, amid much disappointment and sorrow, the family of the Sandboys *once* more made up their minds to abandon all hope of seeing the interior of the Crystal Palace, and to return to their native mountains at the earliest possible opportunity.

It was quite evident, Mr. Sandboys again repeated, that Fate had set her face against their ever enjoying the treat, and, for his part, he was not going to thrust his head any longer against the wall that Destiny had run up between them and the building.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

"Waes me! what's this that lugs sae at my heart,
And fills my breast with seck a dispert smart?
Can 't be that thing cawt luive? Good folks now tell,
And I'se set down just how I find mysel.

"I used to sing my sang, and crack my joke,
And shake my sides at murth like other folk,
But I'se sare chang'd frae what I used to be;
Luik i' my feace, and you may fairly see."

*The Costard's Complaint, by Ewan Clark.*

It was a profound remark of Mrs. Coddle—and women, however humble, read characters very quickly, especially when their own interests are concerned—that there was no telling whatever had come to her Major since them Sandboys had got back to the place. She only knew he hadn't been "all there" for the last ten days.

And certainly a peculiar change *had* taken place in Major Oldschool's deportment in general, and to his housekeeper in particular. Do what she might, there was no pleasing him. For a long time, Mrs. Coddle speculated as to the cause of the alteration of the gentleman's conduct towards her. At first, with a true nurse's discrimination, she had been inclined to refer his ill-temper to what she termed the bad state of his "digester," being convinced that his stomach rather than his head was deranged, and felt satisfied it was all owing to his having left off his nightly brace of "Cockles." Accordingly, she provided him with a miniature bandbox of the best antibilious, and endeavoured to persuade him to swallow a double allowance of the tiny medicinal dumplings—but all to no avail. Then she felt certain it must be the nasty rheumatiz flying about him, for he'd been and got his blood chilled the evening he went to the station-'us, she knew, cause, on taking his shoe off that night, she had found his sock was quite damp, and the cold must have struck in'ards; so she made him tureensful of white-wine whey and treacle-posset, and hot milk and suet, but he would not touch a thimbleful, as she said, of any of them, vowing he never was better in all his life.

At length, however, Mrs. Coddle, communicated in confidence to Mrs. Fokesell that she had that morning discovered the cause of all her Major's tantrums of late, for, on examining the bottom of her teacup at breakfast that day, she had seen a wedding among the grouts as plain as she had ever seed anythink in all her life; and what was more, so as to satisfy herself that she couldn't be mistaken, she had took the trouble to burn a letter, and watch the sparks among the ashes, and there was the parson and the clerk a-going one after the other, for all the world as if they had been right afore her; and so, she said, putting this and that, and a many other things together, Mrs. Fokesell might take her word for it that there would be a wedding in that very house afore the twelvemonth was over.

Mrs. Fokesell shook her head, and remarked that there was no going agin such things, and that she too remembered of dreaming three times running of tumbling into a bed of nettles, and that meant marriage all the world over—adding, that *her* Fokesell was going to sea again directly, and there was no telling what might happen afore the year was out. But Mrs. Coddle had, as she observed, her eye on a very different party, and all she would then say was, "that there was no fools like *old* fools," and she laid a most significant emphasis on that part of the proverb which refers to the age of the simpletons.

Every day Mrs. Coddle discovered some fresh evidence to confirm her in the opinion she had formed as to the cause of the Major's odd ways of late. Now she would catch him seated at his desk, and scribbling on his blotting-pad, in a fit of abstraction, the name of "Elcy." Then he had taken to paying daily visits to Covent Garden Market in quest of bouquets and bunches of violets, or baskets of choice fruit, which he always sent up stairs with his compliments to the ladies. Then again he had grown all of a sudden "so dreadful purticlar" about his dress, that there was no bearing him. To-day the plaiting of this frill wouldn't suit him—to-morrow his shoe wasn't polished to his liking—and he had actually been and ordered a light poplin palletott, just because he had seed some of the "young bloods" about in them.

And, to tell the truth, Mrs. Coddle was not very wrong in her surmises as to the reason of the Major's altered behaviour towards her. Ever since he had first seen Elcy Sandboys weeping in the passage, and had discovered the tenderness of her care and regard for her father, he had had thoughts that he had never known before. Major Oldschool had left England as a mere boy of a cadet, and before he had been a year up at his station in India, he had discontinued corresponding with his mother's lady's maid, to whom he had sworn eternal attachment on quitting the country. While out in India, the want of female society had, in a measure, inured him to celibacy, till at last he had gradually sunk into what the ladies termed "a hardened old bachelor."

On his return to England, however, Major Oldschool soon began to find that the Indian life, food, and climate, had made such inroads upon his constitution, and accustomed him to such habits of indolence, or rather dependence upon others for the execution of even his most trifling wants, that now that his retinue of black domestics was no longer at his command, he found it was utterly impossible to remain without some one to look after him, so he provided himself with that most miserable of all matrimonial make-shifts, an old crone of a housekeeper. Mrs. Coddle was not long in discovering how necessary she was to the comfort of the Major, nor in taking every advantage of him that his dependence upon her permitted. Major Oldschool, however, had not been altogether blind to the exactions of his housekeeper —but being naturally deficient in energy, and not exactly seeing any way of immediately extricating himself from the web that she had spun round him, he had tolerated her tyranny in as patient a manner as possible.

On becoming acquainted with Elcy, the Major began to feel the thraldom of Mrs. Coddle unusually irksome to him. He was continually contrasting the truthfulness of the young girl with the artifice and deceit of the old woman, and comparing the gentleness and loving care of the one with the exactions and hollow sympathy of the other; and as he grew to like the younger one, he got almost to hate the older in an equal degree. Still he would hardly allow himself to imagine that he could be in love at his time of life; and whenever he caught himself thinking how wretched he was with old Mrs. Coddle, and how happy he could be with Elcy Sandboys to attend upon him, he drove the thought from his mind, calling himself an old fool, and mentally inquiring what the world would think of him marrying a girl who was young enough to be his daughter.

The gentle cause of all this disturbance in the bosom and domestic arrangements of Major Oldschool was utterly unconscious of the effect she had produced; nor did she reciprocate the feelings of that gentleman. It is true, she was much struck with his kindness to herself and to her father during their trouble, and that she did not hesitate to confess she thought him a very nice old gentleman indeed; and whenever the Major had formed the subject of conversation with her family during his absence, she had always spoken warmly of his kindness and attention to them; but this the girl had done on every occasion, frankly and without a blush.

Mrs. Coddle, however, who was sufficiently well skilled in the development of the gentle passion, from the budding, as it were, to the blossoming of the orange flowers—not having lived all her years, as she said, for nothing,—soon required no prophetic vane to tell her which way the wind blew in the front parlour of Mrs. Fokesell's establishment, and did not hesitate to confess as much to the landlady herself. She knew how it would all turn out from the very first time the Major set eyes on the "chit" a-snivelling in the passage. His going out without his tea was quite enough for her: and of all artful young husseys, Miss Sandboys was the wust she ever come a-nigh. She couldn't abear to see such scheming and planning as there was with young gals, now-a-days, to get well settled in life—no matter to them what poor cretur they threw out of bread by it: and she had no doubt that after all she had done for the Major, she'd be thrown o' one side, like an old shoe, when she wasn't wanted no longer. But she could tell the pair on 'em that she wasn't agoing to be got rid on quite so easy; and if they didn't know their dooty, and had never given it so much as a thought what was to become of her, why, she'd just let them see what she considered was her rights. It made her quite ill to think of the deceit there was in the world; and what business had that "bit of a girl" to come turning her out of house and home—especially when she thought she were comfortable settled for life—was all she wanted to know.

Thus matters went on, the hatred of Mrs. Coddle toward Elcy Sandboys increasing in a direct ratio with the liking of the Major for for the same person, and when the housekeeper learnt that the

intended visit of the Sandboys to the Exhibition, in company with the Major, had been postponed by the amputation of his wooden leg, she was as delighted at first as she was annoyed on hearing afterwards that the Cumberland folk had been prevailed upon by the Major to remain in London until such time as he could get his leg repaired, and fulfil his engagement with them.

Indeed the Major, much to Mrs. Coddle's discomfort, would not listen to the departure of his friends, and promised to make all haste in providing himself with a new limb, expressly for their visit to the Crystal Palace. Accordingly, he set himself to work, thinking what kind of a new leg he should have, and whom he should get to make it. This time he made up his mind he would employ a person one who had some experience in the line, for the last leg he had made was by a mere novice, and had cost him no little trouble; at first the manufacturer had constructed it of too great a length, and it had made him lean on one side, for all the world like a human tower of Pisa,—then the man cut it down too short, and he had been thrown from side to the other, like a fresh-water sailor in a heavy swell,—then, too, the fellow had manufactured the thing out of green stuff, and it had warped so, that the wooden leg positively looked bandy.

Having by these cogent reasons convinced himself that it would be far better to place his leg in the hands of an experienced artificer, the Major next began to debate within himself as to what should be the style and material of the limb. One thing he had made his mind up to; he was not going to continue in the Greenwich pensioner style any longer, hobbling about on a leg that was as straight, and had no more symmetry in it than a stork's. No! he would have a cork one. He had often seen in the shops some beautiful fellows, with a black silk stocking over them, and a calf as plump as a footman's in high life. Yes! he would despatch a letter that moment to the very place where he remembered having seen one worthy of a fashionable physician in the window. Accordingly, he hopped along to his desk, as best he could, and scribbled a hasty summons to the artificial limb-maker.

It was not long before the human centipede—the modern Briaræus—the Argus of the nineteenth century, made his appearance; and having learnt from the Major the nature of the accident, proceeded to describe to the gentleman the quality of the several artifices at present in vogue for supplying the various defects in the human frame. The limb-maker had an odd way with him of describing the respective artificial appurtenances of his business, as if they were his own individual possessions, and formed part of his own frame, instead of his stock in trade.

"Yes, sir, I believe I may say, without vanity," observed the loquacious Frankenstein of 1851, "that I have been long celebrated for the make of my legs. It is universally allowed that there are not such legs as mine in all Europe, sir. A lady of quality had one of my legs—the right leg it was—and she danced the polka in it as well as ever she could have done it with her own, sir."

Major Oldschool threw up his eyebrows with astonishment, while he smiled with delight.

"I can assure you, sir," continued the man, rubbing his hands as if he were washing them in phantom soap and water, "you will find my knees not at all stiff nor shaky; not like the cheap slop articles, that—if you will permit me to say so—are very much in the hackney-coach-horse style. Then, doubtlessly, you may have heard of the superior quality of my arms and hands, sir. Only the other day I sent home an arm to a general officer, with a dessert service fitted up inside, knife and fork, table-spoon, tea-spoon, meerschaum pipe, cork-screw, and boot-hooks, and the fingers made to take a pinch of snuff positively with an air of grace, sir—an air of grace, I may say, sir."

Major Oldschool was too glad to listen, and therefore refrained from saying a word that might interrupt the strain of the tradesman's boastings.

"Then again," resumed the man, "there are my eyes, sir, which I will challenge the whole world to equal. I will put my eyes against theirs for any sum they please, let them be black, blue, grey, or hazel, sir. Perhaps you may have noticed my eyes in the shop window, sir. I have *one*—a black one, sir—that obtained me the prize from the Society of Arts last year, sir. I don't think, sir, you could go into any fashionable church or chapel without there being either one or two of my eyes in the place. I serve all the first people, I can assure you, sir. Then I have a charitable society in connexion with my establishment, for the gratuitous distribution of eyes to the poor, and a very great relief it is to them, sir. To servants they are a real blessing—for mistresses object to one-eyed nurses, or lady's-maids, or cooks, you know, sir—so I let those kind of people have my eyes at what they cost me, and they are very thankful for them, indeed, sir. I should think I have got at least a hundred eyes in place at the present time, sir."

"Bless me! bless me!" cried the Major; "I had no idea that art was carried to such perfection;—but we live in wonderful times."

"You may say that, sir," replied the man of *eye art*. "We can remedy any defect—no matter what, sir. Humpbacks we can pad out into perfect symmetry; spindle legs we can plump into the finest calves. If you will take my word for it, there are several tragedians and footmen in high life who are strutting about at this present time in my calves; and as for waiters and dancing-masters, we do a prodigious business with them in the course of the year. You would not believe it, perhaps, sir, but I have known a leg that was modelled into mahogany bootjacks that was merely made up of my calves, after all. But you will excuse me, sir; this but little concerns you: touching your own leg, sir. I think you said you should like cork; but if you will allow me to recommend, I should advise you to have a gutta-percha one. We are now making up some beautiful limbs in that material. I had one leg at home that I did intend to have brought round with me under my arm, just for your inspection, sir. I am sure you would have liked it, the article is so light and elastic: indeed, it

is one of my best legs, and not at all dear, sir. Now, let me make you up one of those; for I can assure you, sir, if you will only leave your leg in my hands, I will turn you out such a nice, light, elegant one" —and here he smiled and bowed—"that will make you regret you have not lost the other. Our art, you see, sir, is no base imitation of Nature, but I may say an improvement upon her—as, indeed, all high art *should* be, sir. All our limbs are warranted to be true Grecian proportions. If you will oblige me by taking a seat, I will just take the dimensions of your limb, sir."

Then, as the Major sank into the nearest chair, the leg-maker proceeded to take his measure, and as he pushed up the trouser, said, after having passed the tape round the ankle, "How shall we do about the calf, sir? Shall we reduce the proportions of the artificial, or plump out those of the natural limb? For my own part, I should recommend a little of both; and if you will allow me, sir, to send you round just one or two of my calves to look at, I think you would be exceedingly pleased with them. I could let you have one calf at a very low figure just now, for I remember I have an odd calf by me, as I supplied an Admiral of the Blue with one just your size, for her Majesty's last Levee—or else, you see, sir, it would become expensive to break the pair. The one I should send you is made on the best plan; it forms part of the web of the stocking, and so there is no fear of its turning round to the shin while dancing or taking any other active exercise, sir, as I dare say you remember used frequently to happen with the dreadful things they wore a few years back, and which you may perhaps recollect, sir, looked more like the cricketer's paddings than improvers of the 'form divine.'"

Major Oldschool thought of the ladies, and assented to the tradesman's proposal.

The limb furnisher rose from his kneeling position, and having rolled up his measure, and brushed his hat with his sleeve, previous to his taking his departure, drew a card from his pocket, and presenting it to the Major, said—"Should you be in want of any teeth at any time, sir, you will find that gentleman very skilful and moderate in his charges. He has some remarkably fine china sets just now; you may have noticed one in our window, sir, in a beautiful working wax head, with the eyes moving, the mouth opening, and the teeth going in and out every other minute, by clock-work. I have not the least doubt you remember seeing the model, sir; it has a fine jet-black beard; at one moment the figure is as toothless as a sloth, sir —and the next minute his mouth is filled with an entire set, as beautiful and white as a sweep's. But perhaps, sir," he added, finding the Major made no reply, "you are not in want of anything in that way. You will see, sir, the gentleman states at the bottom of the card that his teeth are so much admired, that he has no doubt that his china sets will shortly supersede all others." Here the man made a profound bow, and, saying the Major should have his leg home in a day or two, quitted the room.

The limb-maker had no sooner closed the door than he returned, and presenting a small pamphlet, said—"I beg your pardon, sir; but would

you allow me to present you with this little list of testimonials; you, or some of your friends from the country may, perhaps, be troubled with corns or bunions, and I can assure you that Professor Rootzemout, Chiropodist to her Royal Highness the Duchess of Gloucester, and the rest of the royal family, extracts them with no more pain than corks, sir. You will see that the Professor has had the feet of the 'first of the land' under his hands, sir. The Bishop of Calcutta certifies that the Professor has removed a bunion from his great toe, that he had been suffering a martyrdom from for months; and even the Prime Minister of the country publicly expresses his gratitude to the Professor for the eradication of a soft corn that had allowed him no rest for years. The Professor's specimens in his museum are really quite marvellous, sir. One he has from a late Lord Mayor of London, I give you my word, sir, is as big as a spring onion; but I fear I am intruding on your valuable time:" and so saying, the enterprising tradesman wiped his shoes several times on the carpet as he bowed obsequiously and withdrew.

True to the appointed time, the anxiously-expected leg was sent home, carefully enveloped in silver paper, and shortly afterwards the maker arrived to fit it on, and see whether his limb was sufficiently well-set to be allowed to run alone. When he had fixed it the man was in raptures with his own handiwork; and while the Major paced the room, the limb-maker declared, as he bobbed about to look at him from every point of view, that the Major's leg was the very best he had yet made in the same material.

Major Oldschool was almost as pleased as the man, and exclaimed, on looking at himself in the pier-glass, that he positively shouldn't have known his own figure again; adding, as he thrust the leg forward, and leant his head on one side to look at the calf of it, that no one could tell it was not his own: and, as he paid the maker, he expressed himself much indebted to his skill for his improved appearance.

When the artificer had left, the Major gave full vent to his feelings, and strutted about the room inwardly gloating over the surprise that the ladies and old Sandboys would feel on beholding him firmly on his legs once more. Then he wondered however he could have gone hobbling about on that spindle of a leg so long, with the iron tip thumping, as he went along, like a blind man's stick on the ground; and he promised himself that immediately after dinner he would arrange with the Sandboys to be off, the first thing in the morning, to the Exhibition; for he longed to show himself there with his new leg quite as much as his Cumberland friends wished to look at the wonders of the Show.

When the Sandboys *did* behold the Major's new leg, they were one and all as much astonished as he expected or wished them to be, and the evening was spent in jests at his previous appearance, and in mirthful remembrances of the accident which had brought about the change. Even the fatalistic Mr. Sandboys was obliged to declare that Destiny, for once, had done them a good turn, and before retiring to

rest, he had grown to look upon the past adventure as a propitious omen, foretelling their speedy attainment of the object they had so repeatedly sought.

Nor could Elcy herself help speaking in terms of admiration at the Major's improved appearance, declaring, that had she not seen him with his previous wooden substitute, she should never have been aware of his loss of limb—all of which was so extremely gratifying to the old soldier, that he felt more delighted with the girl than ever.

Major Oldschool got but little rest that night, for he kept thinking over and over again of all that had occurred,—muttering to himself, half unconsciously, when he *did* doze off, what Elcy had said in admiration of the change that had taken place in him. Nor were the slumbers of Elcy and Jobby more profound; they both ran over in their minds the several wonders they had read of in the Exhibition, and longed for the daylight that was to reveal to them all the marvels of the Crystal Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys themselves were up with the sparrows the next morning, alive with the conviction that at last the eventful day which was to consummate their hopes and wishes had really arrived; and in a short time they would be back again to Cumberland in their quiet mountain home, talking over the many wonders they had seen, and laughing with their neighbours over the perplexing adventures they had gone through.

When the party were assembled, Major Oldschool propounded the order of the day's amusements, as he had mentally arranged them previously to rising that morning. He had crammed the day, he said, as full of sights and shows as he possibly could. He proposed that they should, first, as it was a lovely morning, go by the steamer up to the New Houses of Parliament, and having viewed them, and looked in at the Courts of Law, they were to step over to the Abbey and take a peep at the Poet's Corner. Then they could have a beautiful stroll through the parks, past Buckingham Palace, and along Constitution Hill, to the Wellington Statue; after which they could just drop in at the St. George's Gallery, and see the splendid Diorama of the Holy Land, and Cumming's African Hunter's Exhibition; which done, they could step along to the Chinese Collection, and look at the lady who had only two inches to stand upon, instead of a foot; and after that, just to fortify them against the fatigues of the day, they could drop into M. Moutlet's restaurant, and have a nice little luncheon, for the Major said it *was* whispered that the tepid ices, and soupy jellies, and Bath buns—strongly resembling their hard and dry relations the Bath bricks—which were to be had at the Exhibition, could not be included among the *chef-d'œuvres* of the Crystal Palace. After luncheon, Major Oldschool told them they would be ready for a good four-hours' feast of their eyes at the Grand Show; and this over, he proposed that they should retire to M. Soyer's Imposium and have a nice little dinner of cold meat and pickles in the Baronial Hall, at the small charge of half-a-guinea a head; and in the evening, he said, they could take a cab and drive to Leicester-square, and have a turn round the Great Globe, and be nearly broiled by the gas up

among the Polar Regions; next, they might step across to M. Cantelo's Incubator, and see the process of hatching chickens, which was remarkably curious, for he *had* been informed by one of the first physiologists of the age that the young brood invariably evinced an instinctive attachment to their maternal boiler, striving to nestle themselves under their parent kettle immediately it began to sing. And as a conclusion to the day's entertainments, they might all pop in at the Adelphi, and having passed an hour or two there, they might then be able to get to Vauxhall just in time to see the horsemanship and fireworks; and there, after a cold fowl and lobster salad, by way of a little supper, they could return home ready and thankful for bed.

The Sandboys were all delighted with the Major's programme for the day's festivities, and having swallowed a hasty breakfast, and decked themselves out in their holiday costume, they once more descended to the parlour, ready to start for the Great Sight, with Cursty fidgetting at their heels, in inward fear of something or other occurring that would once more delay their departure.

At length, however, the whole party were fairly off; and as Mr. Sandboys stood on the doorstep, wondering within himself how they had succeeded in getting even that far towards their destination, he said thoughtfully to the Major, as he held him by the button-hole, while Jobby, Eley, and Mrs. Sandboys went tripping along lightly up the street, "I'll tell thee what I'll do, Major——"

"Yes, yes," answered his friend, "but tell me as we go, or we shall miss the ladies."

Cursty paid little or no attention to the Major's impatience, but still musing, said, "I'll wager thee a crown, man, that we never get inside t' Girt Exhibition to-day."

"Done!" shouted the Major, and he dragged the fatalistic Cursty Sandboys with him, as he hobbled up the street.

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## CHAPTER THE LAST.

"Wi' see thoughts i' my mind,
Time thro' the warl may gae,
And find me still, in twenty years,
The same as I'm to day:
'Tis friendship bears the sway,
And keeps friends i' the e'e;
And gin I think I see thee still,
Wha can part thee and me?"

*Song, by Miss Blamire.*

In a few moments the Sandboys and Major Oldschool were safe on board the penny "Bee," steaming along the Thames towards the Westminster pier.

The Major, who had found it impossible, with his artificial leg, to keep up with the ladies, had availed himself of the circumstance of

his being left alone with Cursty, to paint a vivid picture (as they hobbled through Hungerford Market) of the solitary state of his household, and the horrors of a life dependent for its comforts and enjoyments on the tender mercies of a selfish old housekeeper, expatiating in the meantime on the sufficiency of his funds to maintain a wife in ease, if not in luxury; and winding up with a modest eulogium as to the amiability of his temper—the domesticity of his habits—and his cat-like love of a quiet hearth.

Mr. Sandboys had just inquired how it was—if such were the bent of his inclinations—that he remained in a state of wretched bachelorhood: and the Major had just answered that it was the very thing he wished to speak to him about, when a shrill voice suddenly shouted, "Pay here for the 'Bee,' gents! pay here!"

The demand having been complied with, the Major, immediately he was on board the penny steamer, sought out a retired spot where he might continue the delicate subject of their previous conversation, and perceiving that the most quiet part of the vessel was immediately adjoining the line of demarcation between the lovers and the haters of the "fragrant weed," drew his friend Cursty towards the gangway: leaning their backs against the funnel, the couple resumed the tender topic which had recently engaged them.

As the "Bee" went buzzing over the water, the Major made the father of Eley his own father-confessor as to the state of his bosom at that particular moment, declaring the object of his affection to be none other than that gentleman's daughter.

The simple and unobservant, because unsuspicious, Cursty was nearly taken off his nautical legs by the announcement: but referring the Major to Eley herself for an answer, he confessed that, provided she saw no cause or impediment, &c., he himself would not be the man to forbid the banns; whereupon they both grew so interested in the "momentous question"—the Major intent on making the most of his qualifications for a good husband, and descanting rapturously on Miss Eley's possession of all the requisites for a good wife, and Cursty Sandboys lost in the pleasure of listening to the praises of his child—that, though the heat of the funnel at their backs was almost sufficient to cook an omelette, it was utterly unheeded by them.

Now, gutta percha is a most admirable material, especially adapted for boats, ropes, and other commodities to be used in the Arctic regions; but, unfortunately, it has the slight drawback of softening like "hardbake" at a low temperature, and consequently it is *not particularly* suited for firemen's helmets, owing to its liability to run down the faces of the "brigade" like treacle, when exposed to a "terrific conflagration;" nor is it especially adapted to the manufacture of shaving-pots, seeing that the infusion of the boiling water is certain to elongate the vessel into something approximating the form and appearance of a huge German sausage; and we *have* known candlesticks made of the treacherous "gutta" *gutter* away with the expiring "sterine" until nothing was left of the antique candelabrum but a leathery pancake on the tablecloth; picture-frames, too, composed of the same uncertain substance have been found, in the dog-days, to suffer

almost as much as aldermen from the extreme heat of the weather, and to grow as limp and bendy at the joints as an acrobat, while the cornices ran down into a series of chocolate-coloured stalactites. Nor is the soluble stuff better adapted to the formation of harness, for gutta percha traces have been occasionally seen, when the thermometer stood at 80° in the shade, to elongate like vulcanized India-rubber, and to leave the vehicle a considerable distance behind the horse which was supposed to be drawing it, while the whip which was intended for the flagellation of the animal has gone as soft as a lollipop, and of no more service than a straw; and to this catalogue of commodities unfitted to be manufactured in gutta percha still one other article must be added, and that is—as an Irishman would say—wooden legs; for though legs are intended to run as well as to walk, it is somewhat inconvenient to find them, on the least increase of temperature, run away altogether, and the limb which was meant as a crutchlike support give way, for all the world as though the wearer had become suddenly afflicted with the "rickets," his gutta percha leg gradually bending in or bulging out, like a barley-sugar bird-cage at an evening party.

Presently the tender thread of Major Oldschool's discourse was rudely snapped asunder by a kind of echo duet performed by the captain of the "Busy Bee" in deep bass, and the call-boy in shrill treble, the burden of which was—"ease her! *ease her!*—back her! *back her!*—stop her! *stop her!*"—and then bump went the vessel against the Westminster pier, making the barge wabble on the water like a yeast dumpling in a saucepan.

Until this moment the Major, whose back had been resting against the funnel, had not attempted to stir a foot, and no sooner was he roused from his reverie by the cry of "Now, then, any one for Westmin*ster!*" than, seizing Mr. Sandboys by the arm, he cried, "Here we are. Come along, quick! or we shall be carried off to Chelsea;" and made a desperate effort to reach the plank that connected the "Bee" with the pier; but no sooner did he trust the weight of his body to the treacherous gutta-percha limb, which the heat of the funnel had by this time rendered as limp as a stale sugar-stick in a confectioner's window, than it bent under him like a soldier's penny cane, and down went the Major on his side, dragging the terrified Cursty along with him.

The Major was so unprepared for the mishap, that he was utterly unaware of the cause of his sudden fall, until, on attempting to get up, and trusting once more to his "gummy" leg, he was again precipitated on top of the bewildered Cursty, before that gentleman had time to rise. On looking to the state of his new limb, however, the problem was speedily solved, for he found that his gutta percha calf, softened by the heat of the funnel, had run into his boot, while his artificial ankle had swollen into a "model gout," while what was originally the thick part of the leg, had been attenuated into a mere tendon, no thicker than a harp-string.

Major Oldschool raved at all new-fangled inventions, and vowed,

as he clasped his head with vexation, that there was nothing like wood, after all, and called himself an idiot for allowing himself to be talked into any such "tomfoolery," while the passengers laughed violently at the catastrophe; and even the Sandboys, vexed as they felt at the further postponement of their visit to the Crystal Palace, could not refrain from taking part in the merriment excited on the occasion.

To proceed to the Exhibition with such a leg was utterly impossible, and to the Sandboys' great discomfiture nothing remained to be done but to have the *uni-ped* Major carried to a cab, and conveyed back to Craven-street as rapidly as possible.

Mr. Cursty Sandboys, as usual, saw that the calamity had been planned by some of the invisible sprites and mischievous elfins in the employ of that blind and spiteful old maid passing under the name of Destiny or Fate, and whom he felt thoroughly convinced were having a hearty demoniac laugh in their phantom sleeves at the many annoyances they were causing him; and no sooner was he once more located within the parlour of Major Oldschool, than he registered a vow on the ceiling of that apartment, that he would never again move a leg to get to that bothering Crystal Palace. It was no use talking to him—go home he *would*—and people might laugh as they pleased.

That evening, as the Major and Cursty sat enjoying their toddy after the family had retired to rest, and Mr. Sandboys was growing eloquent, under the influence of the whisky punch, on the many beauties of his native Buttermere, Major Oldschool begged Cursty to defer his return to Cumberland until he (the Major) had escorted Elcy to the Exhibition, and availed himself of that opportunity to speak to the young lady on the subject of their morning's conversation; for, as he said, half laughing, he could not think of marrying a lady who was unacquainted with the wonders of the Exhibition—he might as well pick a wife from a convent at once, and unite himself with one who had had her head shaved, and foresworn the world and every kind of *show*. As an additional inducement, moreover, the Major promised that, if he were fortunate enough to gain the young lady's consent, he would return with the family, be married at Lanthwaite-green Church, as his old friend had been, and pass the rest of his days with the family at Buttermere.

As soon as the Major was provided with a new limb, he accompanied Elcy and her brother to the Great Exhibition, and there, as he led her through all the countries of the civilized globe, he endeavoured to reveal the state of his feelings—now, as they paused for a moment in France, he asked her whether she thought she could be happy with him for life—and now, as they rambled through China, he inquired whether she fancied she would be very miserable if she had him for a companion for the remainder of her days. Elcy replied that he had been so kind to them all, that she was sure she should always be glad to be in his company, and that

ever since her first acquaintance with him, she had esteemed him as one of her father's best friends—all which so encouraged the Major, that he availed himself of the solitude of America to beg to be informed whether her esteem for him as a friend could make her love him as a husband?

The young lady was wholly unprepared for such an inquiry, and as she thought of the disparity of their ages, she hurried on and pretended to be so absorbed with the ingenuity of the sewing machine, as not to have heard the question; the Major, however, had no sooner led his fair companion into Russia, than he whispered the same tender question in her ear as she stood admiring the beauty of the malachite doors. Eley, finding at last that it was impossible to evade the question, begged of the Major not to press her for an answer, telling him that the remembrance of his great kindness would always insure him her best regard, and as she said so, the frank-hearted girl shook him by the hand in token of her friendship; all of which the sanguine Major construed into a modest assent to his proposal, and he plucked up his shirt collar, as he felt as if the snows of some thirty winters had been suddenly swept away from his head. On the return home of the party, after their day's tour of the world, the Major announced at tea that he proposed passing the remainder of his days in Buttermere, and it was accordingly arranged between himself and Cursty that they should leave London for Cumberland with the least possible delay.

But the departure of the Sandboys and the Major was doomed to be delayed once more; for Mrs. Cursty no sooner received a full and impartial account from Eley and Jobby, of all the many curiosities contained beneath the huge glass case of the Crystal Palace, than she made up her mind she would have one peep at it before she left.

And when Mrs. Sandboys had feasted her eyes on the banquet of the works of Industry of all nations, she in her turn came back with a glowing account of its many marvels, so that poor Cursty began inwardly to long for a peep at it himself, but remembering the vow he had registered on the ceiling, he still pretended to be firm, though in his heart he was really waiting for his friends to press him to abandon his resolution, and to find some little excuse by which he could, with any show of honour, sneak out of the determination he had come to; and in the hope of their so doing, he managed to put off their departure, day after day, until at last, on the Monday morning fixed for their return to Buttermere, as Cursty sat at breakfast, sipping his hot tea hastily, so as to be in time for the train to the North, he confessed it would be a shame for him to go back without seeing the Exhibition. Accordingly, he asked the Major if, as a man of honour, he thought he could rescind his vow, saying that it struck him that, as he had taken an oath he would not stir a foot to get to the Great Exhibition, that did not prevent his being carried there. The Major smiled at the equivocation, and telling his friend that he might do so, and still preserve his honour unsullied, Mr. Sandboys consented that the cab which was then at the door to convey them to the station on their way back to their mountain

home, should go round by the Exhibition, and drop him at the transept, so that he might pop his head in, and just be able to say that he had seen it, after all.

The Major who, while Cursty was coquetting with his conscience, stood at the window, entertaining himself with the perusal of the morning paper, which he had bought to lighten the tedium of the long journey, no sooner heard the announcement of his friend's altered determination, than he shouted out, "It's no use now, Cursty! for here is a long account of the closing of the Exhibition last Saturday." Mr. Sandboy's jaw fell like a carriage dog's, and, knocking his "wide-awake" on his head, he hurried into the cab, and in a minute the Sandboys family, in company with the Major, were on their way back to Buttermere, Cursty vowing that if there was ever another Exhibition, he would never think of coming up to London again to enjoy himself.

THE END.

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